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A Man in His Senses

LYMAN BRYSON

I have an old friend who can best be described as a Detached Personality. It is impossible to guess how he may have spent his youth, but it was in some disreputable fashion, I imagine, because he seems to have escaped all the scraping and flattening processes of civilized education. His horny originality is such an effective unconscious criticism of all the rest of us that his visits are dreaded by the whole household. Sometimes he even asks questions.

He recently captured the youngest boy in the family, transfixing him under the stare of a bird-like round eye, and backed him, intellectually speaking, against the wall. "And I suppose you are being educated," he growled. It was an impertinent remark since he knew perfectly well that the boy was

in school and taking all the honors in sight.

"Oh yes, sir, geography and math' and French and history-"

The bird-like eye blinked in calm indifference. "Humph! Can you smell?"

"Can I-Can I smell?" The poor boy blushed.

"Exactly? Why don't you answer an ordinary question?" The D. P. took the boy firmly by the back of the neck and pressed against his face a black silk handkerchief. "What's that?" he demanded.

"It's a handkerchief, sir, black; and I think it is made of silk—"

"I didn't ask you if you could see. What can you smell?"

There was some subdued and rather frightened sniffing. "Perfume."

The D. P. gave his victim a welcome push and turned to me. "Did you hear that? Perfume. Now if I asked him what I held against his useless little nose and he had answered vaguely that it was a piece of cloth, with the air of having made a great discovery, instead of calling it a handkerchief, you would have been disappointed in him."

"Isn't it perfume?" I asked mildly, defending my off-spring.

"Yes. It is." The D. P. took a turn around the room shaking his old (but disreputable) head. "But what kind is it? You probably don't know any better than he does.

"We don't use it in this family," I answered with dignity. "And I have never considered a knowledge of perfume necessary to a twelve-year-old school boy."

"There you go," he broke in, "talking pompous hokum! The point is—can your boy smell anything? It isn't a question of his knowing the name of an odor. I would be willing to bet my last year's overcoat that his nose is absolutely uneducated."

"I remember reading a book once called the 'Odors of Paris'!" I remarked, but my flippant irrelevance provoked him into a long, severe speech.

"It is not only the fault of the teachers," he proclaimed. "Parents are to blame, too, because the require nothing. Most of them haven't any senses anyway. They can't see, nor hear, nor smell, nor taste, nor feel. In fact, the word 'feeling' has lost its meaning altogether and has come to be entirely symonymous with 'emotion'."

I suppressed a desire to chant the Song of Quoodle.

"They haven't got no noses, And goodness only knowses The Noselessness of Men."

"Education," he opined, "as you allow it to be practiced on your children, is entirely a matter of transferring something out of a book into the child's head, a mess of badly ordered abstractions, soon forgotten and better left unlearned.

"The fall of man dates from the invention of cheap printing. Gutenberg was the snake in the garden. Before that time men's minds had a beautiful concreteness and vitality because they were filled with sense impressions. Now they are stuffed with symbols—silly alphabetical symbols—"

I interposed, "But the great artists go on giving us-"

"Great artists are born to any age, no matter how unworthy," he said, catching me up. "What makes them artists is largely the fact that they have a full complement of senses and by some blessed chance don't learn how to get on without them. But they are wasted. No matter what the medium, color and line, tone, even words—they are all wasted. People who pay any attention at all to the arts have so intellectualized their own standards that nothing appeals to them but something made intrinsically ugly in order to seem intellectually 'significant'.

"All this inhuman intellectualism is the refuge of people whose sensory powers have died of neglect. The child is born with a chance at least of growing up whole and energetic. What does your education do to preserve him from this decay into abstraction? Nothing. It devotes his time to the most rapid processes of deterioration. Now don't interrupt me and say that you have laboratories and botany field study and hand work. What are they? Merely different methods of acquiring the same sort of abstract knowledge and perhaps a little manual skill.

"What kind of skill is it?—muscular. The most advanced teacher in the most liberal school can't do anything more than teach a child how to do something with his fingers. Do you suppose for a minute anyone of them ever

thought of teaching a child to use his fingers for the enjoyment of the sense of touch?"

I had no examples with which to confound him. It had always seemed to me a tremendous advance in education that hands were recognized as worth training at all, even as muscular tools.

"What would you advise?" I asked. I was trying to placate him, but my meekness had the opposite effect. He waved his hands in silent rage. His eyes wasted their discriminating power in looking my features over one by one to find signs of sarcasm or deceit. His educated nose sniffed the air of my house, discovering no doubt, that it was charged with bookish vacuum, that every smell in it which would yield to cleanliness had been grossly slain. He listened for sounds beyond the ken of my imperfect ears and I was fearful that someone in the next room might tune in the radio. There was nothing at hand to taste, but omitting that he went the gamut of his trained senses by running the tips of his long fingers down the side of a door jamb. "He feels," I thought, "that it is only veneered."

However, I was doing him an injustice. He was for the moment working up abstract statement of his indictment of our abstract education. "It's no use," he admitted. "I'll tell you, but nothing will ever be done about it.

"It all comes back to the idea you have that man is nothing but a brain for which a stomach and a set of limbs act as imperfect servitors. If you have any sensory powers you throttle them. Consequently the emotions you have are artificial—glycerine tears—kleig light tricks—bah! How could you have any real emotions when you aren't aware of the world except through your intellectual abstraction?

"Human beings—I mean what are called human beings in these times—do have eyes. I'll admit that. They aren't good eyes, even with glasses, but they serve to steer motor cars with and to recognize letters in print. They don't actually see anything but they distinguish a red light from a green one and they know the name of quite a lot of things—in eight point type. When it comes to acquiring first hand knowledge even your youngster's eyes are by this time almost worthless and as far as enjoying anything with his eyes is concerned—"

"About ninety per cent of our knowledge comes through our eyes." I remarked pedantically.

"And all of our ignorance," added the D. P. "By knowledge you mean what is written in books. That isn't knowledge at all but only what some person—probably a fool or he wouldn't have wanted to write a book—thinks is truth. It's like sitting under an electric light and reading about the moon when there it is, the moon itself, all the time—to be looked at!"

I tried to keep up my end. "It has been pointed out often enough," I said, "that our sight is the only educated sense we've got, more educated at any rate, than any of our other senses. The last writer I read on that subject"—he sneered at the citation—"called attention to the fact that when we go to a revue we expect and receive for our delectation some very charming and artistically conceived effects in scenery and arrangement of color, even some beauty of line in dancing. But when the chorus opens its mouths—we don't demand anything like so high a standard of performance for the benefit of our ears, so we hear raucous drivel."

"True enough—as far as it goes."

I felt encouraged. "And we have all seen lovely young women, who looked like goddesses and seemed to float in an air of divinity until they spoke—"

He sneered again. "I haven't seen but one lovely young woman in years," he announced with profound grief. I looked incredulous. "I have seen that

(to page twenty-five)



The Mother

WILLIAM STILLWELL

This story is based on the following historical incident.

"The native inhabitants of San Nicola's Island in the Santa Barbara Channel are said to have been removed in 1835 to the main, with the exception of one woman, who was found and brought over eighteen years later."*

Pio, or Juan Pedro, as the good fathers at the Mission Santa Barbara called him, was excited, for Juan Pedro was to visit his birthplace. The sea was all about him, the mainland coast had faded in the mists of morning. Miles beyond the blunt bows of the little trading schooner lay the sandy shores of Chalashat Island, called by the padres, San Nicola's.

Eighteen years before the padres had removed the Chalashat Indians from their ancient domain to live at the mission under the benevolent care of the Mother Church. A superior people these Chalashats, taller in build, lither in form than the squat, dark natives who lived in the rancherias about the mission. Intelligent pupils were these islanders among the neophytes at Santa Barbara, wielders of tools, the tanners and artisans, cleverer than the dull clods who tended sheep or molded 'dobe bricks to build a new tower for Our Blessed Lady. Juan Pedro himself was a man of note, a singer, permitted to look upon the red and black workings in the big song-book of the padres.

Eighteen years of mission life however, had broken down the tribal barriers of the islanders, and Chalashats had fused their blood with that of mainland tribes. Eighteen years had erased the memory of the island home, of tribal dances beneath a lonely moon, and lazy days before fat padres wanted gardens dug, and doled out moss beneath the sun-blazed alter roof. Eighteen years had brought forgetfulness, except to ancient hags and warriors, and to the heart of Juan Pedro.

Just last moon, old Klaquitch, once a stalwart chief, had breathed his last, but not before he had made a wish—to be buried with his fathers. Despite stern orders from the padres, four old warriors had stolen a clumsy tule boat from a nearby village, making their way with the body to Chalashat. There, with full tribal honors, they disposed of their dead, chanting prayers to the startled sea-birds of the island.

The mourners had made their way to the old village site to search for a good log boat of Chalashat make, in which they could return to the mainland. There, the ghostly figure of a woman had appeared before them, mouthing strange sounds, and flinging freizied arms in supplication. The warriors fled before this apparition.

^{*} Bancroft: History of California, Volume XX, Page 360.

Juan Pedro had heard the whisperings in the hovels of the people, and had crossed himself when hushed voices spoke of the spirit woman. Some said it was a punishment for those who had disobeyed the padres. Juan Pedro began to think, resulting in his passage on the trading boat for whose captain he had performed a great service.

As the low shores of San Nicola's came into view, Juan Pedro recalled the day of leaving; when old women parted with their grinding stones, and anxious priests hurried warriors from the sides of good log boats; when men, women and children were packed on board the schooner, and the tribe sailed away from its island home forever. He thought then, of the frantic woman who had rushed down to the shore too late, how the freshening wind had made landing impossible, how the woman was left to die alone.

On the island Juan Pedro came upon a narrow estuary of the sea where small sticks had been placed in the sandy bottom to form a trap for small sea fish moving with the tide. Again he came upon a great pile of shells, mussels, and clams brought from the rocks and sandy shore. A small stretch of moist ground showed where the edible roots of gicamas had been dug from the soil.

By a little pile of rocks he paused a moment. Here eighteen years before, a boy of twelve had suffered torture, and fasted until he had seen his vision. Here the form of his divinity had been modeled with crushed herbs, and the figure burned upon his body. Juan Pedro touched the crude imprint of a seal that formed a dark scar across his breast.

In the broken village towered a wooden cross, stretching bleak arms over the shattered idol of Chinigchinich, the Indian god. Beside the idol lay the body of a sea-bird, a broken arrow in its feathered side. Beneath the cross lay a string of small polished shells pierced through the center and strung upon a sealskin thong. Juan Pedro whispered to Chinigchinich, and made the sign to the Holy Cross.

Over the crest of a sandy ridge appeared a figure, a young seal swung across its back; a figure that dropped the seal, and stumbled hastily to the village site, a ghostly figure in a flapping cape of sea-bird feather twisted in a net of sealskin. Sealskin panels hung from the waist in front and rear, fluttering as the figure ran.

The woman was broken, broken like the god Chinigchinich beside which she stood. The woman was old, old in the experience of lonely years. Only the eyes held the hope of youth, the unconquerable fire of living. She mumbled incoherently, with a tongue long unused to human speech.

The creature lifted broken hands. One finger was missing, crushed, perhaps, by some falling rocks or seared by fire in crude Indian surgery. Juan Pedro caught the uplifted hands, holding the woman off to observe her. The

An Unfinished Symphony

A Dramatic Interpretation of Franz Schubert

RACHEL HARRIS CAMPBELL

INTRODUCTION

(The curtain rises to soft orchestral accompaniment, the beginning of the Unfinished Symphony. The scene is the Stairway of Life. In the dimness a stair slants precipitously upward. Only the first few steps are visible; the upper portion is hid in shadow or veiled with dark draperies. At the foot, Life stands motionless, her robes faintly luminous in the dimness, her face hidden in her arms and hair. The music rises in a slight crescendo then dies away, as the SOUL OF SCHUBERT, a streak of light in the darkness, crosses to the base of the stair. He goes falteringly, as if in darkness).

SOUL OF SCHUBERT: (to Life) What place is this?

LIFE: (lifting her face and pushing her hair aside). My stair, that all must climb.

SOUL OF SCHUBERT: And thou?

LIFE: I am called Life, a child of Time.

SOUL OF SCHUBERT: And all must go thy way? Must I climb, too?

LIFE: Ay, upward, to a place where stars shine through,

An air beyond the brightest peaks of day,-

Yet many falter, perish by the way. I slay them with the glory of my eyes.

SOUL OF SCHUBERT: (looking at her long)

Yet thou dost seem to me both fair, and wise, And kind. I shall not fear, thy hand in mine,

To climb thy stairway.

LIFE: Child, my hand in thine

Would burden, thrall thee, keep thee from thy goal.

I cannot strengthen, only point a soul.

SOUL OF SCHUBERT:

What need I then? A purpose and a will?

I feel that hope is pulsing in me. Still— LIFE: Thy heart alone cannot thy hope fulfil.

There must be Love, to keep thee to the way,

And Vision, amulet for grim dismay.

What is thy hope? What longs thy heart to do? What is thy joy? To drink, to fight, to woo?

SOUL OF SCHUBERT:

Nay, none of these. But songs within me ring That I have never taught my lips to sing. Could I but turn them into notes, let fly These melodies, ere they unuttered die,—
Then might I reach the heights.

MUSIC: (entering slowly and advancing to his side)

Child, here am I,

Music, thy guide up Life's high path, and far I'll lead thee till the winds no higher are.

(She clasps his hands in hers. Life stands aside, pointing out the way. Music and the Soul of Schubert begin the climb, she leading the way and bending down to encourage him. As they ascend, the "Song of Love" theme from the first movement of the "Unfinished Symphony" is played off-stage. The curtain falls softly.)

CODA

(The scene is the Stair of Life. The stage is dim, as before, but all the stair is revealed save the very end, which is cut off by dark draperies. At the foot stands Life, her back to the stair, her face hidden in her arms. The Soul of Schubert, with Music as his guide, has reached the top of the flight, just as the music of the Unfinished Symphony breaks off. Before the curtain which stops their progress stands a dark figure, her face hidden in the folds of her mantle.)

SOUL OF SCHUBERT: Is this the end? Shall we no farther go? MUSIC: What would you more? The world is far below.

SOUL OF SCHUBERT: I would be higher than all winds that blow.

(To the silent figure):

And who art thou, that guard this weary stair?

DEATH: (unveiling her face). Men call me Death.

SOUL OF SCHUBERT: Death! But thy face is fair!

Death and decay are ugly. Thou art kind.

DEATH: They who seek beauty do all beauty find.

I am not fearful—I am not the End—I am a Gate, a Counselor, a Friend!
All that Life left unfinished, I complete;
All that in Life was bitter, I make sweet.
Behold and know: the All is one in all—There is no end! To end is to make small.
Thy life was music, noble and profound—How should I still it in the bitter ground?
Sing on! And fill infinity with sound!

(As she speaks, the dim draperies are parted, showing the stair, shining and straight, rising upward out of sight. The song "To Music" bursts out triumphantly. Death stands aside, pointing the way, as did Life in the introduction. Music leading, the Soul of Schubert climbs slowly, exultantly, his face to the light. The music continues as the curtain falls.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: The above poetry is the prelude and postlude of "The Unfinished Symphony," a fantasy by Rachel Harris Campbell, which is being presented by San Diego State college in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of Franz Schubert's death. The play has received recognition from the American branch of the International Schubert Centennial committee, and is to be presented this year in a number of cities as a Schubert program.





On Tracing

Dreaming oneself into the Peruvian's far off world of the occult, one longs for the faith which was theirs to be able to lose for a day the attitude which living the life of a modern has given—and come again to love and to hold something, anything, sacred.

For surely credulity is the mother of imagination and imagination the mother of Art.

The delightfully grotesque interpretations of life's origin which the Peruvians believed are proof enough of their credulity—their Art the proof of the imagination which was able to develop in the sunshine of that credulity.

With clear and sincere minds, unwearied by a multitude of conflicting ideas, The Peruvians surrounded by a wealth of natural beauty, looked upon its glory with affectionate wonder and worship, and aspiring remote kinsmenship with that hierarchy, fashioned, with yearning and anxious intent, their gifts and offerings—not for the approval of a critic's pencil, but for the approbation of the Gods.

A wealth of finely wrought and novel designs show the ingenuity with which these Indians worked to accomplish this purpose. Odd, little figurines they fashioned in clay or wood; delightfully shaped jars



ruvian Vase

with modeled figures of unexpected contour or with great variety of conventional designs cunningly blended to the shap. Carefully he wove in to his textiles bird, animal, and human forms in richest colors. With equal care he combined his colors in his feather work. And with the greatest tedium of all, wrought his finest designs in obdurate metals.

And well might he labor wits such care, for his was an unselfish work of devotion.

Surely art calls for such serene and serious intent. Yet modern "we" with our flow of ridicule, make of life one long, weary song.

Art was never known to thrive under fire of shot and shell. Can it thrive any the more easily under fire of bitter and cynical ideas we wonder, and wondering, long for such idle days in which to work and for such intensity of emotions as belong only to the unsophisticated primal man.

And yet—"thumping their wet clay"—those olden potters—falling short of perfection, probably softly cursed the ache in their backs and doubting, murmured:

"Where dwell the Gods?

Where dwell the Gods-"

The Student Corporation

FLORINE MARKLAND

Their names were Jack and Mary, and they won their title through a certain professor of Geography, who supposedly consigned all student papers to the waste basket, unread. How else could one account for the "C's" that should have been "A's"?

"They are good papers," he admitted consideringly as he teetered back on his chair's hind legs. "But shall I give two grades for one effort?" He hitched back another notch. "Who did the work?"

"We both worked," declared Mary with the emphathic feeling that he placed a deal more faith in chair legs than in students.

"We used the same references," explained Jack.

"Ah, yes." He lifted a deliberate eyebrow. "Merely the same reference—the same vocabulary—the same viewpoint—even the same typewriter with a wobbly 'e' . . . A striking example of modern business." He brought down his eyebrow and his chair by way of emphasis. "Behold, the college corporation! I shall give you "C's". The pig! But then he is a mere incident in this story.

It had started in high school—but let no Sophomore turn thumbs down at a' that, for they were of the elect, the Campus Elite. For them no anxious probationate had loomed. Immediately the narrow doors swung wide to the most particular of frats, and its sister sorority.

Together they had passed from committee member to chairmanship; from secretary to treasurer-ship; until now, rumor pledged him as next year's student body president, and her as editor of the school news sheet.

How did they do it? Mostly through loyalty, and the rest work. They worked together, but they both worked.

"Jack's square," Mary would say. "He does his half and a little more."

"Mary is one girl who doesn't pass the buck," Jack would assure you.

"She is a good sport." And so they stuck together for four years.

Now they were juniors with a two-point average, the football captaincy and an influential voice in the charmed inner circle of the Ex-committee to their respective credits.

"Hot Jickity Jug, Jack. I've just met the new chap who subs for Professor Powell."

"From the looks of you he might have been a dizzy blonde."

"From the looks of him, he was, and is, and will be."

"Are you to be reader again?"

Mary stretched her voice into a falsetto drawl, which really was not true, nor fair, but still was funny. "'Miss Moffat? I understand you have been

Professor Powell's reader for this course. Heretofore I've been assisted by young men readers; however, one hears such good reports of your industry and ability that I should be pleased to have you continued in that capacity'."

"Well, what is the matter with that?"

"Oh, perfume, he's only a department assistant. He acts as if he was afraid some one would like him." Which was almost exactly the case.

Mr. Ferdinand L. Farr, late of Columbia, later of U. C. L. A. faculty, was visited by the uneasy suspicion that too many co-eds had haunted the environs of his office yearning for an English conference. To be sure there had been nothing so vulgar as an official reprimand, but Mr. Ferdinand Farr was a man of sensibility—and his contract had not been renewed. Therefore, let co-eds beware, for Mr. Farr had written his first book and he proposed to let nothing upset the apple cart of his ambitions.

So the word was passed along that though Mr. Farr was young and personable with a lecture voice of eager warmth, his conference voice was a different matter, alternating the cold tinkle of ice, with the cutting edge of sarcasm. At length Mr. Farr had driven all the pretty girls away; they did not have to stand such treatment. Yet the local bookstore disposed of two hundred copies of Mr. Farr's book in no time at all, and where could one find a college with two hundred plain co-eds?

Mary was reading for three of his classes, and every day she moved in and out, indifferently aloof. Now Mary was neither meek nor plain, and Mr. Farr was a poet, at least his book was labeled:

"POEMS OF FERDINAND LANCELOT FARR"

If poets are born and not made, perhaps no one will blame him that Mary came to symbolize for him the shy, aloof, the woodsy spirit of spring.

If he was a poet—well judge for yourself—remembering Mary, in a later book, he wrote:

"THE HUNTRESS"

My Lady Spring comes forth in green regalia,

To set her seasonal snare for lover folk.

Beyond the local valleys and the hills, her mountains

Flaunt blue veils in siren beckonings;

Her little winds blow warmly from the budded fields

To break at last in perfume at the roses' feet;

The langorous-headed roses open to the bee

In soft-lipped rivalry with honeyflower and pink.

Oh Spring, put down the hunting horn that times the race;
Your steaming sun, your winds, your white-piled clouds,
Your bridal witchery of bush and hyacinth,
Caroling ecstacy of happy birds.
Ah, Spring, call off your hounds
I can not, may not, love.

Mary was an understander. Understanders are born, not made, and not a rah! rah! reader present is to blame her if she condoned his affectations. Because he had a nice nose she had judged him insufferably conceited—but after Browning became a living force through his lips she acknowledged he was entitled to a defense mechanism against the steady stream of co-eds that washed into his office.

Even Jack admitted Mr. Farr had something.

Jack was in the Browning class, and it may have been because he sat with Mary, and talked with Mary, and walked with Mary that he disturbed Mr. Farr. Is it not too much to expect that one and the same individual can be a class-man, prone-to-error in June, and a "faculty" error-proof, by September?

Mr. Farr disliked Jack. Jack disturbed his picture of Mary as an aloof, woodsy spirit of spring. Mary graded her papers and the weeks played leapfrog in their usual fashion until the prospect of finals was upon the school.

"We shall have no formal two-hour exam," announced Mr. Farr, but each student shall turn in a four thousand word thesis upon the significance and import of Browning's message."

"Let's start our's early," wrote Mary to Jack. "How about Thursday of this week?" They labored hard and earnestly, and at length were through.

"Miss Moffat, I know the week of finals is a trying thing; if you will grade the lower division classes I will relieve you of the Browning papers. I'm interested in the general results. . . . I've never taught Browning before," he added boyishly.

* * *

Mary happened in just as the Browning papers were finished. Mr. Farr picked hers up and leaned back in his chair. "This is an outstanding paper, Miss Moffat. I'm pleased with the work you have been doing. Your gradegrades are such ineffectual indices"—he explained apologetically, "is 'A'." He turned through the pages of her notebook. "There are times when one might wish A's plusses allowable."

"Why, thank you." She flushed in surprise and pleasure. "It is kind of you to say these things. Jack will—Do you mind if I take Jack his paper and his grade?"

"His paper is in the pile, if you don't mind." He waved a hand for her to help herself. "His grade is . . . " he made a pretense of getting out the brown grade book. Of course he knew the grade stood recorded as "C."

"Thank you."

Mary turned and left the office. She stood in the hall outside fingering the returned papers. "Now why did he do that? This is a good paper. Of course Jack, being Jack, would get on his artistic nerves . . . but I'd thought him bigger." She ruffled the thin edges with her thumb. "I believe I'll tell him. After all, the school needs him if he's square."

"Mr. Farr." He looked up quickly.

"Won't you be seated."

"I have that feeling that fools rush in where angels fear to tread but you have done yourself an injustice."

"Won't you tell me," he suggested quietly.

"These papers of Jack's and mine should have received the same grade. If his is a 'C' paper, mine is a 'C'. If my grade is 'A' his grade should be the same. They call us the corporation here. We have taken three-quarters of our classes together since high school. We have done good work, and we have earned good grades. On this Browning assignment we really tried. We used the same bibliography; the viewpoint is the same; the vocabulary is practically the same . . . why it's even the same typewriter with a wobbly 'e'," she finished in a rush.

"Is this coercion, Mary?" His forehead wrinkled in distaste. He rose and stood a while by the window with his back to her.

"'.... I had a noble purpose and the strength, To compass it, but I have stopped half-way....

Oh, you are right. Surely I am big enough to say I've allowed prejudice to prevail. "I didn't read his paper, Mary. I will now."

He stretched his hand out, and quite naturally found Mary's. Eye probed eye. She had not dreamed he was so big.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Farr," she turned quickly to the door

"But wait. I can't let your little dig about coercion pass. You see, this evening I'm having dinner at Jack's house. His uncle is to be there. Jack's uncle—they haven't the same name, so you wouldn't know—is president of this college. He wanted Jack and me specially to be there. He likes the student's viewpoint on instructors, and next year it is planned to have another English assistant.

"The President will see these papers your name is being considered. I might have threatened you with that, you know."

To him, forever after, the memory of her smile as she stood in the doorway, was as the eternal variety of spring.

"I want to tell you that I think I'll like recommending a teacher big enough to admit it when he's wrong." Loyal Mary . . .

She gave a quick salute and then was gone.



The Mother

[from page ten]

bare feet were bruised and misshapen; the legs showed scars and lacerations; a brown wrinkled face was framed in long mats of grey-black hair.

Looking closely, Juan Pedro detected two faint blue lines on the woman's chin, where tribal custom rubbed a cactus scratch with the naguay charcoal, thus stressing female charm. A little scar between the lines confirmed his thoughts. He spoke to the woman in the tribal dialect.

A faint light of understanding shone in the woman's eyes. Her tongue babbled animal sounds, gutteral, thick.

Juan Pedro dropped the woman's hands, pulling aside his woolen shirt.

At sight of the rude imprint of the seal, the woman shrieked, falling to her knees, and clasping her hands about Juan Pedro's feet.

He raised the shaking form. "Madre mia," said Juan Pedro, "My mother."

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J. B. Grogan

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Day and Evening

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C. M. J.

Suppose we consider the case of the Literary Guild of America. It was founded a little more than a year ago for any one of several reasons: the spread of culture to Main Street, the lowering of book prices, the encouragement of new authors, stimulation of the book trade, the manufacture of profits. The Guild is typical of its genre, and furnishes an excellent subject for dissection. Is the book club idea, as represented by the Literary Guild, a success?

Of course, standardization of reading tastes is an impossibility; therefore, only an approximation of universality may be attained by any Board of Editors' selections. The degree of propinquity achieved should represent proportionate success. Discounting obvious pot-boilers, and regarding solely the feature volumes, the Guild menu gives a formidable list: Tristram, Trader Horn, The American Caravan, Circus Parade, Bad Girl, Black Majesty, An Indian Journey, Francois Villon, The Great American Bandwagon, A Short History of Women, Point Counter Point—are enough to operate upon.

Tristram was the great experiment. A long narrative poem,—though not so lengthy as John Brown's Body, a Book-of-the-Month Club scoop,—it was thought not capable of more than esoteric popularity. On the contrary, it ran through many editions, and vindicated public taste. There is no need to eulogize Tristram.

Almost as courageous an innovation was The American Caravan, a fat collection of short pieces, the most of them by unknown authors. Much of the material in the Caravan is pure tripe, but enough is good almost to justify publication. The same accusation might be leveled at Trader Horn, Volume Two. That book should be read backwards for real enjoyment; read first the conversations terminating the chapters in Alfred Aloysius Horn's childish novel, then the chapters themselves, then William McFee's introduction, and last Ethelreda Lewis' editorial comments. If this method be followed, boredom is certain to be frustrated, and Volume Two becomes more interesting and valuable than Volume One.

Bad Girl is bad enough, even though The Aztec has editorially endorsed it. Circus Parade is beautifully brutal,—and never mind what Upton Sinclair says about Jim Tully. Such nice words in Circus Parade. And nice words bring up The Happy Mountain, another Guild book. This slight romance of the Southern mountains is notable for one thing—the wonderful new language in which it is written.

The Great American Bandwagon and A Short History of Women may be grouped together as brothers in futility. Charles Merz says nothing in the Bandwagon which hasn't been more cleverly said before. The Short History was written by a man; and if a woman had undertaken the job, she would have done just as badly. Away with these synthesized, Mellins' Food works of monumental inanity.

Black Majesty and Francois Villon represent two divergent sorts of biography. The former is an Ariel without facts to work from—and imaginative reconstruction of a period, an island, and a man. All three existed, but dimly. Their colors brighten in Black Majesty. Footnotes, quotations from old documents, erudition slapped in the reader's face help Wyndham Lewis bolster the meager

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DIARY OF A STATE COLLEGE PEPYS:

Up betimes very buffleheaded from late study. (A pox say I on instructors who give nidderling assignments.) Then to the campus in my behind-handed horse-less carriage and to the Co-op to purchase a rare bit of sweetmeat and to fill the fountain pen at the bookstore camel. Thence to the classroom where didst give big surprise by knowing the correct answer to something or other.

Students Co-op Bureau.

skeleton which Villon left to posterity. Francois Villon is biography not quite

digested.

Could An Indian Journey be called collective biography? It is what Mother India is not—a sympathetic interpretation of India by a man with no preconceived conceits. And the people of India pour through the pages, sketched with realism and understanding.

Point Counter Point? You know Aldous Huxley. He hasn't changed.

... Well—all this doesn't sound reassuring. The Literary Guild evidently hasn't succeeded.

We're renewing our subscription.

Buried Caesars rolled out of the typewriter of Vincent Starrett, Chicago critic who is at present teaching an university class in short-story writing. A nephew of that gentleman came to State College briefly this semester, departed, and will probably return in February.

Just in case you're interested.

A Man in His Senses

[from page eight]

one in a thousand replicas, everywhere. There are crowds of her, bevies of her. She is incredibly numerous and repetitious. The poverty of our senses is such that we accept an abstract theory even for prettiness and think a girl is charming when she looks like every other."

"Unfortunate," I agreed. "But that doesn't have much to do with the education of a

twelve-year-old boy, does it?"

"Doesn't it? Is he going to be twelve forever? Appreciating lovely faces—different lovely faces—ought to be part of his life, at least for his last fifty or sixty years."

This seemed irrelevant. I tried to get back to education. "It has become a very complicated world," I suggested. "Our knowledge of it has grown so frightfully—on the physical side, I mean—that it is scarcely possible for anyone to learn much except by applying himself to what has been gathered by the observa-

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tion of others. In the old simple, spacious days men had time to lie under the hedgerows, and listen to the black birds, and—and—smell the hawthorn."

"Men have time to do whatever they think is important," answered the Detached Personality. "They don't lie by the hedge and smell hawthorn blossoms now because they wouldn't know how to enjoy hedgerows except to notice if they were well clipped and they couldn't smell hawthorn if they tried. They don't live, I tell you. They are abstracted from life and haven't any tools for living except abstractions and machines. They don't ask anything but the rawest sensations-speed, over-feeding, and-you know, whatever has a 'kick' in it. A 'kick'-O, Blessed Heaven!" He looked really distressed. "The world is made gross because we refuse to be educated animals and remain animals, just the sameand stupid."

"Materialism!" I cried. "You can rail at abstractions but as a matter of fact our only escape from stupid animalism is by thought. That makes us noble, if anything. Remember Voltaire—Aimer et penser, wasn't it?"

Voltaire—Aimer et penser, wasn't it?"

"Think, if you want to." He glared at me.
"But have some choice of data beside bloodless abstractions. And try to love. But how
can you love if you have no senses? Neither
thinking or loving is any fun unless they involve a complete man. You think love is like
a movie picture of a love scene—winds that
you can't feel, blowing through apple blossoms that you can't smell, kisses that you
can't taste—emptiness. The trouble with your
idea of education, my friend, is that it is immoral."

"Immoral?" That was exactly the word I was going to apply to him.

"Certainly' Haven't you read Kant?"
"Of course—but I've forgotten."

"Well, then—this abstract education is immoral because it doesn't treat a human being as an end in himself. It treats him as an instrument to be sharpened for something, for life in an abstract, colorless, soundless, odorless world. And what is he to get in that silly tiresome world? Nothing but a chance to show that he can play the game. Whether he enjoys it or not, whether he has anything to enjoy anything with or not, that is never even considered."

I wasn't sure I knew exactly what he was talking about but I didn't want to provoke him further. I had an absurd idea that sooner or later he was going to call my attention again to the fact that the Chinese are more civilized than we.

"I believe in an education," he said, with a gusty and very obviously enjoyed sigh, "which would make a man aware of the world about him-immediately about him, that isand of his natural instruments for enjoying it at the same time. I would spend most of the time when he is young in encouraging the normal development of his senses; he couldn't lack a mind if one did that. It would be a dierent sort of mind maybe. I hope it would anyhow. You remember what the fish said to Alice-instead of reading and writing and painting in oils-I'd have-what was it? Wreathing and writhing and fainting in coils -something like that-to make them aware of their bodies-"

"Nonsense." I was exasperated. "These boys are certainly aware of their physical selves.

"Doesn't football make them aware of their

bodies-and tennis-and hiking?"

"Bodies!" he shouted at me. "Bodies! I said, not muscles. Bodies!" His outburts was shocking but he calmed down at once. "I'd make every child learn to discriminate sensuously first. I'd give higher marks to the pupil who had good eyes over the one who had bad."

"But they can't help having bad eyesight—" I started to say and stopped. The answer that they also couldn't help having weak brains

was too easy.

"Then I'd grade on sharp ears. Every kind of pleasant sound would be material for study. Not just music—not just learning the names of pieces and composers and calling it 'musi-

cal appreciation.'"

"Then noses—the trouble with us is that we have allowed our noses to degenerate and have been obliged to set up a convention of manners to hide our impotence. The Japanese show how much more civilized they are than we." (He was escaping the Chinese comparison very narrowly.) "They sniff with polite gusto when they have a good aroma to sniff at. Why shouldn't they? And when they have something good to taste they smack their lips and gurgle and get the best out of it. Sensible people. With us, it isn't polite to smell anything and you know as well as I do that smell is one of our most delicate senses. Emotionally useful too. Smell of new mown hay—To most people that is a line in James Whitcomb

Riley; not an experience. Soon our ears will be as much degenerated as our noses and will serve only as a warning that the car is broken down; as our noses only serve to tell us that something is wrong with the plumbing or something burning on the kitchen stove—"

"Oh, no," I protested, unluckily, "the radio will save us from that."

"Will it, indeed?" The D. P. fixed me with a very thoroughly trained eye. "And how, pray?"

"Why—it will substitute ears for eyes as a means of gaining knowledge. One of my educator friends tells me that people are learning through hearing now what they used to learn through eyesight."

"Market reports and baseball scores, for

example?"

"Yes, but more than that. They hear lectures instead of reading books. They're beginning to listen to plays on the air instead of

going to the movies-"

"But discrimination, my dear fellow, discrimination." The Detached Personality was prowling around again. He really showed very little interest in anything I had to say. He was so completely detached that he enjoyed only his own caustic misery. "Do you think for a moment your radio is going to develop into anything that will train your ears for discrimination—for greater sensitiveness—for enjoyment? I'll pass by all the disgusting banality and trivial emptiness of its intellectual menu. I don't believe you're even going to learn any abstractions from it that will do you any good. That's your worry, however, not mine. If you want to think that the vapid nonsense man shouts now to prove himself master of the vast ethereal spaces is going to increase your abstract knowledge-I'm willing. But you surely can't pretend that your ears are sharpened, or are enjoyed as sense organs, when you listen to the strident blat of a loud speaker. It proves my whole case. It's only when you allow yourself to be impressed by the abstract mechanical trick of making ugly sounds audible at a distance that you can take any interest in the radio. They remain just as ugly as ever-get uglier, in fact, as soundsand that never occurs to you. As sounds they haven't any importance—to you. You're incapable of appreciating sounds—as such."

However, I thought I really had an idea to contribute to his trouble. "If our senses could be better trained," I suggested, modestly, "probably all our acquisition of knowledge

would be more accurate and intelligent. It really must be a great handicap to our thinking if we are such insensitive machines as you describe. Even what you are calling our abstractions must be vitiated if they are based on faulty perceptions. Of course, the behaviorists have pretty well destroyed for the time being any faith in the old abstract notions of thought. We think now with our muscles, don't we? What inadequate thinking it must be if our eye muscles and ear muscles andah-nose muscles, are so impotent."

He didn't appear to be listening. He was examining, with falcon gaze and tender finger tips, the design and the texture of a piece of Chinese embroidery which has long hung, unseen and unenjoyed, I fear, on my wall. I lost my half-achieved thought in apprehension. Was he going to say we were less civilized than the Chinese?

I tried to divert him. "And supposing," I said, "supposing everything you say is quite true, if we are to help children retain and enhance their native sharpness of perception and help them to enjoy their senses, how are we to go about it? Go on and describe the method of procedure."

"I'm not an educator," he snapped.

"Yes, but you criticize."

"Certainly. That's my privilege. We can require certain motives in education, can't we, without being the pedagogs who have to do the job? I can know I want a tooth quieted without being a dentist."

My young son, carrying several large tomes of abstract knowledge and wearing a look of concrete alarm on his innocent face, glided

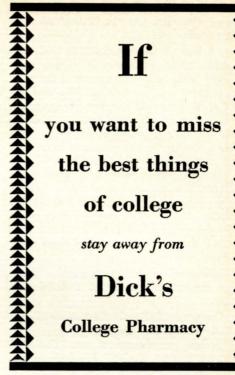
swiftly past the door.

"I'm not a pedagog," repeated the old D. P. sniffing contemptuously. "I'm a human being. Sometimes I think that I am the last human being left on earth."

EL PALENQUE

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