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**THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY**

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*Editor—T. M. Pearce*

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Contributors to this Issue

GEORGE HOOD is a student of the University of New Mexico. He is one of the Navajo people. This is the third poem he has published in THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY; one of them, Navajo Song, was selected for publication in THE ANTHOLOGY OF COLLEGIATE VERSE for 1933.

NILS HOGNER is a New Mexican artist, famous for his drawings and paintings of Navajo life. He has lived in Albuquerque for several years.

DOROTHY HOGNER has written articles and sketches for two QUARTERLIES and for NEW MEXICO. She contributes to this issue material from a book of stories about the Navajos, in which she has as collaborator and illustrator, her husband, Nils.

HARVENA CONRAD RICHTER'S Shadows on the Sandias, is the prize-winning poem in the Poetry Contest conducted by the Woman's Club of Albuquerque. Prize winners and given honorable mention, are a number of other poets represented in this issue of the QUARTERLY: Lillian G. Sewell, Ansell McCoy, Dudley Peace, Robert Freeman Herter, Elsa Fisher Herlitz.

SIDNEY HAYES COX is a member of the English Department of Dartmouth College. He is author of The Teaching of English: Avowals and Ventures and co-editor of Prose Preferences, a new volume of which has just been published by Harpers.

GEORGE ST. CLAIR has given a good many years to the study of the poetry of E. A. Robinson. Dr. St. Clair's own newest book of poetry, Young Heart, was printed in the fall by Henry Harrison. Dr. St. Clair is chairman of the Department of English of the University of New Mexico.

JOHN CROWE RANSOME, American poet and teacher, has at Vanderbilt University, been one of a group of thinkers who are re-forming American thought about industrial and rural society. His books of poetry are Two Gentlemen in Bonds and Chills and Fever. He contributed to the increasingly well-known book of the Southern group, I'll Take My Stand.

FRANCES GILLMOR, novelist and teacher, has just seen Traders to the Navajo published by Houghton Mifflin. It is her third book, and is a collaborative project with Mrs. Louisa Wade Wetherell of Kayenta, Arizona. It is reviewed in this QUARTERLY. Miss Gillmor is a member of the English staff of New Mexico University.

IRENE FISHER has published poetry in a number of magazines, the QUARTERLY among them. She lives in Albuquerque where her profession is journalism.

H. G. MERRIAM, chairman of the Humanities Division in the University of Montana, is editor of the Frontier-Midland magazine, published in Missoula, Montana. Mr. Merriam is the editor of a book of Northwestern verse.

T. M. PEACE is co-editor of a Southwestern anthology called America in the Southwest, published by the University of New Mexico Press. He is editor of this magazine and a member of the English staff of New Mexico University.

HORACE GARDNER, student of the University of New Mexico, has just been awarded the Katherine Mather Simms prize for excellence in creative writing.

SIDDUR JON JOHNSON is a Texas poet whose book Agarita Berry has brought her widespread attention. Her poems have been published in Poetry, a Magazine of Verse, the Southwest Review, the New York Times and elsewhere.
The Hogan Song

By George Hood

Here I dwell,
A happy dwelling.
Beneath the east,
A happy dwelling.
From the east,
My father greets me,
A happy dwelling.

Here I dwell,
A happy dwelling.
Beneath the North,
A happy dwelling.
From the north
My guide leads me;
A happy dwelling.

Here I dwell,
A happy dwelling.
Beneath the South,
A happy dwelling.
From the South
My venison doth come,
A happy dwelling.

Here I dwell,
A happy dwelling.
Beneath the West
A happy dwelling.
From the West,
My rest doth come;
A happy dwelling.

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THE MAKING OF THE SUN AND MOON
Drawn by Nils Hogner for Hogan Tales
Hogan Tales
By DOROTHY CHILDS HOGNER

Note by the Editor:
The following tales are drawn from the vast store of Navajo myths and folk narratives which have interested ethnologist and writer alike. As part of a book of tales collected by Dorothy Hogner, they represent three large spheres of folk-lore among the Navajos—the ethnic myths, the chieftain hero tales, and the animal fables. The three stories printed here appear under general headings corresponding to these divisions, the “Tales of Very, Very Long Ago,” the “Big Long Man Stories,” and the “Coyote Stories.” The editor is pleased to present material of such interest to Southwestern readers and to lovers of folk literature, young and old. The frontispiece of this magazine reproduces one of the illustrations done for the book by Nils Hogner, the author’s artist husband, and advisor about the Navajos.

THE MAKING OF THE SUN AND MOON

LONG, long, ago when the people first came from the Under World, there was no sun in the sky by day and no moon in the sky by night. At dawn the White Light rose in the East and the Yellow Light in the West and when the two lights met in the sky it was day. It was quite dark and gloomy. The Navajos wanted more light.

“I will make more light,” said the First Man. From his hogan he brought a great piece of turquoise which he had carried with him from the Under World.

“From this stone I will make the Sun and hang it in the sky by day to make more light,” he said. The people gathered around and he chipped the blue turquoise stone until it was flat and round like a coin. Then he painted a face on the surface.

“This,” he said, “is the Sun. It will give light by day.” While the First Man admired his handiwork, the First Woman went to her hogan and brought out a white shell which she had carried from the Under World. She handed it to First Man.

“This,” she said, “will be the Moon. We shall hang it
in the sky by night and it will give a light when the Sun is gone."

First Man chipped it round and flat like the Sun and painted a face on its surface, too.

The next day he called a council of all of the head men and the medicine men. When they were seated, First Man asked:

"Can anyone here make the discs shine?"

"I can," said the Spider Medicine Man. "I will put light into the Sun and the Moon." So saying, he wove five threads, all of different colors around the discs. For twelve nights he sang, making good medicine over them. On the twelfth night the Sun and the Moon shone.

The First Man called another council and asked, "Will anyone carry the Sun across the sky?"

"I will," said Coyote. But no one would vote for Coyote. He was already known as a scamp.

"The Sun would never rise on time if Coyote carried it," said First Man and he asked, "Will anyone here carry the Moon across the sky?"

"I will," said Coyote, but the people refused his offer.

Just then two handsome young people were seen coming over the horizon. They rode on the backs of beautiful animals that the Navajos had never seen before. One of them was a young man and he was seated on the back of a Turquoise Blue Stallion. The other, a young woman, was seated on a beautiful White Mare. The people had never seen a horse before in their lives, neither did they know what to make of the handsome young man and woman.

"Why do you come here? Who are you? Where do you come from?" asked the people.

Neither of the strangers gave a name, but the handsome boy said, "I come to carry the Sun for you each day over the sky."

The beautiful woman said, "I come to carry the Moon each night over the sky."
The people were amazed but pleased. These handsome young people on their strange handsome animals seemed to be just the ones to carry the newly made Sun and Moon.

“Come to my house and start your journey there,” said the East Wind, who was also entranced with the strangers.

“Yes,” cried the people. “Go with the East Wind and climb up the sky from his home.”

Thus it happened that the handsome man and the beautiful woman on their strange animals rode into the East with the East Wind. On the next day the people watched anxiously for the Sun to rise. The white light of dawn came as usual. Then a glorious aurora of color filled the East. Sun rays shot up over the horizon.

“Here comes the Sun,” shouted the people and for the first time in the history of the world the great dazzling Sun rode up over the rim of the world. A bright warm light spread over the earth. The people danced and sang for joy.

“The Sun is beautiful and warm,” they cried. They watched it climb up, up to the very top of the sky. There, to their dismay, the Sun stopped.

“What is the matter?” cried the people. “Ride on with your Turquoise Blue animal, oh Carrier of the Sun,” they shouted up toward the sky. But the disc of the Sun did not move. At last a voice called down “I will stay here until you give me a human life.” It was the voice of the Sun Carrier.

“He is a witch,” cried First Man. “What shall we do?” The people shouted again at the Sun but it did not move an inch. It stayed glaring down at them from the roof of the sky. That very hour the runner came to say that the wife of a chief was dying. As she drew her last breath the Sun began to move once more and slowly it travelled on down into the west, leaving a trail of color behind it on the horizon. Dusk came and then darkness.

That night the people waited anxiously for the Moon to
rise in the dark night sky. Soon a glow spread over the East.

"Here comes the Moon," cried the people and, for the first time in all history, the copper-colored Moon rose up over the rim of the earth. A weird, soft light flowed over all the land. The people danced and sang for joy.

"The Moon is strange and beautiful," they cried. They watched it climb higher and higher until it, too, reached the roof of the sky. There, to the dismay of the people, it stopped as the Sun had stopped.

"What is the matter?" cried the people. "Ride on, Moon Carrier, on your beautiful white animal." But the disc of the Moon did not move. Finally a voice called down, "I will stay here until you give me a human life."

"She is a witch, too," cried the people.

It happened that an old warrior lay ill and that very hour he died. When he drew his last breath the Moon started moving slowly across the sky, down, down into the west.

From that day to this, people die day and night to satisfy the Sun and the Moon and ever since, the Sun and the Moon have travelled faithfully over the sky without stopping in their paths.

BIG LONG MAN GOES HUNTING

Big Long Man liked to go hunting every day. His wife scolded him and said, "Why don't you stay home and hoe the corn? Look at the garden. It is full of weeds." This was true. The corn needed hoeing and the land needed water from the irrigation ditch. But Big Long Man went hunting just the same.

"You had better be careful," warned his wife. "If you keep on chasing animals you will turn into one some day." Big Long Man just laughed and rode off on Grey Horse with his bow and quiver slung over his shoulder.

That day the ground was covered with new fallen snow, and soon the hunter came upon the tracks of Lynx Cat. He
tracked the foot prints to Big Tall Pine Tree, and there the tracks stopped. Big Long Man peered up into the thick branches of the tree. The branches were so thick that he could not see Lynx Cat, but there he sat, hiding high up among the thick pine needles.

Big Long Man got off his horse and threw the reins of the bridle on the ground so that the animal would stand under the tree. Then Big Long Man began circling around and around the tree trunk, peering up into the branches.

“Lynx Cat must be up there hiding,” said he to himself. “Here are his tracks to the foot of the tree. There are no tracks leading away.” He held his bow ready to shoot, a sharp pointed arrow fitted to the string. Round and round the tree trunk he circled. All this time Lynx Cat was sitting in the tree following every move of Big Long Man with his eyes.

Round and round walked Big Long Man, and round and round went Lynx Cat’s head, twisting this way and that to keep his eye on the hunter. After a while Lynx Cat got dizzy. He could scarcely see. Big Long Man kept right on walking around in circles on the ground below. Finally Lynx Cat got so dizzy that he could not keep his balance. He toppled over backwards. He tried to catch hold of a branch but he was too dizzy. As luck would have it he landed plunk on the top of Old Grey Horse, who was nodding and hanging his head, sleepily; under the tree. When Grey Horse felt the sharp claws of Lynx Cat dig into his back he did not know what was happening. He gave one squeal and one buck and started in a fast gallop toward the hogan of Big Long Man, with Lynx Cat riding on his back. Try as he would, Lynx Cat could not jump off Grey Horse’s back. His feet were tangled in the stirrup straps.

When Grey Horse came in sight of the hogan, the children of Big Long Man were playing in front of the door. The moment they saw Grey Horse coming at such a fast gallop they ran indoors calling to their mother.
“Here comes Father. He must have killed an animal already. He is riding very fast.”

“I do wonder what brings him home so early,” said Mrs. Big Long Man. She ran to the door as Grey Horse came plunging along with the strange rider clinging to his back. When Mrs. Big Long Man saw Lynx Cat, she gave a scream. Then she began to scold.

“What did I tell you, Big Long Man,” she said to Lynx Cat. “I warned you that you would change into an animal if you went hunting every day and neglected your corn patch. Now I have a fine husband. Get along with you and don’t come back again until you have your own skin on.” So saying, she gave Lynx Cat a cut with a switch. With a yowl Lynx Cat disentangled his feet and leapt from the back of Grey Horse. Away he ran, glad enough that the ride was finished.

Along about sundown, Big Long Man came limping across the valley. His feet were blistered. He was tired and cross.

“Where is my supper?” he shouted as he came in sight of his hogan.

Mrs. Big Long Man was inside the hogan cooking a mutton stew.

“If Big Long Man is still a Lynx Cat,” said Mrs. Big Long Man to her children, he will get another cut with this switch for his supper.” She picked up a long switch and went to the door of the hogan. There was Big Long Man limping home wearily.

“So, you have turned back into a man,” said Mrs. Big Long Man. “Now will you be sensible and hoe your corn? I won’t be keeping any Lynx Cats for husbands.”

Big Long Man was too tired to heed his wife’s scoldings.

“I will hoe my corn tomorrow,” he said. “Now please give me my supper.”

“See that you do hoe the corn,” replied Mrs. Big Long Man. “I don’t want Lynx Cats around my hogan.”
"What on earth is she talking about?" said Big Long Man to himself. But he was too tired to argue with his wife and he said no more out loud.

COYOTE AND ROCK LIZARDS

On the way home, Coyote saw a group of Rock Lizards playing a game. Their scaly bodies shone beautifully in the sunlight. Coyote was as curious as ever. He trotted over to the rocks to find out what the Lizards were doing. They were playing on a wide flat rock which dipped steeply into Red Rock Canyon. At the top of the Rock was a pile of round smooth stones. The Lizards took turns riding down hill on these stones. A Lizard would balance on top of a stone ready to ride. He would blow out his cheeks, and hiss, and the other Lizards would give him a shove. The Lizards were clever. They moved their small feet as fast as the stones, letting them spin beneath them. Away they scooted with their tails and heads held high. Not a single Lizard made a misstep. Not one lost his balance and fell off.

It was a thrilling game and Coyote admired it more than any other game he had ever seen. For a time he sat patiently watching. At last he could not sit idle any longer and he begged the Lizards to let him join them in their play.

"No," said the Lizard who was just ready to ride. "Go away." He puffed out his cheeks and hissed and off he went whizzing down the wide flat rock surface.

Coyote asked the next rock slider.

"No," replied the second Lizard just as his cousin had done. "This is a dangerous game. You would get hurt."

"I am the fastest of all the animals," boasted Coyote. "Besides, I can jump farther, too. Do let me play."

"No," replied Lizard. But when Coyote asked the fourth time they placed a stone at the top of the slide and told Coyote to balance himself upon it. Coyote carefully placed his four feet on the small stone. He wrapped his tail close to his body to keep it out of his way.
“Let go. Let me go,” he shouted to the Lizards who were balancing him. The other Lizards gave him a gentle shove and away he went with his fur blowing in the breeze. He shifted his feet quickly as the stone revolved and he slid all the way to the bottom without falling. He hurried back up the slide and as soon as he reached the top of the wide rock he said, “That is fun. Let me ride again, Lizards.”

“No, no,” hissed the Lizards. “Enough. Leave us.” But Coyote was not thinking of leaving. He bothered the Lizards until they gave him two more rides. Each time he rolled the stone to the bottom without a mishap. Now if Coyote had only been satisfied with three rides, all would have been well. But he was not satisfied. Not a bit of it. He came up the fourth time and said:

“Let me have just one more turn, cousins.” The Lizards were now thoroughly out of patience. They gathered together and whispered in council. In the meantime Coyote was carefully placing his feet on a round stone as before. Two Lizards left the council and came up behind him. Instead of giving him a gentle shove, they pushed with all their strength. He started down the steep slide so fast that he could hardly see. Faster and faster and faster rolled the stone. It spun beneath Coyote’s feet until he could no longer keep up with it. Out flew his feet from under his body, and he landed with a skid and a plop at the bottom of Red Rock Canyon. The sliding stone rolled over him, and when the Lizards got to the bottom of the canyon there was nothing left of Coyote but pieces. He was scattered to bits over the Canyon bottom. Here and there were pieces of his arms and legs, of his fur and of his skin. When the Lizards saw what they had done they were frightened.

“We will get in trouble for killing Coyote,” said First Lizard. “When Coyote’s friends find out about our tricks they will come and kill us.”

“True,” said all of the Lizards, “but what can we do?”

“Well,” said First Lizard. “Coyote does not carry his
vital parts where we do. He carries his vital parts in the tip of his nose and the tip of his tail. If we can find the tip of his nose and the tip of his tail we can put him all together again and he will be as good as ever."

"Good," said the other Lizards. They scurried around and commenced to pick up the pieces of Coyote's body and stick them together again.

"Here is his heart," cried one Lizard. "Here is a tooth," cried another Lizard. "Here is a nail. Here is his right eye. Here is a bit of fur." As each Lizard found a new bit of Coyote's body he fitted it into the right place. At last Coyote was all joined together again, but he lay still on the ground as dead as a stone.

"Why does he not come to life?" cried the Lizards.

"We have not yet found the tip of his nose and the tip of his tail," replied First Lizard. They hunted again and after a while two of the Lizards came scurrying up with the tip of Coyote's tail and the tip of his nose. Carefully they stuck these bits on the ends of Coyote's body. Coyote's body began to heave up and down. He breathed. The Lizards all shouted for joy. But Coyote did not get up from the ground. He just lay there breathing, but not moving another bit.

"We must make a dance around him," directed First Lizard. He gathered sand and began to scatter it over the body of Coyote. The other Lizards joined hands making a circle around the body and they danced while First Lizard made magic medicine with the sand.

Suddenly Coyote's legs began to twitch. He yawned and stretched and stood up. In a moment he was alive and as strong as ever. The first words that he spoke were:

"Let us go to the top of the slide again and play the game of rock sliding. Now that you know how to put me together, you need not be afraid."

The Lizards hissed angrily. "No," they cried. With-
out more talk they scurried to their homes in the Red Rock and did not play the rock sliding game for many days.

Ever since that day the Navajos have used the sand that has touched a Lizard’s body to make good medicine for sick people.
SHADOWS ON THE SANDIAS

By HARVENA CONRAD RICHTER

Eons into starless nights
the gods wrestled
with this rock,
casting, shaping, smoothing
the molten mass:
carving the giant figureheads,
turrets of ancient fortresses,
and Pharaoh's pyramids.
Now the cliffs are weathered
and the faces gaze with dimmed eyes
across the sand hills,
like aged chiefs at sunset.

The arid soil has yielded
piñons and cedars,
staunch on conical red hills,
ovens of a race of giants that is gone.
Where once was spilled
a profusion of rich ores,
now fir and spruce silver the dark hills—
walking among the clouds—
holding company with
the blaring sunflowers that follows the arroyos—
shadowing the scarlet tongues
of Penstamen toreii and asters, colored
like distant mesas against the reef of sunset.
High on the wind-swept ridges,
paved with natural flag-stones,
fox-pines battle the storm
above chrome aspen trunks that stoop to tell
the story of the winds.

Indian paintbrush,
purple monkshood,

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a profusion of spectrum colored flora
sprinkle the grassy slopes above timber line.
Under the rim
aspen bloom in shaded clefts,
swarming down the canyons
until they meet the yellow pines,
lifting their vigorous cinnamon boles
into the heady air.

Here Indians came from Acoma
to fish the waters of this rock,
to track for deer this virginal, high-pointing forest,
these Titan, rotting trunks made soft by moss.
Now white men have scratched ant trails
where the moccasin left no scar.
Sawmills have despoiled these plumed slopes
where now only scrub oaks
paint their ochres and sepias
when frosts ride down from Colorado.

Civilization has reached these solitudes.
The spawn of man
haunts the rugged canyons to play cards,
destroying the echoes
with inane laughter.
God cannot build barb-wire fences
to keep them out.
New England and Robert Frost

By Sidney Hayes Cox

Spring comes hard in New England. Snow consolidates in shady corners and in thick woods to resist the sun and mellowing atmosphere, sometimes until June. And north of Boston frosts pertinaciously renew resistance to the buds and shoots; some years there are blizzards long after scillas and mayflowers, the white and pink arbutus, have dared expose their petals. That tenacity of the rigorous old winter points up the pink and gold of spring, renders the commonplace resplendence of even dandelions heroic when the first late April clump flashes on our eyes.

All New England loveliness is peculiarly a triumph. It wears the glory, proves the inherent strength of a good that almost couldn't be. The Persian riotousness of autumn purple, crimson, scarlet, burnt orange, lemon, lustrous brown and burnished russet along our woodlots, hillsides, and orchards, woodbine on barnsides and wandering over low stone walls, marks the sanguinary climax of fierce and passionate resistance. Even in defeat it is paradoxically defiant, and we who live here know the old leaves will in seeming to settle and relent be raising from their heaped ruin near the roots the young pink and gold of another indissuadable renewal.

Even in winter the beauty of our sombre landscape is incised by a sturdy fortitude too laconic for a smile. The sculptured whiteness of our deepening, deepening snow would be cadaverous and intolerable if it were not for the stark elms making their black lace against gray and cold blue skies. The sinewy though delicate maples we know will not die even though they shed gallon after gallon of their sap in March before the snow has let up and retracted. Our virginal white birches insist on their own superior whiteness from whose black twigs the daintiest green will flaunt once more. And our hemlocks, spruces, firs, cedars, pines,
though they give up here and there a browned row or tuft of needle-leaves always hold out green beneath their hundredweights of snow. Green squads, platoons and regiments, though hostage in appearance, guarantee to dwellers in weathered, rambling farmhouses and white villages the return in force of all the leaves and flowers—all at any rate, except here and there a too soft-natured exotic in a woman-made garden.

The New England summer, all green and in the wide valleys luxuriant, is perhaps most of all a reserved and unromanticized record of the coming through in spite of resistance that might be thought too powerful to be worth encountering. That which won't give up holds every blade of grass, all the potato stalks, and every head of cabbage where ledge, rock, hard clay, or, along the sea coast, sterile sand has done its utmost to check and daunt, to gnarl, to beat into abandoning the effort. A special pathos but never an inkling of self pity attends the summers far north where at best the triumph cannot be for long; early frosts that end it all only make the audacious summer the more quietly poignant.

The wildness of New England, I am saying, is not subdued. It is merely shrewd, and tempered and reserved to carry on the inexorable natural and internal conflict. Through that conflict geographical New England unostentatiously achieves a synthesis so simple that hasty travelers never penetrate to its deep surge and counterthrust. The forces are not less tremendous because they give and take with a reciprocal potential that approaches equipoise. Life still comes through. What lives at all in New England has met and momentarily dominated the full power of anti-life. It is vulnerable still, and doomed, but it is life at its most concentrated. It is full essence.

New England people are like their dwelling place. The ingrained New Engander is tough, sinewy, difficult, exacting, full of sap. He and she seem cool, or in their absence
of easy flowing sentiment and quick, crackling emotions, cold; they have heat enough to survive the winters of many a discontent. The measure of their animation is the constancy and the intensity of what they have stood off without whine or appeal; or let it be the composure many of them have effected in their lives out of deep contradictory desires that slowly coalesced and ceased to balk and wind each other in futile throes.

New Englanders are often quiet and sober when other people would be violently excited. The stimulus that rouses exclamations of delight, ejaculations of disgust, peals of laughter or groans of sorrow from a simpler nature, in them arouses at the same time recollections of pain involved with the delight, of joy felt in the action that brought on the disgusting consequence, of grief incident to the folly which provokes the laughs, or relief from misery vouchsafed by the very disaster that elicits groans.

To understand them you must assess not the quantity of overt emotion but the ratio of the emotion expressed to the internal resistance from other emotions felt at the time or previously ingrained in their character. You must also realize that they seem contemplative and retarded in decision and action because secretly they are preparing to act with exceptional commitment and awareness of the fatal finality of deeds.

And beware of disposing of New Englanders as traditional. They inherit unashamedly more than a little of the tradition of old England, but in the three centuries of being New they have put new curvatures on all the old traditions. And the traditional recurved to living is original.

Yet when you know the New Englander with his scorn for exhibitionism, his understatement, his reserve, his refusal to explain, his seeming simple words that have three edges, you are but getting to know man. Just as when you get to know the tense conflict of nature in New England you are getting concentrated knowledge of the earth.
The material of Robert Frost's poems is those two kinds of knowledge, knowledge of man and knowledge of earth. But he is a New Englander, and doesn't tell all he knows. He uses it. Instead of generalizing he tells a story, or makes an unemphatic comment on mowing hay, a pile of neglected cord wood, or a dried up brook. You can easily miss what he means if you aren't alert for the equivalent for a cocked head or a screwed up left eye.

He has both the Yankee tendency to turn things over in his mind and see if he can't extract some hint for later exigencies and the Yankee inclination not to say much but wait until he sees. What he does say sounds more tentative and casual, often, at first hearing, than the long time he has whittled over it would seem to warrant.

His stories and meditative monologues, are within limits, have a time and place. He lets the reader suppose him hampered to slight significance within those limits, the way a New England farmer sometimes lets a visitor suppose him tethered to his pasture. General truths apart from cases have a way of ceasing to be true. And so instead of extracting meanings he leaves them where they are, and attempts, with sly casualness to inveigle us into taking the second, deeper look. If we look we find every poem of his is a specimen, a sample. Like a generalization it stands for many experiences; but it has not lost, in the process of abstraction, reality.

One of the errors seekers of the universal sometimes make with this hard-headed Yankee is supposing that in New England he is in retirement, that he has escaped the harsh conditions of industrialized and cosmopolitan life. They don't know that he has had a San Francisco boyhood, a factory city youth, a period of "turning to fresh tasks" as he wandered in the south, a time of working on a newspaper, and plenty of samples of London and New York. They don't know how intimately he has been "acquainted with the night." He knows the special conditions of our times, all
right. But, more important, he accepts harsh and resistant conditions, as characteristic of life in all times.

As his poems give shape, not to the abstraction of ideas from conditional experience, but to the demonstration of significance within limiting conditions, so, he suggests, in living the way is not to escape conditions, but to look for the possibilities within them and to see what can be made of the possibilities.

He likes conditions. The fun of life is in proving that you can make something within conditions, and even with limitations inside you. Poetry is the more worthy of the efforts of a grown man when he accepts in addition to all the limitations around and within him the special limitations of traditional rime and meter. If within artificial and arbitrary constraints a poet can contrive to be natural, free, in full command; if he can coerce the external form to coalesce with the form of his thought and participate in setting up in readers an experience corresponding to his own, then the poem itself is, as a technical performance, a small illustration of man's ground for faith.

Just as a proficient acrobat keeps increasing the difficulties and hazards of his act, so Robert Frost imposes extra conditions on himself and, like the acrobat, converts them to elements of beauty. The use of the sounds of New England speech in his new variant on blank verse appeared to early readers of his poetry, adverse to the very nature of poetry. But it has enabled him to arrest and render the emotional complex and contour of specimen human beings in a variety of specimen crises just as it reluctantly, shyly reveals itself, unsimplified, unidealized, in actual every day living. And the use of the runs, pauses, clutches, undertones and rare escaping shrillnesses, and the indirect and oblique idioms of speech has also enabled him to avert the reading of his poems with a ready-made poetry-reading adjustment, to set up a reference in the reader which, in so far as he succeeds afterwards in winning confidence and joyful participation,
necessitates the reader's seeing, feeling, sharing, and in a measure understanding desires, struggles, relationships of actual New England lives never clearly known to him before.

In lyrics as truly as in narrative poems of Robert Frost's, there is always for the reader as well as within the poem a maximum of the resistance, the almost frustrating conditioning, the dramatic conflict that constitutes living in New England and on earth. For that reason many readers long begrudged him recognition as a lyric poet. You have to exert yourself, and make something against resistance, in really reading any of his poems. But if you respond to his calmly assured and unostentatiously humorous invitation which is also a challenge, you often experience, as you leave the poem, a singular sense of something accomplished, an energizing sense of renewed freedom within the multiplying limits of your own life.

For life in New England is hard, and yet enjoyable if you can stand, withstand, and bend nature and your own nature to a gradually clarifying, concentrating yet complex desire. And is not New England just a good synecdoche for earth?
E. A. Robinson and Tilbury Town

By George St. Clair

Note: The setting of many of Robinson's poems is Tilbury Town, the name he gives to his native village, Gardner, Maine. In this study, whose purpose is to determine the truth or falsity of his portraits of the villagers, these poems have been used: the sonnets—Reuben Bright, Aaron Stark, Annadale, Shadrach O'Leary, A Man From Our Town, and the lyric and narrative poems—Richard Cory, Miniver Cheevy, Mr. Flood, Isaac and Archibald, and Captain Craig.

The time is some year far in the future.

Edwin Arlington Robinson, by many authorities regarded as the most distinguished poet our country has produced, has just died. He has paused on his flight to some other star, detained for examination by the Recording Spirit.

The Court Room, situated somewhere out in space, is brilliantly star-lighted, but very plainly furnished.

Behind a severe-looking desk sits the Recording Spirit. He is white-bearded, serene, and benignant. At the right of the desk is seated the Prosecuting Spirit, a stern and melancholy individual. All the weight of all the woes of the little planet swinging so far below him seems graven on his face though at times a curious twinkle in his eyes belies his apparent severity.

The poet sits at the left of the desk. The usual preliminary questions of a court room have already been asked, and the Magistrate has just requested the stern Spirit at his right to give his reasons for detaining Mr. Robinson. Rising from his place, the Prosecuting Spirit reads his indictment slowly and gravely.

Prosecutor—I accuse Mr. Robinson of having painted a false and unsympathetic picture of the village in which he passed his childhood. I charge him with having drawn only harsh, crabbed, and bitter failures, often incomprehensible, but just as cold and hard as are the rocks of his native Maine. I assert that he has failed to see the hidden kindliness and neighbourliness of these no doubt dour souls, and that, in his preoccupation with
wasted and futile lives, he has betrayed his high calling as an Apostle of Beauty and Truth.

RECORDING SPIRIT—(Rising. There is a look of doubt and pain on his kind face. His tones are sweet and gentle.) Is this indictment true, Mr. Robinson? I hope not. What defense have you?

MR. ROBINSON—Your Honor, I am no lawyer, nor am I accustomed to speak in public. I should like to ask one favor of the Court, however.

REC. SPIRIT—What is it?

MR. ROB.—I should like to call in certain townsmen of mine and have you question them. If their testimony proves these charges true, then I shall be willing and glad to suffer whatever punishment you may impose upon me.

REC. SPIRIT—Certainly. Who is it you wish to call in?

MR. ROBINSON—May I make a list of these people, Your Honor?

REC. SPIRIT—By all means. Make your list.

(The poet sits down and makes his list, and then hands it to the Spirit.)

REC. SPIRIT—Will you, Prosecuting Spirit, see that these souls are called in?

PROS. SPIRIT—Yes, Your Honor. (He goes out.)

REC. SPIRIT—While we are waiting, Mr. Robinson, do you mind telling me what your aims and purposes were in writing your poetry?

MR. ROB.—Your Honor, I felt something burning within me that would not let me be quiet, something that was always saying, "You must write. You must record what you see, but you must see and record truly. You must not romanticize as your immediate predecessors did; you must look with clear eyes upon life in all its complexities, observe its tangles, its welter of cross purposes, its beauty but also its ugliness, its good but also its evil." I had no theories to prove, Your Honor. If I
have presented sadness and sorrow and futility frequently, it is because I saw so much of them in life.
(At this moment, the Prosecuting Spirit returned. He is followed by a group of souls, most of them rather dejected in appearance.)

PROS. SPIRIT—Here they are, Your Honor.

REC. SPIRIT—Kindly read their names! Souls, answer to your names!

PROS. SPIRIT—Reuben Bright! (Each soul steps forward as his name is called and answers, "Here!") Aaron Stark! Richard Cory! Miniver Cheevy! Mr. Flood! Shadrach O'Leary! Annandale! The Man From Tilbury Town! Isaac! Archibald! Captain Craig!

REC. SPIRIT—Now that these souls have come here, Mr. Robinson, what do you wish to do with them? Some of them seem to have come from a distant and warmer place. Do you desire to question them?

MR. ROB.—Your Honor, may each one be allowed to present himself as I have painted him? I ask nothing more, nor shall I offer any other defense.

REC. SPIRIT—It shall be as you wish. Shall they be called in the order you have here?

MR. ROB.—If you please, Your Honor.

REC. SPIRIT—Then, call the first soul, Prosecuting Spirit. But wait! I shall first give them all an idea of what is expected of them. You must know that Mr. Robinson here, who called you into being, has been charged with presenting a false picture of you and your village. To combat this accusation, he summons you here. You are to speak truthfully—though it scarcely seems necessary to tell you that, since none can speak a lie in this star and live—of yourselves and your lives. Now we are ready, Prosecuting Spirit.

PROS. SPIRIT—Reuben Bright! Tell your story!

REUB. BRIGHT—(A big, full-blooded, shambling man, with a trace of tears on his ugly face.) I was a butcher, Judge.
I didn’t know very much an’ I didn’t have much education, but I had a pretty good little business, an’ I had a good wife, too, Judge. An’ I loved her. We was getting along fine an’ then she dies. Well, I cried all night, Judge, I couldn’t help it, and then when they had put her away I tore down my slaughter house. That’s all I remember, Judge.

REC. SPIRIT—That is all you remember, Reuben, because here you have only the memory of good things done. Stand back, Reuben, and wait!

PROS. SPIRIT—Aaron Stark!

REC. SPIRIT—(Shrinking back, he covers his face with his hands at the sight of Aaron, who is a mean, wizened, and naked soul, of repulsive aspect.) Surely this shrivelled soul does not belong in this star, Prosecuting Spirit?

PROS. SPIRIT—No, Your Honor, he was summoned especially for this investigation from the world of utter darkness.

REC. SPIRIT—Well, let’s get through with him as quickly as possible and thrust him out where he belongs. What did you do, Aaron Stark, on your miserable earth?

AARON—(Whining and cringing) I didn’t do nothin’, please Your Honor. I loaned people money and took a good interest for it but I had a right to it an’—

REC. SPIRIT—Hurry up! Did you ever give anybody anything?

AARON—No, Your Honor, that would have been bad business.

REC. SPIRIT—Did you ever say a kind word to anyone or smile at a little child.

AARON—No, Your Honor, but I laughed once.

REC. SPIRIT—So, you laughed once, did you! And what was the occasion of that laugh?

AARON—When I heard poor fools pitying me, Your—
REC. SPIRIT—Take him away at once! (He is obeyed.) He doesn't help your case, I'm afraid, Mr. Robinson.

Mr. Rob.—I'm not trying to stack the cards in my favor, Your Honor.

REC. SPIRIT—That is in your favor, at least. Who is the next witness, Prosecuting Spirit?

Pros. Spirit—Richard Cory, come forward!

REC. SPIRIT—What did you do in life, Mr. Cory?

Mr. Cory—(He is a slim, clean-favored, handsomely-dressed gentleman, very graceful and self-assured, in spite of his face, which is baked like fireclay!) As I was a gentleman and wealthy, Your Honor, I did not need to do anything. I did, it is true, brighten the lives of my fellow-townsmen, by strolling among them and occasionally giving them a smile.

REC. SPIRIT—Do you belong in this Star?

Mr. Cory—No, Your Honor.

REC. SPIRIT—Why?

Mr. Cory—I killed myself, Your Honor.

REC. SPIRIT—Killed yourself! You were rich, admired by everybody, with every reason for living, and yet you killed yourself! Why did you do it?

Mr. Cory—I don't know; Your Honor. I never understood it myself. I just put a bullet through my head.

REC. SPIRIT—Can you explain his action, Mr. Robinson?

Mr. Robinson—I'm afraid not, Your Honor. It just seemed the right way for him to go.

REC. SPIRIT—He is another count against you, then?

Mr. Rob.—I must admit it, Your Honor.

REC. SPIRIT—Do you hold any resentment against him, Mr. Cory?

Mr. Cory—No, Your Honor. I felt that was as good a way to go as any other.

REC. SPIRIT—You are a cynic, Mr. Cory. We do not like cynics here. Take him away! He and that miser make a good pair. Call the next witness, Prosecuting Spirit.
PROS. SPIRIT—Miniver Cheevy! (Miniver Cheevy steps forward. He is lean and lank, but shining-eyed. He is dressed in a splendid suit of Milan armor.)

REC. SPIRIT—That is a beautiful suit you are wearing, Mr. Cheevy.

MIN. CHEEVY—Yes, Your Honor. It is what I like about this Star. For the first time in my life, I am wearing what I want to—I mean, what I dreamed all my life of wearing, and now—

REC. SPIRIT—That is all very good, Mr. Cheevy, but, did you do anything worth while there on your earth?

MIN. CHEEVY—Nothin’ much, Your Honor, but I did keep a sort of vision of beautiful things alive in my heart.

REC. SPIRIT—But your dream or vision never came true?

MIN. CHEEVY—No, Your Honor, it never did till now.

REC. SPIRIT—Then, what did you do?

MIN. CHEEVY—I just scratched my head and thought and thought and then as I couldn’t find any answer, I took to drinking.

REC. SPIRIT—Um! Not such a bad solution of your problem. Do you hold anything against Mr. Robinson?

MIN. CHEEVY—Not at all, Your Honor. He made me different, anyway, from anybody else in Tilbury Town.

REC. SPIRIT—So life did not seem gloomy and futile to you?

MIN. CHEEVY—I should say not! As long as a fellow has somethin’—

REC. SPIRIT—Yes, that is all, Mr. Cheevy. Stand over there with Mr. Bright. Call the next one, Prosecuting Spirit!

PROS. SPIRIT—Mr. Flood! (A portly, jolly-faced man, with a rubicund nose comes forward. In his hand he carries a fat and jolly-looking jug.)

REC. SPIRIT—You seem happy, Mr. Flood. Were you so on earth, too?

MR. FLOOD—No, Your Honor. I was pretty much of a failure generally. I outlived my friends and came to live
alone in a lonely house. No, I wasn't happy, except when this jug of mine was full.

REC. SPIRIT—But you found some pleasure in life then! You had your share, no doubt. Do you place any blame upon your creator, this poet here?

MR. FLOOD—Blame, Your Honor! Why no! He just wrote me down as he found me. And he did give me my one moment of glory. I thank him for that.

REC. SPIRIT—Join those other two over there, Mr. Flood. Another witness, Prosecuting Spirit!

PROS. SPIRIT—Shadrach O'Leary, step forth! (Shadrach O'Leary, a small, gross-faced man, whose face, however, bears marks of long thought, takes his place in front of the desk.)

REC. SPIRIT—What was your occupation on earth, Mr. O'Leary?

SHAD. O'LEARY—Your Honor, I started out as a poet, and—

REC. SPIRIT—A poet! That is interesting. We get singularly few poets up here, considering how many there are down on your planet who call themselves that. What kind of poetry did you write?

SHAD O'LEARY—I started with love poetry, Your Honor.

REC. SPIRIT—Love poetry! You don't look like a poet of love. Did you manage to sell it?

SHAD. O'LEARY—Sometimes I did, but I got tired of it, and so I tried to write something grand and sublime to inspire men. I found I couldn't do that. Then, I began writing verses in the Eddie Guest manner and—

REC. SPIRIT—Stop there! That condemns you. Take him away! (He is taken out.) You haven't done yourself any good with this witness, Mr. Robinson. We have neither time nor inclination for such versifiers.

MR. ROB.—But he is a liar, Your Honor. What I meant for him to write was idealistic, mystic verse, freighted with man's constant, though thwarted, aspirations. I wanted
him to sing of our constant striving after the Light, the Gleam.

REC. SPIRIT—What Light, What Gleam?
MR. ROB.—I don’t exactly know myself, Your Honor, but it was a mystic sort of symbol. It stood for what I felt man needed, something higher than himself—

REC. SPIRIT—A symbol of God, perhaps?
MR. ROB.—Perhaps, Your Honor.

REC. SPIRIT—Well, I shall forget the evidence of that witness, since you say he is not trustworthy. Who is next?

PROS. SPIRIT—Mr. Annandale, Your Honor.

REC. SPIRIT—Come forward, Mr. Annandale. (A large man, with very loose clothing, steps to the desk. His face bears a very puzzled expression, as of one always about to ask a question.) Tell us about yourself.

MR. ANNANDALE—I’m sorry, Your Honor, I can’t do that.
REC. SPIRIT—Can’t do it! What do you mean?

MR. ANNANDALE—I mean, Your Honor, I can’t tell you anything about myself because I’ve never understood myself. I am an enigma to myself.

REC. SPIRIT—Perhaps you were to your creator, too. How about it, Mr. Robinson? Can you help us here?

MR. ROB.—I’m afraid not, Your Honor. I have often puzzled myself over this man and have never found an answer.

REC. SPIRIT—At least, he doesn’t hurt you, then. Where is your station, Mr. Annandale?

MR. ANNANDALE—I don’t rightly know, Your Honor. I wander everywhere trying to find myself and my home but I don’t seem to get anywhere. Perhaps you could help me, Your Honor?

REC. SPIRIT—(Shaking his head regretfully) Too bad! You will have to continue your wanderings. Some day, you may meet up again with Mr. Robinson. He may have you figured out by that time. Good luck and good bye. (Mr. A. goes out.) Send the next one here.
Prosecuting Spirit. We are taking a long time to examine all these witnesses, aren’t we?

Pros. Spirit—Yes, Your Honor, they are all like their maker in one respect, at least. They are all lengthy talkers, but good ones, too, I’ll admit. Next witness! The Man from Tilbury Town! (The Man takes his place. He seems at first glance a most unimpressive person, one that would be passed over in any crowd. At least, at first. As one looks closely at him, however, some sort of strange power seems to flow from him, a kind of spiritual emanation.)

Rec. Spirit—So you’re the Man from Tilbury Town! What is your name?

Man—I don’t have any name, Your Honor.

Rec. Spirit—No name, eh? That’s strange! What was your business?

Man—Your Honor, I didn’t have any kind of regular business. I just went around, doing odd jobs here and there and picking up a few dollars as I needed them.

Rec. Spirit—Was that all you did? Was that enough to justify your creation and existence? How about it, Mr. Robinson?

Mr. Rob.—Your Honor, this man always had a strange fascination for me. He seemed so negligible and unimportant, and yet everybody in Tilbury Town knew him, trusted him, and asked his advice on everything. The neighborhood seemed different after he was gone, and men mourned him sincerely. There was an increase in a man like him.

Rec. Spirit—There is a peculiar spiritual flow from him. He will be one of your best witnesses, Mr. Robinson. Take your place with those over there, Man! (The Man does so.)

Pros. Spirit—(Calling to the group still remaining) What is the matter there? (There is no reply, but a little, bald-headed old man detaches himself from the group...
and shuffles up to the desk. He wears faded and worn overalls, which are glorified by a pair of shining wings. From these a radiant silver light proceeds.)

REC. SPIRIT—Who are you? Why do you push yourself forward before you are called? (As the little man starts to answer, he is interrupted by another man, who looks much like his twin brother.)

OLD MAN—Don’t hold it against Isaac, Your Honor. Him and me got to disputin’ back there because I made up my mind he wasn’t goin’ to speak without me. You see, we was always together down home, leastways when we wasn’t workin’ on our own farms and—(He pauses for breath.)

REC. SPIRIT—Good! I’ll get a chance to talk now. Who are you?

OLD MAN—Why, I’m Archibald, Your Honor, and this old rascal here is Isaac. We was neighbors but I had a better farm—

REC. SPIRIT—I see. And you were friends on earth?

ARCHIBALD—Yes, Your Honor, but I was always stronger than him—

ISAAC—(Indignantly breaks in on him) That’s not so, Your Honor!

ARCHIBALD—It was, too, Your Honor. And then we used to have words sometimes when I beat him at Seven-Up.

REC. SPIRIT—Seven-Up, eh! That’s curious. I used to be pretty good at that game myself. We’ll have to get together some time, Archibald.

ARCHIBALD—Any time you like, Your Honor. You and me and Isaac. I couldn’t play without old Isaac.

REC. SPIRIT—Do you think this charge against Mr. Robinson is true?

ARCHIBALD—No, Your Honor. He created for me a friend, and that’s about the best thing a man can have. An’ he made me and Isaac work hard and be happy with our farms and our apple cider and our game of Seven-Up.
An' he made me see the Light behind the Stars. Ain't I right, Isaac?

ISAAC—Your Honor, this old friend of mine is generally wrong and generally a fool, especially when he thinks he can beat me at Seven-Up, but this time he's right, an' he's a tellin' the truth. If there was any happier people in our township I didn't know them.

REC. SPIRIT—So you don't think you were harsh and crabbed and bitter failures, eh?

ISAAC—Not us, Your Honor. We was just common, ordinary old dirt and rock farmers, and we had a pretty hard time on those stony farms of ours, but that wasn't Mr. Robinson's fault, and we praised the Lord at times, and found the days glorious, and enjoyed the wayside flash of leaves, and the warmth and the wonder of it all, and the cold, too, an' liked our hard cider, an' loved livin' an' -

REC. SPIRIT—I'm sorry, Isaac, but we can't listen to you forever. You and Archibald join the group over there. I think you deserve your wings, and you have helped Mr. Robinson. I see we have but one more witness, Prosecuting Spirit. Who is he?

PROS. SPIRIT—Captain Craig, Your Honor. Come up to the desk, Captain! (Captain Craig steps forward. A tall, spare and stooped man, who yet retains something of his military carriage. His face is heavily lined, his clothes are threadbare, but a glory shines from him.)

REC. SPIRIT—Captain Craig, have you found your station up here?

CAPTAIN CRAIG—Yes, Your Honor. I am in the Star of the Musicians.

REC. SPIRIT—The Musicians' Star! What instrument do you play?

CAPT. CRAIG—The trombone.

REC. SPIRIT—The trombone! I had forgotten that was con-
sidered a musical instrument. But, tell me about your-
self!

CAPT. CRAIG—I was a failure in Tilbury Town, Your Honor. Men laughed at me. I was alone; my body old and broken, my nerves shaken; I suffered want and was very near to starvation often. I was no good to any-
body.

REC. CORY—Why didn’t you end it then, as Richard Cory did?

CAPT. CRAIG—What, kill myself! No! There was some-
thing in me that forbade that, something I could not define. To die! That is easy. But to live on, to suf-
fer, to hope, to hope that something in the stream of words that always, pours from broken men like me might be of service to somebody! To keep steadily before you the Light—

REC. SPIRIT—So you followed this elusive Light—

CAPT. CRAIG—Yes, Your Honor. And it comforted me. Be-
sides, did I not have the flowers and the grass, my brothers the trees, and all summer and winter to keep me joyous! I failed, yes. But in ruin as in failure there lives and has always lived the supreme fulfillment unexpressed, the rhythm of God that beats unheard through the songs of shattered men who dream but cannot sound it. Always the ideal was my comfort; always in my failure I knew that far above me, for me, and within me, there shined and burned and lived the unwavering truth. Through the clouded warfare of Life I discerned the Light. Was that not enough?

REC. SPIRIT—Yes, I think that was enough, Captain. And you, do you find any fault with your creator, Mr. Robinson?

CAPT. CRAIG—Far from it, Your Honor. Rather, I thank him, that out of my apparent failure he made for me such a magnificent victory.

REC. SPIRIT—I think you are right. Step forward now,
the rest of you! Do you think Mr. Robinson treated you unfairly?

ALL—(Together) No, no!

REC. SPIRIT—And you, Prosecuting Spirit, what do you say?

PROS. SPIRIT—I understand him a little better now, Your Honor. I withdraw my charges.

REC. SPIRIT—That is well, Mr. Robinson, you stand acquitted of the charges made against you. It appears to me that these creatures of yours are much like people everywhere else. Good, bad, and indifferent, and you drew them, I am sure, as you found them. There is one thing, though, that strikes me as strange. You summoned no women.

MR. ROB.—No, Your Honor. I didn’t know women as well as I did men. You see, I am a bachelor.

REC. SPIRIT—Oh, is that it? Well, we must remedy that. And that Light of yours! It interests me. Do you think any of your people have found this mystic Light?

MR. ROB.—I do, Your Honor.

REC. SPIRIT—I think so, too. The rest of you! Go now with your maker and keep him company, but—do you like to listen to the trombone, Mr. Robinson? No, of course you don’t. Else you had never been the great poet you are. God go with you all! Go to your Star with your well-earned Light!

ARCHIBALD—(As they turn to go) How about that game, Your Honor?


(And so they all go out into the Light.)
Regionalism in the South
By John Crowe Ransom

It is just as difficult in the South as it is elsewhere to tell precisely in what the regionalism consists. We hear it said here that the South has some characteristic arts, or a characteristic culture, or an economy, or a philosophy, or a "way of life," that sets the region apart from other regions, and we hear it asserted that pains must be taken to make this differentiation persist. But how shall it be defined?

I am sure I could scarcely define it. There would be a great many features of Southern life needing to be cited as peculiar, and it would be hard to make them fall logically under a few leading principles. What shall the Southern apologist name as the sacred essence? Is it the magnolias; the banjoes, and the pickaninnies? I cannot but sympathize with the gentlemen of the New Republic in detesting these pretty properties as the way of salvation. Is it the drawl of the Southern speech, and the ritardato of labor? Or is it fundamentalism, agrarianism, classicism, the Democratic party, or some other variety of abstract doctrine? It is probably a great many things at once.

I suppose it is theoretically possible to define a regional culture as a unit organism of related parts; in evidence of that we have, for example, the bold and brilliant reconstructions of the historic cultures by Spengler. But that is too heroic for me; and it is probably unnecessary. Furthermore, I should think that any regionalist feels a certain repugnance against undertaking the display of the charms of his region, the things that make it loved; they do not have to find publication at his hands, they are for private appreciation, and for perpetuation through unreflective natural piety. Now it was not long ago that Mr. T. S. Eliot, an observer highly regarded for the acuteness of his percep-
tions, testified that upon crossing the Potomac and entering Virginia he sensed a human difference greater than if he had crossed the border from England into Wales, and nearly as great as if he had crossed the Channel from England into France. Let that testimony stand for the whole fact, of which most people are well enough aware. The South is different, and Southerners like to think so. If debate arises, I think they would be inclined to maintain that the difference is greater rather than less; that it depends upon a great multitude of old developments and customs. At the same time I hope they would be very glad if the natives of another region should assert their own difference, and glory in it; because there cannot be a regionalism at one place without there being a general philosophy of regionalism, and a number of distinct examples; and the country will scarcely admit to a Southern region unless regions bulk large and natural in their consciousnesses.

I assume then that the Southern, the spiritual differentia of a geographical area, is visible enough. It is less visible, as a matter of fact, than the differentia of the region of the Southwest. But that is true only if we define the Southwest in terms of its Spanish or Amerindian culture. I am always in doubt as to whether the “Anglo” civilization there is as yet a distinct thing, and has reached the state of being unconsciously, and by pure nativity, its own self. The point I am after is this: that the Southern variety of regionalism is old, time-honored, and natural. It is not our problem in the South to achieve a regionalism; that is your problem, in the Southwest country; or at least conceivably it is.

The Southern problem is more like what must be today a common European problem: how to defend and preserve a regional character that already is: or how to adapt it without losing it. The New Mexico Quarterly is, I think, a frankly regional publication, and its habitual readers may not be inclined therefore to remember that a very great per-
The percentage of the American population thinks that regional differences ought to perish from this continent. This opinion exists powerfully in the South, as it does everywhere else. Southern regionalism has to fight for its life. The city press of the region is all but unanimously opposed to any Southernism that sounds the least bit militant; it is echoing the sentiment of the press of the East and the Middle West. Even among the University Reviews it must be noted that, while the Southwest Review, published by the Universities of Texas and Louisiana, is a regional organ, the Sewanee Review and the Virginia Quarterly Review are perfectly eclectic, and might well bear the slogan of the long-dying and now defunct Double Dealer, of New Orleans: "A National Magazine published in the South." Southern regionalists are constantly being challenged to say whether their attachment is to the South first, and the Union second, or vice versa; and people are not always convinced when we reply that our regionalism is not treason, but patriotism in a peculiarly American sense, for it is Federalism.

The fact is this: Southern people within the last fifteen years have experienced that flaming intoxication produced upon our otherwise modest human nature when it first becomes aware of the terrific power conferred upon it by the possession of machines. The machine civilization has come to the South. And the South is not only a remarkably agreeable spot of the earth's surface to live on, with some of the enjoyment that Adam and Eve found on their pretty plateau, having climate, landscape, vegetation and soil suitable to the purpose; the South is also rich in that hidden power which can be used to make and drive machines. The Southern population in the past has loved its physical setting, and probably it is not too much to say that it made itself comfortable on a simple and old-fashioned economic basis. Now it occurs to everybody that Southerners may exchange their slow and countrified existence for an urban
sort of affluence. Many declare without hesitation for the exchange. Others, who are the regionalists, are skeptical; saying that there is more to this decision than the question of whether the standard of living, measured in some abstract manner by the horsepower, or the bank clearances, or the mechanical equipment, shall be "higher" or "lower."

There are many instances to show that the Southern temperament, or perhaps I should say the Southern tempo, is not too hospitable to the civilization of the machine. Many who accept it in prospect do so because they say simply that "it is coming;" that is, because they are economic determinists, and they think they can read destiny; not because they like it. Northern owners move their factories to the South on the ground that they want to get the benefit of that inexhaustible supply of intelligent and docile labor at half what labor costs them in New York; but whether or not it serves them right, they discover that their new employees furnish about half the output of their old ones, and cannot be speeded up. Southern collegians, very often under my observation; come out of the hills to participate in the wonderful age of hustle, and within three years become quite disillusioned about its advantages. There are a great many people in the South who are devoted to their leisure and make of their leisure a creed. It is not a creed that philosophers have difficulty in defending. Leisure is not necessarily the same as laziness though it may revert to that. And leisure is the condition of aesthetic experiences. Complete addiction to machines, on the other hand, is the enemy to aesthetic life and also to regionalism; to the slow and innocent and to the local and unstandardized.

There is a great deal of physical and economic reconstruction needed in the shabby old South, and perhaps a period of strenuousness. Regionalists want to see it undertaken. But they also are determined that it shall be under-
taken by Southerners who know and love the region, and who do not want the regional folkways damaged in the process. On the whole, I have the idea that it is quite possible that regionalism, which is at the heart of all the European cultures, will make its best stand against the machine, and all it means, nowhere else but in these Southern States; not in Europe itself, where the regionalists are tired and dispirited. It is here that we may find an agrarian population which does not think it must be citified, and owners and workmen who still attach dignity to their forms of labor. This means that, if the Southern regionalists are successful, there will only be a partial acceptance of the machine in the South; and I am inclined to think that this fact if it comes about will make the South a more and more unusual place, though I hope that we may have companions in this crime.

The latest thing in Southern regionalism may be of interest as a news element in this brief note. There are strong signs of a rapprochement between Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and Nashville, Tennessee, as to policy and aims. And what does this mean? The University of North Carolina has long been the seat of those forces which would rebuild the South and in doing so modernize and, inevitably, standardize or de-regionalize it. The spokesmen have been able, frequent, technical in the sociological sense, and aggressive. Vanderbilt University, on the other hand, so far as represented by the group which published in 1929 "I'll Take My Stand: the South and the Agrarian Tradition," has been the seat of the forces which called themselves conservative and were called reactionary. These Agrarians have recited the fact that the South, by preponderance of population, is rural, and have gloried in it. They consider that the recovery of the good life on the Southern farm, big and little, is the Southern problem. And they find no other formula of recovery than the one which prescribes
the old-fashioned subsistence farming at the base; the money farming only on the side; and, to form the cultural capital of this structure, such arts as a domestic architecture—preferably the traditional one for this region—and a proper rural community life.

The new development consists in the fact that the North Carolina group, perhaps emboldened by the example of the Tennessee group, has gone regional. They propose now to study that historic if evasive entity, the Southern region, and to try not to repair it beyond recognition. At the same time it is not unfair to say that the Tennessee group has made some motions towards approaching the Carolinians. In their earlier appearances they ate some fire, and they are still capable of it; a *noli me tangere* effect. But it was largely for strategical purposes; they were sectional and unreconstructed and unreconstructible, or appeared to be, for the same reason that Aristotle, in commending the golden mean, advised the man whose boat is drifting dangerously close to the bank to steer not for the middle of the stream but for the opposite bank. The danger is past, so far as the tale of regionalists would indicate, that the Southern reconstruction will be but another melancholy instance of blind industrial “progress.” And as the two schools of opinion come closer together the prospect brightens. It is very possible that the South will yet be saved.
The Curve of a Continent
By FRANCES GILLMOR

Curiously persistent in American literature is an emphasis on the great spaces of the continent stretching west. Bryant sang of the Prairies "for which the speech of England has no name." Thoreau, walking in the morning woods around Walden Pond felt that he "must walk toward Oregon and not toward Europe." Whitman absorbed the nation into the periphery of himself, and became

"A Southerner soon as a Northerner . . .
At home on the hills of Vermont or in the woods of Maine, or the Texan ranch,
Comrade of Californians, comrade of free North-Westerners, (loving their big proportions)"

And in a more recent time, while Vachel Lindsay sits by the Santa Fe trail and sees the cars from Memphis, Atlanta, Savannah,

"The United States
Goes by."

Sometimes this sense of space becomes merely a phase of an imperialistic nationalism. But imperialistic or not, it sings the distance.

That spatial concept becomes definitely a shaping factor in the work of Archibald MacLeish. It is so integral to his thinking, that it seems to be for him a way not only of entering into a national emotional heritage and of finding the identification with his own land which over and over again he proclaims necessary, but also to be a symbol for him of the way out of negation—a half-formed answer to the half-formed question which he asks of the universe in "The Hamlet of A. MacLeish."

Out from himself his thought flings itself over the curve of a continent, the curve of a turning earth. In "American Letter"—
"We first inhabit the world. We dwell
On the half earth, on the open curve of a continent.
Sea is divided from sea by the day-fall. The dawn
Rides the low east with us many hours;
First are the capes, then are the shorelands, now
The blue Appalachians faint at the day rise;
The willows shudder with light on the long Ohio;
The Lakes scatter the low sun: the prairies
Slide out of dark: in the eddy of clean air
The smoke goes up from the high plains of Wyoming:
The steep Sierras arise: the struck foam
Flames at the wind's heel on the far Pacific.
Already the noon leans to the eastern cliff:
The elms darken the door and the dust-heavy lilacs."

As day comes over the continent, so night in "You, Andrew
Marvell" comes around the world:

"To feel creep up the curving east
The earthy chill of dusk and slow
Upon those underlands the vast
And ever climbing shadow grow—"

In the brazen trumpet lines of "Salute" it is day again:

"O Sun! Instigator of cocks!
   Thou...
Quickener! Maker of sound in the leaves
   and of running
Stir over the curve of the earth like the ripple of
Scarlet under the skin of the lizard
Hunter!
Starter of westward birds!"

Sometimes, off the curve of the planet, this spatial sense
becomes even more astronomical. He surveys

"the ancient
Westward greying face of the wandering planet."

He calls on the "Seafarer" to gauge his spirit to this wider
sweep:

"And learn O voyager to walk
The roll of earth, the pitch and fall
That swings across these trees those stars:
That swings the sunlight up the wall."

Or he writes from a dying earth:

"It is colder now
there are many stars
we are drifting
North by the Great Bear."

But always the space of a world, or a universe, is in the lines.
This is more than a device. It is a way of thinking
which does for him what the view of a regional pattern does
for so many writers today. It gives him roots in America.

The longing for rootedness is frequently expressed in
his work. *American Letter* speaks the nostalgia for old
lands

"with the air
Tasting of hung herbs and the sun returning
Year after year to the same door and the churn
Making the same sound in the cool of the kitchen."

But he knows that

"This, this is our land, this is our people. . .
Here we must eat our salt or our bones starve."

A deeply felt childhood moment is recorded in "Eleven"
when he sits in the sheds with the garden tools—

"Shapes
Older than men were, the wise tools, the iron
Friendly with earth. . .

and is

"Happy as though he had no name, as though
He had been no one: like a leaf, a stem,
Like a root growing—"

This integration with his land he finds not in the de-
tailed regional view but in the continent’s sweep—and in the
westward march which has given the continent’s sweep to
our history and our consciousness.
It is strange how those marching feet beat through his lines. In the "Hamlet of A. MacLeish" we see them—races marching westward, pressing on—

"Westward they move with the sun. Their smoke hangs
Under the unknown skies at evening. The stars
Go down before them into the new lands,
Behind them the dust falls, the streams flow clear again."

In the "Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City" there is again the westward march—a bitter satire here on the fact that

"Everything sticks to the grease of a gold note—
Even a continent—even a new sky."

But behind the satirical view of the Empire Builders to whom the new land was a price and a bid and ink on the books is the continent still. We see

"How it went out from you wide and clean in the sunlight."

and we see

"how full and clear and deep
The Yellowstone moved on the gravel and the grass grew
When the land lay waiting for her westward people."

It is of course in Conquistador most of all that the hard beat of that westward march rings in MacLeish's lines. There this man who has never identified himself with regional expression, draws upon Spanish sources and puts into the "iron of English" the space and mountain hardness of the Southwest. Much quoted as the preface has been, even greater lines are in the stinging reproof Cortez gave to his men at the time of the mutiny:

"Why should you waste your souls in the west! You are young:
Tell them that you left us here by the last water
Going up through the pass of the hills with the sun."
And in the record of their march, through the strange and beautiful compression of every phrase, one looks "for a great space under heaven."

"Ever before us lay vast earth secret with
Sun with the green sound with the singing of grasshoppers...
Ah but the mark of a man's heel is alone in the
Dust under the whistling of hawks!
Companion of
Constellations the trace of his track lies!
Endless is unknown earth before a man...

Space and the curve of a continent—abstract as music this struggles for words and finds them.

Something is likely to happen to the individual viewed against this backdrop of continent and interstellar spaces. He is likely to shrink. Sometimes he does—to a point. And we look with satirical pity on Jacob Schmidt, who man and bones has been his hundred times around the sun—

"His chronicle is endless—the great curve
Inscribed in nothing by a point upon
The spinning surface of a circling sphere."

We see whole races pressing always gallantly from known and loved lands into the unknown—disappearing at last, and

"The same moon
Still over the earth!"

We see the exultant march of Cortez end with a lesser breed covering the land like lice—

"And the west is gone now: the west is the ocean sky..."

Cosmically perceived, or continentally perceived, men and races become small.

But the poet confronts infinity with painful consciousness of himself, nevertheless. And this encounter of the individual with a universe silent to his half-formed questioning of its meaning, provides the tragic motif of Archibald MacLeish's work.
He tries to find an answer in “The Pot of Earth” by putting the individual into the pattern of the generations:

“the generations
Of man are a ripple of thin fire burning
Over a meadow, breeding out of itself
Itself. . .”

As the woman gives birth and dies, we see the pattern of life out of death, symbolized in one of the fertility rites which, through Frazer’s *The Golden Bough*, have provided images for so many poets:

“I will show you the body of the dead god bringing forth
The corn. I will show you the reaped ear
Sprouting.
Are you contented? Are you answered?”

He is not answered. The agony of his continued questioning is recorded in “The Hamlet of A. MacLeish.” Neither from the silent dead, nor from religion, nor from love, from playing the strong boy and spitting in the world’s face, nor from telling his agony to the stars, is there answer. “Have pity upon us.”

In “*Einstein*” he once more tries to cope with infinity. What is the individual in a world of relativity, where he can exist only in relationship? He tries to absorb the infinite universe into himself, but his subjective world disintegrates,

“For suddenly he feels
The planet plunge beneath him.”

He tries to enter in mystically to the universe which is bigger-than he:

“put out leaves
And let the old remembering wind think through
A green intelligence. . .”

But

“He cannot think the smell of after rain
Nor close his thought around the long smooth lag
And falter of a wind, nor bring to mind
Dusk and the whippoorwill."

Music also fails him. He turns to cool analysis—he counts
the ocean in atoms—

"But still the dark denies him. Still withstands
The dust his penetration and flings back
Himself to answer him.
Which seems to keep
Something inviolate. A living something."

The individual is still there against his backdrop of time
and space—still questioning,—and still finding no answer.
But such answer as he finds once more comes to him
in this wider spaciousness where he loses, as much as may
be, his personal identity, and where he finds as a poet a sta-
ture far above those who look only inward for the frail
moods of a moment.

He is quite conscious of this turn away from the indi-
vidual, and states it in one of the few expressions of his
writing credo:

"It is no longer A MAN against the stars. It is
Mankind: That which has happened always to all men,
not the particular incidents of particular lives. The
common, simple, earthing ways of hands and feet
and flesh against the enormous mysteries of sun and
moon, of time, of disappearance—and-their-place-know-
ing-them-no-more... Not myself, my soul, my glycer-
ine-dropping eyes, but these unknown and nameless
men, anonymous under this sky, small in these valleys
and far-off and forever there."

He wrote this in Poetry in July, 1931. In 1933, and in
the poem so entitled, with the western horizon still in his
lines and his imagery, and with the march of exploration a
symbol now for social progress; he seems, along with this
loss of individual emphasis, to find a buoyant hope for his
time. Elpenor points Odysseus away from the shores of the
present Hell, content to stay there himself as long as his oar might stand as warning of shipwreck to other seafarers; but for Odysseus—

"You have only to push on
To whatever it is that's beyond us..."

You have only to cross this place
And launch ship and get way on her

Working her out with the oars to the
Full wind and go forward and

Bring yourselves to a home:
To a new land: to an ocean

Never sailed: not to Ithaca:
Not to your beds—but the withering

Seaweed under the thorn and the
Gulls and another morning..."

What that other morning will be, he does not say, any more than the Hamlet of A. MacLeish hears the ghost speak, hears the answer to his question, or knows even the question completely. But at the edge of his dark night, where the individual stands appalled before the universe, "the dawn rides the low east."

By 1934, MacLeish seems to come still further away from negation, away from despair, urging hope, and hope for American democracy, and hope even for the individualism of American democracy. In the Forum for April, 1934, he sees man standing erect and strong, not submerged by either a capitalistic or a communistic society, not weakened by dependence upon the group as the revolutionary writers would have him, but able to direct his own destiny.

Again he gives no chart for this new morning. But he sees it there. He pushes on, as those men of the past who so stir his imagination have pushed on with courage, even into
the unknown, to new horizons. His questions still un­
answered, he nevertheless declares his faith in the possi­
bility of free creation and action, for the individual, for the
nation. Again he digs roots down into America, taking his
place without bombast, without eagle screaming, in the long
line of American writers who have felt a continent under
them, and a people marching.

"America is West—and the wind blowing."
Strange Victory: One Woman's Life

By IRENE FISHER

SARA TEASDALE is one of the definite lyric voices in American poetry. Her place is secure, based on the eight slim volumes she issued during her life, for although her field is restricted to the introspective and personal lyric, yet within that compass, narrow as it is, she conveys a timelessness and universality that few American poets have accomplished.

Middle western in origin and steeped in the imagery of the middle west, yet her treatment of love and death catches into unforgettable lyrics emotions true of all time, ancient and modern.

Simply, sincerely, honestly, and with dignity, she tells in verse the emotional life of one woman, and in so doing crystallizes the emotions of all women. Articulate and sensitive, she expresses with outspoken clarity and flexible cadences the texture of the human spirit as it faces existence, and its hard-won peace after conflict.

There was a time when Sara Teasdale's poetry was considered saccharine by the intellectuals, but never by those who read it carefully. Even in the joyous spontaneity of her earlier songs, her Strephon-and-Colin period, there were foreshadowings of her songs of pain, sorrow, wisdom and stern self knowledge and strength. Her simplicity of expression and seeming effortless quality kept this strength from being completely realized by the critics.

When with the appearance of her second volume, "Helen of Troy and Other Poems," she suddenly became popular with the reading public, the inference was drawn that her lyrics were saccharine. A small but steady public, however, year after year bought her volumes which sang the story of every woman in her search for strength, in her journey toward an unnameable and unseen, and indeed, often undesired goal.
The inevitable and inescapable loneliness of the human spirit was foreshadowed in the two volumes which followed "Helen of Troy," "Love Songs" and "Flame and Shadow," published in 1917 and 1920. Through all and over all is always, from the beginning, her absorption in nature, in the stars, the moon, the night, the trees and the warm landscape.

In "Wood Song," this early knowledge of bitterness is shown.

I heard a wood thrush in the dusk
Twirl three notes and make a star
My heart that walked with bitterness
Came back from very far.

And in "Lessons," she says what she was so often to repeat in her more mature poems,

Unless I learn to ask no help
From any other soul but mine...

This understanding of the spirit's essential aloneness came to fruit in her maturer volumes, "Dark of the Moon," published in 1928, and "Strange Victory," her posthumous volume published last year.

The somber reflection and new dignity of these poems show more plainly the philosophical qualities which were lightly touched in her earlier poems. "The Solitary" in "Dark of the Moon," intensifies the mood of "Lessons."

My heart has grown rich with the passing years,
I have less need now than when I was young
To share myself with every comer
Or shape myself into words with my tongue.

It is one to me that they come or go
If I have myself and the drive of my will
And strength to climb on a summer night
And watch the stars climb over the hill.
Let them think I love them more than I do
Let them think I care, though I go alone.
If it lifts their pride, what is it to me
Who am self complete as a flower or a stone.

And again in "Day's Ending," which she wrote in Tucson, fighting disease, the more mature expression of "Lessons" again is seen:

Only yourself can heal you
Only yourself can lead you
The road is heavy going
And ends where no man knows.

In "Strange Victory," is included "There will be rest," showing a great desire for peace and suacease from the fight.

There will be rest and sure stars shining
Over the roof tops crowned with snow
A reign of rest, serene forgetting,
The music of stillness holy and low.

I will make a world of my devising.
Out of a dream in my lonely mind
I shall find the crystal of peace—above me
Stars shall I find.

Wisdom, sorrow, disillusionment, perhaps, but strength,
simple dignity and a dry pride are shown in these reflective poems in her later volumes. Out of defeat she won victory.

Born and reared in the slow moving old river town of St. Louis, she knew the countryside and made it so much a part of her that even after years in New York and in the Southwest, her most felicitous images were of the Missouri countryside. Delicate and almost inevitable some of them seem, vivid and characteristic of the middle west.

My soul is a dark ploughed field
In the cold rain.

Daffodils blowing in the cold wind of morning
And golden tulips, goblets holding the rain.
A delicate fabric of bird song  
Floats in the air  
The smell of wet wild earth  
Is everywhere.

* * *

Nothing is new, I have seen the spring too often;  
There have been other plum-trees white as this one...  
Nothing is lost, it is all as it used to be,  
Unopened lilacs are still as deep a purple,  
The boughs of the elm are dancing still in a veil of  
tiny leaves.

A victory from life is what Sara Teasdale demanded, a  
victory of the spirit over sorrow, over joy, over happiness,  
over pain, the victory of a strong self-complete entity,  
worshipper only of beauty and humble before the gift of  
song.

I should be glad of loneliness  
And hours that go on broken wings  
A thirsty body, a tired heart  
And the unchanging ache of things,  
If I could make a single song  
As lovely and as full of light  
As hushed and brief as a falling star  
On a winter night.
Expression of Northwest Life

By H. G. Merriam

Asked to reveal what quality or values out of the region the Pacific Northwest, have entered into the body and spirit of its people, I should be obliged to beg the privilege of silence. Yet that this country and climate, these natural Northwest occupations and these social associations had developed in the people something to be ear-marked "Northwest" I would feel and inwardly assert. It was my hope when I began publication of The Frontier (now The Frontier and Midland), in 1927, and when I published the anthology "Northwest Verse," in 1931, and when, in 1933, I issued the report of the Inland Empire Council of Teachers of English on Northwest writers and writings, compiled under my chairmanship by fifty workers and entitled "Northwest Books," that our efforts to make readers and writers of this region conscious of its literary achievement would join with efforts of other workers toward articulate expression of Northwest life, ultimately to an unmistakable regional movement. At this moment there are signs of some consciousness of the region but no signs clear to me of a concerted movement. What the signs are that my limited vision sees I shall state presently.

Ideas of a regional movement have hardly dawned upon the consciousness of the Northwest. Portland and Seattle, the two city centers, have been unwilling and as far as I know still are, to think, much less act, in terms of common regional life. The spirit of separatism, which is doubtless characteristic of communities only just removed from frontier conditions, is illustrated in letters I received about The Frontier. From both Spokane and Portland came letters stating, "Your magazine is fine. We should have a magazine like it," from a sister university, "I shall see what we can do about issuing a similar magazine." [Italics mine.] Never the idea, until recently, "How can we get behind your reg-

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ional magazine and support and develop it?” There is, of course, an important and as yet unanswered question whether the four states of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana do constitute a region with life characteristics in common. Possibly the regional planning conferences that are a feature of the Federal Government’s new policy will both help to reveal whatever the cultural fact is and to arouse and nourish regional consciousness. The next decade may see in the place of provincial rivalries regional co-operation. We can await developments and as we wait work to prepare for their healthy growth. Meanwhile it is obvious that the Northwest does not yet feel its life, present and past, as the South or the Southwest or the Middle West feel theirs.

Also, there is a feeling among our writers against the regional idea in favor of “cosmic” and “universal” sources for expression, especially among the poets. Writers vaguely feel, as readers too feel, that life today and here is confining to the imagination, is provincial, and therefore is not the stuff of art. Somehow they have enthroned the idea that art is placeless and timeless, but the idea is akin to that of better grass being in the next pasture; and they forget that even timelessness and spacelessness when mortals deal with them must root in the now and here. Even “Paradise Lost,” Milton rooted in his knowledge of his own time and country, however much he may have added to and embellished that knowledge.

Current discussions of regionalism that have given it labels—“back-to-the-soil,” “backward-looking,” “back-to-folk lore,” “provincial”—have raised many prejudices in writers. I should like to have writers understand regionalism not as an ultimate in literature but as a first step, as the coming to close knowledge about the life of the region in which one lives as a first necessity for sound writing, even as knowledge of oneself—“know thyself”—is also a first necessity. The “universal,” when healthy, alive, pregnant...
with values, springs inevitably from the specific fact. This conception of the interpretation of life I would oppose to the idea of cosmic-minded people that understanding springs from abstract ideas and images in the mind—in the soul. To such extent regionalism in my judgment, is earth-minded.

I am giving little space to this idea and therefore omit development of it and the steps in the logic of its support; I do so in order to enumerate, which was to be the prime purpose of this note, signs that I see in Northwest writing of regional consciousness. Order of reference to these signs bears no relation to my judgment of their relative values.

Mr. G. Frank Goodpasture of South Bend, Washington, is a poet with a spiritual ear. He senses the peculiar mysteries in the ocean. These mysteries may pertain to any and all oceans, but as this writer feels toward and expresses them they are bound to our north Pacific coast. Few of our poets equal his suggestion of the universal, of the mystery in all life anywhere. Mr. Howard McKinley Corning, Nebraskan, I believe, by birth and nurture, has found spiritual response to Northwest country and climate. In his poetry, which frequently generalizes itself, as all fine poetry should, into application to life anywhere, he writes of mountain men and valley men, historical figures and contemporary figures, hills and sea-coast and plains, and the majority of them all are unmistakable Oregonian, however much Nebraska may be in his blood. I am told that he spent only a few days in the Sixes country in Oregon and that into the dialect which he has the men of that region use Southern words have crept, and yet I am convinced that he has seized with strong imagination and with spiritual insight the essential nature of that region and its life. In his short stories of the Sixes country is, however, more than the nature of that region: there is portrayal of life in its essence the world over.

Verne Bright writes with deepest surety and broadest
understanding when he writes of Wingren, a countryside that he knows. Laurence Pratt has come to his most virile and most mature poetic expression in a series of sonnets about a paper-mill town whose life he has lived in actuality. Mary J. Elmendorf's ballads, among the finest being written, root in the life of Alaska or the outlying lands of Seattle. Ada Hedges finds her inspiration in desert country. Mrs. Fuller's best poems concern mountains or garden or rural life, and Eleanor Allen is full of the vigor of outdoor beauty.

What would the novels of Nard Jones—"Wheat Women," for instance—be if stripped of their understanding of life gained through years of living in the Palouse country of eastern Washington? James Steven's best writing is in "Brawnyman" and "Homer in the Sagebrush," both of which are thoroughly regional. H. L. Davis can hardly write creatively except of the Northwest life he has observed and lived.

In drama little has been done in the Northwest. Possibly the most prolific writers are Babette and Glenn Hughes, neither of whom, in his plays, gives sign of knowledge of Northwest life; they are cosmopolitan and sophisticated in interest. Alice Henson Ernst and Talbot Jennings, on the other hand, are deeply conscious of the region.

The Northwest has not yet produced fine novels. Ann Shannon Monroe began with portrayal of Eastern Oregon. Writers like Ernest Haycox stick largely to the traditional western type of novel and often describe the country beautifully. Grace Stone Coates remains true to her home region, Kansas, although she lives in Montana. Frank Bird Linderman in his novels returns to the early days of the West when the buffalo roamed, and in other books interprets the life of Plains Indians; and his understanding of life grows out of those two sound, thick, deep-striking roots. Theodore Harper, however, whose writing is widely recognized, often works with a Russian or Siberian scene, somewhat in the manner, one feels, of the local color writers.
Myron Brinig, whose novels have reached as high a level of attainment as those of any Northwest writer, has specifically interpreted the life of Jews in Butte. Sheba Hargreaves, Sabra Conner and Marah Ellis Ryan, like Frank Linderman, turn to the past life of the Northwest region. Albert Richard Wetjen has spiritual affinity only with the sea, and when he writes of that he writes well—as his popularity attests. Will James is saddled, permanently it would seem, to a saddle on a (usually bucking) horse in “the wide open spaces” of Montana. Vardis Fisher, who at the moment seems to have the finest achievement in Northwestern novel writing, holds to no regionalistic doctrine— theoretically; but if “Dark Bridwell” and “In Tragic Life” are not interpretations of life rooted in a square mile of upper Snake river country in Idaho they are nothing at all; every deep insight into life that is in them has flowered out of the soil of that strikingly beautiful and individualistic country.

Doubtless, with the blindness of a pleader, I have omitted mention of writers who do not show signs of “going native,” as I have also omitted many names that should be mentioned in support of my thought; but I have not done so consciously. There is, for example, the beautiful poetry of Audrey Wurtemann, Seattle reared, much of which reflects her residence in other parts of the world; yet again much of it reflects the Northwest. But I must not extend the list. I have space only to mention what the list seems to me to mean; and to suggest developments which I think can profitably be fostered by our writers.

Many of the writers in the Northwest are young; few of them are seasoned writers; many are trade writers with, of course, financial income the essential consideration; few have hammered out or lived out a philosophy of life; a few are skilled self-judges, recognizing the possession of themselves, when they are so possessed, by strong creative imagination. The region’s life has presented itself to a fair number of them as something of intrinsic worth. This
presentation, at its best, has been unconsciously accepted. Some national recognition, about all, one would say, that they have genuinely earned, has come to our writings. Conferences of writers that are being held periodically, conferences of producers and writers of drama like the one held in February in Seattle under the leadership of Glenn Hughes, meetings of teachers at which the idea of regionalism is finding interest, the sale of "Northwest Books," of "Northwest Verse," nation-wide circulation of *The Frontier and Midland* and recognition of its merit, the scholarly work of Professor E. G. Moll at the University of Oregon, on the teaching of poetry, the publication of historical documents concerning the early days of the Northwest, the increasing attention of librarians to the literature of our section—these, and doubtless other forces, are at work to stir regional consciousness.

As yet there has developed no sense of loyalty to our idea, although *The Frontier and Midland* enjoys both gratifying loyalty and healthy criticism and dissent. The closest approach to a focus of writers seems to be in Portland. Our writers, with some outstanding exceptions, have been fearful of letting out their vitality; too often they have held on too tight a leash the vigor and ranging curiosity of their imagination; and too often, also, they have relied on "inspiration" rather than on personal realization of life for their themes and on tradition for their forms. A vital, lawless period of expression would be good, I feel, for the ultimate fine, realized, and articulate expression of life in this fresh, dynamic, imagination-stretching, and thought-perplexing region.
Southwestern Roots

By T. M. Pearce

AMERICANS have spoken of the "melting pot" in the United States ever since a famous European Jew wrote a tribute to the liberating freedom possible in this country for immigrants. Into the crucible have gone various agencies, Semitic, Dravidic, Sinitic, Bantu, to temper what we think of as the Aryan base. Immigration to the Atlantic seaboard was chiefly a nineteenth century development. It was then the melting really began. Now as the arms of English-American empire have flung westward, we look into the crucible to find that metals were already there unnoticed before the basic Aryan, and were working from the very beginning. The Aryan metal here from the start may have been altered from that imported from the stanneries of Europe. As early as 1789 our first lexicographers averred that the course of our speech would reflect "intercourse with tribes wholly unknown in Europe" and predicted a separated stream for American English.

Our roots then, like the roots of the Anglo-Saxon in Celtic Britain, have gone back into the pre-history first shapers-of-the-land. In the crucible then is the mysterious nature worship of sun and sky and kindred earth spirits, the sacred yei, the jinns of the totems; at the bottom of the melting is the rhythm of the earth-planting led from the fields and the ditches into the plaza with the beat of drums and the throb of chant. Somewhere the steam driven iron of one tap-root trails white plumes of smoke where chili is being gathered and the corn flailed by people of another nurture. Roots in the earth, ore and seed, have built American skyscrapers and American Mimbres pottery, American stream-line automobiles and American sand paintings, American bridges and American Diné rugs.

It is in the Southwest that the European tradition meets at closer hand than anywhere else creative currents
of this continent. Two branches of the European tradition, themselves considerably inter-related, Latin and Germanic, have here for several centuries observed and in part merged with inhabitants of indigenous stone age ancestry. In the Southwest, the racial antipodes of Europe and Asia are joined. A literature of this cultural fusion has already become impressive. The list of its builders numbers hundreds of names, from the government reports of ethnologists and linguists, from university research staffs in archaeology and folk-lore, to the professional artists in modern drama, fiction, and poetry. I almost resist entirely the impulse to record the critical and creative thinkers who have joined both in the painstaking and buoyant service of this fountain of creative youth—the Southwest. Yet knowing the greater unfairness of blanket acknowledgment I venture to particularize distinguished names with apologies to the significant unmentioned ones: Andy Adams, Hartley Burr Alexander, Frank Applegate, Louisa M. Armer, Mary Austin, Florence Merriam Bailey, Adolph Bandelier, Ruth Laughlin Barker, S. Omar Barker, Lansing Bloom, Edward Bolton, John G. Bourke, W. N. Breakenridge, Witter Bynner, Pedro de Nacero Castaneda, Willa Cather, Dana Coolidge, Alice Corbin, Bryon Cummings, Frank Cushing, Robert Luther Duffus, Elizabeth Willis de Huff, J. Frank Dobie, Erna Fergusson, Harvey Fergusson, J. W. Fewkes, Frances Gillmor, Josiah Gregg, J. P. Harrington, Edgar L. Hewett, Paul Horgan, Emerson Hough, Will James, A. V. Kidder, Clyde Kluckhohn, Oliver La Farge, D. H. Lawrence, John Lomax, Charles Lummis, Susan Shelby Magoffin, Elida Simms Malkus, Washington Matthews, O’Henry, Albert Pike, Zebulon Pike, Robert Raynolds, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Frederick Ruxton, Sister Blandina Segale, Charles H. Siringo, Herbert Spinden, Philip Stevenson, N. H. Thorp, Mark Twain, R. E. Twitchell, Stanley Vestal, Gaspar de Villagra, Louisa M. Wetherill.

Characterizing the literature of this group and the
larger group it represents is the sincerity, the sturdiness, and the imagination of life lived close to roots which nourish both body and spirit. Industrial society, which brings food, clothes, amusement, and printed matter in substance and outline finished, feeds the critical rather than the creative spirit. Too much of the literature of America today is the clever manipulation of sources provided by someone else. Too much of American literature is the rippling forth of stronger currents started abroad, in spots whether London, Paris, or Moscow that have never forgotten, nor can they, their own roots deep below them. American voices are echoing two extremes of ultra-sophistication—one, the precious nicety of a mind too curious and whimsical, and the other, the neurotic robustiousness of a mind too callous and thrill deadened. American literature will never win rank as world literature on a diet of oxonian reminiscence, whimsies about book shops, and death studied in the entrails of men and beasts in the arena of a Spanish afternoon.

A longer essay than can be written here will be needed to survey the distinctive currents in the vast tradition and accomplishment of Southwestern literary culture. From Villagro, poet laureate of a new empire in 1610, to the latest book from professional pen, the professional output is matched by the still unrecorded folk literature in song and story. The mysticism of light and sky in arid distances, the miracle of desert growth, the narrow seclusion of isolated placitas with their patron Ysidros and Antonios and Ramons, the activity of the cattle llano and chaparrall—all this is peculiar to the Southwestern roots. So, too, is the heart-ache of an early New Englander at the sight of a robin redbreast which like himself had crossed the mountains and to whom he wrote

Let us go—let us go and revisit our home,
Where the oak leaves are green and the sea waters foam.

The Southwest, like the South of which Mr. Ransome has written, is faced with ultra-sophistication, with the new
literary fascism of the sort represented by T. S. Eliot, and with industrialization. These manifestations are symptoms of universal cultural discontent. This speaker, for one, hopes we have resources within ourselves to arrive at maturity and wisdom without abandoning the roots which can hold us there.
A Section of Poetry

PRAIRIE WIFE

By LILLIAN GIBBS SEWELL

I left my heart beside the lake
Where placid waters rouse to shake
Long shafts from silver stars that lie
Mirrored beneath the willow's eye.

Nor could I bring the lake away,
That happy swiftly-passing day;
So mine it is to play the part
Of Prairie wife with mermaid heart.

But in my garden you will see,
A lonely weeping willow tree
That mourns o'er lilies, fair and pure,
Within a lake—in miniature.
ANSWERS

By Ansell M. McCoy

To some, the answer to a thrust
Leaps forth—a bolt from out the sky
To wound or punish as it will.

To some, it follows after careful thought
Like drops from out a snow-bank
But only after sun has warmed it.

Still others can not speak at all
And late'at night when all is still
They think of things they might have said.

AMETHYST BEADS

By Elsa Fisher Herlitz

The seven years I spent with him,
Which time and space can never dim,
Are crystallized, translucent beads;
And, though my heart forever bleeds
From sorrow's stabs—from poignant pain,
These beads are on a silver chain
Of deathless love. O years so bright!
Reflecting back to me the light
That guides me through life's opaque mist
Loved beads! My jewels—amethyst!

FELICITY

By Dudley Peace

I don't believe you knew me
Yesterday when you passed by
But I heard your song up in those trees
That kiss a turquoise sky.
I heard you singing in the wind,
Each sweet note falling clear.
(I stand upon our hill to wait
About this time each year).

They say you saw black mud and dirt,
That blood streamed down your side.
But I, who know your soul so well,
Know, too, the way you died.

I know that light within your eyes
Leapt into glowing fire,
I know the music that you loved
Sung by celestial choir.

There were the colors you always loved,
These you must have seen.
There were the woods your hands have touched,
Caressing their satiny sheen.

And so, when I read of the way you died
And turn inward eyes to you,
I listen along the wind for song
Sung in a voice I knew.

"REMINISCENCE"

By ROBERT FREDERIC HERTER

Rivers of thought,
Silent, mighty as Zeus,
Plunging through the chaos
That is life. . .

Memory is a dancing girl
On a bright terrazzo stair.
Memory is a blind old man
In a hickory chair.
. . .small towns dreaming
Of tomorrow;
The slanting sun
Gold through Autumn leaves,
Death, purple-shadowed,
Skulking down a country lane.

Misty valleys at dawn. Cold
Glad winds, brushing a hilltop.
Words, beside a still pool,
Echoing a dream.
The timeless protest
Of one just born.

Muffled tom-tom urge
Of drums . . . calling
From a flag-draped street.
Orange blossoms
Tangled in lacy veils.
Tiny hands reaching . . .

Memory is a silver bell,
Tolling through the years.
The afterglow of ecstasies,
The ghost of vanished fears.
The Afternoon for Flavio
By HORACE GARDNER

He sat in the hall, where it was cool and dark, and looked out into the sunlight and freedom of the patio. The wind blew soft little breaths in his face, breaths that smelled of earth and sun, of melons that were ripe, and the tang of weeds and smoke from far away. In the hall there was a ripe feeling of age, and the thick old adobe walls were redolent of things long dead and gone, the intimate things of many people, and the silence of inanimate things that have absorbed life. He let his hand slip softly over the wood of the bench on which he sat, staring at the blue veins that showed through the thin, brown skin, thinking—"I am here, Flavio Chaves, here in Los Lunas, and in there, dead, is Nina, my wife, but I cannot feel, I cannot think in sorrow as I should—"

There came a murmur of prayer from some part of the house, rising, muted and warm, from behind thick old walls, and falling in a rather pleasant mournful drip on Flavio's ears, thin brown ears set well in the shade of the hall. In there, he knew, Nina lay, her hands joined together under the yellow light of the candles . . . and she did not hear the prayers that skipped softly out of the tired faces under the black rebozos. He could fancy himself in there again, listening to the little animal sounds from the women, crowded together in piled shadows of blue . . . but he could not find sorrow in himself, only an awful tiredness, tearing him down into indefinite, inconsequential dreams. He felt himself engulfed in a vast, uplifting tranquility of sound upon sound, hidden voices called to him, and he found himself thrown into the past. The dead, the fragrant, past. He saw himself in Santa Fe, thirty years before, talking to Nina as she stood with her aunt, talking about their wedding, then he was sitting with Nina, at night, looking off into the dark . . . he could see her brown fingers curling
over her cigarette as she passed it to him, only a point of fire glowing in the dark. They would always be there, he felt, sitting there in the dark of twenty years ago, her thin brown face and her great black eyes staring at him, as she did when the nights were long, and when his youth and her youth had become one, peacefully, complete in ecstasy. There were stars at night and there were long days when he was away with the sheep, seeing that the herders were doing as they should, and sometimes she was with him, fondling a little lamb, smiling at the men, her great eyes staring at the horizons, at him, at everything. They lived, completely, joyfully together. He saw her as she was after she had miscarried, thin, shrunken, more brown than ever, lying in the great bed and smiling at him... He felt himself tossed into the sounds of those long years, and there was a peculiar joy, a sense of satisfaction, a great happiness that thrilled him so that he wanted to run, to leap on the earth, to sing, to clutch everything to himself, to rock in stillness with the afternoon.

And then, she had died, and he had sat there, numbly knowing he should feel it in his throat and eyes, but he could not. He wanted to tell someone how he felt, to tell someone how happy he felt... to describe that greatwellin, emotion of being, of remembering, of knowing things...

* * * * *

After a while, he went into one of the bedrooms. It was the same room in which he had been born. There in the corner was the little virgin his mother had prayed to, the flickering vigil lamp casting, leaping shadows over her face... he must pray to her, feel his sorrow, he must. But there was no prayer in him, the other was inside of him now, pushing and crowding out prayer with a wonderful song of living—he had her now and she had him. It was simple and wonderful, and he wished that he could tell someone about it. He had her life, and she had his, and he would die, and he could remember...
He looked out of the window at the blue peak of San Mateo and wondered why he wanted to be away, beyond the haze and the piled clouds, to somewhere beyond... when he had such a living ecstasy within him!

The afternoon settled down and a cicada began his long whirr from the cottonwood in the patio, talking through the heat to him, adding to what was within him, the turmoil in him boiling over until it was subdued within itself... It was good to sit and listen to the quiet of the afternoon.

No Wine So Sweet
By Siddie Joe Johnson

I ask only to come back,
Now and again, as the busy years leave space,
To what I know.
I will endure this change, but not with gladness,
Laughing or pressing my face against its face.

October nights, when the wild desolate silence
Is wilder for the silver from the sky—
There in the country house, the others sleeping—
This is one of the things I would return to,
Many and many a time before I die.

And the streets of one town on a winter evening,
The library warm and close against the cold—
These I would drink again and again from the same bottle,
Knowing no wine so sweet as the oft-savored old.
Book Reviews

Peñalosa—Eugene Manlove Rhodes—Writers’ Editions, Santa Fe—$1.00.

The Trusty Knaves—Eugene Manlove Rhodes—Houghton Mifflin, 1933—$2.00.

Here are two prints of the same hand left for our comparison sixteen years apart in the white strata of the Papyrus Age. The first, firmly compressed, laid down in the historical manner and glistening with brilliant hardness, might be the hand of any one of a good many contemporary artists. But there is no mistaking the identity of the second. The latter is unpretentious. There is no grand gesture or finger pointing at some magnificent scene, and yet of all the teeming millions who can take their pen in hand, I doubt the existence of another human being who could have done it.

Like Joseph Conrad, there is only one Eugene Manlove Rhodes and no one remotely resembling him. Even in this world of facile imitators, to attempt a Rhodes forgery would be to dare the gods. The average Rhodes’ reader would detect it on the first page, probably in the opening paragraph. Rhodes’ robust vigor and contrasting gentleness, his gusto, his long, firsthand intimacy with his land and its people, his raciness, his wit and sardonic humor, his subtlety and its strange bedfellow, a recurring sense of beauty; perhaps most of all, his nonconformity and his delight in strewing literary gems in the most unexpected places are talents for which the reading world will wait a long time before being found again in the same mortal combination.

Anyone who comes to Rhodes expecting the traditional Western story is bound to stub his toe severely, and in my mind I can see Gene Rhodes’ eyes twinkling at the puzzled face of such a reader. But the searcher for personality on the printed page, the man who loves boundless, highly-flavored life wherever he finds it, who has learned from reality not to be surprised to find even the most primitive society
for the most part kind and strong, shrewd and tremendously human whether on Hudson’s pampas, in Aksakoff’s old Russia, in Barrie’s Thrums or on Rassu Galwan’s Tibetan plateau—such a reader will come on Rhodes with unquenchable delight.

It is always dangerous to delete a writer by quoting him. A dozen words, like the dozen notes that make a musical chord, are to a great measure dependent on what has gone before. But I shall risk disaster with one of Rhodes’ sentences the compression of which leaves the tingle of a whole volume unsaid, “He sauntered down to the sea and there he met the Terminator of Delights and the Separator of Companions.” Who in so few words has said so much of life and death?

This reviewer is especially fond of the title Rhodes chose with such a sure hand from El Moro where he found it first written in stone, “Pasó Por Aquí” than which there are few phrases more noble. And I want to add a Rhodes paragraph, haunting with beauty and found close to a welter of gore. “Fifty years gone, the years of Valverde and Glorieta, even such a misty and sunless September came at last to the San Quentin country—yes, and strange flowers sprang up over night, bright-glowing, nameless and unknown to any man. Señor, I have ridden across this bare desert when the air was drowsy with sweetness; stirrup deep all day in wondrous blossoms, snow-white, blue and purple, golden, fire-red, nameless.”

CONRAD RICHTER.

Albuquerque.


Sky Determines is a vivid, useful, and scholarly book on the Southwest, by which the author means New Mexico. Dr. Calvin lives in Silver City where he is the Episcopal clergyman, and it is natural that he should write of the New Mexico that centers there, rising from the mesquite and
cactus plains of the Lower Sonoran zone, through all the intervening zones to the Canadian of the tall timber at the top of the Mogollon range. It results that Santa Fe, Albuquerque and the whole Rio Grande valley retreats, in this book, to the periphery: a fact which will probably do us good.

Dr. Calvin has a seeing eye. Not only one which gets a comprehensive view of a vegetable and animal life that climbs from sub-tropical to sub-Artic, and of human types from pre-Pueblo to late tourist-camp; but the sort of an eye too which sees little animal tracks, notes plants and birds and clouds, and can relate these things to the all-embracing sky which is his theme. He remembers the harsh cut of dust and the fresh consolation of fragrant rain, he knows what it is to come thirsty to a water hole. He has sat and talked with old fellows who remember how life was when there was almost nothing to mitigate the rigors of a struggle against a nature that cared nothing for human life, and of humans who cared little more. All these things Dr. Calvin writes about with feeling, understanding, and without a trace of sentimentality. He sees the west as a man sees it, and he has undoubtedly done the things that a man does who loves the outdoors. It is just too bad that he fell into the trap of a Chamber of Commerce or some such person and was impelled to append a prospectus advertising a country which is too magnificent to need advertisement. On the contrary, we should require people to pass examinations before we permit them to come.

The best parts of the book are those which deal with the desert and the long struggle of man to make the desert allow even a few of us to live here. He deals adequately with people too. The Forgotten Peoples and the wonders of the archaeological finds in the Mimbres Valley; Puebloños, Apaches, Conquerors, and Mexicanos all come in for concise and very thoughtful study. Most of this material is not new, but it is well considered and necessary to make
the book the well-rounded whole that it is. Sky, meaning climate and the general physical aspects of the country caused by climate, have certainly determined human development and Dr. Calvin’s thesis is well supported by his facts. He claims to make no statement which cannot be supported by recognized authority, and he comes very close to that ideal.

Only in dealing with Mexicans, whom he calls Mexicanos, probably in an effort to avoid the cumbrous Spanish-American, does one wish that Dr. Calvin had looked longer and seen more. He makes the conventional picture of an indolent, dirty, backward, “adorably picturesque” person, which is too easy. It may have been true fifty years ago. I wasn’t here fifty years ago, but it is certainly not true today. The modern Mexican is not adorably picturesque and maybe for the same reasons he is not indolent, dirty, nor backward. He is a vigorous, busy, demanding person, eager to make his place and take his part in what New Mexico is doing now. And he is doing it. Maybe Dr. Calvin should take a look at the Rio Grande Valley, after all.

An exceptionally well chosen bibliography is added to the text of the book. The photographs used in illustration (the artistry of the author’s wife) are suggestive and beautiful.

ERN A FERGUSSON.

Albuquerque.

One Smoke Stories—Mary Austin—Houghton, Mifflin, 1934—$2.00.

Mary Austin has given American literature another permanently important book. How many of Austin’s books (there are now twenty-eight) are of such considerable status, the reviewer not having read them all, can scarcely estimate. But of the last four books she has written, it is his considered judgment that each is as original in thought, as consummate in style, and as freighted with a unique wisdom and humor as any volumes which have come from
the American press. In them, if one may judge from only a few of the earlier books, the same qualities appear, but deepened, refined, and enriched. *Starry Adventure*, a novel, *Experiences Facing Death*, an essay, *Earth Horizon*, an autobiography, and *One Smoke Stories*, tales, represent Mary Austin in all but her drama and poetry. Can one say that a single common gift of the author's is the golden thread through her books which wins each time the reader at all familiar with her writing?

Competent at plotting and as much the artist in description as anyone writing English, the books of Mary Austin carry the reader along convincingly and fulfillingly until he arrives at those passages of insight into life, those peak moments of revelation that mark an in-knowingness (to use one of her own words) rarely permitted to individuals. The in-knowingness in *One Smoke Stories* is kindly, magnanimous, square-shooting, so that it can illumine friendship like that between Red Morgan and the Papago Kid, vindicate the ancient-way of Hosteen Hatsanai who would have his second wife blessed at the mission like his first, and sere the nature-killing pot-hunter Greenhow whom the gods of the woods brought low. And how her intelligence can prick the bubble of male complacency as in the master-piece "Papago Wedding" and "The Man Who Lied About a Woman" and "The Man who Was Loved By Women." The intelligence expands into wisdom and humor when of Susie, Papago wife to a white man named Shuler and mother to him of five children, it remarks

"In all things Susie was a good wife to him though she had no writing of marriage and she never wore a hat."

The story, "Approaching Dawn," combines this intelligence and this humor with both pathos and beauty. Hot-andemung had conquered all the Seven Fears, but the one fear which he had not reasoned from his heart was the fear
of a woman's beauty. So although the loveliest of maidens, approaching Dawn, gave signs that she preferred him, he let her marry Hotandenai "who loved the girl without any misgiving." Hotandemung did not find the peace he expected after approaching Dawn had married: "When men came together as men in the affairs of the tribe, it was remarked that it was Hotandemung whose mind went sometimes in circles, and Hotandenai who went steadily like a man after a full meal." In two years, Approaching Dawn died in giving birth to her second child, and Hotandemung reflected that "if he could have known the girl would die so early, he would certainly have married her." With Hotandenai he walked the trail to old age and heard his friend's last wish—that his body be carried back to the camp at Hidden-Under-the-Mountain and buried beside that of his beautiful wife. "For," said Hotandenai, "the beauty of her face was a plainness beside the beauty of her spirit, and the best of my life went into the sky with her."

"Why then," said his friend and though it was so long ago his heart turned over in him—"when you married again, did you choose so ugly a woman?"

"Because," said Hotandenai, "I would not have anyone in my house who could rival her in my recollection, for the happiness that we had together was such that Those Above would have envied me, and perhaps that is why they took her. But they have not been able to fill her place in my affections."

It is almost a profanation of sacred things to refer to the same thread of humor and intelligence in "Stewed Beans," but I say to one and all that if they wish to miss one of the finest specimens of American humor they will fail to read the one-smoke story "Stewed Beans."

T. M. Pearce.

Albuquerque.

"We here in the Southwest are interested in its untouched possibilities for story material; in its folklore, its history, its color. What do you of New York hear of it?"

And the charming professor of English from one of the Universities in New York smiled at the naivete of the group of New Mexican enthusiasts.

"To be frank," he answered in amusement, "I'm afraid that we don't even hear of it."

But Hervey Allen chose New Mexico as the last of the six romantic, virile locations in which Anthony Adverse was to seek adventure and life.

It was in the Southwest, "in timeless solitudes which the traveller has discovered to be no longer solitary, that a man's lips can learn to shape themselves to the round symbol of eternity which is the crown of human talk and communion" that Anthony learned the answer to life. From Santa Fe, "in a valley where there were a number of flat-roofed adobe buildings gathered about a plaza... a small, poverty-stricken place," through Albuquerque, "over the cactus-covered hills," Anthony Adverse "with freshness and strength walked the trail in peace."

This man, who was much more than just another picturesque hero because he was eternally seeking something, learned at La Luz, in the high Mountains of southern New Mexico, a balance in "this flux of living." "I think [he said], I detect a little overtone from paradise. Or perhaps it is something in the sunlight, a golden reflection from that age which poets can never remember enough about to coin them out of their dark garrets. I am glad that I did not try to live by dreams alone; glad I tried as best I could to pour molten dreams into the mould of life. This is a good mould here at La Luz to let the hot metal of thought cool in."

Mr. Allen wisely chose such source books for the Southwestern episode as Kendall's Santa Fe Expedition, General
Pike's *Report to the War Department* of his expeditions in the Southwest, *Commerce of the Prairies*, and Colonel Edward Jay Allen's *Diary*.

To those who know the Southwest, it is fitting and just that the value of its material has been recognized by Mr. Allen, for not only has he caught something of the sorrow and the peace of this country in his book but he has also caught something of the cry of humanity in the closing sentence: "Do, God! Give us something."

ELSIE RUTH DYKES CHANT.

*Albuquerque.*

*Traders to the Navajos*—Frances Gillmor and Louisa Wade Wetherill—Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1934—$3.00.

If books about the Southwest should spring out of understanding of the Southwest and should record more than the glamor of our history and the picturesqueness of our countryside, then *Traders to the Navajos* belongs to the true apostolic line. Louisa Wade Wetherill is of the pioneering English stock that wedded an alien soil and grew of the new spirit with it. Her father pioneered as a prospector, as a rancher, and as a community builder. She herself has pioneered in human relationships as twenty-nine thumbprints reproduced on the jacket of the book testify. They are the endorsement of members of the Navajo tribe who in this way of signing affirm that "no other white woman has as complete knowledge of our people, their customs and traditions as she. "This faith of a people was not won quickly. It is the outgrowth of a lifetime of familiarity and common cause among Paiutes and Navajos, a lifetime paralleled by that of a boy and man which was to form the partnership of the Wetherills celebrated in this book.

John Wetherill's father had ridden the famous Chisholm cattle trail, had mined in Missouri, and at last from these unsettled paths turned to ranching in Colorado. But something of the explorer's lure must have remained in the
blood of his sons, for they discovered the unknown cities of
the past on the high Mesa Verde, and aroused the first inter-
est in archaeological sites which supplied Denver, the Uni-
versity of Pennsylvania, and the museum at Stockholm with
the relics of the Basketmaker civilization of the North
American continent.

The life of the Wetherills really began with the more
remote frontier where they established trading posts at Ojo
Alamo, Pueblo Bonito, Oljato, and Kayenta. Their story
is interwoven with the lore of chant and legend of the Navajos,
of the origins of the people, of their folk mores and disci-
pline. But Traders to the Navajos is more than the saga of
individual lives; it is the saga of peoples sung in Frances
Gillmor's memorable phrases; of "the moving people"—the
White Americans, and of those who called themselves just
"the people"—the Dine; of the harmony of "peace on many
faces" won for "the people" and "the moving people" by
such links as John and Louisa Wetherill; of the last frontier
"where danger was always a half-heard undertone in moun-
tain silences"; of the hearthfires and "dancing east of the
sunset" where the people who dance and sing and the people
who ride in steel that fire moves have each "found a living
earth."

T. M. PEARCE.

Albuquerque.

The Three Mustangeers — Will James — Charles Scribner's, 1933 —
$2.75.

Sing me a song of the vanishing West,
A song of the Mustangeers,
A rollicking lay of a by-gone day
With a chorus of bawling steers;
Sing me a song of a jingle of spurs,
With a rattle of hoofs refrain,
And the coyote grim on the canyon's rim
And the creak of the wagon train.
Will James in his new book has done just that. Moreover he has given the molders of public opinion a swell chance to view with alarm! For any of them who have the stamina to ride with his three Mustangeers through a regular orgy of cattle and horse stealing, will find at the end of the trail that crime does, in very truth, pay! At least it paid Andy and Stub and Hugh who make up the triumvirate. The amazing thing about the book is the casual manner in which the boys go about their business of law breaking, and what a lead pipe cinch it is for them to annex a herd of steers belonging to their next door neighbor, haze them across the state line, peddle them to some crooked commission man, and get back home safely with their pockets stuffed with bills.

As a sort of counter attraction to the excitement of cattle stealing, Mr. James sets his three heroes to the task of catching wild horses and goes into considerable detail as to the methods employed. No one but a Westerner thoroughly familiar with his subject could bring to his readers the breezy and authentic atmosphere of this almost forgotten trade. His hobbled horses travel at a skippety-hop loppe before they are herd broke; a “parada” is introduced to help the boys capture the fuzzy tails, and the jargon of the range leaps out to meet the reader from every page. All through the book goes the thunder of hoofs; the creak of saddles; the bawling of cattle, and when words fail him he turns with skillful hand to his drawing board and lo! a herd of wild horses swings across the page with tails flying in the wind.

*The Three Mustangeers* will never threaten the popularity of those three dashing characters of Dumas from whom he draws the inspiration for his title. But in this book Will James has given us an unusual picture of a trio of rollicking cow hands with a highly developed sense of loyalty to one another. If, along the way, the author has allowed them to completely ignore at least one of the commandments and get away with it, this moral lapse has not taken away any of
the glamour from this fast moving story of the vanishing West.

CAREY HOLBROOK.

Albuquerque.

_The Great Tradition_—Granville Hicks—Macmillan—$2.50.

American literature has been a critical literature, a literature critical of greed, cowardice and meanness. Especially since the Civil War, has it become increasingly clear that the central fact in American life is the class struggle. This opens several roads for the writer. He may ignore the struggle. But in doing so, he commits himself to evasion and cannot arrive at a clear interpretation of the life about him nor can he devise a pattern true to American life and people. If he remains impartial, he deceives and confuses both himself and his readers. Or he may become an apologist, by accepting the existing order of things and assuming it operates for the best interests of all. From this attitude, will follow a literature that is dishonest and misrepresentative. If he recognizes the existing order for what it is, yet accepts it, just because he may profit by it, he is callous, selfish and cuts himself off from the rest of humanity for whom he has no sympathy and therefore of whom he cannot write clearly. But if the writer allies himself actively with the proletariat, thus escaping dishonesty, isolation and apologetics, he may treat capitalists and their faults, exploiters and exploitation without exaggeration and so go ahead and carry our literature to a high peak of development.

Thus Mr. Hicks analyzes our literature, its status, past and present, and the forecast of its future. With the Civil War, the old order in America ended and industrialism began to rise steadily over the entire country. These changes brought about a struggle between the old order and the new, a struggle that is still going on. It is a struggle reflected in our literature, striving to present clearly American men
and women, representative types, and their life and society in the light of their experiences. It is also a struggle to understand these conditions that have arisen in America, its changing life, its standards and people. The hardest part of this struggle from a literary point of view is to gain true understanding, and perfection in form of expression.

American authors have had to orientate themselves and try to gain a true perspective of the changing life of their country and to judge clearly and impartially both the people and their reactions to industrialism and its changes. Mr. Hicks first looks back upon the great writers of the Golden Day and then shows how they and their work were obscured by the great and rapid changes after the Civil War. Next, he treats the rise of regionalism, starting with Bret Harte and going on up through Mark Twain, Cable and Eggleston. These men were inspired by a desire to gain a way of escape from the complex contemporary life, so they wrote of the past of their various sections and ignored the present; they evaded a close scrutiny of existing conditions. Their chief mission seemed to be to entertain and they failed to provide a transition to a national literature. Next, there developed the novel of politics, the novel of business and the novel of labor. In this period, Howell stands out as trying to understand the real American life. He tried to create in literature, a form of realism that would help develop a better world. After Howells, there comes the Fugitive group in which Sarah Orne Jewett, Henry James and Emily Dickinson are the most outstanding. Yet these failed in themselves of real fulfillment. They complete or complement the work of Howells and others preceding them.

Then Bellamy tried in fact and in imagination to find and create a Utopia. Along came Garland and Norris, hating and denouncing oppression. They were followed by London and Sinclair who claimed to be Socialists. But the first ten or twelve years of the century produced little that
will survive. *The Octopus, The Jungle* and *The Call of the Wild* are the works best remembered. But the work of Churchill, White and Phillips is forgotten. O. Henry is outmoded. Herrick is little read. A few plays were produced that are still remembered. This should have been the most productive period of our literature, but somehow the writers failed in their purposes. It may be called the muckraking era and it did prepare the way for the greater realism and technical skill of the middle generation.

The period from 1912 to 1925 is regarded as an American Renaissance. Its beginnings were in the 90's and its fertilization and adolescence were accomplished during the muckraking period and it flowered in the work of the middle generation. The period presents many outstanding writers. The novelists are Dreiser, Edith Wharton, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, Joseph Hergesheimer. The poets are Amy Lowell, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and Robert Frost. The critics are Mencken, Brooks, Huneker, Spingarn. As a dramatist, Eugene O'Neill stands out. The writers of this period are intensely critical, pessimistic and filled with a sense of deep frustration, unhappiness and despair. They seem to think life is a dismal failure and America a joke. Many of them fled to Europe seeking a new and better mode of living. There had been better work than theirs but never so much good work or so many worthwhile writers as the middle generation produced. There was a wide-spread interest in literature. And this generation emancipated literature from Victorian standards. But they failed in many ways and their later work does not fulfill the promise of the earlier efforts.

Of the revolutionary group of the present period, there are three outstanding pessimists—Krutch, Jeffers, and Faulkner. T. S. Elliot's poetry is widely read but his work, his gifts and ability now seem to be strangled in his conversion to royalist politics and the anglo-catholic religion.
Wilder is trying to find certainty in a world of disillusionment. Hemingway is of the lost generation, not sure of any code and a drifter. Elizabeth Maddox Roberts and Glenway Westcott are the representatives of regionalism. Both have fallen short of the standards they originally set in their work.

The outstanding writer of the period is John Dos Passos. He expresses in a modern way the spirit of the great works of the past. He has confidence in the common man, he rebels against shams and oppression, he feels a kinship with all classes of workers and believes in curbing the individual for the good of all. It has been said that our writers have failed to achieve order, form and significance. Dos Passos along with other radicals, in dealing with representative American men and women in representative situations is bringing into our literature these qualities which it has lacked.

And so Mr. Hicks has followed the course of our literature through its phases of development, as it has grown more honest and complete in its depiction of our life and people through a better understanding of American society. One gathers that Mr. Hicks is Marxian and communistic in his sympathies and views. And although his opinions and those of the reader and student of American literature may conflict at times, yet it must be conceded that his book is a splendid and enlightening piece of work which gives a deeper insight into our literature, its sources, inspiration and creators.

LYDIA S. BRADFORD.

Santa Fe.


No problem in the Southwest is more likely to draw out fiery champions of several camps than the religious education of the Indian. Here is a book with both Indian and
Christian religions at its heart, and sympathetically given to the treatment of the idealism, the discipline, and the heroism called forth by each. Heroism is descriptive of both the Protestant missionary, Lanting, a central figure in the book, and of Koshe, its hero, a Zuñi youth loving both Christ and the Shalakos.

The Indians at Zuñi, like the Indians elsewhere seem to settle the matter of Old Gods and New easily and naturally. They accept both. Shalako and Christmas come in the winter about the same time. And each is significant and exciting. There may be a little of conspiracy about singing the Jesus-hymns, especially with such fervor at Christmas time where candy and gifts are conspicuous in the chapel corner, but fundamentally at heart the Indian refuses to become excited over adding to his faith. Giving up anything he already has is different. And though Lanting secretly feels that as long as Koshe dances so hard the nature worship of his fathers he belongs only half to Christ and the other half to paganism, with Koshe there is no struggle in accepting both.

The book is tremendously real: American baseball and Zuñi stick-races, medical serums and Zuñi medicine-cures, piñion picking and government aid to the snow bound Navajos succoured by Zuñis whose preserves they were raiding, rise to a gripping climax in the fight of Koshe and his pony to conquer the perilous snow drifts in to Chin Lee where typhoid sufferers await serums he brings and where She-with-the-Mellow-Voice, a Navajo girl whom Koshe loves, is isolated with her old grandmother in a remote hogan. The story is never sentimental; it is never satiric of the missionaries or their recalcitrant but amiable converts. And it is less fiction than fact—another stirring witness to the romance (if one can call the blood marked trail of the pony and Koshe such) close to home.

Phrases of Zuñi speech and annotations of Zuñi custom add to the value of a book devoted to one of the most fas-
Albuquerque.

American Literature: A Period Anthology: Oscar Curgill, General Editor—The Macmillan Company, 1933.
The Roots of National Culture: American Literature to 1830—Edited by Robert E. Spiller, Associate Professor of English, Swarthmore College—$1.50.

"The Indian provides the first element in the cosmopolitan origins of our literature; the explorers and early settlers, the second."

Robert E. Spiller, who has edited the volume on The Roots of National Culture, which stands first in the five volume period anthology of American Literature not only makes this statement in his able introduction but acts upon it in his selections. Thereby he departs from convention. And though we have the representations from John Smith to James Fenimore Cooper which we should expect in a volume covering American literature to 1830, we have in addition the inclusion of the Columbus Letter of 1493 as the earliest written record dated from the new world, and the inclusion of selections from Hariot and Champlain. The century preceding the settlement of Jamestown thus finds a voice after too long a silence. It is to be regretted that some of the Relations of the Spanish explorers are not also included, since contemporary writing has found such stimulus in them. The omission is, however, accounted for in the introduction by the reminder that the Spanish tradition, though an influence on today, has not been the shaping force through the development of our literature that the eastern and English tradition has been. But the debt of the present
to Spanish materials, particularly in the work of Willa Cather and Archibald MacLeish, is given due emphasis.

In the selection of Indian songs and legends, it is again unfortunate that convention is not defied a little more and material drawn not only from Schoolcraft and Natalie Curtis, both good choices, but also from the wealth available in the Bureau of Ethnology reports. Cushing and Matthews might then have received their due for literary skill and literary influence, as well as for scientific research. However there is again atonement for the omission. The notes do refer to the Bureau of Ethnology reports, to the work of Alice C. Fletcher and Frances Densmore, and to Mary Austin's American Rhythm, whose thesis concerning the relationship of this material to American literature is briefly summarized. In fact, the interest and richness of the notes, not only in this instance but consistently, is a remarkable feature of the volume.

The chief distinction of The Roots of National Culture, however, lies in this start it makes toward discovering neglected roots. And since fashions in anthologies are slavishly followed, it is to be hoped that this volume will set a new one.

FRANCES GILLMOR.

Albuquerque.

The Romantic Triumph: American Literature from 1830 to 1860—
Edited by Tremaine McDowell, Associate Professor of English.
University of Minnesota—$1.50.

Professor McDowell's The Romantic Triumph: 1830-1860 is the second of five period anthologies of American literature. Its 744 pages supply in generous measure the material for the study of the period under consideration.

The one weakness of the work is fundamental to the plan of the series, and is not the fault of Professor McDowell. These five volumes are intended as textbooks, and must be judged accordingly. It is the impression of the
reviewer that few if any American Universities offer their introductory courses in American literature in such small subdivisions as these volumes imply. The usual plan is a single one- or two-semester course covering the whole field. The expense of a five volume anthology is likely to exceed that of the single or even two-volume collections. On the other hand one who is interested in close study of the separate periods gets a large body of material at a reasonable price.

In other respects, Professor McDowell's work is almost beyond cavil. His judgment is sound in his selections, and he uses to good advantage his one opportunity for originality, in the selection and classification of minor writers. Significant attitudes are illustrated by "Early Sentimentalists," "Minor Transcendentalists," and "Late Sentimentalists." Physical and social conditions are reflected by "The Conquest of the New World," "Indian and Pioneer," and "Plantation and Slave," these groups embracing, among others, Prescott, Parkman, David Crockett, and Calhoun and Webster.

The work is competently done as regards text and notes (which are, properly, few and short) ; but one would appreciate more bibliographical material. The book is attractive in appearance and easy to handle, with good paper, large, clear type, and a page-size midway between the clumsy bigness of the standard anthology, and the inadequate smallness of a pocket edition. Indeed, these advantages are made possible by the multi-volume plan, and may be considered in a large measure to outweigh the objection to the plan.

G. P. SHANNON.

Albuquerque.

_The Rise of Realism: American Literature from 1860 to 1888—Edited by Louis Wann, Professor of English Language and Literature, University of Southern California—$1.50._

Louis Wann's Anthology, "The Rise of Realism," the third volume in a series of American Literature Periods, is
comprehensive in scope and scholarly in plan. Mr. Wann very ably develops in his preface the theory that the demands of the frontier, the crisis of the Civil War, and the rise of the new industrialism put an end to romanticism, and then he very carefully builds up a fine background of realism from an analytical viewpoint. All forms of writing are illustrated in the book: poetry, criticism, history, the novel and the drama. All classes of humanity weave the patterns of these forms: preachers, cowboys, statesmen, philosophers, soldiers, and scientists.

Since literature is a reflection of life a careful study of the varied selections will provide an excellent historical and social perspective of the currents which swept over and around the mountaineer, miner, lumberjack, negro, frontiersman and editor. Life was hard for them and they had to face the facts. They did so realistically, but also charmingly in many instances, thus proving that the spirit of romance still lingered on. We must admit however, that the design in the shifting pattern of life and literature was traced by the great ones: Abraham Lincoln, Walt Whitman, William Dean Howells, Mark Twain, Henry James, Sidney Lanier and therefore that much of the material in the collection is of the homespun variety since there are fifty-six contributors. Even so, we are proud of all those who were capable of preserving for future generations an American tradition, ballad, sermon or ideal.

JULIA KLEHEHER.

Albuquerque.

The Social Revolt: American Literature from 1881 to 1914—Edited by Oscar Cargill, Assistant Professor of English, New York University—$1.35.

This, the fourth volume of the series, covers the years from 1888 to 1914. It begins with Henry George and ends with George Santayana. The arrangement is interesting and suggestive, under such headings as, Utopian Dreamers,
The Gilded Youth, Iconoclasm, The Under Dog, Mysticism and Individualism, to mention only a few.

The volume is a comment on the fleetingness of literary reputations. Here are selections from fifty-eight writers. How few of them are still read, at least widely! Possibly, Stephen Crane, Booth Tarkington, Edith Wharton, Jack London (?), and, (by the cognoscenti) Henry Adams. Nor can one of these be grouped with our major American writers.

The editorial introduction, it seems to me, lays too much stress on social and economic trends and not enough on the esthetic. The book contains, however, a valuable collection of material, most of it very readable.


In this volume, we find 503 pages against the 647 of the previous volume, and 76 writers against the 58 of the preceding period. Yet, how incomparably richer and more important is the output of this period as compared with that covered in Volume Four! Though I do not pretend to be a prophet, I venture to say that some twenty of the names listed in this volume will rank with the best of our earlier authors, and, as compared with the writers of the preceding period, there is not a single field in which one or more contemporary writers will not excel any previous author. In the field of poetry, we have Robinson, Frost, Sandburg, Masters, Jeffers. Of the preceding period, only William Vaughan Moody approaches these. In the novel, what name of the preceding period can be placed alongside these: Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson.

The editor asserts, and justly, that this is the “first attempt to treat as a distinct period American literary history since 1914.” One might wish that many of his own favorites from Robinson, Frost, Sandburg, Masters, St. Vincent
Millay, Teasdale, had been included instead of selections from lesser known and less important poets.

Both volumes are adequately printed and well edited, with especially good biographical and critical notes. The volume on Contemporary Trends presents a capital picture of a most complex, disturbing, and experimental period.

GEORGE ST. CLAIR.

Albuquerque.
MEXICO

in article and story will be presented in the August NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY.

“Education in Sixteenth Century Mexico”—by George Sanchez—earliest European instruction in the New World.

“Indians—New Mexican and Mexican”—by Erna Ferguson—Indian customs above and below the Rio Grande.

“The Eclipse”—by Edna Bouldin—an American scientific expedition encounters miracle working in a Mexican village.

“Mexican Sunday Morning—O Terra Del Sol—Street of Small Coffins”—by Mela Sedillo Brewster—sketches of Mexico City.

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THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY

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Contributors to this Issue

GEORGE HOOD is a student of the University of New Mexico. He is one of the Navajo people. This is the third poem he has published in The New Mexico Quarterly; one of them, Navajo Song, was selected for publication in The Anthology of Collegiate Verse for 1933.

NILS HOGNER is a New Mexican artist, famous for his drawings and paintings of Navajo life. He has lived in Albuquerque for several years.

DOROTHY HOGNER has written articles and sketches for two Quarterlys and for New Mexico. She contributes to this issue material from a book of stories about the Navajos, in which she has as collaborator and illustrator, her husband, Nils.

HARVENA CONRAD RICHTER’S Shadows on the Sandias, is the prize-winning poem in the Poetry Contest conducted by the Woman’s Club of Albuquerque. Prize winners and given honorable mention, are a number of other poets represented in this issue of the Quarterly: Lillian G. Sewell, Ansell McCoy, Dudley Peace, Robert Freeman Herter, Elsa Fisher Herlitz.

SIDNEY HAYES COX is a member of the English Department of Dartmouth College. He is author of The Teaching of English: Avovals and Ventures and co-editor of Prose Preferences, a new volume of which has just been published by Harpers.

GEORGE ST. CLAIR has given a good many years to the study of the poetry of E. A. Robinson. Dr. St. Clair’s own newest book of poetry, Young Heart, was printed in the fall by Henry Harrison. Dr. St. Clair is chairman of the Department of English of the University of New Mexico.

JOHN CROWE RANSOME, American poet and teacher, has at Vanderbilt University, been one of a group of thinkers who are re-forming American thought about industrial and rural society. His books of poetry are Two Gentlemen in Bonds and Chills and Fever. He contributed to the increasingly well-known book of the Southern group, I’ll Take My Stand.

FRANCES GILLMOR, novelist and teacher, has just seen Traders to the Navajo published by Houghton Mifflin. It is her third book, and is a collaborative project with Mrs. Louisa Wade Wetherell of Kayenta, Arizona. It is reviewed in this Quarterly. Miss Gillmor is a member of the English staff of New Mexico University.

IRENE FISHER has published poetry in a number of magazines, the Quarterly among them. She lives in Albuquerque where her profession is journalism.

H. G. MERRIAM, chairman of the Humanities Division in the University of Montana, is editor of the Frontier-Midland magazine, published in Missoula, Montana. Mr. Merriam is the editor of a book of Northwestern verse.

T. M. PEARCE is co-editor of a Southwestern anthology called America in the Southwest, published by the University of New Mexico Press. He is editor of this magazine and a member of the English staff of New Mexico University.

HORACE GARDNER, student of the University of New Mexico, has just been awarded the Katherine Mather Simms prize for excellence in creative writing.

SIDDIE JOE JOHNSON is a Texas poet whose book Agarita Berry has brought her widespread attention. Her poems have been published in Poetry, a Magazine of Verse, the Southwest Review, the New York Times and elsewhere.
The Hogan Song

By GEORGE HOOD

Here I dwell,
A happy dwelling.
Beneath the east,
A happy dwelling.
From the east,
My father greets me,
A happy dwelling.

Here I dwell,
A happy dwelling.
Beneath the north,
A happy dwelling.
From the north
My guide leads me;
A happy dwelling.

Here I dwell,
A happy dwelling.
Beneath the south
A happy dwelling,
From the south
My venison doth come,
A happy dwelling.

Here I dwell,
A happy dwelling.
Beneath the west
A happy dwelling.
From the west,
My rest doth come;
A happy dwelling.

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THE MAKING OF THE SUN AND MOON
Drawn by Nils Hogner for Hogan Tales

Published by UNM Digital Repository, 1934
Hogan Tales

By DOROTHY CHILDS HOGNER

Note by the Editor:
The following tales are drawn from the vast store of Navajo myths and folk narratives which have interested ethnologist and writer alike. As part of a book of tales collected by Dorothy Hogner, they represent three large spheres of folk-lore among the Navajos—the ethnic myths, the chieftain hero tales, and the animal fables. The three stories printed here appear under general headings corresponding to these divisions, the “Tales of Very, Very Long Ago,” the “Big Long Man Stories,” and the “Coyote Stories.” The editor is pleased to present material of such interest to Southwestern readers and to lovers of folk literature, young and old. The frontispiece of this magazine reproduces one of the illustrations done for the book by Nils Hogner, the author’s artist husband, and advisor about the Navajos.

THE MAKING OF THE SUN AND MOON

Long, long, ago when the people first came from the Under World, there was no sun in the sky by day and no moon in the sky by night. At dawn the White Light rose in the East and the Yellow Light in the West and when the two lights met in the sky it was day. It was quite dark and gloomy. The Navajos wanted more light.

“I will make more light,” said the First Man. From his hogan he brought a great piece of turquoise which he had carried with him from the Under World.

“From this stone I will make the Sun and hang it in the sky by day to make more light,” he said. The people gathered around and he chipped the blue turquoise stone until it was flat and round like a coin. Then he painted a face on the surface.

“This,” he said, “is the Sun. It will give light by day.” While the First Man admired his handiwork, the First Woman went to her hogan and brought out a white shell which she had carried from the Under World. She handed it to First Man.

“This,” she said, “will be the Moon. We shall hang it
in the sky by night and it will give a light when the Sun is gone.’

First Man chipped it round and flat like the Sun and painted a face on its surface, too.

The next day he called a council of all of the head men and the medicine men. When they were seated, First Man asked:

“Can anyone here make the discs shine?”

“I can,” said the Spider Medicine Man. “I will put light into the Sun and the Moon.” So saying, he wove five threads, all of different colors around the discs. For twelve nights he sang, making good medicine over them. On the twelfth night the Sun and the Moon shone.

The First Man called another council and asked, “Will anyone carry the Sun across the sky?”

“I will,” said Coyote. But no one would vote for Coyote. He was already known as a scamp.

“The Sun would never rise on time if Coyote carried it,” said First Man and he asked, “Will anyone here carry the Moon across the sky?”

“I will,” said Coyote, but the people refused his offer.

Just then two handsome young people were seen coming over the horizon. They rode on the backs of beautiful animals that the Navajos had never seen before. One of them was a young man and he was seated on the back of a Turquoise Blue Stallion. The other, a young woman, was seated on a beautiful White Mare. The people had never seen a horse before in their lives, neither did they know what to make of the handsome young man and woman.

“Why do you come here? Who are you? Where do you come from?” asked the people.

Neither of the strangers gave a name, but the handsome boy said, “I come to carry the Sun for you each day over the sky.”

The beautiful woman said, “I come to carry the Moon each night over the sky.”
The people were amazed but pleased. These handsome young people on their strange handsome animals seemed to be just the ones to carry the newly made Sun and Moon.

"Come to my house and start your journey there," said the East Wind, who was also entranced with the strangers.

"Yes," cried the people. "Go with the East Wind and climb up the sky from his home."

Thus it happened that the handsome man and the beautiful woman on their strange animals rode into the East with the East Wind. On the next day the people watched anxiously for the Sun to rise. The white light of dawn came as usual. Then a glorious aurora of color filled the East. Sun rays shot up over the horizon.

"Here comes the Sun," shouted the people and for the first time in the history of the world the great dazzling Sun rode up over the rim of the world. A bright warm light spread over the earth. The people danced and sang for joy.

"The Sun is beautiful and warm," they cried. They watched it climb up, up to the very top of the sky. There, to their dismay, the Sun stopped.

"What is the matter?" cried the people. "Ride on with your Turquoise Blue animal, oh Carrier of the Sun," they shouted up toward the sky. But the disc of the Sun did not move. At last a voice called down "I will stay here until you give me a human life." It was the voice of the Sun Carrier.

"He is a witch," cried First Man. "What shall we do?"

The people shouted again at the Sun but it did not move an inch. It stayed glaring down at them from the roof of the sky. That very hour the runner came to say that the wife of a chief was dying. As she drew her last breath the Sun began to move once more and slowly it travelled on down into the west, leaving a trail of color behind it on the horizon. Dusk came and then darkness.

That night the people waited anxiously for the Moon to
rise in the dark night sky. Soon a glow spread over the East.

"Here comes the Moon," cried the people and, for the first time in all history, the copper-colored Moon rose up over the rim of the earth. A weird, soft light flowed over all the land. The people danced and sang for joy.

"The Moon is strange and beautiful," they cried. They watched it climb higher and higher until it, too, reached the roof of the sky. There, to the dismay of the people, it stopped as the Sun had stopped.

"What is the matter?" cried the people. "Ride on, Moon Carrier, on your beautiful white animal." But the disc of the Moon did not move. Finally a voice called down, "I will stay here until you give me a human life.

"She is a witch, too," cried the people.

It happened that an old warrior lay ill and that very hour he died. When he drew his last breath the Moon started moving slowly across the sky, down, down into the west.

From that day to this, people die day and night to satisfy the Sun and the Moon and ever since, the Sun and the Moon have travelled faithfully over the sky without stopping in their paths.

BIG LONG MAN GOES HUNTING

Big Long Man liked to go hunting every day. His wife scolded him and said, "Why don't you stay home and hoe the corn? Look at the garden. It is full of weeds." This was true. The corn needed hoeing and the land needed water from the irrigation ditch. But Big Long Man went hunting just the same.

"You had better be careful," warned his wife. "If you keep on chasing animals you will turn into one some day." Big Long Man just laughed and rode off on Grey Horse with his bow and quiver slung over his shoulder.

That day the ground was covered with new fallen snow, and soon the hunter came upon the tracks of Lynx Cat. He.
HOGAN TALES

tracked the foot prints to Big Tall Pine Tree, and there the tracks stopped. Big Long Man peered up into the thick branches of the tree. The branches were so thick that he could not see Lynx Cat, but there he sat, hiding high up among the thick pine needles.

Big Long Man got off his horse and threw the reins of the bridle on the ground so that the animal would stand under the tree. Then Big Long Man began circling around and around the tree trunk, peering up into the branches.

"Lynx Cat must be up there hiding," said he to himself. "Here are his tracks to the foot of the tree. There are no tracks leading away." He held his bow ready to shoot, a sharp pointed arrow fitted to the string. Round and round the tree trunk he circled. All this time Lynx Cat was sitting in the tree following every move of Big Long Man with his eyes.

Round and round walked Big Long Man, and round and round went Lynx Cat's head, twisting this way and that to keep his eye on the hunter. After a while Lynx Cat got dizzy. He could scarcely see. Big Long Man kept right on walking around in circles on the ground below. Finally Lynx Cat got so dizzy that he could not keep his balance. He toppled over backwards. He tried to catch hold of a branch but he was too dizzy. As luck would have it he landed plunk on the top of Old Grey Horse, who was nodding and hanging his head, sleepily; under the tree. When Grey Horse felt the sharp claws of Lynx Cat dig into his back he did not know what was happening. He gave one squeal and one buck and started in a fast gallop toward the hogan of Big Long Man, with Lynx Cat riding on his back. Try as he would, Lynx Cat could not jump off Grey Horse's back. His feet were tangled in the stirrup straps.

When Grey Horse came in sight of the hogan, the children of Big Long Man were playing in front of the door. The moment they saw Grey Horse coming at such a fast gallop they ran indoors calling to their mother.
“Here comes Father. He must have killed an animal already. He is riding very fast.”

“I do wonder what brings him home so early,” said Mrs. Big Long Man. She ran to the door as Grey Horse came plunging along with the strange rider clinging to his back. When Mrs. Big Long Man saw Lynx Cat, she gave a scream. Then she began to scold.

“What did I tell you, Big Long Man,” she said to Lynx Cat. “I warned you that you would change into an animal if you went hunting every day and neglected your corn patch. Now I have a fine husband. Get along with you and don’t come back again until you have your own skin on.” So saying, she gave Lynx Cat a cut with a switch. With a yowl Lynx Cat disentangled his feet and leapt from the back of Grey Horse. Away he ran, glad enough that the ride was finished.

Along about sundown, Big Long Man came limping across the valley. His feet were blistered. He was tired and cross.

“Where is my supper?” he shouted as he came in sight of his hogan.

Mrs. Big Long Man was inside the hogan cooking a mutton stew.

“If Big Long Man is still a Lynx Cat,” said Mrs. Big Long Man to her children, he will get another cut with this switch for his supper.” She picked up a long switch and went to the door of the hogan. There was Big Long Man limping home wearily.

“So, you have turned back into a man,” said Mrs. Big Long Man. “Now will you be sensible and hoe your corn? I won’t be keeping any Lynx Cats for husbands.”

Big Long Man was too tired to heed his wife’s scoldings.

“I will hoe my corn tomorrow,” he said. “Now please give me my supper.”

“See that you do hoe the corn,” replied Mrs. Big Long Man. “I don’t want Lynx Cats around my hogan.”
"What on earth is she talking about?" said Big Long Man to himself. But he was too tired to argue with his wife and he said no more out loud.

COYOTE AND ROCK LIZARDS

On the way home, Coyote saw a group of Rock Lizards playing a game. Their scaly bodies shone beautifully in the sunlight. Coyote was as curious as ever. He trotted over to the rocks to find out what the Lizards were doing. They were playing on a wide flat rock which dipped steeply into Red Rock Canyon. At the top of the Rock was a pile of round smooth stones. The Lizards took turns riding down hill on these stones. A Lizard would balance on top of a stone ready to ride. He would blow out his cheeks, and hiss, and the other Lizards would give him a shove. The Lizards were clever. They moved their small feet as fast as the stones, letting them spin beneath them. Away they scooted with their tails and heads held high. Not a single Lizard made a misstep. Not one lost his balance and fell off.

It was a thrilling game and Coyote admired it more than any other game he had ever seen. For a time he sat patiently watching. At last he could not sit idle any longer and he begged the Lizards to let him join them in their play.

"No," said the Lizard who was just ready to ride. "Go away." He puffed out his cheeks and hissed and off he went whizzing down the wide flat rock surface.

Coyote asked the next rock slider.

"No," replied the second Lizard just as his cousin had done. "This is a dangerous game. You would get hurt."

"I am the fastest of all the animals," boasted Coyote. "Besides, I can jump farther, too. Do let me play."

"No," replied Lizard. But when Coyote asked the fourth time they placed a stone at the top of the slide and told Coyote to balance himself upon it. Coyote carefully placed his four feet on the small stone. He wrapped his tail close to his body to keep it out of his way.
“Let go. Let me go,” he shouted to the Lizards who were balancing him. The other Lizards gave him a gentle shove and away he went with his fur blowing in the breeze. He shifted his feet quickly as the stone revolved and he slid all the way to the bottom without falling. He hurried back up the slide and as soon as he reached the top of the wide rock he said, “That is fun. Let me ride again, Lizards.”

“No, no,” hissed the Lizards. “Enough. Leave us.” But Coyote was not thinking of leaving. He bothered the Lizards until they gave him two more rides. Each time he rolled the stone to the bottom without a mishap. Now if Coyote had only been satisfied with three rides, all would have been well. But he was not satisfied. Not a bit of it. He came up the fourth time and said:

“Let me have just one more turn, cousins.” The Lizards were now thoroughly out of patience. They gathered together and whispered in council. In the mean time Coyote was carefully placing his feet on a round stone as before. Two Lizards left the council and came up behind him. Instead of giving him a gentle shove, they pushed with all their strength. He started down the steep slide so fast that he could hardly see. Faster and faster and faster rolled the stone. It spun beneath Coyote’s feet until he could no longer keep up with it. Out flew his feet from under his body, and he landed with a skid and a plop at the bottom of Red Rock Canyon. The sliding stone rolled over him, and when the Lizards got to the bottom of the canyon there was nothing left of Coyote but pieces. He was scattered to bits over the Canyon bottom. Here and there were pieces of his arms and legs, of his fur and of his skin. When the Lizards saw what they had done they were frightened.

“We will get in trouble for killing Coyote,” said First Lizard. “When Coyote’s friends find out about our tricks they will come and kill us.”

“True,” said all of the Lizards, “but what can we do?”

“Well,” said First Lizard. “Coyote does not carry his
vital parts where we do. He carries his vital parts in the
tip of his nose and the tip of his tail. If we can find the tip
of his nose and the tip of his tail we can put him all together
again and he will be as good as ever."

"Good," said the other Lizards. They scurried around
and commenced to pick up the pieces of Coyote's body and
stick them together again.

"Here is his heart," cried one Lizard. "Here is a tooth,"
cried another Lizard. "Here is a nail. Here is his right
eye. Here is a bit of fur." As each Lizard found a new bit
of Coyote's body he fitted it into the right place. At last
Coyote was all joined together again, but he lay still on the
ground as dead as a stone.

"Why does he not come to life?" cried the Lizards.
"We have not yet found the tip of his nose and the tip
of his tail," replied First Lizard. They hunted again and
after a while two of the Lizards came scurrying up with
the tip of Coyote's tail and the tip of his nose. Carefully
they stuck these bits on the ends of Coyote's body. Coyote's
body began to heave up and down. He breathed. The Liz-
ards all shouted for joy. But Coyote did not get up from
the ground. He just lay there breathing, but not moving
another bit.

"We must make a dance around him," directed First
Lizard. He gathered sand and began to scatter it over the
body of Coyote. The other Lizards joined hands making a
circle around the body and they danced while First Lizard
made magic medicine with the sand.

Suddenly Coyote's legs began to twitch. He yawned
and stretched and stood up. In a moment he was alive and
as strong as ever. The first words that he spoke were:

"Let us go to the top of the slide again and play the
game of rock sliding. Now that you know how to put me
together, you need not be afraid."

The Lizards hissed angrily. "No," they cried. With-
out more talk they scurried to their homes in the Red Rock and did not play the rock sliding game for many days.

Ever since that day the Navajos have used the sand that has touched a Lizard’s body to make good medicine for sick people.
SHADOWS ON THE SANDIÁS

By HARVENA CONRAD RICHTER

Eons into starless nights
the gods wrestled
with this rock,
casting, shaping, smoothing
the molten mass:
carving the giant figureheads,
turrets of ancient fortresses,
and Pharaoh's pyramids.
Now the cliffs are weathered
and the faces gaze with dimmed eyes
across the sand hills,
like aged chiefs at sunset.

The arid soil has yielded
piñons and cedars,
staunch on conical red hills,
ovens of a race of giants that is gone.
Where once was spilled
a profusion of rich ores,
now fir and spruce silver the dark hills—
walking among the clouds—
holding company with
the blaring sunflowers that follows the arroyos—
shadowing the scarlet tongues
of Penstamen torei and asters, colored
like distant mesas against the reef of sunset.
High on the wind-swept ridges,
paved with natural flag-stones,
fox-pines battle the storm
above chrome aspen trunks that stoop to tell
the story of the winds.
Indian paintbrush,
purple monkshood,
a profusion of spectrum colored flora
sprinkle the grassy slopes above timber line.

Under the rim
aspens bloom in shaded clefts,
swarming down the canyons
until they meet the yellow pines,
lifting their vigorous cinnamon boles
into the heady air.

Here Indians came from Acoma
to fish the waters of this rock,
to track for deer this virginal, high-pointing forest,
these Titan, rotting trunks made soft by moss.

Now white men have scratched ant trails
where the moccasin left no scar.

Sawmills have despoiled these plumed slopes
where now only scrub oaks
paint their ochres and sepia
when frosts ride down from Colorado.

Civilization has reached these solitudes.
The spawn of man
haunts the rugged canyons to play cards,
destroying the echoes
with inane laughter.

God cannot build barb-wire fences
to keep them out.
New England and Robert Frost

By SIDNEY HAYES COX

SPRING comes hard in New England. Snow consolidates in shady corners and in thick woods to resist the sun and mellowing atmosphere, sometimes until June. And north of Boston frosts pertinaciously renew resistance to the buds and shoots; some years there are blizzards long after scillas and mayflowers, the white and pink arbutus, have dared expose their petals. That tenacity of the rigorous old winter points up the pink and gold of spring, renders the commonplace resplendence of even dandelions heroic when the first late April clump flashes on our eyes.

All New England loveliness is peculiarly a triumph. It wears the glory, proves the inherent strength of a good that almost couldn’t be. The Persian riotousness of autumn purple, crimson, scarlet, burnt orange, lemon, lustrous brown and burnished russet along our woodlots, hillsides, and orchards, woodbine on barnsides and wandering over low stone walls, marks the sanguinary climax of fierce and passionate resistance. Even in defeat it is paradoxically defiant, and we who live here know the old leaves will in seeming to settle and relent be raising from their heaped ruin near the roots the young pink and gold of another indissuadable renewal.

Even in winter the beauty of our sombre landscape is incized by a sturdy fortitude too laconic for a smile. The sculptured whiteness of our deepening, deepening snow would be cadaverous and intolerable if it were not for the stark elms making their black lace against gray and cold blue skies. The sinewy though delicate maples we know will not die even though they shed gallon after gallon of their sap in March before the snow has let up and retracted. Our virginal white birches insist on their own superior whiteness from whose black twigs the daintiest green will flaunt once more. And our hemlocks, spruces, firs, cedars, pines,

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though they give up here and there a browned row or tuft of needle-leaves always hold out green beneath their hundredweights of snow. Green squads, platoons and regiments, though hostage in appearance, guarantee to dwellers in weathered, rambling farmhouses and white villages the return in force of all the leaves and flowers—all at any rate, except here and there a too soft-natured exotic in a woman-made garden.

The New England summer, all green and in the wide valleys luxuriant, is perhaps most of all a reserved and unromanticized record of the coming through in spite of resistance that might be thought too powerful to be worth encountering. That which won't give up holds every blade of grass, all the potato stalks, and every head of cabbage where ledge, rock, hard clay, or, along the sea coast, sterile sand has done its utmost to check and daunt, to gnarl, to beat into abandoning the effort. A special pathos but never an inkling of self pity attends the summers far north where at best the triumph cannot be for long; early frosts that end it all only make the audacious summer the more quietly poignant.

The wildness of New England, I am saying, is not subdued. It is merely shrewd, and tempered and reserved to carry on the inexorable natural and internal conflict. Through that conflict geographical New England unostentatiously achieves a synthesis so simple that hasty travelers never penetrate to its deep surge and counterthrust. The forces are not less tremendous because they give and take with a reciprocal potential that approaches equipoise. Life still comes through. What lives at all in New England has met and momently dominated the full power of anti-life. It is vulnerable still, and doomed, but it is life at its most concentrated. It is full essence.

New England people are like their dwelling place. The ingrained New Englander is tough, sinewy, difficult, exacting, full of sap. He and she seem cool, or in their absence
of easy flowing sentiment and quick, cracking emotions, cold; they have heat enough to survive the winters of many a discontent. The measure of their animation is the constancy and the intensity of what they have stood off without whine or appeal; or let it be the composure many of them have effected in their lives out of deep contradictory desires that slowly coalesced and ceased to balk and wind each other in futile throes.

New Englanders are often quiet and sober when other people would be violently excited. The stimulus that rouses exclamations of delight, ejaculations of disgust, peals of laughter or groans of sorrow from a simpler nature, in them arouses at the same time recollections of pain involved with the delight, of joy felt in the action that brought on the disgusting consequence, of grief incident to the folly which provokes the laughs, or relief from misery vouchsafed by the very disaster that elicits groans.

To understand them you must assess not the quantity of overt emotion but the ratio of the emotion expressed to the internal resistance from other emotions felt at the time or previously ingrained in their character. You must also realize that they seem contemplative and retarded in decision and action because secretly they are preparing to act with exceptional commitment and awareness of the fatal finality of deeds.

And beware of disposing of New Englanders as traditional. They inherit unashamedly more than a little of the tradition of old England, but in the three centuries of being New they have put new curvatures on all the old traditions. And the traditional recurved to living is original.

Yet when you know the New Englander with his scorn for exhibitionism, his understatement, his reserve, his refusal to explain, his seeming simple words that have three edges, you are but getting to know man. Just as when you get to know the tense conflict of nature in New England you are getting concentrated knowledge of the earth.
The material of Robert Frost's poems is those two kinds of knowledge, knowledge of man and knowledge of earth. But he is a New Englander, and doesn't tell all he knows. He uses it. Instead of generalizing he tells a story, or makes an unemphatic comment on mowing hay, a pile of neglected cord wood, or a dried up brook. You can easily miss what he means if you aren't alert for the equivalent for a cocked head or a screwed up left eye.

He has both the Yankee tendency to turn things over in his mind and see if he can't extract some hint for later exigencies and the Yankee inclination not to say much but wait until he sees. What he does say sounds more tentative and casual, often, at first hearing, than the long time he has whittled over it would seem to warrant.

His stories and meditative monologues, are within limits, have a time and place. He lets the reader suppose him hampered to slight significance within those limits, the way a New England farmer sometimes lets a visitor suppose him tethered to his pasture. General truths apart from cases have a way of ceasing to be true. And so instead of extracting meanings he leaves them where they are, and attempts, with sly casualness to inveigle us into taking the second, deeper look. If we look we find every poem of his is a specimen, a sample. Like a generalization it stands for many experiences; but it has not lost, in the process of abstraction, reality.

One of the errors seekers of the universal sometimes make with this hard-headed Yankee is supposing that in New England he is in retirement, that he has escaped the harsh conditions of industrialized and cosmopolitan life. They don't know that he has had a San Francisco boyhood, a factory city youth, a period of "turning to fresh tasks" as he wandered in the south, a time of working on a newspaper, and plenty of samples of London and New York. They don't know how intimately he has been "acquainted with the night." He knows the special conditions of our times, all
right. But, more important, he accepts harsh and resistant conditions, as characteristic of life in all times.

As his poems give shape, not to the abstraction of ideas from conditional experience, but to the demonstration of significance within limiting conditions, so, he suggests, in living the way is not to escape conditions, but to look for the possibilities within them and to see what can be made of the possibilities.

He likes conditions. The fun of life is in proving that you can make something within conditions, and even with limitations inside you. Poetry is the more worthy of the efforts of a grown man when he accepts in addition to all the limitations around and within him the special limitations of traditional rime and meter. If within artificial and arbitrary constraints a poet can contrive to be natural, free, in full command; if he can coerce the external form to coalesce with the form of his thought and participate in setting up in readers an experience corresponding to his own, then the poem itself is, as a technical performance, a small illustration of man's ground for faith.

Just as a proficient acrobat keeps increasing the difficulties and hazards of his act, so Robert Frost imposes extra conditions on himself and, like the acrobat, converts them to elements of beauty. The use of the sounds of New England speech in his new variant on blank verse appeared to early readers of his poetry, adverse to the very nature of poetry. But it has enabled him to arrest and render the emotional complex and contour of specimen human beings in a variety of specimen crises just as it reluctantly, shyly reveals itself, unsimplified, unidealized, in actual every day living. And the use of the runs, pauses, clutches, undertones and rare escaping shrillnesses, and the indirect and oblique idioms of speech has also enabled him to avert the reading of his poems with a ready-made poetry-reading adjustment, to set up a reference in the reader which, in so far as he succeeds afterwards in winning confidence and joyful participation,
necessitates the reader's seeing, feeling, sharing, and in a
measure understanding desires, struggles, relationships of
actual New England lives never clearly known to him
before.

In lyrics as truly as in narrative poems of Robert
Frost's, there is always for the reader as well as within the
poem a maximum of the resistance, the almost frustrating
conditioning, the dramatic conflict that constitutes living in
New England and on earth. For that reason many readers
long begrudged him recognition as a lyric poet. You have
to exert yourself, and make something against resistance,
in really reading any of his poems. But if you respond to
his calmly assured and unostentatiously humorous invitation
which is also a challenge, you often experience, as you leave
the poem, a singular sense of something accomplished, an
energizing sense of renewed freedom within the multiplying
limits of your own life.

For life in New England is hard, and yet enjoyable if
you can stand, withstand, and bend nature and your own
nature to a gradually clarifying, concentrating yet complex
desire. And is not New England just a good synecdoche
for earth?
E. A. Robinson and Tilbury Town

By George St. Clair

Note: The setting of many of Robinson's poems is Tilbury Town, the name he gives to his native village, Gardner, Maine. In this study, whose purpose is to determine the truth or falsity of his portraits of the villagers, these poems have been used: the sonnets—Reuben Bright, Aaron Stark, Annandale, Shadrach O'Leary, A Man From Our Town, and the lyric and narrative poems—Richard Cory, Miniver Cheevy, Mr. Flood, Isaac and Archibald, and Captain Craig.

The time is some year far in the future.

Edwin Arlington Robinson, by many authorities regarded as the most distinguished poet our country has produced, has just died. He has paused on his flight to some other star, detained for examination by the Recording Spirit.

The Court Room, situated somewhere out in space, is brilliantly star-lighted, but very plainly furnished.

Behind a severe-looking desk sits the Recording Spirit. He is white-bearded, serene, and benignant. At the right of the desk is seated the Prosecuting Spirit, a stern and melancholy individual. All the weight of all the woes of the little planet swinging so far below him seems graven on his face though at times a curious twinkle in his eyes belies his apparent severity.

The poet sits at the left of the desk. The usual preliminary questions of a court room have already been asked, and the Magistrate has just requested the stern Spirit at his right to give his reasons for detaining Mr. Robinson. Rising from his place, the Prosecuting Spirit reads his indictment slowly and gravely.

Prosecutor—I accuse Mr. Robinson of having painted a false and unsympathetic picture of the village in which he passed his childhood. I charge him with having drawn only harsh, crabbed, and bitter failures, often incomprehensible, but just as cold and hard as are the rocks of his native Maine. I assert that he has failed to see the hidden kindliness and neighbourliness of these no doubt dour souls, and that, in his preoccupation with

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wasted and futile lives, he has betrayed his high calling as an Apostle of Beauty and Truth.

RECORDING SPIRIT—(Rising. There is a look of doubt and pain on his kind face. His tones are sweet and gentle.) Is this indictment true, Mr. Robinson? I hope not. What defense have you?

MR. ROBINSON—Your Honor, I am no lawyer, nor am I accustomed to speak in public. I should like to ask one favor of the Court, however.

REC. SPIRIT—What is it?

MR. ROB.—I should like to call in certain townsmen of mine and have you question them. If their testimony proves these charges true, then I shall be willing and glad to suffer whatever punishment you may impose upon me.

REC. SPIRIT—Certainly. Who is it you wish to call in?

MR. ROBINSON—May I make a list of these people, Your Honor?

REC. SPIRIT—By all means. Make your list.

(The poet sits down and makes his list, and then hands it to the Spirit.)

REC. SPIRIT—Will you, Prosecuting Spirit, see that these souls are called in?

PROS. SPIRIT—Yes, Your Honor. (He goes out.)

REC. SPIRIT—While we are waiting, Mr. Robinson, do you mind telling me what your aims and purposes were in writing your poetry?

MR. ROB.—Your Honor, I felt something burning within me that would not let me be quiet, something that was always saying, "You must write. You must record what you see, but you must see and record truly. You must not romanticize as your immediate predecessors did; you must look with clear eyes upon life in all its complexities, observe its tangles, its welter of cross purposes, its beauty but also its ugliness, its good but also its evil." I had no theories to prove, Your Honor. If I
have presented sadness and sorrow and futility frequently, it is because I saw so much of them in life.
(At this moment, the Prosecuting Spirit returned. He is followed by a group of souls, most of them rather dejected in appearance.)

PROS. SPIRIT—Here they are, Your Honor.

REC. SPIRIT—Kindly read their names! Souls, answer to your names!

PROS. SPIRIT—Reuben Bright! (Each soul steps forward as his name is called and answers, "Here!") Aaron Stark! Richard Cory! Miniver Cheevy! Mr. Flood! Shadrach O'Leary! Annandale! The Man From Tilbury Town! Isaac! Archibald! Captain Craig!

REC. SPIRIT—Now that these souls have come here, Mr. Robinson, what do you wish to do with them? Some of them seem to have come from a distant and warmer place. Do you desire to question them?

MR. ROB.—Your Honor, may each one be allowed to present himself as I have painted him? I ask nothing more, nor shall I offer any other defense.

REC. SPIRIT—It shall be as you wish. Shall they be called in the order you have here?

MR. ROB.—If you please, Your Honor.

REC. SPIRIT—Then, call the first soul, Prosecuting Spirit. But wait! I shall first give them all an idea of what is expected of them. You must know that Mr. Robinson here, who called you into being, has been charged with presenting a false picture of you and your village. To combat this accusation, he summons you here. You are to speak truthfully—though it scarcely seems necessary to tell you that, since none can speak a lie in this star and live—of yourselves and your lives. Now we are ready, Prosecuting Spirit.

PROS. SPIRIT—Reuben Bright! Tell your story!

REUB. BRIGHT—(A big, full-blooded, shambling man, with a trace of tears on his ugly face.) I was a butcher, Judge.
I didn't know very much an' I didn't have much education, but I had a pretty good little business, an' I had a good wife, too, Judge. An' I loved her. We was getting along fine an' then she dies. Well, I cried all night, Judge, I couldn't help it, and then when they had put her away I tore down my slaughter house. That's all I remember, Judge.

REC. SPIRIT—That is all you remember, Reuben, because here you have only the memory of good things done. Stand back, Reuben, and wait!

PROS. SPIRIT—Aaron Stark!

REC. SPIRIT—(Shrinking back, he covers his face with his hands at the sight of Aaron, who is a mean, wizened, and naked soul, of repulsive aspect.) Surely this shrivelled soul does not belong in this star, Prosecuting Spirit?

PROS. SPIRIT—No, Your Honor, he was summoned especially for this investigation from the world of utter darkness.

REC. SPIRIT—Well, let's get through with him as quickly as possible and thrust him out where he belongs. What did you do, Aaron Stark, on your miserable earth?

AARON—(Whining and cringing) I didn't do nothin', please Your Honor. I loaned people money and took a good interest for it but I had a right to it an—

REC. SPIRIT—Hurry up! Did you ever give anybody anything?

AARON—No, Your Honor, that would have been bad business.

REC. SPIRIT—Did you ever say a kind word to anyone or smile at a little child.

AARON—No, Your Honor, but I laughed once.

REC. SPIRIT—So, you laughed once, did you! And what was the occasion of that laugh?

AARON—When I heard poor folks pitying me, Your—
REC. SPIRIT—Take him away at once! (He is obeyed.) He doesn’t help your case, I’m afraid, Mr. Robinson.

MR. ROB.—I’m not trying to stack the cards in my favor, Your Honor.

REC. SPIRIT—That is in your favor, at least. Who is the next witness, Prosecuting Spirit?

PROS. SPIRIT—Richard Cory, come forward!

REC. SPIRIT—What did you do in life, Mr. Cory?

MR. CORY—(He is a slim, clean-favored, handsomely-dressed gentleman, very graceful and self-assured, in spite of his face, which is baked like fireclay!) As I was a gentleman and wealthy, Your Honor, I did not need to do anything. I did, it is true, brighten the lives of my fellow-townsmen, by strolling among them and occasionally giving them a smile.

REC. SPIRIT—Do you belong in this Star?

MR. CORY—No, Your Honor.

REC. SPIRIT—Why?

MR. CORY—I killed myself, Your Honor.

REC. SPIRIT—Killed yourself! You were rich, admired by everybody, with every reason for living, and yet you killed yourself! Why did you do it?

MR. CORY—I don’t know; Your Honor. I never understood it myself. I just put a bullet through my head.

REC. SPIRIT—Can you explain his action, Mr. Robinson?

MR. ROBINSON—I’m afraid not, Your Honor. It just seemed the right way for him to go.

REC. SPIRIT—He is another count against you, then?

MR. ROB.—I must admit it, Your Honor.

REC. SPIRIT—Do you hold any resentment against him, Mr. Cory?

MR. CORY—No, Your Honor. I felt that was as good a way to go as any other.

REC. SPIRIT—You are a cynic, Mr. Cory. We do not like cynics here. Take him away! He and that miser make a good pair. Call the next witness, Prosecuting Spirit.
PROS. SPIRIT—Miniver Cheevy! (Miniver Cheevy steps forward. He is lean and lank, but shining-eyed. He is dressed in a splendid suit of Milan armor.)

REC. SPIRIT—that is a beautiful suit you are wearing, Mr. Cheevy.

MIN. CHEEVY—Yes, Your Honor. It is what I like about this Star. For the first time in my life, I am wearing what I want to—I mean, what I dreamed all my life of wearing, and now—

REC. SPIRIT—that is all very good, Mr. Cheevy, but, did you do anything worth while there on your earth?

MIN. CHEEVY—Nothin' much, Your Honor, but I did keep a sort of vision of beautiful things alive in my heart.

REC. SPIRIT—but your dream or vision never came true?

MIN. CHEEVY—No, Your Honor, it never did till now.

REC. SPIRIT—Then, what did you do?

MIN. CHEEVY—I just scratched my head and thought and thought and then as I couldn't find any answer, I took to drinking.

REC. SPIRIT—Um! Not such a bad solution of your problem. Do you hold anything against Mr. Robinson?

MIN. CHEEVY—Not at all, Your Honor. He made me different, anyway, from anybody else in Tilbury Town.

REC. SPIRIT—So life did not seem gloomy and futile to you?

MIN. CHEEVY—I should say not! As long as a fellow has somethin'—

REC. SPIRIT—Yes, that is all, Mr. Cheevy. Stand over there with Mr. Bright. Call the next one, Prosecuting Spirit!

PROS. SPIRIT—Mr. Flood! (A portly, jolly-faced man, with a rubicund nose comes forward. In his hand he carries a fat and jolly-looking jug.)

REC. SPIRIT—You seem happy, Mr. Flood. Were you so on earth, too?

MR. FLOOD—No, Your Honor. I was pretty much of a failure generally. I outlived my friends and came to live
alone in a lonely house. No, I wasn't happy, except when this jug of mine was full.

REC. SPIRIT—But you found some pleasure in life then! You had your share, no doubt. Do you place any blame upon your creator, this poet here?

MR. FLOOD—Blame, Your Honor! Why no! He just wrote me down as he found me. And he did give me my one moment of glory. I thank him for that.

REC. SPIRIT—Join those other two over there, Mr. Flood. Another witness, Prosecuting Spirit!

PROS. SPIRIT—Shadrach O'Leary, step forth! (Shadrach O'Leary, a small, gross-faced man, whose face, however, bears marks of long thought, takes his place in front of the desk.)

REC. SPIRIT—What was your occupation on earth, Mr. O'Leary?

SHAD. O'LEARY—Your Honor, I started out as a poet, and—

REC. SPIRIT—A poet! That is interesting. We get singularly few poets up here, considering how many there are down on your planet who call themselves that. What kind of poetry did you write?

SHAD O'LEARY—I started with love poetry, Your Honor.

REC. SPIRIT—Love poetry! You don't look like a poet of love. Did you manage to sell it?

SHAD. O'LEARY—Sometimes I did, but I got tired of it, and so I tried to write something grand and sublime to inspire men. I found I couldn't do that. Then, I began writing verses in the Eddie Guest manner and—

REC. SPIRIT—Stop there! That condemns you. Take him away! (He is taken out.) You haven't done yourself any good with this witness, Mr. Robinson. We have neither time nor inclination for such versifiers.

MR. ROB.—But he is a liar, Your Honor. What I meant for him to write was idealistic, mystic verse, freighted with man's constant, though thwarted, aspirations. I wanted
him to sing of our constant striving after the Light, the Gleam.

REC. SPIRIT—What Light, What Gleam?
MR. ROB.—I don’t exactly know myself, Your Honor, but it was a mystic sort of symbol. It stood for what I felt man needed, something higher than himself—

REC. SPIRIT—A symbol of God, perhaps?
MR. ROB.—Perhaps, Your Honor.
REC. SPIRIT—Well, I shall forget the evidence of that witness, since you say he is not trustworthy. Who is next?

PROS. SPIRIT—Mr. Annandale, Your Honor.
REC. SPIRIT—Come forward, Mr. Annandale. (A large man, with very loose clothing, steps to the desk. His face bears a very puzzled expression, as of one always about to ask a question.) Tell us about yourself.

MR. ANNANDALE—I’m sorry, Your Honor, I can’t do that.
REC. SPIRIT—Can’t do it! What do you mean?
MR. ANNANDALE—I mean, Your Honor, I can’t tell you anything about myself because I’ve never understood myself. I am an enigma to myself.

REC. SPIRIT—Perhaps you were to your creator, too. How about it, Mr. Robinson? Can you help us here?
MR. ROB.—I’m afraid not, Your Honor. I have often puzzled myself over this man and have never found an answer.

REC. SPIRIT—At least, he doesn’t hurt you, then. Where is your station, Mr. Annandale?

MR. ANNANDALE—I don’t rightly know, Your Honor. I wander everywhere trying to find myself and my home but I don’t seem to get anywhere. Perhaps you could help me, Your Honor?

REC. SPIRIT—(Shaking his head regretfully) Too bad! You will have to continue your wanderings. Some day, you may met up again with Mr. Robinson. He may have you figured out by that time. Good luck and good bye. (Mr. A. goes out.) Send the next one here.
Prosecuting Spirit. We are taking a long time to examine all these witnesses, aren’t we?

PROS. SPIRIT—Yes, Your Honor, they are all like their maker in one respect, at least. They are all lengthy talkers, but good ones, too, I’ll admit. Next witness! The Man from Tilbury Town! (The Man takes his place. He seems at first glance a most unimpressive person, one that would be passed over in any crowd. At least, at first. As one looks closely at him, however, some sort of strange power seems to flow from him, a kind of spiritual emanation.)

REC. SPIRIT—So you’re the Man from Tilbury Town! What is your name?

MAN—I don’t have any name, Your Honor.

REC. SPIRIT—No name, eh? That’s strange! What was your business?

MAN—Your Honor, I didn’t have any kind of regular business. I just went around, doing odd jobs here and there and picking up a few dollars as I needed them.

REC. SPIRIT—Was that all you did? Was that enough to justify your creation and existence? How about it, Mr. Robinson?

MR. ROB.—Your Honor, this man always had a strange fascination for me. He seemed so negligible and unimportant, and yet everybody in Tilbury Town knew him, trusted him, and asked his advice on everything. The neighborhood seemed different after he was gone, and men mourned him sincerely. There was an increase in a man like him.

REC. SPIRIT—There is a peculiar spiritual flow from him. He will be one of your best witnesses, Mr. Robinson. Take your place with those over there, Man! (The Man does so.)

PROS. SPIRIT—(Calling to the group still remaining) What is the matter there? (There is no reply, but a little, bald-headed old man detaches himself from the group

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and shuffles up to the desk. He wears faded and worn overalls, which are glorified by a pair of shining wings. From these—a radiant silver light proceeds.)

REC. SPIRIT—Who are you? Why do you push yourself forward before you are called? (As the little man starts to answer, he is interrupted by another man, who looks much like his twin brother.)

OLD MAN—Don’t hold it against Isaac, Your Honor. Him and me got to disputin’ back there because I made up my mind he wasn’t goin’ to speak without me. You see, we was always together down home, leastways when we wasn’t workin’ on our own farms and—(He pauses for breath.)

REC. SPIRIT—Good! I’ll get a chance to talk now. Who are you?

OLD MAN—Why, I’m Archibald, Your Honor, and this old rascal here is Isaac. We was neighbors but I had a better farm—

REC. SPIRIT—I see. And you were friends on earth?

ARCHIBALD—Yes, Your Honor, but I was always stronger than him—

ISAAC—(Indignantly breaks in on him) That’s not so, Your Honor!

ARCHIBALD—It was, too, Your Honor. And then we used to have words sometimes when I beat him at Seven-Up.

REC. SPIRIT—Seven-Up, eh! That’s curious. I used to be pretty good at that game myself. We’ll have to get together some time, Archibald.

ARCHIBALD—Any time you like, Your Honor. You and me and Isaac. I couldn’t play without old Isaac.

REC. SPIRIT—Do you think this charge against Mr. Robinson is true?

ARCHIBALD—No, Your Honor. He created for me a friend, and that’s about the best thing a man can have. An’ he made me and Isaac work hard and be happy with our farms and our apple cider and our game of Seven-Up.
An' he made me see the Light behind the Stars. Ain't I right, Isaac?

ISAAC—Your Honor, this old friend of mine is generally wrong and generally a fool, especially when he thinks he can beat me at Seven-Up, but this time he's right, an' he's a tellin' the truth. If there was any happier people in our township I didn't know them.

REC. SPIRIT—So you don't think you were harsh and crabbed and bitter failures, eh?

ISAAC—Not us, Your Honor. We was just common, ordinary old dirt and rock farmers, and we had a pretty hard time on those stony farms of ours, but that wasn't Mr. Robinson's fault, and we praised the Lord at times, and found the days glorious, and enjoyed the wayside flash of leaves, and the warmth and the wonder of it all, and the cold, too, an' liked our hard cider, an' loved livin' an'—

REC. SPIRIT—I'm sorry, Isaac, but we can't listen to you forever. You and Archibald join the group over there. I think you deserve your wings, and you have helped Mr. Robinson. I see we have but one more witness, Prosecuting Spirit. Who is he?

PROS. SPIRIT—Captain Craig, Your Honor. Come up to the desk, Captain! (Captain Craig steps forward. A tall, spare and stooped man, who yet retains something of his military carriage. His face is heavily lined, his clothes are threadbare, but a glory shines from him.)

REC. SPIRIT—Captain Craig, have you found your station up here?

CAPTAIN CRAIG—Yes, Your Honor. I am in the Star of the Musicians.

REC. SPIRIT—The Musicians' Star! What instrument do you play?

CAPT. CRAIG—The trombone.

REC. SPIRIT—The trombone! I had forgotten that was con-
sidered a musical instrument. But, tell me about your-
self!

CAPT. CRAIG—I was a failure in Tilbury Town, Your Honor. 
Men laughed at me. I was alone; my body old and 
broken, my nerves shaken; I suffered want and was 
very near to starvation often. I was no good to any-
body.

REC. CORY—Why didn’t you end it then, as Richard Cory 
did?

CAPT. CRAIG—What, kill myself! No! There was some-
thing in me that forbade that, something I could not 
define. To die! That is easy. But to live on, to suf-
fer, to hope, to hope that something in the stream of 
words that always, pours from broken men like me 
might be of service to somebody! To keep steadily 
before you the Light—

REC. SPIRIT—So you followed this elusive Light—

CAPT. CRAIG—Yes, Your Honor. And it comforted me. Be-
sides, did I not have the flowers and the grass, my 
brothers the trees, and all summer and winter to keep 
me joyous! I failed, yes. But in ruin as in failure 
there lives and has always lived the supreme fulfillment 
unexpressed, the rhythm of God that beats unheard 
through the songs of shattered men who dream but 
cannot sound it. Always the ideal was my comfort; 
even in my failure I knew that far above me, for me, 
and within me, there shined and burned and lived the 
unwavering truth. Through the clouded warfare of 
Life I discerned the Light. Was that not enough?

REC. SPIRIT—Yes, I think that was enough, Captain. And 
you, do you find any fault with your creator, Mr. 
Robinson?

CAPT. CRAIG—Far from it, Your Honor. Rather, I thank 
him, that out of my apparent failure he made for me 
such a magnificent victory.

REC. SPIRIT—I think you are right. Step forward now,
the rest of you! Do you think Mr. Robinson treated you unfairly?

ALL—(Together) No, no!

REC. SPIRIT—And you, Prosecuting Spirit, what do you say?

PROS. SPIRIT—I understand him a little better now, Your Honor. I withdraw my charges.

REC. SPIRIT—That is well, Mr. Robinson, you stand acquitted of the charges made against you. It appears to me that these creatures of yours are much like people everywhere else. Good, bad, and indifferent, and you drew them, I am sure, as you found them. There is one thing, though, that strikes me as strange. You summoned no women.

MR. ROB.—No, Your Honor. I didn't know women as well as I did men. You see, I am a bachelor.

REC. SPIRIT—Oh, is that it? Well, we must remedy that. And that Light of yours! It interests me. Do you think any of your people have found this mystic Light?

MR. ROB.—I do, Your Honor.

REC. SPIRIT—I think so, too. The rest of you! Go now with your maker and keep him company, but—do you like to listen to the trombone, Mr. Robinson? No, of course you don't. Else you had never been the great poet you are. God go with you all! Go to your Star with your well-earned Light!

ARCHIBALD—(As they turn to go) How about that game, Your Honor?


(And so they all go out into the Light.)
Regionalism in the South

By John Crowe Ransom

It is just as difficult in the South as it is elsewhere to tell precisely in what the regionalism consists. We hear it said here that the South has some characteristic arts, or a characteristic culture, or an economy; or a philosophy, or a "way of life," that sets the region apart from other regions, and we hear it asserted that pains must be taken to make this differentiation persist. But how shall it be defined?

I am sure I could scarcely define it. There would be a great many features of Southern life needing to be cited as peculiar, and it would be hard to make them fall logically under a few leading principles. What shall the Southern apologist name as the sacred essence? Is it the magnolias; the banjos, and the pickaninnies? I cannot but sympathize with the gentlemen of the New Republic in detesting these pretty properties as the way of salvation. Is it the drawl of the Southern speech, and the ritardato of labor? Or is it fundamentalism, agrarianism, classicism, the Democratic party, or some other variety of abstract doctrine? It is probably a great many things at once.

I suppose it is theoretically possible to define a regional culture as a unit organism of related parts; in evidence of that we have, for example, the bold and brilliant reconstructions of the historic cultures by Spengler. But that is too heroic for me; and it is probably unnecessary. Furthermore, I should think that any regionalist feels a certain repugnance against undertaking the display of the charms of his region, the things that make it loved; they do not have to find publication at his hands, they are for private appreciation, and for perpetuation through unreflective natural piety. Now it was not long ago that Mr. T. S. Eliot, an observer highly regarded for the acuteness of his percep-
tions, testified that upon crossing the Potomac and entering Virginia he sensed a human difference greater than if he had crossed the border from England into Wales, and nearly as great as if he had crossed the Channel from England into France. Let that testimony stand for the whole fact, of which most people are well enough aware. The South is different, and Southerners like to think so. If debate arises, I think they would be inclined to maintain that the difference is greater rather than less; that it depends upon a great multitude of old developments and customs. At the same time I hope they would be very glad if the natives of another region should assert their own difference, and glory in it; because there cannot be a regionalism at one place without there being a general philosophy of regionalism, and a number of distinct examples; and the country will scarcely admit to a Southern region unless regions bulk large and natural in their consciousnesses.

I assume then that the Southern x, the spiritual differentia of a geographical area, is visible enough. It is less visible, as a matter of fact, than the differentia of the region of the Southwest. But that is true only if we define the Southwest in terms of its Spanish or Amerindian culture. I am always in doubt as to whether the “Anglo” civilization there is as yet a distinct thing, and has reached the state of being unconsciously, and by pure nativity, its own self. The point I am after is this: that the Southern variety of regionalism is old, time-honored, and natural. It is not our problem in the South to achieve a regionalism; that is your problem, in the Southwest country; or at least conceivably it is.

The Southern problem is more like what must be today a common European problem: how to defend and preserve a regional character that already is: or how to adapt it without losing it. THE NEW MEXICO QUARTERLY is, I think, a frankly regional publication, and its habitual readers may not be inclined therefore to remember that a very great per-
The percentage of the American population thinks that regional differences ought to perish from this continent. This opinion exists powerfully in the South, as it does everywhere else. Southern regionalism has to fight for its life. The city press of the region is all but unanimously opposed to any Southernism that sounds the least bit militant; it is echoing the sentiment of the press of the East and the Middle West. Even among the University Reviews it must be noted that, while the *Southwest Review*, published by the Universities of Texas and Louisiana, is a regional organ, the *Sewanee Review* and the *Virginia Quarterly Review* are perfectly eclectic, and might well bear the slogan of the long-dying and now defunct *Double Dealer*, of New Orleans: “A National Magazine published in the South.” Southern regionalists are constantly being challenged to say whether their attachment is to the South first, and the Union second, or vice versa; and people are not always convinced when we reply that our regionalism is not treason, but patriotism in a peculiarly American sense, for it is Federalism.

The fact is this: Southern people within the last fifteen years have experienced that flaming intoxication produced upon our otherwise modest human nature when it first becomes aware of the terrific power conferred upon it by the possession of machines. The machine civilization has come to the South. And the South is not only a remarkably agreeable spot of the earth's surface to live on, with some of the enjoyment that Adam and Eve found on their pretty plateau, having climate, landscape, vegetation and soil suitable to the purpose; the South is also rich in that hidden power which can be used to make and drive machines. The Southern population in the past has loved its physical setting, and probably it is not too much to say that it made itself comfortable on a simple and old-fashioned economic basis. Now it occurs to everybody that Southerners may exchange their slow and countrified existence for an urban
sort of affluence. Many declare without hesitation for the exchange. Others, who are the regionalists, are skeptical; saying that there is more to this decision than the question of whether the standard of living, measured in some abstract manner by the horsepower, or the bank clearances, or the mechanical equipment, shall be "higher" or "lower."

There are many instances to show that the Southern temperament, or perhaps I should say the Southern tempo, is not too hospitable to the civilization of the machine. Many who accept it in prospect do so because they say simply that "it is coming;" that is, because they are economic determinists, and they think they can read destiny; not because they like it. Northern owners move their factories to the South on the ground that they want the benefit of that inexhaustible supply of intelligent and docile labor at half what labor costs them in New York; but whether or not it serves them right, they discover that their new employees furnish about half the output of their old ones, and cannot be speeded up. Southern collegians, very often under my observation, come out of the hills to participate in the wonderful age of hustle, and within three years become quite disillusioned about its advantages. There are a great many people in the South who are devoted to their leisure and make of their leisure a creed. It is not a creed that philosophers have difficulty in defending. Leisure is not necessarily the same as laziness though it may revert to that. And leisure is the condition of aesthetic experiences. Complete addiction to machines, on the other hand, is the enemy to aesthetic life and also to regionalism; to the slow and innocent and to the local and unstandardized.

There is a great deal of physical and economic reconstruction needed in the shabby old South, and perhaps a period of strenuousness. Regionalists want to see it undertaken. But they also are determined that it shall be under-
taken by Southerners who know and love the region, and who do not want the regional folkways damaged in the process. On the whole, I have the idea that it is quite possible that regionalism, which is at the heart of all the European cultures, will make its best stand against the machine, and all it means, nowhere else but in these Southern States; not in Europe itself, where the regionalists are tired and dispirited. It is here that we may find an agrarian population which does not think it must be citified, and owners and workmen who still attach dignity to their forms of labor. This means that, if the Southern regionalists are successful, there will only be a partial acceptance of the machine in the South; and I am inclined to think that this fact if it comes about will make the South a more and more unusual place, though I hope that we may have companions in this crime.

The latest thing in Southern regionalism may be of interest as a news element in this brief note. There are strong signs of a rapprochement between Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and Nashville, Tennessee, as to policy and aims. And what does this mean? The University of North Carolina has long been the seat of those forces which would rebuild the South and in doing so modernize and, inevitably, standardize or de-regionalize it. The spokesmen have been able, frequent, technical in the sociological sense, and aggressive. Vanderbilt University, on the other hand, so far as represented by the group which published in 1929 "I'll Take My Stand: the South and the Agrarian Tradition," has been the seat of the forces which called themselves conservative and were called reactionary. These Agrarians have recited the fact that the South, by preponderance of population, is rural, and have gloried in it. They consider that the recovery of the good life on the Southern farm, big and little, is the Southern problem. And they find no other formula of recovery than the one which prescribes
the old-fashioned subsistence farming at the base; the money farming only on the side; and, to form the cultural capital of this structure, such arts as a domestic architecture—preferably the traditional one for this region—and a proper rural community life.

The new development consists in the fact that the North Carolina group, perhaps emboldened by the example of the Tennessee group, has gone regional. They propose now to study that historic if evasive entity, the Southern region, and to try not to repair it beyond recognition. At the same time it is not unfair to say that the Tennessee group has made some motions towards approaching the Carolinians. In their earlier appearances they ate some fire, and they are still capable of it; a *noli me tangere* effect. But it was largely for strategical purposes; they were sectional and unreconstructed and unreconstructible, or appeared to be, for the same reason that Aristotle, in commending the golden mean, advised the man whose boat is drifting dangerously close to the bank to steer not for the middle of the stream but for the opposite bank. The danger is past, so far as the tale of regionalists would indicate, that the Southern reconstruction will be but another melancholy instance of blind industrial "progress." And as the two schools of opinion come closer together the prospect brightens. It is very possible that the South will yet be saved.
The Curve of a Continent
By Frances Gillmor

Curiously persistent in American literature is an emphasis on the great spaces of the continent stretching west. Bryant sang of the Prairies "for which the speech of England has no name." Thoreau, walking in the morning woods around Walden Pond felt that he "must walk toward Oregon and not toward Europe." Whitman absorbed the nation into the periphery of himself, and became

"A Southerner soon as a Northerner...
At home on the hills of Vermont or in the woods of Maine, or the Texan ranch,
Comrade of Californians, comrade of free North-Westerners, (loving their big proportions)"

And in a more recent time, while Vachel Lindsay sits by the Santa Fe trail and sees the cars from Memphis, Atlanta, Savannah,

"The United States
Goes by."

Sometimes this sense of space becomes merely a phase of an imperialistic nationalism. But imperialistic or not, it sings the distance.

That spatial concept becomes definitely a shaping factor in the work of Archibald MacLeish. It is so integral to his thinking, that it seems to be for him a way not only of entering into a national emotional heritage and of finding the identification with his own land which over and over again he proclaims necessary, but also to be a symbol for him of the way out of negation—a half-formed answer to the half-formed question which he asks of the universe in "The Hamlet of A. MacLeish."

Out from himself his thought flings itself over the curve of a continent, the curve of a turning earth. In "American Letter"—

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"We first inhabit the world. We dwell
On the half earth, on the open curve of a continent.
Sea is divided from sea by the day-fall. The dawn
Rides the low east with us many hours;
First are the capes, then are the shorelands, now
The blue Appalachians faint at the day rise;
The willows shudder with light on the long Ohio;
The Lakes scatter the low sun: the prairies
Slide out of dark: in the eddy of clean air
The smoke goes up from the high plains of Wyoming:
The steep Sierras arise: the struck foam
Flames at the wind’s heel on the far Pacific.
Already the noon leans to the eastern cliff:
The elms darken the door and the dust-heavy lilacs."

As day comes over the continent, so night in "You, Andrew
Marvell!" comes around the world:

 "To feel creep up the curving east
The earthy chill of dusk and slow
Upon those underlands the vast
And ever climbing shadow grow—"

In the brazen trumpet lines of "Salute" it is day again:

 "O Sun! Instigator of cocks!
Thou...
Quickener! Maker of sound in the leaves
and of running
Stir over the curve of the earth like the ripple of
Scarlet under the skin of the lizard
Hunter!
Starter of westward birds!"

Sometimes, off the curve of the planet, this spatial sense
becomes even more astronomical. He surveys

 "the ancient
Westward greying face of the wandering planet."

He calls on the "Seafarer" to gauge his spirit to this wider
sweep:

 "And learn O voyager to walk
The roll of earth, the pitch and fall
That swings across these trees those stars:
That swings the sunlight up the wall."

Or he writes from a dying earth:

"It is colder now
there are many stars
we are drifting
North by the Great Bear."

But always the space of a world, or a universe, is in the lines.
This is more than a device. It is a way of thinking which does for him what the view of a regional pattern does for so many writers today. It gives him roots in America. The longing for rootedness is frequently expressed in his work. *American Letter* speaks the nostalgia for old lands

"with the air
Tasting of hung herbs and the sun returning
Year after year to the same door and the churn
Making the same sound in the cool of the kitchen."

But he knows that

"This, this is our land, this is our people...
Here we must eat our salt or our bones starve."

A deeply felt childhood moment is recorded in "Eleven" when he sits in the sheds with the garden tools—

"Shapes
Older than men were, the wise tools, the iron
Friendly with earth..."

and is

"Happy as though he had no name, as though
He had been no one: like a leaf, a stem,
Like a root growing—"

This integration with his land he finds not in the detailed regional view but in the continent's sweep—and in the westward march which has given the continent's sweep to our history and our consciousness.
It is strange how those marching feet beat through his lines. In the "Hamlet of A. MacLeish" we see them—races marching westward, pressing on—

"Westward they move with the sun. Their smoke hangs
Under the unknown skies at evening. The stars
Go down before them into the new lands.
Behind them the dust falls, the streams flow clear again."

In the "Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City" there is again the westward march—a bitter satire here on the fact that

"Everything sticks to the grease of a gold note—
Even a continent—even a new sky."

But behind the satirical view of the Empire Builders to whom the new land was a price and a bid and ink on the books is the continent still. We see

"How it went out from you wide and clean in the sunlight."

and we see

"how full and clear and deep
The Yellowstone moved on the gravel and the grass grew
When the land lay waiting for her westward people."

It is of course in Conquistador most of all that the hard beat of that westward march rings in MacLeish's lines. There this man who has never identified himself with regional expression, draws upon Spanish sources and puts into the "iron of English" the space and mountain hardness of the Southwest. Much quoted as the preface has been, even greater lines are in the stinging reproof Cortez gave to his men at the time of the mutiny:

"Why should you waste your souls in the west! You are young:
Tell them that you left us here by the last water
Going up through the pass of the hills with the sun."
And in the record of their march, through the strange and beautiful compression of every phrase, one looks "for a great space under heaven."

"Ever before us lay vast earth secret with
Sun with the green sound with the singing of grasshoppers...
Ah but the mark of a man's heel is alone in the
Dust under the whistling of hawks!
Companion of
Constellations the trace of his track lies!
Endless is unknown earth before a man."

Space and the curve of a continent—abstract as music this struggles for words and finds them.

Something is likely to happen to the individual viewed against this backdrop of continent and interstellar spaces. He is likely to shrink. Sometimes he does—to a point. And we look with satirical pity on Jacob Schmidt, who man and bones has been his hundred times around the sun—

"His chronicle is endless—the great curve
Inscribed in nothing by a point upon
The spinning surface of a circling sphere."

We see whole races pressing always gallantly from known and loved lands into the unknown—disappearing at last, and

"The same moon
Still over the earth!"

We see the exultant march of Cortez end with a lesser breed covering the land like lice—

"And the west is gone now: the west is the ocean sky."

Cosmically perceived, or continentally perceived, men and races become small.

But the poet confronts infinity with painful consciousness of himself, nevertheless. And this encounter of the individual with a universe silent to his half-formed questioning of its meaning, provides the tragic motif of Archibald MacLeish's work.
He tries to find an answer in “The Pot of Earth” by putting the individual into the pattern of the generations:

“the generations
Of man are a ripple of thin fire burning
Over a meadow, breeding out of itself
Itself...”

As the woman gives birth and dies, we see the pattern of life out of death, symbolized in one of the fertility rites which, through Frazer’s *The Golden Bough*, have provided images for so many poets:

“I will show you the body of the dead god bringing forth
The corn. I will show you the reaped ear
Sprouting.
Are you contented? Are you answered?”

He is not answered. The agony of his continued questioning is recorded in “The Hamlet of A. MacLeish.” Neither from the silent dead, nor from religion, nor from love, from playing the strong boy and spitting in the world’s face, nor from telling his agony to the stars, is there answer. “Have pity upon us.”

In *Einstein* he once more tries to cope with infinity. What is the individual in a world of relativity, where he can exist only in relationship? He tries to absorb the infinite universe into himself, but his subjective world disintegrates,

“For suddenly he feels
The planet plunge beneath him.”

He tries to enter in mystically to the universe which is bigger-than he:

“put out leaves
And let the old remembering wind think through
A green intelligence...”

But

“He cannot think the smell of after rain
Nor close his thought around the long smooth lag
And falter of a wind, nor bring to mind
Dusk and the whippoorwill."

Music also fails him. He turns to cool analysis—he counts the ocean in atoms—

“But still the dark denies him. Still withstands
The dust his penetration and flings back
Himself to answer him.
Which seems to keep
Something inviolate. A living something.”

The individual is still there against his backdrop of time and space—still questioning,—and still finding no answer.

But such answer as he finds once more comes to him in this wider spaciousness where he loses, as much as may be, his personal identity, and where he finds as a poet a stature far above those who look only inward for the frail moods of a moment.

He is quite conscious of this turn away from the individual, and states it in one of the few expressions of his writing credo:

“It is no longer A MAN against the stars. It is Mankind: That which has happened always to all men, not the particular incidents of particular lives. The common, simple, earthriding ways of hands and feet and flesh against the enormous mysteries of sun and moon, of time, of disappearance-and-their-place-knowing-them-no-more... Not myself, my soul, my glycerine-dropping eyes, but these unknown and nameless men, anonymous under this sky, small in these valleys and far-off and forever there.”

He wrote this in Poetry in July, 1931. In 1933, and in the poem so entitled, with the western horizon still in his lines and his imagery, and with the march of exploration a symbol now for social progress; he seems, along with this loss of individual emphasis, to find a buoyant hope for his time. Elpenor points Odysseus away from the shores of the
present Hell, content to stay there himself as long as his oar might stand as warning of shipwreck to other seafarers; but for Odysseus—

"You have only to push on
To whatever it is that's beyond us...

You have only to cross this place
And launch ship and get way on her

Working her out with the oars to the
Full wind and go forward and

Bring yourselves to a home:
To a new land: to an ocean

Never sailed: not to Ithaca:
Not to your beds—but the withering

Seaweed under the thorn and the
Gulls and another morning...

What that other morning will be, he does not say, any more than the Hamlet of A. MacLeish hears the ghost speak, hears the answer to his question, or knows even the question completely. But at the edge of his dark night, where the individual stands appalled before the universe, "the dawn rides the low east."

By 1934, MacLeish seems to come still further away from negation, away from despair, urging hope, and hope for American democracy, and hope even for the individualism of American democracy. In the Forum for April, 1934, he sees man standing erect and strong, not submerged by either a capitalistic or a communistic society, not weakened by dependence upon the group as the revolutionary writers would have him, but able to direct his own destiny.

Again he gives no chart for this new morning. But he sees it there. He pushes on, as those men of the past who so stir his imagination have pushed on with courage, even into
the unknown, to new horizons. His questions still unanswered, he nevertheless declares his faith in the possibility of free creation and action, for the individual, for the nation. Again he digs roots down into America, taking his place without bombast, without eagle screaming, in the long line of American writers who have felt a continent under them, and a people marching.

"America is West—and the wind blowing."
Strange Victory: One Woman's Life

By Irene Fisher

Sara Teasdale is one of the definite lyric voices in American poetry. Her place is secure, based on the eight slim volumes she issued during her life, for although her field is restricted to the introspective and personal lyric, yet within that compass, narrow as it is, she conveys a timelessness and universality that few American poets have accomplished.

Middle western in origin and steeped in the imagery of the middle west, yet her treatment of love and death catches into unforgettable lyrics emotions true of all time, ancient and modern.

Simply, sincerely, honestly, and with dignity, she tells in verse the emotional life of one woman, and in so doing crystallizes the emotions of all women. Articulate and sensitive, she expresses with outspoken clarity and flexible cadences the texture of the human spirit as it faces existence, and its hard-won peace after conflict.

There was a time when Sara Teasdale's poetry was considered saccharine by the intellectuals, but never by those who read it carefully. Even in the joyous spontaneity of her earlier songs, her Strephon-and-Colin period, there were foreshadowings of her songs of pain, sorrow, wisdom and stern self knowledge and strength. Her simplicity of expression and seeming effortless quality kept this strength from being completely realized by the critics.

When with the appearance of her second volume, "Helen of Troy and Other Poems," she suddenly became popular with the reading public, the inference was drawn that her lyrics were saccharine. A small but steady public, however, year after year bought her volumes which sang the story of every woman in her search for strength, in her journey toward an unnameable and unseen, and indeed, often undesired goal.
The inevitable and inescapable loneliness of the human spirit was foreshadowed in the two volumes which followed "Helen of Troy," "Love Songs" and "Flame and Shadow," published in 1917 and 1920. Through all and over all is always, from the beginning, her absorption in nature, in the stars, the moon, the night, the trees and the warm landscape.

In "Wood Song," this early knowledge of bitterness is shown.

I heard a wood thrush in the dusk
Twirl three notes and make a star
My heart that walked with bitterness
Came back from very far.

And in "Lessons," she says what she was so often to repeat in her more mature poems,

Unless I learn to ask no help
From any other soul but mine...

This understanding of the spirit's essential aloneness came to fruit in her maturer volumes, "Dark of the Moon," published in 1928, and "Strange Victory," her posthumous volume published last year.

The somber reflection and new dignity of these poems show more plainly the philosophical qualities which were lightly touched in her earlier poems. "The Solitary" in "Dark of the Moon," intensifies the mood of "Lessons."

My heart has grown rich with the passing years,
I have less need now than when I was young
To share myself with every comer
Or shape myself into words with my tongue.

It is one to me that they come or go
If I have myself and the drive of my will
And strength to climb on a summer night
And watch the stars climb over the hill.
Let them think I love them more than I do
Let them think I care, though I go alone.
Strange Victory

If it lifts their pride, what is it to me
Who am self complete as a flower or a stone.

And again in “Day’s Ending,” which she wrote in Tucson, fighting disease, the more mature expression of “Lessons” again is seen:

Only yourself can heal you
Only yourself can lead you
The road is heavy going
And ends where no man knows.

In “Strange Victory,” is included “There will be rest,” showing a great desire for peace and surcease from the fight.

There will be rest and sure stars shining
Over the roof tops crowned with snow
A reign of rest, serene forgetting,
The music of stillness holy and low.

I will make a world of my devising.
Out of a dream in my lonely mind
I shall find the crystal of peace—above me
Stars shall I find.

Wisdom, sorrow, disillusionment, perhaps, but strength,
simple dignity and a dry pride are shown in these reflective poems in her later volumes. Out of defeat she won victory.

Born and reared in the slow moving old river town of St. Louis, she knew the countryside and made it so much a part of her that even after years in New York and in the Southwest, her most felicitous images were of the Missouri countryside. Delicate and almost inevitable some of them seem, vivid and characteristic of the middle west.

My soul is a dark ploughed field
In the cold rain.

Daffodils blowing in the cold wind of morning
And golden tulips, goblets holding the rain.
A delicate fabric of bird song
Floats in the air
The smell of wet wild earth
Is everywhere.

* * *

Nothing is new, I have seen the spring too often;
There have been other plum-trees white as this one...
Nothing is lost, it is all as it used to be,
Unopened lilacs are still as deep a purple,
The boughs of the elm are dancing still in a veil of
tiny leaves.

A victory from life is what Sara Teasdale demanded, a
victory of the spirit over sorrow, over joy, over happiness,
over pain, the victory of a strong self-complete entity,
worshipper only of beauty and humble before the gift of
song.

I should be glad of loneliness
And hours that go on broken wings
A thirsty body, a tired heart
And the unchanging ache of things,
If I could make a single song
As lovely and as full of light
As hushed and brief as a falling star
On a winter night.
Expression of Northwest Life

By H. G. MERRIAM

ASKED to reveal what quality or values out of the region the Pacific Northwest, have entered into the body and spirit of its people, I should be obliged to beg the privilege of silence. Yet that this country and climate, these natural Northwest occupations and these social associations had developed in the people something to be ear-marked “Northwest” I would feel and inwardly assert. It was my hope when I began publication of The Frontier (now The Frontier and Midland), in 1927, and when I published the anthology “Northwest Verse,” in 1931, and when, in 1933, I issued the report of the Inland Empire Council of Teachers of English on Northwest writers and writings, compiled under my chairmanship by fifty workers and entitled “Northwest Books,” that our efforts to make readers and writers of this region conscious of its literary achievement would join with efforts of other workers toward articulate expression of Northwest life, ultimately to an unmistakable regional movement. At this moment there are signs of some consciousness of the region but no signs clear to me of a concerted movement. What the signs are that my limited vision sees I shall state presently.

Ideas of a regional movement have hardly dawned upon the consciousness of the Northwest. Portland and Seattle, the two city centers, have been unwilling and as far as I know still are, to think, much less act, in terms of common regional life. The spirit of separatism, which is doubtless characteristic of communities only just removed from frontier conditions, is illustrated in letters I received about The Frontier. From both Spokane and Portland came letters stating, “Your magazine is fine. We should have a magazine like it,” from a sister university, “I shall see what we can do about issuing a similar magazine.” [Italics mine.] Never the idea, until recently, “How can we get behind your reg-

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ional magazine and support and develop it?" There is, of course, an important and as yet unanswered question whether the four states of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana do constitute a region with life characteristics in common. Possibly the regional planning conferences that are a feature of the Federal Government's new policy will both help to reveal whatever the cultural fact is and to arouse and nourish regional consciousness. The next decade may see in the place of provincial rivalries regional co-operation. We can await developments and as we wait work to prepare for their healthy growth. Meanwhile it is obvious that the Northwest does not yet feel its life, present and past, as the South or the Southwest or the Middle West feel theirs.

Also, there is a feeling among our writers against the regional idea in favor of "cosmic" and "universal" sources for expression, especially among the poets. Writers vaguely feel, as readers too feel, that life today and here is confining to the imagination, is provincial, and therefore is not the stuff of art. Somehow they have enthroned the idea that art is placeless and timeless, but the idea is akin to that of better grass being in the next pasture; and they forget that even timelessness and spacelessness when mortals deal with them must root in the now and here. Even "Paradise Lost," Milton rooted in his knowledge of his own time and country, however much he may have added to and embellished that knowledge.

Current discussions of regionalism that have given it labels—"back-to-the-soil," "backward-looking," "back-to-folk lore," "provincial"—have raised many prejudices in writers. I should like to have writers understand regionalism not as an ultimate in literature but as a first step, as the coming to close knowledge about the life of the region in which one lives as a first necessity for sound writing, even as knowledge of oneself—"know thyself"—is also a first necessity. The "universal," when healthy, alive, pregnant
with values, springs inevitably from the specific fact. This conception of the interpretation of life I would oppose to the idea of cosmic-minded people that understanding springs from abstract ideas and images in the mind—in the soul. To such extent regionalism in my judgment, is earth-minded.

I am giving little space to this idea and therefore omit development of it and the steps in the logic of its support; I do so in order to enumerate, which was to be the prime purpose of this note, signs that I see in Northwest writing of regional consciousness. Order of reference to these signs bears no relation to my judgment of their relative values.

Mr. G. Frank Goodpasture of South Bend, Washington, is a poet with a spiritual ear. He senses the peculiar mysteries in the ocean. These mysteries may pertain to any and all oceans, but as this writer feels toward and expresses them they are bound to our north Pacific coast. Few of our poets equal his suggestion of the universal, of the mystery in all life anywhere. Mr. Howard McKinley Corning, Nebraskan, I believe, by birth and nurture, has found spiritual response to Northwest country and climate. In his poetry, which frequently generalizes itself, as all fine poetry should, into application to life anywhere, he writes of mountain men and valley men, historical figures and contemporary figures, hills and sea-coast and plains, and the majority of them all are unmistakable Oregonian, however much Nebraska may be in his blood. I am told that he spent only a few days in the Sixes country in Oregon and that into the dialect which he has the men of that region use Southern words have crept, and yet I am convinced that he has seized with strong imagination and with spiritual insight the essential nature of that region and its life. In his short stories of the Sixes country is, however, more than the nature of that region: there is portrayal of life in its essence the world over.

Verne Bright writes with deepest surety and broadest
understanding when he writes of Wingren, a countryside that he knows. Laurence Pratt has come to his most virile and most mature poetic expression in a series of sonnets about a paper-mill town whose life he has lived in actuality. Mary J. Elmendorf’s ballads, among the finest being written, root in the life of Alaska or the outlying lands of Seattle. Ada Hedges finds her inspiration in desert country. Mrs. Fuller’s best poems concern mountains or garden or rural life, and Eleanor Allen is full of the vigor of outdoor beauty.

What would the novels of Nard Jones—"Wheat Women," for instance—be if stripped of their understanding of life gained through years of living in the Palouse country of eastern Washington? James Steven’s best writing is in "Brawnyman" and "Homer in the Sagebrush," both of which are thoroughly regional. H. L. Davis can hardly write creatively except of the Northwest life he has observed and lived.

In drama little has been done in the Northwest. Possibly the most prolific writers are Babette and Glenn Hughes, neither of whom, in his plays, gives sign of knowledge of Northwest life; they are cosmopolitan and sophisticate in interest. Alice Henson Ernst and Talbot Jennings, on the other hand, are deeply conscious of the region.

The Northwest has not yet produced fine novels. Ann Shannon Monroe began with portrayal of Eastern Oregon. Writers like Ernest Haycox stick largely to the traditional western type of novel and often describe the country beautifully. Grace Stone Coates remains true to her home region, Kansas, although she lives in Montana. Frank Bird Linderman in his novels returns to the early days of the West when the buffalo roamed, and in other books interprets the life of Plains Indians; and his understanding of life grows out of those two sound, thick, deep-striking roots. Theodore Harper, however, whose writing is widely recognized, often works with a Russian or Siberian scene, somewhat in the manner, one feels, of the local color writers.
Myron Brinig, whose novels have reached as high a level of attainment as those of any Northwest writer, has specifically interpreted the life of Jews in Butte. Sheba Hargreaves, Sabra Conner and Marah Ellis Ryan, like Frank Linderman, turn to the past life of the Northwest region. Albert Richard Wetjen has spiritual affinity only with the sea, and when he writes of that he writes well—as his popularity attests. Will James is saddled, permanently it would seem, to a saddle on a (usually bucking) horse in “the wide open spaces” of Montana. Vardis Fisher, who at the moment seems to have the finest achievement in Northwestern novel writing, holds to no regionalistic doctrine—theoretically; but if “Dark Bridwell” and “In Tragic Life” are not interpretations of life rooted in a square mile of upper Snake river country in Idaho they are nothing at all; every deep insight into life that is in them has flowered out of the soil of that strikingly beautiful and individualistic country.

Doubtless, with the blindness of a pleader, I have omitted mention of writers who do not show signs of “going native,” as I have also omitted many names that should be mentioned in support of my thought; but I have not done so consciously. There is, for example, the beautiful poetry of Audrey Wurtemann, Seattle reared, much of which reflects her residence in other parts of the world; yet again much of it reflects the Northwest. But I must not extend the list. I have space only to mention what the list seems to me to mean; and to suggest developments which I think can profitably be fostered by our writers.

Many of the writers in the Northwest are young; few of them are seasoned writers; many are trade writers with, of course, financial income the essential consideration; few have hammered out or lived out a philosophy of life; a few are skilled self-judges, recognizing the possession of themselves, when they are so possessed, by strong creative imagination. The region’s life has presented itself to a fair number of them as something of intrinsic worth. This
presentation, at its best, has been unconsciously accepted. Some national recognition, about all, one would say, that they have genuinely earned, has come to our writings. Conferences of writers that are being held periodically, conferences of producers and writers of drama like the one held in February in Seattle under the leadership of Glenn Hughes, meetings of teachers at which the idea of regionalism is finding interest, the sale of “Northwest Books,” of “Northwest Verse,” nation-wide circulation of The Frontier and Midland and recognition of its merit, the scholarly work of Professor E. G. Moll at the University of Oregon, on the teaching of poetry, the publication of historical documents concerning the early days of the Northwest, the increasing attention of librarians to the literature of our section—these, and doubtless other forces, are at work to stir regional consciousness.

As yet there has developed no sense of loyalty to our idea, although The Frontier and Midland enjoys both gratifying loyalty and healthy criticism and dissent. The closest approach to a focus of writers seems to be in Portland. Our writers, with some outstanding exceptions, have been fearful of letting out their vitality; too often they have held on too tight a leash the vigor and ranging curiosity of their imagination; and too often, also, they have relied on “inspiration” rather than on personal realization of life for their themes and on tradition for their forms. A vital, lawless period of expression would be good, I feel, for the ultimate fine, realized, and articulate expression of life in this fresh, dynamic, imagination-stretching, and thought-perplexing region.
Southwestern Roots
By T. M. Pearce

AMERICANS have spoken of the "melting pot" in the United States ever since a famous European Jew wrote a tribute to the liberating freedom possible in this country for immigrants. Into the crucible have gone various agencies, Semitic, Dravidic, Sinitic, Bantu, to temper what we think of as the Aryan base. Immigration to the Atlantic seaboard was chiefly a nineteenth century development. It was then the melting really began. Now as the arms of English-American empire have flung westward, we look into the crucible to find that metals were already there unnoticed before the basic Aryan, and were working from the very beginning. The Aryan metal here from the start may have been altered from that imported from the stanneries of Europe. As early as 1789 our first lexicographers averred that the course of our speech would reflect "intercourse with tribes wholly unknown in Europe" and predicted a separated stream for American English.

Our roots then, like the roots of the Anglo-Saxon in Celtic Britain, have gone back into the pre-history first shapers-of-the-land. In the crucible then is the mysterious nature worship of sun and sky and kindred earth spirits, the sacred yei, the jinns of the totems; at the bottom of the melting is the rhythm of the earth-planting led from the fields and the ditches into the plaza with the beat of drums and the throb of chant. Somewhere the steam driven iron of one tap-root trails white plumes of smoke where chili is being gathered and the corn flailed by people of another nurture. Roots in the earth, ore and seed, have built American skyscrapers and American Mimbres pottery, American stream-line automobiles and American sand paintings, American bridges and American Diné rugs.

It is in the Southwest that the European tradition meets at closer hand than anywhere else creative currents
of this continent. Two branches of the European tradition, themselves considerably inter-related, Latin and Germanic, have here for several centuries observed and in part merged with inhabitants of indigenous stone age ancestry. In the Southwest, the racial antipodes of Europe and Asia are joined. A literature of this cultural fusion has already become impressive. The list of its builders numbers hundreds of names, from the government reports of ethnologists and linguists, from university research staffs in archaeology and folk-lore, to the professional artists in modern drama, fiction, and poetry. I almost resist entirely the impulse to record the critical and creative thinkers who have joined both in the painstaking and buoyant service of this fountain of creative youth—the Southwest. Yet knowing the greater unfairness of blanket acknowledgment I venture to particularize distinguished names with apologies to the significant unmentioned ones: Andy Adams, Hartley Burr Alexander, Frank Applegate, Louisa M. Armer, Mary Austin, Florence Merriam Bailey, Adolph Bandelier, Ruth Laughlin Barker, S. Omar Barker, Lansing Bloom, Edward Bolton, John G. Bourke, W. N. Breakenridge, Witter Bynner, Pedro de Nacero Castaneda, Willa Cather, Dana Coolidge, Alice Corbin, Bryon Cummings, Frank Cushing, Robert Luther Duffus, Elizabeth Willis de Huff, J. Frank Dobie, Erna Fergusson, Harvey Fergusson, J. W. Fewkes, Frances Gillmor, Josiah Gregg, J. P. Harrington, Edgar L. Hewett, Paul Horgan, Emerson Hough, Will James, A. V. Kidder, Clyde Kluckhohn, Oliver La Farge, D. H. Lawrence, John Lomax, Charles Lummis, Susan Shelby Magoffin, Elida Simms Malkus, Washington Matthews, O’Henry, Albert Pike, Zebulon Pike, Robert Raynolds, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Frederick Ruxton, Sister Blandina Segale, Charles H. Siringo, Herbert Spinden, Philip Stevenson, N. H. Thorp, Mark Twain, R. E. Twitchell, Stanley Vestal, Gaspar de Villagra, Louisa M. Wetherill.

Characterizing the literature of this group and the
larger group it represents is the sincerity, the sturdiness, and the imagination of life lived close to roots which nourish both body and spirit. Industrial society, which brings food, clothes, amusement, and printed matter in substance and outline finished, feeds the critical rather than the creative spirit. Too much of the literature of America today is the clever manipulation of sources provided by someone else. Too much of American literature is the rippling forth of stronger currents started abroad, in spots whether London, Paris, or Moscow that have never forgotten, nor can they, their own roots deep below them. American voices are echoing two extremes of ultra-sophistication—one, the precious nicety of a mind too curious and whimsical, and the other, the neurotic robustiousness of a mind too callous and thrill deadened. American literature will never win rank as world literature on a diet of oxonian reminiscence, whimsies about book shops, and death studied in the entrails of men and beasts in the arena of a Spanish afternoon.

A longer essay than can be written here will be needed to survey the distinctive currents in the vast tradition and accomplishment of Southwestern literary culture. From Villagra, poet laureate of a new empire in 1610, to the latest book from professional pen, the professional output is matched by the still unrecorded folk literature in song and story. The mysticism of light and sky in arid distances, the miracle of desert growth, the narrow seclusion of isolated placitas with their patron Ysidros and Antonios and Ramons, the activity of the cattle llano and chaparall—all this is peculiar to the Southwestern roots. So, too, is the heartache of an early New Englander at the sight of a robin redbreast which like himself had crossed the mountains and to whom he wrote

Let us go—let us go and revisit our home,
Where the oak leaves are green and the sea waters foam.

The Southwest, like the South of which Mr. Ransome has written, is faced with ultra-sophistication, with the new
literary fascism of the sort represented by T. S. Eliot, and with industrialization. These manifestations are symptoms of universal cultural discontent. This speaker, for one, hopes we have resources within ourselves to arrive at maturity and wisdom without abandoning the roots which can hold us there.
A Section of Poetry

PRAIRIE WIFE

By Lillian Gibbs Sewell

I left my heart beside the lake
Where placid waters rouse to shake
Long shafts from silver stars that lie
Mirrored beneath the willow's eye.

Nor could I bring the lake away,
That happy swiftly-passing day;
So mine it is to play the part
Of Prairie wife with mermaid heart.

But in my garden you will see,
A lonely weeping willow tree
That mourns o'er lilies, fair and pure,
Within a lake—in miniature.
ANSWERS
By ANSELL M. McCoy

To some, the answer to a thrust
Leaps forth—a bolt from out the sky
To wound or punish as it will.

To some, it follows after careful thought
Like drops from out a snow-bank
But only after sun has warmed it.

Still others can not speak at all
And late'at night when all is still
They think of things they might have said.

AMETHYST BEADS
By ELSA FISHER HERLITZ

The seven years I spent with him,
Which time and space can never dim,
Are crystallized, translucent beads;
And, though my heart forever bleeds
From sorrow's stabs—from poignant pain,
These beads are on a silver chain
Of deathless love. O years so bright!
Reflecting back to me the light
That guides me through life's opaque mist.
Loved beads! My jewels—amethyst!

FELICITY
By DUDLEY PEACE

I don't believe you knew me
Yesterday when you passed by
But I heard your song up in those trees
That kiss a turquoise sky.
I heard you singing in the wind,
Each sweet note falling clear.
(I stand upon our hill to wait
About this time each year).

They say you saw black mud and dirt,
That blood streamed down your side.
But I, who know your soul so well,
Know, too, the way you died.

I know that light within your eyes
Leapt into glowing fire,
I know the music that you loved
Sung by celestial choir.

There were the colors you always loved,
These you must have seen.
There were the woods your hands have touched,
Caressing their satiny sheen.

And so, when I read of the way you died
And turn inward eyes to you,
I listen along the wind for song
Sung in a voice I knew.

"REMINISCENCE"

By ROBERT FREDERIC HERTER

Rivers of thought,
Silent, mighty as Zeus,
Plunging through the chaos
That is life...

Memory is a dancing girl
On a bright terrazzo stair.
Memory is a blind old man
In a hickory chair.
small towns dreaming
Of tomorrow;
The slanting sun
Gold through Autumn leaves,
Death, purple-shadowed,
Skulking down a country lane.

Misty valleys at dawn. Cold
Glad winds, brushing a hilltop.
Words, beside a still pool,
Echoing a dream.
The timeless protest
Of one just born.

Muffled tom-tom urge
Of drums . . . calling
From a flag-draped street.
Orange blossoms
Tangled in lacy veils.
Tiny hands reaching . . .

Memory is a silver bell,
Tolling through the years.
The afterglow of ecstasies,
The ghost of vanished fears.
The Afternoon for Flavio

By HORACE GARDNER

He sat in the hall, where it was cool and dark, and looked out into the sunlight and freedom of the patio. The wind blew soft little breaths in his face, breaths that smelled of earth and sun, of melons that were ripe, and the tang of weeds and smoke from far away. In the hall there was a ripe feeling of age, and the thick old adobe walls were redolent of things long dead and gone, the intimate things of many people, and the silence of inanimate things that have absorbed life. He let his hand slip softly over the wood of the bench on which he sat, staring at the blue veins that showed through the thin, brown skin, thinking—"I am here, Flavio Chaves, here in Los Lunas, and in there, dead, is Nina, my wife, but I cannot feel, I cannot think in sorrow as I should—"

There came a murmur of prayer from some part of the house, rising, muted and warm, from behind thick old walls, and falling in a rather pleasant mournful drip on Flavio's ears, thin brown ears set well in the shade of the hall. There, he knew, Nine lay, her hands joined together under the yellow light of the candles... and she did not hear the prayers that skipped softly out of the tired faces under the black rebozos. He could fancy himself there again, listening to the little animal sounds from the women, crowded together in piled shadows of blue... but he could not find sorrow in himself, only an awful tiredness, tearing him down into indefinite, inconsequential dreams. He felt himself engulfed in a vast, uplifting tranquility of sound upon sound, hidden voices called to him, and he found himself thrown into the past. The dead, the fragrant, past. He saw himself in Santa Fe, thirty years before, talking to Nina as she stood with her aunt, talking about their wedding, then he was sitting with Nina, at night, looking off into the dark... he could see her brown fingers curling
over her cigarette as she passed it to him, only a point of fire glowing in the dark. They would always be there, he felt, sitting there in the dark of twenty years ago, her thin brown face and her great black eyes staring at him, as she did when the nights were long, and when his youth and her youth had become one, peacefully, complete in ecstasy. There were stars at night and there were long days when he was away with the sheep, seeing that the herders were doing as they should, and sometimes she was with him, fondling a little lamb, smiling at the men, her great eyes staring at the horizons, at him, at everything. They lived, completely, joyfully together. He saw her as she was after she had miscarried, thin, shrunken, more brown than ever, lying in the great bed and smiling at him. . . He felt himself tossed into the sounds of those long years, and there was a peculiar joy, a sense of satisfaction, a great happiness that thrilled him so that he wanted to run, to leap on the earth, to sing, to clutch everything to himself, to rock in stillness with the afternoon.

And then, she had died, and he had sat there, numbly knowing he should feel it in his throat and eyes, but he could not. He wanted to tell someone how he felt, to tell someone how happy he felt . . . to describe that great welling emotion of being, of remembering, of knowing things.

* * * * *

After a while, he went into one of the bedrooms. It was the same room in which he had been born. . . There in the corner was the little virgin his mother had prayed to, the flickering vigil lamp casting, leaping shadows over her face. . . .he must pray to her, feel his sorrow, he must. . . But there was no prayer in him, the other was inside of him now, pushing and crowding out prayer with a wonderful song of living—he had her now and she had him. It was simple and wonderful, and he wished that he could tell someone about it. He had her life, and she had his, and he would die, and he could remember.
He looked out of the window at the blue peak of San Mateo and wondered why he wanted to be away, beyond the haze and the piled clouds, to somewhere beyond... when he had such a living ecstasy within him!

The afternoon settled down and a cicada began his long whirr from the cottonwood in the patio, talking through the heat to him, adding to what was within him, the turmoil in him boiling over until it was subdued within itself... It was good to sit and listen to the quiet of the afternoon.

No Wine So Sweet

By Siddie Joe Johnson

I ask only to come back,
Now and again, as the busy years leave space,
To what I know.
I will endure this change, but not with gladness,
Laughing or pressing my face against its face.

October nights, when the wild desolate silence
Is wilder for the silver from the sky—
There in the country house, the others sleeping—
This is one of the things I would return to,
Many and many a time before I die.

And the streets of one town on a winter evening,
The library warm and close against the cold—
These I would drink again and again from the same bottle,
Knowing no wine so sweet as the oft-savored old.
Penalosa—Eugene Manlove Rhodes—Writers’ Editions, Santa Fe—
$1.00.

The Trusty Knaves—Eugene Manlove Rhodes—Houghton Mifflin,
1933—$2.00.

Here are two prints of the same hand left for our com­
parison sixteen years apart in the white strata of the
Papyrus Age. The first, firmly compressed, laid down in
the historical manner and glistening with brilliant hardness,
might be the hand of any one of a good many contemporary
artists. But there is no mistaking the identity of the second.
The latter is unpretentious. There is no grand gesture or
finger pointing at some magnificent scene, and yet of all the
teeming millions who can take their pen in hand, I doubt the
existence of another human being who could have done it.

Like Joseph Conrad, there is only one Eugene Manlove
Rhodes and no one remotely resembling him. Even in this
world of facile imitators, to attempt a Rhodes forgery would
be to dare the gods. The average Rhodes’ reader would
detect it on the first page, probably in the opening para­
graph. Rhodes’ robust vigor and contrasting gentleness,
his gusto, his long, firsthand intimacy with his land and its
people, his raciness, his wit and sardonic humor, his subtlety
and its strange bedfellow, a recurring sense of beauty;
perhaps most of all, his nonconformity and his delight in
strewing literary gems in the most unexpected of places are
talents for which the reading world will wait a long time
before being found again in the same mortal combination.

Anyone who comes to Rhodes expecting the traditional
Western story is bound to stub his toe severely, and in my
mind I can see Gene Rhodes’ eyes twinkling at the puzzled
face of such a reader. But the searcher for personality on
the printed page, the man who loves boundless, highly-flav­
ored life wherever he finds it, who has learned from reality
not to be surprised to find even the most primitive society

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for the most part kind and strong, shrewd and tremendously human whether on Hudson’s pampas, in Aksakoff’s old Russia, in Barrie’s Thrums or on Rassu Galwan’s Tibetan plateau—such a reader will come on Rhodes with unquenchable delight.

It is always dangerous to delete a writer by quoting him. A dozen words, like the dozen notes that make a musical chord, are to a great measure dependent on what has gone before. But I shall risk disaster with one of Rhodes’ sentences the compression of which leaves the tingle of a whole volume unsaid, “He sauntered down to the sea and there he met the Terminator of Delights and the Separator of Companions.” Who in so few words has said so much of life and death?

This reviewer is especially fond of the title Rhodes chose with such a sure hand from El Moro where he found it first written in stone, “Pasó Por Aquí” than which there are few phrases more noble. And I want to add a Rhodes paragraph, haunting with beauty and found close to a welter of gore. “Fifty years gone, the years of Valverde and Glorieta, even such a misty and sunless September came at last to the San Quentin country—yes, and strange flowers sprang up over night, bright-glowing, nameless and unknown to any man. Señor, I have ridden across this bare desert when the air was drowsy with sweetness; stirrup deep all day in wondrous blossoms, snow-white, blue and purple, golden, fire-red, nameless.”

CONRAD RICHTER.

Albuquerque.


Sky Determines is a vivid, useful, and scholarly book on the Southwest, by which the author means New Mexico. Dr. Calvin lives in Silver City where he is the Episcopal clergyman, and it is natural that he should write of the New Mexico that centers there, rising from the mesquite and
The cactus plains of the Lower Sonoran zone, through all the intervening zones to the Canadian of the tall timber at the top of the Mogollon range. It results that Santa Fe, Albuquerque and the whole Rio Grande valley retreats, in this book, to the periphery: a fact which will probably do us good.

Dr. Calvin has a seeing eye. Not only one which gets a comprehensive view of a vegetable and animal life that climbs from sub-tropical to sub-Artic, and of human types from pre-Pueblo to late tourist-camp; but the sort of an eye too which sees little animal tracks, notes plants and birds and clouds, and can relate these things to the all-embracing sky which is his theme. He remembers the harsh cut of dust and the fresh consolation of fragrant rain, he knows what it is to come thirsty to a water hole. He has sat and talked with old fellows who remember how life was when there was almost nothing to mitigate the rigors of a struggle against a nature that cared nothing for human life, and of humans who cared little more. All these things Dr. Calvin writes about with feeling, understanding, and without a trace of sentimentality. He sees the west as a man sees it, and he has undoubtedly done the things that a man does who loves the outdoors. It is just too bad that he fell into the trap of a Chamber of Commerce or some such person and was impelled to append a prospectus advertising a country which is too magnificent to need advertisement. On the contrary, we should require people to pass examinations before we permit them to come.

The best parts of the book are those which deal with the desert and the long struggle of man to make the desert allow even a few of us to live here. He deals adequately with people too. The Forgotten Peoples and the wonders of the archaeological finds in the Mimbres Valley; Puebloños, Apaches, Conquerors, and Mexicanos all come in for concise and very thoughtful study. Most of this material is not new, but it is well considered and necessary to make
the book the well-rounded whole that it is. Sky, meaning climate and the general physical aspects of the country caused by climate, have certainly determined human development and Dr. Calvin's thesis is well supported by his facts. He claims to make no statement which cannot be supported by recognized authority, and he comes very close to that ideal.

Only in dealing with Mexicans, whom he calls Mexicanos, probably in an effort to avoid the cumbrous Spanish-American, does one wish that Dr. Calvin had looked longer and seen more. He makes the conventional picture of an indolent, dirty, backward, "adorably picturesque" person, which is too easy. It may have been true fifty years ago. I wasn't here fifty years ago, but it is certainly not true today. The modern Mexican is not adorably picturesque and maybe for the same reasons he is not indolent, dirty, nor backward. He is a vigorous, busy, demanding person, eager to make his place and take his part in what New Mexico is doing now. And he is doing it. Maybe Dr. Calvin should take a look at the Rio Grande Valley, after all.

An exceptionally well chosen bibliography is added to the text of the book. The photographs used in illustration (the artistry of the author's wife) are suggestive and beautiful.

ERNA FERGUSSON.

Albuquerque.

One Smoke Stories—Mary Austin—Houghton, Mifflin, 1934—$2.00.

Mary Austin has given American literature another permanently important book. How many of Austin's books (there are now twenty-eight) are of such considerable status, the reviewer not having read them all, can scarcely estimate. But of the last four books she has written, it is his considered judgment that each is as original in thought, as consummate in style, and as freighted with a unique wisdom and humor as any volumes which have come from
the American press. In them, if one may judge from only a few of the earlier books, the same qualities appear, but deepened, refined, and enriched. *Starry Adventure*, a novel, *Experiences Facing Death*, an essay, *Earth Horizon*, an autobiography, and *One Smoke Stories*, tales, represent Mary Austin in all but her drama and poetry. Can one say that a single common gift of the author's is the golden thread through her books which wins each time the reader at all familiar with her writing?

Competent at plotting and as much the artist in description as anyone writing English, the books of Mary Austin carry the reader along convincingly and fulfillingly until he arrives at those passages of insight into life, those peak moments of revelation that mark an in-knowingness (to use one of her own words) rarely permitted to individuals. The in-knowingness in *One Smoke Stories* is kindly, magnanimous, square-shooting, so that it can illumine friendship like that between Red Morgan and the Papago Kid, vindicate the ancient-way of Hosteen Hatsanai who would have his second wife blessed at the mission like his first, and sire the nature-killing pot-hunter Greenhow whom the gods of the woods brought low. And how her intelligence can prick the bubble of male complacency as in the master-piece "Papago Wedding" and "The Man Who Lied About a Woman" and "The Man who Was Loved By Women." The intelligence expands into wisdom and humor when of Susie, Papago wife to a white man named Shuler and mother to him of five children, it remarks

"In all things Susie was a good wife to him though she had no writing of marriage and she never wore a hat."

The story, "Approaching Dawn," combines this intelligence and this humor with both pathos and beauty. Hot-andemung had conquered all the Seven Fears, but the one fear which he had not reasoned from his heart was the fear
of a woman's beauty. So although the loveliest of maidens, approaching Dawn, gave signs that she preferred him, he let her marry Hotandenai "who loved the girl without any misgiving." Hotandemung did not find the peace he expected after approaching Dawn had married: "When men came together as men in the affairs of the tribe, it was remarked that it was Hotandemung whose mind went sometimes in circles, and Hotandenai who went steadily like a man after a full meal." In two years, Approaching Dawn died in giving birth to her second child, and Hotandemung reflected that "if he could have known the girl would die so early, he would certainly have married her." With Hotandenai he walked the trail to old age and heard his friend's last wish—that his body be carried back to the camp at Hidden-Under-the-Mountain and buried beside that of his beautiful wife. "For," said Hotandenai, "the beauty of her face was a plainness beside the beauty of her spirit, and the best of my life went into the sky with her."

"Why then," said his friend and though it was so long ago his heart turned over in him—"when you married again, did you choose so ugly a woman?"

"Because," said Hotandenai, "I would not have anyone in my house who could rival her in my recollection, for the happiness that we had together was such that Those Above would have envied me, and perhaps that is why they took her. But they have not been able to fill her place in my affections."

It is almost a profanation of sacred things to refer to the same thread of humor and intelligence in "Stewed Beans," but I say to one and all that if they wish to miss one of the finest specimens of American humor they will fail to read the one-smoke story "Stewed Beans."

T. M. PEARCE.

Albuquerque.
"We here in the Southwest are interested in its untouched possibilities for story material; in its folk-lore, its history, its color. What do you of New York hear of it?"

And the charming professor of English from one of the Universities in New York smiled at the naivete of the group of New Mexican enthusiasts.

"To be frank," he answered in amusement, "I'm afraid that we don't even hear of it."

But Hervey Allen chose New Mexico as the last of the six romantic, virile locations in which Anthony Adverse was to seek adventure and life.

It was in the Southwest, "in timeless solitudes which the traveller has discovered to be no longer solitary, that a man's lips can learn to shape themselves to the round symbol of eternity which is the crown of human talk and communion" that Anthony learned the answer to life. From Santa Fe, "in a valley where there were a number of flat-roofed adobe buildings gathered about a plaza . . . a small, poverty-stricken place," through Albuquerque, "over the cactus-covered hills," Anthony Adverse "with freshness and strength walked the trail in peace."

This man, who was much more than just another picturesque hero because he was eternally seeking something, learned at La Luz, in the high Mountains of southern New Mexico, a balance in "this flux of living." "I think [he said] I detect a little overtone from paradise. Or perhaps it is something in the sunlight, a golden reflection from that age which poets can never remember enough about to coin them out of their dark garrets. I am glad that I did not try to live by dreams alone; glad I tried as best I could to pour molten dreams into the mould of life. This is a good mould here at La Luz to let the hot metal of thought cool in."

Mr. Allen wisely chose such source books for the Southwestern episode as Kendall's *Santa Fe Expedition*, General
Pike's *Report to the War Department* of his expeditions in the Southwest, *Commerce of the Prairies*, and Colonel Edward Jay Allen's *Diary*.

To those who know the Southwest, it is fitting and just that the value of its material has been recognized by Mr. Allen, for not only has he caught something of the sorrow and the peace of this country in his book but he has also caught something of the cry of humanity in the closing sentence: "Do, God! Give us something..."

**Elsie Ruth Dykes Chant.**

*Albuquerque.*

*Traders to the Navajos*—Frances Gillmor and Louisa Wade Wetherill—Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1934—$3.00.

If books about the Southwest should spring out of understanding of the Southwest and should record more than the glamor of our history and the picturesqueness of our countryside, then *Traders to the Navajos* belongs to the true apostolic line. Louisa Wade Wetherill is of the pioneering English stock that wedded an alien soil and grew of the new spirit with it. Her father pioneered as a prospector, as a rancher, and as a community builder. She herself has pioneered in human relationships as twenty-nine thumbprints reproduced on the jacket of the book testify. They are the endorsement of members of the Navajo tribe who in this way of signing affirm that "no other white woman has as complete knowledge of our people, their customs and traditions as she. "This faith of a people was not won quickly. It is the outgrowth of a lifetime of familiarity and common cause among Paiutes and Navajos, a lifetime paralleled by that of a boy and man which was to form the partnership of the Wetherills celebrated in this book.

John Wetherill's father had ridden the famous Chisholm cattle trail, had mined in Missouri, and at last from these unsettled paths turned to ranching in Colorado. But something of the explorer's lure must have remained in the
blood of his sons, for they discovered the unknown cities of the past on the high Mesa Verde, and aroused the first interest in archaeological sites which supplied Denver, the University of Pennsylvania, and the museum at Stockholm with the relics of the Basketmaker civilization of the North American continent.

The life of the Wetherills really began with the more remote frontier where they established trading posts at Ojo Alamo, Pueblo Bonito, Oljato, and Kayenta. Their story is interwoven with the lore of chant and legend of the Navajos, of the origins of the people, of their folk mores and discipline. But *Traders to the Navajos* is more than the saga of individual lives; it is the saga of peoples sung in Frances Gillmor's memorable phrases; of "the moving people"—the White Americans, and of those who called themselves just "the people"—the Dine; of the harmony of "peace on many faces" won for "the people" and "the moving people" by such links as John and Louisa Wetherill; of the last frontier "where danger was always a half-heard undertone in mountain silences"; of the hearthfires and "dancing east of the sunset" where the people who dance and sing and the people who ride in steel that fire moves have each "found a living earth."

T. M. Pearce.

Albuquerque.

*The Three Mustangeers*—Will James—Charles Scribner's, 1933—$2.75.

Sing me a song of the vanishing West,
A song of the Mustangeers,
A rollicking lay of a by-gone day
With a chorus of bawling steers;
Sing me a song of a jingle of spurs,
With a rattle of hoofs refrain,
And the coyote grim on the canyon's rim
And the creak of the wagon train.
Will James in his new book has done just that. Moreover he has given the molders of public opinion a swell chance to view with alarm! For any of them who have the stamina to ride with his three Mustangeers through a regular orgy of cattle and horse stealing, will find at the end of the trail that crime does, in very truth, pay! At least it paid Andy and Stub and Hugh who make up the triumvirate. The amazing thing about the book is the casual manner in which the boys go about their business of law breaking, and what a lead pipe cinch it is for them to annex a herd of steers belonging to their next door neighbor, haze them across the state line, peddle them to some crooked commission man, and get back home safely with their pockets stuffed with bills.

As a sort of counter attraction to the excitement of cattle stealing, Mr. James sets his three heroes to the task of catching wild horses and goes into considerable detail as to the methods employed. No one but a Westerner thoroughly familiar with his subject could bring to his readers the breezy and authentic atmosphere of this almost forgotten trade. His hobbled horses travel at a skippety-hop lope before they are herd broke; a “parada” is introduced to help the boys capture the fuzzy tails, and the jargon of the range leaps out to meet the reader from every page. All through the book goes the thunder of hoofs; the creak of saddles; the bawling of cattle, and when words fail him he turns with skillful hand to his drawing board and lo a herd of wild horses swings across the page with tails flying in the wind.

The Three Mustangeers will never threaten the popularity of those three dashing characters of Dumas from whom he draws the inspiration for his title. But in this book Will James has given us an unusual picture of a trio of rollicking cow hands with a highly developed sense of loyalty to one another. If, along the way, the author has allowed them to completely ignore at least one of the commandments and get away with it, this moral lapse has not taken away any of
the glamour from this fast moving story of the vanishing West.

CAREY HOLBROOK.

*Albuquerque.*

*The Great Tradition*—Granville Hicks—Macmillan—$2.50.

American literature has been a critical literature, a literature critical of greed, cowardice and meanness. Especially since the Civil War, has it become increasingly clear that the central fact in American life is the class struggle. This opens several roads for the writer. He may ignore the struggle. But in doing so, he commits himself to evasion and cannot arrive at a clear interpretation of the life about him nor can he devise a pattern true to American life and people. If he remains impartial, he deceives and confuses both himself and his readers. Or he may become an apologist, by accepting the existing order of things and assuming it operates for the best interests of all. From this attitude, will follow a literature that is dishonest and misrepresentative. If he recognizes the existing order for what it is, yet accepts it, just because he may profit by it, he is callous, selfish and cuts himself off from the rest of humanity for whom he has no sympathy and therefore of whom he cannot write clearly. But if the writer allies himself actively with the proletariat, thus escaping dishonesty, isolation and apologetics, he may treat capitalists and their faults, exploiters and exploitation without exaggeration and so go ahead and carry our literature to a high peak of development.

Thus Mr. Hicks analyzes our literature, its status, past and present, and the forecast of its future. With the Civil War, the old order in America ended and industrialism began to rise steadily over the entire country. These changes brought about a struggle between the old order and the new, a struggle that is still going on. It is a struggle reflected in our literature, striving to present clearly American men
and women, representative types, and their life and society in the light of their experiences. It is also a struggle to understand these conditions that have arisen in America, its changing life, its standards and people. The hardest part of this struggle from a literary point of view is to gain true understanding, and perfection in form of expression.

American authors have had to orientate themselves and try to gain a true perspective of the changing life of their country and to judge clearly and impartially both the people and their reactions to industrialism and its changes. Mr. Hicks first looks back upon the great writers of the Golden Day and then shows how they and their work were obscured by the great and rapid changes after the Civil War. Next, he treats the rise of regionalism, starting with Bret Harte and going on up through Mark Twain, Cable and Eggleston. These men were inspired by a desire to gain a way of escape from the complex contemporary life, so they wrote of the past of their various sections and ignored the present; they evaded a close scrutiny of existing conditions. Their chief mission seemed to be to entertain and they failed to provide a transition to a national literature. Next, there developed the novel of politics, the novel of business and the novel of labor. In this period, Howell stands out as trying to understand the real American life. He tried to create in literature, a form of realism that would help develop a better world. After Howells, there comes the Fugitive group in which Sarah Orne Jewett, Henry James and Emily Dickinson are the most outstanding. Yet these failed in themselves of real fulfillment. They complete or complement the work of Howells and others preceding them.

Then Bellamy tried in fact and in imagination to find and create a Utopia. Along came Garland and Norris, hating and denouncing oppression. They were followed by London and Sinclair who claimed to be Socialists. But the first ten or twelve years of the century produced little that
will survive. *The Octopus, The Jungle* and *The Call of the Wild* are the works best remembered. But the work of Churchill, White and Phillips is forgotten. O. Henry is outmoded. Herrick is little read. A few plays were produced that are still remembered. This should have been the most productive period of our literature, but somehow the writers failed in their purposes. It may be called the muckraking era and it did prepare the way for the greater realism and technical skill of the middle generation.

The period from 1912 to 1925 is regarded as an American Renaissance. Its beginnings were in the 90's and its fertilization and adolescence were accomplished during the muckraking period and it flowered in the work of the middle generation. The period presents many outstanding writers. The novelists are Dreiser, Edith Wharton, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, Joseph Hergesheimer. The poets are Amy Lowell, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and Robert Frost. The critics are Mencken, Brooks, Huneker, Spingarn. As a dramatist, Eugene O'Neill stands out. The writers of this period are intensely critical, pessimistic and filled with a sense of deep frustration, unhappiness and despair. They seem to think life is a dismal failure and America a joke. Many of them fled to Europe seeking a new and better mode of living. There had been better work than theirs but never so much good work or so many worthwhile writers as the middle generation produced. There was a wide-spread interest in literature. And this generation emancipated literature from Victorian standards. But they failed in many ways and their later work does not fulfill the promise of the earlier efforts.

Of the revolutionary group of the present period, there are three outstanding pessimists—Krutch, Jeffers, and Faulkner. T. S. Elliot's poetry is widely read but his work, his gifts and ability now seem to be strangled in his conversion to royalist politics and the anglo-catholic religion.
Wilder is trying to find certainty in a world of disillusionment. Hemingway is of the lost generation, not sure of any code and a drifter. Elizabeth Maddox Roberts and Glenway Westcott are the representatives of regionalism. Both have fallen short of the standards they originally set in their work.

The outstanding writer of the period is John Dos Passos. He expresses in a modern way the spirit of the great works of the past. He has confidence in the common man, he rebels against shams and oppression, he feels a kinship with all classes of workers and believes in curbing the individual for the good of all. It has been said that our writers have failed to achieve order, form and significance. Dos Passos along with other radicals, in dealing with representative American men and women in representative situations is bringing into our literature these qualities which it has lacked.

And so Mr. Hicks has followed the course of our literature through its phases of development, as it has grown more honest and complete in its depiction of our life and people through a better understanding of American society. One gathers that Mr. Hicks is Marxian and communistic in his sympathies and views. And although his opinions and those of the reader and student of American literature may conflict at times, yet it must be conceded that his book is a splendid and enlightening piece of work which gives a deeper insight into our literature, its sources, inspiration and creators.

LYDIA S. BRADFORD.

Santa Fe.


No problem in the Southwest is more likely to draw out fiery champions of several camps than the religious education of the Indian. Here is a book with both Indian and
Christian religions at its heart, and sympathetically given to the treatment of the idealism, the discipline, and the heroism called forth by each. Heroism is descriptive of both the Protestant missionary, Lanting, a central figure in the book, and of Koshe, its hero, a Zuñi youth loving both Christ and the Shalakos.

The Indians at Zuñi, like the Indians elsewhere seem to settle the matter of Old Gods and New easily and naturally. They accept both. Shalako and Christmas come in the winter about the same time. And each is significant and exciting. There may be a little of conspiracy about singing the Jesus-hymns, especially with such fervor at Christmas time where candy and gifts are conspicuous in the chapel corner, but fundamentally at heart the Indian refuses to become excited over adding to his faith. Giving up anything he already has is different. And though Lanting secretly feels that as long as Koshe dances so hard the nature worship of his fathers he belongs only half to Christ and the other half to paganism, with Koshe there is no struggle in accepting both.

The book is tremendously real: American baseball and Zuñi stick-races, medical serums and Zuñi medicine-cures, piñon picking and government aid to the snow bound Navajos succoured by Zuñis whose preserves they were raiding, rise to a gripping climax in the fight of Koshe and his pony to conquer the perilous snow drifts in to Chin Lee where typhoid sufferers await serums he brings and where She-with-the-Mellow-Voice, a Navajo girl whom Koshe loves, is isolated with her old grandmother in a remote hogan. The story is never sentimental; it is never satiric of the missionaries or their recalcitrant but amiable converts. And it is less fiction than fact—another stirring witness to the romance (if one can call the blood marked trail of the pony and Koshe such) close to home.

Phrases of Zuñi speech and annotations of Zuñi custom add to the value of a book devoted to one of the most fas-
Albuquerque.

American Literature: A Period Anthology: Oscar Curgill, General Editor—The Macmillan Company, 1933.

The Roots of National Culture: American Literature to 1830—Edited by Robert E. Spiller, Associate Professor of English, Swarthmore College—$1.50.

"The Indian provides the first element in the cosmopolitan origins of our literature; the explorers and early settlers, the second."

Robert E. Spiller, who has edited the volume on The Roots of National Culture, which stands first in the five volume period anthology of American Literature not only makes this statement in his able introduction but acts upon it in his selections. Thereby he departs from convention. And though we have the representations from John Smith to James Fenimore Cooper which we should expect in a volume covering American literature to 1830, we have in addition the inclusion of the Columbus Letter of 1493 as the earliest written record dated from the new world, and the inclusion of selections from Hariot and Champlain. The century preceding the settlement of Jamestown thus finds a voice after too long a silence. It is to be regretted that some of the Relations of the Spanish explorers are not also included, since contemporary writing has found such stimulus in them. The omission is, however, accounted for in the introduction by the reminder that the Spanish tradition, though an influence on today, has not been the shaping force through the development of our literature that the eastern and English tradition has been. But the debt of the present
to Spanish materials, particularly in the work of Willa Cather and Archibald MacLeish, is given due emphasis.

In the selection of Indian songs and legends, it is again unfortunate that convention is not defied a little more and material drawn not only from Schoolcraft and Natalie Curtis, both good choices, but also from the wealth available in the Bureau of Ethnology reports. Cushing and Matthews might then have received their due for literary skill and literary influence, as well as for scientific research. However there is again atonement for the omission. The notes do refer to the Bureau of Ethnology reports, to the work of Alice C. Fletcher and Frances Densmore, and to Mary Austin's American Rhythm, whose thesis concerning the relationship of this material to American literature is briefly summarized. In fact, the interest and richness of the notes, not only in this instance but consistently, is a remarkable feature of the volume.

The chief distinction of The Roots of National Culture, however, lies in this start it makes toward discovering neglected roots. And since fashions in anthologies are slavishly followed, it is to be hoped that this volume will set a new one.

FRANCES GILLMOR.

Albuquerque.

The Romantic Triumph: American Literature from 1830 to 1860—
Edited by Tremaine McDowell, Associate Professor of English.
University of Minnesota—$1.50.

Professor McDowell's The Romantic Triumph: 1830-1860 is the second of five period anthologies of American literature. Its 744 pages supply in generous measure the material for the study of the period under consideration.

The one weakness of the work is fundamental to the plan of the series, and is not the fault of Professor McDowell. These five volumes are intended as textbooks, and must be judged accordingly. It is the impression of the
reviewer that few if any American Universities offer their introductory courses in American literature in such small subdivisions as these volumes imply. The usual plan is a single one- or two-semester course covering the whole field. The expense of a five volume anthology is likely to exceed that of the single or even two-volume collections. On the other hand one who is interested in close study of the separate periods gets a large body of material at a reasonable price.

In other respects, Professor McDowell's work is almost beyond cavil. His judgment is sound in his selections, and he uses to good advantage his one opportunity for originality, in the selection and classification of minor writers. Significant attitudes are illustrated by "Early Sentimentalists," "Minor Transcendentalists," and "Late Sentimentalists." Physical and social conditions are reflected by "The Conquest of the New World," "Indian and Pioneer," and "Plantation and Slave," these groups embracing, among others, Prescott, Parkman, David Crockett, and Calhoun and Webster.

The work is competently done as regards text and notes (which are, properly, few and short); but one would appreciate more bibliographical material. The book is attractive in appearance and easy to handle, with good paper, large, clear type, and a page-size midway between the clumsy bigness of the standard anthology, and the inadequate smallness of a pocket edition. Indeed, these advantages are made possible by the multi-volume plan, and may be considered in a large measure to outweigh the objection to the plan.

G. P. SHANON.

Albuquerque.

_The Rise of Realism: American Literature from 1860 to 1888—Edited by Louis Wann, Professor of English Language and Literature, University of Southern California—$1.50._

Louis Wann's Anthology, "The Rise of Realism," the third volume in a series of American Literature Periods, is
comprehensive in scope and scholarly in plan. Mr. Wann very ably develops in his preface the theory that the demands of the frontier, the crisis of the Civil War, and the rise of the new industrialism put an end to romanticism, and then he very carefully builds up a fine background of realism from an analytical viewpoint. All forms of writing are illustrated in the book: poetry, criticism, history, the novel and the drama. All classes of humanity weave the patterns of these forms: preachers, cowboys, statesmen, philosophers, soldiers, and scientists.

Since literature is a reflection of life a careful study of the varied selections will provide an excellent historical and social perspective of the currents which swept over and around the mountaineer, miner, lumberjack, negro, frontiersman and editor. Life was hard for them and they had to face the facts. They did so realistically, but also charmingly in many instances, thus proving that the spirit of romance still lingered on. We must admit however, that the design in the shifting pattern of life and literature was traced by the great ones: Abraham Lincoln, Walt Whitman, William Dean Howells, Mark Twain, Henry James, Sidney Lanier and therefore that much of the material in the collection is of the homespun variety since there are fifty-six contributors. Even so, we are proud of all those who were capable of preserving for future generations an American tradition, ballad, sermon or ideal.

JULIA KLEHEIER.

Albuquerque.

The Social Revolt: American Literature from 1881 to 1914—Edited by Oscar Cargill, Assistant Professor of English, New York University—$1.35.

This, the fourth volume of the series, covers the years from 1888 to 1914. It begins with Henry George and ends with George Santayana. The arrangement is interesting and suggestive, under such headings as, Utopian Dreamers,
The Gilded Youth, Iconoclasm, The Under Dog, Mysticism and Individualism, to mention only a few.

The volume is a comment on the fleetingness of literary reputations. Here are selections from fifty-eight writers. How few of them are still read, at least widely! Possibly, Stephen Crane, Booth Tarkington, Edith Wharton, Jack London (?), and, (by the cognoscenti) Henry Adams. Nor can one of these be grouped with our major American writers.

The editorial introduction, it seems to me, lays too much stress on social and economic trends and not enough on the esthetic. The book contains, however, a valuable collection of material, most of it very readable.


In this volume, we find 503 pages against the 647 of the previous volume, and 76 writers against the 58 of the preceding period. Yet, how incomparably richer and more important is the output of this period as compared with that covered in Volume Four! Though I do not pretend to be a prophet, I venture to say that some twenty of the names listed in this volume will rank with the best of our earlier authors, and, as compared with the writers of the preceding period, there is not a single field in which one or more contemporary writers will not excel any previous author. In the field of poetry, we have Robinson, Frost, Sandburg, Masters, Jeffers. Of the preceding period, only William Vaughan Moody approaches these. In the novel, what name of the preceding period can be placed alongside these: Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson.

The editor asserts, and justly, that this is the "first attempt to treat as a distinct period American literary history since 1914." One might wish that many of his own favorites from Robinson, Frost, Sandburg, Masters, St. Vincent
Millay, Teasdale, had been included instead of selections from lesser known and less important poets.

Both volumes are adequately printed and well edited, with especially good biographical and critical notes. The volume on Contemporary Trends presents a capital picture of a most complex, disturbing, and experimental period.

GEORGE ST. CLAIR.

Albuquerque.
MEXICO

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