

precisely the same movement is made on a piano key, which can move only about three-eighths of an inch, the curve *b* results. The shaded portion, therefore, or approximately three-fourths of the dynamic tone variation, is an illusion, resulting in this case from a transfer into the kinesthetic field. It has led to the absurd assumption that the string likewise is gradually set into motion, non-percussively. A glance inside the piano will dispel that illusion.

The auditor, since he does not experience the kinesthetic sensations of the player, cannot get the exact effect imaged by the player, except, perhaps, by the aid of the eye. Nor will the reactions of two auditors be the same. When such illusions are elaborated into the complex reactions to an entire composition or recital we have the beginning of an explanation of the curiously conflicting reports on the same performance: "Splendid! Best piano-playing I have heard!" "Rotten! So amateurish!"

In music appreciation the eye is thus an important determinant. For doubters, especially if they are non-pianists, I suggest the following experiment: Attend a piano recital without knowing who is playing. See no printed programme. Listen throughout with closed eyes. Choose a seat in the rear of the hall. Let only unfamiliar compositions be played. Then attempt to distinguish between relaxed and rigid tone production, flat and curved fingers, degrees of weight-transfer, religious and secular tone qualities,—or even between a Duo-Art and a Hutcheson.

A frown or smile, a gesture, a tilt of the head, a movement of the trunk—De Pachmann developed all of them into a fine art—do the work, not the way the keys are played. The poetry and romance of piano tone no more sound in the actual string than the soul of the unfortunate—or shall we say fortunate?—sheep sings in the gut under a Kreisler's bow.

## Ethnology

### PRESTIGE AMONG INDIANS

BY ROBERT H. LOWIE

ON MY maiden field trip I had a characteristic experience. The Lemhi Shoshone (Idaho), whose customs I was to record, were a notoriously taciturn lot when it came to revealing their aboriginal beliefs and behavior to a prying outsider. To make matters worse, the only interpreters available at the start were a number of Indian schoolboys whose indifference to my purposes was surpassed only by their ignorance of English. Fortunately, I discovered one Jack Grouse, a middle-aged native sufficiently conversant with the white man's tongue to be able to recite the native traditions and furnish a medley of useful knowledge at the rate of two-bits a story. But Jack's cupidity was tempered with a due regard for the Indian proprieties: as soon as a neighbor appeared on the scene he would slink away, pretending that I was myself nothing but a friendly visitor!

Many years later I was among the Hopi of Arizona. I heard that a medicine-man was going to treat a sick infant that night. The child's elders and the doctor opposed no objection to my presence. Anticipating an interesting session, I arrived early and watched the house filling up with mothers hoping to have their offspring profit from attendance at the ceremony. It grew later and later, but nothing happened. At last the host explained that the medicine-man would not come in. He had been intercepted by an old hag who was scandalized at the idea of a white man's presence. The doctor manifestly could not be less papist than the laity and so balked at entering. The only graceful thing to do was to withdraw.

Such clashes with savage public sentiment and prudery are among the ethnographer's most commonplace experiences. They bring home to him forcibly the value a savage sets upon the opinion of his fellows. Soon he learns more—that the es-

teem in which the savage is held by them is a matter of the utmost concern to him, and that he will undergo every form of privation for the sole purpose of shining with enhanced splendor among his kind. In fact, this craving for distinction becomes one of the leading motives of his conduct: whatever may arouse unfavorable comment is avoided, while comfort, property, even life itself, may become utterly worthless in his sight if their sacrifice can confer a bit of extra *kudos* on him.

Take the case of a typical Indian from the coast of British Columbia. In this area, in the early days, prestige rested on property. However, it was not the man who accumulated pelf who was highly regarded, but only that one who with a *beau geste* gave away his precious belongings or showed his contempt for them by deliberately destroying them. In the literature of the area one constantly encounters tales of chiefs vying with each other in giving away blankets on public occasions. To burn a big canoe or to kill a slave was an ostentatious way of demonstrating greatness, and a rival incapable of doing likewise at once stood reduced to a lower status. Of course the normal Kwakiutl has as much of the acquisitive "instinct" as his Caucasian neighbor; but there is a thing more important to a self-respecting tribesman than wealth, and that is prestige. Practically the same story is reported from Melanesia. The hero of song and saga in the Banks Islands is a man who by dint of successively more exorbitant payments has risen to the highest grade in the men's club house. But, though now virtually a chief, he can still advance socially by giving lavish entertainments to the populace, and slaughtering hundreds of pigs for the purpose.

Our Plains Indians also prized generosity, but real glory could be gained among them only by a splendid war record. Each tribe conventionally defined the deeds to be reckoned as heroic. Pretty generally throughout the region it was considered highly honorable to "count coup" on the enemy,

that is, to tag him—irrespective of whether he was killed or disabled. In fact, if one man brought him low and another dashed up to touch the prostrate body, it was the latter who gained the greater honor. For Plains Indians waged war largely as a mere outdoor sport, to be conducted according to strict rules, and these rules corresponded very little to the notions of an economic or otherwise rationalistic man. The Crow thought a great deal of a brave who had cut a picketed horse loose from the midst of a hostile camp. Had they adopted Clausewitz's principles, they would have preferred a man who stole a dozen horses grazing along the outskirts of the camp, but with their perverse idealism they only mildly approved of such a one, while the other was privileged to rise in any public assembly and boast of his feat, which might even help make him a chief.

In aboriginal belief success in war was a gift of the supernatural powers, and they could be most readily conciliated by mortification of the flesh. An ambitious Indian would go to a lonely spot, fast and thirst for days, praying to the spirits and hoping for something to turn up. Possibly the Thunder might appear as a huge eagle, to teach him a sacred chant, and grant him victory. If his prayers remained unheeded, sacrifice went further: he might cut out a piece of flesh from his chest or chop off a finger joint. Not many of my older Crow informants had their left hands intact. Though some of the mutilation was a result of mourning, the men had mostly disfigured themselves while seeking revelations, and the motive of that quest was, above all, the craving for military renown—for a chance to get up in a public assembly and shame one's competitors by a recital of honorific feats.

There were military clubs among practically all the buffalo-hunting tribes, and in each of these societies there were special officers pledged to bravery. They carried standards distinctive of their office; in battle they planted these in the ground and thereafter must not retreat, regardless of

the danger. Anyone who betrayed the trust never heard the end of it as long as he lived; his cowardice was constantly thrown into his teeth. On the other hand, if he was killed in battle the entire camp grieved over his death and sang his praises.

Naturally, not every Crow youth was a hero. But the ideal of bravery was incessantly held up before the people from early boyhood, and every-day observation enforced the precepts by showing the advantages that went with a proper martial record. Only a real warrior was ever called upon to give a name to a newborn infant and to receive the emoluments pertaining to that service. Only he was likely to be invited to feasts, to have novices ask for a loan of his sacred regalia—for a consideration—or to have the belles of the camp set their caps for him. The extent to which material and subtler motives affected a Crow was bound to vary with his character; but no one was indifferent to the promptings of vanity, and the very men who had shrunk from exposing themselves to danger might help to carry on the traditional standards by teaching the younger generation that "it is well for a man to die when he is young."

A striking instance of reckless ambition was well remembered and circumstantially recounted by my informants. A young man named Young Jack-rabbit had been wounded by the enemy and permanently disabled. He had never stolen a picketed horse and accordingly could never become a chief, since that exploit involved starting out

afoot. Life did not seem to hold any lure for him, now that the highest honor was beyond his reach. So he decided to become what was called a "crazy dog"—to put on special regalia and court death. While waiting for an engagement with the enemy he would come out periodically on his horse, show off his dress, act in the manner conventionally symbolic of his purpose—more particularly by saying the opposite of what he meant and expecting to be answered in kind—and enjoy the plaudits of the camp. "The women liked him very much. . . . The old women cheered him lustily." When he heard of enemies entrenched in a gully near by, he attacked them alone and was instantly killed. His body was put on a horse and brought home by the tribesmen. "They cried all the way. . . . The entire camp cried very much. . . . Without him we moved, we went. . . ."

Thus man does not live by the instinct of self-preservation alone. The savage sacrificed his goods and his flesh, even his life, for the cheers of old women and the laudatory chants of old men. He thumbed his nose at the economic interpretation of history. Sometimes, today, he is asked whether he is not happy, now that no marauding Sioux or Cheyenne is likely to cut his throat. The ungrateful lout says he is not. There is a drab monotony about his present safe and sane existence. He would prefer an occasional raid by the enemy, for it would give him hope of rising to grander effort along the lines of his own ideals.

# THE GRANDSON OF THE LIBERATOR

BY R. L. DUFFUS

ON A certain fine Fall morning in 1898 pedestrians along Fifth avenue paused to take in what was even then an unusual sight upon that respectable thoroughfare. It consisted of a gentleman in his late 'twenties, mounted upon a spirited horse and clad in a brownish-yellow riding costume. A wide hat-brim drooped over a pair of spectacles and shadowed what seemed to many observers to be a decidedly familiar moustache. The Spanish War was just over and reverence for martial achievements was at its height. Here and there along the line of march a hat came off and some one shouted. Policemen drew themselves up to their full height and thickness and saluted, touching pudgy hands to the rims of their helmets.

The horseman received these honors with some surprise, but, continuing modestly on his way, turned down a side street and rode his mount aboard a Brooklyn ferry boat. A little group of passengers assembled and gazed respectfully. Nobody said anything. Presently a grimy stoker appeared from the dark inwards of the vessel, thrust the other spectators aside and stared hard. "Say," he demanded, shifting his quid and spitting so neatly out of the corner of his mouth that no one was even splattered, "are you Colonel Roosevelt or ain't you?"

The point of this story is not only that Oswald Garrison Villard, who is possibly America's most militant pacifist, still loves to tell it on himself, but that he actually does resemble the lamented Colonel. He may also be a little proud of the fact, though he would almost certainly not be gratified to be told that a poor newspaper

cut of either Roosevelt or himself might easily be mistaken for a portrait of another once distinguished American—the Hon. John F. Hylan, mayor of New York city in the pre-Jimmy days. The incident illustrates a duality which runs through Villard's life and temperament. He is a pacifist who knows as much about the art of war as any major-general. He is a simple, unaffected democrat who, like the lady in the advertisement, loves nice things. During the late war he wrote thousands and thousands of words to prove that Imperial Germany had grievously erred and strayed, but he didn't mind letting you know that one of his German relatives commanded a Bavarian army corps. A Freudian might say that his pacifism is partly due to a subconscious hankering to command an army corps himself. There would be some truth in that, though not much.

But Mr. Villard has a right to a complicated personality, for he comes of curiously divergent strains. On the one side is the lusty, ambitious, dominating Heinrich Hilgard, for whom America was both a refuge for the oppressed and an oyster to be opened; and on the other Fanny Garrison, daughter of the fire-eating, fanatical and uncomfortable William Lloyd. Put two such strains together and something unusual and contradictory is sure to come out of them. In Oswald Garrison Villard's case that tendency is strengthened by a profound respect for family tradition. Indeed, the key to his career as an insurgent and an innovator probably lies largely in his reverence for the past. He is not one of those radicals—if radical he may be called