

the Aid of Bayonets," "Delusion," "In Mexican Dress," "Mexico at Appomattox," "Lilacs in the Dooryard," "Appomattox in Mexico," "My Ice from Orizaba," etc., etc.

There are the usual personages which one associates with the drama. There is nothing new here either. The emphasis placed upon the rôle of William H. Seward rather than upon Abraham Lincoln is open to criticism. Of the two, Lincoln had a far greater grasp upon real democracy than Seward. The treatment of Benito Juárez is fairly good, but that of González Ortega is quite poor. The treatment of the heroism is good; but why extol this type of heroism in contrast with the heroism of other crises? Of course there were acts of the greatest heroism. There always are in the crises of Mexican life. And the heroism is not all on the side of the common people, not by any means. This emphasis upon the "common man" and the "Century of the Common People" is made quite intentionally large throughout the work. Blair Niles has caught the spirit of the age and has allowed herself to be carried away by it. She would do well to re-read and ponder very carefully such works as Ortega y Gasset's *The Revolt of the Masses* and *Invertebrate Spain*; and the several works by Salvador de Madariaga, as an antidote to the virus of mediocrity. However laudable the idea may be, as expressed in her dedicatory statement "to Faith in the Freedom of the World," there is something to the idea of freedom and not just equality. Let there be some emphasis also upon worth and ability.

The book is printed on good paper and is neatly bound. It has an index and an elaborate bibliography, the latter being the best thing about the book.

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Ecuador: Portrait of a People. By ALBERT B. FRANKLIN. (Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., 1943. Pp. ix, 326. \$3.50.)

This is a "portrait of a country, not a clinical report on it." In the book, there are few volcanoes or turtles, no headhunters, and no archaeology. And statistics give way to anecdotes. It is essentially a book about the people of Ecuador, dominated by "vertical" Andean geography and still victims of their triple heritage of subsistence farming, landholding nobility, and agrarian insecurity. It is not history, nor travel; but, rather, a word-snapshot of the people as they pursue their daily lives.

The entry port of Guayaquil is like a "threshold between the world of today and the world of pre-history." The most interesting road to the capital city is not via the modern Guayaquil-Quito railroad but up the Guayas River and over the poor highland wagon roads. Very few Americans bother to make such a trip. That is why Dr. Franklin was addressed as "Señor Alemán." It seems that the Germans wear native ponchos; pack their things in ordinary Ecuadorian saddlebags; are courteous and quiet, and mind their own business; show no disgust with the food; and do not try to give the impression of feeling themselves superior to fellow travellers.

Quito may be a "city" to foreigners and to the Ecuadorian ruling class, but to the masses of the Andes it is "an agglomeration of market places and of churches." In its religious buildings are to be found the art treasures of the centuries. The great "Caspicara" still speaks to the humble, illiterate cholo as he kneels in the hour of mass. Only the Quito of the "decent people" is a city. These talk patronizingly of everything native, whether article of commerce, custom, or what not. These build architectural atrocities and call them homes, and prefer *jazz americano* to the music welling from the hearts of the people. They could never be moved as was Dr. Franklin: ". . . never look into the eyes of a guitarist, or the violinist, or the singer as they stand under the lamplight, unless you want to carry this music with you wherever you go; unless you want to hear it always calling you back to the people of the Andes." There is also the Quito of the intellectual, where business and professional men gather to listen to Thornton Wilder talk in very halting Spanish on realism in drama and to discuss the "adaptability of the theory of psychoanalysis to dramatic criticism."

But real Ecuador is to be found outside Guayaquil and Quito. Thursday night is band night from Ibarra to Loja. The people come from everywhere. "Serious, dreamy-faced, unpracticed, they sing . . . because they are . . . [the] tune, and . . . [the] tune is in them." In many backward communities, the traveler will find "clean, happy, truly liberal-minded" teachers like Mr. and Mrs. Lauro Torres and Mr. Lasso somehow maintaining "their sense of proportion and their spirit and their hope in an unequal struggle." Then, there is Cuenca, "the world of seventeenth century Spain . . . the no-man's land between fact and fact perceived, between experience and experiment, between fable and science—the twilight world where Spain has dwelt ever since her great century." "Cuenca is baroque, not only in architecture, art, and literature, but in its very soul."

Lurking on the edges of the provincial towns are the Indians.

Many people go to the village of Otavalo to "see" them. Some see "happy humans, untouched by the ills and diseases of civilization, happy, clean, carefree, peaceful." In any case, the Otavalos "remain an undigested and perhaps an undigestible nucleus." One may be with them, but never of them. They will not let you forget in conversation that you are not talking with them, but making them talk to you. "You are something unknown and untrusted. . . . You probably don't exist."

It is little wonder that political conscience has been slow in developing in the Republic of Ecuador. It has produced great men (Gabriel García Moreno, Eloy Alfaro, *et al.*), but it is just now showing signs of real political maturity. Today, "Ecuador stands at the threshold. As she crosses it, she may lose some of her quaintness, some of her picturesqueness, and along with them, some of the mental and physical habits bequeathed to her by feudal Spain. . . . Beyond the threshold lies a new Ecuador. No one knows what it may be like. No one can guess the possibilities. . . ." However, it is clear that she "enters upon a new existence at the moment in which the entire world is groping for the new."

Dr. Franklin has produced an excellent work of word-photography. His approach is unique; his style is somewhat informal, but well-suited to his task. The fact that he likes people, all people, is clear throughout. This work is a "must" for those anxious to understand the little known Ecuadorians.

The book is attractive in appearance, interestingly illustrated, and adequately indexed. But a bibliography of background works might have added to its usefulness.

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Eloy Alfaro: epinicio histórico. By ALEJANDRO ANDRADE COELLO. (Quito, Ecuador: Talleres Gráficos de Educación, 1942. Pp. 56.)

This pamphlet was issued by the *Comité Central Eloy Alfaro* on the centennial of the birth of this Ecuadorian hero. As "*epinicio histórico*" it is worth the reading, although it contains little that is new. The "Old Campaigner" is presented as a sincere, liberal, constructive soldier, citizen, and chief executive—worthy of a place among the heroes of the New World.

The author is one of Ecuador's most prolific writers.

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