

DUNE FORUM



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GREETINGS

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DUNE FORUM

THE DUNES, OCEANO, CALIFORNIA

Vol. I MARCH 15, 1933 No. 3

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EDITORIAL

(First Anniversary)

ONE YEAR AGO this month President Roosevelt came into office on a wave of popularity such as this country has not experienced for many years. His proclamation of a New Deal caught the imagination of a people bewildered and terrified by the approaching breakdown of the "Every-man-for-himself-and-the-devil-take-the-hindmost" form of capitalism, through which a world-power had been built from thirteen flimsy colonies.

After the complete breakdown of the Roman Empire a feudal system (in many respects collectivist) grew up in Europe approximating the needs, psychological and economic, of that era. The unity which any civilization demands was keyed to the Papal Court. When, in the year 858 the Pope successfully asserted his supremacy over temporal kings and princes, the feudal-religious civilization we think of as the Dark Ages reached its zenith. We are now so far removed from the thought-forms of that era that we fail to see its inevitability in the line of evolution. A thousand years from now a civilization of which we can have no conception may look back at our own era as dark for the same reason.

In 1217 the Magna Carta was finally proclaimed by John in England, and the era of quasi-democratic, laissez-faire (devil-take-the-hindmost) capitalism dawned on Europe, and seems only now to be entering its twilight. Its golden noon came during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when merchants were reaching out over the world for new markets, parliaments were springing up with fiscal powers greater than that of kings, and gold flowed into Europe in such quantities as finally to become the only medium of exchange.

The Renaissance was not alone a re-birth of classical art and learning. It was a re-birth of classical capitalism, this time not based (generally speaking), as it was in Greece and Rome, on openly acknowledged slavery. The serfs of the feudal system gradually became the wage-slaves of new masters, the industrialists, merchants and bankers; and gradually kings and parliaments alike became the puppets of international high finance.

Under this system, in the past three hundred years, the nations on the western edge of Europe—Portugal, Spain, France, Holland and England—carved up most of the rest of the world into colonies, dominions, and "spheres of influence". On the east Russia pushed outward until it reached the Pacific, even sprawling over into America for a time, descending the western coast as far as San Francisco.

So long as there was room for expansion, the system worked. Toward the unification of the whole world probably no other plan, given the selfish infantile brains with which Man was equipped, could have worked so well. *Acquisitiveness* became increasingly the one quality of mind most richly rewarded. Artists, poets, musicians were at the mercy of the great merchant princes. Inventors in almost no case enjoyed the fruits of their genius. In our own day many of their discoveries have been shelved so as not to interfere with profits. As the President has said in a recent speech:

"Individuals were seeking quick riches at

the expense of other individuals. Geographic sections were seeking economic preference for themselves to the disadvantage of other sections. . . . Within given industries unfair competition went on unheeded or resulted in vast consolidations whose securities were peddled to the public at dishonest prices. There was little consideration for the social point of view and no planning whatsoever to avoid the pitfalls of overproduction or of selling methods which foisted articles on a gullible public, which the family budget could not afford."

As the President went on to say, this is a strong picture but a true one. He is making a valiant attempt to change the picture, to instill into our democracy that spirit of co-operation without which any democracy is doomed to failure. Will the most powerful monopolists continue to follow him toward that ideal? At the beginning of his administration they were so bewildered and terrified by the brink of collapse to which their methods had brought them that they scuttled like sheep into his fold. The first crack in the original unity of support came with the outcry of the Press over the abrogation of the airmail contracts (a majority of the most powerful newspaper barons own stock in the disgraced airlines). Now comes furious debate in Congress over the free hand Mr. Roosevelt asks in bargaining for foreign trade. Now that the brink seems no longer just under their noses, the reactionary leaders are beginning to find breathing space for destructive criticism, and to look for new cracks in which to drive their wedges of disunity.

* * *

IT IS ALSO ONE YEAR ago that the original editorial board of the DUNE FORUM had its first meeting to plan the launching of a westcoast magazine of culture and controversy. It was decided at that meeting that we would publish both the conservative and the radical points of view to the end that our readers might judge for themselves without preconceived bias. The present administration represents a nearly per-

fect balance between the two extremes. Probably it goes as far to the left as the majority are at present intelligent enough to follow. With a united nation behind it the natural course of evolution may flow on into the next great cycle wherein, through technical control and birth control, a democracy of culture and intelligence, with machines as the only slaves, will fulfil the dreams of the most farseeing of our prophets.

On the other hand the forces on both extremes may, before the President has been to carry out his plan, wreck the central unity and plunge the country into a civil war in which many of the machines and much of the technical and psychological mastery will be destroyed and we will have to work up all over again from a lower rung. It is well known that in the election many Communists voted for Hoover counting on revolution if he continued in office. Now the forces of unity have not only the Communists and the Wall Street crowd to contend with, but a host of fascist organizations, notably the Silver Shirts and Khaki Shirts. Their model seems to be Hitler, who has set back the clock of civilization a thousand years with race-prejudice, the scrapping of machines, the glorification of might over right, the regimentation private lives, and the enthronement of bigotry.

The American people are not yet ready for Communism. The majority does not want it any more than it wants Fascism. The stream of American thought has been flowing leftward ever since the crash. But only constitutional methods will prevent the fascist organizations from using similar "direct action". The President will go as far to the left as he thinks he can get the people to follow him. All intellectuals see that the old system is as dead as the feudal system. The President knows it as well as any. He also knows that only in unity lies strength. It behooves us all to give him our most unselfish support in his brave fight against monopoly and greed. Let us help him bring the whole nation slowly and surely into the new era which lies

ahead, in which co-operation will be added to democracy to the end that the ideals on which this Republic was founded be given a chance to prove themselves for the first time in history.

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

STEWART EDWARD WHITE'S popular novels of romance and adventure in the wilds of America and Africa are too numerous and well known to mention here. But recently his genius has taken a deeper turn. "Credo" and "Why Be a Mudturtle" are valuable contributions to American philosophy. Lately Mr. White has become a contributor to magazines interested in psychic research. We do not know whether his friend "Gaelic" is an actual person or merely a convenient personification of some mystical alter-ego responsible, perhaps, for the above-mentioned departure from his usual vein. The important thing about any set of ideas is not the identity of their mouth-piece, but the intrinsic *workable* value of the ideas themselves.

ISOBEL FIELD is one of the great ladies of the West. Her childhood, when she was known as Belle Osbourne, was spent in mining camps of the Sierra Nevada and both sides of San Francisco Bay. Her step-father, Robert Louis Stevenson, immortalised her in his "Vailima Letters". In Samoa the natives affectionately named her *Tenila* (White Duck), a name which all who love her (an innumerable host) call her to this day. In San Francisco with her artist husband, Joe Strong (their son Austin is the author of "Seventh Heaven"), she was in the thick of everything creative in the then undisputed metropolis of the West. Now that her present husband, Salisbury Field, author of "Zander the 'Great'", co-author of "Twin Beds", is writing

for the movies in Hollywood, she takes as alive a part in the life of the newer metropolis as she did once in the older. But her real home is romantic old Serena, on the shore between Santa Barbara and Carpinteria, which Mrs. Stevenson bought for her old age, and where she died. There is a rumor that, at the request of her son, Mrs. Field is writing her memoirs, and that Scribner's has spoken for them without even seeing them.... So rich a life promises enthralling reading, full of anecdotes, humor, pathos, and deep understanding.

ELLA WINTER has already been introduced to our readers. We were particularly interested, the same day that we received this contribution, to have a talk with one of the higher-ups of the California Police, who expressed in no uncertain terms his conviction that all strikes in California were inspired and financed by foreign (communist) meddlers. We mentioned receiving a request from Lincoln Steffens (addressed to all *conservatives* from the Governor down) to contribute a dollar toward the replacement of Caroline Decker's typewriter destroyed by the "Red Squad". "Why", sneered the cop, "she makes barrels of money. She's in it for the dough. *She* doesn't need any money for a typewriter!" A little later in the conversation he assured us that he could buy Miss Decker for a hundred dollars. Which struck us as strange, if she really is making "barrels of money".

VIRGINIA STEWART is a Californian and graduate of the University at Berkeley. She was recommended to us by a mutual friend, Havelock Ellis, whom Ruth St. Denis calls "The Patron Saint of the Dance". Each summer she takes a group of American dancers to Dresden for a month's study with Wigman. Before she goes again she expects to have ready for publication a book on the modern dance which will include photographs of and articles by representative artists, musicians, and critics in Germany and

America. She has a firm belief in the rightness of the modern dance (in its true form) as a means of expression for the dance-minded person of today and as an expression of life today. As Isadora Duncan said, the wildest turn of the imagination could not picture the Statue of Liberty dancing the ballet. . . . Miss Stewart also believes that American dancers should have a first-hand working knowledge of what dancers all over the western world are doing. She thinks that Hollywood has had a tremendously bad effect upon the *art* of the dance here. It has made far too many would-be dancers believe that they can reach fame, fortune, and finesse in one leap. . . . So in all her writing and working with people she is trying to bring them to a realization of the importance and seriousness of the dance as a major art.

HENRY COWELL is recognized in Europe as one of the outstanding composers that America has so far produced. He has been played by the Philadelphia and other symphony orchestras in the East, but here in his native West his genius has gone singularly unheralded. As Editor of "New Music"—a quarterly which publishes the scores of the most representative moderns—he has probably done more for contemporary music than any single individual in the country. He is on the faculty of Stanford University, lectures at the San Francisco Extension of the University of California, organizes concerts not only of new music but also oriental and semi-barbaric music interesting to the moderns now that the occidental scales have ceased to satisfy.

RUTH ASKEW lives in Los Angeles. We hope to hear more about her later. Also about BEULAH MAY, who certainly knows the California scene.... By the way, the word *tappoon*, occurring in "Ranch Sketches" is peculiar to the Southwest. It is a semicircular gate of heavy sheet iron, serving as a temporary dam for a small irrigation ditch. It is derived from the Spanish word *tapon*, a plug.

KEITH THOMAS, Nebraska poet, still in his twenties, has a Master's degree in the classics. His poetry has been appearing with increasing frequency during the last two years. While not opposed to any manifestation of poetic ability, he favors the present tendency of retrogression: into patterned form. At present, he is working on a long poem with the remote subject of the Chaldean Empire (the perspective should be unconfused!).

CARL BURKLUND teaches English in the University of Michigan. He has contributed poetry and criticism to most of the better verse magazines.

EBEE MARSH is a member of the most conservative of professions. For many years, ever since she was a little girl, she has lived in California in about a dozen different counties. However, she is not out of Iowa like the *good* people of Southern California, but out of Indiana. She contributes to educational magazines occasionally and now and then sells a piece of fiction. She likes to write satire but now, says she, her ambition is to write fiction like Jack Conroy's in "Disinherited".

ERWIN MANHEIM, familiarly known as "Ed", is a Jewish painter who lives sometimes in the Dunes and sometimes (as at present) in Santa Cruz. He was born in the high mountains of the Caucasus, passed his childhood in Galicia and Vienna, and arrived in California young enough to become thoroughly a Westerner. His is a good example of that mystic Oriental mind so enriching and balancing to the Yankee materialism which conquered this ultimate coast.

JOHN O'SHEA, well-known Carmel artist, who did the cover for this number, came to the dunes to make these studies of sand-patterns. He thinks that perhaps we have stressed too much the form of the dunes as a whole, and ignored marvelous designs the wind makes on each crest and in each hollow.

C REATIVE LIVING

The First of a Series of Articles

by STEWART EDWARD WHITE

I. THE PROCESS OF CREATION

I SUPPOSE we all want, and search for, satisfaction in life. I suppose most of us agree that the man who attains the most of such satisfaction is the creative artist who produces something that people like. He does constructive work, that interests him and is appreciated. But it seems to us that there are comparatively few of him; and of those few only a minority attain what we call success. I have a friend, however (let us call him Gaelic in recognition of the race to which he belongs), who maintains that this is not so; that we are all creative artists; and that there is possible to each of us these satisfactions. He even has a word for "failures". Here, first of all, are his basic premises, his summary or sketch of the creative process. It takes close reading; apparently it is merely a description of the processes of the astral in the technical sense; but its principles must be understood before the comfort and enlightenment of the personal application.

"Creation," he defines, "is an arrestment, checking, of the flow of universal harmony; its differentiation; and its rearrangement into a new form of particularization.

"The amount and the quality of this first segregation is dependent on the interposition of an individual entity by which it is checked, and through which it is filtered.

"The rearrangement depends upon the innate creative imagination possessed by that entity."

So much for the place of the "artist"—oneself.

"The endurance of the result is dependent on the dynamics with which the creative intelligence works. These dynamics in turn depend upon the degree of spiritual development and aspiration to which their originator has attained."

So much for the kind of work possible to each. "The reality of the creation—reality in its broadest sense—is closely related to the fact that both the fashioning and the embodiment are carried out through a finite medium. I use the word finite in place of material, though in a broad sense the two terms are interchangeable. However, common acceptance has given the word material a narrower connotation.

"These are all the elements, collected together and stated, of the creative act.

"What is necessary for the act itself? First of all, the creative intelligence must place himself in that current of cosmic harmony. This is a voluntary spiritual act. We may call it by various names—receptivity, openness to inspiration, and the like. It is in essence, however, nothing so specific as receptivity to detail. It is the spiritual attitude and altitude.

"Next comes the filtration. The quality and kind of filtration is dependent upon the personal quality. It is a thing built up; a thing of development.

"Beside this attitude of spiritual receptivity is also one which is closely akin, closely analogous, but different in exact kind. One may call it, for this purpose, a psychic receptivity. In it one lays his hands upon the fashioned materials which he will employ in his arrangement. They must be received through an open heart; for the whole substance of harmony is the vibration in sympathy. That which is antipathetic is also a dissonance. The vision which forms within oneself is a compound of these two sorts of receptivity, moulded and determined by individual genius and affinity.

"Inspiration is not a suggestion of detail ready formed. It is a pouring in of all essence in a vital stream, from which the creator segregates and absorbs those things appropriate to his vision, as the organs and functioning mechanisms and tissues of the body take from the homogeneous blood stream those elements, and those elements only, which make for their health and building. That is why a considered

reaching up the stream toward the source in a conscious grasping for what has been intellectually desired, is futile, or even destructive. The mechanism of recognition, segregation and absorption lies lower down in the wholeness of the human organism.

"Now this receptivity is not a mere opening of the door, as one opens the gates of a dam. You must recall that I said that the very first requisite was to *place* oneself in the current; and that means, not an opening, but a definite effort of aspiration. An aspiration is a spiritual effort. An intellectual reaching is a grasping for a definite and defined detail, the alleged need for which has been conceived by the intellect itself, which at this stage knows nothing of what it needs. Again analogously to the selection by the various tissues of the body from the blood stream, the creative faculty selects for itself those harmonies and those racially created fashionings which its genius builds into the elements of its new vision of creation.

"That is the forming of the mold. As it is a process of assimilation and reproduction, the delicacy of its development requires the comforting enwrapment of time and of brooding cherishing. Until the hour of its unfoldment its petals must not be pried apart by the sharp fingers of intellect, nor forced by the hot breathing of haste. It must be allowed its due and graceful period of gestation before it can be brought forth for handling. It must be allowed to lie quiet, warmed by, one might say, a sort of suspended and reverent attention.

"During that period, from that second stream of inspiration, which we call psychic, details, apparently isolated and unattached, will float to it almost at random, until at last it stands ready for the intellectual fashioning. That is the second step of the process.

"It does not come to you if you have not placed yourself in the stream. The *conscious* elevation to that stream is the method of the mystic. The elevation may, however, be a culmination of spiritual efforts not consciously di-

rected to this end. As to whether this is, or is not normal, depends upon individual constitution.

"Aspiration is a quality, not an action. I reemphasize that except in the case of the mystic a conscious effort deliberately to place one in the current is exactly that intellectual reaching upstream against which I warned. The consciousness of that process depends upon individual constitution. Some have no consciousness of it at all. Inspiration visits them unsuspected, and apparently unsummoned. Others go so far as to place themselves in an attitude of attunement. Still others have some formula simple or elaborate; and the rarer mystics of high development realize exactly what is forward. Sometimes the illusion of attunement the lip service of the formula fails to produce the actual rising to the necessary spiritual height. In that case, since the person is not actually the current, inspiration cannot flow in."

(to be continued)

COYOTE PASS

by BEULAH MAY

THEN

*Brown grass burned still dryer by the sun;
A sidwinder coiled among the rocks;
And a starved beast trotting down the trail,
Lean ribs showing under grizzled hide,
Savage, alone ;
Coyote Pass.*

NOW

*Huddled shacks of adobe, packing boxes
and kerosene cans,
A green and yellow poncho at a doorway,
Cactus and geraniums blooming in the sun-
baked yards;
Lounging peons, cigarettes at lips,
In high peaked hats trimmed with gray horse
hair;
Senoritas wrapped in dark rebosas,
With powdered faces and fat, brown fingers;
Dirty children, ribald goats, tin cans,
A guitar playing a Valenciana
Coyote Pass.*

A SERIOUS ARTICLE

for the DUNE FORUM

by ISOBEL FIELD

IT IS A LOVELY morning at Serena. I am sitting at my desk in my studio, with a fresh supply of paper before me, and three good black pencils newly sharpened, for I am about to begin my promised article for the DUNE FORUM. I have some marvelous ideas on the six great questions of the day—well, four anyway. The DUNE FORUM is a serious magazine and the article must be a thoughtful one.

Glancing out of the window I am surprised and pleased to see several lilies in bloom. I was right not to have them cut back. Whenever I ask advice about them or roses or any other nice flowering plant I am invariably told to cut them back. My great success in gardening, I recall complacently, as I see the largest and tallest calla lilies in this part of the country, and rose bushes covered with buds, is owing to my great care in leaving them alone. Cutting out dead wood, of course, and pulling off withered leaves . . . I come to myself with a start. This article for the DUNE FORUM. Now I'll really begin.

Two little dogs rush in; red cocker spaniels with long curly ears and wagging tails; their longing eyes and wriggling bodies begging, beseeching me for a walk. They won't go out alone, and Minnie is busy. They tell me in language plainer than words that a lovely morning is going to waste.

"Oh, all right," I say, and whoopee, how they bark for joy, racing ahead of me down the garden path to the beach. I sit in the *ramada* beneath a canopy of vine leaves and roses and look out to sea while the dogs scamper about excitedly, proclaiming with terrifying barks that this is a private beach and trespassers will be summarily dealt with.

What is that noise, like the drone of a giant bee? I look up in the blue sky and see an air-

plane like a beautiful bird go sailing by. I watch it enthralled as it grows smaller and smaller in the distance. Another sound—"urk, urk"—distracts my thoughts. Could it be a seal? I scan the surface of the water carefully. More than once I have seen a little shiny head pop up out of the sea, but never near enough. It has always been a dream of mine that someday a nice tame seal would come in and swim with us. Perhaps next summer. . . .

What is that floating at the edge of the tide? Seaweed? Once a few years ago, in the midst of the dry era, I salvaged a queer looking sack, dragging it out of the water up on the sand. When we opened it we found twelve bottles of excellent sparkling Burgundy, their corks tight, and quite undamaged. It was like finding a spring of fresh water in Death Valley. Another find was a large trap full of live lobsters. We boiled them in a huge cauldron on our outdoor grill, made handsome presents to our friends and feasted for days. Since then I have always cast a wrecker's eye on any flotsam or jetsam—now what do those words mean? Were the bottles of Burgundy flotsam and the lobsters jetsam? Or the other way round?

Oh dear! I pull myself up. I really must get to work. Calling the dogs I start back to the house, running into Carillo the head gardener.

"Did you like what I do at Zander's Pool?" he asks. "Can you come see now?"

He points out where he has planted a wide border of pimpernel that will form a carpet of many colors.

I suggest that he tuck in a lot of freesia bulbs to shoot up through the pimpernel.

Carillo thinks Virginia stocks would give more color. I agree to that and ask what Olivas is doing. I do not call him by his first name which is Jesus. "He is trimming the hedge."

"Let that wait," I say. "The little petunia plants should go in now."

Olivas comes up, complaining that he has been put to work on the hedge when he should be planting peas in the vegetable garden. If he

doesn't, there will be a long wait between crops. He points out that we could not buy in any shop such good peas as those we grow at Serena. "Yorkshire Heroes," I say. "And don't get any other kind no matter what the seed-man tells you."

Suddenly I realize that time is flying and hurry back to the house where I find two tired little dogs waiting to be let in.

At my desk again, I gather my thoughts together. This is going to be an article worthy of the DUNE FORUM, I declare to myself, and start a sentence.

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!" The telephone is in the hall by the door of my studio.

"Oh, Teuila, are you going to Don Jaime's garden party this afternoon? Will you stop for me? I can get home all right but—"

After some talk including our opinion of several newcomers, a sale of hats and gowns in Santa Barbara, what we think of the latest wedding and a perfectly grand recipe for canapes which I write down, I agree to call for her on my way to the party, feeling perfectly sure that I will have finished my article long before then.

Back to my desk, where I am just about to start work when the telephone rings again. This time it is a man's voice so cultivated that I know it is a butler speaking.

"Mrs. Worthington Blank would like to know if you would lunch with her today at the Little Town Club?"

"Kindly thank Mrs. Worthington Blank for her nice invitation, but explain that I am very busy with some literary work and am unable to accept." I really want to tell my friend that I am writing an important article for the DUNE FORUM but hardly like to relay the good news through the butler.

It's strange, but when I sit down again at my desk I don't seem to have any very important ideas to put on paper. I rack my brains.

In comes Minnie. She has been with us for twelve years, a tall fine looking German girl who has something of a Nazi character in the way she rules this household.

Though her heart is solid gold her manners are not quite up to the standard of Montecito domestics. She once opened the door to three very important middle-aged men of affairs. We happened to be in the library, and Minnie, from the foot of the stairs announced the visitors in a shout of "Three fellers".

She has no respect for intellectual work and now appears at the door with the abrupt remark:

"We got them ducks one week yet. What you think—I cook 'em tonight?"

"Weren't you going to make a curry out of that cold lamb?" I ask.

"Yah, that's goot too, but them ducks—"

I start to argue, when, ting-a-ling, the bell rings again. The whole morning gone and not a word written on that really fine article for the DUNE FORUM.

O UTSIDE AGITATORS"

by ELLA WINTER

LAST FALL a San Joaquin cotton and citrus grower speaking at a Rotary Club in California assured his willing hearers: "There will be more agricultural strikes in California." He had with him a pile of papers, including *Moscow News*, *Soviet Russia Today*, the *Western Worker*, and a number of White Guard, Russian papers printed in San Francisco, to explain the cause of strikes in California. He did not read from them; he merely pointed to them from time to time, impressively.

At the Resolutions Committee of the Fruit Growers' and Farmers' Convention held December last, representing wealthy farmers, owners, bankers and finance companies, a large part of the time was spent wondering how to "eliminate" strikes and their sole cause, agitators. In particular, deep thought was spent on how to get rid of Caroline Decker, twenty-one-

year-old little Union organizer, who has a genius for leading a strike and whose presence alone can keep a picket-line cheerful.

This Convention turned out a gem of a Resolution on "Farm Labor", asking that no relief be given men who were 'voluntarily idle' meaning voluntary strikers, though all the ranchers' statements claimed that agitators, by intimidation and threats, force loyal workers out on a strike they don't wish to join).

The Resolution asked for the immediate apprehension and prosecution of agitators. The farmers naively prefaced their resolution by deprecating the "labor disturbances", and equally as naively opined that much of the trouble was "not due to dissatisfaction with the wage-scale but only to a carefully planned destructive activity". They wanted the authorities to suppress activities responsible for "unwarranted labor agitation and unrest".

Now recently the big farmers, ranchers and other employers of labor and their spokesmen have taken some of General Johnson's hints. They make it perfectly clear that they are not attacking workers or strikers as such. They are not even clubbing their leaders. They are hitting, gassing, beating up, and arresting and jailing only "outside agitators". (In Imperial Valley there were suddenly 450 of these one fine morning.) The issue of patriotism is injected into almost every strike. News reports and editorials stress the "alien-led and alien-directed" strikes. The fact that ninety per cent of the leaders may be American, dating back to the Pilgrim Fathers, makes little difference. If a man gets up on a lettuce crate and asks for an increase of 5 cents to his ten or twenty cents an hour wage, he is thereby an alien, un-American, un-patriotic.

General Johnson said he didn't think there should be "unwarranted strikes". So our doughty farmers, police and newspapers call all strikes "unwarranted". If a strike asking for an increase over a five-dollar-a-week wage, a strike against the employment of babies in the cotton

fields, against conditions whereby women have to drag loads of more than one hundred pounds, and homes are flapping tents, and sanitary facilities "a hole in the ground and seventy-four people use it", if a strike is unwarranted under these conditions, when is it "warranted"? As Gertrude Stein might write, when said Gertrude.

But there's another trick to the wily rancher, coached by the finance interests that own him. Those workers who choose to go on working voluntarily for their generous employers (are they not *giving* them work?) at this princely sum, are arbitrarily "loyal" workers, and their right is not to be interfered with by unpatriotic "aliens" while they are "loyally" picking peaches or cherries or apricots, or cutting lettuce, at twenty cents an hour. Anyone who does so interfere is an agitator, and an agitator is an alien, and should either be deported or prosecuted under the Criminal Syndicalism Act.

And then when the righteous ranchers shoot and kill these agitating and agitated workers, as at Pixley, these "disturbances cost the lives of several people" in the words of the Resolution. (At this point, but never before or afterwards, do workers become "people"). And so we have, not justifiable homicide, but "warranted" murder. And, according to the farmers, who lied, the strikers shot first, and because the strikers had no guns (to which everyone testified), and because it was known they do not believe in violence, an unidentified shot had to come from the second story of the strike headquarters. (Oh, Strikers! Have foresight, and never, never, have a second story at your strike headquarters!) The fact that the farmers patriotically and unagitatorially resolved to "take the law into their own hands", at their own meeting before this shooting, testified to by one of their number at the Fact Finding Commission at Visalia—only shows their fatherly and American care for the peace and safety of "our citizens", as their tender Resolution puts it.

But, this business of "outsiders". Recently a

Supervisor in Tulare, in the San Joaquin Valley, found he needed milkers. (The same Supervisor found he did not want Federal relief given transients in Tulare; they could manage on their own home-grown relief, which was just little enough to see no strikers or transients got it.) Twenty-five men applied for positions in answer to this large advertisement in the Tulare paper:

MILKERS WANTED AT ONCE. FOR STEADY EMPLOYMENT. REPORT AT HOME OF A. J. ELLIOTT.

They applied and were told they were wanted to go down at once to Los Angeles to break the milk strike in progress there.

So it is all right to be an outside strikebreaker; perfectly patriotic and American; it's only leading strikers that makes you an unpatriotic, alien, agitating outsider.

But it is agitators, these strike agitators alone, who are keeping agricultural laborers in California from becoming peons. The wealthy farmers and gin owners of California lobbied years ago to keep Mexican and Filipino "cheap" labor in the State; they ran to Washington, lobbied, and defeated limitation of immigration bills. These farmers and ranchers and orchardists, dominated by power and finance groups, can drive American farm labor into peonage. Is this what patriotic America wants? Is this what the Administration wants? It is at present doing nothing to prevent the violent "Vigilante" steps that are being openly planned and advertised to achieve this object this year.

EDITOR'S NOTE

THE DOGGEREL in the next column was sent to us from New Zealand. We did not think that any land but California had such villages!

OUR VILLAGE

by E.A.

*Our village is not ordinary
In fact it's quite unique;
Another village just like ours
You'd journey far to seek.
It likes to take up new ideas,
(Sometimes they're very old!)
To try its hand at this and that,
And feel a little bold.*

*There's every kind of cult and stunt
To elevate our minds,
And give them poise and vim and grip
Of all the highest kinds.
We study drama, arts and crafts,
And philanthropic schemes;
Discuss the latest theories
On scientific themes.*

*Societies with lengthy names
And awe-inspiring views,
Find votaries of every age
Who learnedly enthuse;
Some seek descent from Jewish tribes,
While others claim to be
Re-incarnated folks who died
Some thousand years B. C.*

*In diet we have simple tastes,
Learn from the homely snail
That eating tender leafy things
No gastric woes entail.
In short we try to find a way
To ease man's troubled lot;
Our lives are quite all wrong, they say
So after all, why not?*



IT HAS MADE ME HAPPY"

by Virginia Stewart
American Representative of the
Mary Wigman Central School of
the Dance in Dresden, Germany

SHE SPOKE: "As the professor says at the end of a lecture, 'Are there any questions?'" A wave of understanding laughter flowed through the group of students assembled in the University dance studio. Then someone asked: "Mary Wigman, in our classes we find that music is a good means of helping us lose ourselves, of forgetting that 'this is I dancing'. We find that we do need something that will help us forget that. We use the music of the piano. What have you found that will help your students?"

"That is a good question. We *do* need something to take us out of ourselves, to raise us onto a higher plane," she said, moving her body up, her arms out, and her head back as she spoke. "We need something to make us feel, not think. There must be no movement," and she bent forward toward us, "no, nor anything loud. The room must not be filled with active vibrations. I do not say to my classes in a loud voice, 'Now we will be quiet'. No, I go over to Mr. Hasting and say 'quiet' and to Miss Curth and say 'gongs'.

"My students lie on the floor in a circle around me, just as you are sitting now, and they listen to the music as it fills the room with melodies. Their eyes are closed. In a few minutes I can tell whether or not there is anything going on behind their faces. It is hard for some of them to relax, to *feel* the music, not to think.... After a while I see their hands begin to move gently; soon their shoulders move sideways, although they do not realize that they are actually responding to the music. Then they move their shoulders in a circle." And Mary Wigman swayed, her shoulders describing a circle, her eyes closed. . . . "Their eyes are closed and, without knowing that their bodies are moving, they move together in the same rhythm, the

same direction...There comes to them the birth of individual feeling and of group feeling, too. . . .

"Yes, we do need to be quiet, to feel, to get above ourselves onto a higher plane, an emotional plane . . .". Then, with an up-sweeping movement of her arms, Mary Wigman said, and her eyes sparkled, "*Up* we leap into activity! Ah, that is the great Rhythm of the Universe—sleeping and awakening, quietness and activity, softness and loudness, night and day, dark and light, slow and swift, deep and high, gentle and brutal, soft and hard, up and down, '*anspannung und abspannung*'. Is not that the Universal Rhythm, the rhythmic pattern of the Cosmos? Of course!" An echoing assent came from the group, from us who were sitting at her feet.

And she continued: "That inner feeling, that something within us which must be expressed is not all a dancer's requirement, however. It is not all that the dancer must have, nor all that any artist must have. For the medium must be tuned not only spiritually and emotionally but also physically. In dancing the body is the instrument, and it must be a flexible medium for the mind of the artist. And, since the human body is the dancer's instrument, the dancer must make of her body a *fine* instrument. She must train it day after day, year after year, perhaps fifteen years, until her body can effortlessly and adequately express the ideas, emotions, and feelings of her inner self. For the dancer there can be no technique *here* and feeling *there*; the two must be perfectly fused, tuned together, ready to respond instantly to and merge imperceptibly into the artist's expression of her inner self. ...The body is not like a violin. You cannot go out and buy a fine instrument ripe for the hands of an accomplished player. No, the dancer's task is different. Her medium is her body, and she must make this instrument flexible, fluid, expressive, receptive. The task is arduous, but it makes the dancer happy. Have you not found that so? *It has made me happy!*"

DOUBLE COUNTERPOINT

by HENRY COWELL

I READ with interest the two leaflets on modern music in the last issue of DUNE FORUM. Both open material for speculation, and plunge into a maelstrom of swirling currents and mixups of issues being discussed concerning the music of today. But it does not seem to me that either of the combaters (or were they combating?) arrive at any very definite point. To give an answer to the crucial questions that beset present-day musical creators would be too much to expect. But unless the questions are put clearly, the speculations are vague and arrive nowhere.

Mr. White's underlying attitude is subjective. He judges worth in music in the final analysis by its effect on him, and on other auditors. He tried to make so many concessions to the opposite side, however, that his own views remain unclear. The trouble with relying too much on the subjective impression as a basis of criticism is that the goodness or badness may not be in the music, but in the reaction of the person or group of persons. Such reactions are influenced by association, preconception, and even such lesser matters as whim and the mood of the moment. A given musical work may have almost every conceivable effect on human beings, if they are selected over a wide period of time, and from different environments. If we take even such a widespread notion as that that major music is gay, and minor music is sad, we find that it is purely a matter of convention, although one now so strong that it influences a large portion of our subjective reactions. But try major and minor scales and pieces on primitives, or orientals unfamiliar with our music, and it has repeatedly been found that they form no such concepts of the meaning of major versus minor modes.

In the case of the auditors Mr. White describes,

it is very doubtful whether those who listened to modern music with "exaggerated attentiveness" or who were "uncontrollably convulsed with laughter" would have a profound appreciation of older music. Their actions had to do with themselves, not with the music. And White's own reaction (although since we do not know the work he heard it is hard to judge) seems bound by convention.

To find life but no "melancholy of reflection", to find exaggeration and unbalance, but never the attempt to attract, seems like an opinion based on a preconceived idea of what is attractive, what is balanced, what is full of life, what is melancholy. White upholds the right of everyone to say that music may be the best in the world, but if it says nothing to the one speaking that he considers of benefit, it is worthless at the present time. This is all very well, but should not be directed as a criticism of the best music in the world! Finally, one might gain the impression that all modern music is alike. It is not, either in aim or consummation of purpose. Some music is the expression, perhaps, of emotional ideas in tone. Other music, equally valuable, is not. There is no reason to limit the field of music to some one of its possibilities. And this is where Cage's statement also is at fault. He thinks of music as Expression (capital E. noted). Cage, taking the side of mastery of materials, and very correctly assuming that expression is not something to be striven for, but may come unconsciously in the creation of perfect structure, nevertheless falls into the conventional attitude of objecting to the intellect in music. Just why anything so magnificent as the intellect should be so ill in musical repute is a mystery.

The classic Ecclesiastics, who were cognisant of much truth, regarded music as one of three great intellectual pursuits (the others were astronomy and mathematics). The quintessence of musical ecstasy comes through appreciation of a perfectly coordinated blend of intellectual formulization of what is to be said

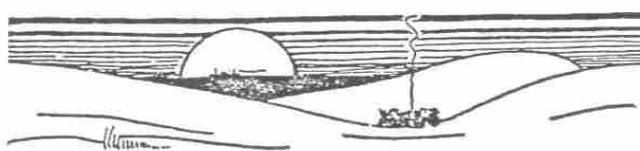
musically; and this something to say may be either an expression of feeling, personal or impersonal, it may be an attempt to induce certain feelings in others, it may have to do with becoming conscious of eternal truths, not necessarily emotionally, it may be an impression instead of an expression, or it may be a set of sounds which take on definite meaning, like language, through convention. Such music is to be found in China, India, and among all primitives. There are other things that music can say, not all of them strictly emotional. All of these musics are of value. Because some one of them is in greater favor with a certain people at a certain time should not cause the narrow attitude of denying the value of the others. Music which is not emotional nor an expression in the sense meant by either Cage or White is in use by all the peoples of the world except the white race, and in some cases by the white race also. This music is of highest value, and has, also, intellectual coordination.

I find that music without intellectual coordination is so spineless and sentimental as to have the least possible value. Emotion and expression is of decided value, and warmly to be welcomed where it exists; but there are also other values in music. So I feel that of the two, if they were to be separated, (which is not necessary) the intellectual elements are the more universally essential in music. Form and structure with little or no content is often misnamed intellectual. This is utterly stupid. Would a conversation in words be held intellectual if it were in perfect grammar but meaningless? No! Then why apply the term intellectual, which should be one of extreme approbation, to anything as valueless as an empty musical shell, or to aimless, wandering experiments of entirely dry nature, or to all modern music which is not understood? Cage made a valuable contribution when he pointed out that after all, Ives, Ruggles, Schoenberg and Stravinsky are different. His diagnosis of tendencies toward counterpoint is probably correct, but this is a very

passing matter. Any one element in music is apt to be over-emphasized at some one period, but that does not make it any more or less valuable, nor indicate that all music must follow by not developing some other element.

In spite of my keen appreciation of other than emotional values in music, I find that emotional value and content is very strong in most modern music. The reason that many listeners perceive modern music as though it were an empty intellectual shell without content (to use the word as it is usually used) is that emotion is built up through association. It would be virtually a psychological impossibility to arouse great emotion immediately, and avoid every single known element in music. Modern music makes use of many new elements which have great possibilities of emotional enhancement on acquaintance. Since, however, there is no association with them on initial hearing, it is not surprising that only the form, and not the content, is noted by the casual listener. If, however, a composer be trapped into feeling that he must use known means with already built-up associations in order to immediately move his auditors, then his music will suffer from the fact that what he says as well as how he is saying it will have been composed before him by the masters whose materials he is using; they will have said it better than he, and they did not take from former times, but built up their own materials and associations.

The relation of music to society is a problem that neither Cage nor White seemed to consider of import. Yet the ultimate value of music lies in its ultimate value to society. This is a genuine ideal toward which a composer might work, finding materials, structure, and content which work toward that end. And in my opinion it will be found that fresh form and content both will be necessary in carrying out such an aim.



A N APPRECIATION
of Paget-Fredericks' Collection
of Pavlovaniana
by THE GRAND DUKE ALEXANDER

ONE CONTEMPLATES with deep emotion these rare souvenirs of that great poetic genius ... Anna Pavlova. It is exceedingly difficult to realize that these swan wings will not beat the air again, *dans cette blanche agonie* ... the exquisite phantom that floated before us in Giselle has vanished and only a memory, incomparably beautiful, is left. Therefore we are grateful for these charming interpretations by Paget-Fredericks whose sensitive, lyric art recaptures, as these costumes suggest that elusive magic of Pavlova. The Baron Fredericks, minister to the court of the late czar, and his cousin Prince Zoubov with the Grand Duke Vladimir, played extremely important parts as patrons of Diaghilev and his magnificent renaissance of Russian arts of which Anna Pavlova was a luminary. Later their friend Lady Paget proved a devoted enthusiast especially interesting Queen Alexandria in Pavlova's career.

Although spending his childhood in distant California, Paget-Fredericks still carried on this family tradition. At the age of sixteen his first drawings were exhibited in Paris by Bakst and Pavlova, and provoked the commendation and interest of Monet and Sargent. Since that not distant day his delightful fantasies have been exhibited over the world and brought a splendid following of contrasting minds and personalities such as the Grand Duchess Marie, Baronne Deslandes, F. Beltran-Masses, Sir William Orpen, Malvina Hoffman, Stowitts, Elinor Wylie, the Marchesa Casati, Maurice Hewlet, and Edna St. Vincent Millay.

It is hoped that a purchasing fund will be realized to enlarge Paget-Fredericks' already considerable collection of Pavlovaniana (now including portraits by Sargent, Bakst, Douboujinsky and others) so that a representative group

of interpretations by noted artists and sculptors can be eventually presented to an American museum. Paget-Fredericks recreates an almost forgotten world of dreams and subtle magic and the weary modern is grateful.

EDITOR'S NOTE

WE WOULD LIKE to add that Paget-Fredericks' head has not been turned by Oldworld praise. Steeped as he is in the traditions of Russian and English aristocracy from which he is descended, he resolutely turns his face toward the west and toward the future (which in a sense are synonyms); his imagination, made clearly articulate by the best teachers of the past, reaches without hesitation into concepts undreamed by them.

Now, the Grand Duke Alexander, the czar, Pavlova, Diaghilev—all are dead. The pageantry of imperial courts is also gone, and a quite different age is upon us, not yet fully formed, though full of promise. But those artists like Paget-Fredericks who grew up in that world make the essential link between the age that is dead and the age that is coming to birth. They have known intimately the best that was, and judge the new by standards of excellence which admit of no less intrinsic perfection, however different the form may be.

Being so very young when he was admitted to that charmed circle, the last flowering of the age of individual splendor, Paget-Fredericks is still young enough to pass the torch to a circle as yet unborn, whose task it will be to make splendor common to the lives of all. Splendor and magic... Ella Young has said: "The delicate intricacy of line and color of Paget-Fredericks has snared a strange magic." It is this splendor and this magic which seem lacking in the most representative of contemporary art. And it is perhaps this which will be Paget-Fredericks' chief contribution, as a creator and as a teacher, to the great art of the future growing nowhere so freely as on this western coast where he was born.



FOUR DUNE POEMS

by ELLEN JANSON

FIRST DAWN

*Nothing before had ever been so still
As its coming,
The windless half-light, promising
All of life.*

*I saw your face . . .
Strange as a silver flower, afloat
In the shadow of your hair,
In the shadow of the light.*

*Nothing before had ever been so still
As that moment,
Before you turned to me, waking
All ecstasy,*

WINDY NOON

*Shadows blow over the dunes
With the changing clouds,
Blow—waver—vanish—
On the sand a vine trails
Its green fingers,
Lays on the sand a purple flower.
The sand will blow over the purple flowers.
Even the hills will change,
Drift—scatter—be gone
Even I will be gone,
Who walked here and saw fall on this sand
The shadow of your beauty.*

IT IS STILL DUSK

*Hush . . . it is still dusk.
The bow of the moon is burning still in the
green sky
Over the dunes' forgetfulness.*

*Night will come. . .
Two stars at their zenith in the midnight sky
Will blaze in your eyes, bent over me.
Dawn will come. . .
I will wake and see your wings folded
In the sleep of your white face.
But now it is dusk.
The bow-moon is burning still in the quiet sky.
Trembling, I wait.*

IF I WALKED THERE WITHOUT HER. . .

*How could the hollow of the green wave,
the fluctuating silver,
Solace me?
There is a mark on the sand that the
tides will not wash away.
How could the legs of the sand-pipers running
in the opal sea-edge
Say to me
"We are very small—we are small
and brave.
Whatever happens
We are life"?*
*How could the sea's music,
The sorrowless sad harps,
Tell me of a shore on the other side of
the world?*

THE HUNTER

by BEULAH MAY

*The wind hunts
Padding over the snow,
Baying through the long nights.
My soul like a white rabbit under a bush,
Shudders at the baying of the wind.*

EVENING RAIN

by KEITH THOMAS

*Gaunt hilltop trees clutch at the cloudy sky;
The slanting touch of rain has found them
there.*

*And now the sky is coming down to lie
Upon the hills, and rain is everywhere.
The sky is on us, yet we cannot reach
Its misty depths, in which resides a grey
And silver light. . . .*

*The rain is mingling beach
With tide, and dusk is mingling night with day:
The rain falls coolly on the hilltop grass,
Dark night folds in the faded land and sea,
While we stand here to watch these marvels
pass,
And all is one, the night, the rain, and we.*

RANCH SKETCHES

by BEULAH MAY

I

*Curved like a scimitar the tappoon stands across
the irrigation ditch.*

*The silver water, the swift snow water, stops,
recoils, and runs laughing down the furrows
through the burr clover and oxalis flowers.*

II

*Mottled with rocks and yellow grass the coyote
hill sleeps among the barley.*

*One ear is cocked and one eye half open as the
mother quail leads her covey through the
grain.*

III

*The birds, having taken the loquats and guavas,
Consider carefully the tangerines.*

QUERY TO A FARMER BOY

by KEITH THOMAS

*When silver dawn had slowly slanted
Along the templed roof of sky,
Before the bubbling meadow-lark chanted
His welcome in a field near-by,
When you were starting up the clattering
reaper,
Did you not hear a sound come after,
A tuneful sound of mellow laughter,
As bright as day and much deeper
Than even all the sky?*

*The wind was much too small
Upon your brow to answer why.*

*And after all
What does it matter?*

*The dew was sliding from the wheat,
And with the reaper's eager chatter,
How could you hear retreating feet?*

RESTRAINT

by RUTH ASKUE

*Let him ride forth
Lean and hungry and wanting
Along the trails
Where rocky mount
And barren desert wed:*

*For anything more than
The vulture's share
Would deaden the glow
In his smoldering eye
And swell greasy sores
Upon his eager throat.*

Make your love keep him needy.

OBJECTIVE POETRY

By CARL EDWIN BURKLUND

THE ROMANTIC THEORY of poetry has in the last decade or so been the target for much criticism. We have been told over and over again that it is about time for poetry to become objective—but precisely what the term means and how the objective is to be attained have never, as far as I know, been very clearly explained.

By an "objective" presentation must be understood, I suppose, the "direct treatment of the 'thing'" (Ezra Pound) without the interpolation of any subjective value such as hate, love, wonderment, etc. By such a treatment, it is implied if not stated, all the purely personal elements are filtered out, and the universal quality of the "thing" remains as a kind of residuum. Unless this is implied there is no valid ground for a criticism of subjective poetry.

But what do we mean by a "direct treatment"? A treatment uncolored by our own biases, our psychic predispositions, the variations in organic tone we all experience from time to time? How is this possible? And unless it is possible how are we to know that we attain the universal and objective note? A bit of undigested cheese will make cynics of the best of us; and a newly discovered five dollar bill will overwhelmingly confirm our faith in the light that never was on sea or land (or is it land or sea?). There is no assured constancy in our own psychic balance, nor is there any disposition on the part of men to see things "objectively" in the same way. They simply cannot, as Jung has pointed out in his study of psychological types.

Objective treatment implies further that at the heart of any so-called poetic intuition lies not an extra-rational or irrational, but a logical element, the percept. Poetry is then only another form of reason and in reason we have the unbiased universal that poetry should strive for. But have we? It is a matter of common know-

ledge that we see what we subconsciously want: to see; that we are convinced only of what we already believe. Impartial reason is usually a very partial business indeed. It is even possible, Bertrand Russell indicates, that the whole metaphysic of science may be nothing but an elaborate rationalization. How are we to differentiate here between the subjective and objective, between personal emotion and universal truth?

And precisely what is it that from the standpoint of material is objective? We are told that poetry must deal with Man, not men; that its meaning must lie in something external to the accidents of time and self. Shall I write a poem on the life about me? But what I select as important and true is, in the last analysis, only that which is important and true for me. Shall I offer a landscape? Whatever I see in the landscape will be only what I am myself—invariably, ineluctably. Shall I search within myself for that which is meaningful to all men? But that is what I do anyway, directly or indirectly no matter what my material. All that I can conceivably offer is the world seen through myself—what else?

There are for poetry no ultimate and timeless truths; no universals in a strict sense; never Man, but only men. All these are intellectual abstractions, convenient systems for the localization of data; useful fictions whereby we for practical or dialectic purposes consider the universe static.

If it is the business of poetry to be "objective", then poetry is superfluous, for we already have science, which is, they tell us, objective. The best that the poet can do, and the most that he should do, is to say as sincerely as possible whatever he has to say. If this be an apostrophe to the soul of a sunflower, let him give it. Let him see life everywhere in terms of personal emotion—he will anyway. And the whole history of poetry shows us that there will be those who will share his feelings and bless him for having spoken. What other reason is there for poetry?

GOD AND GABRIEL

By EBEE MARSH

*(With apologies to
Marc Connelly,
Col. C. E. S. Wood
and also to God)*

"DAMIT," said God, flinging down his telescope impatiently, "earth makes me sick!"

"What's the matter, God?" asked Gabriel, gazing into space.

God buried his wrinkled face in his hands and made no answer. Gabriel picked up the telescope from the golden sidewalk and with his shirt sleeve wiped off the gold dust which marred its shining surface. God and Gabriel were sitting on the edge of the Kingdom in God's favorite sight-seeing spot. It was a heavenly day.

"You wouldn't let me look at Earth, would you, God?" asked Gabriel, lifting a tanned, troubled face toward his master. "You know it's been around twenty years since you let me take a peek at that funny planet."

"Yes, I know," answered God wearily. "You see I had a fool notion that I wanted you to keep your faith in man."

"I sure had a good laugh the last time I saw Earth," said Gabriel, showing his strong white teeth in a wide grin. "Those Earthlings of ours were out shooting each other up. From here their trenches and barbed-wire messes looked like Hell."

"That is Earth's idea of competitive sport," explained God. "I had almost forgotten how they used to annoy me by shouting to Heaven, God is on our side! 'As though I were an umpire at a ball game. Why should I take part in their silly games? Why should I care?"

"You do care though, God. That's what's making you look so old lately. You've always said that Earth was a big mistake, begotten in the dark of the moon and delivered during an eclipse. But do I get to look at her? Please, God"

"Oh, go ahead, Gabe. After all, you're not a child."

God and the man of God then leaned their elbows on the railing of Heaven and looked below. Gabriel adjusted the telescope to his eyesight and looked about to get his bearings.

"Where is that dumb Earth, God?" he inquired. "I can't see anything but Hell." God glanced in the direction Gabriel's instrument was pointing. "You're looking much lower than Hell; in fact, you're looking at Earth now."

"Oh, so I am. I should have known it by the smell. Why, good God, what are they doing? I've seen some funny doings in the Universe, but this beats my time!"

"What do you see, Gabriel?" asked God, filling his meerschaum with Virginia tobacco, which, he always said, was Earth's great contribution to the cosmos and the sole reason he did not wipe her off.

"I'll be damned," exclaimed Gabriel, "I can't understand it. Can it be that their machines are at last doing all the work? I see millions of people doing nothing." He moved the telescope to and fro excitedly. "Didn't Mark Twain tell them years ago that we tried that doing-nothing experiment here in Heaven once and gave it up? Aren't they dumb?"

"Yes, and so are you, Gabriel. Look again and tell me what you see. Do those people look as though they were being taken care of through the power of machinery? Machinery, my eye!" God spit into a flower bed. "Look at those people again, my boy. Do they look happy?"

"Well, to get down to our golden tacks, God, they don't look healthy even. I'd say they had an advanced case of hookworm. I'd get a good vet, and have them dewormed."

"No," answered God, cocking his feet on the railing and leaning back in his steamer chair, "No, that's not what they need. They're hungry."

"Hungry!" shouted Gabriel. "Hungry! My, God, you're funny today. Why, these birds

are surrounded by plenty. They're walking around an enormous field that's filled with food. I see bushels of wheat, pyramids of oranges, and barrels of butter and cheese. There's everything from mother's milk to artichokes. Of course, there's a little low fence around the field, but what of that? They could step over it; they're not cripples. Hungry! Oh, God, you sure make me laugh!"

Gabriel laid the telescope on Heaven's broad railing and wiped his eyes which were streaming with laughter whose cacophony would have made Gershwin rabid with jealousy.

God sat in smoking silence, undisturbed.

Gabriel again plied the celestial telescope. God dreamily watched a spiral of smoke melt into a drifting cloud.

"Tell me just what you see, Gabriel, and try to control your mirth."

"Okay, God. As I remarked before, these milling millions walk around this huge field, their tongues out, their eyes sunk in the back of their heads and their bellies caved in. They seem to be dressed in rags and covered with goose flesh. Man is first cousin to the goose, ain't he, God?"

"I thought he was made in my image, but I'm not so sure. Of course, there were geese at large in the Garden of Eden, and I wouldn't have put it past Eve to have cheated on Adam. But go on.

"Well, a lot of guys down there seem to be awfully busy. They have their hands full of pieces of paper, but they keep running around collecting more. They look sorta swollen. If I was you, God, I'd shut down on their rations. They seem to be showing signs of bellyache. Who are they, boss?"

"Oh, they're the bankers and industrialists, sometimes called the 'Princes of Power'."

"Oh, yes," said Gabriel, absently, his eyes fixed to Earth "They sure wear good looking clothes. I'd like to get the name of their tailor. With their clothes and my figure, I'd sure be a knockout."

God puffed on his pipe and watched the spring styles in clouds float by.

Suddenly Gabriel raised his voice. "Well call me a dumb bunny if you want to, oh God but I can't for the eternal life of me see these fat ducks run around collecting pieces paper. Of course, I'm only a million years old and can't be expected to understand the height of the ridiculous, but this must be it. Once in while they dash into the field and grab some food or put on a new suit of clothes, but most of the time they run after these pieces of paper. What are those pieces of paper anyway? Do you happen to know, God?"

"Oh, they're only securities; government bonds, municipal bonds, steel stock, telephone stock, real estate mortgages, banknotes, and little things like that." God yawned, his wrinkles deepening in the pure sunlight.

"But what good are they?" persisted Gabriel. "Of course, they're having a helluva good time collecting them, but then what? They can't eat them. They couldn't stow away any more food anyway or change their clothes more'n they do. They don't seem to have horse sense. Why don't you take a hand and send them to school boss?"

God's laugh boomed through the ether, his first laugh in several ages.

"School, my child! Now who's being funny? Why, earthly schools are controlled and inspired by those who are engaged in the quest of pieces of paper. Scholarship is of no importance on earth."

Again God laughed a laugh which echoed down the far reaches of heaven.

"Why, if a teacher gets devoted to learning he is given demerits or even put on trial for being unprofessional!"

"But why don't they do something instead of leaving it all to you?" Gabriel laid down the telescope and wiped the sweat from his honest face. "I can't understand it at all. Are those pieces of paper used for money? And, say,

what's become of the gold they used to pass for money? Have they gone sour on it?"

"Heavens, no," exclaimed God. "They've put it away in subterranean vaults and adore it. You see, Gabriel, there's so much gold in the banks that they don't know what to do."

"Why don't they use it for paving the streets as we do?"

"Oh, the patented paving interests wouldn't let them do that because they make something even more expensive. It's all very complicated, Gabriel. I wouldn't get a headache over it if I were you." God stood up and stretched his long arms and legs. Then leaning against the railing, he went on thoughtfully, "Some of their men with a conscience, for there are some, are trying to diagnose earth's sickness, but they don't agree. Some of them say the price system has collapsed, and some of them say the profit system has collapsed. They agree that something collapsed. I have a hunch it's the spleen."

"I'll bet it's some organ inside of them all right, but they seem to think they have only a headache. I'd have an operation or cut over to a new system or something."

"Yes, Gabriel," said God gently, "but you were made when the cosmos was young. You were made of fire and mist. Man is frail; I made him out of dust, you know."

Gabriel picked up his horn from under his studio chair and stood looking thoughtfully past a million worlds to where the Earth feebly rolled slapped by her own backwash.

"My suggestion," he said, in most grave tones for jovial Gabriel, "is that you pitch a meteor at Earth and bump her off. Give me a head start so I can tootle in the ears of those what-you-call-them bankers and industrialists; they seem to be the only people of any importance on earth. Let's go, my Lord!"

God stroked his smooth-shaven cheek.

"In my benevolent moments I've often thought of 'bumping Earth off' as you so aptly put it, but why should I show her benevolence? The Garden of Eden was one of my best ideas

and see what the men of Earth have done to it. They've made a shambles of it. It's not fit for a viper even. I'll do nothing more for Earth. I refuse to wipe her out, Gabe. Anyway, she does produce good tobacco."

"So you're going to let her simmer in her own soup?" Gabriel asked.

"So be it," God answered, his lips tightening in a straight line. "Maybe they'll find a Moses to lead them out of this muddle but when they get into the next one, I'll see to it that it will make this depression look like a game of hopscotch in comparison."

"Okay." Gabriel laid his horn on the railing beside God's telescope. "It don't seem human, but after all, you're Jehovah and the Earth is your footstool. Thanks for letting me have a peep at her. She sure is a sight."

"Uh-huh," murmured God, putting his pipe into his pocket. "But come on, Gabe, I think I heard the dinner bell. Let's go eat."

ANOTHER VIEW OF SHAN-KAR *and* HIS TROUPE

AS I AM NOT A DANCER, it is impossible to answer Edward McLean in his own terms. From a layman's point of view, all I can say to offset the impression he has given, is that never before have I seen the spirit of mythology so clearly alive upon the stage. It has long seemed to me that we have all gone too far from the gods of our race, into the deserts of the soulless, mathematical piano-problems of Schoenberg, the Wasteland of T. S. Eliot. And those Hindu dancers and their like have for me a serene eternal quality, symbolically an answer to our present age of unfaith in anything save transiency and death.

Carl Jung has shown us that the gods are the personifications, more real than anything in this illusionary world, of the highest ideals of the race-consciousness. Indra, Shiva, Parvati, belong to the age before the great Indo-European race split toward the east and west. They belong to us as surely as Hermes and Aphrodite, Balder and Freya.

Carl Jung has revived mythology so that it will last through even this Iron Age in which we find ourselves. Through him it will be alive when Eliot and Schoenberg are unremembered. And long after the rootless self-conscious dances of today are quite forgotten, there will be dancers in the tradition of mythology weaving the millenium-tested spells of the ageless gods for our sublimation.

-G.A.

LOS ANGELES - The Ugly Duckling?

by DUNHAM THORP

IT SEEMS TO ME demonstrable that Los Angeles is the most artificial city, not only in the world today, but in the history of mankind as well.

I know that she resents this charge. It has so often carried a connotation of lack of "charm", and ended in disparaging comparisons between her and San Francisco, that she has been driven to building movie-set "ruins" in real estate developments and aping Hollywood in an Olvera Street romance.

It is not my purpose, however, to call her artificial in any derogatory sense. I would like, rather, to show that it may be here, in this very charge of artificiality (that is, deliberate manipulation) that she will find, not only the explanation for her shortcomings of vulgarity and excess, but her strength and promise as well. That it is, perhaps, her unique destiny to be the first of a new type of artificial city. That an inherent trait, secondary until now, has become dominant for the first time in her; and that there is evidence in her that mankind, increasing its knowledge, has extended its manipulation of natural laws and freed itself of restrictions that bound it in the past.

Cities have usually sprung up as a more or less indicated growth of man's economy in a favoring natural environment. Yet here is one with no "normal" or traditional reason for its existence at all. It does not stand at the confluence of two great rivers, nor at the mouth of one. It was a seacoast town, and yet it had no port. Its agricultural hinterland, now its prime source of wealth, was semi-desert.

A more unpromising site could not be asked. Nature had designed this land to support only the sparsest growth. Yet out of it man has made a garden that is a model for the whole world; the one such spot in the nation, for instance, that is the envy of Soviet Russia.

And to do it he has manipulated plants as well as soil. It is completely artificial. Hand-pollinated dates, acclimated avocados, budded walnuts. College-bred lima beans. Perishable lettuce and cantaloupes that are forced in and out of season and are dependent, economically, on markets up to three thousand miles away. Its very insignia, the product for which it is most famous throughout the world, is the navel orange—a fruit that cannot reproduce itself without the aid of man; that draws its sustenance through alien roots and cannot bear a seed.

Quite parallel is the city's growth as a trading center. Traditionally considered, Los Angeles should be no more than the terminal of a spur line, or a feeder on a coast line to San Francisco. Her harbor should be no more than a port-of-call for coastal vessels and the home of a small fishing fleet. Yet she has manipulated that apparent destiny beyond all recognition. Artificially constructed, her harbor holds first place on this coast. Starting late, it pulled trade from routes that were already established and seemed crystallized, and from ports that were better and more central in location.

Of her two major industries, the motion picture is completely artificial, and oil is treated as though it were.

Oil as a raw material is natural enough. But its modern utilization as gasoline is dependent upon a complex of refining, distribution and consumption. As an illustration of our thesis, however, it goes beyond this point. Here is something that has been lying dormant since a period anterior to man himself. Throughout his history it has been waiting beneath his feet, holding tremendous possibilities for his use, and yet remaining not only untapped, but untappable, by him until our day. There is no reason why we should not take it as a hint of other things still waiting. We have barely crossed a threshold. There is no discernable limit to man's artifice so long as he works, not in defiance of nature but through an understanding and ma-

nipulation of her own laws. Los Angeles is experimenting, now, with a method for eliminating fog, the greatest natural drawback to her climate. Earthquakes, it is not impossible, may prove tamable.

Los Angeles' second industry, the motion picture, is, of course, the most obviously artificial of all her attributes. It is usually considered so in the sense of its pretensions as an art. But even more surprising, it would seem to me, is its place in the industrial realm. Here is a major organization aimed at satisfying, not the tangible wants of food, clothing, shelter, and the like, but the thoroughly intangible one of entertainment. Its product is a packaged transcript of human lives. Such stuff has never before been more than the merest appendage of a great city. Yet here it is focused as a major industry, not only of the city, but of the nation and the world. Potentially, it unfolds a picture comparable to that of oil. Already, in an embryonic way, it has begun to condition man's psychology. Blindly and without discipline, it is true; but we have only crossed the threshold here, as well as in other things.

In the light of all this evidence it would seem to me quite fair to call Los Angeles the most artificial city in the world today, and to value her as such. Not that she necessarily contains more artifice than another; but that in her, for the first time, it has struck the dominating note. Los Angeles is not an achievement; but merely an emergence and foreshadowing. The new is still unfledged, devoid alike of its own discipline and the discipline of the past. And it is here, I think, that we may find an explanation for her gaucheries. The new principles are not yet mastered; they lend themselves readily to misreading, and are the prey of falsity and excess. It should be understandable if they are burdened for a time with an undigested mass of contradiction and irrelevance. But this should not be allowed to obscure the underlying values.

If we widen our horizons for a moment I think it will be seen that man is travelling in a

stupendous cycle. In the beginning, in some pre-human stage at least, he was held, as all other animals, in complete accord with nature. His reactions were as spontaneous, and ephemeral, as those of a gull today. But a point was reached, somewhere, when a new trait emerged to dominance. Man gained consciousness (and with it an urge to be free. To this urge is attributable all that he has gained and by far the greater bulk of all his ills. Now, through a new emergence (which he might perhaps have had before, but missed), he has reached a point where it appears possible to re-curve the arc. To return (if he does not miss it again), through a complete understanding of natural forces, and a deliberate manipulation of them, to his starting point—a unison with nature. But with this difference—the roles will be reversed. He will return as master, not as slave; he will manipulate the world, and himself, to his own ends.

It is in this context that I see Los Angeles. Elements that are dominant in her growth are in accord with the flowering of this process.

A POET'S APPRECIATION

. . . I NEVER TIRE of the lovely curves in that picture on your "Subscribers' Number" and wonder each time I look, how the artist could make the dunes so real and at the same time so unreal. Of course that is *the-essential* art-mystery. .

.. HELEN HOYT

A LETTER FROM MINNESOTA

MY DEAR MR. ARTHUR: Your magazine is beautifully printed and the format *in toto* lovely. But in regard to your invitation to "enter the controversy" I don't know what to say for my qualities, good qualities few as they are, do not exactly include an ability in controversy, the more pity for that indeed. Of course I could go on at great length about where I live and how the people are here and write a long letter about

that but there is no knowing of what value all that would be to DUNE FORUM.

I might start with John Colton's letter, which amused me coming as it did from Hollywood, the place in which the pictures shown in the theatre where I work are made, and go on to say that at the other end of the rope, the exhibition end, there are also many who would like, maybe not many but at least one or two I know of, to journey to Oceano, many who might in all probability "arrive one day, wild eyed and gibbering, and plead for shelter." Odd too because Northfield is a college town and you know if you ever read a college catalogue all about cultural influences and the bettering of style in living and thinking. And the colleges have bettered the style of thinking in this town tremendously. The professors and their wives and all who toady before the power of collegiate intellect patronize the theatre here when George Arliss comes with his diluted and rose-watered history and his very dull but eminently proper comedy. Figures prove that Arliss is no box-office anywhere else, that is, not anyway in many places. And Ann Harding is very popular, maybe because she in her films is always such a lovely character but an artist or interior decorator or something to boot and it makes the dear teachers feel very good to see the arts so simply and so naively given life on the screen. You know, she wears a smock very well with her hair in a pug in the back so her forehead sticks out slightly and she looks intellectual and pure and daring and prim at once. You should hear the teachers rave. The head fraud of the dramatic department in one of our colleges is very fond of her method but is prone to object to the episodic character of some of her films. A most discerning man, indeed most discerning, and with a very big hat and a very small head.

That takes care of the arts.

Now as to economics.

Just last evening drinking spiked beer with us—we still drink spiked beer here because the 3.2 is very bad and the whisky is very bad and very expensive

and (medical note) a local physician has even gone so far as to say that spiked beer is good for you and 3.2 not so good for you without giving reasons, but there you have the liquor situation in this town which under local option is still dry—was a young man with an MA or almost an M.A. from the University of Minnesota, and he has been also teaching high school for four years or so, and this young man had written a paper called *New Deal or New Delusion* and he holds forth in favor of the existing order saying the existing order has given underdogs a higher standard of living than ever before in history, etc., etc., all of which you have undoubtedly heard before. Communist quoth he, no good, agin human nature.

Pessimism on all sides of us. Agin human nature(sic) because no system can ever function for the greatest good of all because, well, because no system ever will.

As far as that goes maybe it won't.

But you see the way things are.

The farmers in the country 'round are not prone to lay any laurels on the brow of the well known Blue Eagle, thinking probably that the lightning bolts in his paw have struck too often and why should they lay any laurels on one who has struck them with lightning to no avail. A few of the boys here are getting a little money from the CWA which work is almost done now. I have a sister teaching school, teaching the unemployed under some branch of this CWA organized to help unemployed teachers teach unemployed students, and has got so far about fifth of the money due her for the work she has so far done. There was an American Legion lad here ill with pneumonia and the Legion got him a bed in the veterans hospital in St. Paul but the doctor in charge here did not want to move the man because the case would go into other hands and any monies resulting from the case would go out of town.

It's agin human nature, maybe he's right.

Aesthetically, politically, economically I tend toward anarchism. If the Ella Winters and

the others are right about Individualism and individuality I am with them. If the new allocation of monies under communism or socialism would make it possible for individualists to start as many DUNE FORUMS as they pleased I would be with that too.

In short, blessings on you and thanks.

Sincerely yours,

ERLING LARSEN

A N INTERVIEW with Upton Sinclair, Candidate for Governor

THE HEADQUARTERS of Upton Sinclair's new "party within a party" are in a little white house on the borders of Los Angeles and Beverly Hills. On the porch are three chairs—one large and comfortable wicker armchair and two comfortable "kitchen" chairs. One of us ensconced himself at ease in the armchair and the other balanced precariously tilted against the wall. In two minutes Sinclair appeared, looking tired but unconquered. We both rose to shake hands, and indicated the armchair "for the future Governor". "Even when I am governor I will have to be polite," he said, seating himself without further palaver on one of the straight wooden chairs.

"End Poverty in California" (E.P.I.C.) is the slogan and the name of the new party which hopes to capture the democratic primaries next August, and then to win the actual election in November. Sinclair stresses the fact that he does not only hope to gain the governor's seat for himself. It is equally important that the whole panel of E.P.I.C. candidates be elected with him to help put through his evolutionary plan.

"What will you do," we asked him, "if you find that you have both houses of the legislature against you?"

"As governor I shall have access to the Radio," he answered. "I shall appeal direct to the people to see to it that the plan on which I was elected is put through by their representatives."

He went on to point out that one of the reasons we have only the pretense of democracy in this country is because the main channels of news and ideas, the Radio and the Press, are almost entirely in the hands of entrenched wealth, which sees to it that only news and ideas beneficial to itself reach the ears and the eyes of the public.

We asked him whether he realised that the Communists were as bitterly opposed to him as the most conservative millionaire. He replied that the Communists feel themselves the uniquely chosen people to free the masses from oppression. He said he was out to prove them mistaken. He expressed admiration and friendliness for Russia, but did not think that the same solution would prove best adapted to American psychology. "Americans will not stand for foreign interference in their own affairs," he said. "The Communists International seeks to run the campaign and the program of every Communist party in every country."

We pointed out that in the case of Mussolini, McDonald and Hitler, all leaders un beholden to international control, climbed to power by using the name of socialism, only to sell out to entrenched wealth as soon as they were firmly in the saddle.

Sinclair smiled and asked us in turn what guarantee any leader could give other than his personal integrity. To which there is really no answer under any system.

We wondered if his plan would not work great hardship on many people used to a certain standard of life and too old to learn new tricks. He admitted frankly that any drastic change such as the times demand is bound to work hardship on individuals. But if it improves the lot of the vast majority, it will be worth the price. Moreover, it is unlikely, he added logically enough, that his plans would cause more hard-

ship even to this minority than the Depression had caused.

At the end Sinclair promised an article for the DUNE FORUM, in which he would answer any questions which our readers may care to send in.

It is interesting to note that Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. just after dining at the White House, wrote in his regular article for Rob Wagner's *Script* that in his "humble opinion" no one could defeat Upton Sinclair for Governor of California. "Even John Dockweiler said that betting in California was 6-4 that Sinclair would carry the state against any opponent in the fall."

A LETTER OF REBUTTAL

DEAR GAVIN:

In your February number, Mr. Clark's gentle plea for immortality, Mr. Thorp's haughty refusal to grant it, and Mr. Alexander's poetic preoccupation with such gruesome subjects as the "indecent gluttony of Earth's sarcophagic soil" are all beside the point, if the point is (as I suspect it is)—"What is it all about?" No matter what their conclusion, they all seem, in their manner of approach, to take it for granted that it is all about Man. In short, they repeat again the sad error of anthropocentrism (I hope that's a word).

The evidence of the evolutionary sciences gives no grounds for the belief that it is all about Man; but it does seem to point to the idea that it is all about Consciousness, of which the best instrument available at the moment seems to be man. We cannot run as rapidly as the horse; evolution, then, cannot be aiming at the perfection of running, since man and not the horse is in the ascendant. We cannot see as far as the eagle; ever-keener sight cannot be evolution's aim. We are not as long-lived as the sequoias; therefore long life, and finally immortality-in-a-limited-form such as tree or man, cannot be the aim of evolution. But we have managed to develop the most diversified,

and at the same time the most exquisitely coordinated, collection of sense organs, and through them to taste consciousness more variedly and more fully than any of our predecessors or contemporaries in the evolutionary parade. Finally, we have achieved the signal triumph of becoming conscious of our consciousness. But there I go anthropocentrizing all over the place myself. I should not have said "finally". After Self-Conscious Man, the Deluge? Oh, no! We have a reason to believe that. Even now there are inklings abroad of other and still richer forms consciousness possible to man—even with present equipment—if he sets about deliberately developing certain regions of that equipment. All modern art seems to be aiming at such development, consciously or unconsciously. But that is another story.

To return to evolution, she seems to be aiming at the growth and elaboration of consciousness, since she has selected for the position of greatest power that one of her creatures that has developed the most intense and most varied consciousness. It would seem, therefore, that all seekers after immortality would do well to put their faith to, and center their interest in, Consciousness and forget such piffling structures as seeds (there was a time when there were no seeds, yet life carried on), and such ephemeral human personality and the Hellenic noble-but-pathetic-man structure which is nothing but personality inflated to the proportions of a myth.

I would like particularly to deal with Mr. Thorp's cruel verdict that once we have "seeded" we have achieved what immortality we are capable of—and the life we lead from then and the faculties we develop are ephemeral and will die with us. Mr. Thorp, I take it, worships at the shrine of science. We will therefore take science to Mr. Thorp:

The most casual reader of "*Outlines*" knows that science today takes cognizance of a microscopic rod in protoplasm called the chromosome and endows that rod with inheritance factors

called genes—the atoms of life. That it has caught these chromosomes in the act of undergoing that mysterious process known as "mutation". For no apparent reason an old characteristic that had become fixed in a certain strain of protoplasm would suddenly change slightly and that change would henceforth be part of the heritable character of that strain. Science further tells us that these changes occur frequently (probably constantly, in infinitesimal degree) in all protoplasm, that they tend, in time, to run the gamut of possible characteristics and that Selection, acting through Environment, molds existing life-forms by accepting or rejecting these changes.

Now Environment, with the aid of psychology, is seen to consist not only of the physical but of the mental and emotional conditions surrounding any bit of life. And, since man influences his physical surroundings more than any creature before him, the state of his mind and emotions will influence his physical environment as well. In short, man's mental and emotional state becomes more and more his effective environment. Therefore what he does and thinks and feels throughout his life — even after he has "seeded"—becomes in large part the environment that will accept or reject whatever gene mutations may crop up in the human protoplasm about him and thus molds life at least up to the moment of his decease, be he never so seedless. And these acceptances and rejections, this molding of life for which he has been responsible, does not die with him for it has become part of the heritable character of human protoplasm, handed on from generation to generation and in turn not only seeds itself but tills the soil in which it germinates by creating its own environment.

Just as there is conservation of energy, there is conservation of thought and emotion. And in the last analysis thought and emotion can quite logically be considered forms of energy. There you have a scientific basis for immortality. No doubt science will sooner or later pick a flaw in it;

but also, no doubt, she will sooner or later dig up evidence to show that ultimately, if not in these immediate terms, immortality is a fact. Science seems to work that way. Each new discovery seems to refute the mystic until it is pushed to its logical conclusion when it melts into abstraction and reinforces the mystic viewpoint.

What is missing, then, is not immortality, but an emotional consciousness of immortality. That consciousness is achievable; for life—in man—has arrived at the point where it can mold itself. Consciousness can mold consciousness. (For details see the Hindoo philosophers and psychologists and some of their western commentators and adapters.)

It is one of those "critical points", for which you will find analogies in physics. Evolving Consciousness is becoming Conscious Evolution. The Eccentric Wheel of Life has reached the top of its swing and every eccentricity that restricted the creative and evolutionary "push" now stands ready to rush it down the other side of its revolution. The inertia of the static is about to give way to the inertia of the dynamic. Now, while the wheel hesitates, now is the time to effect that shift in Consciousness that will forever remove us from the rim of this wheel and place us at the center of existence in that axle which revolves not but is the witness and the center of all revolution.

...Or is this all a Jewish solution for a Jewish problem?

Yours,

ERWIN MANHEIM

DEAR ED: Thanks for your extended development of a scientific basis for my argument. Naturally, I agree with every word of it. But have we ever earmarked our little genes, and thereby gained evidence bearing on a personal reincarnation? How could you so misstate my position after our many talks? Regards,

DUNHAM THORP

THE GUILTY LIBERAL

by PAULINE SCHINDLER

THE RADICAL and the liberal have in our time so suffered the frustration of their deepest convictions that fatigue and despair have long since settled down upon many. "Tired radicals" we called them after the war, when ardent idealism burned down into ash, and one by one they fell. Fell into the moral lethargy of a surrender to the terms upon which life has to be lived if lived at all in our society.

Surrender, that is, active or passive, candid or escapist, to the practices of cannibalism upon which our economic life is based. For business, big and little, is no less than cannibalistic, however much the villain smile and smile.

It is painful for a man of good will to live in a society like ours with full consciousness of its fundament. The mind, in order to avoid a full awareness of the operation of the law of the jungle as it ruthlessly maintains in our social scheme, must develop a delicate evasiveness and subterfuge. It must refuse to see things whole, must see in fragments only. Must above all invent a method of moralization which will damn the other fellow and exonerate himself from responsibility. "The poor don't really want bathtubs. Why, they use them only to keep coal in." "People get the sort of government they deserve." "Art must be kept free from propaganda."

We have in our time short-circuited compassion.

The cultured supercedes the compassionate life. The gesture of the helping hand gives way to the shrug of helplessness and detachment. While in the city of Vienna machine guns thunder in the official murder of its simple citizens, innumerable pleasant ladies in innumerable garden clubs of America are busy devoting themselves to the subtleties of flower arrangement.

Over a period of generations we have been educated to a sedentary culture. We sit. We sit and talk. We sit and look. We sit and listen. It is almost socially out of order to move from reaction to decision, from decision to act. Moreover, it is not our habit. We have through the eagerest years of our adolescence been trained to sit (and with not too much answering back) in classrooms in which elderly-minded professors, trained in their turn to the disciplines of passivity and mental obedience, put forth informative comment in fifty-minute doses. We have set down the comment in our notebooks, the bell rang at the appointed moment from the wall behind the professorial rostrum; we have closed our notebooks with an inaudible sigh and proceeded to another similar room, in which the pattern of passivity was repeated.

A degree at the end of four years of such disciplines implied the guarantee that our culture had now attained that point of refinement at which we could be counted on to do nothing to question or to upset the world's benign order. For lo, was it not a world of cloistered path flanked by elms on gracious greenswards? Paths which led in many directions to offices with wide mahogany desks, to town clubs and country houses beset by terraces commanding a noble view of the sea?

The essential thing to do, so decided the liberal and the cultured, in the stress of our times is to sit serene, above the battle, cultivating one's garden and one's soul. For the kingdom of heaven has upon good authority been stated to be within.

A calm detachment thus became the sign of the liberal, and the devil was thereupon free to take the hindmost.

This is the guilt of the liberal. His detachment. His refusal to act in terms of a dynamic and compassionate realization. He sees, he understands, what is going on among human beings, he is aware of the disorder and the predicament. Yet he remains objective, refrains from

participating effortfully in solutions, leaves decision and action to others.

For a philosophy of detachment is a philosophy of irresponsibility.

There has been sufficient reason for this unfortunate substitution of negative for positive values. (We need not be too rough with the noble if benighted liberal.)

Where, in the first place, has it been enough possible for him to apply his convictions in their fulness? In liberal and progressive and radical schools (subsidized) he might teach and fulfill his beliefs somewhat satisfyingly. In minor radical publications (subsidized) he might edit or write, and thus put forth leaves. But in business, in the professions, in government, and in relationships and situations generally, he was almost totally entangled in frustrations. His own home and the hearthsides of his friends, his private consciousness and a few personal relationships, were the only untrammelled fields of freedom. (Even there his brow has often worn a suspiciously trammelled look.)

He has constantly in the years since the war been in retreat to islands of escape. Retreat from the cities; from the effete east to the freer west; retreat from the professions, from buying and selling, from political and social entanglements and patterned behaviors. Retreat from the arts, into psycho-analysis, into smaller groups and lonelier places—retreat finally into himself.

The liberal has withdrawn himself from circulation. He has delivered society into the hands of the enemy, into the hands of the plunderers. He has surrendered to the Philistines the channels of communication — newspaper, radio, schools; the world's possessions; the world's freedoms.

Now comes a chapter in the course of history to which the liberal must return from his private seclusion to re-enter life. He must re-educate himself to move from thinking and contemplation to decision, towards act. Although he has for this long while left organization and

gregarious behaviors to others, he must now, realizing the helplessness of the individual as such, and the necessity for the massing of intelligence, organize, build decisive unity of thinking, integrate with the whole social structure.

Fortunately he, like the proletariat, no longer has anything to lose but his chains, and may once more vigorously dare. While repression intensifies not only in Austria, in Germany, in the dark corners of our own country, but so generally that we are only dimly aware, he must take his living beliefs from the chimney corner to the marketplace. He may no longer be passive, private, withdrawn. He must expose the false values which confuse our generation. He must organize understanding, decision, and act.

There is a new society to be conceived and prepared towards birth.

The liberal must begin to function.

How?

It is not too difficult to find answers.

First, the life-concepts dear to him must be more openly embodied in his living. Second, he must re-enter and recharge with fresh motivations those fields, civic, social, educational, political, governmental, which out of despair he had abandoned to the Philistines. The functioning radical will be concerned with organized dynamic affirmation as well as with active protest against the denial of human liberties. He must found and control schools, public forums, universities, magazines, newspapers and news services, publishing enterprises, political parties and government. In his writings he will publicly affirm those values which achingly he nursed alone. He will energetically re-enter civic and political life. In small and in large he must affect his time. The schools, the newspaper, and the radio, so passively given over to destructive forces, a whole civilization poisoned —he must repossess. Conscious that the time for a united front is dramatically and critically at hand, the liberal will organize with the radical to bring about mass will, intelligence, and power.