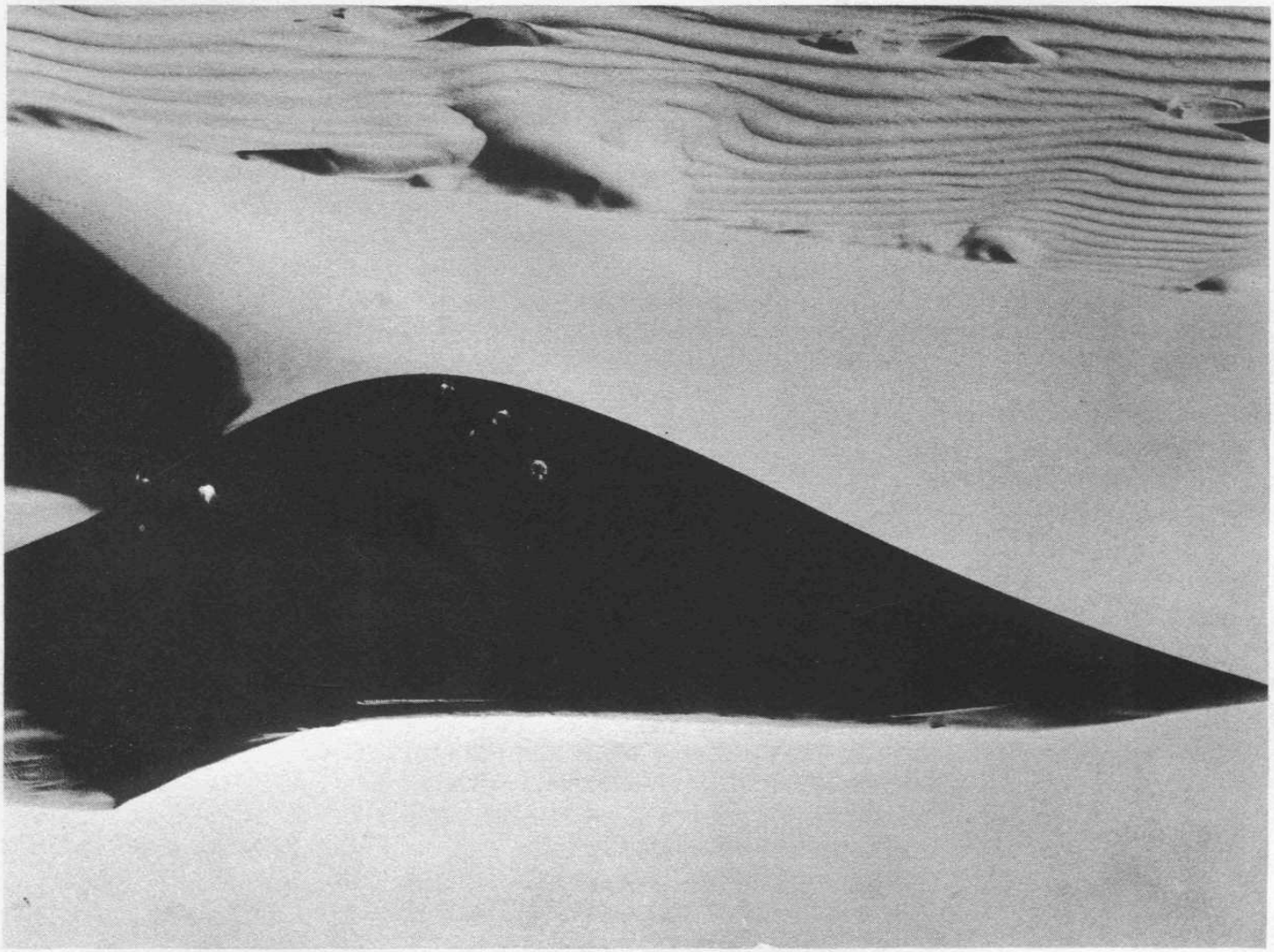
DUNE FORUM



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GREETINGS

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DUNE FORUM

THE DUNES, OCEANO, CALIFORNIA

VOL. I APRIL 15, 1934 No. 4

Editor ..... GAVIN ARTHUR
Managing Editor ..... DUNHAM THORP
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Associate Editors ..... ROBIN LAMFSON
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Art Editor J. PAGET-FREDERICKS

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EDITORIAL

IN THE PRESENT issue, this time edited principally by DUNHAM THORP, there is not a single article upholding the conservative point of view. Nor is anyone to blame for this but the conservatives themselves. We have repeatedly invited them individually and collectively to come into our FORUM to state their case. And so far not one real conservative has offered a single argument to support his position. What is the reason for this silence? Can it be that they have no constructive plan to offer—no solution to the so-called "Paradox of Plenty"?

In conservative houses we hear a great deal about how bravely certain friends, formerly rich, have borne the privations of the Depression. How, for example, one college graduate went to work driving a milk wagon all day and sitting up with corpses at an undertaker's most of the night, so that his mother would not lose her home to the bankers (this youth has just been rewarded with a job in the very bank which was about to foreclose his mother's house). Such a case is scathingly contrasted with cases of rebellious laborers who refuse to face the facts of the Depression and be glad of any kind of work they can get at any salary at all.

Always these conservative friends speak of the Depression much as the nobles of ancient Egypt must have spoken of the seven lean years of famine which Joseph prophesied. They speak of it as if it were an act of God which must be borne with patience and bravery. But what are the actual facts? Have we had a famine due to natural causes such as flood or drought? Has fire or earthquake destroyed our factories or our means of transportation? Has a plague wiped out our reserves of labor? What actually are we short of that we have to be so resigned and patient and brave?

The actual facts are that we *are short of nothing but money.* And what is money but a manmade (and therefore man-controllable) device to enable production to flow into consumption? And if it is man-made and man-controllable, why don't we stop referring to the Depression as if it were an "Act of God" that we must accept with humility? Why don't we use instead our human intelligence to remedy such an absurdity and create a decent civilization for ourselves?

The trouble is that most of us (the electorate of this great Democracy) have only the haziest idea what money is. Since it is obviously the only commodity the lack of which has caused the Depression, it is up to every one of us to inform himself. Almost every child knows that a very large portion of what we think of as money is nothing but paper credit issued by private banks. Hence in the hands of a few private individuals lies the colossal power, greater than any king, of controlling inflation and deflation, booms and depression.

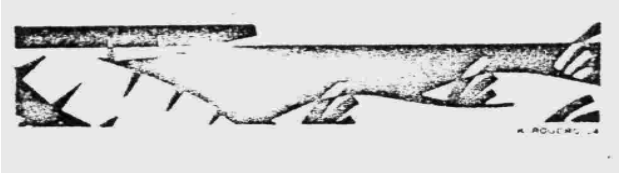
Should such power be entrusted to private individuals? Here in reality lies the great question of the hour. We will have to come to some decision in this matter. And before we can come to an intelligent decision, we will have to rid ourselves of prejudice (even against Communism) and study ail the major solutions offered, weighing carefully their practicability in a world

of frail human beings not so long evolved from savages.

We will have to take just a little time away from our games of cards and our polo and our gossiping over cocktails, and dig into Marx and Dewey and Stewart Chase, and compare what they say with opinions handed down to us by the present controllers of our destiny, the big bankers.

Many readers of the DUNE FORUM think quite blindly that any scheme to remedy our present major problem is dangerous, visionary and likely to lead us into the deplorable state of contemporary Russia. Not having been to Russia, it is impossible for them to know definitely whether the state of Russia is deplorable or not. This much we can be sure of: that Russia has had only fifteen years to build up what it has taken us a hundred and fifty years to build; that Russians are used to an autocratic government and we are not; and that they have sought through revolution what we can perfectly well achieve through evolution if we decide to act with free human intelligence instead of shackled animal habit.

If, on the other hand, this peaceful evolution is going to be blocked at every turn by individual selfishness and greed, chances are that the Communists may be proven correct in their contention that only through a revolution can the inertia of civilization be jarred out of one rut into another more intelligent and productive of happiness for everyone.



POETRY, MUSIC AND SILENCE

MUSICAL CRITICISM IS, strictly speaking, not musical but literary, and it may be because of this that music is so frequently criticised as literature. That this "literary" criticism will much advance the cause of true music seems dubious to me, for, after all, music is not poetry. Both Roderick White and John Cage, in a previous issue of DUNE FORUM, use purely literary turns of expression and thought when writing of music. Mr. Cage, to be sure, hopes for a period of music-not-musicians as there was once a time of architecture-not-architects, and that is a fine brave hope only one not to be realized until music stops trying to be poetry and stops trying, and here I believe I see a weakness in Mr. Cage's position, to be expression, for the difference between self-expression and expression is, practically at any rate, a slight one. Mr. Cage does not help us a great deal in our effort to discover the nature of music. Mr. White even admits that in defining music he finds himself lost in a "land of implications where dwell those intangibles—thought, life, emotion, feeling—things as elusive as a rainbow."

But whence come these elusive rainbows in musical criticism, whence but from a lack of differentiation between poetry and music? Mr. White touches upon this problem vaguely, saying that music grew out of language but that its elements existed before language was devised. The Greek drama developed out of the musical dance but nevertheless carried with it the cocoon of music in which it was hatched, and ever since then we have had with us this problem of the relation between music and poetry. And in attempting to solve the problem we have talked about the elusive rainbows and permitted our criticism to take on a rainbow-like quality of elusiveness. We forget that the problem can

not be solved, as no critical or scientific problem can be solved, emotionally, elusively therefore. Any attempt at a truly critical estimate of the matter should begin with an acceptance of emotion and life as facts and a realization of another fact—that music and poetry are not emotions or life but methods. In criticism we need not bother ourselves with the rainbows or the way they make us laugh or cry, we need concern ourselves only with the refraction of light which makes rainbows, for music and poetry stand midway between two emotions: first there is the emotion caused by the sight of rainbows; then there is poetry, and according to one group of critics there is music, as "expression" of this emotion;; finally there is the emotion caused by a hearing or reading of this "expression". Art, seen as a median between two emotions, not as an emotion, can be considered in as nearly a scientific manner as can any other phenomenon.

Now as to priority. Havelock Ellis would have dancing, and then music arising from dancing, as earlier developments in the spiritual evolution of the race than music, and logically it would seem a defensible position he has assumed. After all, music as a phenomenon requires less experience than poetry, less to create it, in its lowest forms at least, and surely less to appreciate it. The dances of the nest-weaving birds are musical, the songs of the birds are musical, and in the evolution of the race therefore the materials from which music is made existed before words or the materials from which poetry is made. Furthermore, it requires more training, more knowledge, to understand poetry than to understand music. But I can make this point clearer by dropping the question of priority and attacking the whole problem from another angle.

Subjectivism in psychology, for all that has been said about it, means simply that the self, the stimulated organism, is the thing stimulated. It says simply then that the stimulus and the consequent reaction depend upon a receptive organism. Further, it says that the quality of the stimulus can not be determined by any but the organism stimulated. One man can not know what another man feels. An identical stimulus will cause as many reactions as there are organisms stimulated. Thus words never mean the same thing twice. It is obvious that the meaning of the word "good" changes constantly, is not the same to one man as to another. It is not so obvious, but nevertheless demonstrable, that the meaning of the word "automobile" is a variable. Aside from the mere fact of organic and hence reaction differences, there are also the differences in experience and desire. And because of this chameleon quality of words we need a deal of analytic power to appreciate poetry. We need to know the meaning of words, we need to know as much as we can of the man uttering the words, as much as we can of the things for which these words stand, and even then we may be a long way from the meaning of the poem as it was written.

Now the elements of music, the musical notes, are no such ephemeral things as words, no such will-o-the-wisps. C# is C# and there is an end to it. A certain number of vibrations per second—behold C#! And a combination of notes is always the same—assuming different emotional rainbow-like connotations in different relations to other notes, to be sure, and in stimulating different organisms—but in itself the note remains the same and is actually as a single unit the same to all listeners and to "experience" C# when we hear it does not require the training required before one can "experience" the word "good" when a certain poet uses it. No matter who the composer using it, C# is C#[1]. And the primary reason for this I believe lies in the simple fact which I have tried to delineate - namely, that a. musical note is in itself a fact having an existence of its own and a word is, at any rate when used in poetry, a symbol. A word may have a "factual" existence as

(1) There are those subjectivists who would question this, referring to people who "hear sharp" or flat. But the one who hears sharp hears all notes sharp and we might therefore say that the musical interval is the same interval, speaking quantitatively, to all listeners.

on this paper—ink, letter forms—and even in speaking it is of course vibration, but I think it will be agreed that its poetic value is symbolic.

Now it is commonly held that music is the most romantic of all the arts, romantic because open to many and various interpretations. But these many interpretations are literary, not musical. One could write a most convincing program note for Strauss' Tone Poem," Don Juan", and head the whole business with the title "July Fourth at the County Fair" and close with references to firecrackers popping far off somewhere in the rain as the tired farmers begin to snore, but this would be literature, poetry, and it would come from a hearing of the Tone Poem as a poem, not as a piece of music.

And the thing can be heard as a poem because it was written as a poem, as description, as narrative, only incidentally as music, and the fact of its being open to so many interpretations seems to indicate that music is a poor medium for literary expression and that music written as literature is less of a formal art, in music a contradiction in terms all too often, than even the most emancipated of modern verse.

I said the term "formal art" was a contradiction in terms when applied to much modern music. And if this contradiction exists, the music in question is denying its very nature—the nature made inevitable by the nature of the musical note. So, on the basis of the difference between factual or self-sufficient musical notes and symbolic words, I should like to indicate a possible new classification of music, not as the most romantic of the arts, but as the classic, formal art. If we view music as music, not as poetry, it must be a classic art. The fallacy in the idea of romantic music has resulted from a confusion between poetry and music. The enemies of program music are on a sound footing when they attack compositions like Gershwin's "An American in Paris". Gershwin has simply used the wrong medium, he has tried to tell a story with music and he has written a poem, not a musical composition. He has had thought not for a musical effect but for a literary effect and has incidentally achieved a few startling musical effects. Bach, to go to the other extreme, wrote pure music. The great chorals of the middle ages were pure music and if one listens to a medieval hymn long enough to forget the words one gets a true musical sensation, a sensation based not on any feeling for words or literary ideas but on a feeling for and of the relations between musical notes and musical figures as such. This sort of music is classic, silent because not romantic poetry and not narrative and not description,[1] plastic probably in a purely geometric sense, in that it creates planes and lines and figures of sound, but certainly not plastic in the photographic sense.

The entire problem seems to simmer down to the one postulate that music, to be true music, should be nothing but music, and that literary criticism of music is senseless inasmuch as true music can not speak in a literary manner. The more literary music be and the better it realize descriptive ends, the less does it realize musical ends and when listening to such music one does not hear music but sees pictures and listens to narrative verse. Conversely, one can not write literary program notes to a Bach fugue, and to put life into music is to write poetry not music. Music should be divorced from life, it should have a life of its own, taking nothing from human life, having musical meaning, not american-in-paris meaning. Maybe if music ever returns to this stage it will really be a force in life as a great clarifier of emotion, a great producer of katharsis, not simply a cheap poetry giving expression to the cheapness of a people and their emotions, not giving romantic expression to the earth-bound and very factual soul of a nation, not making pretty romantic sentiments out of a tawdry county-fair awe for the ferns-wheels of mechanical and financial, if any, progress.

(1) If music were to describe only, as in these symphonies to the machine age, we should soon realize that a locomotive is better music than tympani and strings trying to chug realistically, that no snare drum ever sounds just like an airplane propellor, a fact which has prompted certain composers not to write music but to throw away the drums and bring in the propellors for which the orchestration calls.

CREATIVE LIVING

The Second of a Series of Articles

by STEWART EDWARD WHITE

2. NO CREATIVE EFFORT IS LOST

IN THE LAST issue we had an interesting glimpse of the approach of the true artist to the point of production. But what has it to do with ungifted mortals? My friend Gaelic approaches that point. First of all he summarizes.

"The infinite universe is a flow of unbroken and unmanifested harmony," he repeats. "Manifestation in the finite is an arresting for the purpose of visibility, so to speak, of that flow. That arresting can take place only by what we will call creative intelligence. Intelligence works in creation only by means of a conscious act of will. The act of creation is the setting in motion of a specific set of vibrations. That set of vibrations takes its form in manifestation according to the medium in which it is expressed. Its dynamics may be sufficiently powerful to carry it beyond its first medium of expression into other and different media, in which case the form of manifestation may be different. But it will be the same in power and degree of harmony.

"These are broad and general principles which will bear repeated examination and study."

So far this is what he has said before. But now he broadens the field. He for the first time makes it clear that he is not talking merely of what we call "works of art".

"Any manifestation whatever," he specifies emphatically, "is an effort of creative intelligence of one form or another."

Any manifestation whatever. That takes in, as far as we are concerned, everything in nature that we can see, hear, touch, smell, or in *any other way* perceive; everything with which we can come in contact. These things have been created, by an intelligence, in the manner he epitomized.

"The outward expression," he insists, "follows upon an inward creative fashioning. That inward creative fashioning, wherever exerted, in whatever form manifested, is always the same sort of thing: a tuning into the universal power, and a stepping down of that power into the degree that will manifest.

"The *form* of manifestation," he continues, "depends upon the condition in the different media. A flower in a garden, for example, is in last analysis an indication that somewhere an intelligence has, with creative exertion, to the degree of that flower's perfection, succeded in seizing upon and identifying itself with a portion of universal harmony."

So far the idea is not startling. But his next statement is arresting.

"That the manifestation has taken the form of a flower," says he, "does not necessarily mean that the originating creative intelligence has designed and constructed a flower. It may be that, in another medium, it has given voice and form to music, setting thus in motion dynamic circumscribed bits of creative harmony, which, carrying over into this earth medium, and encountering conditions favorable for that manifestation, produces itself as the colorful perfumed notes of a garden. And, vice versa, the music which one, in his creative mood, has harmonized in creative vibrational bits, may well manifest itself over here in a pattern of color, conveying the same esthetic satisfaction in the one case as in the other.

"It is this principle which lies back of the creative power of thought; though that is to some extent a misnomer. The creative power of fashioning imagination would be better. Whatever is so fashioned clothes itself—somewhere and somehow; now or later—in outward manifestation simply because it has been given form and, like a mold, exists now where it did not exist before, capacious to be filled when conditions supply the materials for that filling. In this sense, therefore, no genuine creative effort is ever lost. It has produced a phase of harmony

which has not existed in exactly that form before. It has added to the harmonious differentiation of the universe detailed bits that have heretofore had no existence. As we see it now, the circle in whatever is the inunderstandable purpose will be rounded only when all potentiality is brought forth consciously and made evident. Furthermore, the potentiality itself is the intelligent creative act of the Great Originator.

"The fashioning dynamic creation of the opportunities of manifestation of these potentialities is the function of the finite universe and of the slowly climbing intelligences which it originates and of which it is composed.

"There are two aspects to note in the wee corollary which each human will apply to himself. The first is that no genuine creation is without result. A mold may be placed upon a shelf awaiting the molten in due time. But the shape exists in the universe where existence it had not before. Its eternal quality is not limited by the small manifestation of form which may at any one time be made by its means. The mold is intact for the uses of harmony at its need.

"The second aspect is that attention must be called to the fact that intelligence does not create harmony, but comes into attunement with harmony, which it can utilize only according to the power of its will to achieve.

3. EVOLUTION FROM THE CREATIVE STANDPOINT

"I STATED," Gaelic said later, "that all manifested harmony is the product of creative intelligence which harmony itself has evolved.

"It follows, then, that only that degree is manifested as is consonant with the degree of intelligence in evolution. In other words, no outside intelligence penetrates or super-imposes.

"In the early stages but a very simple harmony and a very simple manifestation is possible, for the reason that only a very simple intelligence has been evolved. The progressing evolution of intellignce is possible by one method only—the method of spiritual aspiration and struggle. To speak in material scientific jargon, progression from the first simple element of hydrogen can take place only because within that element is the primordial striving of incompleteness toward completion, which is the first faint flicker of the ambition to evolve. That, arriving at creative fashioning, produces a bi-fold complexity, in place of a uniform simplicity. That bi-fold complexity, reaching in a similar manner beyond itself, by the fling of its outreaching endeavor, so to speak, fashions at once the form and the content of the next higher step in evolution.

"Thus the creative intelligence of the finite universe advances step by step with the physical manifestation, the one outpacing the other in equal turn. So we see both the material envelope and the intelligent content rising from original simplicity to increasing complexity and plasticity. The finite scheme of things, to use a homely phrase, is thus actually lifting itself by its own boot straps. It has no more intelligence than it has itself evolved; and that evolution has been accomplished by its own unaided effort. Unaided, except for that mysterious divine dynamic impulse which has set the complicated scheme whirling and in it has infused the spark from the eternal.

"We come, then, to the corollary concept, that whatever exists of what you call material or immaterial, has at one time represented the highest possible creative intelligence of its period. It has also served as an embodiment for that intelligence. Mind ye, I say intelligence, and not personality. The two are not divisible in your personal point of view; but one is not indispensable to the other from the cosmic point of view."

4. BEAUTY AND UGLINESS

HAVING established these first principles, Gaelic returns at still another meeting to elaborate one aspect of what he has said. As usual, he first

summarizes. These frequent repetitions, we found, had enormous potency in giving us real possession of his concepts.

"Finite manifestation is, in inception, an idea. An idea, in rounded wholeness, is an harmonious arrangement. An harmonious arrangement is a product of creative imagination. Creative imagination is an attribute of intelligence. These are the premises of our discussion.

"Harmony manifested in completeness results in beauty. The kind of beauty resultant depends on the medium in which it clothes itself at the moment. An imaginative creative impulse, powerful enough in dynamics, may clothe itself in other mediums than those employed in its original fashioning.

"All these things we have said before; but I epitomize in small compass for the more ready handling.

"Now we will take as an illustration a beautiful thing which seems most remote from the possibility of actual personal designing. Call from your recollection some particularly gorgeous and symmetrically balanced sunset painted across the sky. If you had been in a poetic mood, you may have said to yourself, 'What a master designer has limned the picture!' but you would have said it with no thought of its being a literal truth. Nevertheless, no balance of structure in the design, no contrast or blending or harmony of color, no gradation of tone, but has actually been created by a designing intelligence. Nor could it there be present if an intelligence had not operated. That statement is literally true. And yet, if you therefore figure to yourself an artist planning out and fixing in the pigments of the skies the picture you see before you, you will be wrong. No intelligence, as far as we know, has the power to assemble those celestial phenomena, to produce that exact thing. Nor does it necessarily mean that somewhere some artist has conceived or arranged the exact pattern and design you so much admire. But it does mean that somewhere, working in his *own* medium, some intelligence has creatively conceived a certain just and balanced arrangement of harmony which, expressed in sunset, produces this particular spectacle. I have used this as an illustration because it is so remote from the conception of a gigantic artist with a gigantic palette and brush.

"The same principle applies also to all other complete, and therefore beautiful, manifestations in all the universe. Take that book we have been looking at — 'Art Forms in Nature' — wherein are pictures of marvelously beautiful, though sometimes microscopic, columns and scrolls and arabesques and spearheads and many others, which, if designed and placed on paper by a pictorial or architectural artist would arouse your admiration. Their balance and symmetry seem to exceed sometimes the best efforts of those artists. You exclaim, perhaps, in wonder over the marvelous artistry of nature, or perhaps of God, if you are theologically inclined. Nevertheless, each one of these forms is a result of careful and inspired design by an intelligent artist. This statement is not nullified by the probable fact that the originating intelligence had no such forms in mind. He had produced, stripped from clothing in any form of manifestation, and considered in its pure abstraction, a harmonious arrangement heretofore non-existent. Now in his approach to that creation it mattered not whether he set out to draw the design for a seed or a cathedral or a symphony or a color arrangement or a poem. That depends upon the personal idiosyncrasy of his genius or his opportunity. The medium was only the resistance necessary to the dynamics of his conception. The conception itself is the true object, whether he knows it or not. If the poem or the symphony were all, as he thinks, there would be only that one small material thing added to the treasure of the universe. But the creation of a new harmony pattern makes a possible seed pod, cathedral, symphony, painting, poem, and all other things of beauty that vibrate to it.

"You may say, as you did today, that the man might have obtained his architectural inspira-

tion for his lofty building from the minute plant stock. If he had known of it! As far as the resemblance holds in beauty he did so. But not by reference to the microscope, but through the vibration of affinity to the original harmony arrangement from which both sprang.

"Now here is a very important point to note, lest someone should take my remarks off into mystic beatitude to construct therefrom false theory. The well-meaning person, filled with sweetness and light and higher resolve, who places himself as a light and luminary in the heavens to spread abroad an *abstraction* of beautiful harmony wherewith to saccharinize circumambience, accomplishes just the sum total of nothing! *In the finite one cannot create with abstraction but only through a medium.* One must definitely work out his pattern of creation through some sort of medium. Without the inertia and resistance of a medium, dynamics lack, and the pattern is devoid of stability, or persistence and endurance. The radiation of influence is real; but it is an after-product of accomplishment. It is an unconscious possession; and not an end in itself to be attained.

"This is the reason for what seems at times bitter struggle, but which is at its best pleasurable functioning. Whether it seems to one or the other depends, not so much on the thing itself, as on one's understanding of it and attitude toward it. Enlightenment and understanding alone may change it from one to the other. Therefore, seek not to escape conditions, but to search out understanding.

"Lack of beauty, ugliness, evil, whatever you choose to call it, is perfection so fragmentary that the conception of the whole, of which it is part, had not yet been built by any creative intelligence. It is the task of intelligence to eliminate ugliness and evil. That elimination, in the long run, comes not from suppression or destruction, *but from utilization* in a larger and more comprehensive pattern to be creatively conceived. Complete elimination can come only with ultimate rounding out of the whole scheme: but partial elimination accompanies each cast forward of perception.

"In the contemplation of these things, the attitude of mind should be to attempt, as far as possible, at least to glimpse a larger whole to which they might belong. That is the basis of what we call tolerance. It is also what is meant when you are told to resist not evil."

The important subject of disharmony, here touched upon, was elsewhere elaborated in a conversation with my brother Roderick.

"What you call disharmony," said Gaelic, "is merely partial achievement. Partial achievement is due, naturally, to deficiency in the instrument. For harmony itself is beautiful and complete. The creation of disharmony, to pursue the logical sequence further, can result in the creation of nothing eternal for the reason that it is merely incompletion; and incompletion cannot exist for a longer time than it takes for some creative intelligence to tune in upon, and bring to manifestation, the complementing vibration, the added proportion, that will round out and complete the mold left by the other. This is true of what you might even be tempted to call malevolent and evil creations. They are extreme examples of incompleteness. But they are, nevertheless, fragments of a harmonious entirety. They are ugly because they are partial. They will endure because they are truly products of creative intelligence, but they will not endure in their present form. Completed, they will be seen as the lesser curves of a beautiful whole. They will be completed only by the fuller contributions of more advanced and more able creative imaginations.

"To make it a more vivid personal example: it may well be that the creative work you do, while bringing into rounded harmony its own bit of gathered inspiration, is *also* releasing, so to speak, harmonious vibrations which add their accretion to some present imperfection. These things also are not partitioned each into its one narrow field of influence. Your music—I mention music because it is a palpable vibration

to you—is a piece of harmony plucked from potentiality. It sets in motion waves of that particular harmony through the manifested universe. I am altering the figure from the mold. These waves express themselves in your art as musical notes. They might express themselves, when their motion reaches or penetrates other conditions, as a trellis of beautiful flowers. I speak highly figuratively, you understand. In yet another medium it might be a particularly beautiful glow of light. The whole universe is a mutual back-and-forth, back-and-forth, helping and building, each assisting the other's completion but at the same time completing as well as it can its own. It is a beautiful woven interdependability. Every true spark you strike from out your own soul is a light that has not shone before and that shall never be extinguished."

5. THE NECESSITY OF APPRECIATION. 'FAILURES."

BUT WHETHER OR NOT we, as creative intelligences, have contributed our bit in actual construction, it seems that we have each and every one of us, a very definite and necessary contribution to make to the complete and rounded creative act.

"You have all known and appreciated the natural beauty of, for example, the great spaces of your desert land. You know the wide fling of their shimmering expanses, the tinted veils of their evening lights, and the brooding magic that distills from their presence before you as a perfume from a flower. Those emotions and esthetic appreciations filter through your consciousness and become a portion of the awareness existing in the universal consciousness.

"But consider the same desert before the advent of those capable of such appreciation. The stark material embodiment was always there, the wide expanses, the uplifting mountains, the gray sage, the white dry alkali, the shimmer of heat waves, the shadow of cloud. All lay existant in stark materiality then as now. One thing only lacked in full measure; and that is the beauty I first mentioned. To such creatures as inhabit the waste its appearance corresponds solely with the response equipment of their kind. The lizard felt the warmth or the cold; became cognizant in its own way of such elements of its environment as suited its simple life, no more. The beasts that roam its plains saw each its own world in which veils of sunset, inspiration of shadow, appeal of space, of sun and mountain did not exist, except as such things represented material facts in their lives. The savage also, while a little more completely aware, still fell short of supplying, through his appreciation, the spirit of beauty which broods over those lands.

INCUBATOR BABY

by RUTH ASKUE

Of course you would be premature;
Couldn't wait to be complete
Before you came.
Look all unfinished around the edges.

So eager for life
I never yet
Saw your little bug-eyes closed.

More food!
More attention!
More loving!
Never enough of anything!

Be patient, little half-baked.
Just because you were in such a hurry
Have to put you in the incubator
And cook you a little more.

INCIDENT

Heard Along the Road

I NEVER DID pal up with nobody. That is, except Shorty. He was different. He was the best all around fellow I ever met on the road.

Oh, of course we had plenty of quarrels—you know—get sore at one another for some little petty reason. Maybe he'd say "Let's go over there." And I'd say "No, let's go over here." Then we'd go off in opposite directions, looking over our shoulders to see who'd give in first. One of us would always give in, but .we wouldn't speak to each other for an hour just the same.

When we'd first climb into a box car we'd be warm, maybe. And the first half hour we'd have the door open to watch the country go by in the night-time. After a while we'd get tired standing up looking out, and we'd go over to a corner and lie down. Sleep a couple of hours, and wake up about froze to death. Shivering.

If it was me who woke up maybe I'd light a match to see where Shorty was. Maybe he'd be awake, throwing his hands around trying to get warm. Maybe I'd hit him, just for fun, and to get warm. . . . Hit him and run. . . Then he'd try to run after me, feeling his way along the walls of the dark boxcar, reaching around for me. I'd be listening for him. Maybe he'd throw a stick to see where I was. It was a regular game —to keep warm.

After a while we'd almost be sweating. Then we'd sit down together and share a cigarette. When the cigarette was gone, maybe we'd fall asleep. And wake up in a couple of hours, and play the same old game all over again.

Shorty was easy to get on with. His mind run along the same lines as mine. He was always willing to take a chance. And he'd fight for you, whether you was right or wrong.

He come from Liverpool, and I couldn't help kidding him about his brogue. I'd have to call him a lime juicer. He'd always swing on me when I called him that, and I'd have to do a lot of ducking.

That was the only way to get him up when I'd catch him shivering in his sleep. When he'd find me in the same fix he'd call me a big stiff and tell me if I didn't get up he'd stamp hell out of me... .The little shrimp! ...

I met Shorty way up in Canada. We got together because Shorty made me laugh so hard at him that he had to laugh too.

He was working for some farmer up there in Ontario and must have had to borrow his work-clothes. Because when I caught sight of him he was the most ludicrous sight you ever seen. His shoes went flippety flop as he moved about the cowbarn cleaning it. His pants were folded up around his ankles three times, and even then they dragged in the manure. Over his shirt he had a smock that billowed about him like a badly reefed sail.

"What are you laughing at?" he growls at me—but I could only laugh louder. The fierce look in his humorous face, with his cap falling down over his eyes! ...He comes over to me and threatens to hit me if I don't leave off laughing. But he was so small you couldn't take him seriously.

All the same, by golly, the little shrimp hauls off and knocks a wallop into me. I guess I must have looked surprised, for then it was his turn to laugh. It was so comical to see the bulges of his tunic shaking that I had to laugh too. After that we got talking and he told me the farmer he was working for was a piker who wouldn't pay nothing but expected a man to work all day and every day. So I suggests that he come up with me to the harvest. The idea appealed to him right away and we jumped a northbound freight together.

We worked hard while the harvest was on. But it turned out bum. The winter came on too early, I guess.

We started to beat our way back to the States. Pretty soon we were dead broke. Up there in

Eastern Canada it's very poorly settled, and the small towns are very far apart. Our box car got shunted off at a small division. We went into the station to try and keep warm. It was snowing. There was a couple of inches of slushy snow on the concrete platform. Pretty soon a fast passenger train comes in.

So we started an argument as to whether we should ride the blinds of this passenger, or wait for our freight to go out at midnight. Shorty argued pretty strong for the passenger, so we decided we'd catch it.

Soon as it started we both began to run. I was about ten feet behind Shorty. The slushy snow on the concrete platform was so slippery it was hard to run.

I was several yards behind Shorty, and I seen him reach out and grab the handlebar on the head end of the baggage car, just behind the tender. It looked as if he was going to brace both feet and give himself a big boost. But his feet shot out from under him on the slippery snow, and he let go his hold. Now all I could see were his head and shoulders showing just above the platform. I didn't exactly know what had happened but I figured Shorty had missed the train, so I stopped running, and watched all the ten coaches going by. When the last coach had passed I looked and saw Shorty sitting on the tracks. The wheels had cut both legs off above the knee. I figured he must be dead.

Then I saw someone on the observation platform pull the signal chain. He had seen Shorty sitting on the tracks with his legs on the other rail. The train stopped.

The flagman climbed down and came running back to where Shorty was. Several passengers followed. A crowd gathered around him. I was kind of numbed I guess. I knew we'd never catch any more freight trains together.

It came over me all of a sudden that he was still alive. I could still talk to him. I shouldered may way through the crowd. One of the passengegrs had gone down on his knees and was holding Shorty's head on his lap.

I looked at Shorty's legs the other side of the track. Then I looked at his eyes. They were wide open and staring at me. I grabbed hold of his hand, and said it was too bad. Then I asked him if he wanted a cigarette. He said yes.

I started to roll him a cigarette, but one of the passengers handed him a tailor-made. So I bummed one too. I put it in my mouth, but never lit it.

The doctor came from somewhere. He knelt down by Shorty. He took two rubber tubes big around as my finger, and wrapped them around the stumps and tied knots with them. Then he got sticks and twisted the tubes until the blood stopped flowing out of the stumps. The bones were sticking out beyond the flesh in jagged points. The doctor wrapped some bandages around them so they wouldn't show. Shorty just kept staring at me.

A stretcher had been brought. They started to carry Shorty away. "Bring those shoes," said the doctor. No one else reached for them, so I went over and got Shorty's shoes with the feet still inside of them. Then I followed everybody to the hotel.

The doctor told the woman who ran the hotel to fix up a room for an operation. Then he took off his coat. I asked him what he wanted to do with the shoes. He unfolded a newspaper and held it out on his hands. I put Shorty's shoes with the feet in them onto the newspaper. The doctor folded the paper over them, and carried them into another room.

The crowd went away. Shorty had been taken upstairs, and I was left alone in the parlor. There was a big clock on the mantle. I set listening to it for fifteen or twenty minutes. Nobody came to ask me nothing.

I was just beginning to wonder what I should do when in comes the Sheriff. I could see him out in the hall talking to the woman who ran the hotel. I saw her pointing to me. "There's the man who was with him" she way saying.

The Sheriff comes in to where I was and asks if that was true and I says it was. Then he asks

how it happened. I told him the truth. But I couldn't tell him Shorty's name. I didn't know it myself. That seemed to make the Sheriff mad. Where was we going? To New York. Shorty had some friends in New York, and we thought we might get a job there. I was born in Texas. I wouldn't tell him where my folks lived 'cause I didn't want them to know I was nothing but a bum.

The Sheriff was disgusted 'cause I couldn't tell where Shorty's folks were. I had an idea they was all dead, but I couldn't be sure. Me not being able to tell him nothing about Shorty it ended that the Sheriff told me to come along and be locked up in the can till morning.

I was in the can for three days. I asked every day how Shorty was, but the jailor didn't seem to know. The third day they took me out and brought me over to the Sheriff's office. The Sheriff told me Shorty was dead.

He didn't ask me no more questions about Shorty. But where had I come from? Where was I going? Where was my folks? I told him a lie each time. It was the only way to make him stop asking questions.

The Sheriff said that he had asked Shorty a lot of questions just before he died, but hadn't been able to learn nothing, except that his folks was all dead in Liverpool and that he was going to New York, which was what I had told him. So the Sheriff said he'd let me go if I'd promise not to bum no more trains. He gave me a dollar and thirty cents as money to eat on until I got a job. He asked me if I really wanted to work, and I said of course I did. So he gave me a ticket to a saw-mill camp down the line, with a note to the boss.

Then he shook hands and wished me luck. I guess he hadn't figured I might like to say goodbye to Shorty before he died. He got the information about his folks in England, which was all he wanted, I guess.

When I got to the saw-mill camp it was just breaking daylight. I stood around awhile swinging my arms to keep warm. I wondered if Shorty could see me. Well, he wasn't there to fight with, anyway. It was still early in the winter. It would get colder still before long.

I heard the whistle of a fast express coming down from the North. It slowed down for the siding-signal. I jumped the blinds, and headed south. Better luck than Shorty.

TOWERS

by HOMER HENLEY

THE FAMOUS high-set on STONE TOWER its point of rough land stood looking out into the blue of the California sea.

Inside the gate a low stone house, and rounding its craggy corner, I came suddenly on a long, strange man with pale green eyes, looking sideways at me as wild and shy as if he looked out from a jungle. He spoke so low in pitch as to be scarcely heard.

We went into the stone house. Into a low-ceilinged living room with a great stone fireplace and wide, narrow windows like half-shut eyes; painted chromatically with old rugs, and hung with walls on walls of books.

Pictures of towers everywhere.

Robinson Jeffers is mad about towers—even more so than his wife. In Ireland they visited Yeats, who owns one—a Norman tower. But Jeffers wants to build still another on his property in Carmel, one like those high, round, and pointed Early Christian towers of old Ireland which date back to 600 A.D. The present tower he built with his own hands.

Jeffers was in corduroys with high laced boots and a short-sleeved, open-throated shirt. Under thick strong eyebrows, pale green eyes. The nose is high-bridged and thin, with a painful white tension in the winging of the nostril; and there are four mouths, none of which match.

That is to say, the four halves of his lips are four individuals, four women—all poets.

It may be that Jeffers would say with Balzac: "Alas! I can think only in print", for he talks haltingly, with painful quietness. His voice is so low that unless one would constantly ask repetition, many of the words are lost in his slow, soft drip of phrase.

We chatted quietly, Jeffers smoking innumerable cigarettes, occasionally changing off to a blackened briarwood pipe, and then back to the nervous transience of the cigarette. A long, lean and flat figure, six feet of him flung in sharp angles in his chair; long, bare arms trailing down; and a long bare neck balancing a floating head of beauty and power.

Once having seen the actual man it becomes humanly impossible to ever again read a line he has written without seeing Robinson Jeffers himself drift with your eye under the print.

Here is a cross-section of the half-heard, inconsequent, flickerings of Jeffers words:

"I think. . . . I began to like poetry at sixteen. . . . Curiously enough, at one time I was fondest of Rossetti. . . . After that came Swinburne. . . . " (Silence.) "Yes, I make money by poetry. . . . considerable money; not enough for a livelihood. My father left me . . . . a small competence . . . (whispers), but I have always found that those poets who wrote solely for rewards, usually disappeared in the foams of their own futilities." (Forty-five seconds silence.) ". . . . Long fallow times when I do not write at all; but even so, I work fairly regularly and steadily. . . . in the mornings . . . fully fifteen lines a day . . . . I think. . . . yes, that is a large output. . . . for me, at least. . . . Philosophy? Well, of course, one goes through much in earlier years. . . . Schoepenhauer, and even Kant, and a lot more. . . . Nietzche meant a lot.... (Meditative silence.) . . . That group: Yeats, Synge, George Moore—and Æ., ... interesting . . . . rather wonderful in their way. . . . music makers too. . . . I dislike most music . . . but like ballads . . . music-poetry . . . . wife plays the piano and that little organ . . . plays ballads on the organ—no doesn't sing, just plays . . . . (Silence.) ". . . No new work, no, not just now . . . waiting." (Long silence.) This land fits me . . . Carmel . . . its moods of weather . . . and the mountains and sea.... And I have a feeling for these stark children of a wild soil . . . almost Biblical in the directness of their passions, this Grecian sunlight, antique blue sky . . . this god-haunted peninsula. Back "there in the hills it is savage and lonely . . . I know wild places, beautiful and brutal . . . strange they are . . . on one high, desolate mountain-backbone I found a witless farmer who had innumerable hives of bees; millions of gold-velvet things filling the air. There were no flowers there, so he fed them on sugar! Think of it! Keeping bees on sugar. I watched them for hours. . . When I went, the farmer's insane cat followed me, screaming ... I mean just that —it was not a cat-cry at all; it was like a mad woman screaming . . . it followed me for miles through that desolation. . . . .

Silence.

He spoke with affection and admiration of many poets, among them Edna St. Vincent Millay, who had visited him the week before.

"She was lovely... moved with long, slender elegance about this room like a gracious shade stepped from another age . . . yes .. . she was quite lovely . . . and sweet and brilliant, a marvelous talker with a perfectly trained mind."

Through the open windows came the hissing of waves on the dazzling white beach; and, tipping up the horizon toward it, the wide stretch of Carmel's blue-burning sea.

"Don't you want to see the tower? . . . We love it; but we are thinking eagerly of the new

and bigger one we mean to build on the lower end of the property . . . .my wife and the boys are quite mad about it and I am afraid I am too... . I suppose we are all a bit mad about something . . . my wife is especially mad about unicorns, curious isn't it? —she collects them . .. there is a copy of one on that bookshelf made in read sealing-wax from a famous bit of modeling in the British Museum . . . she has them in old prints and in coats-of-arms and in intaglios—oh, yes! . . . and she collects old intaglio seals ... here is one with a finely cut coat-of-arms—and here is another with three unicorns graven with miraculous delicacy ... I like them, too. . . . Shall we go up the tower?

We went "up the tower".

A difficult, narrow staircase, built around the surface of its cylinder (steps two feet high, each one made of a heavy block of stone, granular as rough sand-paper, washed by the seas of a thousand years), to a landing. Off the landing a short, heavy wooden door with cross-pieces. We stepped two feet down into a tiny room with an alcove beyond. A room of many deep-set wall-niches. In the niches, books; and a small carved-wood Madonna in a niche all to herself, with votive offerings of dried flowers and a tiny lamp at her feet.

Up more stairs to another landing with a built-in seat and a stone balustrade. Then three seven-league steps up immensely tall stone blocks to the circular platform on the very top of the tower.

A panorama of astonishing beauty—a ramp of high, green mountains; the painted village of Carmel; in the near distance, lush valleys and herds; beyond, the noble prow of Point Lobos; and ringing the landless Southern horizon the eternal blue wonder of that impossible summer sea.

Well could he say with Miguel de Unamuno: "When I go forth in the morning and my tower says to me: 'Here am I!' I, beholding it, say to it: 'Here am *I."*

APOLOGIES ARE DUE

ISOBEL FIELD, the authoress of "A Serious Article" in the last DUNE FORUM. We did not make a single mistake in our introductory note concerning her, but five ! —something of a record in so short a notice. ***Teuila,*** for instance, does not mean "White Duck", but "Decorator". The nickname was given her by the Samoans because of her love of decorating their women with trinkets, and their love of her in consequence. She was not "immortalized" by her stepfather, Robert Louis Stevenson, in the "Vailima Letters", but acted as his amanuensis in the writing of them. Mrs. Stevenson, furtheremore, did not buy ***Serena*** for her old age, nor did she die there. It was a combination of her love for fishing and a wharf out to the kelp beds that was the reason for her choice.

I ASK YOU QUESTIONS

by WILLIAM SHEPPARD SPARKS

THERE SEEM to be two powers, or laws, governing the universe: *creation, destruction.* You affirm *God is love,* but *God is also hate.* We not only love, bring forth new progeny, creating a new world, but we destroy, eat the old to preserve the new. Love and life cannot exist, without coincident terrorizing, unfeeling, ruthless butchery. There are positive and negative. Night and day. God and Lucifer. Polarity in everything. Is God alone love?

Billy has t. b. spine. The t. b. germs being hungry eat Billy. Let us accept God, the creator. He made both t. b. germs and Billy; both are life. Yet he opposes one to the other. The higher becomes food for the lower. In the eyes of our set-up God, is not one as important as the other?

I catch a rooster in the chicken-coop and cut his head off. The head falls to the ground, the unblinking eye turned uppermost, seems to be vastly puzzled at what is happening. I fling the body to the ground, it jerking and jumping, spouting blood all over the place, the gory, headless neck extended. I am the personified guillotine. Later we eat the chicken for dinner. Exactly so! We survive by devouring the fowl. Why not eat vegetables? Vegetation is life, as well, though admittedly without sensation. Seeing these things as they are, shall we yet postulate God is love? The underlying principle is regard? The decree is not only sentiency, but also its abolition. There are two elementals running through the cosmos: The plus and the minus.

I step on a cockroach, it cracks, the white "insides" burst forth sickeningly, making a smear on the floor. The shell, the external skeleton, is left. Another death and I, the killer—I smash every one I see. The insects are not consciously hurting anyone. They are merely living their lives in their own way. The crime, for which they must be killed is that they infest this place and are obnoxious to me; they suggest dirt, they possibly carry disease. Is my caprice sufficient arbiter of their lives and deaths? Are life and death of such little importance everywhere that they can be subject merely to whim?

The 79th Division, while yet in training, was reviewed by President Wilson in Baltimore. Bands played, flags waved, cheering crowds lined the streets. July 8th they sailed for France. . . . That is past; now the Hearst Sunday papers carry war-blind-in-one-eye Floyd Gibbons' pictures of the World Conflict: Horrible sights of the distorted dead, victims of the struggle. American, German, Austrian, French, Russian, Italian hordes of the dead in every conceivable form of mutilated ghastliness. The unburied, rotten, stinking dead. The truth is being told, at last, fifteen years after. The 79th was broken to pieces at Montfaucon and the heights east of the Meuse. Lives thrown away to the idol of country. Each nation offering its living sacrifice; each praying to the God of them *all* for victory. Each thinking it right. What a paradox! What a conception of God! If there is this All-Good-God, this God-Is-Love—why would He permit so hideous a nightmare as war to besmirch the earth? We have free will? But this Perfect-God could have made his people so that they would have behaved to an ethical pattern, as well as created them with free will to run its gamut inflicting unspeakable cruelty. Where can we find God who is only love?

The male human flings forth 200 to 500 million spermatozoa at each ejaculation. One is destined to survive, to be absorbed by the egg-cell, the others die. Nature operates surely on a plan of death. Unnumbered billions perish like sparks in the night, without a chance to live, in wholesale masses of destruction, two or three alone profiting, at the expense of the many. Does any Supreme Graciousness take heed?

There are minus and plus. Hate and love. Devil and God. Is not horror equally present with tenderness?

SPRING HAS COME

by HUGO SEELIG

Spring has come;
after the equinox the sun moves northward,
the earth turns toward spring;
sands after the rain are olive-green.
Tips of willow buds are plum-coloured but
in the heart is joy beyond the surety of
spring,
beyond the intensity of colour after the rain,
beyond foreknowledge that the shell-tinted
gilis will appear
in a few months....
No flaring of torches can signal this joy,
nor seonic leap of starlight.
Isolated yellow oxalis in the grass are just as
futile
as white stars between tree branches—
or blue intervals of sky
with chrism of light on clouds
which snares the light of the celestial sun,
and hints at this inner rapture.
Spring has come,
dance of children's bodies naked on green lawns,
is as futile to embody this inner rapture
as the whirl of torn bits o f twigs and grass,
draining into a sumphole in the sands—
This bliss was *elder than the earth,*
Before Earth was—this IS.

EVEN THIS

by EDNA CLARE VAN ORMAN

Silver the aspen, the balsams quiver,
Alone in the dark wood birches shiver,
Birches shiver and sized a sound
Like water rivering under the ground.

Gaunt grey ghosts in the spectral light
Weave,weave, anything at all—
A dream to tangle your hair one night,
The eerie echo of a night owl's call,
Anything at all, anything at all,
Anything, anything, anything at all.

SEA CHANGE

by DOROTHY DE WITT

I cried, "I cannot bear this changing tide!"
Unstable, restless, swift, unchanging change!
At morning pink, with sweet fresh flush sky-
wide,
At night cold grey. (Traversed the whole long
range
The while I wept and wondered, holding out
An empty hand, lest all should pass *me by.)*
Alone, a lonely figure, would I shout
Into the infinite heavens, to the sky:
The "Change" that is is "me!" . . . Contrite I stand,
Head bowed: I held a rainbow in my hand....

SO MANY POETS SING

by G. A.

So many poets sing
0f cherubim and seraphim
And ecstasy beyond the world's desire,
And fire beyond the rim
0f the universe's unimaginable ring. ...

But I would sing
Of some near, simple thing
That one can see and touch and smell
And listen to the beating swell
And pulsing of its heart
Even tho it may depart
At the sounding of a vesper bell.

The macrocosm is beyond the scope
Of my present mind, beyond hope
Of understanding, prisoned as I am
Within this mineral dam
Of incarnated light.
I do not see why I should fight,
Nor even grope my way
Thru darkness, being myself a ray
From sources beyond the ken of emperor or
pope.

The microcosm, Man, is a reflection
0f God Himself within the mirror of perfection
That suits my limited capacity;
And in a single human I can see
Enough to make me wonder at the majesty
0f God, and even in a clod
Of earth I find enough to marvel in
To make me lose all sense of sin.

Below me lies the infinitely small.
Above me lies the infinitely tall.
I find my Self is neither tall nor small.
Infinity stretches below me, and above
Stretches infinity, and love
Is infinite within me to encompass all.
I take no glory in being more perfect than the mole,
Yet neither do I grovel before some higher soul
In abject dustiness—for dust and the sun
And I and Christ are one
Within the round perfection of the Whole!

BEAUTY

by MARIE DE L. WELCH

Beauty is not a house,
Not a wall,
Not a suit of soft steel;
No haven, no cover,
None at all.

It is in all things,
It is not alone.
It is in all things
And it cannot turn
T o be a safeguard against any one.

Wear armour of a flame
Against the heat, or build
A house of rain against the cold,--
Or take beauty
For cover in the world.

PAN AWARE

by RUTH ASKUE

I'm a hundred ones this May morn
pulling every ecstatic way.
Feet strongly suggest scampering
the whole trill of yonder hill.

Ears grown elephant to catch
the mystic veery magic.
Nostrils quivering to growing things, fragrance
set free by just-passed showers.

Hand straying to head finds horns with unsurprise
even, reaching about, knows where pipe lies...

Whence I've hied from, where I'm bound for,
what's the difference?

Me and sunrise are going to set discerning humans
Mad with beauty-longing in a minute.

SEA SYMPHONY

by ROBERT PALFREY UTTER, JR.

Over the sea the wind rolls, heavily climbing
The steep, slant sea-hills loosely shambling onward
Under the clouds. The sun's eye like a fighter's
Blinks through the narrow-slitted cloud-lids menacingly,
Spangling a few blown wave-crests with a shiver
0f icy, pallid silver. All else is gray,
Grim, gaunt, and lightless. The lofty cloud-rivers
Reach like interminable sword-blades down
The paths of sky above the paths of foam,
Streamed by blind pathless winds. The lunging herds
0f dark, blown, leaden seas stride toweringly,
Froth-fanged and ranging purposeless and wild
Through shoreless dusk, sparse lit with icy glints,
Bitter and dead, flung from a truculent heaven,
Frail, shattered ghosts, that wince and shudder out
Before the winter of primeval night.

A LETTER TO RODERICK WHITE

THANKS for the DUNE FORUM. I liked your article. It makes sense. And could there be a better representative of modern music than Mr. John Cage, whoever he may be, who evidently doesn't know where he is at, nor where he is going, nor what anything is about.

I contend that the only modern art that is really beautiful—broadly speaking—is sculpture and architecture. And this is probably because of the media in which architects and sculptors necessarily work. Their stuff is subject to the law of gravity and *must* have equilibrium, or it topples over. Music, paint and literature have no such limitations, and if they represent and reflect life now, as I am afraid they do, it means that our civilization has lost its equilibrium and is tottering to its fall—like many another before it.

Modern music and modern pictures particularly, give me exactly the same reactions, mental and physical, that standing for a long time with my body out of balance does. I come away tired mentally and physically from a subconscious effort to find equilibrium. Sculpture and architecture may bore me, but they never tire me in that peculiar way. It took me a long time to figure out why, but it's because they have equilibrium. The other arts are trying to defy natural law, and it can't be done successfully. They'll have to find balance or fall.

MARGARET CAMERON

A LETTER FROM RODERICK WHITE

DEAR GAVIN: A propos of the February DUNE FORUM with my article on music:

I did not think much of John Cage's rebuttal —not because it was trying to refute but because it was futile. In many instances he expressed irrelevant ideas which I also agree with, viz:

"I think of music not as self-expression, but as Expression."And the sentence following that one, and the one following that, and his concluding paragraph. I could have added all that myself to my own article.

Where he says that performers don't suddenly become sublime at 8:30 p.m. I consider him partial. They do exactly that! By exerting themselves as mystics as well as craftsmen they are not only more apt to become so, but accentuate that sublimity which they already possess by consciously cooperating with the unseen forces, constructively and intelligently.

His description of how he composes, classifies him as an intellectual and his statement, "It is singularly intelligible as an example of critical unintelligibility" is just one of those smart phrases that is itself what it tries to say about something else!

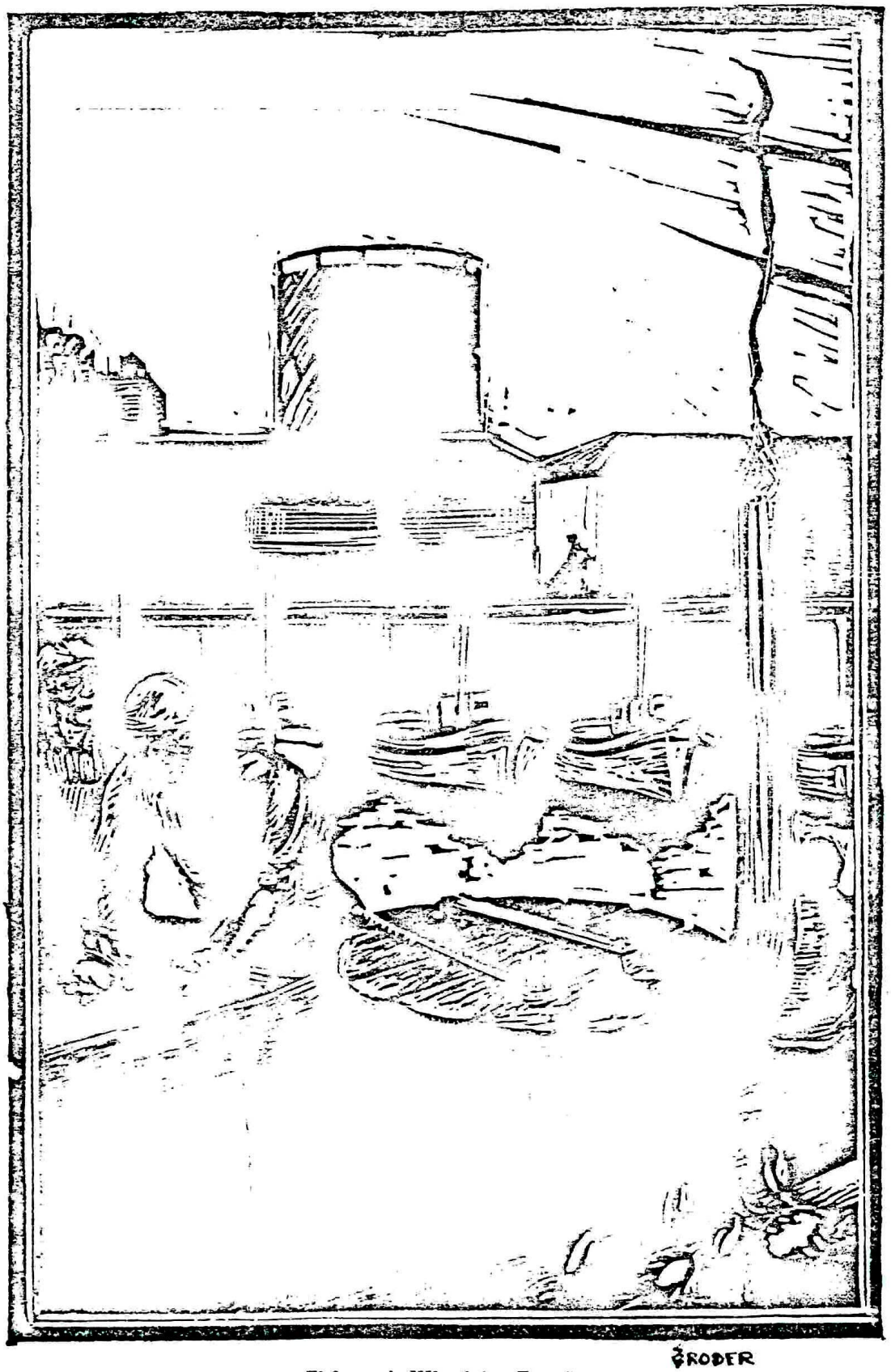
However, I now come to the great point of this letter, which is: I strongly disapprove of the policy of taking two points of view and setting one to attack or refute the other. First a valid article is presented. Then a person of the opposite faith is set to attack it.

Why not present *both* points of view in separate articles, make each a rounded, complete, and representative whole, then let people choose which they like and select from each that which is congenial. Or, print in one issue one point of view and in the next the other. But as it is it arouses argument and dissension, often misunderstanding and destroys or confuses whatever of good a layman may have derived of food for thought or future experience from what might very well have been good provender.

I hope I make emphatically clear the difference between juxtaposition and refutation. That is my whole point. Otherwise I like what you have been doing very much.

Yours with best greetings ever,

RODERICK WHITE



Fishermen's Wharf, San Francisco

RADICAL TRENDS

A Functional Survey

by DUNHAM THORP

WHEN, through over-population and the birth of a new ruler, the economy of a bee-hive becomes unbalanced in the spring, swarming starts. There is no argument. One queen and a portion of the workers leave a place where they cannot function, and find one where they can. When it happens that they have discovered a new home in advance, comb-making and honeygathering—the productive functions—are well started under the new order before the close of the same day they left the old. It is as orderly and free from waste effort as the unfolding of a bud.

In man's affairs, however, change is not handled in this efficient manner. Growth is more painful. When we reach a point of emergence —a major change—we find ourselves lined up for fratricidal war.

We have reached a point, today, where it is becoming increasingly evident to a growing number of people that the capitalist system as we have known it must be changed. Examination seems to show that there are organic failures in the system. That the trend of the growth of debt, for instance, is to outstrip and swallow the growth of wealth, on which it must be based. Such a condition is obviously analogous to a cancer. Yet the debt structure is a major organ of capitalism and cannot be surgically removed without the death of that system. It can, by a painful process, be reduced. But this process cannot be too often repeated without serious danger. Once it is started, it has a strong tendency to get out of hand. We have, by reducing its value, sought to stabilize our dollar; but news from the financial markets, as I write this, shows that it is still in imminent danger of requiring further devaluation if we are not to face another drain of gold. The country is living, at the moment, by a mortgaging of the future. Tremendous bond issues have been floated to finance NR- and the various other -A's. Who thinks that this debt will be repaid, if at all, in dollars of the same value as those borrowed? Are we not compounding, rather than solving, our problem by this process?

It must be remembered, too, that debt is only one of the major breakdowns that we face. Equally destructive under a system that cannot handle them are such things as the cumulative increase of technological unemployment, and the organic imbalance inherent in an unplanned and uncontrolled *laissez-faire*.

Faced with such facts as these, a growing percentage of our people are questioning the advisability of palliatives and patch-work—of treating the old system at all. It is within our power to inaugurate an entirely new method of control. It is not my purpose, in this article, to sketch more than the arguments in favor of such a change. Assuming for the sake of argument a fact that is becoming more and more self-evident (that we have reached an historical point where change is indicated), it is my purpose to examine the various new hives that are offered us for tenancy, the differences in the paths leading to them, and the conditioning factors that will most likely determine the choice of one rather than the other.

Faced with a necessity of change, it would seem that the most reasonable and efficient thing would be simply to make the change and go on to the new without disorder or loss of breath. To emulate the bees, and start production under the new order before the close of the same day we left the old.

It is not, however, as simple and instinctive a process as that with us. When we approach a crisis we are like the bees, in that tremendous forces are let loose that move us deeply. Unlike them, however, these forces are not harmonious. Instead of affecting all people at the same time and in like degree and focusing to the one end of accomplishing the necessary transition, they

come in leaps and lags and with negative as well as positive expression.

Long before the point of necessity, a fore-echoing of the forces looking toward change begins to manifest itself. As it is ahead of its time, it is largely impotent, and beats ineffectually against the inertia of the great mass of the people who are interested almost exclusively in the balanced processes of living under a system that is still preponderantly healthy and tenable. At this time the drag from the past, the reactionary force, exerts a healthy and conserving discipline. Gradually, however, the balance shifts. What the arguments of the radicals could not effect, the changed conditions do. At a certain point the scales tip and the weight of inertia is on the other side. It is at this point that a transfer could most effectively be made. A transfer either before or after this point is a dislocation of the natural rhythm. The amount of violence and destruction attending such a transfer is almost mathematically proportioned to the degree of such dislocation. Insofar as either the radicals or reactionaries succeed in disturbing the time element, they cause harm. The harm caused by a too-long holding back, however, is apt to be greater than that occasioned by a too-hasty thrusting forward, because in the first instance the disturbed forces intensify, while in the second they tend to dissipate. In other words, "too soon" tends to approach "now", while "too late" continues away from it.

So much for an examination of the general forces operating in the background.

When, today, an individual approaches his particular "now" he is apt to be confused by the seeming diversity of prospects opened to him and the lack of agreement among those who would lead him forward. Communism, Technocracy, Social Credit, and Sinclair's EPIC all seem to shout with equal vehemence that they are the one and only way. After a bit, however, the contest largely simmers down to Communism against the field.

Technocracy is, in large part, an American development of the English Social Credit system and both groups draw ideas quite congenially from each other. The main difference between the two is that Social Credit is more willing to compromise, and plans to start its operations within the frame-work of the old order. Technocracy, under certain circumstances, might do likewise, but it would shorten the transition period to the minimum.

With Sinclair, likewise, Technocracy finds a working agreement possible. While the EPIC plan is admittedly only a charting of first steps, the Technocrats feel that it is as much as they can expect at the present time within the boundaries of a single state. For this reason, and because they believe that insofar as Sinclair succeeds he will educate people and make them more receptive to their own program, the Technocrats have officially endorsed the ex-Socialist's candidacy for governor in California.

In their attitude to the "social engineering" of the President, too, these groups are not blindly antagonistic. It is their plan to support or fight him on the intrinsic merits of his different acts. They do not deny that he has led people forward to a point where they are more receptive to the idea of a completely new set-up. And it has been said for him that the publicity given Technocracy has made his own job easier.

Technocracy may, therefore, I think, be used as a spokesman for this group. All the others (except Roosevelt, the full extent of whose position is not known), tend in the same direction, and admit of something approaching a Technocracy as the ultimate goal to be sought.

In direct opposition to Technocracy stand Fascism and Communism. As Fascism is a reactionary and not a progressive expression, we will leave it out of consideration for the moment. To a hardshelled Communist, Technocracy is as much anathema as Capitalism, and is fought as bitterly. The supposed fundamental cleavages between the two systems—once they have gained power and start to function—are three in number. First, Communism would de-

rive its power from a dictatorship of the proletariat, while Technocracy plans a society without class distinctions. Second, Communism sees each country as merely a unit in a larger international whole, while Technocracy is national, or continental, in scope. Third, Communism would interlock the political and economic controls, while Technocracy would keep them separate.

Such differences seem to me more apparent than real, and of less importance than the fundamental similarities of socialized ownership and a planned economy. First, it would be well, when speaking of a dictatorship of the proletariat, to define the term "proletariat". It is an imported word, and does not have the same clear-cut application in this country as in those from whence it came. Class lines are so merged in America that a large, probably the preponderant, section of workers are more truly bourgeois in their outlook. In addition, the white-collar group forms so large a portion of the whole in this country that it cannot be disregarded. No matter what their theory, the Communists will be forced to base their power on a foundation sufficiently broad to sustain it. Faced with these facts, many Communists try to broaden the definition of "proletariat" until it is synonymous with "workers". If this is done all difference with Technocracy disappears. For in the latter system, too, the workers (which means everyone, except those exempted for disability, age-limits, etc., who would be given the same status) would be the only ones not only to vote but eat.

Secondly, the question as to whether a country will be international or national in outlook, will probably be determined more by the force of circumstance than by theory. Russia has proved sufficiently nationalistic to fight tooth and nail for the same territorial considerations as did the czars. Technocracy, being a native, rather than an imported movement, subscribes to the historic American attitude of being self-sufficient and steering clear of entangling alliances. As this is the traditional attitude of our people, it is probable that even Communism would have to approach it—at least as closely as red Russia has approached the policies of the czars, and until that day when all the world is sovietized.

In the third instance (the unification of political and economic control), too, Russia has been forced to pull in her horns. The hard-boiled necessities of her five-year plans have forced her to relegate political considerations to second place in the choosing, for instance, of factory managers. Under Technocracy, the economic fabric would be put in charge of technological experts, but the political set-up could be approximately the one we have today and have never yet given a fair trial.

It will, in fact, probably be found that, no matter what road we travel, we will come out at very much the same place in the end. It seems to me that even Fascism, after sowing and reaping its whirlwind, will arrive at the same destination. At first glance, of course, Fascism and Communism seem as the poles apart; and it is true that their motives and desires are largely so opposed. If Fascism gains power at all, it will be as the last-ditch stand of Capitalism. But once in power it will be under the same compulsions as any other system, and will be forced to modify itself in exactly the same way. While its ideology is tangled up with race-prejudice, and other emotional appeals for power, the kernel of reality it contains lies in the fact that it will produce a strongly centralized state with balanced parts, a planned economy and a socially disciplined people. All of these are necessary steps on the road that we must travel, no matter whose shoes we wear. In addition, the repressive measures Fascism habitually uses, wedded to its retrograde economic elements, will inevitably forge a hard-bitten opposition ready to seize control by violence at the first sign of faltering.

So far in this analysis little difference has been found between the different radical groups.

There is, however, one fundamental one (at least at present), and that is the bitterness and violence implied in the concept of the class-struggle.

Technocracy, in its present stage, is a system designed for a transfer at that point of "now" mentioned earlier in this article. Seeking simply to accomplish a job that it feels must be done, it seeks to do it with a minimum of disorder. Communism, on the other hand, is designed for a transfer at the point of "too late". Its doctrine of the class-struggle would then meet an emotional need that would demand expression. Fascism, it might be remarked, is an expression of reactionary forces designed to drive "too late" further still.

It is self-evident, I think, that it would be better if both extremes could be avoided. The accession to power of either Fascism or Communism would probably be accompanied by violence and sabotage (though the initial violence of Fascism might be less if it were accomplished by a sudden coup). There is a real danger that a violent revolt would sign the death-warrant for large groups of the movement's own sympathizers, as well as those in opposition. Cities such as New York and Chicago are far too delicate in their adjustments to withstand the suspension of major services such as water, power and transport. Suffering would be indiscriminate. In all probability, only the actual organized forces, on each side, would escape its worst effects. Following from this, in addition, would be a loss of wealth and need of rebuilding that would be unnecessary if a transfer could be made in a more efficient and less emotional manner. Furthermore, and it strikes me that this is the most important point of all (and more so for Fascism than Communism), the releasing of such forces of bitterness and hate would continue to echo in repressive measures and never give the new system a chance to start in equilibrium. Throughout history we have had a swinging of the pendulum from one extreme to the other. Excess has always bred its counterpart, and there is no reason to think that we will differ in this from other ages.

To sum up, it would appear that it is not the forms that are important so much as the forces that play through them. Motives and theories often act in reverse when conditioning factors are not given sufficient weight. We have only recently been given an excellent illustration of this fact. Pacificism, with its world-dream of peace, was effective enough in this country to lead Japan to feel that she had a freer hand in Manchuria than she might otherwise have thought. And if she backs down now from her threats of war with Russia and ourselves, it will be because of militaristic preparations made to meet her. We are thus faced, in this instance, with the seeming paradox of pacificism breeding war, and militarism maintaining peace. It is such processes that we must seek to understand.

Because Communism has seemed alien to the normal temper of our people, for instance, does not prove that they might not choose it at an abnormal time. The Communists may well be instinctively right in their stressing of class-hatred and bitterness. If the pressures become sufficient, prophets of violence will be sitting pretty. At such a time, even an as yet peaceful system, such as Technocracy, would be forced to respond to the people's temper.

At the present moment, in this country, the question of change is roiling around in much the same way as prohibition at the time when Hoover thought the country still preponderantly dry. It may change overnight and crystallize as rapidly as repeal—minus the braking affect of the legal machinery then existing. If, and when, it does, as we have seen, the methods it will employ will be dictated, not by theories, but by the temper of the people, which in turn will be determined by the pressures to which they respond. Aside from direct repression, such pressures are largely dependent on the element of time. The more the delay, and the more people are forced to suffer, the greater will be the retribution.

TOO HUMAN TO BE GOOD

EDITOR OF DUNE FORUM: Your magazine, if it takes any side at all (which it is not supposed to) leans perhaps left, not toward Communism, but toward that nebulous cloud of political utopianism known variously as "Technocracy", "Social Credit" or "New Economics".

All of these panaceas seem fine enough on paper. But would they work—human nature being as it is? We hear the phrase: "when the creation of money is taken out of private hands. . ." Into whose hands would it go? Who is going to handle this "Government credit"? Who is going to distribute this "National Dividend"? To whom will be entrusted the delicate task of "Price Fixing" which is the essential corollary of all these schemes?

Is not the horrid example of how the finances of great cities like New York or Chicago are handled by those in power enough to prove the danger of such a system? Supposing we admit that money ought not to be in itself of value, but merely a convenient symbol like kilowatts or amperes—who is going to decide on its amount or destination? Moreover, the average man is incapable of dealing with the abstract. When he sells a bit of land, he wants in exchange something he can see and touch, and know is rare and desirable—like gold, the immemorial symbol, or at least a piece of paper he can trade for gold on demand. Look what happened to paper marks and roubles as soon as it became apparent that there was no gold to back them up.

Here is the point. Your indictment of the present economic system is perhaps just. But how can we help to *bring about* this new order of which you show us such tantalizing glimpses?

Why don't you devote one or two issues to the outline of a *specific plan—in* which the weaknesses of human nature are accounted for, and the means of proper distribution are put above the obvious possibility of graft, favoritism, and greed for power?

It is all very well to say that the government is to have the distribution of wealth—but a government, like a bank, is made up of human beings. At present, it is true that the heads of government are servants of the bankers, but if you transfer the money-creating power to the government—how can we be sure that the bankers, whose peculiarly powerful mentalities are such that they pull the strings behind the scenes as it is, will not continue to do so?

In other words, isn't the human stage filled with archetypes of active and passive forces—masters and slaves, creditors and debtors, rich and poor? What possible system could there be that would prevent these forces from functioning according to their nature—the financial genius from monopolizing whatever form of money there is, the poor sheep whose nature it is to get sheared from getting sheared?

We in the sand dunes have escaped the general shearing simply because we are goats instead of sheep. We have escaped because there is no particular value to our hides. And so we have created a little utopia for ourselves in which none of us wishes to be leader because we are each too busy creating—poetry, woodcarving, wine-making, as the case may be—and because there is no problem of "keeping up with the Joneses". But you must admit we are not good examples of average people.

Anyhow, we can look on from a place of peculiar vantage while the rest of the world allows itself to be shorn by the International Bankers. But from this place of vantage we can see also that even these bankers are killing the goose that lays the golden egg. And even for us—it will be a lonely world if we have no more poor sheep to laugh at, no more bulls and bears to thumb our noses at and to pity from the bottom of our hearts.

A DUNITE

NEITHER BRICKBATS NOR BOUQUETS

DEAR GAVIN ARTHUR: This will be the first breath you have heard from me since you launched the DUNE FORUM. And my silence has been purposeful, for I have been all ears and eyes, absorbing the many splendid and sincere viewpoints of your contributors.

I think the FORUM is doing a fine thing in offering a sharing-ground for all dynamic Ideals—though to some it seems to be a sort of storage shed for mental T.N.T. Still, even considered in this light, I feel it has a very important place in establishing the proper conditions for the building of our New Age. Before there can be any constructive building, much dynamics are needed to tear away old worn-out customs and prejudices and until a considerable tearing down process is accomplished, the corner stone of the new building cannot be permanently laid.

Also stability can only come as a result of cooperation. There must be some integral ideal holding any organization together. There must be a fundamental underlying purpose, if there is to be continuity of progress along any definite line.

I think your FORUM would be more constructive if you allowed each contributor only to express his own opinion, and allowed the reader to draw his own conclusions from the wealth of contrast. In this way you will avoid unnecessary antagonisms and arguments among the writers, who might use your otherwise constructive FORUM as a battling ground! No good can come from argument; no artist sees a subject from the same angle anyway—so argument is really futile.

I do not mean for this to be an unkind criticism, but really want to know what your *purposes* are, towards some definitely growing direction.

I get a genuine thrill out of the varied articles of your magazine, and send you greetings. More power for your enterprise. Sincerely,

JEAN TOWNSEND WHITE

DEAR DUNHAM : I am sorry if I misstated your position on immortality and glad if we are in accord on that subject.

Yet I am not so sure that you got my point. What I got from your criticism of Mr. Clark's piece on immortality is summed up in the following (quoted from your criticism):

"Wisdom, tolerance, compromise and prejudice; inventions, masterpieces, systems of law and theft. These things have no bearing outside the artificial world man has drawn about him, the world of human relationships."

But that is where I take issue with you. In my letter I attempted to prove that these qualities developed by man have definitely a bearing outside of the world of human relationships by becoming part of an intellectual and emotional. environment that will mold not only men's affairs but, through selection, their very germ plasm. And that, if you please, transcends not only men's affairs but man himself.

Man and ape branched out from some common, insectiverous, lemur-like ancestor. What reason have we to believe that the branching process of evolution has ceased and that from man there will not branch other forms, some to die out and others to grow and reach heights of consciousness undreamed by man?

You see, my point is that such human qualities as wisdom, tolerance, selfishness, etc., (which I think can all be successfully reduced to the two headings "love" and "hate"), have an effect on and a survival in not merely human life but the main life stream itself, from which, in the future, forms other and more conscious than the human may emerge. They become part of the germ plasm from which may be formed not only humans but subhumans, superhumans and finally nonhumans.

I hope I have made myself clear and that we are still in accord. Best wishes,

"ED" MANNHEIM

TRADE UNION OF ARTISTS & WRITERS

by **CHARLES COP POCK**

BUILT AROUND the modern conception of the economic foundations of the arts and of all culture generally, the Artists and Writers Union of San Francisco stands as a unique organization with a history remarkable enough to warrant the attention of every Californian artist and writer and the cultured public generally.

Several months before the advent of the Public Works of Art Project in the Bay Region the Artists and Writers Union was initiated by a group of leading San Francisco writers and artists on a program demanding either Municipal or Federal aid to artists and writers and was chiefly instrumental in spreading the PWAP jobs as soon as the Regional Committee was set up.

Throughout the existence of the PWAP the Union handled all questions of representation between the Artists employed and the Regional Committee, and adjusted all wage cuts and complaints. At the recent National Conference of the PWAP Regional Committees in Washington, the Artists and Writers Union was the only organization in the country which submitted a comprehensive program for rehabilitating the literary and plastic arts on both a local and a national scale.

Initiated last October with a membership of fifteen the Union has grown to over a hundred, including many leading artists and writers in the Bay Region, on the Peninsula and in Carmel.

Within the last two months, with the breakdown of the PWAP, the Union has taken advantage of the Federal Emergency Educational Program to provide employment to thirteen of its unemployed members as instructors in a comprehensive school in the literary and plastic arts under the Union's direction.

With the recent establishment of a large headquarters at 325 Kearny Street in San Francisco, the Union is rapidly developing plans for enlarging its school, establishing a permanent exhibition in its headquarters and a show at the Legion of Honor Palace. It will shortly issue a monthly magazine of local, national, and international scope, and develop a wide campaign of publicity and organization which will affect the whole life of the arts, at least on a local and state scale.

The Artists and Writers Union is sympathetic to the entire militant labor movement, and is pledged to take active part in all issues affecting the working class as a whole, both cultural and industrial, and to work aggressively toward advancing and protecting all their interests.

SOCIAL CREDIT

Short Outline

by M. P. WELCH

ALL PREAMBLES about our depression boil down to the simple statement that no one has enough money in his pockets. And insufficient purchasing-power being a fact, the patch-repair reforms that are being tried are obviously futile—raising prices of commodity goods only picks the pockets of the poor; financing the masses by means of private or public work fails to care for the millions of unemployed; increasing taxation or issuing more government bonds only redistributes the existing insufficiency. A system must be found to finance the consumer, employed or not, with new credit without raising the prices of the goods he wants to buy. Social Credit provides a plan for such a system of which the important headlines can be summarized as follows:

I. THE CONSUMER MUST BE FINANCED RATHER THAN THE PRODUCER, because, contrary to the beliefs of the past, the financing of Production does *not* distribute wages, salaries, divi-

dends, in sufficient quantity to enable the community to buy back Production's goods. And this is because Production attempts to recover in retail price two kinds of payments, only one of which has provided income to the community, the two kinds of payments being: (1) the wages, salaries and dividends disbursed in the present cycle of production; (2) all expenses incurred in past cycles, such as charges for plant, deterioration, loans, overhead; but—and this must be emphasized—No. I payments alone disburse purchasing-power, No. 2 the fixed charges, are nobody's income. So the workers of the community, having in hand only a fraction of total retail prices, can only buy back that fraction. The unemployed, having not even a part of that fraction, cease to be consumers at all. Export, which formerly enabled Industry to gather in money from outside which it had not itself disbursed as wages, etc., is yearly decreasing and obviously offers no solution to the mass of consumers at home. The financing of Production as a means of distributing purchasing-power adequate to our needs is grossly ineffectual. The consumer himself must be financed direct.

II. THE CONSUMER MUST BE FINANCED WITH FREE CREDIT.

In the past the deficiency between total purchasing-power and total retail prices has been bridged by *loan* credit, but loan credit only aggravates the deficiency still further by raising prices since loans must be repaid with interest and so recovered in prices. Loan credit only mortgages future purchasing-power. New credit must be *free* credit.

III. A NATIONAL CREDIT FUND MUST BE CREATED BACKED BY REAL WEALTH WHICH IS NOT GOLD OR ANY METAL BUT THE COLLECTIVE CAPACITY OF THE NATION TO PRODUCE AND DELIVER WANTED GOODS AND SERVICES.

Apart from the collective productive capacity of the community or nation, gold is completely worthless. "The true basis of money or credit is the power of the nation to associate, to coöperate, and to use its inherited and developed skills for the production of every amenity of life from bread to the masterpieces of art." (Has any bank ever issued credit on any other basis?) While Social Credit insists that the profits of production belong to the individual owners, nevertheless the total *productivity* of the country represents a communal wealth that belongs to all and should be capitalized. An estimate of the value of this Productivity can be made from existing statistical information, and with such an estimate of our national assets in hand, a National Credit Fund can be created based on these real assets.

IV. THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES OWN THIS REAL WEALTH AND THEY, NOT THE BANKS, HAVE THE RIGHT TO ISSUE CREDIT AGAINST IT.

If our wealth is able to support an issue of money, the money can obviously be issued direct by the Treasury, and there is no need to pawn it to the money-lenders and pay them interest on our own wealth. We can advance ourselves credit.

V. FROM THE NATIONAL CREDIT FUND THE ISSUE OF CONSUMER-CREDIT CAN BE MADE IN TWO WAYS:

(a) National Dividends.
(b) Retail Discounts.

(a) The National Dividend on National Wealth as computed by the National Credit Authority is to be paid periodically to every citizen, man and woman, as stockholder in the United States, Inc., at a sufficient percentage to enable each, whether employed or not, to live and consume at health-and-decency level. Unlike the dole, this dividend does not cease upon the finding of employment but is given in addition to wages, being an inducement rather than a penalty for work.

(b) The Retail Discount provides an anti-inflationary method of regulating retail prices. It lowers the cost of goods to consumers and disburses new credit at the point where the total charges of industry are borne, in retail-price. It enables the community to buy back that very

fraction of production with the equivalent money that production has disbursed, the difference between "cost" and retail price being reimbursed to Industry by new credit from the National Credit Fund. Thus industry will be financed in a non-speculative manner, since financing via consumer-purchases will take place only *after* goods are sold—and only *wanted* goods at that—and the consumer's dollar will buy its full value in goods.

The technique of re-imbursement has been worked out in several ways, all using the banks as bookkeeping servitors with compensation. The discount would apply to all consumable goods, to services such as gas, electricity, telephones, fares, rentals.

The discount rate would be computed by experts from an index figure that would fluctuate as fluctuates the ratio of Total National Consumption to Total National Production, a gain of one over the other within a given period changing the discount figure for the subsequent period.

In brief, this is the plan of Social Credit, a plan to make the amount of purchasing-power distributed within a nation correspond to its real capacity for productivity; to make its financial system bear an organic relation to its productive system. The former, today, bears no real relation to the latter at all, but since "systems" are of our own making, an outworn, out-moded financial system can be scrapped or adjusted to modern needs. In an age of plenty, famine and want are man-made; so is prosperity.

REVIEWS

by MARY MCMEEN

"THE HUNDRED NAMES". A short introduction to the study of Chinese Poetry, with illustrative translations. By Henry H. Hart (University of California Press, 1933. $ 2.50).

"Tell me tale of stem and stone," says the Washerwoman in James Joyce's "Work in Progress". Hers is a cry as old as thought. All times and races have known the need for that distinct distillation of intense emotion; that exact expression of inchoate inarticulate feeling which we call poetry.

I am lying now in a great bowl of golden sand, rimmed by a sky of intense incredible blue. When I climb to the top I shall feel the wind. There will be dunes on either side of me, flowing in various pattern down to the sea. Beyond I shall see the deep green Mesa, rich and heavy-wooded. Looking, I am impelled to write a poem. If I could convey the authentic response I have felt it would be a *good* poem. For it would reach you directly and simply.

It is this quality which delights me in the book of Chinese Poems we have just received. Some of these poems were written before 206 B.C.; yet these poets, many of whose names are lost, forgotten, have reached me with vivid speech; I have heard them with deep acknowledging understanding. Timeless and universal, like hands held out across the ages, they hold my own in a warm clasp.

Mr. Hart, in his introductory chapters on the spirit, history, and technique, of Chinese Poetry, brings one to a close appreciation of these oriental poets, who dipped their brushes in ink to *paint* their poems. For the ideograph, in addition to being a word-symbol, is also a picture which may convey shades of meaning much more subtle than would the word alone.

For example, the ideograph which means *still, quiet, rest, peace,* "pictures a woman under a roof". How completely this amplifies all the implications which those words convey! Yet what difficulty falls to the translator, who must choose faithfully the word intended by the poet who drew the picture. Mr. Hart's translations, I feel, retain with charming simplicity, all the beauty which the original creators intended.

The poem "Nightfall", by Hsiang Ssu, written during the T'ang Dynasty (which Mr. Hart

calls "The most brilliant in intellectual achievement of all the dynasties of China") suggests with simple loveliness the complete life of the earth-toilers of any race; yet deeply present is the life-feeling of a *Chinese* toiler, seen through *Chinese* eyes.

NIGHTFALL

The night comes on;
The river road grows dark.
The peasants come in slowly
From the fields.
In a hut hid deep
Amid the towering trees
Glows a tiny flame
To light a husband home.

The love poems written so long ago in a language, and of a culture, so remote from ours, are yet strangely near to our own being. Though all carry the ceaseless chant of joy and pain which love implies, the poems of the women especially, express these most tenderly. We hear the plaint of the wife left alone, while the husband is away at the wars: "How tight you held my hand! I can see yet the tear that fell upon it."... And again:

Is it only today
That we said farewell?
The lamp shines bright—
But it lights up
An empty room. . . .

How daintily, delicately, this poem suggests the shyness of a young girl—

A green bird
With a grape in *its beak*
Lights
On the metal well-curb.

A pretty maiden,
Startled,
Runs indoors,
And does not even dare
To lift her curtain
And look out—!

Were I to follow inclination I should be tempted to quote indefinitely, for each poem in this little volume invites comment, and more, treasuring. Unfortunately, "space does not permit" (horrid phrase). I can only urge you to see for yourselves!

But I cannot resist quoting, last, a poem written in 1644 A.D., which, in its sly cynicism, might easily have been written by some young modern, 1934, commenting, with his tongue in his cheek, upon a topsy-turvy world:

FISH

We *are yesterday's fish*
Being taken to market; -
Our eyes are wide open
To all that goes by.

If only we could send word
To our friends in the river
To hide in the deep holes—
For prices are high!

THE MODERNISTIC TREND IN SPANISH AMERICAN POETRY, by G. Dundas Craig. (University of California Press, 1934. Price $4.00.)

This book would undoubtedly interest the student of Spanish; opposite each poem in the original appears the English translation, and the Commentary is adequately instructive.

In the Introduction Mr. Craig defines modernism as "the literary expression of that mood of unrest and of dissatisfaction with the prevailing worship of material success that marked the last few years of the 19th Century".

Turning to them eagerly, as expressions of the natural and intelligent mood indicated by the definition, one finds these poems on the whole, depressingly lacking. Coming from a race so volatile, written in a tongue so facile, and with an impetus so vital, virility and spontaneity should logically be theirs.

On the contrary, the expression, with a few refreshing exceptions, follows patterns worn and dulled by careless use. They are whiney rather than defiant; sentimental rather than honestly emotional and alive.

THE DUNE FORUM WILL BE ON SALE
AT THE FOLLOWING PLACES:

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