

DUNE FORUM



PHOTOGRAPH BY BRETT WESTON

Number One

January 15, 1934

Price 30 Cents

DUNE FORUM

THE DUNES, OCEANO, CALIFORNIA

VOL. I JANUARY 15, 1934 No. I

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To be published on the 15th of every month from the Dunes, Oceano, California. Three dollars a year. Thirty cents a copy.

EDITORIAL

WHEN WE LOOK OUT from a train window we get only the succession of scenes that keep arriving and slipping into the past in unpredictable succession. But a man in an airplane overhead sees not only the train and the track it must inevitably follow, but simultaneously all the varying landscape the person at the window will be seeing piecemeal for hours and hours to come.

The average person looks at life through a figurative train-window. True education should be the airplane that lifts him into heights from which the laws of Cause and Effect can be seen operating as surely in the future as in the past. Metaphorically the tracks are human selfishness operating either collectively in the form of clans and nations, or individually in men and women. The truly educated person sees that tracks are no longer needed for travel. But he also sees that the average man, until he has been educated (not instructed) how to fly, will crawl along obstinately for quite a while longer on the same old tracks that have been the channel of men and nations for many thousands of years.

The French have a saying: "To understand

everything is to forgive everything." History, if looked at from the viewpoint of immutable Cause and Effect, shows an apparent inevitability in everything that has ever happened. And, if this is so, it is no less true of current history than of the history of the past. Change is as inevitable as the fact that winter is followed by spring. The present condition of Germany is merely the logical sequence of the Treaty of Versailles, which in turn followed quite naturally the hatreds engendered by the patriotic rivalries of all the most powerful nations of the world.

We do not decry patriotism. Patriotism can be either national self-respect or it can be national selfishness. Carried to its usual conclusion, however, patriotism can only lead to the present armed, predatory, jungle-minded state of almost every country in the world today. Mussolini insists that Italy's population is too large—that she must have room for expansion—and in the same breath offers rewards for larger families. The same is true of Germany and Japan, and would probably be true of England and France had they not already built up large colonial empires.

PATRIOTISM also lends itself to race-prejudice within its own national boundaries, as illustrated by the Nazi persecution of Jews. To a broader vision, of course, such a sweeping condemnation would be impossible. The incalculable values which the Jewish migration brought into Europe are self-evident—the complementary qualities of Jew and Nordic sharpening each other to a finer civilization than either could have achieved alone. But it must also be recognised that, as the archetypal Wandering Jew is by nature an internationalist, any nation opposed to internationalism would be quite logically opposed to him. It is also true that in a civilization which puts a premium on acquisitiveness, the more material type of Jew, with his one-sided commercial heritage, would

have such an advantage over the average Gentile (whose ancestors functioned in a wider field) that in the end he would, as he has in Germany, find himself holding most of the lucrative positions. This inevitably arouses the bitter envy of the people into whose land he came originally as a refugee. Only under a more altruistic concept of society could it be possible for the admirable qualities in Jewish character to outshine the enviable, thus making his presence a source of pride to the majority rather than a menace.

AMERICA'S POSITION in international affairs seems strangely analogous to the position of the Jew in Germany just prior to the time Hitler galvanised the majority's growing resentment. There is in our case a danger that we may find ourselves the focal point for hatred, not of a single group, but of all nations.

During and after the War, we established ourselves as the creditor nation of the world. Even our dullest politicians must have known from the start that there was not nearly enough gold in the world to pay even the European debts to us, let alone all the other debts, public and private, accumulated throughout the century. Consequently they must have realized that almost all debts would have to be paid in goods. Yet blithely they went on erecting tariff walls as high as possible; and, refusing still to admit European goods, nevertheless insist on strict fulfilment of European obligations.

The argument that to protect our own highly paid labor (*sic*) we must keep out the product of foreign cheap labor is quite irrelevant to the fact that Europe can pay only in goods. Knowing that we would never allow the product of cheap labor to enter easily, and that payment any other way would be impossible, we should have been wise enough to keep our surplus capital at home to be distributed as wages high enough to maintain internal buying power at the same level as production. As we have not

acted with logic in this matter, it would seem well for us to stop crying over spilt milk and turn our energies toward making ourselves a completely self-sufficing nation, as independent of foreign debts as we wish to be of foreign entanglements, and concentrating on the really important problem confronting us — that of properly distributing our own goods among all classes of our own people.

ALONG THIS LINE would it not be a good idea for those of us who like to call ourselves intelligent to examine closely and without bias the economic findings and suggested remedies of the Social Credit groups which are springing up all over the English-speaking world—to read their recommendations side by side with those of Wall Street bankers and the more financially minded of our elected representatives—and then judge for ourselves? That is what we are trying to do here in the Dunes, and if the DUNE FORUM seems to lean slightly more toward new and experimental concepts, it is primarily because of the evident failure of conservative methods to prevent our economic life from leaping up and down in ever more fantastically acrobatic somersaults from huge paper booms to as needless but more painful depressions. Also it is a fact that the Press of this country and the richest, and therefore best advertised and most widely read, magazines are so heavily weighted on the side of the *status quo* that any publication desiring to show both sides hardly feels the necessity of stressing ideas which appear each morning on the breakfast table and which one can buy on the corner every week for five cents.

Almost all these popular organs of news and ideas are now proclaiming the New Deal with blare of trumpets but hardly a logical word for or against. President Roosevelt came in on a tide of public enthusiasm, the kick-back of accumulated resentment against his predecessor. The fact that he is an extraordinarily rare corn-

bination of clear-sighted idealist and astute politician makes him undoubtedly the best possible choice at the present time—even, in all probability, a godsend without whom the country would by now have been plunged in revolution.

ALL THE SAME, there is this question to be asked: How far will Mr. Roosevelt be able to ride the obstreperous horse *Politics* into the Promised Land of the New Deal? His present program is, most of us hope, only a stepping stone toward the more drastic changes necessary to tune up the contemporary economic system to the speed of contemporary machine-production. For some months past he has been able to work without interference from Congress. Now that Congress has reconvened, chances are that Wall Street will again have power to prevent us from escaping the nets of ticker tape which landed us where we are.

There is some talk of the President's becoming Dictator of this country. If he does, will he then follow Mussolini's and Hitler's retrogressive examples, and scrap machines wherever possible in order to make sure that Man still "earns his bread by the sweat of his brow", even though thousands of inventions have now made that injunction quite obsolete? Or will he use his power to press the country forward along the road mapped out by such recognized leaders in science and philosophy as Steinmetz and John Dewey?

Unfortunately, it seems likelier that Congress, being made up of more average types, reflects with greater accuracy the inertia-bound mind of the People, and therefore may be relied upon not to give its electors more than their present state of evolution warrants. We cannot move faster than the main body of the troops. Though we have the potential ability to fly, Mr. Ordinary Voter—he who elects Congress—is still conservative and timorous as a clucking hen. Until he rubs the dust from his eyes

and sees that it really would be to his advantage if the products of the new machines were adequately distributed, there is no apparent reason why he should not suffer. And therefore, barring a very possible fascist *putsch*, the laws of Cause and Effect will no doubt keep Congress in power, if for no other reason, in order that the masses develop gumption enough to vote for benefits within their grasp before they have to be forced upon them by even the most kindhearted of dictators.

THE WORLD SEEMS full of trouble as the New Year breaks upon us. But here in the Dunes the heavy rains have turned the high hills of sand a dull gold, and all the willows in the coves shine bright gold in contrast to the blue-green silver of the beach lupin. Already there is a smell of spring in the air. Winter does not last forever.

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION . . .

ELIZABETH WHITE is the wife of Steward Edward White. She has accompanied her husband on all his trips through Africa and Alaska and is noted for her bravery. This is, we believe, her literary debut. She makes it under protest.

VICTOR MALL is a young Russian artist now in Santa Barbara.

THOMAS HANDFORTH is living in Peiping, China, on a Guggenheim Fellowship. He has an etching or two hanging in the Metropolitan Museum in New York and also in the Luxembourg in Paris.

ELLA WINTER is known to many as Mrs. Lincoln Steffens. She is a writer and lecturer highly valued by the Communist Party. She is the author of "Red Virtue", and represents *The New Masses* in California.

J. L. DENISON, D.D., has preached from Congregational, Presbyterian and Episcopalian pulpits. He gained the love of all Boston for his social service work. During the War he was with the Y. M. C. A. in France. He has now resigned from the Church, and devotes himself, near Santa Barbara, to philosophic writing. Among others of his books are "Emotion as the Basis of Civilization" and "The Enlargement of Personality". He is an interpretive traveler and a charming host.

CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE is a well-known San Francisco novelist, playwright and columnist. He is the author of "Blood Red Dawn", "Broken to the Plow" and "Less than Kin".

LEONE BARRY lives not far from the Dunes in a little hut perched on a cliff where she is writing a novel of great promise. She is twenty-three, and the DUNE FORUM banks on the fact that one day she will be known to all the reading world.

CARL BECKSTEAD is a young dunite, formerly a commercial fisherman, now cutting wood on the Mesa. He was one of the original builders of Moy-Mell. He too is one of the DUNE FORUM'S private bets.

THOMAS A. WATSON helped Alexander Graham Bell to invent the telephone. Bell had the idea and Watson built the machine, later becoming the first superintendent of the Bell Telephone Co. He is the author of "The Autobiography of an Electrical Engineer" and several pamphlets reconciling science and religion. This year he will be eighty, and has already celebrated his golden wedding. He and his wife live a quiet but many-sided life on Beacon Street in Boston.

LORING ANDREWS is the author of "Horizon Chasers" and "Isles of Eden". With guitar and accordion he has wandered over the world, singing an entree into any race or society that attracted him. He is particularly a lover of the South Sea Islanders, whom he thinks best preserve the truth and innocence of the Golden Age.

ELLA YOUNG first attracted wide attention in this country because of the outcry against the absurd red-tape of our immigration laws which threatened to keep this "Ambadress from Fairyland" out of the United States. Like her poetry, she is a resurgent echo from another world. Intimate of Yeats, A. E., Colum, and the other wizards of the Irish Renaissance, she seems to look through the eyes of a Druidess upon our modern age. She is the author of "Celtic Wonder Tales", "The Gobaun Saor and His Son", "The Tangle-Coated Horse" and "The Unicorn with Silver Shoes". Now she holds the Lectureship on Celtic Mythology and Folk Law in the University of California, and is at present engaged in writing a scholarly contribution to Celtic Mythology, on a ranch near Taos in New Mexico.

TAMARA ANDREEVA's story is largely contained in "Tumbleweed", printed herein for the first time. Just as Ella Young was, so is she now threatened with exclusion from the United States by the technicalities of the quota law. We should think that a person who had graduated from an American university would automatically be eligible for citizenship—especially one belonging to the much favored Nordic race.

HUGO SEELIG is a San Francisco Jew, mystic and poet—the original Dunite of the intellectual group. At present he is in Los Angeles preparing a forthcoming book of verse.

LET'S LOOK AGAIN

by ELLA WINTER

DEAR MR. ARTHUR:

You ask me to answer your objection to Mr. Montague Jacob's article. But before I do that I must ask you to do perhaps the hardest thing you can do, and which I am afraid even around your Dune Fires your Dunites have not yet achieved. That is to empty your mind of its *categories*.



I have to challenge your underlying premises, your fundamental assumptions and ways

of thinking before I can begin to answer your thought.

To you wherever there are opposites (extreme or not), there must be a third or middle "way out". But what is the third or middle way out in these opposites?

You are hungry or you are not.

You have three children or you have not.

Your children have shoes or they have not.

You are able to live on an unearned income or you are not.

You write what you like or you write for a market. You have the money to pay for drawing, violin, fencing lessons or you have not.

and so on.

In economic systems there are two and only two possible and mutually exclusive States of Fact—wealth is either distributed equitably or it is not—and by equitable I mean according to need (not by mathematic exactness).

Under capitalism wealth is distributed so unequally — and *laissez-faire* individualism, NRA capitalism, Italian fascism, Hitlerism, are all only differing degrees and forms of capitalism—that the vast majority of the population of any country have neither enough material goods to lead the good life, nor the means to develop their gifts, talents, innate characteristics; to develop that individuality you are so "jealous" of. And those living in a society guilty of such ignobility as ours, who have the means, are hindered and hampered in their development by the nature of our society.

These are facts. One of America's greatest biologists said to me yesterday that science has suffered unbelievably during the depression; young scientists haven't the tools, the leisure or the means to pursue their art; and the spirit of our times is against leisurely pursuit of truth. From Germany he expects nothing more while Hitler fascism is in power. ONLY from Russia, he says, are worthwhile papers coming, only in Russia is worthwhile research being done—in practically every branch of science. Julian Huxley said the same thing last year:

the best work in genetics is coming from there. Pavlov needs no mention to you, nor Michurin, the Soviet Luther Burbank. And so on.

"Why?" I asked my scientist.

"They care about science," he said, "and they are FREE to work at it, and their country and their culture honour the scientist and make use of every invention. No invention is killed by the patents being bought up by individually competing firms that their rivals may not make a monetary gain. That happens here."

The fact that Hitler and Stalin are dictators has no more relation to the organization of society in their respective countries than are the King of England and a Chinese coolie's baby related because each has two eyes, a nose and a mouth.

The Dictatorship of Stalin is a dictatorship with a plan, which every member of society knows and is taught the details of, a plan whereby each person, each citizen, each soul in the country, will have enough to eat, wear and shelter himself; and then freedom, leisure, and the means to keep himself healthy and develop to the utmost with NO BARRIERS his individuality.

Under a communist form of society, which is interested in giving everyone the means to live (and I mean *live*), only under a communist society where material privilege, domination, tyranny, and exploitation of one man by another are wiped out, will you get to the full the expression IN FACT of your ideal: "Individuality within Community."

POSTSCRIPTS:

(1) Revolution is a slightly accelerated wave in the evolutionary advancement of the race.

(2) Revolution and Evolution are not mutually exclusive opposites.

(3) Individualism and Individuality are mutually exclusive opposites.

(4) A Jewish answer to a Russian problem is not a mutually exclusive opposite to a Protestant answer to an American problem or a

Catholic answer to an Italian problem. "Capitalism" is in essence the same the world over, and whether a Jew or a Christian sees a way out of its enmeshing oppression seems to matter as little as that Jesus, Einstein, Bergson and Marx were Jews, while Lindbergh, Lincoln and Lenin were Christians.

(5) There can be only *two possible answers* to the question: Is society working for the greatest good of the greatest number or not? and the two answers are YES or NO.

(6) Capitalism is not an idea or a school of thought: it is an economic system. Under capitalism a few people own a great proportion of the wealth and natural resources of a country: in the U. S. A. 2 per cent of the population get 60 per cent of the national income. Under communism all the people own and use all the wealth of the country for the benefit of all.

THE TIN CAN

A Fable

By J. L. DENISON

THERE was once an old Tin Can stuck in the mud in the bottom of the ocean. He did not like being at the bottom, nor did he like mud. And he did not hesitate to express his opinion to any fish that chanced to pass his way. "Tell me," he shouted one day to a group of staid and respectable codfish, "why should I be lying here at the bottom when those sticks of wood are floating about on top in the air and sunshine? They are no better than I. Abominable aristocrats! What business have they to enjoy all the pleasures of life while I am down here stuck in the mud?" The fish gazed at him coldly with proud unblinking eyes and remarked that they did not consider it proper for tin or iron or stones or any such stuff to float. "Proper!" cried the Tin Can, "I'd like to know why not! If it wasn't for you

with the curse of your social distinctions, there would be some chance for tin cans in the world."

But the fishes only flapped their great gills stupidly and remarked: "But your place is at the bottom, you know. Fancy a piece of tin floating! Why we never heard of such a thing in all our lives. It wouldn't do at all." "It wouldn't do? My place at the bottom?" cried the Tin Can, positively gurgling with rage. "I guess that I could make as good a show on top as any old stick of wood that ever floated. If some of you would only give me a lift up to the top I'd show you how I can float. But the whole darn world is against me. Everything pushes me down." "But," said the fishes, "if you belonged on top you would go up of yourself without any help." "Nonsense," said the Tin Can, "how can I with all these piles and piles of water to crush me down? It's the mean injustice and partiality of the thing that makes me sore. The water will help up any old stick of wood that comes along, but every time I get up so much as an inch it crushes me back into the mud. Is that just? And there isn't one of you fishes that will lend me a hand to get up. One might expect such treatment from sharks, but from you fish that pretend to be so pious and benevolent, such treatment is certainly disheartening."

The fishes looked at one another dubiously, and at last one of them said: "It does seem rather unfair when you put it that way, and I am willing to give you a lift if the others will." So the fishes put their noses together, and poked the Tin Can out of the mud, and with great flourish and swashing of fins and tails they boosted him slowly up through the dense water on the tips of their noses. "You are terribly heavy," said one of the fishes at last. "What have you got inside you?" "I don't know," said the Tin Can, "I never looked. The label says, David Jones' Extra Quality Black Lead Paint. But if it comes to that what have you got inside of you? You aren't even labelled!" And as none of the fishes knew, they subsided.

At last they reached the surface and pushed the Tin Can up so that his head was above the surface, and he danced along through the spray and laughed aloud as he felt the fresh sea breeze and the warm rays of the sun. "This is fine," he said, "now I am up at the top in my proper place at last." And the fishes were naturally greatly pleased, for it had been a tedious job. But when they turned downward, just as the last fish started to remove the support of his nose, the Tin Can gave a sudden lurch, and away he went—splash, bang!—down to the very bottom of the sea.

The fishes waggled their fins in feeble astonishment, and stared at one another with blank round eyes, overcome with discouragement and dismay. "Well, he's gone," one of them said at last. "What a pity he didn't stay up when we got him there. After we had taken so much trouble he might have floated as a matter of courtesy to us, if nothing more. I can't imagine why he wanted to go back into the mud. Well, I am satisfied of one thing anyway; it is no use trying to make tin float." "Nonsense," said a Wise Old Whale who chanced to be drifting by. "I have floated around more than a hundred years, and my back is hoary with barnacles. I know a thing or two by this time, and I tell you that there isn't anything you can't do if you know how to set about it. Make tin float? Let me see the tin!"

They swam down to the bottom and the Wise Old Whale surveyed the Tin Can for a long while with his left eye, and then he turned around and looked at it out of his right eye. He listened a little contemptuously to the string of excuses the Tin Can was rattling off, of how the air was too much for him, and the fish failed to support him just at the moment when he needed them. "There is no use trying to boost that Tin Can up into the air," he said. "What is needed is to boost some air down into that Tin Can. If you don't do that he'll come back here every time you let go of him. He needs three things if he wants to get to the top. First and

foremost, to get something into him; secondarily and incidentally, to get something out of him; and immediately and most critically he needs to be punched." And he nudged a young sword-fish who was nosing around in a very sharp sort of way. And the sword-fish whirling his tail around like the propeller of an ocean steamship made a sudden rush at the old Tin Can and punched him clean through with his bony nose. The Can groaned in agony: "It's all up with me now. I can never get to the top." "Just what he needed," muttered the Wise Old Whale. "Now we'll make him float." And darting up to the surface he drew in such a deep breath that his sides swelled up like a padded pincushion.

"Now then," he said, as he returned to the bottom and took his stand with his tail in the air and his nostril against the hole in the Tin Can, "look out for David Jones' Extra Quality Black Lead Paint!" and spouted air with all his might. The air went in, and the paint certainly came out. It covered the hoary barnacled back of the Wise Old Whale all over. And when the water cleared up the Tin Can was gone. "Where is he?" asked the fishes. "Come and see," said the Whale, and he started for the surface. There on the top was the Tin Can, fairly dancing on the top of the waves and happy as a lark. "A miracle! He floats! He floats! Tin actually floats!" shouted the fishes.

"Keep still," said the Wise Old Whale, "or someone will take you for an Ivory Soap advertisement. There is nothing remarkable about that, now that there is air inside of him instead of David Jones' Extra Quality Black Lead Paint. What you want to do is to put the air into the tin, and not the tin into the air. If you don't, the only way to make it stay on top is to stay there yourself and hold it there. Now you would have as hard a time to make it stay at the bottom as you did before to make it stay at the top. If your Tin Can is on the bottom the trouble is with the Tin Can and not with the bottom. Everything sinks as far as its own weight car-

ries it." With which sage and sententious remarks the Wise Old Whale went on his way to accumulate more barnacles upon his back.

D O C T O R S O F D E P R E S S I O N

by DUNHAM THORP

YESTERDAY, I talked to a destitute man about the Depression. A war veteran, the husband of a very sick wife and father of three small children, he had just been stalled off by the local relief administration. His name had been taken and added to the lists—a month ago!—but when he hitch-hiked to the county seat to find out why nothing more had come of it, he was told that funds were too low to do anything for him at the present time. He had, they granted, three valid claims to precedence; but funds were low, and there were others who were even worse off than he. (There had been some maladministration of relief, it was rumored; Washington was holding off until a local cleanup had been accomplished.) The reasonableness of it all was carefully explained to him, and he was asked to be patient a little longer. Things might be better in the spring. If he could hold out for three more months (presumably without eating), he might be put on half-rations then.

Today, I have on my desk four pamphlets offering diagnoses of, and prescribing remedies for, this Depression. They are equally divided between contending sides. The first two contain printed speeches delivered before Senatorial Committees by Winthrop W. Aldrich, Chairman of the Governing Board and President of The Chase National Bank, the largest in the world. Of the other two, the first is a manifesto calling for the formation of a new political party, and is issued over the name of John Dewey, Dean Emeritus of Philosophy at

Columbia University. It contains, among a long list of supporters, the names of the mayors of New York and St. Paul. The final pamphlet is in reality a magazine, "*Common Sense*", issued in support of the new party campaign.

The cleavage between the two sides is fundamental. On the one hand, the banker's plea is for a return to the old order, with safeguards against the worst of the old abuses. On the other, the educator seeks the complete overthrow of capitalism and the inauguration of a more scientific state. Both, it must be stressed, appear to be sincerely held opinions. Neither Aldrich nor Dewey is a demagogue. Further, neither of them is below par mentally, nor is either of them uninformed concerning conditions as they exist in the country today. If any selfish motives may be imputed on either side they would seem to fit more readily on the banker than the educator. Both, however, are entitled to a hearing.

To quote Mr. Aldrich:

"The present depression has, of course, many features of preceding depressions. Any period of intense financial and business activity develops stresses and strains and maladjustments which compel liquidation and reaction. But the unprecedented severity—absolutely unprecedented as far back as good statistical records go—of the present depression, and the slowness with which the automatic restorative forces have worked, must be found in certain unprecedented circumstances which have preceded it."

These he goes on to list as:

"Shift from Debtor to Creditor Position of U. S.
Inter-Governmental Debts.
High Protective Tariffs.
Cheap Money and Bank Expansion.
Artificial Price Maintenance.
Gold Exchange Standard.
Fear Regarding Standard of Value.
Broken Equilibrium."

Out of these, he selects:

"The Three Main Causes of the Depression.

In these three factors, then, (a) intergovernmental debts, (b) high protective tariffs and other trade barriers,

increasing in severity throughout the commercial world, including high protective tariffs on the part of our own great country, which had suddenly become creditor on a great scale, and (c) six years of cheap money and rapid bank expansion, we have the main explanation of the unprecedented financial boom, the unprecedented financial break and the unprecedented severity of the depression."

Nowhere, it is interesting to note, does Mr. Aldrich give other than financial reasons for the present breakdown. Industrial and technological causes, prime concerns with his opponents, are not touched. And of the three chief causes that he lists, only one—cheap money and bank expansion—is concerned with the internal economy of the country. All the others have to do with international finance. It is on this one point, interestingly enough, that he makes his sole contact with the other group. In every other respect each side focuses on an entirely different set of phenomena.

Except at one point. Dewey is in full agreement with Aldrich that this is not "just another depression."

To quote:

"We are in the midst of the third great crisis that has occurred in this nation. The first was in the revolutionary and post-revolutionary days. The second was the civil war which 'freed' black slaves and began the entrenchment of wealth. Because of the greater size and bigger population of the country and the complexity of social affairs, and the possibility of a secure and abundant life for all, the present economic crisis overshadows in importance both the others. We make the choice between a continuation of anarchy, disguised and externally suppressed—for a time—by what is called Fascism, leading to inevitable catastrophe, and a political revolution by which the people will resume power—that is to say, not tinkering with the details of legislation and administration but taking over the means of power."

In further explanation, he continues:

"Modern mass production by means of automatic machines has altered the face of the earth. We are just beginning to realize the potentialities of the Age of Power under which we are living. From the economy of scarcity which has plagued mankind from the beginning of time we have now entered upon a new phase—an economy of plenty. . . . Unfortunately this ability to satisfy human needs has brought only misery and disaster to mankind. ...Why? Because production for profits under the capitalist system

is incompatible with mass production by automatic machines. The capitalist system has collapsed and desperate efforts are now being made to clear away the wreckage.... The perfection of mass-production by automatic machines has accomplished what all the social philosophies, all the radical sects, creeds, and parties failed to do. It has rendered capitalism inefficient and obsolete. It has changed the problem from one of under-production to one of under-distribution."

While not within the strict limits of the sources I have chosen for quotation, it is pertinent to introduce another bit of data into the discussion at this point. It has been estimated by federal authorities that, because of economies and the introduction of new machinery, the 1929 rate of production can be attained today with 70% of the workers needed then, and with a 50% payroll. *In four short years* we have become able to maintain 100% production with 30% less labor. Shall we kill off that 30% and the 10% minimum that each succeeding year will probably pile up? Or what? Furthermore, the laying off of these unnecessary men will decrease consumptive power, which in turn will further limit production, thus throwing more men out of work.

The technological argument, however, is only one of the two main shafts in the quiver of the economic iconoclasts. The other one is debts. It is here that they rub elbows with Mr. Aldrich, though the picture that they draw is somewhat different, in that, while his is temporary and remedial, theirs is permanent and inescapable under the present system.

The latest material on this subject is contained in a book, "Debt and Production," by Bassett Jones, one of the leading engineers of the country (he put the elevators in the Empire State Building). This was reviewed by Stuart Chase (said to be one of President Roosevelt's favorite writers on economics) in "*Common Sense*".

Charting the growth of production from 1800 to the present day, and correlating it to a similar survey covering the debt structure, Mr. Jones finds that while the *growth* of production

has slacked off since 1911, that of debt has continued to increase. By 1929 it had reached a compound factor of 8.2%, with production continuing to taper off. Speaking of this, Mr. Jones says:

"Once the growth of production (not its total quantity) has reached a maximum and begun to decrease, the capital structure is in jeopardy. It must follow the growth of production. If its structure is such that this is impossible, it will cease to function. Any effort to support it artificially—short of reversing the trend in the growth of production—can only result in making the situation worse. It is suggested that at or earlier than 1929, probably in 1921, when the slackening of growth in production began to make itself felt, the capital structure was in danger. Artificial stimulus had its effect in stalling off the inevitable collapse until 1929. It follows that a new credit structure is required in which the total is automatically controlled by the total of production, and in which the interest rate is a function of growth in production."

Commenting on this, Stuart Chase goes on to elucidate:

"Two hundred billions of long and short term debt, carrying fixed charges, another hundred billion of equities carrying 'conventional dividends', a total of three hundreds of billions of claims on production, are still outstanding, while all that production can support—'normal' production, if you please, not depression production—is hardly fifty billions, on the Jones' formula, with the prospect, still under normal production conditions, of becoming steadily less. . . . Five-sixths of your accustomed profits, interest, rents, royalties, Gentlemen, can no longer be counted upon; five-sixths of your principal, accordingly, in the form of stocks, bonds, leaseholds, mortgages, notes, has no real value, and, caught in the relentless laws of physical production, can have none in the calculable future. What all the radicals, revolutionists, defamers of capitalism, have been quite unable to do, the Second Law of Thermodynamics has done."

So there you are. The first doctor says that we have an infected finger, the second says that blood-poisoning has set in. We would, perhaps, *prefer* to believe the first. But if we do, and content ourselves with the course of treatment he prescribes, what will happen if it should turnout that the second one is right?

Perhaps the treatment for the infected finger would prove sufficient for blood-poisoning as well? Let us see.

What does Mr. Aldrich, as spokesman for the bankers, propose? Several things—but two of them he considers basic. These are:

- "1. Prompt settlement of the inter-allied debts.
2. Prompt reciprocal reduction of tariffs and the modification of other trade barriers."

The turning back of the clock, in other words, to as close an approximation of pre-war conditions as may be attained.

Mr. Aldrich realizes, of course, that this cannot be brought about overnight. Therefore, to bridge the gap, and to help gain the desired ends, he proposes several:

"Interim Measures.

. . . I would continue a policy of emergency credit relief, making use of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. We must face the fact, however, that not all of the existing fabric of capital debt can be maintained in full (*vide* Bassett Jones). . . . We must have sound public finance. This means: (a) reduced expenditures and increased Federal taxation. I personally do not like a sales tax applied at a uniform rate to all manufactures.... Necessities could stand a much heavier percentage taxes than can articles which people can easily do without (*sic*). . . . But, in addition, expenses must be cut drastically. . . . It is my understanding that very great reductions of expenditure can result from reorganization and consolidation of government bureaus, and from the elimination of overlapping functions. . . . The budget ought to be balanced, in the sense that all ordinary expenses are covered by current taxes."

In the event of failure by the government to do these things, he makes a veiled threat of an attack by the money-fraternity upon the national credit (such as has since happened when the Federal Reserve, representing its member bankers, sold government bonds short to counteract the President's gold-buying policy).

In summing up, Mr. Aldrich says:

"My view is that we shall get out of this depression by removing its causes. The chief of these is a broken equilibrium, growing out of strangled international trade [due, in Mr. Aldrich's opinion, to inter-allied debts and tariffs]. This has made raw materials and farm products pile up unsold in the United States, even though offered at very low prices, and has led to an immense contraction in the volume of manufactured goods, and in manufacturing activity, though the prices of these things have not fallen nearly as much as have farm prices and raw material prices.

"I would ease off the situation by giving emergency credit to prevent further forced liquidation of good assets at depression levels. And I would emphasize the necessity of undeviating adherence to sound money and sound public finance as vitally important to alleviate the fears which have arisen with respect to our currency and our government credit.

"I am aware that there is another view, or set of views, advanced by men who think that the trouble with the world is simply a shortage of money and credit, and who propose to bring about a revival of business by what they call 'inflation'."

Needless to say, inflation is anathema to Mr. Aldrich. As it is likewise to Dewey and his cohorts (except as a poultice which, though foredoomed to failure, may bring things more readily to a head).

Before going on to Dewey, however, it might be well to make a short summary and analysis of Mr. Aldrich's advice. His prescription is two-fold, remedial and palliative. The palliative "interim measures" are not intended to cure but merely ease the pain during an acute period and lower the fever so that his remedial measures will have a better chance to take hold. His actual cure, his regained equilibrium, he makes dependent on two things that, it seems to me, we simply cannot have. These are: debt cancellation and low tariffs. Our people have expressed themselves time and again as adamant against any cancellation, or even substantial writing-down, of foreign debts. The rising tide of nationalism throughout the world, on the other hand, makes it extremely unlikely that we can have anything like a cooperative give-and-take in the lowering of tariffs. Furthermore, of what value are lower tariffs when India, for instance, now manufactures for herself an increasing portion of the textiles she used to buy?

So what? Those facts may be lamentable. But there they are. Mr. Aldrich offers us no hope whatever if we will not give him what it seems we cannot.

Mr. Dewey and his associates, on the other hand, do not find it necessary to buck this wall.

They feel that we can not only regain the pre-Depression standard of living but increase it many-fold and yet remain within the limits of our own continental boundaries.

How?

As stated before it is their purpose to take laboratory findings and put them into force in the everyday world of affairs—as electronic findings have been put into force in radio tubes and the photo-electric cell. It is their contention that our politico-economic development has not kept pace with the advances in other fields and that the present difficulties are due to our inability to control an automobile with a set of reins.

In furtherance of this idea they have undertaken the formation of a new party, the avowed purpose of which—if, and when, it gains control—is to supplant capitalism with a new and purportedly more scientific system.

Dr. Dewey, envisioning the potentialities this would open up, starts his manifesto with the words:

"Suppose the United States Government should offer you an annual income of \$10,000.00 to give up your present occupation and work for it at the task for which you are best equipped. Suppose further that you were required to work but from four to six hours a day, five days a week with sixty days of uninterrupted vacation each year. Suppose further that you were allowed an additional \$2500.00 a year for the support of each of your children under twenty-one years of age. Suppose further that you were offered this income for the remainder of your life even though you would be retired at the age of 45. Suppose further that this income was based on a stable dollar so that the purchasing power of your income remained fairly constant. Suppose further that the government offered to provide your children with work when they reached 21 years of age at minimum salaries of \$10,000.00 a year each. . . . Sounds fantastic, doesn't it? ... Yet leading scientists and technicians insist that such an arrangement would be entirely feasible and practical under the proper organization of our economic and social life."

In this propaganda for "a new game with a new deck" we see, in action, the equivalent of Mr. Aldrich's "interim measures". But with this difference—that where he seeks to palliate and salve, it is their purpose to stimulate.

Unfortunately I am not able to make a direct quotation from either of the Dewey pamphlets as to their ultimate aims. Those aims are set forth, but not in compact enough form for a summarizing quote.

My own digest of their views would be this: We have passed from an era of economic scarcity into an era of economic superabundance. We have solved the problem of production. What we have not solved is the problem of distribution. We cannot, under our present profit system, move our plenty on to the people who need it. Therefore goods pile up, the productive system falters, and the whole machine is thrown out of gear. In the meantime debt mounts, imposing a further handicap.

To remedy this, they propose to treat production-consumption not as two separate functions but as a unified whole. That is, production would be planned for a given period and an equivalent amount of consumptive power (i.e., money based not on gold but on the total of production) would be pro-rated among the people with the stipulation that it must be spent within that period (thus forestalling the accumulation of capital and its corollary, debt). A moderate differential in incomes might or might not be retained as an incentive to effort. When production threatened to go out of bounds again it would be checked by a lowering of the working hours. The ultimate balance, with our present natural resources, man-power and technology is estimated at a per capita income of \$20,000 a year for a 16-hour work-week. Within a few months of the inauguration of the new system it is estimated that a per capita income of \$1200-\$1500 a year could be guaranteed. This, as is pointed out, is in itself higher than has ever before existed in the history of the world.

All of which, to those who have not followed recent economic findings, seems utopian in the extreme. The fact remains, however, that it has not been successfully challenged to date. It has been laughed at and ridiculed, as were the

steam engine and airplane. But it seems, nevertheless, to be steadily gaining ground, especially among experts in technological fields. An interesting development in our own state of California is the recent announcement of the candidacy of Upton Sinclair for governor on the Democratic ticket—especially if, as is rumored, he has President Roosevelt's blessing.

So there you are. The doctors have consulted—and disagreed. The choice is thrown back to us.

The question that must finally be answered is not one of righting past wrongs, nor even of taking all that we can get, but simply this: Can capitalism (even if set on its tracks again by NRA or a Fascist control) continue to maintain itself in the face of a growing ability to do a given amount of work with less labor, thus pyramiding unemployment, and at the same time sustain a towering debt structure no longer supported by production?

NUDISM - WHAT IS IT?

by LORING ANDREWS

IN THIS our modern age the human animal, emboldened by the "new freedom", seems to have broken loose in a variety of strange capers. We have among us individuals who sit on the pinnacles of flag poles for weeks, men who roll peanuts along dusty roads for miles and miles and keep smiling, men and women who dance together on roller skates until they burst their brave hearts, and folks who swallow innumerable pies for a prize. And then we have persons who deem it more fit to go Hollywood, or native, or nude. It is not ours to object or censure, for this new freedom should mean tolerance. A diagnosis, however, should not be out of order.

Nudism, in contrast with the other fads and fancies of this queer twentieth century, holds a

peculiar position. It is not against our wise laws to develop callouses on our buttocks, or to eat pastry until we turn green and explode, or to grind our proboscis flat along our public highways so long as we make good copy and do not obstruct the traffic too much. But on the other hand — howbeit our fair daughters may go about frank as an apricot where their grandmothers disported stays and bustles—just let a fellow remove his pants in the city plaza and he is a public enemy. And so it is that, unlike the flag pole squatter, or marathon dancer, or pie guzzler, when folks develop a yen to go nude they have to quarantine themselves in remote sections of the wilderness surrounded by an insurmountable wall. Here only can they take the laws of man and God into their own hands and frolic and cavort and sample the thrills of exhibitionism *ad lib.* hidden from all — save perhaps an occasional profane aeronaut with binoculars to whom, from that altitude and angle, they must appear inoffensive as a garden of summer pumpkins.

But what we are especially interested in, I suppose, is *why* this particular division of the human family conceives this particular yen. Also, is the yen, conceived and expressed, good, bad, wise, or foolish?

To answer this is not so easy as the closet philosophers may think. But we will essay a whack at it and, being an open air philosopher, we may perhaps succeed in letting in a little light. Endeavoring to answer our first "why", undoubtedly nudism constitutes a reaction from the Puritanism of old days which, in turn, was a reaction against the bestial licentiousness of the Middle Ages. Humanity, tired, literally sick of religious asceticism and the mortification of the flesh and all its unwholesome by-products of false modesty, hypocrisy and sentimental neurosis on the one hand and sexual perversion and prostitution on the other, has at last revolted, thrown off its shackles and flung wide the shutters—perhaps too wide. Conjure before your mind's eye a sickly saint conceived

and nurtured in a cloister and weaned on stale communion wine with no more inspiring vision before his morning awakening gaze than the picture of a bleeding heart above his cot. Imagine him plucking forbidden blossoms from the garden of desire—misbehaving in fancy—always with upverted eyes of guilt. Wouldn't you give a whoop of joy if, one fine morning, he really woke up—woke up, I mean—got out of the other side of his bed and pranced out into the sunlight in nothing but his birthday suit, a robust worshipper of Phallus trailing the Mother Superior along with him? You would. And yet, although it would be a glorious gesture, and a "noble experiment" for the Mother Superior, how far would it really be on the wrong side of sanity? And yet again, our censure would be tempered when we realize that Nature, ever working in the long run for wise harmony, is always deflected from her ideal by man. And in her efforts to control her wayward child she is forced to swing her pendulum from one extreme to the other. Let us, therefore, fix our gaze upon the future perfection we are all, however clumsily, however hectically, working for—and let us accept the process with tolerance.

And now, having dissected the anatomy of nudism, let us analyze its philosophy. Let us scrutinize the animal thus meekly lying on the operating table before us and view it from different angles and judge it through the eyes of various senses of value. Let us begin with the artist. What does he think of nudism? Doubtless in the person of a beautiful model posing in his studio to be transfixed on canvas and hung where people may come and gaze upon it with appropriate emotions he approves highly. But he would be just as sure to gaze in horrified awe at the protruding abdomens, spindle shanks and pendulant paps blatantly disported in the various nudist camps of today. "What good would it do to contemplate those!" he would expostulate, "—unless it would make one go into hiding and take a course of dieting and calesthen-

ics." To the artist the ideal nudist colony would be one which would insist on a certain standard of physical beauty requiring candidates to pass inspection before admittance. Even then, supposing our artist to be a *true* artist (which means a lot) it is a question whether he would sanction complete nudity in any form as an every day aspect of life. The true artist is a poet imbued with a true religious sense. The human form, in which God is made manifest, is to him a temple. The altar thereof, at which is partaken the sacred bread and wine of life, may be contemplated at a fit time and place. Certainly not in a public park or beer garden.

IT WILL BE INTERESTING to inspect nudism through the eyes of medical science. Friend Doc tells us—and he has some good points in his argument—that the free play of air and sunlight on one's epidermis is health giving, that the community terpsychoreantics augment the salutary effect, and that it is just those unprepossessing weaklings who need it most. Of course, the health factor of air and sunlight has been exaggerated and reduced to fadism. If all the precious hours spent by our youth loafing on hot sands until they're parboiled and black in the face were expended on learning the art of life and love and the control of the appetites, we'd have a race of gods though they were dressed up like French dukes and never saw the light of day. However, even if we concede the doctors their necessity of air and sunshine, the argument in favor of nudism falls flat in the last analysis because the sublime question "When is a nudist not a nude or a nude a nudist?" has nothing to do with it. It has to do only with the exciting question of a certain location on the human corpus the area of a fig leaf which the majority of us spend sixty years of our lives wondering about.

And now lastly, and perhaps most significantly of all, let us contemplate our nudism through the naive and unspoiled eyes of the so-

called primitive people—the only true "nature men". They ought certainly to know something about nudism for they dwell in a climate where clothes are unnecessary for warmth and they have never gone through any religious phase of taboos concerning the vileness and sinfulness of the human body. The Polynesian native, for instance—than whom, when undefiled by civilization, there is no less perverted or healthier human animal in both mind and body on the globe today—what would be his reactions upon being turned loose in one of our most representative nudist camps? Would he cavort into their midst with a whoopee, feeling delightfully at home? He would not. He would be horrified, terrified and shocked. He would consider its denizens and their brazen antics beneath his contempt. They would be *mau taata mama roa*—completely goofy. The attitude of the Polynesian against sexual exposure has nothing to do with false shame and asceticism, as is well known, but is a perfectly natural and God-sanctioned instinct. Like the true artist and philosopher he draws his intuitive feelings direct from the source of cosmic wisdom. He strikes such a happy balance between wholesome acceptance of sex and a natural and dignified modesty that we can afford to listen to him with profit.

OF COURSE, unlike the artist and philosopher among the higher grades of so-called civilized man, the man of Eden, in deeming the nudists goofy, doesn't understand why. He cannot understand that those funny pink pigmies of the modern world—poor things! — having worried through centuries of the most asinine idolatry, fetishes and taboos, have a perfect right to be. They are now, though seeming to be most goofy of all, merely going through a cure. If the cure seems worse than the disease at times, well, we feel convinced that that is because the disease was largely hidden, whereas the cure is

obvious. It's better to have a pimple on the end of your nose than floating around somewhere between your kidneys and your medulla oblongata for instance. We feel convinced that the cure will eventually lead to a more balanced wholesomeness. Perhaps some day our civilization will cease to be what Mr. H. G. Wells calls "a sexual lunatic", and when it does then its inhibitions and fears, hypocrisies and false-modesties will cease to break out in fanatical fads and aberrations. But, just at present, it is only fair to realize that mankind is going through a very hectic and trying adjustment of values. Some few of us are fairly sane, even in the year of our grace nineteen-thirty-four. But we can't expect all of us to be. Mankind advances unevenly. There will probably be, for a long time to come, people who will prefer to shine on top of a flag pole than behind the footlights of a good theater, and folks who would rather let off their excess steam in Marathon dancing than in helping their fathers to shovel manure and count the calves. So perhaps we will continue to have nudists for a while. After all it's a great thing to know what you prefer and be able to do it. That is a far jump from the old order of things.

Eventually and at length, on the upward swing of the cycle of evolution, we may return once more to Eden's happy wisdom. We may learn at last the art of achieving this happy balance between a wholesome acceptance of sex and a natural and dignified modesty. And on that auspicious day we will be able to admire beautiful torsos and shapely thighs disporting in the air and sunshine a-plenty — and still leaving something to the imagination. And when curfew chimes the hour of worship in the Temple of Love we will wash our feet and enter in—and be sure to close the doors behind us. For that worship, and everything appertaining to it, is, after all, a private matter between a man, a woman, and God.

REJOINDER

by "A GOOFY NUDIST"

So . . . ? For a "wholesome acceptance of sex and a natural and dignified modesty" man must always use a crutch, or is it wave a flag? In even a hypothetical "future of perfection" we must dust off the brass fig leaves that our bustling ancestors put upon statues filched from Greece and wire them upon ourselves. In the hoped-for open-minded sunshine of a scientific age we must retain the dim mysteries of a medieval "temple" and "the altar thereof", or equally crepuscular lights from the grottos of a more primitive intelligence.

Mr. Andrews' deft fingers fashion a set of threshed-straw triplets that almost kick and breathe, and his resultant shadow-biffing is most excellent. But let's pick the straws apart.

And first let us try it upon his art. He tells us that any "true artist" would gaze in horrified awe at the protruding abdomens, spindle shanks and pendulant paps" that would be uncovered if nudism came into force. The artist, his legend is, would inflict nothing but the most perfect of torsos on taut canvas and rigid stone. My gosh! , boy, where you been? Have you seen none of our proletarian art, or will you admit it no germ of "true artistry" at all? And do you prefer the cold-boiled-potato texture of a Reubens' lady's skin (she preserved the mysteries, you, unveiling them only at the holy moment of creation) to the sunburned pot-belly of a Japanese laughing god?

Next on his list is suntanned medicine. It has its points, says he. But, he continues, if we left off parboiling to do other things (which we would not have to leave off parboiling to do) we would be "a race of gods" though we were "dressed up like French dukes and never saw the light of day." *Ach, so?* If we did those things we would be a race of gods even if we

didn't dress up like French dukes and did see the light of day. But that is only pleasantry. Mr. Andrews is really willing to swap legs for just one tiny fig leaf. The fact, however, is that he would place it at the one point that is most in need of the purifying sun, the free circulation of air and the unimpeded, quick drying of perspiration. He would, too, give that boiled-potato effect, heightened by contrast, to the one point that is his holy-of-holies. The Samoans, because of their different pigmentation, are probably not bothered with this point.

And there they are! As fine a body of men as you could wish to see! Infinitely superior to us when our ancestors blued bodies instead of songs. But must we turn back two thousand years to go forward from where we are? And could we if we would? The Samoans are unspoiled. Are we? Even if we grant that in their mysteries dwells only holiness, would unholiness never wander into ours? We know it would. We can no longer trust the dark, lurking gods. Religion must be enlightenment with us. It must come in spontaneity, as an upwelling from repose. And it will. Impulses will not die.

That is, in fact, a fear. The fig leaf is a better guardian of nonchalance than the lighting of a cigarette. As long as we have certain social patterns. For the present, as he says, we have pimples on our nose. I grant him that. Most readily! But he has invited us to look at a future of perfection. And then slammed the door. Let us wedge a foot in if we can. What I would like is this. That we let all children beneath the age of puberty go nude. And grow up that way. With nudity and clothing simply matters of convenience.

BRETT WESTON, whose photograph is reproduced on the cover, is the son of Edward Weston of Carmel, and brother of Chandler Weston who did the cover for the Subscriber's Number. A fine family of photographers, these Westons. . . .

N AZI GOD OF VENGEANCE

by CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

THE MOST inconsistent thing that Herr Hitler has done is to abolish the Old Testament in Germany. Not because of any racial discrimination but on the grounds that the Old Testament is so admirably suited to the ideals of Germany's new estate.

There is scarcely any record of a people that can match the Old Testament as an expression of extreme nationalism, revenge, and a superiority complex. The slogan of the ancient Jews was to the effect that they were God's Chosen People. The rest of the world did not exist either materially or spiritually. Any scurvy trick played upon a neighboring tribe was accounted a virtue in the sight of God and when He led the tribes of Israel forth to battle it was with the injunction to put everybody in the enemy's camp, including the women and children, to fire and sword. . . . It is a curious thing to ponder that the alleged Christian nations have all absorbed so much of this Old Testament technique and honored the New Testament more in the breach than in the observance. And in most Christian churches there is much more emphasis placed on the eye-for-an-eye ethics of the Old Testament than the New Testament injunction to forgive a brother seventy times seven. As a matter of fact, in these later days it is the Jew who has become gentler and the Christian who has become more warlike.

I was raised in a Protestant church, which means that I was brought up on copious draughts of Old Testament lore. Often my Sabbath School lesson horrified me. I can still remember the shock of listening to one of Moses' injunctions to his people. It had to do with the disposition of diseased meat. The great law-giver forbade his people to serve it to any

member of his family or any member of his tribe. But he went on to say that it was quite ethical to sell it to a Gentile.

I am not quarreling with the ethics of Moses. For his day and generation he was far in advance of his time. But it seems incongruous to think that such a brand of nationalism still exists. It has been nineteen hundred years since Christ pointed out to his infuriated countrymen, to use the language of a later day, that a Gentile had "eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, and passions." That he was fed by the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as God's Chosen People were. He paid for this heresy with his life. And, ironically, some sixteen hundred years later, a great Gentile poet made Shylock use this same argument in trying to convince his Christian persecutors that he was as much a child of God as they.

Today Nationalism for the most part—which is likewise the baser part—is an exemplification that it is all right to sell diseased meat to another tribe. We still pray to a God of Vengeance before battle to rout the enemy. We do not put the women and children to fire and sword—we bomb them from the air, instead, and starve them to death whenever we get an opportunity. In short, each and every one of us, thinks that his people are the chosen people of God.

Practically every war memorial has something about the "glory of God" carved on it. "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord" is the way our own battle hymn begins. "He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored." This is the language of the Old Testament. It spells nationalism, revenge, superiority.

No, Herr Hitler made a mistake. What he should abolish are the four gospels.

AN ENGINEER'S IDEA OF GOD

by THOMAS A. WATSON

JUST NOW, nothing interests me more than my new conception of God, and I believe the greatest good one can do for humanity is to give it a more suited-to-the-times God-idea than that which now dominates most Christianity, i.e., the Jewish Jehovah, which does not fit the universe that the last fifty years of science has revealed to us, and is a conception that has afflicted mankind with war, with fear, and with a foreboding anxiety regarding a life beyond the grave.

The general dissatisfaction with Jehovah of the Old Testament is partly evidenced by the fact that the churches based on that conception are losing their hold on mankind, and that most of us are ashamed to talk about Him, fearing our friends would think us queer.

My God-idea, as outlined in my pamphlet, "From Electrons to God", is vastly different. Instead of putting Him behind mankind, as the Old Testament places Jehovah, with whips and scourges to drive us, I place Him at the head of Life — the eternal Leader in man's never-ending march toward Something Better.

My God is not the Creator. Creation, or Evolution, is the result of the operation of an eternal Law, strangely analogous to music.

I call that eternal Law, Harmonic-Union-Creation. Briefly, it is this: Everything we know, through our senses or our mind, is the result of the union of vibrations, or rhythmic motions, either in air, in matter, or in that mystic stuff we call space-time. These vibrations are the manifestations of the Life-force of the Universe.

Every possible rate and shape of pulsation is in this mystic ether, whirling chaotically until vibrations that are harmonies approach or contact each other. Then they unite, and from every such union emerges something new, a crea-

tion which may be a small or large modification of something already created, or it may be something entirely new. As an instance of the union of mental vibrations: A new idea comes into your mind. It harmonizes and joins with what you already are, which is a complex of vibrations, and you are changed to a greater or less extent, depending on the bigness of the new thought.

A complete change in one's life and mind comes from the attainment of cosmic consciousness — the absolute knowledge of our Unity with the Infinite. Nothing greater than this can come to any man. He who attains this is *new-created*.

This process of creation by the union of harmonic pulsations is eternal and unceasing. It has produced everything in the entire universe, from electrons to God, and the new Law is working today with greater force than ever.

My God is the summation of this process as it has taken place on the earth, in that ascending series of creations we call "evolution". Each planet, sun, galaxy, has its God, the summation of its life, and the mystic union of all these Gods is the Universal God whom we can contemplate but not comprehend. The God that concerns man is the God of our Earth, the summation of its Life. He is the nearest to us and the only God that man can hope fully to comprehend—and that only by a lifetime of contemplation and meditation. And all these Gods are still evolving.

Exaltation comes to man from such a God-idea, for from it we may know that we are marching in the eternal process of evolution, just behind our Leader, and that what He has attained shall be the inheritance of all who march with forward, upturned faces.

Compare the state of a man's mind, following such a Leader and climbing with Him to heights ahead, sunlit with hope and joy, with the whipped-cur attitude with which the driving, scourging Jehovah conception has cursed mankind!

Our daily life has many analogies to God, the Leader and the summation of all life. The head of every nation, society, institution, corporation, family, business, is selected for his position by the operation of the same Law by which the Earth-God has evolved. Every phase of our social and industrial life gathers about some man or woman in whom the ideas, aspirations, conceptions, strivings, beliefs, etc., of his or her followers combine, by the same tremendous process from which the Earth-God has arisen—the Earth's grandest creation, who is the summation of the material, mental, and spiritual Life of the Earth from the infinite past to the present moment.

And as such a leader of men guides his followers, so God, the Summation of all Earth Life, guides all mankind by those mystic messages we call our intuitions. So, in some incomprehensible way, the Universal God guides the stars of the universe, and all that in them is.

I have a book entitled "Multo-Cycloidal Curves" with hundreds of illustrations of the marvelously beautiful figures traced by a pencil point simultaneously propelled by two rhythmic motions. I know of nothing more beautiful than these pictures. The least change in either motion of the pencil changes the picture, so that the different forms that are possible are as infinite as number itself. And every picture or design is exquisitely lovely. When I look at these surpassingly beautiful and astoundingly varied pictures in this book, made by combining two rhythmic movements, I have a feeling of reverence and awe, as if the foundation of the universe was revealed to me.

And all these beautiful pictures are made by a pencil point moving in a path produced by the combination of two of the simplest motions and in a plane of *only two dimensions*.

No human mind can imagine the marvelous pictures that would be traced by a pencil point moving in four dimensional space like the Ether and propelled by the combined force of hundreds of vibrations. But my Law of Har-

monic-Union-Creation, acting on the infinitely varied vibrations of the Ether, has produced all the marvels of the Universe.

POEM

by CARL BECKSTEAD

I have tried to breathe
Of a Dawn
The faltering breath
Into a song.

I have watched life
Vibrating the gongs
That has shattered this,
My song.

INTROSPECTION

by ELIZABETH WHITE

An owl once perched to think and think,
Determined to focus the indistinct.

But the longer he sat to cogitate,
The less life seemed to correlate.

He sat and sat with mind inflated,
Each moment more static and complicated.

It was only when he espied a frog
Swimming by jerks past a mossy log,

That the sight became to him a symbol,
An impulse easy and simple and nimble.

So he two-stepped a bit, and felt more spry,
And he puffed up his feathers and looked at the sky,

And he answered a hoot to signify
He would meet the lady by and bye.

There is something about the spring infection
That seems to diminish introspection.

SYMPHONY OF WATER

by LEONE BARRY

It lies there ...
 As a brown hurting giant, With
 the features of it Thrust and
 sharp and static.
 It is the thing between
 An asking and an answer.
 It is the shore....

II

The eye of a star is flashing us.
 We are wailing, washing, wishing.
 We are water.

O, waves that reach and waves that twist,
 O, strange far promise of a fire....

It could be the last deceit.
 It can last as long as night.
 O, silver burning, silver eye....

III

Sing, you forms of foam.
 We have toiled in blue deepness
 And you are more than our dreams,
 Careless and white,
 Fading on the tide.

We are beauty.
 We have mated with the sun
 And our children lie
 As young golden lights
 Along our power.

A strangeness is with us.
 It trembles to us.
 It asks, it tells.
 Shall we hate it with our storm,
 Shall we love it with our peace?
 Shall we....

O, straining, certain, sinking sea,
 O, things that have been and will be....

IV

Mother, mother,
 Nestle us.
 We fear the things we are.
 We fear the things we do.

We do not understand.
 Our laughter lives and dies. Our
 sorrow lives on
 And in and on.
 Things fall to us.
 And we to them.
 And we wonder, wonder.

We would be soft and sweet
 And satin on your breast.
 Mother, nestle us.

Father, we have broken our brother....

It has become the terrible shine,
 The shining terror
 Of our motion.

Father....

V

A greatness has entered us.
 It is almost a sound.
 And yet....
 Be still. It is the voice of us,
 So sighing, sobbing, singing,
 That we have not known it as our own.
 "We are going, we must go.
 We are going. We must go."

Knowledge breaks.
 We gather the things that we are.
 And we are tears, and we are dew,
 And we are rain, and we are sweat.
 We are every running river,
 We are every soaring sea.
 We belong, we belong....

O, blood of every sorrow
 Beating, beating.
 O, blood of every joy
 Racing, racing.

We are wailing, washing, wishing. We are
 water.

VI

It lies there....
 It knew our going,
 It knows our coming.
 And it waits,
 With open, splendid arms.

We move ...
 Our life beats us on
 In blue and green
 And great final gray.

We kill
 As we rise and rush.
 We die
 As we flash and fall.
 We live
 As we go on and on and on....

O, star beyond our reach,
 O, pain beyond our soul.
 It lies there ...
 We break and writhe
 And fade upon it.
 It is the thing between
 An asking and an answer.
 It is the shore....

WHAT EDDYING OF WIND-BLOWN STRAW

by HUGO SEELIG

What eddying of wind-blown straw can trace ways of revelation?

The scroll of summer wind is set by rain.
 Dune contours are packed firmly.
 Yet folds and flexures of the Dunes lift on the rhythm
 of the northward wavering wedge of barnacle geese
 To flow from sky into the grey waves of ocean.

And as this April loveliness merges into blue of sky,
 timeless confluence dissolves the confines of the Dunes:
 scooped half-moons, serpentine drifts,
 sibylline wind-filaments on effigies of sand
 all melt to their source as the intricacies of ice
 flow back to the well-spring:
 one wave moves thru me, thru dunes, thru barnacle geese
 etheric vortices sprung from polar throbbings and solar
 pulsings-
 return over the crest of the high dune-ridge
 to pause in the lintel knoll of sage and lupin
 inset in the progressions of the wind spiral. ..

MIDYR THE IMMORTAL TO ETHAUN

who has left him for the sake of Eochy,
 High-King of Ireland

by ELLA YOUNG

Come with me, come with me, Ethaun,
 Leave the clanging portals of life, leave the dun, leave the
 bawn,
 Come! Come! Come, Ethaun!
 Lo the white-maned, untamable horses outracing the wind
 Scatter the embers of day as they pass, and the riders who
 bind
 The suns to their chariot-wheels and exult are calling your
 name
 Are calling your name through the night, Ethaun, and the
 night is a-flame.
 Ethaun! Ethaun! Ethaun!

Come with us, Ethaun, to Moy-Mell where the star-flocks are
 straying
 Like troops of immortal birds for ever delaying, delaying
 The moment of flight that must take them away from the
 Honey-Sweet Plain.
 Surely you long for waves that break into starry rain
 And are fain of flowers that need not die to blossom again.

Why have you turned away from me, your only lover?
 What lure have you seen in the eyes of a mortal that clay
 must cover?
 Come back to me! Come back, Ethaun! The high-built
 heavenly places
 Mourn for you, and the lights are quenched, and for you
 immortal faces
 Grow wan as faces that die. O Flame-Fair Swan of Delight
 Come with me, leave the dolorous portals of sleep-heavy
 night:
 The hosts are waiting, their horses trample the ashes of
 day;
 Come Light of a World that is deathless, Come away!
 Come away!

POEM

by CARL BECKSTEAD

O friends
 Sweethearts and comrades—
 Take back
 Those beckoning hands
 That call
 Though they know not
 That I exist
 At all.

TUMBLEWEED

by TAMARA ANDREEVA

I GREW UP a lonely child. Books were my companions in all hours of day outside of school. I read avidly; and in my pirated, disorganized reading I discovered America. I marveled at a boy who never told a lie; I sailed with the daring expedition of Columbus, or shivered, thumbing through the pages of Cooper. I did not play with girls; I played with boys, building wigwams, smoking a peace-pipe, and scalping foes. I was ridiculed, dubbed a "Red Indian", yet with years my passion for America grew.

It was in Petersburg that we had our home. My mother was a passionate antiquarian and every piece of furniture or porcelain that she ever bought breathed a life of its own. The favourite things in my room were a slender, bowlegged French bureau inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and a squat chest of drawers that once belonged to my grandmother, and where in the lower drawer were still kept some of her hoop'd petticoats. If my mother was a lover of rococo chairs and encrusted tables, my father was a connoisseur and lover of dogs, tobacco-pipes, and carpets. Carpets we had from small Chinese bathrugs generously sprinkled with swastikas and cherry blossoms to sedate Horosans, subdued in colour and soft as Persian kittens. In my father's study was a collection of pipes: tiny Chinese opium-pipes, and old Russian "Chubuki" with mouthpieces so long that any of them could rest on a pillow on the floor while the other end was held in the smoker's teeth. There were cherry-wood pipes, and clay pipes, ivory pipes, and silver pipes—each with a smell, and a shape, and a strangeness of its own.

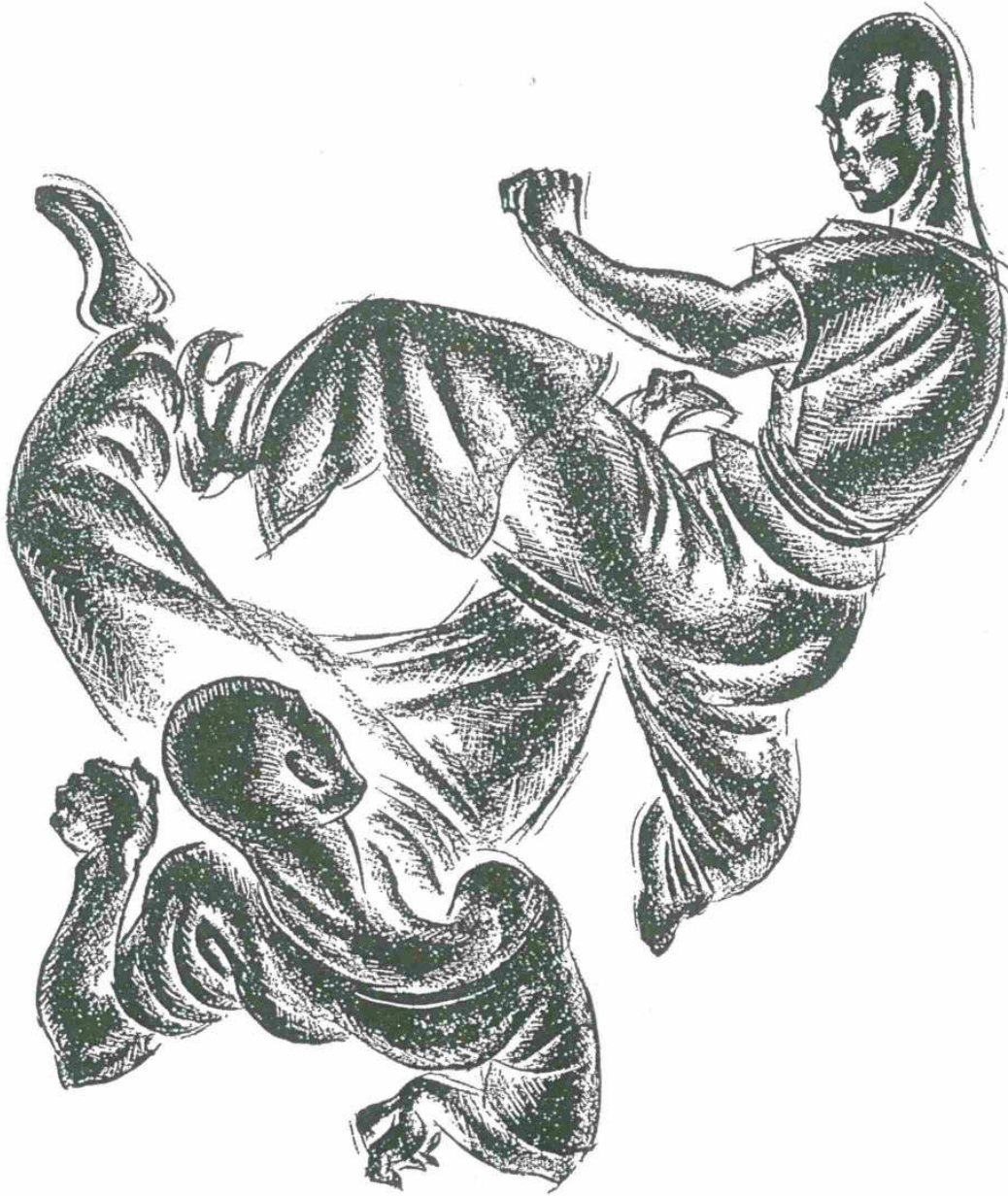
We had our home and had enough to live comfortably; yet we could not stay in Russia.

Several of our friends had left immediately after the revolution, but my parents persevered, hoping that conditions would be bettered. After the last of our friends had been arrested and his property confiscated, we knew that time had come for us to go. Whether it was my enthusiasm that helped to build up my father's decision, I do not know—but he resolved to go to America. There was, however, no American representative from whom we could secure a visa, and permits for going to Europe were practically unobtainable. The only way out lay toward Asia, and my father took it. He left for China with the understanding that we were to follow him in a few weeks. Three times our applications were refused. Then my mother and I packed and left for Vladivostok to be nearer to the Chinese border.

We arrived at Vladivostok in autumn. The town seemed grim and hostile. From the time I set my foot on the smoothly paved platform of the railway station, I saw Vladivostok wrapped in rain. Some days it was a thin, drizzling mist that made street-lights appear like milky squares wearing crowns of light. Sometimes it was heavy rain—water intershot with air. An umbrella could not guarantee one against a wetting: Vladivostok rain has the malignance of Chinese spirits who never travel in straight lines.

But even in the days of brightness Vladivostok looked at me askance with its cunning, half-caste physiognomy. Like Janus it had two faces: one looking to Russia, the other toward China. The Russian Vladivostok was palatial mansions with much plaster decoration characteristic of the gay nineties; symmetrical rows of shops, and neat brick houses scattered with artful negligence on the slopes and summits of the old volcanic hills.

You have only to look on the other side of Vladivostok to see a yellow, narrow-faced mask staring at you with open unfriendliness. The second face of Janus shows brick buildings with no windows facing the street, dark from



Thomas Handforth

CHINESE WRESTLERS

the fumes of roasting soya-beans, and narrow gateways, unsavory and grim. The crowd of Chinese in their blue gowns and padded slippers glide, noiseless like shadows; vendors of bean-curd and octopus meat squat on the pavement beside their baskets. And on the ocean side are gambling houses and brothels; the bells on their small doors tinkle day and night letting in coolies, river-captains, and gayly dressed women on small feet, wearing their hair in long bangs in front. The air is gray with dust and loaded with shrill smells. Above the faint tinkling of the door bells and the muffled shouting within rises the sound of a one-stringed Chinese violin and a timid, drawing melody of a flute; in mingling they seem to stretch into a melody of infinite sorrow, the sadness of a people that outlived ages. Such is the second face of Janus.

Though there have always been two sections of the town—the strictly Chinese and the strictly Russian, the stream of Asia trickled in the streets of Russian Vladivostok none the less vigorously. Even to the two of us in the little lone house on the summit of the mountain came out permanent purveyors — the ragged one-eyed Lew who brought us carrots, potatoes, and onions; Sam Kin, the Korean cobbler, and the round-faced Van who kept us well supplied with forbidden luxuries — silk stockings, and perfume of Coty.

ONLY AFTER three years in Vladivostok did my ears grow accustomed to the guttural shrieks and wails of the peddlars. At first all sounded alike, poised interminably on the same note. The voice of Van was the most familiar and the most welcome, for through him we hoped to gain connection with the world outside. *Outside!* where there was freedom and plenty, and where China would not stare at us with the grim mask of half-caste Janus, but soothe our tired souls with the visions of willow-patterns

Living in the small house on the summit of the mountain we waited for our chance. And the chance finally came in the person of Van who

knocked at our door one night of the great rain.

That night the wind howled. It sent cold currents of air through every crack, rustled behind the warped wall-paper, and threw itself against the walls — then retreated, growling contentedly. Through the small square window I could see black, woolly clouds crowding on the ridge, and smoky wisps of fog driven toward the bay. Below, in darkness, lay Vladivostok—hazy outlines of hills, rare street-lights glowing like small round moons, and the blackness of the Golden Horn punctuated with the red and green lights on huge men-of-war. In the awed silence of the house where the old clock choked with the uneven tick-tock, it came: at first a faint fluttering of the shutter, then the apocalyptic fury of the wind followed by pitiful screeches of rusty hinges, and torrents of heavy rain lashing against the windowpane.

Having wiped his feet meticulously on the mat in the kitchen, Van came in and addressed himself to my mother. He spoke long, mixing Russian words with Chinese. For five hundred roubles, he said, we might join his party which was going across the border that night. Though the price was exorbitant, we consented at once. What choice had we? Behind, the tyranny of the Bolsheviks and the ruined nest; ahead of us lay China, the meeting with my father, and later—the road to America.

We had three hours until the time of departure, yet neither of us made any preparations. There were none to make. All we could take with us was clothing we wore, and a couple of blankets; food was to be supplied by the guide.

While the wind outside raged with ever growing violence we sat in the dining room before the small cast-iron stove and stared into the fire. Memories of the past? Forebodings of the uncertain future? Yes, both of these crowded into my mind. I saw myself a little girl in a stiff white dress, climbing on a high stool and asking questions of the fat cook Olga: "Why bicycle and not toycycle? Why a two-story house and not a two-layer house?" Then came

a picture of my parents and myself in peasant dress escaping south from the northern capital overrun by bloodthirsty rabble. There was a clatter of icy soles on the roof where numerous passengers accommodated themselves—then a pull, a grating of wheels, yells of those left behind, and the train rattled across the steel lace of the bridge. . . . Sitting before the cast-iron stove I thought of the eighty miles on foot before me. Van had told me that in the hills of Manchuria lurk fierce striped beasts marked with a mysterious character "Duke" on their forehead. Fear clenched at my heart whenever I recollected the stories of the unspeakable cruelty of the border guards. Yet I knew that beyond the dusky hills lay the road to America—for me a place of refuge and peace.

It was raining when we arrived at the small clay hut in the gorge. The party of five was already there, and the same night we were off. Eight nights we walked, in daytime stopping for rest.

We crawled up steep mountainsides, tearing our knees on sharp pebbles, our necks and faces bleeding from the scratches of thorns. Once, warned of the mounted patrol the whole party stood in a swamp for hours, shivering with the autumn chill.

On the ninth day we arrived in a Chinese village where we were offered an ox-cart; some of us were too spent to walk, others had their shoes torn to shreds. At the close of the tenth day we were in Harbin. My father met us, and after a hurried greeting sped us to the hospital. My mother was in a state of absolute prostration; I had both of my heels operated on the same night.

After a month in the hospital I started to lay out plans. Harbin, "The Paris of the Far East" was to become a stepping stone for our future. The thing to do was to work and get money with which to go to America—I got a job with a newspaper, and I studied my English. I worked doggedly.

Two years of struggle passed. Then the

Sino-Russian conflict occurred. The Red Army was approaching Manchouli, the Chinese troops were looting the town, and Harbin was declared under martial law. The situation seemed to yield itself to beautiful reporting; most of my telegrams, however, were stopped by a Chinese censor. Knowing that I was a refugee and therefore entitled to protection from no government, the Chinese censor shook his fists at my face, and threatened to put me in irons for giving away "military information". The same night two soldiers knocked at our gate. I slipped out through the back door and ran for protection to the American missionary. Two hours I spent in an unspeakable agony of horror until my father came to tell me that the soldiers were merely substitute postmen. . .

For two more years I worked. The close of the fourth year found me on the window-sill in my room studying the map of United States. I was choosing a state where I would go to College. "Ohio" sounded rather euphonious, but I did not like the size of the state; "North Dakota" sounded interesting, but looked too bleak. Florida was discarded for having more typhoons than I needed. Finally my finger stopped on the word "California". Next followed the visits to the American consulate where I studied a little book with names of colleges: They all had names like words to conjure with.

A month later, a fair July afternoon I boarded the train. Among cheers and bouquets I departed, my brain beating into the rhythm of one word: AMERICA.

AFTER WEEKS at sea—which contrary to predictions was flat as a bad joke—I arrived in the United States, only to find that by arriving there I had not attained my goal..

I entered this country with the ambition to conquer the language, become a citizen, and then bring my parents here to live a life of peace which they richly deserved.

On every American I looked with admiring eyes. Each one of them was the builder of this great country! I liked their easy ways, their sincerity, even their unsophisticated gruffness. I trusted them unlimitedly.

I was left penniless by my room mate, the friend I trusted most. Left at the end of the first month with two crackers in the cupboard and a heap of unpaid bills. My parents called me back, prophesying that my American adventure would end in nothing but embittering me. I entered the college and went to work.

Dreary were the months of "working my way" through college, which spelled rocking the professor's baby, packing dates in a dark garage for ten cents an hour, serving in a restaurant for my meals and carfare. I returned home numb with fatigue, but always with a feeling of satisfaction—one more day of study was left behind, one more experience was filed away. And then, every day brought me nearer to becoming an American which meant that the gray stretch of the Pacific separating me and my parents grew steadily narrower. . . .

Six months later I married an American. Yet I could not be completely happy. Ever since my arrival in America, the nightmare of my days and nights had been the thought that as soon as I had completed my education, I should have to leave. Leave America, who knows, perhaps forever. Anxiously I watched the papers, hoping to see an article on a new legislative act in behalf of the foreign students, but three years have passed and I have seen nothing more encouraging than an occasional account of a foreigner being deported for the crime of being an alien.

Two weeks ago the president of my university turned the tassel on my mortar board, and tenderly pushed me into life. My prolific Alma Mater has given America another finished product of her liberal education.

I have drunk the cup of this liberal education—bitter or sweet—to the last drop. I have conquered the language, and was ready to enjoy

the privileges of a university graduate; but life grinned at me with an uncanny paradox: I was deemed worthy of entering an American college, yet after I graduated I was only good enough for deportation.

Were months in the lone house on the summit of the mountain and the ordeal of four years in China—wasted effort? Am I to go back? But if I have to leave, where am I to go?

Again I stand at the crossroads. Wherever I go I will have again to surmount the same set of obstacles: a foreign tongue, racial differences, months of loneliness before acquiring new friends. I will have to unlearn so much, and to get so much new knowledge. And life is so short: That country, again, will undoubtedly have its set of immigration laws. . . .

What does all the talk about international fellowship and cooperation amount to if people without a country are allowed to exist? If they cannot be allowed to become citizens of some country, The League of Nations or some other institution with an equally grand name will do service to them and to the world by lining them up against the wall.

Why may I not be given the privilege of becoming a citizen of this country without first leaving it? Why may I not stay? One cannot go against the law, you may say.

But is not the law man-made?

EDITOR'S NOTE: The League of Nations does give a passport to White Russians. Miss Andreeva should have procured one of these and then come into this country as an immigrant, not as a student. But the Consul in Harbin did not explain this fine point, and in her enthusiasm she imagined all she had to do to become an American was to graduate from an American university. She has been advised to go to Mexico for six months and then re-enter as an immigrant. This, however, would take more money than she can command. Any other suggestions as to her best course of action will be welcomed by the DUNE FORUM.

WASHINGTON LETTER

by SOLON R. BARBER

THAT Big Bad Wolf, Depression, is the chief topic of conversation in these parts presently. Everybody wants to know if the Administration can put a bullet through his head so that it will be safe to open the door. Many believe that the President, with his thousand and one commissions, administrations, bureaus, fact-finding boards, and whatnot will succeed in doing what Mr. Hoover could not do. Others are dubious, believing that the country is already "over-governmentalized" and that the thing to do is to allow this nation of "rugged individualists" to buy, sell, love and live as it lists without so darn much supervision. But practically all of the denizens of Washington are working—when they can—and keeping a stiff upper lip.

There is a spirit of optimism here without doubt. This has not always been so. I watched the inauguration of F. D. and, while the boys put the thing over in the grand manner, all in all it was a sorry affair. Few hereabouts shed any tears for the departing Herbert. But there weren't so many huzzas for the incoming Franklin either. This is old news by now.

This spirit of optimism that I spoke of is shown partially in the terrific Christmas trade that the merchants are now enjoying. So far, it has broken all records. Whether the folks have money or not, they seem to be spending it freely. Not being an Upturn Predictor, I don't know how this is. But I'm sure it's so. I dislike standing in lines and waiting for some one to sell me a few stamps, but it's going to take me three-quarters of an hour to get this paper off after it's written. Many Washingtonians consider all this a sign of returning Prosperity. My bartender tells me that the fact that Happy Days are Beer Again has a lot to do with it. But from the quality of beer sold in Washington, I have my serious doubts.

I am sorry that this letter must necessarily be sketchy because I just returned from a few week's stay, as a paying guest, in a local hospital and have not yet quite gotten back into the feel of reality in affairs around me.

Washington is a rather barren and disappointing city for the creative worker in the arts to live in. It is true that the best plays, operas, concerts are put on here. But these are practically always the production of outsiders and we miss the groups and coteries which are to be found in New York, San Francisco, New Orleans, Santa Fe. We miss the good talk, the companionship, and the brisk exchange of opinion which are to be found in groups of people who get together to find companionship and criticism and encouragement. The Arts Club here, doubtless the most prominent of its kind, seems to me to operate largely for "Society" purposes. The newly organized "Seven Arts Club" is much of the same sort. To me, the only really important group of creative workers is the Pelican Club. There is nothing pretentious about it. Located in a huge, barn-like loft of a business building downtown, and run by two painters, Charles Darby and Hugh Collins, the place is the only real rendezvous of a small group of writers, musicians, painters, and sculptors. Darby and Collins hold open house to the public. Some of the nights I have spent there will always be remembered. One can find good talk with a Russian *émigré* who saw service under the Czar and who marvelously sings Russian folksongs. One may find at the next table a prominent philosopher or economist. The place is nightly filled with students of the local universities who want desperately the talk which they cannot get in their classrooms. Joseph Upper, the poet, will be sitting quietly in a corner. Perhaps he will read before the evening is over. Nothing is planned—not even the sandwiches and tea. The walls are covered with paintings. Candle-light and talk and friendship. That is the best that we have to offer you here. But you will be welcome if you come.

NORTH SOUTH

by P.G.S.

THE HEARTY development within the last year of open forums in the major cities of the coast indicates the general hunger for discussion of the urgent questions impinging upon us. San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles summon, from the east and from abroad, liberals and radical intellectuals of varying hue and view, to pierce trenchantly into the confusion of our planlessness and help us come to working agreement. Henri Barbusse was expected, and his cancellation of western appointments was a heavy disappointment. Meanwhile Samuel Schmalhausen in a series of brilliant lectures analyzed and synthesized, diagnosing our society, its systems, its psychoses, and its possible ways out and through into act and function.

BELIEVING that architecture is a basic influence in education, and that the forms, the proportions, of buildings definitely affect the individual in his response to his time, the principal of a girls' school near Los Angeles has asked Richard Neutra, arch-modern in architecture, to design her a school. This will be the first deviation in school architecture on the Pacific Coast, from the traditional and the historically backward-looking.

To THE beautiful little Ojai Valley, inland from Ventura, comes again this spring Krishnamurti. Appointed a Messiah by leaders among the mystics of the world, he refused that honor, disbanded the organization gathered to worship him—speaks, writes, lives as an individual without authority yet possessing a strangely luminous wisdom. People will come again this spring to hear him in that little valley, the man who has refused to be God.

LETTERS

PRESENTLY I'll be sending you some "burning indignations"—I am so indignant on so many subjects I haven't an idea which to stay burning on at the moment! The writer's lot in the cinema is something all the victims are writhing about at the end of Anno Doldrums just ending (1933 of horrid memory)—so one day (in the terms of La West) I'll be seeing you with the seething screed of "Our Wrongs". Really I suppose most of us should be on our knees with gratitude that we are secure in our rent, beer and bacon during these nasty times—but I'm not so sure. There are moments when I envy you Moy Mell and your clam piles beyond all the mayonnaise of Hollywood! Don't be surprised if I arrive one day, wild eyed and gibbering, and plead for shelter! ...

JOHN COLTON

REVIEWS

THE DISINHERITED

by JACK CONROY

Covici Friede. \$2.00

THE VALUE of books lies in their allowing us to experience vicariously a hundred fold more than we could possibly crowd into our own lifetime. Through the author's magic we travel to far lands, we realize how it feels to be a soldier, a chorus-girl, a bank-president or poor farmer's wife. It depends on the vividness of the writing how vividly we experience these situations and so broaden our own horizon.

This first book by Jack Conroy is so vivid that while you are reading you actually live the life of the archetypal Larry Donovan, feel what he feels and catch the flame of his aspiration. Larry might be any one of the several million young Americans born in the lowest social class during the present century of unrest. In experiencing his life you will be experiencing the main reasons for this very unrest.

Imagine that you have been born the son of a miner, one of the disinherited that have nothing but their jobs between them and starvation, and these jobs in the giving of owners whose only real interest lies in making as much money as possible, for themselves and their share-holders. You belong to the proud Nordic race—blond, finelooking, potentially a great writer. Yet as a mere miner's son you live on the squalid edge of the town, a social outcast, with no contacts of culture or refinement, with merely enough clothes to keep you from freezing and enough food to keep you alive.

Your father's one ambition was to give you the education which he missed, so that you might be able to escape into the upper world. But to earn money for this he had to take the most dangerous job in the mine, and he was soon killed in his attempt. Your mother had to take in washing (to be done over a brush fire down by the creek) to keep you and the other kids from starving and freezing. When you are only twelve, you lie about your age and get a job in the railroad yards. You haven't even had the chance to go to high-school.

There is a strike and a lock-out. You wander from job to job, working hard all night and studying a good part of the day, or vice versa. You lose your jobs because you are by nature not the bootlicking or servile kind. Your savings on one job are eaten up looking for another. You let romance pass you by rather than subject any woman to such a precarious existence.

Then comes the depression (which Lord knows was no fault of yours). You taste the misery of cold boxcars and colder highways, and the extreme misery of charity missions—the slops ordinarily fed to pigs, the sheet-iron cots, the sickening stench of iodoform and stale sweat, the delirium of the man next to you (I have been a lodger in those places and remember in my nightmares the horror and degradation).

One soul-scarring winter is followed by a worse one. Even when you get an odd job or two the misery of those around you precludes the possibility of your saving enough money to climb out. You are faced with the choice either of having your spirit broken or of rising in your wrath against the stupidity of a system which creates such poverty in a land of almost limitless wealth.

The most terrible part of all is that you know your own class to be nothing but a herd of sheep unable to understand the causes of their own plight, or the power that lies in their number to free themselves. And if you try to argue for a more just distribution, the very people you are trying to enlighten turn against you and kick your teeth out, calling you a damned red...

Now you have finished the book. Because it rings so true, you make up your mind that this must be Jack Conroy's own story. You look at his picture in the December 3rd Book Review of the *New York Times*, and you decide that this open-faced young man is not the lying or exaggerating kind—that he has merely set down the bare facts of his own life with stark accuracy.

Never again will you be able to think of the twelve million American unemployed merely as a nebulous mass of humanity too far from your own experience to visualize clearly as individuals. You begin to understand why this is an age of unrest, holding an inevitable threat to the established order of things. You have touched the bottom of the pyramid and heard an earthquake rumble too distinctly to be dismissed with platitudes.

—C. A. A. 3RD

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE HOLY

GHOSTS, *by* HOWARD AND GERALDINE WOLF. The

Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Ohio. \$1.50

A MOST interesting book of poetry — this combination by a man and wife from Akron, Ohio. One has to guess which poem is hers and which his. That is not difficult, however, for they are complimentary as the two sides of a marriage should be—his masculinity preoccupied by the outer world of men and events, she more inward—turning to the beauty and poignancy of things within themselves.

One or two of his contributions may strike some as not being poetry at all, but the power of their satire cannot be denied. Most of them, however, combine the music of true poetry with ideas as thought-provoking as can be. Take for instance, these lines from the opening poem, "Message to the Grassroot Dwellers":

*"Around the grass there grows a town
But mighty rumblings wafted down
Are far too loud for any ear
Among the unseen folk; they hear
Only the winds that, blowing over,
Shake the massive stems of clover
And never the beat of the shoes that pound
The dirge of the jobless making their round,
Heal of rubber, heal of leather
Hitting the sidewalk all together,
The shamle and shuffle, the halting jerk
Of the big-foot gods who are out of work."*

She, on the other hand, contemplates a map of the world, and instead of drawing some sermon on the relativity of man's place on earth, she turns her thoughts to pure magic on the page:

*"Yellow spots splattered on a pale blue map,
The sea is a murmur, the murmur a trap:
As if the night mattered to the slow dark feet
Of separate cities and rivers that meet.
The ghosts of murdered queens ascend the stairway of my
soul
Where slanting storms have lanced a gray, gaping hole.
Did someone speak of Burgundy or someone speak of
Spain?
Beetle-black and beetle-crisp, the quick touch of rain
Breaks on my temples, twisted with grief
And nothing in my palm but a dry brown leaf.
How could I have held the lines, the swirling lines of
blue,
The sea-bitten shore lines, and brought them back to
you?"*

So the woman looks toward the man, and the man out upon the world. Yes, this book is uniquely interesting—quite worth buying and keeping on your shelf with the best of the modern Americans.

—G. A