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Publica trimestralmente artículos de investigación y de crítica sobre la literatura, lengua y civilización hispánicas en sus aspectos modernos e hispanoamericanos; reseñas de libros de crítica; artículos y reseñas sobre la literatura de hoy; noticias y documentos acerca del progreso de los estudios hispánicos en este continente; y una bibliografía hispanoamericana que aspirará a ser completa. Se publica como órgano del Departamento de Estudios Hispánicos de la Universidad de Puerto Rico y del Instituto de las Españas en los Estados Unidos.

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REVISTA

DE

ESTUDIOS HISPÁNICOS

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THE AIM OF SPANISH IN A MODERN UNIVERSITY¹

LET my first words express my gratitude to the University for having selected me, drawn me from the international turmoil and enabled me to feel like the poet

in a still retreat
Sheltered, but not to social duties lost.

I do not profess to know why they came to a decision so flattering to me, and though I am now a member of an Ancient House of Learning wherein curiosity is not a sin but a duty, I feel that this is a case in which thirst for knowledge, however legitimate, may be tempered with discretion. Theirs was the choice; my task must be to justify it.

Fortunately, the ground was well prepared. For though the chair is new, though this lecture is the inaugural, not merely of a Professor, but of a Chair as well, and though you have exalted and dignified the institution by adorning it with the Royal Arms of Spain, we all recognize in the Chair of Spanish Studies the Spanish School founded and developed by the energy, the skill, the knowledge, the devotion and the perseverance of one of the finest types of Spaniard Oxford has known: Don Fernando de Arteaga. Though a new institution, therefore, the Chair has a tradition to maintain and a standard to honour. Its future can rise on the solid basis of a sound past.

¹ Inaugural lecture of Alfonso XIII Chair of Spanish, delivered at Oxford University on May 15, 1928.

Together with Don Fernando de Arteaga who brought the spirit, our gratitude and that of the University are due to the men who have provided the body and sustenance for the institution. I can hardly claim any knowledge of the history of the Chair in all its details, yet I know enough to say with confidence that we owe much to the activities of H. E. The Marqués de Merry del Val, Spanish Ambassador in London, of Sir Charles Bedford and of Dr. Farnell. These three godfathers of the Chair, in their explorations through the several Eldorados which this as yet not fully discovered Island conceals, were able to benefit from a current in favour of Spanish Studies which had set in during the later years of the War and to which we owe the Spanish Chairs in several English and Scottish Universities. No professor of Spanish can afford to disregard this current of opinion, even if he leave aside the fact that the sands it carries are apt to be golden. It must be studied in itself, not only for what it gives but for what it expects.

That it flows from an utilitarian source there is no doubt. Some of us, in fact, saw it emerge on the surface of political activity when the Ministry of Information, created during the war, profited by the exceptional facilities for expansion of Government Departments which are one of the minor curses of Mars, to embark on all kinds of investigations as to the trend of commercial events all over the world. It was then found that the United States of America was rapidly encroaching upon South American preserves which Great Britain had been used to consider as purely British since she returned Spain the compliment Spain had paid her in sending troops to the help of her American rebels. The legend of the American Eldorado is both immortal and Protean. Its present form is more subtly yet not less firmly connected with gold, and the lure of the American markets was no doubt the motive which set going the present day current in favour of Spanish studies.

These are perhaps somewhat humble origins for a

Royal Chair. There are some fastidious spirits who turn up their noses and block their ears, unable to bear the scent and bustle of the busy shop. We are more of our time, and even of all times. Commerce and culture are on more friendly terms than some critics imagine—perhaps through an insufficient acquaintance with either. And, at any rate, if the pessimist deplores that culture should demean itself with commerce, the optimist can always rejoice in the fact that commerce should seek the help and company of culture.

For, after all, what do our commercial friends want from us in exchange for the help so generously given? That we should prepare men for a life of business and activity in Spanish speaking countries. It would be hard to argue that in asking that they are not within their rights. Let us examine the problem in its entirety. Let us ask ourselves what is the aim of a Chair of Spanish, or more generally, of Modern Languages, in a University of our time. The problem turns on a much wider question. What is the aim of a modern University?

There are two claims: school and life. We all know that the true answer is to be found in a word familiar to both life and school: humanities. The aim of a university is to form men, and the forming of men implies two standards; men must be formed for the community; and they must be formed for themselves. In other words, the university must strive to develop in youth both those qualities and faculties which may enable a man to find his true level in the community and those which may enable him to find his level in the scheme of the Universe.

So it is obvious that when our benefactors ask us to bear in mind that part of the community which British enterprise has created in Spanish-speaking lands, they stand within the area covered by our tasks and obligations. At most, the question could be argued on a matter of degree and when a difference of opinion can be reduced to one of degree we know that a solution is always possible in this happy land and that the whole controversy is bound

to end in a cordial shaking of hands on the bridge of more or less.

Yet, one cannot spend one's life on a bridge and it may be useful to discuss a little further the spirit in which a Chair of Spanish Studies should be understood. Our standards have been defined. Let us examine them closely. We must first prepare men for the British community in Spanish-speaking countries and also for the home community. This task, no doubt, implies the knowledge of concrete facts. But we must guard against the tendency to exaggerate the importance of facts in education. Assuredly, no harm can come to a businessman desirous of extending his practice in the Peninsula or in South America from knowing that Porto is a Portuguese and not a Spanish port, and that the language spoken in Rio Janeiro is not that generally heard in Madrid. But most of the facts which are necessary to the businessman can be acquired either before the student enters the University—if they are elements of general information—or after he goes into business—if they happen to be of special value for his walk of life. Facts, moreover, are only held at our disposal by our beneficent and wise memory when they can be of use to us. The mainspring of education therefore is not in facts but in the spirit behind them.

Man, confronted by reality with a bewildering amount of facts, is as hopeless as a child in a shop full of most wonderful toys all locked up in boxes. What do the boxes really contain? The answer must wait until the key is supplied. Knowledge must wait till it possess the key of understanding.

We believe therefore that, even from the utilitarian point of view, the Chair of Spanish must not waste the precious time which students put at its disposal in supplying information of a somewhat external character on Spanish-speaking countries, for such time can be put to a better use by providing the students with such inner illumination as will enable them to understand the facts and accidents of Spanish life if and when they come to observe it—that

is to say—by conveying to them the spirit of Spanish life and civilization.

Thus, even if we place ourselves on a purely utilitarian plane we reach the conclusion that our endeavours must seek the highest and deepest method, that which, under the accidents of time and taste, aims at expressing the essence of a race and to define the specific note and rhythm which it brings to the symphony of civilization.

Such a conclusion is of course expected when our other standard is analyzed, and our other task defined. We must in our Chair of Spanish contribute to the fundamental aim of a university education—the development of men's minds considered as ends in themselves. We all know the important position which classics and science occupy in such a task. Of recent years, mediaeval and modern languages have been added to the curriculum of our universities, a development still recent enough to warrant, or at least excuse, a disquisition as to the character of this new-comer into the sanctuary of learning and its respective relations towards the previous occupants of the exalted if secluded place.

We are all agreed as to the two advantages of a scientific education: it trains the mind to think accurately and it enables us to penetrate into the inner workings of Nature. The study of pure mathematics is equivalent to an anatomy of the human intellect; the study of the several branches of natural philosophy amounts to an anatomy of external Nature, by which I mean Nature external to man. When our scientific education has been adequate, we know Nature as a doctor knows the human body or an architect knows a house drawn on paper. There remains the vital element, the elusive, the illogical, or perhaps better the allogical, the unexpected, in one word, the spiritual. Now, there is no scientific way of teaching the spirit of things; it must be conveyed indirectly. And that is the function of the classics. Our classics are the Greeks and the Romans and, to a lesser extent, the Hebrew prophets and the old Indian sages—peoples who reached a high level of culture

peoples concerned is, not only a precious auxiliary for the understanding of their past life and masterpieces, but an aim in itself—and not the least important of our aims.

The argument may be put in a concrete form. We want to understand Spain in order to understand Calderon, for he incarnates one of the moods of man; we want to understand Calderon in order to understand Spain, for Spain incarnates one of the moods of the Creator. And while Calderon is more of an aim in itself for the scholar, Spain is more of an aim in itself for the all round man—since culture is a thing of the intellect while the Universe is a mystery and an inspiration for all our faculties and powers.

Such is perhaps the best road to connect modern languages with one of the youngest and most vigorous of new sciences—psychology. As befits youth and vigour, modern psychology has at times shown more blood than judgment in its first adventures, together with a certain tendency to boastfulness which like most of the defects—and qualities—of youth is apt to be corrected by the passage of the years. But with all its defects, the youthful science is delving under the fields of knowledge, or, in other words, increasing the yield of understanding per acre of knowledge. The teaching of modern languages will be fertile in proportion to the value of the psychological lessons which it will convey. The student must feel in the presence of another national soul the best way for realizing his own and the best for realizing the wealth and greatness of Creation.

The teacher of modern languages can exercise his psychological insight and that of his students by studying the language, the literature and the civilization of the nations concerned.

The language is a source of psychological experience as an object of observation, for it is the best, the most direct expression of a national genius and everyone of its laws,—grammar, phonetics, tendencies of style, should admit of an explanation in terms of national psychology. No details should be neglected. All are hints thrown by

Nature in its indifferent way, for the wary eye to capture. A fascinating study, for instance, could be made by drawing the psychological conclusions inherent in so evident a fact as the absence of certain words in certain languages. Why should the word for “to become” be one of the most frequently used words in the German language while the idea has no direct expression at all in the Spanish language? Does not that suggest the deep contrast between the fluid, historical sense of the German people and the static character of the Spanish soul? And if the study of untranslatable words would reveal itself as a mine of psychological wealth, a field equally plentiful could be found in the exploration of the differences of meaning which the several languages have evolved for words of identical ancestry. While the English “formal” and the Spanish “formal” suggest both ideas of an external, a purely hollow character, of the kind expressed in French by “formalité,” the French “formel” is filled with substantial strength to the point that “defense formelle” sounds like a most terrifying prohibition calling forth visions of gendarmes galore.

But language has also deep psychological significance as a direct experience or taste of foreign life, when the student is made to write and still more to speak it, for nothing brings us into a more intimate contact with a foreign soul than the temporary borrowing of the means of expression which it has spontaneously created and in which, therefore, it has revealed itself. In fact, no great proficiency may be expected in the true insight of a foreign civilization and particularly in the speaking of a foreign language if we are not ready to allow the foreign spirit to fashion up to a point the plastic substance of our own being. To speak French well is to a certain extent to become a Frenchman for the time being.

Hence the all important role which the spoken language must play in our teaching. All the imponderabilia of the spoken word—accent, of word and phrase, gestures or lack thereof, mannerisms, pace, rhythm—are revealing, and the student’s powers of observation and intuition, for

the most part subconscious, benefit by familiarity with the spoken language far more than with a similar time spent in the study or the library room in dumb and dull tête-à-tête with the written word.

Literature is of all the arts—perhaps with the exception of music—the aptest for the conveying of psychological values. The teacher finds in it a double series of psychological lessons—those to be derived from the specific features in each author and those which being common to all allow him to attempt an outline of national character. It is obvious that such an outline can only be drawn on the general background of human psychology.

Finally, the general civilization of the people, its arts, sciences, manner of living, must be observed with the sympathetic and penetrating eye of one interested in understanding not only what he sees but the world at large, of which what he sees is but a part. Here, in the free and spontaneous movements of a national soul, many a secret may be surprised in its native garb, many a solution found for mysteries which would remain for ever closed to the student confined to a special line of investigation. We should therefore enlarge our interests, to include all these subjects and further try to provide ways and means whereby, whether by travelling or otherwise our students may grow familiar with the life of the countries whose language and literature they are studying.

The objection is obvious. There is no time for everything. *Die Kunst ist lang; und kurz ist unser Leben.* Granted. But if there is no time for everything our choice must be the more careful. We must aim at the maximum knowledge inspired by the maximum of understanding, bearing in mind that the two do not necessarily go together, nay, that if a paraphrase of a great English classic be allowed, little knowledge drives understanding away, more knowledge brings it back and still more knowledge may smother it altogether under a stack of dead facts. In scholarship as in economics, there is no wealth but life. Our efforts must tend to convey to our students the warmth and the light and the movement of the life which we study.

There is a deep saying of Liszt to a pianist who, warned that he was playing too slow, argued that he was afraid to land on the wrong note. "Better the wrong note with the right spirit than the right note with the wrong spirit." A bold saying, perhaps an unwise saying, within the walls of the City of Learning, but one which few great scholars would care to contradict. Granted that the best is the right note played with the right spirit, we should more easily resign ourselves to an error of fact than to an error of interpretation, for the first is in the detail while the second covers the whole so that to go astray on facts may be tiresome and harassing like losing one's way in a walk, but to go astray in interpretation is an intellectual sin and may end in eternal blindness. Nor should we lose sight of the idea that the main importance of facts is that they allow of right interpretations, given, that is, the power to interpret.

Our choice, therefore, when in doubt,—a choice perhaps less difficult in practice than in argument—shall always side with life. By all means, let our students acquire all possible information, but let them vivify it by direct observation and personal insight. Experience must be our guide. Personal opinions our favorite tools. And the field of experience, the spoken language and the life of the countries which speak it.

There is another objection. (Nothing as welcome as an objection to a living mind. Like pebbles to the living foot, they convey the feeling of the road, that ribbon of space which comes towards us, fierce and alive, and, as we proceed, is left behind, conquered and dead.) This second objection raises the question of ignorance. By placing the stress of our efforts on the present, we choose a virgin field, nay, a field uncreated. No scholarly ploughs have as yet lifted the rich silt just deposited by the waters of time, to draw elegant furrows on its *tabula rasa*. No harvests, whether of the flowers of ideas or of the grain of facts, have been raised on its wide and vague expanse, so close to us, yet so mysterious. How is it possible to form a scholarly mind in this wilderness of ignorance?

But the disadvantages of ignorance have been much exaggerated, or should we say, its advantages not sufficiently recognized. Scholars, in particular, are apt to forget how much they owe to it. For, what is scholarship but the line of forts of learning built on the frontier between knowledge and ignorance? Or, with a metaphor more fitting for an insular nation, the line of lighthouses on the coast which divides the lands of knowledge from the seas of ignorance. This line along which the two rival elements meet is the zone best adapted for the cultivation of the mind. Completely unassailable knowledge—so far from the seas of ignorance that it becomes, as the saying goes, dry-as-dust knowledge—is as unfit for education as complete, unaccountable ignorance. The one is too final, too much at rest, like the flat plains in land; the other too unsafe, too restless, like the liquid plains of the sea. Both are monotonous, and when alone, can hardly take cognizance of their own selves. And just as sea and land are at their best at the seashore, where they intertwine and set the headlands of the one against the bays of the other, increasing their self understanding in mutual companionship, so ignorance and knowledge are at their best when closely cooperating in friendly intercourse within the hospitable mind of the true scholar. For the mind feels happiest on the edge of knowledge, exploring the seas of ignorance with daring and imagination, yet always within sight of familiar notions. And ignorance turns out to be a stimulus to knowledge. The objection of ignorance falls then to the ground. The fact of their being new and, so to say, fluid subjects makes of the present day life, literature and genius of foreign peoples one of the most useful subjects for the education of our youth.

Not, however, that the stimulus of ignorance be altogether lacking in what concerns the past life of these peoples. Ignorance of Spain in England is at least as advanced as ignorance of England in Spain. We meet it at every step and in every form. Its abundant raw material has been worked out under all kinds of industrious

prejudices—historic, racial, religious—into a respectable, well established and even scholarly finished product. Knowledge without understanding has lent a helping hand, and the results are indeed impressive. The evil has now deep historic roots. Spain was for three centuries the leading power in the world, and during the first one hundred years of her supremacy, she stubbornly fought for a high ideal—the unity of Christendom. She was wrong in her methods, which were of authority rather than of persuasion; wrong in the ground she chose for realizing such a unity, for it was too narrow to contain even so small a portion of mankind as Christendom was then; wrong, and that was perhaps her root-mistake, in that she conceived this ideal several centuries too soon. But once this homage has been paid to impartiality, we remain free to say that Spain paid for her well meaning errors both in material and in moral loss. Her enemies—assiduously helped by her own internal faults—gradually disintegrated her Empire; but in the process, they blackened her reputation. Such things are explicable and can be forgiven. But once the strife is over, it is necessary for our mental health that things be restored to their natural colour so that God's handiwork may have a chance.

A chair of Spanish Studies in England cannot afford to overlook this historical background. It is useless to concentrate our efforts on the development of the study of facts as long as the spirit remains contaminated by wrong associations, for the more facts are known under the wrong spirit, the further we postpone the day of enlightenment—the more will our knowledge grow at the expense of our understanding. Moreover, we shall experience a difficulty wherewith nature will warn us of the vanity of our efforts and of the mistake we have made in the choice of our road. We shall not make great progress in drawing bright and alert minds to undertake our studies. It is an open secret that the demand for British scholars devoted to Spanish studies is in this country well in advance of the supply. The successor of Fitzmaurice-Kelly has not yet appeared.

The fact is that Spain and Spanish culture do not exert an appeal equal to French, German or Italian culture on the British student, or, what amounts to the same, on the British nation at large. And this is the first aspect of the situation to which we must turn our attention.

Spain as one of the great creative factors of European life and culture is not recognized in England as it ought to be. To assert that such a state of things is purely due to the after effects of the historical Anglo-Spanish duel for the control of the seas and for the control of beliefs, would be a gross exaggeration. To claim that Spain is without responsibility in the events which have brought it about would not merely be a mistake but an absurdity. Yet, the religious and political duel of the past is surely responsible for something in the traditional neglect of the forces which Spain put at the service of European thought when European thought was perhaps truly founded: in the sixteenth century.

A great subject awaits a scholar worthy of it: the History of the Spanish contribution to the Renaissance and to the Reformation. Tucked away in the pages of Menéndez y Pelayo's *Historia de los Heterodoxos Españoles*—a monument of knowledge without understanding, a symphony of right notes played with the wrong spirit—there are names and stories which a free mind would do well to bring to light. Even through the warped vision of the great but bigoted scholar, the Spain of Charles V lives under our eyes with a striking wealth of opinion, a singular sensibility towards new forms of thought. "The history of the influence of Erasmus in Spain and of Spain on Erasmus would not be the least attractive chapter of that much wanted book, Erasmus' works," wrote Alfonso de Valdés, who was not only Charles V's secretary but the brother of one of the most noble figures of that period. Erasmus's works, "are abundant in Spain and no goods sell better, in spite of the monks who keep complaining continuously." A canon of Salamanca coined then a witticism typical of the age and also of the peculiar relations which existed

then and have often obtained since between the secular and the regular clergy: "Who doth Erasmus harass is a friar or an ass." The large group of theologians and scholars who had espoused the cause of Erasmus in Spain included then not only the King-Emperor's secretary but also the Archbishop of Toledo, Fonseca, who had granted a pension of two hundred ducats to the Dutch scholar and, last but not least, the Inquisitor General, Manrique, who, putting the widest possible interpretation on a papal bull which had been wrenched from Rome by Erasmus's Spanish friends, had actually forbidden all attacks on his writings. The Inquisition protecting the precursor of Luther is not quite the picture which readymade history books are apt to give us of those picturesque times. Nor is this the first case in which anti-liberal methods were used or advocated to protect views nowadays connected, and even identified with liberty of thought.

It looked then as if Spain were going the way of the rest of Europe. The best and the most influential minds in the country were in sympathy with the new winds that blew from the Netherlands. Juan de Valdés, the brother of Charles's secretary led in Naples a mystical school of religious thought which was to become undistinguishable from Protestantism. But Providence watched the situation and having determined that Spain should remain within the fold of Rome, Providence brought unexpected aid to the forces of orthodoxy. A strict theologian, a stern enemy of Erasmus, gathered the dispersed forces of Erasmus's enemies in Spain. This Catholic devotee was Edward Lee, the English Ambassador.

Who knows but that Spain owes England her much vaunted fidelity to the Roman, or as it is known in Spain, to the true faith? Oxford, at any rate, owes Spain one of the purest and one of the most original types of scholar which that century produced—Luis Vives, whose memory must haunt the imagination of every Spaniard in this city so full of great memories. And in Salamanca there lived then one of the great founders of European thought and

civilization, one of those minds which, through the Northern gates opened by Grotius, was to enter the precincts of the European modern city. Francisco de Vitoria, the austere master who defined the laws of war in terms which Europe was not to understand till 1920 and is still short of applying, the thinker who under the absolute monarchy of Charles V laid down the principle of the freedom of the subject to decide in his conscience whether he would fight or not, was a friend and an admirer of Erasmus. His own words must be given now, four centuries after they were pronounced in his chair of Theology in Salamanca. They are still a little too liberal for our times:

Si subdito constat de iniustitia belli, non licet militare, etiam ad imperium principis. Haec patet, quia non licet interficere innocentem quacumque auctoritate. Sed hostes sunt innocentes in eo casu. Ergo non licet interficere illos. Item princeps peccat inferendo bellum in eo casu. Sed "non solum qui male agunt, sed qui consentiunt facientibus, digni sunt morte." Ergo milites etiam mala fide pugnantes non excusantur. Item non licet interficere cives innocentes mandato principis. Ergo nec extraneos. Ex quo sequitur corollarium quod, etiamsi subditi habeant conscientiam de iniustitia belli, non licet sequi bellum, sive errent sive non. Patet, quia "omne quod non est ex fide, peccatum est."¹

Such examples are more than enough to show that the question of what Spain is and has been, of what are her true spirit and her true contribution to the world, must be examined afresh, in all freedom of partisanship, whether conscious or subconscious, favourable or unfavourable, but with sympathy and insight. The time has come when Spain must be studied with a little more than the attention and sympathy of an intelligent tourist, and with a little more imagination than that of the specialist who "knows all about Spain" as a zoologist knows all about beetles. That such a need should be felt and satisfied are the primary aims which Spanish chairs in this country should pursue.

Their main obstacle and their main help will perhaps come from the curious sympathies and differences which

¹ *De Iure Belli.*

make the two national characters so close and yet so remote to each other. The Island of the North and the Peninsula of the South are like the right and the left wing of the European army advancing towards the West, both somewhat symmetrically placed towards the Continent, to which both are somewhat eccentric and outlandish. The insularity of the one and the "peninsularity" of the other are features so similar on the surface that they delude us into the belief in a substantial similarity which a closer study does not confirm. What in the one is active tranquility is in the other restless contemplation. And as if further to increase the puzzling symmetries of the parallel, while active England paces the stages of the world with the irresolute steps of dreamy Hamlet contemplative Spain rides in the imagination of the world under the armour of Don Quixote.

A paradox, however, which a closer observation solves satisfactorily. For Hamlet is not essentially irresolute. How I miss here one of the typical features of the Spanish language, that distinction between *SER*, to be something or permanently, and *ESTAR*, to be somewhere or temporarily—a linguistic feature, by the way, which should be explored for psychological finds. Hamlet, then, *no es irresoluto, está irresoluto*; and even that not in every case, not in all the directions of the compass of his will. Essentially, Hamlet is a man of action, as every Englishman who knows his profession is or ought to be—for, of course, being Shakespeare's son Hamlet is an Englishman and not a Dane. His attitude in the second scene of the first act shows him at once as a man with a quick decision who knows what he wants and gets it. His instructions are firm and clear. Silence, discretion and

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you. . . .

In those first scenes, the words which convey decision come readily from his lips. "I will" is his most frequent form of expression. He meets the Ghost in no spirit of irresolution.

The Ghost beckons him to go away with it. His friends advise him caution.

It will not speak; then, I will follow it.

And when his friends try to hold him back, he shows the true temper of the man in his

Hold off your hands.

By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.
I say, away!

Similar scenes are abundant in the rest of the play, all showing a Hamlet quick to conceive and to execute his action. His decision to make use of the players to show up the King; his firm and even harsh break with Ophelia—which actors have often sentimentalized—in my opinion, destroying the true meaning of the episode and incidentally elevating Ophelia's character to an undue height; the swift and even cruel stratagem wherewith he gets rid of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; his dispute with Laertes on Ophelia's tomb—though in this last case there are no doubt somewhat abnormal features to consider—all suggest in Hamlet a man of action whose will is normally in readiness.

There is one thing and only one which drives this man of action back into irresolution—the duty of avenging his father's murder. The analysis of his state of mind has often been and will often be made. It is a signal proof of the vitality of the great creations of art that they puzzle us as human beings are apt to do and whet our curiosity to pry into the secrets of their soul. That the soul of Hamlet was already ill before his father's Ghost laid on him the duty of avenging the murder is evident, and Shakespeare took great care to make this point quite clear in the course of Scene II. There is therefore a current in Hamlet's psychology which is altogether independent of the main flow of his despondency, though contributing to create it. The fact remains however that the Ghost's scene is the turning point in his behaviour as a man of action. Resolute

in all, Hamlet hesitates in this, the gravest of his tasks. And this hesitation makes him unhappy. His vitality, finding the channels of the will blocked, seeks an intellectual outlet; he seeks relief in his soliloquies; he invents arguments for not striking when luck offers him the victim ready for sacrifice; he contrives ways for discovering proofs of the guilt; he reproaches himself for his remissness:

Do you not come your tardy son to chide
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?

In fact, he cannot bring himself to do it. He is the victim of a conflict between individual and society. A tradition, impersonated in the Ghost impels him to a duty which, for personal reasons, he is averse to fulfil. A state of unhappiness results due to the excessive pressure of the collective on the individual soul.

Don Quixote, on the contrary, is a man of passion, entirely isolated from the world. In his solitude, he builds up an imaginary world of his own and he sallies forth to impress it on the collectivity. Dulcinea, the incarnation of his purely individual vision which Don Quixote wants to force the world to accept as a paragon of beauty, corresponds therefore in strict symmetry to the Ghost, the impersonation of collective tradition which the environment wants to force Hamlet to accept as a paragon of duty; Don Quixote, a man of passion, is led to a life of inchoate actions out of his love for a Dulcinea created from within; Hamlet, a man of action, is driven to a life of troubled passions by the authority of a Ghost received from without. Thus, while Don Quixote's comedy takes place outwards in the wide world, Hamlet's tragedy flows inwards in the recesses of his own soul. Don Quixote pours out his individual vitality on the world and feels the reaction of his errors in his own being; Hamlet feels in his being the pressure of social tradition and gives back his reaction to the world in violent outbursts. So that, while Hamlet's soliloquies appear to us as whirlwinds of social pressure turning within the soul of a man too sensitive to his environment,

Don Quixote's adventures show an overflowing individual sallying forth into the environment, to the true nature of which he is impervious.

The paradox is solved. Hamlet and Don Quixote are symbols of the English and the Spanish characters, considered both in typically abnormal cases. As the morbid is but the natural in excessively concentrated doses, we may expect to find the Hamletian essence in every Englishman and the Quixotic essence in every Spaniard—though fortunately in a diluted form. Hamlet and Don Quixote, thus understood, are then two illustrations of the problem of the relations between the individual and the community. A problem of paramount importance, not only in political thought but in thought. Our right understanding of that great problem helps us to define the conditions of life in common and therefore the study of it falls within the first of the tasks of university education; but it is also one of the most searching ways of investigating the relations between Character and Destiny—and under this light we find it in the very centre of what we understand as humanities.

In so far as Hamlet and Don Quixote represent the two alternative solutions put forward in the realm of art to this great problem of our civil and religious life, Spanish and English literature reveal themselves centered on the same area of the mind, and mutually illuminating. In a sense, our task is to bring Hamlet out of his despondency by making him fall in love with Dulcinea, and to sober down the wild imagination of Don Quixote by putting in his soul the fear of the Ghost.

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ILLUMINATION AND MINIATURES IN COLONIAL MEXICO

IT is unnecessary to recall that the art of Illumination traces its origin to the monasteries of the Middle Ages. Patient monks and friars, being excellent penmen and spurred on by the constant desire for ornament in the various branches of art cultivated by the Religious Orders, began by decorating the initial letters of their manuscripts, and as they used gold and very bright colors for the purpose, they gave light, as it were, to the rest of the text, which was in black lettering. For that reason the name of "illuminators" was given to those admirable artists who were able to portray the image of Christ or Our Lady within the limited space of an initial, or to trace curious devices of men, animals or flowers along the margins of a missal or a breviary.

Later on, Illumination was also called Miniature, but this was taking a part for the whole, as the expression was derived from the word *minium*, red, the color most abundantly used.

It is needless to say that the invention of printing, by cheapening the former excessive cost of a book, banished the art of the miniaturist from its dominions. Illumination became more rare every day, and it was decidedly on the wane when America was discovered. Nevertheless, all the monasteries of New Spain owned choir-books with beautiful designs on their leaves of parchment, as may be testified by those formerly belonging to the Monastery of San Agustín that are now exposed to public view in the National Museum of Mexico City.

Great progress was made in the illumination of choir-books in Spain from 1572 to 1589, for during this period Philip II ordered a great number of them for the Escorial. Not only Spanish, but also Flemish and Italian artists worked on them, and the influence of the latter was so