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The NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW

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Rethinking Cervantes	Joaquin Ortega
The Madness of Salvador Dali	Charles I. Glicksberg
The Talking Stick. A Story	Virginia Sorensen
Plain Men in the City of Kings	Hans Otto Storm
Portrait of Joe. A Story	Gustav Davidson

Poems, by Pablo Neruda, Kenneth Rexroth, Ann

Stanford, Jessamyn West, James R.

Caldwell, and others

Book Reviews . . . Book Lists . . . Other Features

::

WINTER, 1947

Published by
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NEW MEXICO

by Dr. Thomas C. Donnelly

DEAN, COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCE,
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RETHINKING CERVANTES

Joaquin Ortega

FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO this fall the greatest literary genius that the Hispanic world has produced was born in Alcalá de Henares, a city set in the heart of Castile and made famous during the early Spanish renaissance by that super-Spaniard, Cardinal Francisco Jiménez de Cisneros, austere Franciscan friar, soldier, statesman, scholar, who founded and endowed the University and the College of San Ildefonso, and brought there eminent scholars from all corners of the earth to edit the monumental *Polyglot Bible*, first undertaking of its nature ever attempted. Alcalá de Henares, impregnated with cosmopolitan airs, was a fitting birthplace for Cervantes, man of the world.

In these tumultuous days Cervantes calls for pointed commentary. His field, like that of Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, or Goethe, is so rich that a single aspect of his work is more than sufficient to plunge the mind into true research, which is, after all, not arriving at any conclusions, but chasing ideas until they escape from the orbit of our power.

I have chosen to outline, for no more is possible in the space at my disposal, some of the contributions of Cervantes to the western world.

Don Quijote de la Mancha, the story of the knight who to right wrongs sallies forth over the roads of the world armed only with essences of honesty and ideals, and of the simple squire who carries his saddlebags loaded with tangible substances, is the greatest fiction ever written of man in his universal aspects.

Don Quijote represents the synthesis of medieval religious tradition struggling for survival in an era of rationalism. Don Quijote is not yet dead, because men everywhere are still struggling to reconcile religion with reason. But if Don Quijote were only the embodiment of medieval religious idealism, his importance would be less. There are many characters in medieval literature, in the Arthurian and Carolingian cycles, in hagiography, that typify this side of man. Don Quijote is also a synthesis of renaissance idealism, of the aspirations

of men who had discovered the beauties of the external world and the power of their minds applied to it.

In his dual mentality and his dual spirit, he is the supreme symbol of the battle between the residue of the man of the Middle Ages and the new man of the Renaissance. The medieval man, maintained for historic and psychological reasons longer in Spain than anywhere else, still *alive* (for there is only need of thinking of an Unamuno), looks to heaven and beyond his senses. The Renaissance man, engaged in living the marvel of his physique and mind, sees in them both manifestations of a divinity which is not in the heavens yonder, but near himself, in himself. The medieval man believed in a faraway God, removed from his understanding. He is pure faith, without torture. The Renaissance man felt his own powers with such an exhilaration that often he forgot God, for he thought himself a demigod. (That is what in substance Neoplatonism means.) He was a magnificent thinker, and the more he analyzed, the more he inquired into cause and effect, the wider the world appeared to him. Inevitably he began trusting himself and distrusting everything else, until faith in what he could not comprehend waned.

The Renaissance, from the point of view of the existence of the individual, was a superb spectacle of personal vanity, such as never before had the centuries seen. Romanticism was to bring us three centuries later another explosion of human vanity based not on reason like that of the Renaissance, but on sensibility, and therefore more intimate and more beautiful, but less value-giving. The Renaissance — the head — had wider horizons than Romanticism — the heart. Both powers, thought and sentiment, with their motor, will, are in final account, the only avenues of assertion of the human being. The man of the Renaissance had acquired new weapons to oppose to faith: logical reasoning, intellectual curiosity, and above all, dialectics. Other men in Greece and Rome, in Christianity and in the Orient, had used similar weapons, but the fundamental difference is that most of these men had stopped on the threshold of the incognoscible, while the typical man of the Renaissance went over it with nonchalance. One is tempted at this point to call our present technological scientism the third explosion of personal vanity of modern times. Our mechanical exploits are leading us to self-glorification, just as exploits of the mind and feeling led the Renaissance and Romantic men to self-glorification.

The main character that Cervantes created embodies not necessarily the conflict between these two postures of man — the medieval and the renaissance — though often they clash very dramatically, but rather their reconciliation. Don Quijote attacks the windmill in the purest display of heroism the ages have witnessed, without even stopping to assure himself that Rocinante could stand the impact, because for him, for his faith, for what he sees with the eyes of his spirit, the windmill is an evil giant that must be destroyed. The welfare of mankind is at stake. He is like you and me when we feel rising in ourselves our heroic voice and are ready to combat the ugly and bad with bare hands, simply because we believe in beauty and good. He is the missionary who burning with philanthropy succumbs in the inhospitable land; the social reformer who suffers insults and ridicule with steady countenance; the true man of revolution who thrusts his chest forth on the barricade so that those that come behind may enjoy a better life.

But let us not forget that Don Quijote also discourses with much sense throughout the pages of the book on matters which fall within the reach of the middle man, of the practical and reasoning man. Let us not forget that he dies reasoning, recapitulating the many errors into which his impulsiveness has led him, though it is a fine irony of Cervantes to make him at last discover reason in the vague folds of physical sleep.*

* The problem of the significance of Cervantes in the Spanish renaissance has agitated critics in recent times, and, as it is wont to happen when there is agitation, leading some of them to extremes. For instance, there are the "mystics," who believe that Don Quijote represents the indomitable spirit of medieval Spain defending itself against pagan intrusions; there are the "devotees of Hispanidad," for whom the Renaissance was merely an interlude in the history of Spain without roots in the national psychology and Don Quijote, therefore, an incongruous character; there are the "Europeanists," those who after having probed into Cervantes' unerring instinct for artistic values, his non-conformism and his intuition of the ultimate results of the philosophical and literary currents of the times, claim that the Renaissance side of Cervantes is the one worth measuring. It seems to me that these attitudes are erroneous, though it must be recognized that Cervantes was more Renaissance than Middle Ages. He was immersed in the *poeticas* of his age, not so much through analytical study as through that faculty of the Spaniard to seize quickly what is in the air. Gustave Lanson has sharply described this Latin faculty, which is more accentuated in the Spaniard than in any other member of the Mediterranean family. However deep the *renacentismo* of Cervantes may be, to attach slants and predispositions to Cervantes is to miss the Cervantine spirit. Cervantes was one of those rare men with a perfect sense of peace and balance. Granting that he may have preferred the Renaissance, as he undoubtedly did, we must also grant that he would have dealt full justice to the Middle Ages, as he did. Using a bold image, it may be said that Cervantes is "bicephalous" *always*, and that the two sides of his split thoughts join each other in perennial greeting. Those who would make him the container of any particular ideology overlook the fact that in the vastness of his thought he became the container of many ideologies, some of them apparently contradictory. Let the point rest there, for a discussion of it, with the necessary evidences in his works, would take this essay too much afield.

Cervantes' lesson seems to be that man must nourish both faith and reason and be nourished by both, for with only one or the other half of life is shut to him.

Now this reconciliation of faith and reason has been for millenniums one of the fundamental problems of mankind. Spain, more than any other country, had had a long record of argumentation without apparent solution. It was only in Spain that the three medieval scholasticisms — the Christian, the Arabic, and the Jewish — had lived together. Cervantes' new contribution to the western world was not to have solved the problem, but to have arrived at the greatest possible harmony between the adverse factors in the midst of an epoch in which reason seemed to be paramount, and to have given this harmonization permanency in the heights of art, where nothing dies. A neat gesture of intellectual Quixotism this undertaking of Cervantes! And as man is still puzzled between belief and reasoning, and he certainly will continue so to be for centuries to come, his book has the stamp of immortality and perennial youth. The disquisitions of the theologians and philosophers — wordy and pompous, words to speak with words, words void of the fixedness of artistic presence — will be forgotten, but *Don Quijote* never will, because words in it are not used as a finality or as an explanation. They are legitimate and unobtrusive tools to build a man of flesh and bone who invites constantly the intimate side of our nature and our sense of self-responsibility and emulation. In the same manner people may forget Jehovah, the Law, the finger pointed, the exclusion; but they will never forget Christ, the Voice, the sympathetic glance, the inclusion.

While Don Quijote is above all (though, of course, he is many more things), the symbol of the juxtaposition of those two currents of medieval and renaissance idealism, Sancho brings to the book other values. He is the life of the senses in their pristine state: he is what he can see, and smell, and taste, and hear, and touch. His perceptions open with his senses and close with his senses. He will never think windmills to be evil giants. In him the correlation subject-object will always be real, consistent. Ah!, but he is also a *man* like Don Quijote, with a soul that though as a rule does not lead him to distort realities, does lead him occasionally in a direction counter to that which the experience of his senses points out. In the second part of the story,

particularly, his urges gradually transcend the mere material imperatives.

Common man that he is, he possesses, however, high qualities, a "social intellect," virtues, self-esteem. He is kind, loyal, enduring, knows how to distinguish right from wrong, takes a childish pride in his own deeds, and, what is most important of all, he has a tendency to imitate his master who is a little crazy perhaps, but withal, he admits, a respectable person, worthy of admiration. The usual run of common men, be they rich or poor, are a little awed in the presence of the superior man. They pretend at times their own superiority, but in their inner selves they recognize their inferiority, which is expressed in arrogance, hostility, or distrust of what is above them, in order to cover up their uneasiness. This trend of thought reminds me of an unforgettable scene which I saw in a committee room of a state legislature when a very well-groomed president of a famous state university — wearing spats and a coat with silk-lined lapels — appeared before the assembled members to argue for his appropriation. The chairman of the committee, *ipso facto* unbuttoned his shirt and placed his feet on the table, the soles of his shoes directly facing the important person, as if to declare with his crude but eloquent manners that the commonwealth belonged to dirt-farmers, to common men like himself, and not to those who wore fancy clothes and spats to boot.*

Sancho, who is the prototype of the "perfect common man," can be a little arrogant, hostile, or distrustful, but not for long. Sancho is, in short, the Majority, the mass-man, the p-e-o-p-l-e — weak and strong, covetous and generous, trustful and diffident — the ordinary in all of us, the daily experience in minor tone, the fluctuation between the positive and negative poles of our natures, the nails that pin us down to earth. While Don Quijote is the Minority, the excellent man, the individual — what one *is* because one wants to be it as the result of internal imperatives of behavior; the extraordinary in all of us, the experience that we would like to live and live not, the major tone, that

* This defense mechanism of the common man, is, in my opinion, and contrary to the current criticism of lack of finesse of the average American, the most precious asset for the preservation of our democracy. America is made up largely of average men who instinctively distrust the intellectual. And as all panaceas which could radically change the tone of our middle-ground democracy (Cf. communism, fascism, nazism and the rest of the "isms"), must be hatched by thinkers or semi-thinkers, it is to be hoped that they will have rough going while many fellows like that farmer-legislator are loose upon the land.

breathless rhythm of aspiration, the ideal pole that takes us out of the routinary shelf of our nature, the wings that free us from earth.

The notable thing in Cervantes is that here also we do not sense any struggle — though there are dramatic moments of discord, or rather discordance — but instead supreme understanding between master and servant, between the high and the low in us. One cannot live without the other. This brotherhood, imposed at the same time by the internal necessity of the elements of our psyche which seek to complement themselves within the self, and also by the external need of the facts of life which force us to lean on our neighbor, has two names of great value. Internally it is called spiritual peace; externally it is called democracy. Two concepts that the men of yesterday and of today have loved and still love, and which they have not known and still do not know how to convert into fruitful realities. Thus we see Benavente in that quiet and profound play, *Los Intereses Creados* (*The Bonds of Interest*), which introduced in 1919 the Theater Guild to the audiences of America and which passed almost unnoticed in the raucous atmosphere of the postwar, torn with the internal and external dilemma of the vital compensation, and solving it with an ironical smile. Thus we see that almost all of the actual problems of the world in the international sphere (rich nations against poor nations), in morals (imperatives or compromises), in politics (parliamentarism versus authoritarianism), in education (instruction of the masses or instruction of the best), in the other social orders as well, can be reduced to a maladjustment of minorities and majorities. Ortega y Gasset in his *La Rebelión de las Masas* (*The Revolt of the Masses*) laments the rise of the mass-man and asks for quality and selection. On the other hand Lenin in the breviary of communism, *The State and the Revolution*, tells us in his exaltation of the proletariat that any worker who knows the rudiments of letters can be entrusted with the functions of government.

Cervantes was wiser than Benavente, wiser than Ortega y Gasset, wiser than Lenin and all the rest, because instead of observing coldly the discordance as Benavente does, or leaning toward the extreme minority or the extreme majority as Ortega y Gasset or Lenin do, he neither shrugged his shoulders like Benavente, nor pretended to have found the solution like Ortega y Gasset and Lenin, but limited himself to present to us the Majority and the Minority in peace and harmony. He did with this as he did with Reason and Faith: he gave us the

most artistic model of conciliation. And I want to repeat here what I said when treating the dilemma Reason-Faith. The panaceas and the opinions in the struggle between majorities and minorities will be forgotten, but never will be forgotten the live picture that Cervantes painted of the friendship between the aristocrat and the man of the people. And in his masterpiece we shall find love and understanding for all social classes.

Therefore, another contribution of Cervantes to the western world is to have given an artistic mold and a kind solution to this qualitative dilemma that has preoccupied men since they organized themselves into communities.

That is not all. Sancho has a philosophy too, which is neither medieval idealism nor renaissance rationalism, although it might be said to partake here and there of both. The core of his philosophy is pragmatism, made up of sayings, aphorisms, attitudes that have been bequeathed to him by many men like himself who have lived before him and who have had to give themselves answers to certain questions which were beyond the cognizance of their senses. Sancho sees what he sees with the eyes of his face, and what his physical eyes cannot see is seen by those collective eyes of past generations, by tradition. If Don Quijote is a civilization, Sancho is a culture. The former is what one thinks and converts into action; the latter, what is felt instinctively and is converted either into action or into resistance to action. These two postures converge into each other. Sancho with his homely wisdom brings Don Quijote down to the rich soil of national culture. And vice versa, Don Quijote with his conceptual schemes of thought and militant action brings Sancho to the upper regions of universal civilization.

Sancho represents the most useful lessons that experience has taught man through the ages. Within his modest range he is an early representative of the philosophy of experimentation. He is, like Claude Bernard, ready to admit anything, but you have to show him. This personality of a man who knows what he knows and is ready, but not overeager, to learn, had incubated through Antiquity and the Middle Ages another philosophy, moral and sententious, satirical and exemplary: the philosophy of the fable, the apologue, the anecdote. Common men are not capable of lucubrations, yet they can see clearly a fact, they can watch an action, they can hear a tale, as anybody else can,

and from them figure out paths of wise conduct. Which is the same thing as to say that underneath external history—in capital letters, Don Quijote—there is another internal history—in small letters, Sancho—far more serviceable for human beings. What is, because someone has made it be, is less substantial than what is because one cannot help it to be otherwise. Many civilized persons often know all they want to know—or at least they think they know—and know not what they should or need know.

Therefore, with this side of Sancho, Cervantes, in his great labor of reconciliation of all the physical and mental potentialities and vistas of man, brings to the attention of the western world another dimension, already known, it is true, but now welded into a large scheme where it lives equitably with other dimensions of man which before were hostile to it.

A good, total life, Cervantes seems to tell us, is not faith alone, or reason alone, or the lesson of experience alone, or natural morality alone. It is a combination of the four. We must orchestrate them, we must close the quadrangle if we aspire to a full life.

Cervantes works out this quadrilateral philosophy into a system (shall I dare call it a system in view of the accusations of lack of letters, or improvisation, etc., which have been hurled against him by short-sighted critics?) which is peculiar to the genius of his land. All the so-called philosophic systems are in the ultimate analysis, in form as well as in substance, entirely subjective positions to explain to oneself the why of things. Cervantes, as any other fellow, has a perfect right to formulate his. His system is the Spanish dialectic. There are logics of reason and logics of the unreasonable; there are logics of thought and logics of action; there are logics of ideology and logics of passion; and there are dialectics of external order and dialectics of internal order. The system of Cervantes is not based on principles deployed in a closed scheme for the explanation of facts, but is based on the facts themselves, in all the facts of life put into motion for the elucidation of the principles, and what he proposes himself is to reach a vision rather than an explanation of its intricate relationships. This does not mean to say that Cervantes is merely inductive, but that his art saves him from mechanical deductions.

It is inevitable—knowing Spanish psychology—that the best of the

Spanish thought has been invested in the creation of live human beings. That is why our music and our literature and our painting and our very lives do not present the colossal aspect of a symphony of Beethoven, of a treatise of philosophy, but that of fragments where fugitive truth is imprisoned on passing: a beautiful ballad, a picturesque saying, a superb character in the midst of the banality of the classical comedy, a haunting melody which pours itself, with feeling, in the popular song; the nervous traits of eternal truth which a Goya seizes. And that is also why the history of our civilization presents itself as a series of summits without a sense of immediate continuity, it is true, but with a profound sense of continuity of the pure Spanish values in the course of our national existence. What I mean to say, in short, is that Spain is more culture than civilization, more attitude and sensibility than plan and thought.

The genuine artistic form of the Spaniard, his form of thought, his form of life itself, is the example, *the man in action (idea y hecho)*, the most unifying and indivisible of substances, toward which everything converges and wherefrom everything flows: humor and tragedy, the lyric and the dramatic, the true and the false. That is why it is so difficult to separate in a Spanish work of art the idea from the execution, the contents from the container. They are one and the same thing. Their unity is organic, nor formal. In order to prove this, just try to divide into components a Greco, a Cervantes, or a Goya. The task is futile from the critical point of view. It is necessary to apprehend them in totality or to reject them in totality—with exactly the same totality with which the protagonists conceived their *vision* of life.

In the creatures of his brain Cervantes *formed*, free from preconceptions and mental masturbations, the knowledge of the ages. Unamuno, that unique “professor of poetry,” would shout, and thus take good care of certain critics, that this is a legitimate *form of philosophy* for those who may have the internal and external eyes well-adjusted to each other. What happens is that the majority of the unpoetic professors are short-sighted in both eyes.

I insist. Cervantes practices his “philosophizing” (let me be permitted to use the term) so artistically that when the echoes of the ostentatious philosophies of the professionals of thought are extinguished, his *magnum opus* of vital philosophy will still be sought by those searching for unadulterated truths.

Within the scheme of two inter-pivotal characters—two, I mean to say, who rotate on their axes and who penetrate constantly in the field of rotation of each other—characters loaded with human significance, two characters who are in truth one, defining each other in themselves and in the other, by juxtaposition and by opposition and conformity, each one with value *per se* and also with a value of extension into the other, Cervantes draws with firm pulse a complete allegory of human life. Don Quijote and Sancho go to sleep at night each caressing his unreal dreams, but in the daytime they plunge into their real selves which are made of realities and unrealities and they keep on exchanging them in juicy barterings of ideas and sentiments. Each dialogues with his own self and with the other self, and with all the myriad of selves that they meet in the roads and inns (activity and repose: action and contemplation) of their itinerant lives. Can there be conceived a richer medium for distilling a functional philosophy of life? The method is Socratic in essence, but enlivened with the flesh and bone of direct impact with the subject and object of reality.

Never before, never after, has an artist of the pen, or of the brush, or of the chisel, or of the pentagram, approached man from more points of view. Besides Cervantes' polyform, polychromy, polytone, and polytopography (physical and human) the multiplane perspectives put on their canvases by some of our revolutionary painters show puny in comparison.

Cervantes' primary accomplishment was to unite the extreme planes so as to be able to interpose all the scales of the intermediate ones. So, in his novel there is war and there is peace, and there is also the suspense—without anguish—of what must continue in different stages of struggle or of harmony as the infinite circumstances of life shall determine. The mural he has depicted is as vast as the walls of time and space and man upon them.

There is pressure from within in all human acts: one's aspirations to knowledge that often resolves itself into belief and acceptance when one's powers fail. Almost all men believe in something, prefer something, whether they know it or not. Faith is a form of knowledge. Variable in quantity and in intensity, there is in all men an internal, spiritual pressure. There is also a pressure from without in all human acts: what one senses and thinks as an agent endowed with gifts of per-

ception and volition, giving endless encouragement and consciousness of power. This is an external, sensorial pressure.

Cervantes, charitable, understanding, intelligent beyond measure, has exercised a cordial, religious, pathetic effort to counterbalance these two pressures and make it possible for man not to be crushed between them. Viewed thus, in the presence of so many contemporary thinkers gasping between the two pressures which they cannot harness, or better even, neutralize, as Cervantes did, our great Spaniard emerges in the western world as an architect of consolation, as one of its most effective civilizing patterns.

Cervantes is* also a landmark in the history of civilization as expressed in art, for one or two more things. The well-pondered conjunction of all sides of man, made alive in his book as a dual prototype, Don Quijote-Sancho, furnished the western world with an "idea of the gentleman" which has been incorporated into universal speech and which still prompts imitation and enriches mind and heart. The history of human civilization may be aptly summarized in the "idea of the gentleman" which has prevailed at the various stages of time. There is an Oriental gentleman, as typified by Confucius, Buddha, and Mohammed; there is a Classical Western gentleman as typified by the model of Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and the Roman empire-builder; there is a Christian gentleman—the meeting point of Orient and Occident—as typified by Jesus Christ himself and the medieval knights, those in cloth rather than in armor, who burned in the love of Him; there is a Renaissance gentleman as typified in the models of Lorenzo the Magnificent, Leonardo, and Ariosto. There is also a modern gentleman who is Don Quijote, and his son, though spurious, the British gentleman.*

There are also in the history of human culture common men, as typified in the models wrought by successive epochs, no less representative of inner forces—individual and social—than the gentlemen. These common men are the potential imitators without whom the "idea of the gentleman" is not conceivable. Their function was passive until Cervantes came upon the scene. It was not until Cervantes brought forth Sancho and made him speak shoulder to shoulder with his

* This "son" needs a little explanation. Great Britain has imitated Don Quijote through letters and through social adaptation, but she has taken from Don Quijote the form and from Sancho the spirit. An idealistic opportunism, so to speak.

superior, that this common man rose to the category of gentlemanhood. And this is another capital contribution of his art. He is so conscious of it that in the Prologue of his masterpiece he says that he does not expect thanks for giving Don Quijote to the world, but that he does want recognition for having given Sancho the stature that belongs to him. Cervantes treats Sancho like a hero and incorporates his norm into the code of the gentleman. He makes him participate in the daily experience of the gentleman, not as servant but as companion. He is no longer to be absent from the show of life in literature, for Cervantes put him there, in the center, and gained a leading role for him with the credentials of art.

To be sure, there was a democracy in medieval Spain nursed by a long and equalizing militant action directed toward the expulsion of the Moors. In war times all men tend to be equal facing danger, or even more, to be categorized as to the manner in which they face danger, and Spain had been warring for eight centuries to reconquest her soil from the infidel. To be sure, there was also a new valuation of man as such, brought about by the neohumanism of the Renaissance. But none had, before Cervantes, lifted this common man and placed him on terms of parity beside the gentleman. None had made the superior and the inferior man love each other so deeply and intimately. None had seen before so humanely, so Christian-like, the intrinsic value of the many, of the people. None before Cervantes had spoken to this Sancho attentively and softly close to his ears, or had listened to him with such attention and softness, in order to capture his eternal truth and worth.

To prove this, it is only necessary to go back to the literature previous to Cervantes, where the common man appears *predetermined* and with his horizons limited, while the horizons of Sancho keep on expanding with those of Don Quijote until both almost feel, think, and act alike.

Since this momentous event in the history of literature—the categorization of the common man — writers have undertaken in earnest a reappraisal of the internal value of man, of man shorn of externals of rank, blood, and possessions, and have called their efforts Romanticism, Realism, Naturalism, Symbolism, Surrealism, Existentialism, and the other “isms.”

With Cervantes the modern novel came to be. It was a fresh start

because besides giving the norm, he brought all the previous forms of narrative into his book—a sort of inventory, a backwash of all the fiction that there was up to his time: the peripatetic tale, the legend, the ballad, the apologue, the *patraña*, the Italian psychological, sentimental and pastoral novels, the knight errant story, the *picaresca*, the Moresque, etc. He cultivated all these models with more or less fortune, trying to stylize them, to study them in order to learn their respective techniques—and this is more important from the point of view of the formation of the artist than the relative merit of the imitation. The strong in art, like a Goethe, are nourished by the past. That is the only manner of acquiring historic sense of what one does. And Cervantes had a supreme historic sense. He knew what had been done, what he was doing, and what he aspired to do. His book is the past, the present, and the future, woven into a timeless cloth.

Once in possession of the previous models, he submerged them into a unity, a “novel of novels,” a New Novel with the old materials rejuvenated and an Original Theme—*all of man* in a singular, unique, simple, artistic conception. Originality in art, more than invention, is to do the same things in another way.

Thus, if we should accept the conventional patriarchate, we might still call Boccaccio something like the grandfather of the novel; but the paternity must be reserved for Cervantes, who gave it, directly, the blood that courses through its veins. We could very well summon to the stand for this identification the shadows of Dickens, Balzac, Turgenev, Galdós, and many other good boys among his abundant progeny. For the truth of the matter is that the more one penetrates into the nature of fiction, the more one is convinced that after Cervantes there has not been any great novelty in the genre. Psychoanalysis, dehumanization, and similar newfangled approaches intended to go deep into the recesses of man and his world, are but natural derivations, logically implied in the universal and protean formula, the *all-inclusive* manner of writing novels devised by Cervantes.

Emphasis on the subconscious or on the conscious mechanism of life, emphasis on this or that there shall always be, because the human race needs to change plumage now and then. But all will start and end with man, with a whole and complete man, indivisible and representative, and with a life varied and fluid, of many faces all true—with what, in fact, Cervantes saw clearly was the legitimate objective of the novel.

The idea of the gentleman that Cervantes, gave us is that of a man who can harmonize everything within himself, belief and doubt, reason and passion, experience and dream, moral imperatives and material realities. There is certainly no Spaniard dead or alive, nor any son of any other country, who fits the model perfectly. But there was a Spaniard who conceived the model. That is something.

England, which has pretended to establish the rules of the gentleman in the modern world, has drunk insatiably from the Cervantine fountain. England has read *Don Quijote* more than Spain itself, and British writers have been influenced more by this book than by any other except the Bible. I was not much surprised when shortly after the First World War a British social worker, who had been a librarian in the front of battle, told me that *Don Quijote*, strange as it may seem, had been one of the favorite readings of the Tommies. Those Tommies in hours of tension were taking refuge in the calm voice, the pure idealism, the fortitude, and the gracious humor of this perfect gentleman Spain had given them. The British took from Spain not only her material empire, but tried to take the spritual one as well. Let us hope that they may be capable of keeping at least the latter.

Spain: cathedrals, crosses, peaks, swords, forgotten plains . . . a sorrowful symphony of straight lines slashing the air. Playing this symphony, men, men looking on and looking up, for there is not much to look to below. A land of men, as Somerset Maugham says in his *Don Fernando* with a sympathy for the giant figures of her history—a sympathy which is at times diluted by a dose of malice and incomprehension.

Yes, hard men and tender men, bad men and good men, egotistic men and generous men, rude men and refined men, proud men and humble men . . . but men all. El Cid, Guzmán el Bueno, Juan Ruiz, Fernando de Rojas, Cortés, San Ignacio de Loyola, the Gran Duque de Alba, San Juan de la Cruz, Oquendo, Fray Luis de León, the Gran Duque de Osuna, Lope, Quevedo, Gracián, Jovellanos, Balmes, Castelar, Giner, Pí y Margall, Costa, Galdós, Menéndez y Pelayo, Unamuno, Valle Inclán, and the greatest man of all, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra and his *alter ego*, Don Quijote, he of the *triste figura* and the beautiful interior.

★ ★ ★

P. S. AN UNDELIVERED LETTER ("MOVED; LEFT NO ADDRESS") TO JOHN G. WINANT.

November 4, 1947

When correcting the proofs of this article, the paper came with the news of your death. I have looked at you for many years through the eyes of Cervantes. In an unpublished book of mine entitled *A Historical Gallery of "Bad" Americans*, you are one of the characters. You belong in my ironic gallery because you were out of step. In virtue, you were perhaps the greatest public servant of your day. Like Don Quijote you had a "*triste figura* and a beautiful interior." You also sallied forth like Don Quijote to right wrongs. Amidst greed, compromise, disregard for individual liberties, passion and conflict, you stood for ethical imperatives and justice. Your last public utterance in the *New York Herald Tribune* Forum condemning our avidity for material wealth—in all its implications—might well be taken for your last will.

Some of us can understand your suicide. Superior men live a life of the spirit, and spiritual crises eat deeply inside the self. Minor men who live the life of the flesh, of appetites—for power, for physical comfort, for expediency—, get along at all times and in all circumstances. Principles do not bother them. But you were a man of principles. Your whole career is a demonstration of the joy and the tragedy of living up to one's moral dictates. You conceived your life not as a scheme to success, but rather as an all-embracing function of communing with God and the World to deliver unto both your measure of good. When the history of these years is written by a historian who looks below the surface of the social scene to discover true values, you, John Winant, will occupy a place among that unfortunately too small a minority of Americans who carried the weight of our higher responsibilities.

Work in happiness does not kill anybody, but work with worry kills always the man of sensibility. Actual or figurative death. Don Quijote died of melancholy in his bed. You died of melancholy too, in blood, which is the bed of our time.

Last summer I spent two weeks at Dartmouth College discussing with other citizens our foreign policy. You were a man of peace. Your earnest countenance crisscrosses now in my mind the landscape of New England where you grew and worked, where this America in which so many men have invested their hopes, was born. You always remembered your American origins, and that is why your life has what other lives lack—historical continuity.

Be proud of your life given to others as befits a Christian gentleman. Be also proud of your death, which is an indictment against our disoriented society. Cervantes is waiting for you. Greet him for me.—J. O.

THE MADNESS OF SALVADOR DALI

Charles I. Glicksberg

IT IS STRANGE that the United States, though indifferent to the Surrealist craze, should have paid homage to the extraordinary personality of Salvador Dali and welcomed his art. Surrealism in the United States—that is, in one sense, a stupendous paradox. It marks a violent reaction against specialization in mechanics and the worship of speed, efficiency, power. But our machine civilization—the serrated silhouette of skyscrapers against the Manhattan horizon, the delicate webbed structure of suspension bridges, the whirl of dynamos, the manufacture of atomic bombs at Oak Ridge—is in itself a Surrealist phenomenon.

Surrealist art represents a revolt against standardization, rationalism, the hegemony of pragmatic values. It suggests the fantastic; it stresses the irrational and the abnormal in the midst of our megalopolitan, technological culture. The creative personality of the Surrealist surrenders to the life of untrammelled imagination as expressed in line and color, in metaphor and myth. Nature, the city, machinery, moonlight, snow, faces, people, are given a Surrealist interpretation. The artist restores the swan to its primordial purity of form and grace of motion; the internal agitation of a fluid is conceived abstractly so that it is utterly unlike any perceptual object. The ego, the creative unconscious, animates everything: insects, symbols, objects, colors, shapes. Salvador Dali creates such enigmatic paintings as "Uranium and Atomica Melancholica Idyll," in which the unconscious portrays how matter reacts when subjected to the choking pressure of space, and "Napoleon's Nose Transformed into a Pregnant Woman, Strolling His Shadow with Melancholia among Original Ruins."

Salvador Dali is the anarchist among the Surrealists, the one who will brook no orthodoxy, not even in the camp of the irrational. He is

mad, he declares, and therefore a genius. Eccentric, unpredictable, irrepressible, he has been repudiated by the leaders of the Surrealist movement, but this has in no way checked his flair for the sensational, his mania for incessantly publicizing the greatness of Dali. Like his paintings, his poetry and fiction and autobiography are a "scientifically" planned demonstration of madness in action, madness as a creative method.

The Secret Life of Salvador Dali speaks of a Dalinian philosophy, but the philosophy that emerges in this amazing autobiography makes neither rhyme nor reason, nor is it meant to do any such thing. The revolt against the rational and the intelligible constitutes one of Dali's chief claims to originality. This autobiography marks another milestone in Dali's career of mystification and simulated madness. Now busily adapting Surrealism to literary as well as pictorial ends, he assumes any attitude, commits any action, however grotesque or abnormal, which sustains his power-hungry ego. Crowned imp of the perverse, he stretches the spirit of contradiction to the limit. His narcissism is cosmic in its scope.

If he yields to any discipline or principle of order, it is only because he fears that he may be destroyed by the conflict of his inordinate desires. If he could only gratify simultaneously the most contradictory and perverse desires, pain and pleasure, cruelty and compassion, eroticism and asceticism, love and hate, religious faith and monstrous blasphemy, sadism and masochism, he would be satisfied, though probably not for long. Since that is impossible, he will pour forth, in *The Secret Life of Salvador Dali*, the uncensored contents of his tormented soul. Here is a frightening human portrait, the confession of a morbidly confused and pathological genius. In watching his tortuous introspections, the rise and consummation of his illicit desires, the obsessional and fetichistic character of his unconscious mind, the reader begins to understand some of the workings of the Surrealist aesthetic. Salvador Dali, as artist and writer, may not be typical—for that matter, can there be a typical Surrealist?—but he does possess sufficient genius, or the simulacrum of genius, to hold us fascinated, even though we may suspect that frequently he is perpetrating a hoax.

A fanatic who submits to the tyranny of his imagination, a slave to his capricious impulses, Salvador Dali leads a completely introverted existence. Endowed with the delicate sensibility of the Spanish temper-

ament, he composes drawings that remind one at times of another "possessed" artist, El Greco, though they lack his religious intensity of vision. For Dali's curse is that he is mystical without having undergone the first stage of the mystical discipline—the annihilation of the oppressive self. Fantastically egocentric, he is ruled by an almost infantile faith in the omnipotence of thought. Just as at school he would hurl himself down a flight of stairs in order to create a tremendous impression, so today he indulges in sensational stunts (all dictated, of course, by the fiat of the unconscious) in order to make the public realize that he is Salvador Dali. Willful, hypersensitive, satanic, he is, like a spoiled child, a law unto himself. There is a method, however, to his madness. His perversions, his rages, his sudden, uncontrollable impulses, his gratuitous acts of cruelty, his diabolism, his paranoiac obsessions, are all measured for the dramatic effect they will produce. Salvador Dali, cashing in on the creative value of mental disease at this hour of history, plays his part to perfection.

A rebel since childhood, he is against everything on principle determined to do things differently from others, resolved at all costs to exalt his unique ego. Here is a characteristic expression of the individualism that gave birth to the cult of unintelligibility in literature and art and to the deification of the irrational. Whatever Salvador Dali did had to be different—different even from Surrealism. In fact, he considered himself the only real Surrealist painter. He excoriates the "idealist narrowness" of André Breton, the founder of the Surrealist movement because he ventured to criticize a Dali painting which contained scatological elements. What difference, asks Dali grandly, can there be between excrement and a piece of rock crystal when both spring from the common soil of the unconscious? And he is emphatically right if we accept his peculiar logic, the logic of the unconscious. If Surrealism is the free, unfettered expression of the unconscious, and excrement is one of its products, then it must be accepted without reservations. Was Salvador Dali not reproducing with Surrealist fidelity his paranoiac image, his automatic feelings and visions?

His psychic aberrations afforded irrefutable proof of his mad genius. His fighting motto was "The irrational for the sake of the irrational," but when he saw what was happening to him as the result of his attempting to live by this motto, he later changed it into another slogan, more in conformity with what he is pleased to call the Catholic

essence: "The Conquest of the Irrational." But if the irrational is progressively conquered—and what else has civilized man been engaged in doing through the centuries?—what then becomes of Surrealism?

There was no other alternative for Dali but to turn against Surrealism when it hardened into an "official" movement and became infected with a political ideology. He was disgusted with the political activities of the Surrealist group, its militant espousal of "pure" Communism. Taking stock of his resources, he resolved to let nothing—neither friends nor sects nor politics—stand in the way of his individual fulfillment. Collectivism spelled death. His solution was to remain, as ever, intransigently and incorruptibly alone. Yet his aloneness had to fortify itself with the trappings of tradition. After the cataclysm of the Second World War, which he declares he foresaw, there would arise, he believes, on the ashes of Europe "only an individualist tradition that would be Catholic, aristocratic, and probably monarchic. . . ."

He sees clearly enough the malaise of his age, the sickness from which it suffers without hope of recovery. It is dying "of moral scepticism and spiritual nothingness." Material progress, the cult of the machine, the triumph of scientific positivism, have destroyed the hierarchy of the spirit. Mechanical civilization will be swept away by a supremely destructive war. Voicing a profound hatred of humanitarianism and rationalism, he upholds the aristocratic, the irrational, the mysterious. Dali alone will live. Surrealism was Dali's spiritual child; Dali was the supreme incarnation of Surrealism. He was mad but his madness was creative. The only difference between him and the insane, he asserts, is that he is not insane.

The character of the man reveals itself in his reactions when the world was on the brink of war. When civil war broke out in Spain, his mother country, he remained unconcerned. He would not take sides. He would remain faithful only and always to the Dalinian self. And what did Dali do while his countrymen were locked in a death-struggle? He traveled in Italy so that he might devote himself completely to his work of "esthetic cosmogony and synthesis." The phenomena of war and revolution intensified his aesthetic passion, "and while my country was interrogating death and destruction, I was interrogating that other sphinx, of the imminent European 'becoming,' that of the Renaissance. I knew that after Spain, all Europe would sink into a war as a consequence of the communist and fascist revolutions, and from the

poverty and collapse of collectivist doctrines would arise a medieval period of reactualization of individual, spiritual and religious values." Dali the Surrealist had at last come to the realization that the one thing needful for the salvation of mankind was to revitalize the theology of the Middle Ages. While the world lay plunged in a sea of blood and death, he reaffirmed his faith in the wonder-working efficacy of magic, Dalinian magic. In the midst of chaos and horror, his sole thought was to escape the net of history, to salvage his artistic genius, for fear that his unique originality would be impaired. Therefore, without any regard for the flagrant contradictions involved in the irrational leap, he embraced the Catholic essence. Since Nazism and Communism would both be swallowed up by the Catholic, European tradition, his religious synthesis, as he formulated it, was rooted "in the real and unfathomable force of the philosophic Catholicism of France and in that of the militant Catholicism of Spain." That sets the seal of opportunism on his erratic but shrewdly calculated career.

The Secret Life of Salvador Dali brilliantly exemplifies the statement by Arthur Rimbaud: "I end by finding the disorder of my mind sacred." This Surrealist autobiography is the Bible of disorder, the apotheosis of the abnormal. It is an exhibitionistic dance, a delirious monologue, a nightmare of narcissism. With exultant pride he describes his fetichistic impulses, his phobias and obsessions. One day he suggested a "thinking-machine," which would consist of a rocking chair from which would hang numerous goblets of warm milk. This was more than Louis Aragon, the French novelist and poet who subsequently seceded from the Surrealist movement and became a staunch Communist, could stand. Indignantly he cried out: "Enough of Dali's fantasies!" It was more urgent to provide milk for the children of the unemployed.

Surrealism is not only the negation of reason and meaning, it is also the symbolic enactment of suicide. Indeed, many Surrealists have agreed that suicide is a way out, and some were sufficiently "logical" in their behavior to act on this conviction. That was the Surrealist culmination of their anti-social, life-denying, and destructive activities. But not Salvador Dali. He believed too strongly in his divine mission. Let civilization perish, if it must be. Long live Dali! It is always Dali, Dali, Dali—a litany of autistic praise, a monomaniacal refrain of self-glorification. He is the symbol of a neurasthenic age.

Having fed on the work of Sigmund Freud, he immediately identi-

fied himself with all the major clinical symptoms described in the literature of psychoanalysis. Dali, in telling the story of his call on Freud in London, just before the founder of psychoanalysis died, unwittingly writes a fitting epitaph on the tombstone of Surrealism, which is rejected by both the Marxists and the Freudians. Freud said that in classic paintings he looks for the subconscious, but "in a surrealist painting, for the conscious." That epigram exposes the limitations and defects of the movement. The Surrealists, despite all their professions to the contrary, are the *conscious* explorers of the unconscious.

Dali's knowledge of Freudian literature helped him to cultivate his mania for introspection, his habit of investing the most trifling and fortuitous incident with occult significance. He loves to indulge in hyperbole and paradox. The bird, he declares in a footnote, "always awakens in man the flight of the cannibal angels of his cruelty." And this is supposed to explain and justify his delight in crunching a bird's tiny skull. Food, sleep, dreams, reveries, leaves, pieces of wood, clouds, towers, shoes, bread, caverns, trees, especially certain kinds of trees, exercise a potent spell on his creative unconscious. In painting he materialized the phantoms of his weird imagination, making them as vivid and real as tangible objects. Destined, as he puts it, to a truculent eccentricity in art, he derived immense satisfaction from constructing surrealist objects. Once with fanatical pertinacity he busied himself with fashioning a "hypnagogic clock," which consisted of a huge loaf of French bread on a pedestal. While eating snails one day he professed to discover the morphological secret of Freud: namely, that Freud's cranium was exactly that of a snail. One chapter of his autobiography, entitled "Intra-Uterine Memories," develops the theory Otto Rank expounded in his book, *The Trauma of Birth*. In his florid style, Dali announces that the imaginative life of man symbolically reconstructs the paradisaal state of the embryo in the womb; the aim of art is to transcend "the trauma of birth."

Dali's philosophy of aesthetics, his relation to Freudianism, the interpretation he gives of his paintings, the analysis he makes of his own personality, contribute appreciably to our knowledge of the Surrealist movement, whose aberrations, to be understood, must be studied in the cultural context of the contemporary scene. The art of the irrational is the child of intellectual despair. The discovery of chance as a creative principle signified the end of the socially responsible, richly endowed

artist. Everything else has failed us, these rebellious Surrealists declare. Let us therefore drift and perhaps the winds of chance and the oceanic tides of the unconscious will bear us to the Happy Isles where, recovering our lost innocence of vision, we shall find unsuspected treasure of beauty. Dada, the spirit of absolute negation, came before Surrealism. Surrealism as embodied in Dali's ambition to portray concrete irrationality is sprung from the loins of Dada.

Salvador Dali's first novel, *Hidden Faces*, is, as might be expected, no novel but an exfoliation of the author's personality, a *tour de force*. It probes the sources of pleasure and pain, hatred and fear, perversion and loneliness, magic and ennui. There is little portrayal of character by means of action; all we get is states of mind, shifting, intensely presented in a fluid, euphuistic prose. The novel has its historical antecedents in the work of Sade, Huysman, Baudelaire, Lautreamont, the whole school of the "decadents." Though filled with a Surrealist content, the novel is given depth by Dali's insight into the weaknesses of the people constituting the upper strata of French society before its "fall" in 1940: the weary, the sophisticated, the selfish, and the cynical; the jaded seekers after unusual sensual pleasures, the pederasts, the smokers of opium, the political mountebanks. There are no wholesome human and social relationships in these pages, no satisfaction in love, no spontaneous giving, no real happiness, no wisdom and no faith, only the horror of existence and a terrifying boredom.

The satanic yet majestic personality of Grandsailles, his perversions and obsessions, his indulgence in magic, his erotic adventures: these form the basis of a rambling, inchoate novel couched in a turgid baroque style. Every page is pitched in a high key. The sentences writhe in the throes of delirium; the words are steeped in the juice of fantasy and passion. The plot unwinds like a hideous serpent in a garden of chimeras. Now and then realistic details are introduced: the Resistance movement in France, the heroic quality of the French peasants, the pathological character of Hitler, the political intrigues in North Africa; but the story for the most part moves in an atmosphere far removed from reality. Here is a sample of his inflated prose. He is reflecting on the events in Paris before the Munich Pact. France slept in a drugged dream of forgetfulness. Everyone suffered from *folie doute*: Hitler alone was decisive in his actions.

Confronting the hell of the inevitable reality each being, guided by his regressive desire of intra-uterine protection, shut himself up in the paradise cocoon that the caterpillar of their prudence had woven with the soothing saliva of amnesia. No more memory—only the chrysalis of the moral pain of things to come, nourished by the famine of future absences, by the nectar of facts, and the leaven of heroisms dressed in the immaterial banners of sterile sacrifices and armed with the infinitely sensitive antennae of martyrdom. This chrysalis of misfortune begins to stir, for it is getting ready to burst the silk walls of the prison of its long insensibility, to appear at last in the unparalleled cruelty of its metamorphosis at the hour and at the exact moment which will be signalled to it by the first canon (*sic*) shot. Then an unheard-of being, unheard-of beings, will be seen to rise, their brains compressed by sonorous helmets, their temples pierced by the whistling of air waves, their bodies naked, turned yellow by fever, pocked by vegetable stigmata swarming with insects and running down a skin tiger-striped and leopard-spotted by the gangrene of wounds and the leprosy of camouflage, their swollen bellies plugged to death by electric umbilical chords, tangling with the ignominiousness of torn intestines and bits of flesh, roasting on the burning steel carapaces of the punitive tortures of gutted tanks.

This is the Armageddon as pictured by the febrile imagination of a Surrealist. The war appears to Dali in the image of the ruthless warfare of primordial nature when ineluctable laws of the jungle operated to wipe numerous species off the face of the earth. Men are like insects, and Dali likes to conceive his characters as praying mantidae. Though they may come together in the fury of passion, desire will not assuage their loneliness nor save them from destruction.

Hidden Faces is but another chapter in Salvador Dali's career of self-revelation. His exhibitionistic frenzy is incurable—and intolerable. His paintings and photographs, his autobiography and fiction, illustrate the twin themes of sexual perversion and necrophilia. He loves to paint faces of the dead, the decaying corpses of animals, mutilated skulls, dead donkeys putrefying on the top of grand pianos. What if he is an excellent draftsman? His work, both in pigment and prose, is a methodical defiance of the norms of sanity, an attack on life itself. George Orwell, in *Dickens, Dali & Others*, condemns Dali as being as anti-social as a flea. The magic of art cannot condone such moral rotteness. If he is a good artist, he is, in Orwell's phrase, "a disgusting human being," "a diseased intelligence."

Individualism run amok, as in the work of Dali, that is the curse of

the modern age. Uncurbed individualism is the polluted source of unintelligibility and irresponsibility in modern literature and art. The ego is the architect of the universe, the demiurge of destiny. The world of the senses is reduced to an evanescent, incorporeal, dreamlike effect. Surrealism may have utilized some of the discoveries of psychoanalysis in developing its method of "free" association and psychic automatism, but the result is a negation of the scientific outlook and a travesty on literature and art. The intellect no longer operates in harmonious co-operation with the eye and the other senses; there is vision without reflection; the imagination is split off from consciousness; the unconscious is rendered absolute. This retreat not only into subjectivity but *unconscious* subjectivity represents a furious revolt against reason. Surrealism is a projection in terms of art of the contemporary chaos: war, revolution, economic breakdown, moral bankruptcy, the alienation of the self, the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki by the atomic bomb. By accepting the contemporary chaos, by merging with the horror and accentuating the disorganization and despair, the Surrealist hopes to make his art meaningful.

Salvador Dali has at least taken the trouble to formulate his system of aesthetics. He is never at a loss for an answer when asked what he is trying to achieve both in his painting and writing. Instead of depicting the everyday world of humdrum reality, formalized and commonplace, he seeks to portray the world of dream and myth, the world in all its beauty and freshness as it must have appeared to the eye of Adam when he first walked in the Garden of Eden. Dali paints and writes what he feels, what his unconscious dictates, not what the eyes traditionally behold. The watches in his paintings melt. Men and women, objects and landscapes, houses and plants and insects are shaped by the alchemy of the unconscious. Forms coalesce into grotesque and marvelous composites, like the beautiful monsters in the mythology of Greece. Reality, to be truly seen, must be observed not only with ideas but with the emotions, the imagination, the whole past of memory. Perception is enormously enriched by images that arise spontaneously in the mind, by strange associations, by unexpressed wishes and desires. Dali encourages his paranoiac activities, his states of delirium. His "The Persistence of Memory" with its flaccid watches is a good example of Surrealist imagination at work. His painted monstrosities are startling—by arrangement, and they have been used commercially to enrich

the art of advertising in the United States. He is convinced of his own superlative genius and takes no pains to hide that fact. He has transformed madness into a demoniacal creative principle. Long live Dalí!

It would seem as if the Surrealist is seeking salvation by thriving on unprincipled anarchy. It is not so. No man is alone, even in his hour of death. Always within him, however irresponsible and alienated, he carries the image of "the other," the social self. Even suicide, the final annihilation of the self, is a social act. And the Surrealist writer and artist in his madness of repudiation has not severed the umbilical chord that binds him to the body of humanity. If society is atomistic, disorganized, a competitive chaos, it is the height of selfishness to remain rational, humane, a member of the opposition. If madness is the tune to which the contemporary world blithely dances then he will join. Consistent to the end, he will do everything in his power to speed up the dance of death, to hasten the climax of this cataclysm, in order that a flash of beauty may emerge from the catastrophic. This is his perverse offer of love. He denies his individualism by exaggerating it to an intolerable degree. He lays himself willingly as a sacrificial victim on the altar of this collective insanity. If all must perish, he will lead the way.

These, then, are the peculiar symptoms of irrationality in the life of our time—symptoms which Salvador Dalí has heightened by a touch of the macabre and the pathological. They are observable not only in literature and art but also in politics, philosophy, and psychology. For this is a disease that is not isolated and cannot be; it cuts through the entire civilization of our age, infects every organ, seeps into the blood, flows like madness into the brain.

Some may shrug their shoulders and say, "What of it?" A little touch of madness makes all men kin. These writers and artists are temperamental by nature; like Dalí, they need some special eccentricity, some excess, to make the mechanical routine of life bearable. All this, however, is not to be taken too seriously. Every epoch has had its neurotics, its fanatics, its lunatic fringe. These symptoms of irrationality will gradually pass away and society return to sanity.

No mistake could be more dangerous than this easy assumption of cycles of recurrence. This epidemic of unreason is unprecedented in scope and violence. There are not only ruinous wars and economic conflicts on an international scale but ideological warfare, psychic hate,

the losing battle of reason against the mobilized forces of unreason. The atavistic impulse comes to life disguised as a new literary and artistic movement. Primitivism is revived; it is no longer primitivism but an artificially induced dementia, the production of emotionalism run wild. It is no longer pure but self-conscious, imitative, hysterical, in its attempt to recapture the wild ecstasy and instinctive abandon of savages in African jungles. Associated with this is the relapse into animality, the restimulation of the biological senses, without the distorting mediation of thought. And if one sinks into animality, into sensualism, why not become once more like unto a child, and win back the lost Eden of infancy, the truth, the bliss, the power that were then magically at our disposal?

This is the nature of the obsession which rules these neo-primitives, these atavistic Surrealists, these reborn children: they wish to murder thought, to revolt against reason. Down with the bloodless, abstract intellect! The unconscious was what they needed, and lo! the unconscious was born. They retreated into this cave with indecent haste, for what they wanted was to be covered over with darkness, to be buried in layer after layer of mindless oblivion. Observe how in *The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho*, Unamuno, a Spaniard like Dali, protests against the last words uttered by the dying Goethe: "Light, light, more light!" What he craves, on the contrary, is warmth and more warmth, "for we die of cold and not of darkness." What the world desires, according to Unamuno, is to be deceived "either with the illusion antecedent to reason, which is poetry, or with the illusion subsequent to reason, which is religion."

It is doubtful if these things will be forgotten, even if they finally pass. The wheel of Karma dictates otherwise. We are morally responsible for our thoughts and actions, and the kind of literature and art we produce represents a moral choice. Whatever we do is causally connected with the past and the future. There is no escape from the universal principle of causation and cultural continuity. All that we have thought, imagined, suffered, striven for, achieved, is the result of what we are and foreshadows what we shall become. The abnormalities of our time are not to be discounted as freakish whims or Bohemian histrionics. Dali is sick but he is terribly in earnest, and his unmistakable aim is to convert us, to infect us with his disease. These hysterical suicide-threatening writers and artists are confessing our own secret

thoughts and wishes. What they threaten they eventually perform. The symbolic nature of their act does not make it any the less significant and dangerous. Being artists they are not satisfied to destroy themselves alone; they must drag their culture down with them. The twilight of the gods? It is perhaps the twilight of humanity we are witnessing. Long live Dali!

THE TALKING STICK

Virginia Sorensen

THE WAGON STOPPED before the gate, two small gray burros in front of it twitching in the dust they had lifted.

"Here! They have come!" cried the child, Jolana, who had been watching. She opened the gate and stood staring at two Indian children in the wagon box. Seeing her look at them, they crouched downward, then rose, crouched, in the manner of children's pleasure.

"Hello! Boo! Are you hiding?" Jolana called with laughter, and her father, Jolan—Yaqui for John, which was his English name—came from the compound, a brief case in his hands like a professor, and lifted her in his arms so she could peer into the wagon. "They don't know what you are saying when you say 'hello,'" he said.

Behind him, the white woman, Lora, heard what he said and recalled that he had told her he had no intention of teaching Yaqui to Jolana lest she cultivate a taste for dirty playmates. "I can't greet them any better than Jolana can," she said wistfully to him now. "You must say something for me. They are so kind to let me go."

He shrugged. "They were going anyway. And they'll be paid; they know it."

Jolan's wife came from the house and to the gate, a child in her arms. "Here, Lora," she called in a loud voice. "You'll need this. It's going to be all day." She handed Lora a small roll of toilet paper, a precious article here. She spoke without modesty, for in a house without windows if one blushed at such things one would bleed away into blushes.

"Thank you," Lora said humbly. "I would have forgotten everything."

Jolan—a missionary not supposed to be a missionary at all but a linguist willing to spend many years making a grammar and primer of the Yaqui language—smiled at Lora after he spoke to the Indian man on the wagon seat. “I’m sorry, but it’s customary—you’ll have to sit in the wagon box with the women and children.”

“But I’ll like that,” Lora said, and thought: “I will see them very closely at last.” She had come a long way to see them, having hoped since she first heard that there was one tribe left in the Americas which believed itself unconquered, whatever the truth might be, that somewhere an ultimate pride and simplicity still existed. She had convinced herself that she must search these out, knowing she ran away to ease her own confusion.

It was ridiculous to be wearing skirts so short; she had to lift her legs high to clamber into the wagon. But she leaped quickly, and the two women did not watch her, only sat with eyes on the long cotton skirts which spread before them in the box, covering them completely but for brown dusty feet. The driver did not even turn enough to look at Jolan, now beside him, but sat hunched forward in his washed-out shirt, his neck looking hard and burned against his black hair, waiting for all these squirming ones behind him to settle. One of the children, a boy of six or thereabouts, smiled shyly and quickly at Lora and then turned his face against the side of the wagon, shaking with laughter. A tiny girl, in a dress of brilliant orange cheesecloth, stared at the white woman with unblinking eyes.

“But she is a doll,” Lora thought. A special doll, the kind one found in specialty gift shops, of course. The particular one which sprang to Lora’s mind was Chinese; she had bought it in San Francisco’s Chinatown. This child with perfectly round face and eyes, her small brown ears pierced and decorated with silver beads, her hair cut straight all around and shining as solid fabric, seemed completely unreal. Even her small sandals seemed artificial—mere sole and thong, like those on the feet of the women—and orange dress, red petticoat, green sash, all of cheesecloth like a costume for a theatrical production. She was like the wreath-flowers in the Mexican cemetery over the tracks from Vicam Station. She leaned against her mother’s cotton blouse and looked at Lora with that clear undeviating gaze.

As the wagon started, the mother spoke to the child. The other woman, apparently the grandmother, spoke also.

"They tell the child it isn't good manners to stare so," said Jolan to Lora, "even though the white lady is very pretty."

Lora wished to say something polite in return—that she did not mind in the least—but the odd disapproving way Jolan passed on the compliment disconcerted her. It was the whiteness of her skin the child found fascinating, she knew, as many older Indians and Mexicans had. Love was made to whiteness of skin all the way down from the border; she had been surprised and puzzled, at her age, to hear right on the streets: *Muy bonita, Señorita!* She thought now of her reply, trying to laugh when she made it though heaven knew it was no laughing matter: "No! No! *Vieja!*—meaning to say but having neither verbs nor courage to say: *I am too old for love now; can't you see it is over with me?*"

It was true that she had become old. Only recently it had happened, and perhaps this was the reason she must escape from a country perennially young making everything of youth. Youth was cruel and it had come to sicken her. She was puzzled, however, for she believed youth must have its way and could surely do no worse with the world than had already been done, yet herself remained, without function any longer. And what she was doing in desperation countless others had done, searching out where simplicity might still exist, thinking there might be something which could be found and said in a new way, perhaps even understood.

She held herself firm with an arm along the side of the wagon, smiling back at Jolana by the gate. Even as the burros began to walk, the dust of the street rose about them and she could smell it at once, was at once choked by it. She hoped she would not sneeze all day; sneezing was ridiculous and humiliating. In California she had sneezed a great deal this time of year; there was something which ripened in November, perhaps, or it might have been simply rain which oppressed her. She laid a finger to her nostrils and breathed for a time through her teeth.

The wagon moved through the dusty spread-out pueblo, past the *paneria* where Lora had seen the great stone oven and had tasted delicious *pan dulce*, shaped like snails. Past the corral where Jolana loved to peep through the pole fence and watch the ponies drink. From Madre Blasa's much smoke was coming, some curious currents of air sending it this way and that before it wandered into nothing;

Madre would be cooking breakfast for Mexicans from the garrison. Several of her dogs came after the wagon, barking, and Lora shivered when one leaped close; their great black wrinkles, without hair! At the garrison, a guard walked and yawned, lifted a hand idly when Jolan greeted him. The wagon rumbled and Lora felt the boards already, under her, and knew by night she would suffer beneath the shoulder blades where the top of the wagon struck each time the wheels turned. Her legs were stretched out straight, as were the legs of the Indian women and the two children; she wondered if theirs already tingled.

Jolan and the driver were talking, or rather Jolan was talking and the Indian nodding and looking straight ahead. Lora longed to say something to these two quiet women and tried not to stare at them—they themselves had said staring was not polite. The child's eyes continued upon her, and occasionally the mother turned the little head away, her long brown fingers moving under the chin; her nails were pink and filled with earth. Whenever Lora met her eyes for a second, she smiled shyly, as if she herself might be a child. There was a sweetness in the faces of these women, Lora thought, a sad and yet comforting expression. The seams of their full lips were definite, their eyes tilted and far apart.

Lora noticed several tortilla baskets and clay pots under the wagon seat, beside Jolan's brief case and paper bags. The Yaquis too had brought their lunch. Tortillas, perhaps a small pot of coffee, frijoles, of course, and some of the short bananas which had been auctioned from the slow train yesterday. The bananas she smelled in the heat when she took her hand from her nose. There—she was not going to sneeze, after all. She was becoming accustomed to breathing the dust.

A horseman was coming closer behind the wagon. He was a very young Indian, perhaps fifteen, and Lora smiled to notice that although he was dressed shabbily in jeans and straw hat, the gear on his pony was extremely beautiful, with much decoration on the saddle and the silverware. At the rear of the wagon, which was open, the pony stopped, though the road was wide enough to pass here, and began to walk at the burros' pace. Its nose nearly touched Lora's arm, and moved up and down with the gait. To withdraw would be cowardly, and then she would have to crowd the older woman who sat next to her, on her side. She sat still, and found with relief that the pony had

no interest whatever in biting her. Presently she even dared to lift a hand and stroke its long forehead, noticing the heavy-lashed beauty of its eyes and the strong animal smell among the dust. The rider smiled. The younger woman spoke to him, and he answered and continued to ride close to the wagon. A member of the family, then? Lora asked Jolan and he asked the driver and the driver said something and then Jolan said: "He is the eldest son."

The small boy had begun to clamor, and the father turned and looked at him with a curious indulgent expression. The wagon stopped. Oh, what a grin for the boy, then, as he clambered over the side of the wagon and rushed through the dust to the pony where the young man leaned down and lifted him up behind. The wagon started again. Jolan said, shouting back to Lora, "He wanted to ride on the horse with his big brother. Only women and babies ride in the wagon box."

He repeated what he had said, in Yaqui, and the father and the women laughed. The mother lifted the edge of her brown reboza over her mouth to catch her laughter. She said words to the woman opposite. The older woman answered. They both laughed, very gently. This strange talk, thought Lora, seemed to have a constant sigh in the syllables, and often when a sentence ended there was truly a sigh, a deep-drawn breath which seemed to say, "Ah, well, what can be done?" "What would the frightened Guaymas Señora say if she saw me now?" Lora thought. The Señora had been like the others up there. To Rio Yaqui? To Los Ochos Pueblos? *In my own time, those Yaquis have stopped the train and killed everybody aboard. Women and children—all. For over two hundred years they have been fighting; they teach their young men to be cruel.* Lora smiled, looking at the rider just behind her, at the long gentle face of the pony nuzzling into her very lap, and at the face of the small boy with his straw hat a bobbing halo as he peered around the body of his brother.

Sky was intensely blue, sun a blasting brightness above them. Deep dust rolled steadily from the hoofs of the burros and the wheels of the wagon. These were ancient ruts; Jolan had told her on one of their walks, that these ruts were so treacherously deep and old, horses knew enough to step carefully on the high places when rain flooded them. Mesquite trees crowded the path, sent it winding, and cactus were huge and straggling everywhere. Great black and white birds sat balefully

on branches of saguaro, and far over the valley hung strange abrupt mountains. "This country is mad," Lora thought. "And beautiful—oh, beautiful. One would come to love it as they have loved it."

Jolan turned. "Do you see the buzzards?" he asked. "The Yaqui name is *choa-awe*." He said it with a glottal at the center, with that curious depth all Yaqui seemed to have.

"Its name sounds as evil as it looks," she said. "What is the name of that small orange flower? From a distance it's like California poppy—but it isn't—" The women and the children and the big boy all looked where she pointed. The older woman spoke, and under the edge of her reboza Lora saw a thick silver ring in her ear.

"She says it is the Flower-of-Sore-Eyes," Jolan said.

The boy on the horse was pointing. On the edge of a ploughed field—the father said it was newly planted to garbanzos, the Spanish bean—stood a white heron, unearthly white, immovable. As the wagon approached it lifted its great wings and floated away without sound. It seemed to merge in sky, in mad trees. A little later the boy pointed out a parrot, and later a profusion of pink flowers blooming on vines which covered bushes alongside the road. Nobody knew the name of this flower, and all seemed sad and ashamed not to know, shaking their heads.

"A student at Guaymas told me it was *antigonon leptopus*," Lora said to Jolan, and he repeated this. She expected them to laugh, but they did not. They nodded seriously and looked at the flower with deeper respect as it brushed past. Now it had a good long name of its own.

The driver lifted his arm to a hill which loomed ahead of them, on the left of the road, and spoke to Jolan.

"I have told them you are looking for stories," Jolan said to Lora. "There is a story about that hill, he says. They call the hill 'The Man Who Was Angry.'"

The Indian began to speak. The women listened, and the man's words were rich and full through the dust. Whenever he paused, Jolan turned and repeated what he had said.

"There was a Yaqui governor who was called Omteme, which means 'he is angry.' He was very wise. He knew that the Conquest would come and all the things it would bring with it. He knew that it would come with two words, would be both good and bad. All of this

he knew from a stick that talked. He was standing on top of his hill here when Christopher Columbus came into the port at Guaymas."

Lora burst into laughter. "Columbus at Guaymas?"

The rest were not laughing, and she blushed. They wished the father to go on with the story.

"Omteme was angry because he knew the Spaniards were coming with treachery."

The women were soberly nodding. This story they knew well, Lora could see; it was an old story and later she understood it contained pride and carried the reason for an old battle.

"Columbus climbed a hill near Guaymas, which is now called Takalaim, and he saw Omteme in the distance. Omteme wanted to know what the conqueror intended to do; so he asked: 'On what conditions do you want to make the conquest?'

"Since Columbus did not have a good heart, he became angry. He took his big gun and shot at Omteme. The shot fell far short and Omteme asked again, 'What do you want? What are you doing?'

"Columbus shot a second time, this time coming closer, but not quite reaching Omteme. The chief did not understand guns. He still kept asking the conqueror how he intended to make the conquest.

"Then Columbus shot a third time and the ball reached the foot of Omteme's hill. When Omteme saw the shot he said, 'Oh, so you want war!'

"He took his bow and arrow and shot. The arrow hit the top of the hill on which the conqueror stood, splitting the mountain in two. Since that time it has two sharp points, and the Spanish have called it 'The Teats of the Wild Goat.' The Conqueror fell into the sea and drowned. Perhaps he still lives there, but he never came up.

"Then Omteme, who was very angry at this Conquest because as the talking stick had said, it was coming with treason, spoke to all of his people: 'You who wish to, may stay. I am leaving now.' And he descended into the heart of his hill.

"Most of the people also went into the mountains or into the sea; for they could not accept the Conquest with all confidence. Like their chief, Omteme, they said, 'I am leaving now!'"

The Indian paused for a long moment, and then made a brief phrase with that sound of resignation in it. Jolan said, "He says the story ends here."

I am leaving now. There was nowhere to go, thought Lora sadly, but into the mountains or into the sea. Over three hundred years, and all that remained of the old happy days were the stories, music, songs, dances. And one did not know whether the happy days had really been happy; perhaps later troubles only made them seem so. When the Jesuits brought the story of Jesucristo and his death upon the cross, something of pity must have received it, some understanding that the good are often troubled and killed without justice. Death had always been present, and so Lazaro, who was lifted up from death, remained in the stories. And the wicked governor, Ponso Pilato, remained. Bethlehem, city of hope, remained here in the name of one of the Eight Sacred Pueblos, Belen, and some even believed that here, in the mesquite and cactus, here where the cactus came down to the sea, Jesucristo had been born. Only records of peace existed for the time of the Jesuits, and their heavy stone churches and bells which still rang for the ceremonies. Some of these Lora would hear today. But the Coyotes would dance, also, and their dance was older than the bells.

The wagon had passed through the wilderness which the Indians called *monte*, and entered a great thicket of giant reeds, *carrizo*, which bordered the Yaqui River. It was the time of high water or the river would have had no water at all; Obregón's canal had changed its course, and the land the Yaquis had fought for so bitterly was not rich as it had once been. In our country, Lora thought, we did not bother to remove the rivers from the people, but removed the people from the rivers.

The *carrizo* grew tall and close and was so heavy with sandy dust, one wondered where the swamp water might be. Here the Indians cut reeds for their fences and their houses. Lora had admired their manner of weaving the split canes into mats, and the fences were beautiful and intricate, seeming to grow from the ground. Now she must stoop to avoid boughs which whipped close to the wagon; the road was scarcely more than a path. Through these dense thickets and through the *monte*, she had been told, Yaquis walked from village to village for ceremonies, carrying bright and various masks and rattles and head-dresses so that, meeting them suddenly, one wondered if one might be dreaming.

The wagon moved in silence as heavy as the dust. The child was staring again. "I'm sure it can't be because I'm pretty now," Lora thought. She could scrape dust from her cheeks with her fingers and

make small rolls of it on her fingers by rubbing them along her hair. The horse continued to plod silently, touching Lora's arm occasionally with the cool bit. Sun glittered and drew sweat which rolled and cake the dust. A sore place reminded Lora of itself every time the wagon jolted under her shoulder blade.

At last the wagon came to the river. The solid thicket opened and great white sandbanks stretched ahead, the water, narrow and brown, moving slowly among them. Air began to move, and Lora jumped when the horse whinnied suddenly. One could see where other horses and wagons had gone along the sand, where they entered the shallow water. In the center of the stream the wagon stopped and children and women knelt and leaned over the sides. They were chattering and gay as if the very sight of the water had revived them.

"Will you have a drink?" Jolan asked, and laughed at her look of distaste. "Ah, you are too civilized." And he drank.

There were more *carrizo* thickets and a stretch of *monte* before the pueblo of Potam appeared, stretched out bleakly with many adobe ruins to commemorate former garrisons. Everything seemed crumbled and brown, without life, only the pale green of mesquite and willow to relieve it. But as the distance lessened people could be seen moving toward the stone church. Overhead burst *cajetes*, rockets which burst in air like firecrackers, going in all directions to send the spirits of the dead to heaven again. All during October the dead had been visiting their relatives in the villages, eating with them, sleeping with them, giving them advice in whispers. But now it was time for the dead to go. Ceremonies would give them a fitting farewell today from each village—in Cocorit, Bacum, Torin, Vicam, Potam, Rajum, Huirivis, and even in Belen where nobody lived any longer since the river did not flow near enough. Only the church remained in Belen and its many old dead.

The family clambered from the wagon; the son tied his horse at the side and removed its saddle. The women carried their pots and baskets of food toward the cemetery in front of the church which was a bouquet of most wonderful color and motion.

Jolan said with distaste, "I suppose they're going to put all that food on the graves for the dead ones."

Lora brushed at her skirt, and dust flew up wherever she laid her fingers. "May we go closer?" she asked eagerly, for just then the bells

began to ring and she could see them, three great ones of different sizes, hung from a pole, side by side, in the churchyard.

"I never show any interest in their ceremonies," Jolan said, suddenly severe and cold. "It is my duty to make them see how mistaken all this is. You see that. And I can't afford to make compromises—like the Jesuits."

"But I came to see!" Lora cried in disappointment.

He shrugged his shoulders, something she felt he must have learned from the Mexicans. "I brought you because you wanted to come," he said. "Do as you like."

She stood hesitant, for he did not move. Then she turned from him and began to walk slowly toward the colorful square where ceremonies were moving bright among an almost solid mesh of crosses standing in the ground. As at Vicam Village, one burial was made directly on another, so only the newest graves remained separate.

"You might look for the name 'Taichino,'" Jolan called after her, relenting a little. "She lived here in Potam. She was the wife of Cajéme."

Lora smiled back gratefully. After all, it was his work here and he was making it his life. But to give these people the New Testament without compromises—! This he meant to do. He would give them the True Christ, their Jesucristo being hopelessly mixed with sun and animal and bird. At this very moment the Coyotes were dancing for the dead ones on the day of All Saints.

She tried not to be conspicuous as she picked her way forward through tall and prickly weeds, feeling deeply now that she did not belong here. She did not have even the excuse of the antiquarian, not finding pleasure in the merely quaint; and she could no more enter here than she could pass through the eye of a needle, she thought wryly. Yet when she was close enough to see what was happening, she sat down and was instantly absorbed. Two flag ceremonies were taking place simultaneously, flag wavers and drummers performing over graves laden with food, over one grave and then another, the motions of the flags and the beating of the drums accompanied by groups of singers. There were repeated motions, intricate crossings-over, so that the flags were waved in every direction. By the church, which was of pale stone and open in front with great wooden pillars, three Coyotes were dancing, their bows between their legs, their feet moving rapidly, the

feathers of their headdresses bobbing. The headdresses were made of single skins, the tails hanging down over the back, tipped with red. Legs also were tipped with red. Around the heads of the dancers were red bands decorated with small white objects in pointed designs. The drum beat in strange complicated rhythms which no counting Lora knew could place into a pattern.

The bells rang. A young man sat on the ground ringing them with ropes in his hands, over and over, the three tones. In the air *cajetes* continued to burst. On many graves, today tamped firm, the clay watered and shaped and neatly bordered with small stones, food lay in pots and baskets and cheap tin cups. Women walked freely, legs moving forward the full cotton of their skirts, a pretty motion. Nobody seemed puzzled or hurried or sad. Age and accustomness had given the ceremonies ease. There was no feeling of anything being scheduled or arranged; the whole simply continued like the light of day. Nobody paid any attention to the flag wavers or drummers or to the bell ringers or to the dancers when they rested and then danced once more. Lora remembered something she had heard about the Yaqui religion and its constant ceremonial pattern, so involved with daily life, with obligations and duties, that even in the United States settlements a Yaqui could not earn a respectable living and remain a "good Yaqui." In Pascua, near Tucson, where Yaquis had made the necessary concession of speaking Spanish to outsiders, there was a saying: *Es muy trabajos la religión de nosotros*. This religion of ours is very hard work. God and men must work constantly together to keep life going as it should.

Lora watched and listened, knowing it would go on for hours and hours. Yesterday she had watched the cantoras and maestros at Vican Village, had listened while they went from ramada to ramada to perform ceremonies before tables which each family had built and covered with food for their visiting dead relatives. The tables had been built of mesquite sticks, canopies of cloth floating over to keep the birds away, the legs very high to protect the food from innumerable bony dogs. All night long she had heard in her mind the plaintive singing of cantoras, strange and high, and the voice of the head maestro chanting from the Books of the Dead.

Jolan had come closer now, having tired of walking through the deserted pueblo. He was speaking with a young man, and when he saw that Lora was looking at him he beckoned to her.

"This boy has lived in Arizona," he said when she came up to him. "He has just come back to Sonora to live. I asked him why, wasn't Arizona a good place to live? and he said all Yaquis come back to the old country when they can."

The boy only nodded to Lora and looked another way, speaking with that strange resignation, an age on his face all out of proportion with what Lora supposed his age to be. He was giving Jolan a Yaqui phrase which Jolan wrote carefully in print. *Inim buam biapo.*

The boy repeated it several times, looking with curiosity at the writing, and Jolan said to Lora, "It means, he says, *this unhappy land where we suffer all together.*"

"Perhaps," she said, struck by the words, "the Talking Stick said that after the conquest."

Jolan laughed. "It sounds like something a Talking Stick might say."

"But it's a statement this time, not a prophesy. It's terribly sad. Isn't it?" She looked at the boy who did not understand what she was saying, and saw that he looked puzzled and uncomfortable as if he thought they might be talking about him. She felt suddenly the loneliness which had lately become familiar to her. Between her and others, even those whom she loved, were so many barriers, language one of them even when it was the same language. She felt a familiar desire, now hopelessly galling, to understand somehow, to enter others and to be entered. What was this boy thinking behind his strange words and his dignified ageless face?

If there was one to know, she thought, and drew herself apart, looking at the ground as she listened to the strange phrases moving between them. Jolan asked questions and received answers, occasionally turning to her and translating what was said. He had asked how much the boy received for cutting carrizos. Well, it was hard work—fifteen pesos for a thousand. Four pesos for each thousand oysters he brought from the sea and carried clear to Guaymas. At the great hotel there four oysters on a plate would be ten pesos! But then, we suffer all together, after all.

"Old Potam," Jolan reported when the boy walked away, "had another name. It was called Ko'obuabuaim, which meant Village of the Cranes."

In the wagon again at last, after many hours, Lora gave a great sigh. The woman beside her smiled and sighed also. The older woman sighed.

Jolan said something in Yaqui, and then to Lora: "We are all tired."

Now the road again, through the dusty carrizo. Lora had not noticed before how the road wound along; she was thinking of the road with its whole length as she had not in the morning when everything was new. The boy rode far behind now, the small one still behind him, and she saw him strip a piece of carrizo as he rode; presently he made a piercing whistle, and Jolan said, "He has made a flute for his little brother."

"Will you ask him to make one for me if it isn't too difficult?" she asked. "I could take it home with me."

But he shook his head after speaking to the man beside him and having an answer. "When it dries it won't make a sound," he said.

The tiny girl, sleeping in her mother's lap, was dirty enough to seem real now, her bright unnatural colors rumpled. The sun, sinking, shone full into the women's eyes when they emerged from the thicket.

Carefully, clucking her tongue impatiently, the old woman turned herself into the other side of the wagon; she smiled at Lora and indicated a place beside her. Both Lora and the mother moved. But after a moment the road turned once more and there was the sun, full in their eyes again, hurting in a level evening brilliance. Once more the old lady turned herself around, spreading her hands with significant disgust. Once more Lora moved, and the mother. They looked at each other and burst out laughing. Their laughter said: "Oh, the sun!" They understood each other perfectly.

The man was talking to Jolan, Jolan laughing. Presently he turned and said: "The sun is named Ta'a. He has told me a story of the time it was named. It seems that, long ago, when they still did not know the name of the sun, a large *junta* was held. They gathered to talk about the matter of that sun coming up every day and they not knowing what its name was. . . ."

Beyond the river a short distance, the boy on the horse came close to the wagon again. He began to call to his father, and the wagon stopped. It seemed that the boy riding behind him was very sleepy and had nearly fallen off. But when it became clear to the child that

the wagon had stopped to receive him from the horse he set up a terrible uproar, his mouth wide open. His grandmother reached out her arms, however, and he was handed to her without ceremony. She gave him a smart little rap on the cheek, and he turned from her and lay face down, sobbing on the floor of the wagon. The mother looked at Lora and said something with a smile, shaking her head and lifting a hand over it. Lora nodded, understanding. The woman had said in any language: "He wants to be a man already." Almost before the wheels had turned over, before he had time to sob a half dozen times, Lora saw that he was asleep and she and the mother smiled and nodded together.

Lora called eagerly to Jolan, "Tell her I have two big sons of my own!"

Jolan made the words, and the woman's white teeth shone beneath her full lips, happy and approving. The sun was understood. Children also. These were alike everywhere. She reached up and touched Jolan, saying something to him in a low voice, and he looked at Lora and said gently, "She says it is sad to have sons, however, for they grow up very soon and go away."

Again the women looked at each other, smiled, nodded.

I could tell her, thought Lora, that we too have had war for more than a hundred years. If it is more complicated than simply a fighting for the land we bring our food from, still it is war. Our sons go, that is the important thing, and when they return they are not ours any longer. We are more complicated in all ways, really quite mad of complications, but underneath we know what we are and suffer a great sickness for simplicity. People who are confused, as I am, come here or to other villages—to deserts—to mountains—anywhere but together again. She saw how clear were the skin and eyes of the old woman who nodded and let her mouth wobble with the wagon. Clear, both eyes and skin, but heavy. Her hands were creased with labor. The mother sat stroking the hair of the child in her lap, and presently leaned forward and untied the thong between great and second toe and slipped the sandals away.

Lora closed her eyes, thinking of women, thinking of herself. Poor sick things, she thought, we all suffer after being needed, here or anywhere. Perhaps my kind are a little sadder. Having pushed ourselves up to the wagon seat, we are afraid to look forward over the

swamp and the narrow path. We would rather sit and look at the strong back of our husband and at our son riding protectively behind us. But these women came to the same sorrow another way.

She had seen them sitting in their ramadas all day long, grinding corn with *mano* and *metate*, patting tortillas endlessly, cooking them endlessly. One day she had seen two of them combing each other's hair with cactus burrs, dividing their scalps into little lands, turn by turn, and snapping lice with their thumbnails, laughing. She and Jolan had gone to a ranch where a woman was making medicine for two sick children, wrapped in blankets on the floor. The woman reported to Jolan: "They vomit yellow," and said she was beating molanisco root to a pulp to make medicine. Jolan said children were adored here because so many of them did not live.

Now Lora felt tired and puzzled; her shoulders ached and her stretched legs. We keep our children most carefully alive, she thought, so they will go away and fight in order to permit us to remain the same. We keep them carefully alive to hate us when they are mature enough, wise enough. Now the words the young Yaqui had given Jolan came back to her clearly, perhaps because she had watched Jolan printing them. This unhappy land where we suffer all together. How much alike our laughter, our love, our loss. It is all an unhappy land, everywhere, and we suffer together everywhere. Loneliness swept over her again, as always at dusk, wherever she might be, whatever she might be doing. What were they doing, those she loved? Where were they? She felt now that wherever they were, they were lonely and puzzled too. Yet she had found nothing to comfort them.

In the village again at last, she saw that sunset hung late in the sky. The sun made a glorious thing of going away in this country; perhaps, she thought very practically, because of the dust.

Jolan asked the driver to stop at Ysidra's, where they would get a plate of gorditas to take home for supper. Lora climbed down and stood in a helpless silence after appealing to Jolan to say something for her. She had given him the money for the journey and he had paid it. But there should be some way to say goodbye. To say thank you. To say to the mother, We are friends.

Jolan spoke, what she did not know, and the Indians nodded in silence. The mother continued to pat the hair of the child in her lap. The wagon moved away.

PLAIN MEN IN THE CITY OF KINGS¹

Hans Otto Storm

LIMA, PERU. A gray city underneath a cold, gray sky out of which from morning until night a drizzling mist falls. Miles upon miles of gray mud walls on which the gray sky seems to be hooked down. Gray streetcars that, if one may believe the advertising signs which sprout out of their roofs, seem to ply endlessly between Cafe León and Gloria canned milk. A dismal plaza, bordered by a row of unused office buildings with crumbling plaster façades, like a World's Fair recently gone bankrupt. A pest of beggars, lottery ticket boys, and chocolate venders. Thin, undersized men with black mufflers wound around their necks against the cold, and wearing patched and repatched clothes with which they cling desperately to European fashions.

And this is South America. We feel vaguely cheated: feel that the elaborate tradition which has been built up in our minds gives us a right to look for something happier. Whatever surface charm we may have been bold enough to picture to ourselves is wholly lacking. Here is no colorful dress nor quaintness of custom, and the tropical climate exists entirely on paper. The carefree life one may have heard about is somewhere else; the characteristic facial expression of the Peruvian one might describe as slightly but chronically worried. There is

¹ This paper was written about six years before Storm's death in 1941, and changes have doubtless occurred since then in the scene he described. Also, even at that time another foreign observer might have, of course, come back with impressions quite different. However, the interest this paper holds now is not that of a traveler's report. Storm was an extraordinary combination of practicing electric engineer and productive literary artist. He was profoundly influenced by Thorstein Veblen, with whom he had close friendship. So the significance of these and other observations he has made on aspects of Spanish America is rather in an extension implicating the general culture of our age than in his particularizations of place and time. This essay, along with the one published in the previous issue of THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW, will be included in a posthumous volume of Storm's writings to be published in the spring under the imprint of The Swallow Press and William Morrow and Company.—Editor.

crowded over on us the suggestion that perhaps this South America is but a run-down replica of the United States. And we resent the notion; we feel toward it as the capitalist feels toward confiscation—if this is going to be allowed the very bases of romance are menaced. And so one looks morbidly for something, anything, which may authentically set the place apart from South San Francisco or the poorer parts of Newark. Lima is a rather dirty and a very ordinary sort of town.

Yet if one stay a year's time, through the brief summer and until the abominable mist comes down again, one gets to know that something has hold of South America which makes it most profoundly different from the North, although it answers to none of the romantic descriptions of the gay geographer. Climate has nothing to do with it, race and language only very little; automobiles, radio, and northern capital are not the sort of stuff which had immediate effect on it. We have run into something which appears decidedly worth studying. And Lima, by its very limitations on the side of picturesqueness, comes to be an excellent laboratory in which one may investigate this spirit which is South America and perhaps discover something about its essential nature.

A good laboratory test requires, first of all, control. That is to say, irrelevant conditions must so far as possible be maintained uniform. If a South American really acts differently from a North American, then his difference will show up more accurately among storekeepers and chauffeurs and electricians than among gauchos and mountaineers and bandits. It will show more plainly in a climate for all purposes averagely northern, than in the possibly disturbing tropic warmth. It will show better in a town which, for the last several years, has gone through boom and subsequent depression, synchronously with North America. The second desideratum of the laboratory is isolation. We must be reasonably sure that what we study is authentically of the culture, and is not merely drifting in and out. Nor must the isolated sample be so small that it becomes erratic from internal variations. As regards these features, Lima has three hundred thousand people, insulated by a ring of desert on three sides, and by expensive steamships on the fourth. It is nine days by sea from the nearest English-speaking country. It has no rum, art, or divorce colony, nor any district which is definitely foreign. The laboratory is nicely outfitted; we may proceed with the investigation.

A particular wail announces the visit of the milkman. He rides a horse over the cobblestones, and with a long-handled dipper he ladles out a half-liter from a can slung on the pommel of his saddle. He has his regular customers and appears as expected with a fair degree of faithfulness. Suppose, however, that for special reasons you wish him to make a routine of coming every day but Thursday. Thus stated, the proposal meets with blank incomprehension. "You want me to come Thursday? *Sí, sí, exactamente, claro.*" "No, no; no, no!" you shout at him. "I told you *not* come Thursday." "Not come any more?" he answers with a shrug—"*muy bien.*" You begin to take him for a half-wit. He is not a half-wit, but he is altogether unfamiliar with a form of thought which does not seem to you so very involved—the idea of holding a definite something in his mind to be *subtracted* from the normal pattern, is altogether out of his experience. If you insist on the Thursday omission, you will have to tell him to come Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and so on. And if you want to omit one particular Thursday only, then there is nothing left but to stop deliveries on Wednesday, presumably forever, and have them resumed as a separate arrangement Friday.

The peculiarity seems to be universal, and after a few exasperating errors one learns never to make a quantitative statement in which a negative plays any part. "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more," can, perhaps, be said in Spanish, but to say nothing of its failing to convince, the very intention of the sentence would go by the board. Nothing would be communicated but a state of vacillation, and the lady, perhaps with good reason, would lose patience and tell her lover to make up his mind one way or the other. The northern peoples do perhaps play with the negative idea a bit too much. Spanish does not give an algebraic significance to the double negative. The fact that a negative operative on a negative gives positive result is, to the Spanish-speaking person, at most a rule out of a very specialized and academic study of figures. In Spanish, "I will not say nothing" is an entirely grammatical way of indicating one will keep one's mouth shut, while "Never will I not say nothing" is only further assurance of discretion.

Try as one will, one cannot explain this peculiarity without running into mathematical jargon. And that itself at once reminds us that the apparent dullness of certain quarters of the Spanish mind seems to

extend into any matter which involves proportion. Speaking again of proverbs, there exists, perhaps, the Spanish in which to say "The heavier they are, the harder they fall." But thus worded, the statement would be one for learned men to scratch their heads about, and as a catch-phrase it would never do. To make a smooth-running proverb one would have to say, "The heaviest ones fall the hardest." That is, the conception of a continuous quantitative relation, among braggarts, between weight and impact, has given way to what is merely an emphatic bit of wishful thinking about those who are the most obnoxious. Speak with whomever you may please, the laborer digging a hole in the ground or the educated person discussing the predicaments of literature—when you see that dull, blank look and hear his answers dwindling down to monosyllables, you may be certain you have unwittingly broached matters which involve proportion. Bulk this Latin-derived intelligence appreciates, proportion never. "The days are getting shorter," I remarked inanely to a North American. "Yes," he said, "and it is the time when they are changing the most rapidly." "The days are getting shorter," I said to a South American. "Yes," he answered, "and in the middle of the winter they will be most miserable."

The difference between the two is, clearly, the flair of one for mathematics, and its entire absence from the thought-processes of the other. Max Weber, in an essay which has become classical,² accepts this difference and lays it roundly at the door of the Catholic Church. An exceedingly brief résumé of his argument is to the point. His book concerns itself with an analysis of that "go-getting" capitalism which has done such strange things to North America and Western Europe. He observes that this capitalism has arisen since the Reformation and that it flourishes in the Protestant lands rather than the Catholic; and he connects its rise with two tendencies fostered by the Reformation: a lust toward labor for its own sake, and *the habit of an adequate accounting system*. The merchant who wrote down each detailed transaction in a book, so says Max Weber, finds his counterpart in a God who had written down by clericals in the angelic staff, the merit-value of each act of man, saving the record for a final, awful recapitulation. Now, regarding the theory of these things, Protestant and capitalist theology has steered a devious course through history; meanwhile the important

² *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*.

fact of the Reformation which sticks in the mind of the common man is the elimination, from the accounting process, of an authoritarian intermediary between God and man. The Protestant, in the popular language of his partizans, stood in direct personal relation to his God, and this God having no objective medium of expression, the entire accounting process had to be carried out in the mind of the ultimate consumer of the religion. It is not a small accomplishment for a mortal. It arrives in representative northwestern types at a point where such matters as earnings and expense, crime and punishment, time, distance, and mechanical and electrical forces, are held and balanced in the mind automatically, with something of quantitative exactness. The accounting system has been spiritualized, it has become part of the northman's instinct and of his morality and of his idea of a good time. It has unlocked the secrets of physical science for him and has given him the credit mechanism. It has given succinctness and restraint a place in literature and manners, and above all, it permits here and there a quiet comparison of values. Those who berate the northwestern culture as something merely quantitative, are perhaps giving it a finer compliment than they have mind to.

In Lima, Peru, the automatic accounting system is not working.

There is not, for instance, any small-scale credit system. Although there are marble-columned banks, these banks do not offer what a North American would think of as a checking service. They are, for the common man—or perhaps for the unusual man who has money to put into them—depositories, nothing more. He brings his money to the bank in cash, and if the bank holds good he draws it out again in kind. If it is necessary to present a check (make it effectual, is the expression), the transaction is one to be remembered. An official first carefully verifies the signatures. A clerk thereupon looks into the ledger, the balance is computed, and the amount of the check immediately deducted. If these things bring to light no reason for a protest, the customer is handed a ticket, and in the course of an hour he may receive the money. And the delays imposed are not so much a mark of inefficiency as of the unreasonableness, under the accepted traditions, of expecting to play fast and loose with values of so abstract a nature as are those of money credit. To offer a check as payment in ordinary trade has much the same effect as would the offering of a gold brick in a New York store: there is a possibility, in either case, that the thing

offered might be genuine, but where more usual methods of exchange exist, outlandish practices are always open to suspicion. Obtaining money at the pawnshop is a very different matter, for here physical goods are being dealt with. The service is faster, the operation is simple, and the basis of exchange is recognized and is respected.

But even the shortage of physical goods against a time of need involves an abstract accountancy outside of the *limeño's* way of thinking. Therefore, independent of his state of solvency, he buys in the minutest possible of quantities. A gallon of gasoline for the car, a small can of milk, a quarter kilo of coffee, flour enough to make a particular dish for the evening's meal, a pat of butter the size of a silver sol—these are the proportions of the ordinary retail purchase, while in a black hole in an adobe wall a Chinaman weighs coal upon a counterscale, and ties it up in paper packages. A bicycle, loaded with a basket front and back, serves many a merchant when he sends farther for his daily wholesaling. To the handling of larger quantities endless objections are raised; scales, paper, twine, and home storage reach their practical limits, but behind these objections is the fact that the thing simply isn't done. There does not seem to be any additional good will held out to the customer who would buy more at one time. He is rather looked upon as a sort of miser. There is a subtle bad taste attached to the act of buying more than satisfies one's daily needs, akin to the bad taste of the newly rich who orders for his house a half dozen phonographs.

That antlike habit of laying in for the morrow, of living and experiencing one's actual joys and sorrows within the meshes of a credit system not to be translated into actuality until long, long in the future, is not, in Lima, held as undiluted virtue. The world-wide anecdote about the unhatched chickens has a more elaborate and a more charming form in Spanish than is elsewhere told. A milkmaid, so the story runs, trudged to the market with her jar upon her head. She will trade in this milk, she thinks, for half a dozen eggs, that will complete her setting; the cockerels of the brood will be sold for so-and-so much, the pullets kept to lay another season; with her accumulated wealth she will eventually buy a dress of sorts, and then, these vagabonds who now make eyes at her, they will be given to know that they are dealing with a lady; she will turn round and look scornfully upon them, so! And with the gesture she upsets the milk. There are, in

truth; two valid bases upon which to judge a situation: the facts as they exist this moment, and the facts as, with our experience of causation, we do imagine they will be at some time hence. It is a nice matter of judgment where to strike the line. The northern Protestant strikes it well forward in the future, and by that simple fact, his temper, his dependability, even his ideas of what is common honesty, become profoundly influenced. The promise of a North American is made for the future. The promise of a South American is made emphatically in the present.

If a person who has made an appointment fails to appear, it simply means that he has found something better to do, and this is accepted as an excuse of the first rank. As likely as not, the same person will call you on the telephone some five weeks later—full, not of apologies, but of solicitations after your good health, and chiding mildly that you have not looked him up. And this means not that he has procrastinated for five weeks, but that at that moment there has happened some exterior event which makes a meeting with you to his interest. What one has heard about procrastination must be modified. “*Mañana*,” says Stuart Chase, speaking of Mexico and summing up a neat tradition, “stretches from 12:01 a. m. through the weeks and months to infinity.” In Lima it is more accurate to say: *Mañana* will begin to take place at 12:01 a. m. *provided that the premises on which the promise has been made do still obtain.*

To the foreigner such a habit is exasperating. But it is the South American who pays for it most heavily, since it makes him in a sense an alien in his own land. For prosecuting large or even moderately large negotiations, the lack of the accounting instinct is a frightful handicap. The signs on Lima streets proclaim the story: Oechsle, Klinge, Wagner, Albugattos, and Suetomi; so read the shingles of the leading merchants, and among them Spanish names are noticeably few. Although raising propaganda against foreigners the Peruvian still privately prefers to trade with foreigners, because their price is fixed, their change accurate, in a degree he does not ask for from his countrymen. That the Chinaman is honest is admitted, not as a point of praise but as a national peculiarity, like wearing carpet slippers and addressing everyone in the familiar discourse. The native Peruvian does not generally prosper in a business larger than a lunch room or a half a dozen rented taxicabs. He holds to the land which cannot run away; once he has parted from

the land, his wealth runs out of him and he becomes that standard character, the gentleman fallen upon evil days.

But this is only half the story. What of the South American's reputed lack of energy, his contentment with the minimum of all accomplishment, his quasi-fatalistic tendency to let matters take their undeflected course? One can not very well, as does Max Weber, blame such defections on the Church, when one remarks that the Church is without any fear of competition the most active going concern to be found in South America. Nor can the Church be blamed for the complacency with which the Spanish American lives in the midst of dirt. For the Church also is, in general, the cleanest building in the town. Is there not posted in the very vestibule a sign which urges the devout to forbear spitting on the floor?

And this tradition of sloth, with its accompanying dirt and its makeshifts that have somehow become permanent, is of all the sections of our grand tradition of the Spanish American, the one most obviously justified by facts. It is true that the telegraph office in Champerico is also used, in part, as a chicken coop. The church in the same village flowers into three little wooden cupolas set at such crazy angles to each other and the terrain that one suspects a deliberate attempt at picturesque. The general appearance of Guayaquil is one of having begun to fall down before they got it finished. Seaports, even so important as Callao, stay with the cumbersome device of lighterage rather than do a moderate amount of dredging. Underneath the imposing monument of the Plaza de San Martín in Lima there are torn-up paving stones and railings which have not been attended to since July, 1931. The campanile of the University leans a matter of two feet off plumb, while the cross at the top of the University is bent over as far as it can fall. And dirt of surprising kinds and in surprising places obtrudes itself upon the senses of the foreigner until he easily works himself into a state of chronic resentment.

But the mere application of energy is not enough to alter such a picture, not even as regards the dirt. During the feast of the twenty-eighth of July, under the leaden skies of midwinter, there was observed an Indian girl some four years old, dressed gala in a new blue jacket and a pair of bright red pants. In her hands was a broom considerably bigger than herself, and with the large, energetic movements of a child

at play, she was endeavoring to clean up Lima. The gesture was magnificent but futile. And if I, in a fit of irritated northern energy, should climb the steeple of San Marcos and try to straighten out the cross, the chances are that, feast or no feast, I should be properly locked up. Obviously, energy alone is not enough to build a pyramid or plant a garden or to scrub a floor in detail, and to make the result appear what we call thrifty. For that, four factors at least must exist simultaneously and in harmony: energy, an instinct for good workmanship (which is something altogether different), materials for work, and, lastly, the consent of the landowner. It is only in certain places on the earth that these four items go together. It is very easy to see why they do not meet in Lima, although the information does not readily cross the frontier. A good deal is said about the Church, about the Latin, about the Indian, and about the tropical climate, which in Lima does not happen to exist. Very little is said about a ragged little boy who waits respectfully before the door for thirty minutes or an hour on some minor errand, is grudgingly recognized at last, and is forthwith immediately forgotten.

The fact is that in the year 1492 there existed in the more habitable portions of Middle America, civilized peoples suitable for conquest, plunder, and eventual use as house servants. The conquest and plunder episodes were brief and violent; the social predicament constituted by the existence of a servant class has persisted for four hundred years. It is a thing impossible to get away from, and, however little he may say about it, it is safely this presence of a subject class which leaves the most profound of all his South American impressions on the northern visitor.

In Lima you can hire a servant for about eight dollars a month. This is not cheap: we are speaking of a fairly sophisticated city and leaving out of account persons kept in bondage through the medium of special fears or loyalties. Therefore we do not find in Lima, either, the most striking results of the servant system; we can simply see the brake it puts on the activity of a community under the fairest conditions of control.

At eight dollars a month, there are naturally a good many people who have servants, and right down to the border of the servant class itself, there is little work done which can remotely be considered menial. The servant, like the automobile in the North, becomes an

aid without which one is crippled socially. Therefore, in general, one has his servant, not only if one comfortably can afford the luxury, but if he can even manage it by the severest self-denial. There are probably many people starving in Lima who have servants; there are certainly people undernourished who have servants, so that toward the lower and broader edge of the institution, the effect of the servant habit in using up wealth which might go into decent housing, food, and education, is not to be neglected.

Other immediate economic results take place. An eight-dollar-a-month servant is, quite logically, given only eight-dollar-a-month equipment. The entire outfit used in the kitchen of a Lima boarding house is something less than what the North American throws into the back of the machine to go out camping. Half or more of any establishment is designed to be used by persons who are given no consideration, so that the close presence of squalor becomes a normal, almost an essential, condition in the lives of those who hold themselves respectable.

Of course the moral effect of the servant habit is the more far-reaching. The North American will perhaps remember a feeling of foolishness and futility which overcomes him if, while tramping on a country road, he is continually overtaken by automobiles. The same feeling of futility obtains, in Lima, with respect to almost any kind of physical endeavor cultivated for the joy of it, and to the feeling of futility is added often the more vicious one of social degradation. What virtue is left in indulging in a manly sport, if without any effort one may see a person of the lower classes fight a bull who has no social standing whatsoever? ³ Ask a Limean to go with you on any sort of an outdoor excursion, and it is sure to end in the most dismal failure; meet a fellow tramper in the Andes, and you speak to him in German without waiting for an introduction. The Lima coastline boasts a steady breeze, four harbors, and beaches of semi-sheltered water which would make a northern yachtsman sick with envy, yet the two shells of the Chorrillos rowing club constitute the total pleasure fleet of some three hundred thousand people. The polite amusements are quite something else; eating, drinking, sometimes dancing, playing cards,

³ In fairness it must be said that large inroads on this feeling are being made by clubs, both of men and of women, organized for such sports as football, basketball, boxing, rowing and swimming, and that, happily, these people play not with the feverish strain of the professionals of northern colleges, but as though they actually enjoyed themselves. As molders of good taste, however, these young people have as yet a continent against them.

eating again, and having one's picture taken in a studied pose—always in one's formal dress, and never very far away from servants.

Along Jirones Lampa and Carabaya, in Lima, there are business enterprises housed pretentiously in granite tombs copied in miniature after lower Broadway. Prestige runs high among these firms, and to maintain it, business is all but choked with an array of servants, nicely graded to prevent any contagion between the illustrious customers and actual work. One enters, for example, something which advertises itself to be a hardware store. A doorkeeper, none less, bows to him as he enters, and a well-dressed clerk, standing between marble and potted plants, asks him what may be his wants. The customer hesitates, wondering if he has perhaps made a mistake, and then apologetically mentions iron bolts, three-quarter inch by ten. “¿Cómo no?” answers the clerk, and calls a second, slightly shabbier and more subordinate. Here I must abandon the discreet impersonal; no less than six men escorted me by turns, until, in a sub-basement, I was shown something “just as good” by a person who could evidently neither read nor write. Further to remain personal, had I been interested in saving caste, I would have not gone through the business of purchasing bolts at all, but would have sent a “boy”—the ragged little boy who waits before the door until somebody will attend to him. And I would have gotten bolts that were too long, and would have stacked piles of rusty washers under their heads to make them fit, and would have remained among the better class of people. By extension, the episode begins to shed a light upon just why the campanile of the University can be permitted to remain two feet off plumb.

You can not hold it against any of the above-mentioned six employees that he of his own account held up the course of business. Each did exactly as he had been told; the fault of five of them, according to some standards, was that of existing where they were not needed. But exist they did, and to satisfy what was expected of them, they fitted into the role of polite, servile supernumeraries rather than into that of workmen. The role of employee seems, in fact, to slough continually over into that of servant, and that without any resentment on the master's part. Any fool can boss a servant, while it takes a good executive to organize people along the lines of intelligent workmanship. And where the labor of employees is very cheap, there is no great penalty imposed on the employer for his ineffectiveness in getting

something done. The result is a degradation of the mechanical arts, of every art, in fact, which involves hirelings. In a workman, flattery becomes more highly regarded than does excellence, a willingness to do as told is more availing than a use of judgment, and promptness becomes a very minor virtue compared to that of patience in waiting on the job until the master happens to have gotten through with breakfast.

And good, conscientious planners of any kind of work do not grow up in the atmosphere of the servant habit. Few characters there are who can resist the impact of continual flattery and servility and can remain good workmen; and he who plans well must first of all things be a workman in spirit. Speaking of engineers, it is generally recognized in the North that men who have not labored at one time or another in the trades, are seriously limited except in certain narrow fields. Most North American engineers, most professional persons of any kind in North America today, have so worked. And while the contact with the earth thus made, proves in the end the valuable part of the adventure, most of these men, when they found their jobs in boyhood, did so for the sake of gain. But to work for gain at helper's wages in South America is sheerest nonsense, if one pretends to the living standards that go with the profession. In general, there is no way into the field of industrial work and out again. The South American who takes responsible charge of work, does so, then, as one essentially a stranger to the methods under his direction—as one trained, perhaps, in theory of mechanism and design, but lacking those instinctive reflexes which go to constitute a workman.

And things do not, somehow, manage to get done.

It is a culture different from that of the North; a culture in which industrialism nurtures itself only weakly, and in which proper capitalism is still for the most part in its childlike stages. And these two marks go far to set it off as different from the North: a caste system which is something more serious than just a way of bragging, and an aversion in the mind of man toward holding to an abstract pattern. So it has been that English and Italians and Germans and especially North Americans, who under the peculiar agreements between nations held certain extra-territorial properties, sent agents—relatively high-priced agents of their own blood and faith—to handle their affairs, rather than depend on the supply of vastly cheaper natives.

How do these agents execute their trust? There comes to mind that six years after the conquest of Peru, Francisco Pizarro was already murdered, and that the Spanish king, feeling the situation getting out of hand, sent relay after relay of ambassadors to salvage his affairs. But so powerful was the genius of South America that it successively absorbed them—the king's messenger of one year became regularly the king's problem of the next.

Do the kings of modern finance meet with any better fortune? The answer is as divided as are the two characteristics just described, which make South America a place distinct from their own country. As regards his deep-lying, instinctive accountancy, the northerner who is sent south remains a northerner at least a generation. He is "reliable"—that is to say, he can—usually—keep a single, arbitrary end in view consistently enough to make him worth his salt. He can put up structures which resemble somewhat the transmitted plans; he can keep understandable accounts; he can be depended on to send home the profits, in the event that such there be. But as regards the servant habit with its far-reaching implications, he is in a fair way to go native at about the time that, to his secret surprise and delight, he finds himself accepted in a class which heretofore he could only ape. The spirit and jargon of an aristocracy are inculcated quickly in an eager pupil; long before he has learned the language of his servants he is able to complain of their bad grammar. A life opens out before him which is easy and indulgent in a way not hitherto imagined, and he settles into it with relaxation. The spread of empire is therefore served but only on one side, and that side is more financial than industrial; the transplanted northerner will give solidity, but under the conditions which he finds, he does not usually inject into an enterprise that imaginative energy in which the more spectacular portion of the northern culture had its mainspring. As a carrier of energy to South America he operates somewhat as do those toy steamboats which are caused to move by virtue of a leaden flywheel. Though they be wound up furiously by the hand of the bestowing uncle, their energy has already seriously abated when they reach the floor, and their course thereafter is brief and discouraging. Particularly soon does their speed slacken when they are put down in the soft plush of a luxurious carpet.

The fact is, also, that the tradition of being self-consciously energetic, of preferring to do things personally rather than to have them

done for one, while it is responsible for much of North America's economic predominance, is by no means there a universal institution, or even always in the best standing. It has existed on sufferance in a tee-shaped strip, beginning in New England, stretching westward along the old emigrant trails, and fanning out up and down the Pacific Coast. It is a democratic habit born, largely, of necessity, and strangely unsupported by democratic theory. It was maintained by succession of free, mobile mechanics, during the days of the westward trek and the later days of European immigration with its suddenly released, hopeful eagerness. But even in the narrow section mentioned, the ideal of the self-dependent he-man is rapidly giving place to the ideal of the Better Class of People. In 1900 the field for pioneering reached its end; in 1914 immigration was suspended; in 1925 the open-car-and-closed-car controversy was definitely ceded to the aristocracy, and such remaining he-men as could afford to do so, bought boats and now hover somewhere off the twelve-mile limit. The Better Class of People have won out, and North America is marching rapidly in the direction of the habits and ideals of South. As the Peruvian official says, at the end of a formal report to his superior, may God take care of you.

PORTRAIT OF JOE

Gustav Davidson

I HAD THE FEELING, when I first met Joseph Byron Steinhart, that he would prove a disturbing influence in my life. And I imagine it was this feeling, or premonition, which was at the bottom of my resisting his earliest attempts at cultivating my friendship.

Joe was president of the Golden Quill Club and a former editor of its monthly journal. I was a former president of the rival Zenith Literary Society and the then current editor of its illustrated quarterly. Both clubs were membered by the usual group of Promising Young Men whose aggregate talents barely totaled one B-grade Hollywood scenarist. Their literary output was diarrheic. They all wrote in an affected, turgid style mainly on Death and the vanity of earthly joys. Love was also a favorite subject — Love and Revolution. In those far-off, pre-war, pre-Communistic days, it was the fashion among the “free spirits,” that is to say, among those who for one reason or another protested against the existing order of things, to espouse, according to the extent of their grievances, socialism, anarchism (the Emma Goldman brand), or — in extreme cases — nihilism. Socialists at the time were considered pretty radical; anarchists were pictured simply as socialists with a bomb; while nihilists, who wanted everything scrapped, including government by law, were so far “left” that they looked upon the anarchists as chauvinistic reactionaries. As for the Zenith boys, there was a sprinkling of all shades of radicalism among them. Joe could be found in the camp of one or another of these rebels, according to the state of his digestion.

Their gods, literary and ideological, were Shelley, Marx, Bakunin, and Ibsen, with Oscar Wilde, d’Annunzio, and Aubrey Beardsley as lesser deities. They thought nothing of filching whole passages from

these masters and passing them off as their own. Like Oscar Wilde, they combed their hair back pompadour fashion, wore battered fedora hats, trousers with unmatching jackets, and loud socks. The majority of them believed they were destined for the bay and laurel. As a matter of record, after a few good throws from the winged horse, they realized that the Olympian heights were not for them, and so they became, in later years, dentists, obstetricians, insurance canvassers, and cut-rate pharmacists. But Joe was different.¹ He had dedicated his life to High Thoughts and Noble Pursuits. He walked, ate, rose, and went to bed with the Muses. Nothing could deflect him from his resolve to get to Parnassus, on foot if not on horseback. He was by then the author of some reverberating apostrophes to the North Wind, Sappho in Lesbos, and Eugene V. Debs. He had, besides, launched forth on an Alexandrian epic, tentatively entitled *Babylon Delivered* which, he threatened, would run to more than three hundred pages. He had done, to date, only six stanzas of the magnum opus, but none of us doubted that he would do the rest. I myself once saw him compose a sonnet while we waited for a street car. After reading and impressing me with the octave — it began, “Ah Musa, from what lone abysses dim!” — he tore up the envelope on which he had hieroglyphically jotted down the lines and cast the fragments to the four winds. “Mere doggerel,” he said loftily, “not worth the paper it’s written on.”²

We were born rivals and neither of us ever overlooked an opportunity for belittling or plagiarizing each other’s work, until Joe decided to bolt the Golden Quill Club and join the Zenith. It happened that we needed just then a challenger to represent us at a forthcoming Inter-Settlement Oratorical Contest and since Joe, in addition to his other accomplishments, was a pomp-and-circumstance orator, we welcomed him eagerly into the fold. On the occasion of the contest he chose for his subject the declaimer’s fool-proof “Horatio at the Bridge” and carried off the prize: a silver (plated) loving cup. While I shared in the general glory as a member of the winning club, I was inordinately jealous of the aura which surrounded Joe and in which

¹ Another exception was Russian-born C. B. Cherney. He used to intercalate his own macaronic verse in his Englishings of Slavic poets. Cherney liked to dine off oxtail soup and bisons’ brains at squalid restaurants on lower Lexington Avenue to keep, as he said, mentally fit.

² Some years later I came across the sonnet in one of Joe’s published volumes of poems. In fact, all the poems he used to tear up with such easy prodigality were included.

he henceforth moved. Immediately after the event he got himself a Malacca cane with a carved ivory handle and, instead of wearing his coat in the normal manner, he now threw it over his shoulders, cape fashion. This at once set him apart as something special and almost untouchable.

Joe was equally good at strutting and fretting an hour upon the stage, so here too we impressed his talents when the Zenith put on an Entertainment and Dance at the Madison House. The two of us were asked to enact a scene from Julius Caesar. Joe donned the tights and toga of Brutus; I, those of Cassius:

Cassius: Brutus, I do observe you now of late:

I have not from your eyes that gentleness

And show of love that I was wont to have etc., etc.

Brutus: Be not deceived; if I have veil'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance etc., etc.

In order to look like a Roman, I went to a local barber and had my hair cut in bangs. Joe, not to be outdone, borrowed his Aunt Hilda's mules and palmed them off on the audience as Etruscan sandals.

To say that Joe took himself seriously is putting it mildly. He walked with a practiced stoop, head sunk on breast, brows knitted, mouth compressed and, when he was minus his cane, with hands clasped behind him—the manner in which he supposed the Greek philosophers of the peripatetic school walked when they ruminated on the more recondite problems of epistemology. Aristotle says somewhere (or was it Epictetus?) that a true philosopher is never in a hurry, so Joe always walked as though he were the first mourner in an Irish wake. He was a chronic cynic; I might say, a professional one. Yet his cynicism was not of the callous order. He was impetuous rather than calculating. I doubt if he had it in him to hate. His resentments were usually short-lived. He was really a good fellow at heart and generous to a fault—but then, as I remember, he had nothing to give away. Reared in an atmosphere of poverty, squalor, and frustration, he nursed impossible dreams of escape and glory. The tenderness and compassion he professed for all the underprivileged, maladjusted, and slightly off-balance people in the world was, at bottom, a tenderness and compassion for his own sorry lot. He really pitied himself, dramatized himself, magnified his own importance. Anything which threatened to

diminish his stature in his own eyes or in the eyes of others, he fought tooth and nail; but he generally lost the fight. He was a born actor, and he assumed (and enjoyed) the role best suited to him: that of a philosopher-poet who was far ahead of his time and who, therefore, was doomed to be unhonored and unsung till long after his death. In his moments of exaltation, which rose at times to megalomania, he regarded his contemporaries and surroundings with the indulgent omniscient eye of a god to whom the world and all its works were but a passing phenomenon. And so the melancholy hue became him. If he smiled, it was a concession to human weakness. His laughter, something rare, was hollow and mocking, like that of the villains in *Corse Payton* melodrama. I think he modeled his gait, his stoop, his preoccupied and world-weary air on a composite of Byron's *Manfred*, Mercator's *Atlas*, Rodin's *Thinker*, and Daniel Webster.

Joe was spare and below medium height, but he had a high and broad forehead crowned with a crop of dark brown hair trained to be rebellious. He was very vain of his forehead and removed his hat on the least provocation, in order to display it. Although he was rather sensitive about his height and wore folds of paper in his shoes to add to it, he held tall men in contempt, never failing to point out that the really great men of the world were undersized. When the instances of Titian, Galileo, Darwin, Goethe, Tolstoi, and others were brought to his attention, he brushed them aside with a superior gesture of negation. The size and weight of one's brain, he maintained, was really what counted, not the length of one's legs, and I could not dispute him, although it has since been established that the size or weight of the brain has little or nothing to do with genius. Napoleon's brain, they say, weighed only two and one fifth pounds, whereas an idiot's was recently discovered weighing five and a half pounds.

I wouldn't call Joe a handsome fellow (some women did, but they were interested parties) but he had good features and, if he were taller, he might have looked distinguished. His heavy eyebrows, which came together at the bridge of his nose and curled upward at the ends, produced a Mephistophelian effect. His nose was well made, short, sharp, with sensitive nostrils. His mouth was good too, thin-lipped and determined, and sustained in its firmness by a prognathic jaw. His eyes were brown and glowing. His Adam's apple, I thought, stuck out too prominently.

I don't remember Joe's mother. His father I recall faintly, as a man with scraggly, overhanging brows and a black beard like Persian lamb into which he constantly coughed. He always seemed to be bent over a pile of nondescript remnants in a dark cubicle adjoining Joe's "study." Joe dignified his father's occupation variously: as a wholesaler in linens, an importer of silk, a boss contractor in dress goods. If you ask me, he was just a plain dealer in rags.

Joe had an attractive sister, Sidonia (born Sadie), who was something of a flirt. She had an apple-round face, Slavic gray-blue eyes, a short upturned nose. She had a fairly good shape, very much on the plumpish side. It was said she was one of the original peroxide blondes, a fashion by the way which caught on so rapidly that the race of Nordicism among the local daughters of Israel soon degenerated into a stampede, and for a while brunettes on the lower East Side were as rare as Negroes in Iceland. Sidonia was also reputed to have started the vogue of putting kohl in the nostrils and beading the eyelashes. In summer she was among the first to shed her stockings. She had a fine pair of legs and made no bones about displaying them. In the dog days she also shed her corset³ and other ingenious and mysterious feminine underpinnings, which released from their dikes waves of fat heretofore unsuspected. The challenge of her outsize breasts and buttocks was then at its high point, and few males could resist the temptation of a second glance. In those days such shenanigans were frowned down upon as the practices of a hoyden, or worse. But times have changed. Most of the Zenith boys, then in the pimply adolescent stage, stood in awe of Sidonia, and if they listened so deferentially to Joe's heroic couplets or Pindaric odes, it was due largely to his sister's hovering or imminent presence.⁴ Joe no doubt suspected this, but whether he took it as an affront or a flattery I cannot say.

What impressed me most about Joe at the time was his ability to quote from the classic poets and philosophers, many of whom I knew by name only, if at all. With Joe, every occasion had its apt quotation. For example, if a fire broke out, he was ready with the "Bells" of Poe. If it rained, he invoked Verhaeren; if it snowed, Whittier. Corpses, garbage, and charnel houses were an excuse for declaiming passages out of Baudelaire. He loved to descant on the perfidy of women, not

³ Girdles and brassieres were later innovations.

⁴ Three of them tried to seduce her. Two succeeded. A good average.

because he was particularly wronged by them but because it gave him a chance to echo the jeremiads of Aristotle, Buddha, Montesquieu, Talleyrand, and Schopenhauer. Occasionally, when a complaisant *femme fatale* crossed his path⁵ he would shift precipitously from vilification to adulation and sing the praises of his inamorata in the words of Mohamet, Schiller, Lessing, and others. He knew little German and less French; of Greek and Latin, nothing at all; yet his conversation and writings were full of foreign phrases, most of them lifted from Roget's Thesaurus or from the appendix of Webster's Dictionary.

For all his undeniable gifts of memory, his *Weltanschauungs* and *Weltschmerz*, his grandiose plans for the future (which envisioned a whole catalog of trilogies and tetralogies of formidable poundage), Joe was constitutionally lazy. He never, as far as I could discover, got beyond the six stanzas of his projected epic on *Babylon Delivered*. And his little desk, with its imitation bronze bust of Dante flanked on one side by Nordau's *Degeneration* and, on the other, by Swinburne's *Laus Veneris*, was littered with rejected manuscripts which he hadn't the energy to retype and resubmit.

What Joe found lacking in himself, he thought he discovered in me. Looking around him, he feared that hard work counted for as much in the world as inherent greatness. So that there was every likelihood that I, by sweating, would sooner "arrive" than he, through the exudation of genius. That he possessed genius he never for a moment doubted,⁶ but the energy to exteriorize his genius in work was wanting. He did not, of course, rationalize the matter in precisely these terms. He was too egoistic perhaps to admit, even to himself, that he was incapable of turning his dreams of great literary productivity into reality. But something of the sort must have occurred to him. Accordingly he proposed one day a kind of amalgam of our individual forces: his genius and my sweat; his brain and my brawn. "Poor finite clod, troubled by a spark!" The world, as he saw it, was in the birth-throes of another Renaissance and was waiting tensely for some towering work of art to light up the horizon. He considered it our manifest destiny to produce that work of art, to step forth as the prophets, soothsayers, and arbiters of a new literary dispensation. While, he conceded, there

⁵ Joe liked his women lean, pale, sad-eyed, and a little sick. According to him, no woman was beautiful who enjoyed a healthy appetite.

⁶ He counted himself among the ten men who understood Nietzsche.

were many minds of the first magnitude at work, there were always others on the rise (like us) who would overshadow them, just as Bach overshadowed Vivaldi; Shakespeare, Ben Jonson; Newton, Leibniz; etc., etc.

For months Joe stalked me. After school hours—I was then in my freshman year at college, while Joe was already “making his way in the world” as a P.S. alumnus—he would accompany me on my periodic rounds to my father’s debtors.⁷ He would descend with me down dark basements or up four and five flights of stairs, joining me in my demands for payment. He’d share in the rebuffs, insults, sometimes blows which I got for being too zealous in my exactions. I felt I had, in Joe, a real friend, one on whom I could count in an emergency. All the time, however, he was distilling into my ear a slow, subtle poison, the poison of ambition (Cassius and Brutus all over again!). But realizing one day that subtlety was lost on me, Joe gave over palliating and came straight to the point. The point was that we collaborate on a blank verse masterpiece and so enscroll our names in letters of gold in the book of literary glory. He struck a responsive chord, I must confess, and I was sorely tempted. He pointed out that youth was the time for accomplishing things—“The spirit of a youth that means to be of note begins betimes,” he quoted aptly from Anthony and Cleopatra. He further pointed out that a formal education might easily be the ruin of me and what he called my “God-given talent.” Ah, he knew how to “commend the poisoned chalice to the lips!” What, he demanded to know, could I hope to attain, after I got a B.A. or M.A. degree? He had the answer ready: a mothly instructorship in some midwestern college where I would end up my days marking examination papers for lymphatic co-eds. The picture he drew of my probable academic future was uncomfortably dismal, especially when it was contrasted with the coruscating splendor of literary fame. As he put it, the choice was clear: on the one hand, correcting examination papers ad nauseam and ad infinitum; on the other, the output of a series of dramatico-poetico-philosophical works like *The Divine Comedy*, *Faust*, or *The Cid*, such as he proposed we at once start on.

⁷ People owed my father money for insurance policy premiums, rented pianos, steamship tickets, and engagement rings sold on the instalment plan. My father, it should be explained, was a commission agent and handled everything, including a marriage brokerage.

"But are we ripe for such a work?" I presumed to question.

"Ripe?—Are we *ripe*!" He threw back his head and laughed (or rather gurgled) his dry, antisthenic laugh. "Gus, you amaze me! Don't you know that Tasso was already famous at ten; that Comte and Pascal were great thinkers at thirteen; that Hugo and Goethe were winning world laurels at fifteen?" I could not refute him. His ready-to-hand knowledge of such facts—if they *were* facts—was encyclopedic. "Think of Chatterton, dead at eighteen," he continued in a withering crescendo, his jowls working up a fine lather of precept and example. "Dead at eighteen!" he repeated. "And what about Goldsmith, who burned up verses at seven; Macaulay, who wrote a compendium of universal history at eight; William Cullen Bryant, who published his first poems at ten. —Ripe? Why, I could cite you scores of other instances of geniuses at five, six, even four—Mozart, for example. Ripe? Good God, we're *overripe*! We're *rotten*!"

Under such an avalanche of illustrious precedents, the least I could do was to offer to take the summer off and, in lieu of going to the Catskill Mountains, spend it with him on some farm in Connecticut where, undistracted from worldly cares, we could labor over our assorted masterpieces-to-be. But Joe sneered at a summer. He sneered at Connecticut. A year would hardly suffice, he estimated. As for Connecticut, it might be good enough for woodpulp hacks with electric typewriters but not for geniuses like us. No, we'd have to journey to some distant land rich in ruins—Egypt, perhaps, or India, any retreat that sounded far enough away and was sure to be romantic and malarial. Nothing and no place was too good for us. "Aut Shakespeare aut nihil!" he thundered, and straightway recommended this Jovian "either-or" as our slogan.

We finally compromised on Palestine. What led us to this decision I cannot now recall. Probably we thought the soil would inspire us. Since our work, to be great, would of necessity deal with the loftiest subjects (God, man, the flesh and the devil) it was better to be as close to as many holy shrines bunched together as possible. I guess that's how we figured it out.

Still I hesitated and procrastinated. I told Joe I would have to have time to think the matter over. One couldn't embark on so momentous an enterprise without considerable forethought. Well, Joe

gave me time, a week. I was still undecided, however. Joe became impatient. One day I got the following from him:

More than a week has passed and still no decision from you!! How shall I construe this silence???—Has anything expected or unexpected come up to frustrate our plans? Have there arisen powers stronger than the strength of our wills?—or have you suddenly been recalled from the feverish influence of a vague and empty dream?!? Are we doomed to have it said of us as Brutus said of Cassius:

“... hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial.”

Please let me hear from you at once!

Joe

P.S. “’Tis not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings.” And remember, “aut Shakespeare aut nihil!”

This letter, crackling with exclamation points and interrogation marks, and with every other word heavily underscored, gnawed at my conscience. I could not let him down. I was certainly better than a horse. I would show him that the promise of my mettle would endure the bloody spur, and that I would not, come what may, sink in the trial. I think though it was the poetry of Shakespeare rather than the catechizing of Joe that overcame my scruples.

The problem we faced, of course, was how to corral funds necessary for our trip. To whom could we apply? Who in his right mind would lend a sympathetic ear, let alone a generous amount of cash? Joe, however, was confident. He had several people in mind, he said. He knew a real estate operator, a very wealthy man, to whom two or three thousand dollars was a mere pinch of snuff. Joe would put the proposition to this man, cold. We might, Joe suggested, if the fellow proved stubborn, guarantee him a percentage of the earnings (net) from our work. To this I readily agreed. He'd be crazy, Joe said, to turn us down. Well, the realtor turned us down, cold. And he wasn't crazy. Never mind! There was Joe's uncle, a multi-millionaire (anyone who owned a Buick car was a multi-millionaire to Joe). But the uncle was in Miami, toasting his toes. A jobber of artificial flowers was next thought of, but that gentleman was in Canada. Furriers, neckwear manufacturers, book binders, even buttonhole makers were successively

appealed to, with equally discouraging results. Joe then spoke of a patroness, a mysterious "dark lady," a member of the *haut monde* who, he said, had already given him some encouragement. The nature of that encouragement Joe did not reveal, nor did I think it discreet to press him. Well, Joe wrote to the lady and she finally consented to see him. In her apartment on Riverside Drive, Joe sipped unending cups of tea served by Simmons the butler in a rococo drawing room. A day or two later I received this mournful missile:

I despair once more! Lady X has failed us!! The whole thing was an *affaire flambée*. She is unable, she said, because of "previous commitments," to provide the necessary funds! *Who* can be depended on, these days???? Did Chance ever toy so cruelly with a human being?—Cursed be the Power that brought me into the world!!! Unhappily,

Joe

P. S. I fear I'll go insane!

Ah, if he only had! For then we both would have been spared the fiasco of our hegira to the Holy Land where, in the early part of 1912 (with funds provided by my father) we landed, fortified with typewriters, ink erasers, carbon, penwipers, and a quantity of writing paper sufficient to wear out a dozen geniuses. A year later we were back in New York with the manuscript of a five-act poetic tragedy warranted to make us immortal—and shake the world to its foundations. The world, however, was not shaken. Broadway producers remained strangely indifferent. A publisher in North Dakota was persuaded finally to bring out the play in book form, at the authors' expense. The reviewers ignored it completely.

Disillusioned, I went back to college. Joe, now an "authority" on Palestine, wrote one or two articles on Bedouin morals, and then dropped out of sight. Years afterwards he was observed in the town of Hohokus, New Jersey, wheeling a baby carriage. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

A TASTE OF THE WORLD

Wingate Froscher

ON A WEDNESDAY many years ago there was an earthquake, and half the town of Cabo Bajo was destroyed.

Word of this spread from the stricken coast town high into the hills of Puerto Rico where, in the coffee country, the *jibaros* gave thanks to God and the Saints and knew they would always remember their luck of that Wednesday. For in the hills, the tremor had caused only a slight rumbling somewhere deep in the earth under the big stone doorsteps, while the rest of the palm-thatched shacks had not even trembled. The people of the hills had been good and God was not punishing them.

Of that, Manolo was certain. What molested him was whether or not he should nevertheless make his regular Saturday trip to Cabo Bajo for his weekly supplies. Most of his neighbors had always thought, and were now more certain than ever about it, that the little town of Somoza right there in a pocket of the mountains was far enough to go for one's *compra*. But Manolo, when he had put the saddle bags on his little mare and had dressed himself in his pongee shirt and khaki trousers, always felt the need of really going some place—of making the journey past Somoza, three hours, down hill all the way, to the plaza of Cabo Bajo. There, one could see something of the world. The ocean was not more than five miles from the town, and beyond that were Spain, France, and New York—the places where the coffee he picked was sold, so it was said.

At first, thinking of the calamity of Wednesday, he would not go. "Imagine to thyself," he said to his wife Rufina, "half of the town destroyed. That shows what great sinners those people of the town

are. . . . And even when they have the great church of La Milagrosa right there."

"God take me if it isn't the truth," said Rufina. "The earthquake was the punishment of God. Hail Mary, I would not go to that town if they paid me a dollar."

Yet Manolo could not keep from thinking of that great plaza at the end of which towered the beautiful red and yellow dome of La Milagrosa. That holy church had naturally not been destroyed by the shuddering of the earth; nor, so it was said, had the store of Agustín been damaged. In that *colmado* Manolo always bargained for his rice, olive oil, smoked codfish, salt pork, and other necessities. These things one could buy in Somoza as well; but only Agustín had on display the latest luxuries such as the olives and the *turrón* candy from Barcelona and the foreign fruits in cans from New York. And if he had earned any part of a dollar extra during the week, Manolo could also bargain with the vendors who had their kiosks on the plaza for colored pieces of cloth and other such trinkets to take home to Rufina. Or under the shady laurel trees in front of La Milagrosa he could talk with men from all over that end of the island and perhaps bet with them on the afternoon cockfights. And the plaza would be filled with market women from all parts, selling eggs, pole-beans, plantains, yams, chickens, suckling pigs . . . anything one might care to buy. . . . There would be shaved ice with pink sweetening to refresh one after the journey down. . . .

He wanted to see how it had all changed.

"What foolishness to have fear!" he exclaimed as he tightened the girth strap around his little mare and she trembled from side to side with the pressure. "Do not molest thyself," he said to Rufina. "I shall go immediately to the plaza. The surroundings of La Milagrosa are the safest place in the world. Even if there is another shock, as all have predicted, I shall be safe there."

Thus, as on all Saturdays, Manolo, perched high on the white saddle rug, rode down the hills. Now and then, he tipped his hard straw hat to acquaintances in their fields and doorways, while under him, his little mare picked her accustomed way down the smooth, stony slopes, between the thorny *maya* plants.

But, as Manolo said many times during the rest of his life, "Even before I arrived in Cabo Bajo I wished to be on the way home. All

the world knew that the people of that town had deserved the punishment of God. In going among them, I invited the curse upon myself."

When the road turned the last hill and crossed the river, he dismounted at the entrance of the town to marvel at the destruction. "Mother of God," he said aloud, "even the strongest buildings are in ruins."

Some of the wooden buildings like the old schoolhouse and the older part of the tobacco factory were still upright, but the new cement walls of the latter, covered by a roof of zinc, were only half standing. Some of the sheets of zinc had been so battered in falling that the red paint had peeled off. The long tobacco leaves which had been hanging from the rafters to dry were now blackened and made worthless by the recent rains. Even some of the old houses of the Spaniards were left with their thick yellow and blue walls crumbled into piles of dust and broken roof tiles. Everywhere there were soldiers with guns. It appeared that all the people were now living out in the surrounding fields in the big, round tents. The street Manolo stood before was so heaped with wreckage that it had been barricaded and the soldier there would not let him pass. He led his mare across the field to another street. "Oh, Saints, this is horrible," he said to himself.

He remounted and the mare trotted quickly down this street.

Two high sections of cement wall were all that remained of the new American school. They leaned slightly toward one another with rusty iron bars sticking out of their broken corners. "That will fall with a little wind," he said. He saw scarcely anyone but the soldiers, and many of them were Americans. "Mother of God, all the world must be dead."

Further on, toward the center of the town, he found it true that the houses had not suffered so much. On both sides of the church, many of the stores and the apartments with balconies above them stood as always. But there was no life in them. Every shutter was closed. There were no longer any flower boxes on the balconies.

"The church is the house of God," he said. "The bad people lived too far from La Milagrosa to be saved."

He looked down one street and saw that the remaining parts of the buildings had been burned and that the gutters were cluttered with charred bits of wood and blackened lumps of concrete. "Fire . . . horrible . . . another shock will be the end of the world . . . most Holy

Mother, save us!" He saw all becoming like these broken pillars, these splintered, twisted balconies hanging down into the streets.

At one intersection, his mare had to cross a large wooden plank over a crevasse in the street. There were a few soldiers standing guard while some blacks of the Coast filled this long hole with debris. For that reason, Manolo could not tell if it was possible to see the bottom.

At last he turned the corner and came to the store of Agustín, on the north side of the plaza, halfway down from the church. The doors were padlocked, but Agustín was there, appearing thinner than ever and with many extra wrinkles of worry in his brown face. He was arguing, partly in English, with a red-faced soldier.

Manolo dismounted to wait. Through the trees, he saw the house of the mayor, a building recently constructed at the opposite end of the plaza from the church. The *alcaldía* was now a pile of rusty iron bars and chunks of broken mortar, all covered with gray dust. "Where is the big clock they had in the top?" he asked himself. Along that entire end of the plaza only a doorway and a few discolored sections of crumbling wall remained standing. One of the walls had an open window in it. . . .

When the soldier had left, Agustín remained the only person in sight. "*Hóla*," he said, waving his glasses in the air and squinting.

"Good, how goes it, Don Agustín?" Manolo grinned by custom, although he felt he should not, with so much tragedy around them. "All the world says you had luck. You did not lose the store."

"As always, they exaggerate. Thanks only to God that my family is safe. I am completely ruined." He mopped his dirty shirt sleeve across his gray, unshaved chin. "Completely ruined."

"You still have the store."

"But, Don Manolo, you can see. . . ." Agustín shrugged his hands as well as his shoulders. "My store is locked. All my stock is gone — confiscated for the benefit of the sufferers."

"In truth, bad. I shall have to obtain my compra in Somoza, or my family will starve in the hills. We have only yams. Perhaps we shall have to kill a pig."

"You have a pig to kill! Man, what are you doing here?" Agustín again waved his glasses. "Run, man, run back to the coffee country before someone hears of that pig. *Cristo*, that is more than any of us have here. They have taken everything to feed the dying — even the

turrón of Spain and all the things in cans I have just finished getting from New York."

"Mother of God, what will pass?"

There was not even a sign in the plaza that the sellers of shaved ice had ever been there, or the sellers of broiled pig-skin, or of cloth.

"Most bad, most bad," lamented Agustín. "All that is left to me is the clothing on my body. Out there in a tent are my wife and little ones. Man, if you had been here. Only three days ago, but already it is like many years ago. . . . And in the full light of day too. And how the women screamed." He spoke in a lower voice, more tensed and moving closer to Manolo. "I saw the sister of my wife crushed by a telephone pole near the railroad station and her two babies burned black in her arms by the falling wires. My house, which used to be seen down the street, was completely burned."

"For God, what a tremendous thing!" Manolo muttered, gazing about him in fear.

"Son of God! You see — we running, trying to escape the town. . . . All I wish now is that I had left that bunch of bananas in the store the day before instead of taking it home. And Manolo, never was seen such a bunch! They were as big as plantains—from Santo Domingo, of that kind that is sweet like the small mango. If we had them now. . . ."

While Agustín spoke, Manolo found that his own eyes were regarding only the cross on top of the brilliantly colored dome of the church. He removed his hat. The cross was the highest thing to be seen, standing out against the mountain above the town. His eyes then came to rest on the high black door in the deep portal of the church. It was closed. Suddenly, among the trees, he saw — "*Ay de mí*, Agustín, those cracks in the plaza, in the concrete. Look how they run almost to the steps of the church. A man would have to jump far."

"Yes, but the church still stands."

"Clearly. The house of God is the strongest."

"Naturally. And do you know that it is crowded with people at this very moment? They have lost their homes and for three days they have been sleeping and eating and praying in there."

"How many people?"

"What do I know? A multitude. . . . And the soldiers have been trying to get them out. They say the church will go in the next shock. They want all the world to live in the tents in the fields. But the priest

says no, all the bad people were destroyed in the first shock. For that reason, it will not pass again."

"The priest knows," Manolo said, arranging the mane of his little mare so that it all fell on one side of her neck.

"Yes, the church is the oldest building — older than any of these American buildings. Look at the *alcaldía*."

"Why not? And also on the way, I saw the remains of the new school. It was not even a year old, true?"

"True. The priest has reason. . . ."

A small section of the door of the church had opened. Through the laurel trees three people could be seen coming out. The door closed again on the dark interior. The three came from the shadow into the sunlight. It was a soldier leading two girls. They walked out of sight down a street on the other side of the plaza and Manolo lost sight of the bright dresses of the girls.

He glanced again at the cross and at the silent bells hanging in their small arches below the dome. "Do these Americans know when the next shock is to come?"

"I don't believe so; but they say it must come because it always passes thus. The priest says no — the Americans are too lazy to clean the streets and for that reason they await another shock. That's the way it goes. . . . Only yesterday, they were still digging for the bodies."

"God knows," Manolo shrugged. As they talked, they had moved part-way across the narrow street, nearer the three steps leading up to the plaza. One of the crevasses ran diagonally from the top of the steps almost to the portal of the church. "It must go down into the underworld," Manolo said, "it is so dark."

"It is said that at night smokes comes out of there," said Agustín.

"Imagine."

"I have not been here at night. I would not come. But thus it is said."

They saw the door of the church open again. An old, little woman wrapped all in black crept out along the wall into the sunlight. She stood there quietly, regarding all about her.

"Poor little one," said Manolo.

She had knelt now and was praying.

A dull crash of something startled them. Manolo grabbed the reins of his little mare, trembling. They must leave.

"Saints . . . ," muttered Agustín.

They saw then what had caused the noise. One of the lone sections of wall near the *alcaldía* had toppled, and now there was a cloud of dust to show for it.

"There is the priest," said Agustín.

A tall man in a black cassock stood over the little woman. In a moment, the priest had led her back into the darkness again. Before the door closed, Manolo thought he could hear the many voices from the interior.

Unexpectedly, he found himself regarding the end of the biggest crack in the plaza. The opening of the earth had begun to widen. The dry cement was splitting rapidly, being cut by an invisible knife down the steps toward him.

He let fall the reins and jumped aside. "Demons!" was all he heard from Agustín. Behind him somewhere there erupted a terrible sound of crumbling and falling, a low rumbling from somewhere. . . . The mare tumbled to the side and was down, two hoofs hanging over the darkness. He heard a cry from Agustín, then saw him stumble, disappear into the pit.

The bells of the church clanged. He felt the street rising sideways under him. The mare was far away, kicking on her side, somewhere below. . . .

He was on a hill. A cloud of white dust rose over the church. The bells clanged wildly, jarringly. . . .

Then came a rushing, tearing rumble as the whole church collapsed beyond the trees . . . in a dull, subsiding crash. A bell, half as big as a man, rolled loose, down over the wreckage, the clapper banging and scraping. It rammed into a tree where the sidewalk stood on end and the tree grew out of the side of it; then rolled still in some ashes.

The sun made new shadows in a dead place. Manolo saw the dome but not the cross, far off near the ground. Transparent flames shot upward around it. The mountain appeared to stand higher against the white clouds than before. He was alone.

He crossed himself.

Suddenly, he found he had feet and ran. Where the next corner had been, he leaped a new crevasse, scrambled over a new wall. He

picked his way through twisted doorways, past a bed on fire, and many things he could not notice.

When he had left the town, he did not stop until he was walking breathlessly among the shiny green coffee trees of the hills.

Manolo never again cared to taste of the advanced life of the Coast. On that Saturday he had seen that not even the house of God could save those sinful people. Thus, he remained a jíbaro and always obtained his compra in Somoza, never having occasion to return to Cabo Bajo until many years later. At that time, he was carried down from the hills in a coffin to be buried in the reconstructed cemetery of La Milagrosa.

WADE IN THE WATER

Irma Wassall

ALL THE AUGUST DAY, under the lazy sky, we felt the sticky heat. Late in the afternoon a haziness came into the heavy air, slow clouds formed, grew, and drifted together, until a smothering blanket lay in the sky between the earth and the sun, and the oppressive air was hard to breathe, like steam in the lungs.

I remembered such an afternoon far from Kansas, in the Tierra Caliente, the hot country, at Tamazunchale in the valley of the Río Moctezuma in Mexico. The village, divided by the river the color of dull jade, spanned by a bridge of shining steel, is less than five hundred feet above sea level, in the lowlands of San Luís Potosí, at the foot of the mountains incredibly towering.

Immediately I felt the weight of the humid heat dragging like chains upon me, I thought aloud, *storm*, but was told it was the great variation in altitude and temperature, and the fatigue of traveling, since early morning, through the mountains.

Now, as then, sensing the storm before the clouds had gathered, and averse as a cat to being drenched, I stayed in my apartment. Suddenly, at five o'clock, the clouds, as from the heaviness of water above them, were torn apart like sleazy paper, and the rain spilled down, the torrent of water mixed with globes of ice, the hail.

Through a window away from the slant of the storm, the wind brought the smell of bruised leaves. The marks of drought on the elm leaves, edged with brown, were incongruous in the almost solid fall of water. The mulberry leaves, against the wet brick wall bright red in the rain, shone glossy and green as the hail tore through them and whipped them loose from their moorings on the Asian-yellow branches.

It seemed the trees themselves must break and fall. The ventilator in the ceiling rattled like a "lights out" sound effect, and bits of leaves caught in the window screens, while the lightning flashed on and off like a turning beacon, and the thunder in the clouds mingled with the thunder on the roofs and ground.

So it was in Tamazunchale, when we walked from the ~~one-story~~ structure of single file, separate-entrance rooms, slowly through the hot and clinging dampness to the dining room. The rapid descent of the clouds was like the usual quickly falling darkness in the tropics. As the lights were switched on, a young man in oilskins hurried to close the windows of the rooms. As the storm swooped down, the other diners moved toward the center of the room, away from the screened-glass window-walls. Of two handsome, expensively-dressed couples from Chicago, the women looked frightened, and their men-of-the-world husbands seemed anxious. Voices, though lifted against the clamor of the storm, could scarcely be heard.

I stood looking out. The whole world turned brilliant white as the bombarding hail struck with a terrific din upon the roof, filling the night with noise. In the almost continuous flashes of lightning, the bridge shone through the downpour, a thing of silver filigree delicate as any piece of jewelry in Taxcan *platerías*. I could see the hail stripping the long leaves from the palms, the trees threshing about in the violent wind. I shuddered at how it would have been on the mountain highway with the sky thus falling upon the car, if we had not reached the village before the darkness and the storm began. There was also the danger of rock slides, inevitable in every hard rain.

Some of the huts along the highway had no walls, the roofs, usually of thatch, propped up by poles. I asked, in Spanish, the little Mexican serving-boy who, with terror in his small brown face, came to draw the curtains across the great windows, what shelter the occupants of such huts had from the weather, and he said, "They move over to the other side." He also told me, through his chattering teeth, that he had never seen so terrible a storm in Tamazunchale. Several people were sure to be killed by roofs falling in upon them. A few days earlier, he said a boy had murdered his father with a hatchet; the storm had followed to punish the entire village now so mercilessly battered.

I crept between the drawn curtains and the glass, only the thin transparency separating me from the spectacle without. The electric

system was disabled, and to add to the ghostly effect outside the windows, flickering candles were lit and placed upon the tables.

Finally, the hail was succeeded by a downpour of rain. As the rain diminished, the lightning, still intermittently flashing, revealed the shambles of vegetation, the fallen branches, leaves, and flowers strewn upon and beaten into the ground; and the hailstones heaped at the feet of the palms and against the buildings.

The Kansas street was a flooding river of brown water, down which I saw a great leaved branch floating. Who would not think of Noah, and those who drowned when all the earth was covered with swirling water, and the Ark floated free and safe with its priceless cargo of men and animals and plants?

The river itself must have risen out of its banks, rushing and foaming among the trees beside it, carrying broken, even uprooted, trees, pieces of houses and other buildings, a white chicken standing on a moving crate as on a raft, a drowned hog, and a black horse, scrambling up the steep slope out of the water, sleek and wet as a seal.

Worse than the flood itself is the land after the waters recede, coated with viscous mud, slimy and stinking with the rotting plants of inundated fields and gardens, with pools of stagnant water and the carcasses of animals. Once my house servant came in, gray under the blackness of his skin. "Are you sick?" I asked, and was told, "A ol' man that works at the dessicatin' plant got on the bus, without changin' his clothes. Everybody in the bus held they noses. He was fixin' to set down by me, but I said, 'Go 'way f'om me, man! You cain't set down here!' But it made me sick to my stomach right on. I knew if he set down by me he might get some o' that stink on me, and you wouldn't want me to come in here smellin' like a dead horse, would you, Miss?"

Walls could not keep out this rain. Around the north windows, the water entered and ran in rivulets across the polished floor. Once I came home through such a flood, the car wheels throwing water as in the wake of a boat, among the elegant machines not made for swimming or floating, then, as now, helpless in the water, the heavy busses plowing through like side-wheeling river boats, to my second-floor apartment with the windows left open, to find pools standing on the pale brown floor.

I worried about leakage to the apartment below, remembering paper ceilings ruined by water, the brown mottling somehow connotative of decay. Once rain leaked through the pale blue ceiling over the lace-covered, black-lacquered table in our dining room; and one of us painted futuristic white clouds touched with pastel pink and gray, over the ugly stains. After the tropic storm at Tamazunchale, I noticed that the ceiling was wet, and did not wonder that so many Mexican ceilings are water-spotted. And there was the hotel in the little Arkansas town, the walls of the high-ceilinged bedroom badly watermarked. Great patches of plaster had fallen, leaving the bare laths. Once, at home, I was awakened at three o'clock in the morning by a loud, metallic crash and a feminine scream. I saw through the slat-screen of my door that a galvanized washtub had been set under a leak in the hall of the apartment house, and, one of the hall lights having burned out, a girl visitor had fallen over the tub.

At last the intervals lengthened between flashes of lightning and, though thunder continued to growl, daylight seeped through the thinning clouds, and the sky brightened. The sidewalks were completely covered; the trees seemed to be growing out of the water. Only a small whirlpool indicated the storm sewer opening. Cars left a wake of foam like ships. I remembered storms in New Mexico, striking suddenly and violently, between the arid, piñon-dotted hills—the yellow water plunging like a palomino down the dry arroyos, flecked with foam like the creamy mane and tails of the golden-hided horse.

Now the sun almost shone through, though the rain still fell noisily, through the watery sunlight, the flood pocked by the hard falling drops, the dancing children, the rain-babies. The house servant said, "Whoo-wee! Miss, it's rainin' all colors o' babies out there. Think I'll go out and get us a couple. I'll get you a black one and me one that's yellow to the bone."

A space of blue widened above the street—"the Dutchman's breeches in the sky" remembered from childhood—though still the rain veiled the more distant trees with gray. A fire bell clanged.

People began to wade about their business. A woman in a sun-suit, barebacked, inched her way along the curbing separating a yard and the sidewalk, like the edge of a swimming pool. Another woman sat on the iron-rail fence and dangled a foot, in a bathing shoe, in the water.

A bald-headed man in a raincoat, barefoot, barelegged to the knees, remarked loudly, "What a climate! It dries up, and if it doesn't blow away it's washed away!" As other men—one, a young bank clerk with straw hat and spectacles—waded with trousers rolled to the knees and shoes and socks in their hands, a woman called from her window, "I wish I had a camera!" A middle-aged housewife with flowers on her hat removed her shoes and stepped down from a bus.

The noise of the storm and the roar of recalcitrant motors gave way to the gleeful screams of wading children and the laughter of watchers as the wheels of busses and automobiles flung water on the waders.

When I was a child I waded. I remember the cold muddy water rising around the small-child thighs. And I remember more recently a spiritual, "Wade in the Water," sung in Greenwich Village by four Negro men, with irresistible rhythm, accompanied by drums and tapping feet, surrounded by the fantastic murals, among them Refregier's painted lady in evening dress, with orchids at her throat and waist, and a record-player for a head. Before me was a tiny glass of Pernod, liquid emerald dimmed by dark smoke, poured over a cube of sugar, and the green liquid with the shadow in it turning to white smoke in the clear water, opalescent, milky. (Did the pearl look like that when Cleopatra dissolved it in the clear acid wine before she drank it?) "Wade in the Water," sang the Golden Gate Quartet at the Sheridan Square Café Society, the four dark voices blending so movingly that, behind the impassive face like a mask with shining eyes and slightly parted lips, and the tightly clasped hands, in feeling one leans the head on crossed arms and sobs, or leaps up and cries aloud in out-of-this-world ecstasy.

The water receded, the dripping grass emerged; the sidewalk, and the red bricks of the pavement, appeared. The shallowing water eddied into the storm sewers, the last of the flood guttering into the pipes to the drainage canal. Cars moved as usual along the street in the evening traffic rush. The sun was gone again, this time in setting. Having forgotten the lightning, I went out under the cleared and quiet sky to see the colored sunset.

POETRY

FOUR POEMS

WORD OF A DEATH

The bell ringing to bring,
To bring the word into the arbour,
Ringing to break the word in the arched arbour,
Twined until now of those questions and placid answers.

Ringing again and answered, yes,
Oh,
But in Oh, how fallen tone;
Heard beyond the wall and the door and
The door constricted of the heart;
So that the flash of a few faces stricken
Dispells the netted answer
And the question
Turns to which one stricken and in what disaster.

*Margins of cold spring,
Lie broad between my lintel and that ill.*

Under the footfalls on the stair,
The drip of water in another room,
And the rasping of my blood,
It is distilled
And stilled;
Until the name be spoken there beyond the door.

But already the tree in the garden,
 The crumbled wall behind the garden tree
 Recede then
 Listen . . . stand . . .
 Not at all willing nor yet suffering this
 See, they have put space between them and the blood.

TO SARA TO WEEP NO MORE

Weep no more lady,
 These bombs propound in no new darkened sky
 These questions burst in minds not newly dead.
 We are an old fellowship,
 The Pontius Pilate a late, jovial member.
 Our Pentacostal damps
 Made dewey brows in Crete,
 And Indus, where we learnt the ways of Wyrð
 Rolled under cries according.

With no less cloudy look
 Tanagra saw the blessed Islands fade
 And heard the rattle of the shingle under the ebbing wave.
 Always the sea bore riddles to the cliff,
 Bore slaughter up along the shore,
 The crop of hours and distance and desire, annulling breath
 Annulled desire; lady, weep no more.

This is an old sword, and a grey wrath
 And a very old unmeaning;
 And it outgrows your tree a thousand years.

Consider this our birthright
 That we shall barter for the reddest broth
 Juice of no lentils, and still undilute
 After the pouring of an age of eyes.

FOR THE DEAD

With a slow scrupulous ministry
For you the white hand moved;
And wrought your wounds at leisure, severing stroke
From stroke
With stately intervals of pain.
Destroyed,
And twice destroyed, too close you kept
The earlier, inward death;
Too sternly bade the flesh
Cover its slain.

Do not return;
Cherish the unaching grave;
Or, if the ghost requires
A world-revisiting by night,
Stay from this darkened house;
Shun the sad valley where beloved feet
Move now in random ways,
The lips so loved utter the words of sad un-meaning.

Do not return.
Drift, if you will, the night wind above a distant ocean;
Sigh amid foreign boughs;
This grievous door
Let the world's half sunder
From your avoiding of the alien dawn.

EVEN SONG

Although this hour be brief as any,
And full of great motion—
Earth's swift aversion dark-ward,
The hill and tree-top cutting a moonwise arc,

Yet it loiters above this hill,
Quietly, quietly,
As if it knew no first, nor ultimate pulse,
Beginning, nor ending.

In this immutable and changing hour
 Returns the Dark-and-Single,
 Asking its heritage of multiform and dappled earth;
 In this still whirling time,
 The sun-wrought fantasy give place
 Before the shadowed fact,

Which was in the beginning, and shall be hereafter.

JAMES R. CALDWELL

L'INFINITO

This lonely hill has always
 Been dear to me, and this thicket
 Which shuts out most of the final
 Horizon from view. I sit here,
 And gaze, and imagine
 The interminable spaces
 That stretch away, beyond my mind,
 Their uncanny silences,
 Their profound calms; and my heart
 Is almost overwhelmed with dread.
 And when the wind drones in the
 Branches, I compare its sound
 With that infinite silence;
 And I think of eternity,
 And the dead past, and the living
 Present, and the sound of it;
 And my thought drowns in immensity;
 And shipwreck is sweet in such a sea.

LEOPARDI

Translated by Kenneth Rexroth

EIGHT POEMS

THE WHITE BIRD

High from the hill where the hound hunts with curious paw
Comes the white bird, lying dead here on the sward,
Its plumage marred
By the dog's slavering jaw.

Doomed to disintegration, the red feet bent,
The body lost, the feathers blown like snow,
Where will you rest your sole,
Oh bird that Noah sent?

The crowding clouds consume the earth's perimeter,
Season of fog, where can the bow be set?
The white dove is dead.
I go to bury her.

FOREST

No windshield now to intercept the wood
Where like a swimmer, foreign in a sea,
I push the forest tangle from the way,
Am sensible of broken twig and trail.
The thicket-leaning trees, stunted by shade,
Grow ominous and shadow out the day.
The trembling trout shift in the dark pool.
Watch warily! What follows with fierce claw?
The alien element of scent and stir
Encompasses the trespasser.

BUILDING THE KETCH

By the careful chisel hewed
The stem emerges from the wood
And sure and sculpturing hands lay bare
The living arcs grown secret there.
Daphne disclosed within the wood
Yearns for the fathering river god,
While on sawdust eddies float
The thick keel timbers of the boat.

Following artfully the line
 That square and calipers define
 We test with reckoning, while we carve,
 Sureness of grain and strength of scarf,
 Like unproved policy, wondering whether
 They will betray us in rough weather.
 Stem, forekeel, keel, knee, deadwood, stern,
 Rigidly spiked with our concern
 Into their places formed entice
 The opening, billowing dream to rise
 Full canvas into summer skies.

As for a moment travelers turn
 To scan the long road they have been
 And calculate that still to come,
 We see entire and then resume
 The interrupted fashioning.
 The mallet and chisel ring.
 Although the vision perfect stands,
 Error employs the surest hands.
 The yacht's enduring quality
 Accepts the judgment of the sea.
 Pragmatic waves evaluate
 The principle that we create
 Which from its earthy womb is sent
 To birth in the watery element.

THE FLOOD

Now in a cloudburst, calumnies descend
 Distracting reason, driving friend from friend,
 And epithets, though false and meaningless,
 Haste through the gutters of the public press.
 Crisis on crisis passes on to gloom
 With other crises pushing them for room.
 Men who cry *Wait!* are openly suspect
 Lest others stop their reading to reflect.

Afloat on flooding waters, profits rise;
Malevolence vended brings the highest price.
It buys protectorates in foreign lands
Where servile princes welcome the demands
Of those who would with lead and steel restore
Peace to the rumbling bellies of the poor.
The greedy glorify their liberty
And dare all other peoples to be free.

The martial, growing stronger in the state,
Fortifies classic bases for its hate.
In their starched gorgets and with golden blades
The oilmen armor for the new crusades.
There is loose talk of war, which if it came
Already has its parties, cause, and name
And populations being groomed to fight.
The cause of fear is made the cause of right.

Self-criticism shows strange limitation
Which, good in man, is traitorous in a nation,
And those who would enforce conformity
Are those with whom the present times agree.
When fools have power, let wiser men beware;
To acquiesce in evil is to share.
The great who set the oily flood on fire
Must with their fellow citizens expire.

THE BULLDOZER

The deer, coyote, and the snake
Slowly retreat up higher chaparral.
(I saw three deer stand by the road to graze
They watched the hills cut off like wedding cake.)

Brown blood of clod trickles into the gorge.
Bulldozer bites into curvaceous breasts.
There are nice profits where, by death of oaks
And mountainous torsion, level lots emerge.

Forerunning cities, thunderous of power,
 Ruthless ambassador, the scything blade
 Admits no wilderness it cannot change,
 Nor any altitude it cannot lower.

EVER IN CHILDHOOD

"But from this childhood's heaven issues forth"

Frederic Prokosch

Ever in childhood heaven was a loud
 Well lighted, empty, dull, and pompous place
 Offering only that I should not cease.
 Yet it was long before that light went out.
 Old ladies in falsetto from the choir
 Rasped through the chorus of eternal love,
 And there were memory verses learned to prove
 A certain secret that I have no more.

Heaven was unpropitious as the hall
 On an ugly street in a suburban village.
 The fields and hills were scarred and cut with tillage;
 The world returned to ashes in the fall;
 Beauty was blackened like an evil pleasure.
 Had I been sure, or sure I could not choose,
 Or kept, or never had what I could lose,
 Richness of light, the only heavenly treasure!
 Fever of night and earthly flesh grown cold,
 Issue from heaven. Spirit dissoluble,
 Emergent from a dissipating fable,
 I groped in darkness for the thing I held
 Sorting out tomes and terrors, finding land
 A tangible touchstone underneath the tread,
 Transient as paradise, whence I was led
 To leave a heritage at God's right hand.

JOURNEY BY RAIL

Cottonwoods bound the limbo of the train.
Run westward, sleeping in the cubicles,
Heads engineward, toes to the east,
We wound in ritual between cedar trees.

We saw the mountain range attenuate,
Fragile as smoke, and turned to Joshuas
And then to horse and meadow, grazing, green;
And tilted past a valley like a cup.

We slept through stations where the lights hung down
On dreary platforms huddled by the rails,
Arched bones of towns descended from the world
Mourning the nightly funeral of the train.

We slept, selective of a better land,
Resisted heat, divided distances,
Aircooled, uncomfortable, thinking of home,
Jolted as in a coffin over stone.

And cleansed and resurrected in the dawn
We rushed from trainshed tunnels into air
Through jostlings, tears, renewedly contrite,
Blinking up Orphic entrances to light.

THE PEACH HARVEST

The fruit, the bee, were underfoot.
Peaches decaying into wine
Littered the shadows and the tree.
Discoverers of summer loot,
We ate the red and sweeter sides
With an impassioned gluttony.

The parsimonious years preserve
All the rank fragrance of decay
The ripening and the harvesters.
Still seasonal the branches curve
Returning what the earth has lent
And hungers lapse to discontent.

ANN STANFORD

FOUR POEMS

GREEN-GROWING BUSH

Green-growing bush, compounded elements,
 The clean excrescence of the earth, the first
 To rift the stony desert face and burst
 The rigid outline with a foliage dense,
 Your latest leaf against my garden fence
 Is older than the silent man you nursed,
 But silent too, with only mortal thirst,—
 Is younger than the man which man invents.

Your budding and fruition do not wait
 For man; you are more sure of pace than he
 Who would of you a verity create,
 A measure of his own inconstancy,
 Take you from silence as a speaking mate
 To share his passage to eternity.

THE SUBJECTIVE ONE

I measure years by days, the days by hours,
 But in the elastic hour of calculation
 I leave immeasurable the instrument.
 In my delineations watches bend,
 The slow distortion of amorphousness,
 And now the bullet's flight may be the moth's
 When simultaneously I ride with both.
 No frozen age, no night perpetual
 On Georgian steppes and canyons of the west
 When a dead moon reflects a dying sun,
 Turning to the unheard refrains of time,
 Is longer, darker than the eyelid's rest
 The veil of flesh before oblivion.

I DID NOT SEE YOU

I did not see you even when I went
From the long afternoon's forgetfulness
Into a night of knowing the distress
Of questioning your presence and intent.
If you I look for when my discontent
Is more than tentative unhappiness
Are not the mere reply of mind in stress
Be with me casual and concomitant,
As gentle breathing in a midnight sleep
When no one bids the breast to rise and fall.
Be as a quiet fire of which I keep
The welling warmth in blood the veins recall
When love, released from too much freedom, tries
The film of cold on hands and lips and eyes.

SUNLIGHT

In touching gently like a golden finger,
The sunlight falling from the spaces dimmer
Upon the curling fruit leaves fills with hunger
The mind for meaning in the limpid summer.

Dispersed by myriad surfaces in falling,
Drawn into green and into air dissolving,
Light is not caught by sudden sight or feeling.
Remembered it gives rise to one's believing:

Its truth resides in constant speed descending;
The momentary beauty is attendant;
A flicker of the animate responding
Shifts in the mind with time and fades, inconstant.

HELEN PINKERTON

THREE POEMS

BIOGRAPHY WITH FLOWERS

My cow slip brain, my daisy chain,
 sweet nosegay of unreason,
 my lily of the valley where
 intelligence is treason.

My harebell mind with simples twined,
 my branch of flowering bane,
 my garland where the maiden hair
 with bleeding heart has lain.

My garden wrought without a thought,
 rank volunteer of unwit
 my aconite, my bloom by night,
 my mourning bride of spirit.

My Venus trap, great botany's map
 for planting common rue:
 now night shade's spread and cockscombs tread
 where candy tuft once grew.

TIME IS THE ATLAS

Time is the Atlas death keeps;
 Bony, his finger points to the edges
 Of the known lands: traces the ridges
 The traveler crosses and sleeps.

Deserts of years and seconds as wide
 As a sea, he scans. Only the rivers
 He can not ascend. There the lovers
 By waters eternal abide.

L A M E N T

Loving, the god was mine
and I did eat;
blood warm from his great heart
in mine did beat.

Beloved, I was the god
the bread, the bride:
and daily was devoured
and daily died.

O let me love again
and no god be:
unloved, but nourished by
divinity.

JESSAMYN WEST

L U C R E T I U S, I I I, 1053-1076

Baudelaire knew what it was like,
The typewriter keys red hot,
All the paint brushes a yard long,
The paint mixed with chewing gum.
I write letters and don't send them;
Dream away my poverty;
Make dozens of incredibly
Bad sketches; reread the great
Masterpieces; review my
Greek and Chinese, and discover
My vocabulary is gone;
Take my pulse; start out on walks,
And return home; my mind deep
And clear like the Deipnosophists.
Jean-Jacques, Amiel, Bashkirtsev,
It is possible to produce

A very influential
 Ontology out of such
 Material, of guaranteed
 Ecumenical provenance.
 Porch and Garden up to date,
 Kierkegaard and Sacher-Masoch,
 "One feels like a man about
 To be executed." Niebuhr
 Discovers that everyone
 Is his own Wanda Guillotine.
 Liberal Protestantism
 Goeth at last to its long home,
 Only a few hours behind
 The Capitalist System.
 Die Ausrottung der Besten.
 Just think, all the patronesses
 Of the surrealistes feel
 Like this all the time. In fact
 Practically every female,
 With an income, in our set does.
 "In the cold autumn moonlight
 The cicada dies by its shell."
 Even in jail, Mirabeau
 Found work for idle hands to do.
 The Rule of St. Benedict
 Is very explicit about
 The sickness that destroyeth
 In the noonday.

One advantage
 Of being learned, is that
 There is no fix you can get in
 Where you won't find company,
 Even if your advisors
 Cannot be called very helpful.

KENNETH REXROTH

TWO POEMS

POEM 10

We have lost even this twilight.
No one saw us this evening with hands joined
while the blue night was falling on the world.

I have seen from my window
the fiesta of the setting sun on the distant hills.

At times it was like a coin,
the piece of sun glowing between my hands.

I recalled you with my soul held tight
in that sadness which you know in me.

Where were you then?
With what people?
Saying what words?
Why must all my love come like a blow
when I feel myself sad and you far away?

The book always picked up in the twilight has fallen
and like a wounded dog my coat lay about my feet.

Always, always you go away in the evenings
toward the twilight as it comes effacing statues.

POEM 15

I am glad when you are silent. It is as if you were absent.
You hear me from a distance and my voice does not touch you.
It is as if your sight had flown away from you
and as if a kiss were sealing your lips.

As all things are filled with this soul of mine,
filled with my soul you emerge from all things.
Butterfly of sleep, you resemble my soul
as you resemble the sound of melancholy.

I am glad when you are silent. It is as if you were far away,
 as if you were complaining in a butterfly's lullaby.
 From a distance you hear me and my voice does not reach you.
 Let me be silent with the silence which is yours.

Let me also speak to you with your silence,
 clear as a lamp, uncomplicated as a ring.
 You are the night, silent and star-splashed.
 Your silence is a star's silence, simple and distant.

I am glad when you are silent, as if you were absent,
 distant and mournful, as if you had died.
 Then only one word, one smile is enough,
 and I am happy, happy, that it is not true.

P A B L O N E R U D A

Translated by Rachel Loughridge

C O N S C I E N C E

My devil will in water suck the tide
 To cast the sleepy and indignant whale
 Up wiggling on my beach until he dies,
 That I may sweat and curse and so obey:
 Stern and unjust, he holds me in his sway,
 And if I rebel, and will not listen,
 He changes shape to creep into my ear;
 Small as a bug, he stalks the tender floor:

He lurks in air, or deep beneath the ground
 To thrust up like a flower in my face
 The twin, my evil self, nestling in the green,
 The clump of fern lodged in the bubbling swamp:
 My devil greases cliffs for climbing feet,
 That I may hang an instant in pure space,
 Suspended as a gull, sprawled on my face
 Over the needles of the rocks below:

And I must hurry, harried by his haste;
He blasts my buds, and nips my ripened crops;
He drives me like a ship on icy floes
To founder on myself, the hidden ledge;
He is an owl who sees me in the grass,
Crouched like a rabbit from his old maid's eye;
Or like a cat, his claw clutched in my fur,
He playfully leaps, to toss me in mid-air:

And I would run, but where is there escape?
He is the vista of my ending street;
The vision framed in the window of my church;
The image lingering when I close my eyes;
I cannot move, but that he walks with me;
And if I run, he likewise too will flee;
And if I die, his voice last shall I hear,
Chuckling his "told you so" into my ear:

But first, O Lord, but let me catch him once
With my two hands: One hour would I spend
Upon his head, munching on his ears;
Then half a day meandering on his nose;
At least a week to flay him like a goat,
Slicing meanwhile the hams; then last geld,
To hoist him and to hang him while he howls,
Nailed to a post by his long flapping tongue!

JOHN NERBER

BOOK REVIEWS

The Navaho, by Clyde Kluckhohn and Dorothea Leighton. Cambridge and London: Harvard University Press and Oxford University Press, 1946. \$4.50.

Children of the People: the Navaho Individual and his Development, by Dorothea Leighton and Clyde Kluckhohn. Cambridge and London: Harvard University Press and Oxford University Press, 1947. \$4.50.

These two companion volumes report on the third of five American Indian tribes that are being studied in a project sponsored jointly by the Committee on Human Development of the University of Chicago and the United States Office of Indian Affairs. The purpose of these investigations is to trace and compare the development of personality in the five sample tribes in the interests of more understanding and efficient Indian administration. The two books on the Navaho are a substantial and illuminating contribution to the larger project and stand, moreover, as a notable separate study of one of the important Indian groups of the Southwest.

The two volumes are jointly authored by Professor Clyde Kluckhohn, anthropologist, and Dr. Dorothea Leighton, physician and psychiatrist. Professor Kluckhohn, whose interest in the Indians of the Southwest has continued for over twenty years and who, with his students and associates, has been carrying on a long-term study of the Navaho Indians, takes primary responsibility for the historical and general ethnological material presented. Dr. Leighton, co-author with her husband, A. H. Leighton, of another book on the Navaho, *The Navaho Door*, reports mainly on the medical and psychological testing program to which over 200 children from three different regions of Navaho country were subjected.

The authors have managed to accomplish something that is really very difficult and rare. They have produced an account of a people which, by its accuracy, its inclusiveness, and its organization, earns the respect of the professional anthropologist; it is, among other things, the summary of the vast and scattered literature on Navaho culture for which we have been waiting. Yet by its clarity, directness, and artistry of conception and execution it will delight and inform the general reader who makes no professions to scholarship or anthropological background. And if those who are charged with Indian administration cannot gain insight into their successes and failures from reading these pages, they have only themselves to blame.

Dr. Kluckhohn begins his part of the account with a swift résumé of the past of the Navaho, using both archaeological and historical sources. He emphasizes the agricultural basis of former Navaho economy and corrects the notion that the Navaho were "nomads." He describes the conflict between the Americans and the Navaho, the campaign of destruction waged against the Navaho by Kit Carson, their exile to Fort Sumner, the return to the homeland, and the struggle for land and cultural autonomy which these Indians have had to wage since against the white invader. The author sums up the situation as it emerges from this historical survey in these penetrating but none too encouraging sentences: "The problem which confronts The People and the Indian Service today is that of making self-support possible in an over-populated region upon comparatively unproductive, deteriorated lands. The practical issues have been distorted by cultural bias on the part of both the Navaho and the white people of the surrounding country, heightened by strong emotional convictions."

One of the most effective sections depicts the land and the livelihood of the Navaho; it required profound and sensitive understanding of the region and the people to write it. Something of the quality of the prose can be gathered from the sentence with which the description of Navaho country begins: "Set a stretch of sagebrush interspersed with groves of small evergreens against a background of highly colored mesas, canyons, buttes, volcanic necks, and igneous mountain masses clothed in deep pine green, roofed over with a brilliant blue sky, and you will have a generalized picture of the Navaho landscape. . . ." A discussion of the Navaho sources of income and subsistence, the growth of population, the erosion of the land, the attempts of Indian Service personnel to persuade the Indians that reduction of flocks and herds would be to their advantage, and the background of Navaho resistance to these blandishments, do much to clarify and interpret the "Navaho problem."

Personal, kin, and intratribal arrangements are next succinctly and skillfully described. Living arrangements, the division of labor according to age and sex, obligations to kin and affinal relatives, the influence of the clan, even matters that enter into customary life, such as recreation, inheritance, and humor are carefully explored. Particularly penetrating is the discussion of the relations between the Navaho and white traders, missionaries, settlers and employees of the Indian Service. The contrasts between Navaho conceptions and the views of alien peoples are examined and the origins of many misunderstandings and tensions are exposed. Three chapters are devoted to a description and analysis of religion, ritual, and myth; for the authors wish to show how completely Navaho religion is involved with economy and other aspects of life, and how dangerous it is, therefore, simply to brush Navaho faith aside as foolish superstition. The last two chapters of the first volume deserve particular notice. The first of these is a nontechnical discussion of the Navaho language, stressing the categories

through which Navaho thought is sifted and events are viewed. The treatment proves that this topic, usually considered the concern of the specialist alone, can be made a fascinating and integral part of an anthropological monograph. The final chapter, called "The Navaho View of Life," seeks to cut through the surface details of everyday activity to the premises and values which underlie and motivate behavior. These syntheses and generalizations create a feeling for the mood and direction of Navaho culture that it would be difficult to convey by description alone.

The second volume deals with the development of the individual, and depicts how and when he becomes exposed to the cultural forces and ideas described in the first volume. It is one of the fullest and most convincing accounts of primitive childhood and culture acquisition that we have. Its value is enhanced by much biographical and autobiographical material. Both volumes are enriched by a large number of well-chosen photographs.

MORRIS EDWARD OPLER

The Ancient Maya, by Sylvanus G. Morley. Stanford University, California: Stanford University Press, 1947. \$10.00.

Santa Eulalia, the Religion of a Cuchumatán Indian Town, by Oliver La Farge. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1947. \$4.00.

At first glance, a single review of these two books on the Maya might seem incongruous. One is a general exposition of the highlights of ancient Maya civilization; the other is a specialized study of the place and function of religion in the life of one small community of present-day Maya in the highlands of Guatemala. Yet, the two books complement each other to a remarkable degree, for Morley tells us what the Maya achieved, whereas La Farge gives us many of the clues to the why and wherefore of that achievement.

Morley has devoted much of his time, not spent on his tireless searches for new Maya sites and new hieroglyphic inscriptions, to popularizing the Maya and acquainting the public with their outstanding accomplishments. Indeed, were it not for his outstanding ability to impart his enthusiasm to all with whom he comes in contact, our present knowledge of the Maya would be immeasurably smaller than it is. Nearly thirty-five years ago, when Carnegie Institution of Washington considered supporting research in some branch of anthropology, Morley, W. H. Rivers, and Jenks were invited to submit programmes. Morley's contagious enthusiasm for the Maya field won the day, and Carnegie adopted his programme. It is interesting to speculate on what would have happened had Rivers' much sounder, but colorlessly presented programme, which called for ethnological work in Melanesia, won the day. The task of conquering the Japanese certainly would have been easier, but our knowledge of Middle America would still be about where it was thirty years ago.

In the present work Morley waves his magic wand and a Maya caval-

cade for the edification of many is forthcoming. There is need of a popular book on the Maya, but the question must always arise as to how much one should "write down" to the public. Morley, I think, is guilty of assuming that the reader wants everything cut and dried, and is intellectually incapable of following alternative theories or historical outlines. He conveys much sound information in an entertaining way, but, despite the length of the book (520 pages) there is an oversimplification of the picture, which shows itself in the avoidance of important problems, such as the relations of the Maya to their neighbors, and in an overabundance of ex-cathedra statements. For example, Morley writes as a bald fact that Chichen Itza had been occupied by the original Itza, the Old Empire Maya in his opinion, who arrived there via Coba and Yaxuna. That Chichen Itza was settled by Maya from Coba is conjectural, and hardly jibes with architectural evidence; that these settlers were Itza is even less certain. Both of these statements would be unacceptable to most students of the Maya, and one feels that the reader is at least entitled to have them qualified by a "possibly" or "perhaps." Similarly, Morley's later periods are quite different from those of most of his colleagues. He makes Puuc architecture contemporaneous with the Mexican buildings at Chichen, which is contrary to ceramic evidence, and places the introduction of effigy plumbate pottery in the thirteenth century, the period of Mayapan's domination, although all the data from Central Mexico and from the Guatemalan highlands refute such a late dating of that ware. In a book of this length, one would expect such objections to be noted, and the intelligent layman deserves the benefit of the doubt. It is a fair assumption that most readers would wish to be told of such difficulties, and of opposed interpretations. Half the fun of archaeology is in its uncertainty. Let the Ladies' Club of Centerville share the fun.

Apart from this defect, which is, perhaps, not so serious as the above paragraph would indicate, the book is a sound piece of writing. The ninety-seven plates are carefully chosen to cover all branches of Maya art and architecture, and many of the text figures are of great interest.

La Farge's study of present-day Maya religion in the cultural setting of Santa Eulalia, a Chuj-Maya village in the Cuchumatán mountains of north-western Guatemala, is of a kind which, unfortunately, is now all too rare. The new sociologist, with his statistics on sewing machines, bedpans, and percentages of people who have exchanged sandals for boots, tends to produce a book which seems very learned, but which often fails utterly to breathe life into the group he is studying. La Farge, praise be, is not of that class. In his study, superficially simple, but in reality of great profundity, he paints the religious life and its background of daily activity with a dexterity which enchants the reader. After reading this book one feels that one has glimpsed the Maya soul, and that one has within one's ken the answer to that question which archaeology alone can not give, namely what spiritual forces shaped the course of Maya civilization and gave to it those

queer quirks which are its fascination. The interest of Maya civilization does not lie in its architectural and sculptural feats, but in the peculiar mentality of the Maya which led them to do many strange things and to leave undone so many obvious ones. Anyone interested in the Maya philosophy of life would do well to study La Farge's book with care. The closely woven pattern of religious observance, the holy calendar, and the daily round has never been so well manifested as in this book.

J. ERIC S. THOMPSON

Latin Americans in Texas, by Pauline R. Kibbe. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1946. \$3.50.

Latin Americans in Texas is not at all a contentious book; it is hardly to be classed as controversial; it is essentially a book of facts constructively interpreted. Yet the author has become the center of a persisting controversy that involves and illuminates everything she has to say in the book. In 1943 she became executive secretary of the Good Neighbor Commission of Texas — an organization of citizens without official status. A few months ago the Texas legislature made it a state agency, authorizing the governor to appoint its nine members. Shortly before the governor began announcing his appointments, Mrs. Kibbe resigned in order to keep from being fired by the forthcoming "glorified tourist agency." Her activities against exploitation of "wet back" labor in the Rio Grande valley made her discharge a political requirement, she asserts.

"Wet backs" are Mexicans who come across the Rio Grande from Mexico without benefit of passports, though their passage has recently become semi-official. They come by the tens of thousands, work for twenty or twenty-five cents per hour, running down the price of labor for native and naturalized Latin Americans. They live in fear of deportation and many of them buy the necessities of life from company stores, very much in the old-time peon style supposed to be outlawed in Mexico. In 1900, according to figures adduced by Mrs. Kibbe, the population of persons of Mexican descent in Texas was 71,062; in 1930, 683,681; in 1947, probably 1,200,000. The sharp increase has been made by the influx of agricultural and railroad laborers.

Better than forty-two per cent of the Latin-American children of school age in Texas do not go to school at all. In Texas, apportionment of funds to the school districts is made according to scholastic population, not according to record of school attendance. Compulsory attendance is a dead letter. In many districts where Latin-American children outnumber Anglo-American children, the money thus apportioned is spent chiefly on the latter. In the eastern part of Texas where the state's Negro population is concentrated, Negro children are thus counted in to get school money and counted out of the schools thus maintained with their portions. Mrs. Kibbe's exposition of this kind of "fair play" has naturally met with opposition on

the part of people who imagine that they are profiting by the system.

A considerable part of *Latin Americans in Texas* is an interpretive treatment of the histories of Texas and Mexico. The author ascribes the revolt of Texas against Mexico, in 1836, to the tyranny of Santa Anna, President-Dictator of the Mexican republic. As a matter of fact, Santa Anna was an incident. The separation of the English-speaking colonists in Texas, most of them Southerners and most of them Protestant, from priest- and hidalgo-ridden Mexico was an inevitable supplement to the defeat of the Armada in the English Channel. The treatment of Mexican history is admirable with one astounding exception. Mrs. Kibbe seems to feel that she must not lay hands on the enduring power and policy of the Catholic Church in Mexico. She boldly exposes Don Porfirio Diaz's policy of keeping Mexicans ignorant in order to control and work them more easily. She gets nowhere by disposing thus of Don Porfirio's chief partner: "The Church-State controversy in Mexico is a purely internal question of political and economic supremacy." Her exposition of the advances in education, health, agriculture, and other fields as a result of the Mexican revolution is very revealing.

The picture in Texas itself is far from being altogether black. Tolerance and enlightenment seem often to develop in society with geological slowness, but Mrs. Kibbe points out many ways and instances in which Latin Americans north of the Rio Grande have gained ground.

J. FRANK DOBIE

Zachary Taylor, by Brainerd Dyer. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1946. \$4.00.

General George Crook: His Autobiography, edited and annotated by Martin F. Schmitt. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1946. \$3.00.

During the years of the Mexican War and his consequent sixteen-months term as President of the United States, Zachary Taylor was a storm center of controversy. His slugging victories in Mexico, which captured the imagination and devotion of the American people, were severely criticized by fellow military men and set him at odds with President Polk, who accused him of lack of preparation, lack of co-operation, and responsibility for heavy loss of American life at the unnecessary battle of Buena Vista. After he became President, Old Rough and Ready was unable to assemble a cabinet that met with the approval of the nation; and the settlement of the Galphin claim, in which the Secretary of War was implicated, provided his enemies with material for withering attacks. Finally, his stubborn opposition to the Clay Compromise Act alienated many of the most able legislators of his day.

Through the maze of conflicting statements for and against Taylor, Brainerd Dyer follows faithfully the path of the impartial historian. Avoiding the pitfall of some biographers, who come to love their subjects too well,

he likewise avoids the "debunking" spirit that was for a while prevalent in American biography. His analysis of his subject pictures Old Rough and Ready, as his name implies, as a typical product of his period and of the frontier on which he served. The author summarizes the character of Taylor as that of "a hard-working, successful officer rather than a military genius; an honest servant of the people rather than a great statesman; a truly representative American of the early nineteenth century. . . ." Mr. Dyer himself, an associate professor of history at the University of California and author of a biography of William M. Evarts, is an honest and hard-working biographer. The thoroughness of the research which backs his book is attested by the excellent "Critical Essay on Authorities" which is appended. It is no fault of his that his subject is one of the duller personalities in American history.

The year that General Taylor was elected President, George Crook went to the Military Academy at West Point, and another general was in the making. This one was not brilliant, either, for he was to become "... the lowest-ranking cadet ever to rise to the rank of major general of the United States."

General Crook's autobiography, covering his life from the time he left West Point until 1876, when he suffered his only major defeat from the Indians in the Department of the Platte, was an unknown document for fifty years. The General's personal papers, in the possession of Mrs. Crook until her death in 1895, were then passed on to Colonel Walter S. Schuyler. In 1939, Mrs. Schuyler presented them to the library of the Army War College, "... where they were pasted into a scrapbook and filed away without further notice." In 1942 Martin F. Schmitt, stationed at the War College, rediscovered the Crook papers and began the preparation of the autobiography for publication.

Of the many able officers who wrestled with the problem of Indian administration on the frontier, "... General George Crook was the acknowledged master. General Sherman named him the greatest Indian fighter and manager the United States Army ever had." Except for the Civil War years, General Crook's entire active military life was spent on the frontier. A stern and relentless adversary of the Indians, he nevertheless gained their complete respect by his honest and straightforward dealings with them. His genuine interest in their welfare is shown by the fight he maintained, even after he left the Department of Arizona, to have the Chiricahua Apaches, exiled by General Miles to Florida, returned to a section which more nearly approximated the country to which they had been accustomed. That the Indians appreciated the stern justice of the man they called Three Stars is attested by the statement of a chieftain at the time of the General's death. "General Crook came; he, at least, never lied to us. His words gave the people hope. He died. Their hope died again. Despair came again."

General Crook's *Autobiography* is a book of deep interest to all

students of the West. It is not, as it should not be, a literary document; and its editor cleverly realized that corrections in grammar and changes in structure would have destroyed the flavor of the original. Of especial interest are the General's comments on some of his fellow officers and their performance of their duty—always frank, often completely scathing. With the help of his diary and personal papers, Mr. Schmitt has effectively completed the story of the life of General Crook. One does not feel here the complete impartiality which characterizes Brainerd Dyer's work, but it is a thorough and excellently documented book. Mr. Schmitt deserves great commendation for a valuable contribution to the history of the West.

THELMA CAMPBELL

Rocky Mountain Tales, edited by Levette J. Davidson and Forrester Blake. Norman: The University of Oklahoma Press, 1947. \$3.00.

This volume has some of the merits and most of the defects of similar compilations of anecdote, as well as a few shortcomings of its own. Its merit is that of a carefully prepared scrapbook which can be truthfully said to make inaccessible materials accessible. Inasmuch, however, as the value of a scrapbook depends largely on the use to which it is put, it is impossible to say yet how much value this one will eventually have. Folklore has already made a valuable contribution to American literature—see the stories of Stephen Vincent Benét, Wilbur Schramm, Fred Shaw and others—but one must reserve judgment as to whether continued activity in gathering obscure material is worth print, paper, and subsidization.

The chief defect of such books is that editorial classifications only produce large lumps of unassimilable matter. One wishes for a few folklorists who can do something with their material beyond classifying it. Stories about prospecting, cattle-raising, "unnatural natural history," and so on, are dull or amusing, depending on the narrator and the interest of his material. Five pages of the wretched newspaper prose of the last century tire one to death of Jim Bridger, Sergeant O'Keefe, or anyone else.

The editors' prose is little better. The introduction and headnotes contribute nothing to the analysis of the material and are written in the style one expects of writers for the Sunday supplements—sentimentalized, overwritten, and awestruck before the high romance of the Western past. These introductory sections are merely embarrassing.

Furthermore, folklore is throughout mixed indiscriminately with memoirs, so that the book is neither one thing nor the other. Because folklore and history do frequently blend, and because few will confuse them here, this defect is less serious than the truncated, pointless effect some of the extracts have.

More serious is the thinness of the Western cultural pattern which the diligent assembling of frontier relics indicates. Not that these relics should

be lost—but the function of Western universities ought to be as seminal as it is preservative.

In less than a hundred years the West has leapt from the age of legend to the age of scholarship. Thus it has skipped the long period of creation and criticism which should intervene; and the universities, baffled by the lack of literature on which to exercise the scholarly method, have nearly depleted the meagre soil of folklore.

Western universities should turn now to developing a climate of opinion in which ideas—and hence literature—can flourish. To this end folklore makes but a small contribution. The great activity in “creative writing” courses or “Writers’ Conferences,” which emphasize “writing and marketing techniques,” and which have little concern with thought, also contributes little towards producing a creative climate, which is partly an effect of the whole university working in relationship or in necessary antagonism to the community. An effort towards a thoughtful culture might result eventually in fewer compilations and more creations.

JOSEPH J. FIREBAUGH

Southwesterners Write: the American Southwest in Stories and Articles by Thirty-two Contributors, selected and edited by T. M. Pearce and A. P. Thomason; illustrated by Helen S. Pearce. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1947. \$4.00.

“The anthologists have stretched their canvas tight, drawn their design with a bold hand, and filled in the spaces with subtle tonal values.”

From the creative palette of Southwestern writers they have produced a picture haunting with an overpowering nostalgia for a Southwest which today floats like a mirage just beyond the sands of reality, a Southwest blurred by impact with modern life. The intimation is strong not only that these two men, Pearce and Thomason, possessed a deep knowledge of their Southwest, but that their affection for the region was tinged with sadness for the fading of its bright colors.

This book is an anthology to give the passing stranger a romantic insight into an historic land. More important, for the true Southwesterner who loves the country of blue distances, aromatic cedar smoke, cowboy brags and ceremonious juntas, it is a family album preserving fading daguerreotypes.

True, in their introduction Pearce and Thomason mention trends of modern civilization in Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona. True, Omar Barker’s politicians may still be found gnawing their weight in *chicos*; the Captain Choate of George Milburn lives and lies in every village. But the impression the anthology presents is of a parade already rounding the corner, its drums sounding faintly. Today the gifts of God many times are headed by the relief check; Tacey has smashed her red lamp; Dobie’s long-horns flourish on saloon walls. This impression does not lessen the book’s appeal. In fact, life is increasingly dear in retrospect, the Southwest of Palo

Duro's fine red dusts and Karankawas' singing snakes holds the reader's interest more definitely than today's dreary newscasts.

The anthology is divided into four sections: interpretation, fiction, narrative, and opinion, with a group of distinguished writers fulfilling the anthologists' avowed purpose of displaying the intermingled patterns of living and contrasting thought in the Southwest. The little illustrations scattered through the book are charming. It is too bad Helen Pearce was not more generous with her pen and ink.

If it be success for an anthologist to arouse in his readers a vague but disturbing homesickness for a land and a period, whether it is familiar or unknown, then Pearce and Thomason² have done an excellent job of editing and collecting. This anthology should appeal to the oldtimer, tenderfoot, and modernist slightly bilious from an overdose of day after tomorrow's atomic worries.

MARGARET PAGE HOOD

Vicente Silva and His Forty Bandits, by Manuel C de Baca; translated into English by Lane Kaufman; illustrations from the original drawings by Fanita Lanier. Washington, D. C.: Edward McLean, Libros Escogidos, 1947. 300 copies case bound and signed by author and illustrator, each \$10.00; 175 copies in French wrappers, each \$7.50.

This edition is the first in English of Manuel C de Baca's account of the territorial bandit, Vicente Silva, who in the early 1890's terrorized and practically ruled the countryside in the vicinity of Las Vegas, New Mexico. The book, without which no Southwestern library can be called complete, is an important and rare addition to Southwestern Americana.

First printed in Spanish, issued from a local newspaper printing office, and widely distributed among the Spanish-speaking New Mexicans, the book was highly praised and deeply damned by various groups of New Mexicans, according to their own inclinations and points of view. By those who knew the true situation but were unable to do anything to remedy it, the account was said to be a true and impartial statement of the existing lawlessness; on the other hand, it was roundly denounced by all citizens and politicians who either directly or indirectly benefited from the lawlessness. Through them, the book was suppressed and copies confiscated wherever found.

The book has been long out of print and very few of the original copies can be located. However, Edward McLean was fortunate a few years ago in finding a copy; and he has done a service to historians, as well as to the reading public, in reissuing this long-lost chapter of early New Mexico territorial history.

Manuel C de Baca, I understand, was an early day lawyer, a resident of Las Vegas during these territorial days, who knew firsthand of the machinations of this outlaw. Vicente Silva was said to have had "the face of an

angel and the heart of a devil," and never to have hesitated to use either or both to his own advantage. His crimes ran the gamut from robbery to murder, kidnaping, rape, torture—whatever at the moment best suited his purpose or his fancy. In his gang of bandits he included members of the Las Vegas police force; hence the citizens of the Meadow City had no protection against his raids or atrocities.

Among the many murders committed by him and his gang was that of his wife, a simple, devout Church woman, who condoned his crimes because of her love for him and continually prayed for his redemption. She had tried, as best she could but to no purpose, to turn him from his sinful ways. At last he came to fear her denouncement of him and decided to put her out of the way. "Dead men can tell no tales." Furthermore, her existence interfered with his life with his mistress, a woman of his own type.

As a result of her brutal murder and heartless burial, in which he forced his entire gang to participate, the gang decided to do away with him themselves. They did so after they had given his wife "a decent burial" and "one worthy of us," as commanded by Silva. This "decent burial" and "one worthy of us" consisted of dumping her body into the first deep arroyo they came to near the scene of her murder, then caving the soft bank down upon the body to cover it. Leaving the scene and coming to the very next similar arroyo, Silva's men suddenly shot their leader in the back of the head, dumped him into the arroyo, and repeated the "decent burial" of his poor wife. However, this sudden revulsion of his bandits against his crimes was not the only reason for their disposal of him. They had but a few days before successfully robbed a bank, making a big haul, and they felt that Silva had not properly divided the spoils. He had kept more than his share. Thus the law was cheated of its rightful vengeance.

With their leader gone, it was not long before the gang was caught and broken up by the outraged, law-abiding citizens of Las Vegas. Some of the bandits were hung in the old plaza; some were sent to prison for life; a few of the less guilty were given shorter terms or freed. Las Vegas entered a more tranquil existence than it had known during the lifetime of Vicente Silva.

Praise is due the translator, Lane Kaufman, for the way he has succeeded in preserving the Spanish flavor of the author's text. This indefinable sense of a language, its natural "flavor" is too often lost in translation, but in this book it has been preserved to an unusual degree.

The format of the book is pleasing. It is set in Intertype Garamond Bold; the paper is Strathmore's all-rag Old Stratford. Miss Lanier's drawings are adapted from the illustrations in the old Spanish edition. The chapter headings are in early Spanish decorative type printed boldly in red and black. The printing of the book was done by E. L. Hildreth and Company, of Brattleboro, Vermont, under the supervision of Edward McLean; and the binding is by Hazel Dreis and Edward McLean. The edition is limited to five hundred copies, of which twenty-five, handbound

in full Niger Goatskin, signed by the translator, the illustrator, and the binders, sold at one hundred dollars each and were all subscribed before publication.

INA SIZER CASSIDY

Adventures of a Ballad Hunter, by John A. Lomax. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1947. \$3.75.

John A. Lomax for several decades has been holding audiences rapt with folk songs and with tales of his adventures in collecting them. Whether the audience is the Modern Language Association gathered at Christmas in solemn and scholarly conclave or lively school children, in a few sentences this masterly story teller has his hearers with him around a camp fire as the cowboys lull the cattle to sleep; at a Negro baptizing, the congregation chanting "Let's go down to Jordan"; or under the blinding lights of a prison farm, Iron Head singing of the captain with the bull whip, his fellow convicts joining in the anguished refrain "Great Gawdamighty."

Mr. Lomax now has written down these tales. *Adventures of a Ballad Hunter* is recommended to all who are interested in folk songs, their genesis and growth, indeed to all who relish a human story well told. The folklorist-author has an eye and an ear and a heart for the pathos and humor of the lives and songs of the people. Never is he irreverent or condescending. He is as concerned with collecting friends as songs.

For the student of folklore this volume is a valuable supplement to John A. and Alan Lomax's books of ballads and songs: *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads*, *Songs of the Cattle Trail and Cow Camp*, *American Ballads and Folk Songs*, *Negro Folk Songs as Sung by Lead Belly*, and *Our Singing Country*. It supplies accounts, too, of the circumstances, often movingly dramatic, of the making of records for the Archive of American Folk Song of the Library of Congress.

John A. Lomax's interest in ballads began in boyhood in Bosque County, Texas, where he grew up hearing herds passing and cowboys singing on a branch of the old Chisholm Trail that ran by the two-room farm house. Soon he was writing down and singing these songs. At twenty-one he carried with him to Granbury College "tied up with cotton string a small roll of cowboy songs." Later they went with him to the University of Texas, where he showed them hopefully to a learned member of the English Department. That Anglo-Saxon scholar advised him to devote his attention to great writing, that "his samples of frontier literature were tawdry, cheap, and unworthy." He made a bonfire of his songs, perhaps the first collection of cowboy ballads ever made. At Harvard University more than ten years later as a graduate student, he was enthusiastically encouraged to resume his collecting of cowboy songs by Professor Barrett Wendell, to whose memory *The Adventures of a Ballad Hunter* is dedicated, and by Professor George Kittredge.

Sponsored by these scholars, Mr. Lomax was granted three successive Sheldon Fellowships from Harvard for the "investigation of American ballads." As a result *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads* was published in 1910. Since then Mr. Lomax has held a number of grants for collecting folklore. After one overflow volume of these western songs, *Songs of the Cattle Trail and Cow Camp* (1918), John A. Lomax with the aid of his son Alan branched out to include in his collecting many other types of American ballads and songs. On horseback, by foot trail, by train, and by car, usually with a recording machine, at first alone, later with Alan, or with Lead Belly or Iron Head, two Negro convicts paroled to him, he has gone up and down and back and forth across the country into cow camps, penitentiaries, prison farms, gypsy camps, lonely mountain cabins, Negro country churches, wherever he heard of a song or a singer or just took a chance.

"Whoopee Ti Yi Yo" was sung to him by a gypsy woman on the West Fork of the Trinity River near Fort Worth. "Home on the Range" he recorded from a Negro saloon keeper, an ex-trail cook, in 1908 in San Antonio. "I'm Troubled Lord, Troubled about My Soul," he heard from the throats of two thousand black men on a Mississippi convict farm on an Easter Sunday. A fine version of "John Henry," a steel-driving song, was sung for his recording machine by a Negro trusty in the Arkansas Penitentiary. Emma Dusenberry, aged seventy-nine and blind, living in an Ozark mountain cabin, sang for his recording eighty-two songs, many of them old British ballads.

It is difficult to choose from the many memorable scenes and people in the volume. The reader will not forget the compassionate Father Finnegan at the Huntsville, Texas, prison walking with a moaning black boy to the death chair, or Father Silva in San Antonio at Christmas blessing the animals, adorned with pink crepe-paper necklaces, or white-bearded Professor Kittredge venerated as a prophet out of the Old Testament by a Negro congregation in Austin. Mr. Lomax has in truth shared his adventures with his readers.

A statement from President Theodore Roosevelt's letter in *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads* stands as a fitting tribute to Mr. Lomax for his latest volume and all of the preceding ones: "You have done a work emphatically worth doing and one which should appeal to the people of all our country, but particularly to the people of the West and Southwest."

MABEL MAJOR

Dust on the King's Highway, by Helen C. White. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1947. \$3.50.

Dust on the King's Highway is a novel recounting the travels and eventual martyrdom of Fray Francisco Garcés among the Indians of the Southwest. Its ten-year span, 1771-1781, covers the pioneering of the King's Highway connecting California with Santa Fe and the missions of Mexico

and Arizona. Considered as a novel, it lacks cohesion; the first sections covering the journeys into California and the trip to Oraibe have too little to do with the last on the tragic failure of the mission among the Yuma, and they follow Spanish records too closely to build up either the land or the people into convincing solidity. This shortcoming is true only of the first part; the last two hundred pages are superb fiction.

As a piece of scholarship, the whole book is ethnologically sound: details of Indian costume and behavior are accurate and the action is historically correct. Hopi and Zuñi and Yuma are done well and truly, especially the Hopi (*Moqui* for Miss White). Here is the description of wounds caused by the Yuma war club:

. . . in a pool of darkening blood, already buzzing with flies, lay doubled up a uniformed body with only a bleeding pulp for a head. . . . Beyond, another soldier was lying doubled up in the same contorted fashion. . . . The friar . . . bent over to close the horror-stricken eyes. As he did so, the body relaxed and fell back and he caught sight of the torn belly.

Read that to an anthropologist, and you will get an enthusiastic description of the famed Yuma "potato-masher club," which was grasped in the middle so that the hammer end could be smashed into the enemy's face and the pointed handle used to tear his entrails on the rebound. Miss White does not describe the shape of the club, though the wounds are unmistakable to the expert.

This failure to go beyond her source and make the facts she describes seem humanly possible as well as historically true is the great fault of the whole first half of the book. The deliberate timing of the expeditions across the Yuma sandhills and the Imperial Valley of California for July, for instance, is not only appalling but downright inconceivable to most of us who have a casual tourist's knowledge of what Palm Springs or Yuma can be like in the summer. One needs the added information that summer rains and the June overflow of the Colorado River are the only water supply for all that area, and Miss White does not give it. Nor does she ever in any of her California travel describe the country so that particular places are recognizable.

The second half of the book is completely different. Beginning with the section on Oraibe, the land and the people come alive: the pages cease to echo quaint charm from a Spanish manuscript and become a window to an earlier life; the nose is filled with the smell of piñon and the smoke of Indian camp fires. And when the personnel of the Yuma colony are introduced and Fray Garcés goes with them to the doomed mission of Concepción, Miss White has struck her stride as a novelist. Fray Garcés, trying to keep faith with his Indian friends and to teach them Christianity while he is inextricably bound to the colonists and soldiery who have come to exploit them, is a tragic figure for all time. One thinks of Greece and Germany and Palestine, and one grieves for Fray Garcés, to whom Palma, the first of his Indian friends, cries out: "Is this what it means to be a

Christian that a man should stand on the land of his fathers and beg for the corn that others have taken from it?" The last fearful week when the war arrows have been sent and the war clubs are being painted, the morning attack, and the endless waiting through the day and the night — these are as real as if they were happening today and to our own relatives.

DOROTHY BEALS

Blood Brother, by Elliott Arnold. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., 1947. \$3.00.

A difficulty with historical fiction is that the reader who is unfamiliar with the subject cannot readily distinguish history from fiction. The author, too, has his troubles. Aspiring to make the narrative credible, he is faced with the problem of reconciling known facts with the exigencies of fictional plot. The result is, generally, a compromise that is unsatisfactory both as history and fiction.

Even as straight history, the story of the Chiricahua Apache as the white man pressed in upon them is not without drama. Cochise, their chief, who does his utmost to guide his people in their relationship with the whites, is given a fairly credible, if somewhat idealized, characterization by Mr. Arnold. There is also a full, if highly romanticized, version of the career of Thomas J. Jeffords — freighter, scout, and Indian agent. Mr. Arnold has managed to sandwich into his novel a good deal of valid anthropological information concerning the Chiricahua Apache along with other data about the Indians that is more fictional than factual. One must unqualifiedly credit Mr. Arnold with real insight into the nature of the conflict between Indian and white man and the irrational responses of both groups when motivated by fear and terror.

But it must also be said that the structure of the novel is transparent and hackneyed; that from the career of Jeffords, as here outlined, the latter behaves more as if he were blood brother to Superman than to Cochise. The female characters are particularly wooden. Jeffords' Indian wife — "the splendor in her eyes blinded him" — is unnatural in her role as a child of nature. His red-haired girl friend seems to react to the ups and downs of her relationship with Jeffords in about the same manner as a Hollywood actress in a badly directed movie. Mr. Arnold goes completely off the deep end in his admiration of Apache democracy and, in much the same way, misinterprets the relationship between Montezuma and his subjects. It may well be, however, that such errors of fact and interpretation are not to be taken seriously in the realm of historical fiction.

EDWARD N. SAVETH

The Wallaces of Iowa, by Russell Lord. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1947. \$5.00.

This is both a fascinating and revealing book. It deals with the career of three generations of Henry Wallaces, probably the best known family in Iowa's history. Moreover, three generations of Henry Wallaces have been important figures in the growth of America.

Grandfather, "Uncle Henry Wallace," was founder and editor of *Wallace's Farmer*, the most successful of all farm journals, whose motto was "Good Farming . . . Clear Thinking . . . Right Living." "Honest Harry" Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture under Harding and Coolidge, helped expose the Tea Pot Dome Scandal. Henry Agard Wallace came to his father's chair in the Department of Agriculture when the nation was ready for change, and he was Vice-Commander in Chief during the Second World War, when his vision of the Century of the Common Man was the brightest hope for the post-war world.

"Uncle Henry Wallace" served as chaplain during the Civil War. Soul trouble and lung trouble took him from Pennsylvania to Iowa, where he became a most influential figure. He was responsible for "Tama Jim" Wilson's appointment as Secretary of Agriculture, and he himself served on the Country Life Commission with Gifford Pinchot and Walter Hines Page. A deeply religious man, his greatest delight was a column for every issue of *Wallace's Farmer*, "Uncle Henry's Sabbath School Lesson," a great circulation builder and holder. He wrote with burning faith and simplicity, and he profoundly influenced tens of thousands of farm lads. "Uncle Henry" truly became a patriarch of Iowa. He died in 1916. It is difficult for anyone save an Iowan to realize "Uncle Henry's" part in Iowa.

"Harry Wallace," said Gifford Pinchot, "was a natural-born gamecock. He was redheaded on his head and in his soul!" A devoted admirer of Theodore Roosevelt, he came to doubt the value of the tariff, though he never went the whole way. He wanted a tariff equivalent for the farmer. In this aim he was opposed by Hoover and was still fighting a losing battle when he died in 1924.

In a brief memorial editorial to his father, Henry A. Wallace promised, "The fight for agricultural equality will go on; so will the battle for a stable price level, for larger income and higher standards of living for the working farmer, for the checking of speculation in farm lands, for the thousand and one things that are needed to make the sort of rural civilization he labored for and hoped to see. . . ."

In his two terms as Secretary of Agriculture under F. D. Roosevelt, H. A. Wallace largely succeeded in putting this program into effect and gave the farmers a richer and more meaningful life. Henry A. Wallace has been compared to many historical figures from Pontius Pilate to Jefferson and Lincoln. Dubbed "Old Man Common Sense" by Roosevelt, he has been the most controversial member of the family.

A man is partly judged by his friends. Among Wallace's friends have been George Washington Carver, Robert Frost, George Russell (AE), Chester Davis, M. L. Wilson, and Rex Tugwell. Henry A. Wallace is the best equipped man who has ever served as Secretary of Agriculture, being an economist, a practical farmer, a successful business man, a scientist, one of the discoverers of hybrid corn, a writer and editor. Like his grandfather, he is deeply religious, but his religion takes a more mystical turn.

There is not a figure in public life today who is less self-seeking, more courageous or more daring than he, whether his subject is agriculture or Russia. In fact, he speaks for the conscience of America.

Miss Perkins says that Roosevelt found Wallace wise and truthful. Eleanor Roosevelt, reviewing some of his public papers, speaks of him as "a human being who has become a statesman . . . driving into the minds of the American people certain truths made clear as no other statesman has done. . . . If one were to pick out the one outstanding and continuing theme of all that Wallace says, it is his belief that whatever is done, must be done for the general welfare of the majority of the people. . . . You will hear people say that they are afraid of Henry Wallace because he is a dreamer, an impractical person, a mystic. No one who reads these speeches attentively would be afraid on any of these counts. . . . They would know that he had to be practical because his scientific training was too intense to allow loose thinking. They would know that out of his background nothing which was not truly American could possibly grow. . . ."

With the Wallaces, agriculture has always come first. They have served officially and unofficially in the councils of twelve administrations. They did not grow up separately or work separately. They grew close together. They have become an Iowa institution. All this and much more is revealed in this thoroughly admirable book.

CHARLES E. PAYNE

The Christian Heritage in America, by George Hedley. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1947. \$2.00.

The American Council of Education recently issued a report on the state of religion in higher education which was reviewed in *Time* magazine. The consensus among the twelve college presidents participating in the three-year study was that the American doctrine of the severe separation of church and state has resulted in a generation which is profoundly ignorant of all religious values. This book by Dr. Hedley, Associate professor of Sociology at Mills College, is designed as an attractive and palatable antidote to such religious ignorance and apathy.

The American mind proverbially lacks historical depth and at no point is this more apparent than in our shallow appreciation of the heroic tradition of our country's religious pioneers. We have little understood the leavening influence of conflicting religious philosophies and movements

which have all left lasting marks in our contemporary democratic culture.

Beginning chronologically with Judaism and following the historical scale down to contemporary revival cults, Dr. Hedley traces the key doctrines and social attitudes of religious bodies found in America. Each chapter is titled with a key phrase from the Bible or from creedal statements. Within each chapter Dr. Hedley blends anecdote with highly compressed history to make clear the contribution of each denomination. The concluding chapters of the book deal with the whole religious movement known as "liberalism," with the ethical values inherent in the Hebrew-Christian tradition, and with a hypothesis and a prophecy entitled "The Church of the Future."

Many teachers of religion must have longed for a concise and readable book in the popular tradition which could deftly summarize both the history and the contemporary place of the many religious movements contending for modern allegiance. This book is the product of scholarly research combined with wholesome and salutary contact with the student mind in daily chapel and classroom relationships, and thus it meets a long felt need.

It is impossible for so highly condensed a study to avoid being cavalier at some points in its treatment of history and attitudes. The chapters on the Episcopal Church and the Revivalistic Sects seems to betray a lack of sympathy indicating that the intention to be "objective" is itself subject to unwitting personal modifications. On the whole, however, Dr. Hedley's book is pre-eminently fair to all branches of the army of faith.

Especially useful sections of the book deal with the relationship between religious and civil liberty, a subject once again of tremendous interest since some religious groups are being challenged to justify their right to use public tax money for private education. It is also stimulating to see so slippery and elusive a word as *liberalism* pinned down and defined in its relationship to religion. "The first and principal mark of true liberalism is the technique of free, objective inquiry." Thus, liberalism is not a dogma or any particular modern notion but a method and a way of life which keeps a growing edge on man's moral awareness.

In the eucumenical movement Dr. Hedley sees a promise of a church of the future more aware of the good in all its branches — a church stronger in the battle against evil because it has learned to share its historical resources.

HENRY HAYDEN

Operation Moscow, by Christopher Norborg. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc., 1947. \$3.50.

If the disciples of Marx and Lenin can find nothing but good in the teachings of these men, their detractors seem able to find naught but evil in them. Dr. Norborg's mood is the latter, and all those who disagree with him are stupid, apathetic, sentimental, ignorant or deluded. These charac-

terizations are the author's, and some might well have the same objection to his dogmatism as those who find reason for exasperation in the language of Marxian fundamentalism. Like James Burnham before him, Dr. Norborg is convinced that "The Soviet Union is a Leviathan with a global blueprint for Marxist world conquest." It is so written for everyone with eyes to read. The war itself was just an unforeseen interregnum, or a "Strange Alliance" as John R. Deane viewed it in a recent book, which served only momentarily to shelve pan-Soviet strategy to enmesh the world in the coils of Communism.

Why do the Russians behave that way? Dr. Norborg handicaps himself and the reader in answering this question because of a self-imposed restriction. Explicitly, his analysis is dedicated to "a study of the available facts of the Kremlin's *post-war behavior*." (Our italics.) This limitation is unfortunate since an analysis of either individual or nation cannot be accomplished with any measure of authority when large blocks of equally "available facts" over a longer period of time are ignored or wilfully omitted. It is inevitable, then, that Dr. Norborg's "thoroughgoing analysis" should turn out to be the limited one of psychoanalysis rather than an examination based on objective historical reporting.

The gigantic and frightening deadlock between the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R. becomes a subject for fashionable psychologizing. "The international aggressiveness of the Soviets is the political expression . . . of a pathologically exaggerated opinion of the men in the Kremlin concerning their own power and perfection." Elsewhere it is a "deep-seated guilt feeling" which accounts for the behavior of these gentlemen. Continuing in the same professional vein, Russia's excessive use of the veto (the issues are neither discussed nor concretized) is "symptomatic of voluntary mental afflictions." As for the "broken pledges" of Yalta and Potsdam, and the traditional suspicion of the Soviets, that is the familiar psychotic trick of projecting "their own motives into the interpretation of the activities of others." Regional security, *Realpolitik*, historical claims, economic considerations and the changing complex of motives shaping the foreign policy of any nation receive scant attention or are enclosed in the quotes of sarcastic disbelief.

How to cope with the Kremlin psychosis and replace "Rooseveltian dreamland" with "Christian realism" is the burden of the last third of this book. Dr. Norborg believes that four regional police authorities set up within the meaning of the United Nations charter and based on geopolitical and economic communities of interest will bring us the will-o'-the-wisp of peace on earth. He makes no secret of his desire to have the authorities on three points of the compass point their guns and atomic bombs at the Soviet Regional Authority in order to put the final quietus on all future manifestations of truculence from that source.

Recognizing that there is no defense against the atomic bomb, Dr.

Norborg does not say what is to be done when, as has been predicted, the Soviet Union begins to stockpile its own atomic missiles. Perhaps it will require nothing short of the prevalence of atomic know-how in more than one nation to compel all to forge a way of living together with the hot irons of necessity. And, let us hope, with more understanding than Dr. Norborg has shown.

IRVING BRODKIN

Cuba, by Erna Fergusson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1946. \$3.75.

Cuba now adds to the record of Erna Fergusson's perceptive travels among our neighbors to the South. It demonstrates, along with her *Guatemala*, *Chile*, and *Venezuela*, in particular, her direct and candid powers of observation: just how good a neighbor is the United States? Just how mutual is that neighborliness? Never under the illusion that a relatively short stay can provide even a penetrating observer with the whole story of a country, Miss Fergusson skirts, as always, the pitfalls into which so many "travel writers" vanish. She makes no pretense of authority, omniscience, or exhaustive study of the country. What she gives her readers is an urbane, gracious, pictorial account by a visitor who has moved with well-balanced interest in many circles, who has made an effort to see with understanding and sympathy the point of view of the country she explores. To this kind of report and observation she adds — through research into primary and secondary source materials, through many personal interviews — a clear account of the history and culture of Cuba. She catches background and history and present atmosphere, giving us first Havana and then "the interior," among its cities halcyon Baracoa, modern Santiago, Bayamo with its ancient pride, aristocratic Camaguey, Pinar del Rio. She traces the colonial and revolutionary history of Cuba; outstanding in this section are her accounts of the *mambí* — the unknown guerrilla fighter —, of the mulatto military genius Antonio Maceo, and of the national hero, José Martí. Her pen nicely edged, she gives us the real story of the "message to García," and lays the ghosts of some of our legends, political and economic, about the Spanish American War and the price of sugar. An account of the primitive survivals of Cuba's African heritage and a résumé of the life and culture of the sophisticated, modern Cuba complete her picture.

Miss Fergusson is not primarily concerned with beating the drums for social justice, but implicit in her study of Cuba's mingling races, and expressed with complete frankness in her last chapter is her admiration for Cuban handling of the problems of race, creed, and color. She has seen the evils which have beset the island — "colonialism, imperialism, political and economic, blind exploitation and destruction of natural resources, including the human." But she places high among Cuba's assets the skill with which that country has avoided "the crippling clumsiness in human dealing and the demeaning hypocrisy that afflicts those who cherish race prejudice."

Miss Fergusson is perhaps the ideal traveling reporter. She has grace, clarity, unabashed friendliness for many kinds of people, genuine interest. Those who know her and hear her talk about her journeyings, will perhaps have, as I do, two reservations about the book. One is the regret that more of the wit, charm, and crispness of phrase which mark her speech has not, somehow, crept into the pages of the book. There are brisk and clever sentences, many of them, which evoke her own personality. Perhaps my complaint is that there just aren't enough of them, that too much of the writing — notably the details from research — is journalistic as it lies there in cold type, when we know very well that the author's own speech on the same subject would have been limpid and full of flavor. Other passages do carry that quality — her description of a sugar plantation, or of the *comparsas*, the masked merrymakers of Havana's spring festival, for example. My other regret is, as always, that the proportion of sheer personal gleaning from the country could not have been greater, for it is what Erna Fergusson sees and talks about when she explores a country that is more fascinating and valuable than what she gives us of her reading and study about that same country. It is for this reason that this reviewer waits with particular pleasure Miss Fergusson's account of her own city, due for publication before this review will see print, in fact. For rich stores from long-time observation about Albuquerque, New Mexico, should be garnered in that book.

KATHERINE SIMONS

Crow Field, by Margaret Currier Boylen. New York: Doubleday and Company, 1947. \$2.75.

Crow Field, according to its jacket, is the story of Ella Kinney, who comes to a summer theatre in New England to replace the former stage manager and designer who has mysteriously vanished. Within the twenty-four-hour time lapse of the story Ella has many strange encounters with the actors at Crow Field, and eventually she discovers the murderer of "good old Clem."

That's the story and if you stick to it you're done. For soon everyone in the book will seem to be talking stunningly worded nonsense and you'll finish under Mrs. Boylen's power, not your own.

Actually, *Crow Field* is one of the most precisely executed and exquisitely maneuvered allegories I've been fortunate enough to read. It is like a nest of graduated boxes, one opening to reveal another, but all of them related in shape and design. What first appeared to be an aberration of the author is calculation. The words have meanings as well as sound. And the delight of the reader becomes endless.

For me, it happened with Mrs. Tupp, who carries around a little blind dog, Sophie. Mrs. Tupp had been on the train that brought Ella to Crow

Field, and Ella meets her again at the theatre. As a housekeeper, Mrs. Tupp seems sinister, unreal and exasperating. It is only after you realize that Mrs. Tupp is actually Ignorance carrying around Wisdom (that dear little bulldog) that you begin half way to approach Mrs. Boylen on her own ground. Greta, at first sight, seems to be another of those inexplicable actor-characters. She is actually a symbol for Truth. And one more huge piece of the story falls into place with the beauty and accuracy that Mrs. Boylen intended and achieved.

Thus you go through an Artist's personal Gethsemane, her struggle to survive, as an Artist, in a world of horror where many times she is her own worst enemy. She meets Christianity — wedded to the Church but determined to embrace her. (This, incidentally, is one of the funniest episodes in the book.) She encounters Insight, that finally leaves her deserted at Crow Field, and Self-love, which murdered Compassion.

Even with these identifications the story won't always come clear for you. Much of what you might call intense writing is the backwash or overlap of the not clearly conscious mind. It is feeling with the isolated flavor and color of feeling. It is also experience distorted by more experience, all of it personal, until at times it's quite enough for the author to keep it personal and let the reader go hang. And hang you will on the pinnacles of Mrs. Boylen's unbeatable poetry-prose. For if you understood it all you'd have written it first yourself.

Aside from its allegorical significance, what is most important in Mrs. Boylen's writing is the humor. Much of it depends on her way of returning to the idiom after a flight into words that haven't been so successfully used since Shakespeare. Some of it is in imagery such as her description of the retreat of her ancestors: ". . . they turned their broad experienced backs and vanished, leaving a tracked-up place in the sunset to prove they had been there." Again it is simply the hilarity of a singular truth, such as her descriptions of the Church: "Had Luther known that his ninety-nine thunderbolts tacked on the door of the church at Württemberg would one day grow inextricably tangled, interlarded, buttressed, sunk and countersunk in fried chicken, lemonade, ice cream, potato salad, covered dishes, watermelon, three-legged races and rowing in the fetid pond — would he have smiled his work to see?" But most of it lies in the sly communication of one human's plight (the Author's) to another human (the reader) who has been there, plighted, before her.

In her first novel Mrs. Boylen has easily enough material for three. It is to be hoped that she returns to this book and selects one of the little graduated boxes and makes of it a complete story in itself. In one way her choice of form was unfortunate, for the book won't reach enough readers. But in another way it is just as well; her unique talent needed a release from the formalities of the conventional first novel.

Her publishers doubtless realized the book would not have "popular

appeal," but Doubleday also knows that very soon Mrs. Boylen will sit down quietly to write a masterpiece—although I'm not at all sure she hasn't already.

FRANCES MORGENROTH

The Last Circle: Stories and Poems, by Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: Farrar, Straus, and Company, 1946. \$3.00.

These short stories and poems are a good antidote for the front page of a newspaper. In them people love monogamously, fight for ideals rather than products, and in one way or another make sacrifices for the good of others. In direct statement these themes perhaps invite the charge of sentimentality, but in *The Last Circle*, dramatized in action and character, imagery and dialogue, they usually ring true. For one thing, the Devil may have left New Hampshire, but in *The Last Circle* he is still about to make bargains with Jabez Stones and to fight it out with Daniel Websters: there is no suggestion, furthermore, that he is an easy antagonist or that he always comes off second best.

The eleven poems are divided into two groups: war poems and those addressed to the poet's wife and children. The fifteen stories are printed in three groups. In the first, the action is in the past—as far back as "the beginning" in "As It Was in the Beginning" and as recent as P. T. Barnum in "The Angel Was a Yankee." Two stories in this group involve the supernatural. The second group brings the action up to the twentieth century. The third returns to earlier times, makes considerable use of the supernatural, and, like the first, ends with a fable, "The Land Where There Is No Death."

But in a loose sense many of these stories are fables, with broadly typical characters in some elemental quest or conflict, and it seems to me that few writers have done as well as Benét with this type of story. Though simple in outline, his characters are touched with a tenderness that makes them more than abstractions.

She was not looking at him, she was looking at the yard. She was looking out at the frosty stars. There was weariness on her face, and the star light could not give it back its youth, but there was a certain content as well. . . . Now she shivered, crossing her arms like a girl, and turned away from the window. . . .

The simple outline of character is given body not so much by the shading of complex individuality as by the author's sympathy and by integration with familiar—usually American—scene and tradition. Also through this latter quality Benét's supernaturalism becomes more than stage effect. His devils are not fake horrors, but natural symbols shaped in the folkways of living people.

Although comparatively few of the poems and stories of *The Last Circle* deal directly with the war, and none with actual fighting, all carry the impress of the time when they were written. The hatred of tyranny, the

dignity of man, the courage to be free, the oneness of all human life — themes revived during the war and now perhaps less popular — are implicit in almost every poem and story, and explicit in many.

The title is from "As It Was in the Beginning": "You drop a stone in a pool and the circles spread. But on what far shore of the pool does the last circle break?"

W. P. ALBRECHT

A GUIDE TO THE LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST

Lyle Saunders

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THIS BIBLIOGRAPHY, a service of the University of New Mexico's Research Bureau on Latin America and Cultural Relations in the Southwest, attempts to list, with such thoroughness as time and resources permit, current materials dealing with the Southwest. The Southwest, as here defined, includes all of New Mexico and Arizona and parts of Texas, Utah, Oklahoma, Colorado, Nevada, and California.

The symbol (F) designates fiction; (J) is used to indicate materials on the juvenile level.

Included in this issue are mainly those titles which were published or came to our attention between August 1 and September 30, 1947.

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LOS PAISANOS

Saludo a Todos Los Paisanos:

A few years ago Irwin Edman, distinguished author and teacher, wrote a very significant article, called "Look Homeward America," in which he deplored the fact that for over a hundred years artists and writers flocked to Europe seeking inspiration for creative work. He especially stressed what has been so apparent to all concerned, namely, that college literature has meant chiefly English literature, and that young Americans have been brought up on Dickens and Scott. In regretting that only recently have Americans begun to examine the materials of their own heritage, and their own present, he concluded the article by stating that "it hardly needed the catastrophe of a world war to make Americans, especially writers, aware of the civilization in which they are living."

Professor Edman's commentaries are very interesting for us to consider in relation to regional backgrounds. For instance, the children of New Mexico know all about Robin Hood, but nothing about "Little Joe the Wrangler." They thrill over the exploits of the Knights of the Round Table, but are quite unaware of the exploits of traders to the Indians. College students generally enjoy the epic *Beowulf*, but not many of them have ever read *The History of New Mexico* written by Gaspar de Villagr  in 1610, ten years before the landing of the Pilgrims. Not many of them have even read Gilberto Espinosa's beautiful and authentic translation of this thrilling epic poem, all the events of which happened on our own doorsteps. Fortunately, the oncoming generations are becoming acquainted with their own cultural heritage to some extent, because New Mexico schools and colleges are now integrating regional materials with national and international cultural patterns and backgrounds.

Another interesting point to be made in regard to this article is that since the turn of the century many American artists and writers have not only looked "toward" New Mexico for inspiration but have found it here in a way of life crisscrossed by Indian, Spaniard, and Anglo — a pattern which presented unifying universal characteristics as well as individual ones. Consider for a moment those artists, who instead of being attracted to the great art centers of Europe, came to this state and here founded the Taos Art Colony.

When considering those writers who have been attracted to New Mexico one is confronted with a long list. Some of the following have achieved international recognition, all of them national reputation: Charles Lummis, Adolphe Bandelier, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Mary Austin, Willa Cather, Witter Bynner, John Gould Fletcher, Haniel Long, Oliver La Farge, Conrad Richter. Some of these have written about the backdrop of our lives, and the figures, born or placed by destiny against that background, from the viewpoint of a spectator, in spite of a subjective approach. For that reason they will always be regarded by New Mexicans as "outsiders." Some of them have so passionately loved this part of America, and have so faithfully interpreted it to us, that they will never be considered as authors "who have passed this way." On rereading Mary Austin's, *The Land of Journey's Ending* recently, I had to stop and examine my conscience concerning my devotion to my native state.

The impact of contemporary relationships on our culture layers of civilization has remained practically untouched by the newcomers. Manifestations of the effect of the Atomic Age on a heritage centuries old are apparent from Taos to Acoma. For instance, a few weeks ago we took some guests to Córdoba, and Chimayó, isolated Spanish villages in the high mountain country south of Taos. The people there have always been largely self-sufficient. In their fields they raise corn, beans, chile, and melons. Wood haulers bring firewood from the hills; the wool for weaving comes from the flocks in the mountain pastures. Chimayó has been famous since the 18th century for its weavers, and Córdoba has produced some of the finest woodcarvers in the Southwest. As we approached Chimayó the only sign of activity to be seen was an old woman plastering a house. In Córdoba we saw a few children and a few women. There were no men working in the fields, or chopping wood, or relaxing in the village plazas as of old. "Where are all the

men?" we asked a young girl wearing blue jeans, and her shirt tails a la the modern co-ed. "Oh, they all work at Los Alamos," she answered. "They all leave early in the morning in great big busses, and they come home at night in big busses. They don't work here any more."

The group of writers who belong to New Mexico by virtue of having been born here is not as large as that one drawn here for literary inspiration, but their achievements are authentic and distinguished. They have fashioned poetry out of sky, mountain, and Indian dance; they have retold legend and folktale, reconstructed history from cave-man to cattleking, and brought to life gunman, trapper, missionary, and railroad builder. They have given to this generation a knowledge and an appreciation of our own past. Future generations will be grateful to them for having "looked homeward."

Hasta la próxima vez.

JULIA KELEHER

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Although given its basic support by the University of New Mexico, the NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW has always been mainly a labor of love. The editor has always had a one-fourth reduction in teaching load. Three years ago, Ada Rutledge was employed half-time on the magazine, to attend to business affairs and to serve as editorial assistant. Her capable services have made the editor's job less arduous, but no relief has yet been supplied to those other persons who, in addition to stated full-time duties, have long done a huge bulk of the work upon the magazine, voluntarily and without remuneration. Upon leaving the editorship after seven and one half years I wish to state publicly my gratitude to those persons.

Such a statement perhaps constitutes a most unusual *personal* note in a magazine. But surely there is enough impersonality elsewhere in the world today, and the quite spontaneous co-operation that has existed here is supposed to be one of the great values of the free life. I do not pretend that in our amateurishness we have achieved what professionals could have achieved. But spontaneous local efforts such as ours, amateurish as they may have been, are, I repeat, good evidence of the potential creativeness of co-operative effort.

It would be impossible to name all who have co-operated. First of all, innumerable contributors, on and off the campus, have given us every word of our contents entirely free. T. M. Pearce, editor of the magazine for many years, has continued his help and interest, as has Vernon G. Sorrell, editor of the *New Mexico Business Review*, which merged with this magazine in 1940. Joaquín Ortega has had a deep interest in the magazine. Through the School of Inter-American Affairs, of which he is the director, we have had the excellent services of Lyle Saunders for several years in preparation and editing of the quarterly Southwestern bibliography. Spud Johnson, now of the University's Harwood Foundation at Taos, has given us many an entertaining column. Other faculty members of the University of New Mexico, too many of them to mention individually, have stood loyally behind us, especially in book-reviewing. The University administration and the business office have helped us over many hard places.

Especial commendation and gratitude are due three persons who have managed regular departments. Julia Keleher, of the English department, has contributed "Los Paisanos" during all of my tenure and for some years before my time. As far as I know, she has never missed a deadline, even through mid-terms, semester finals, summer vacations, and all. Several readers have told me that "Los Paisanos" was the first thing they always read in the magazine—sometimes the only thing! Katherine G. Simons, also of the English department, always burdened with heavy teaching, which has been and probably always will be her major concern, has managed the book-review department with efficiency, intelligence, and a fine sense of balance between the regional and the general. Alan Swallow, who began his connection with us when he was a member of the English department, continued editing our Poetry section through several difficult years in the Army and while holding other posts at other universities. I dare say Swallow's poetry section has been our most "controversial" section, but it has certainly never been accused of being conventional, timid, or merely pretty. Swallow's reputation in the country at large bespeaks his high interest and ability in the encouragement of new creative talent. To these fellow "amateurs," my everlasting gratitude.

THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY REVIEW under a new editor will undoubtedly go upon new paths, as it should. What I wish to record here is simply that the old path, despite some brambles and no doubt some profitless meanderings, was, to me, a pleasant path because the company was so good and so loyal.

DUDLEY WYNN
Formerly Editor
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