

DUNE FORUM



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANDLER WESTON

Subscribers' Number

DUNE FORUM

THE DUNES, OCEANO, CALIFORNIA

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EDITORIAL

ASTRONOMERS TELL US that many of the stars we see singly in the heavens are really twins, or *binaries*, revolving about a common intangible center of gravity. The planets of such a solar system would have two suns, and the center of their orbits would be neither, but at a point of balance between the two.

The Atlantic Coast has but one metropolis, uncontested, and up to the present, the recognized cultural center of the entire nation. Lately there have been stirrings and whisperings out on this Pacific Coast, of rebellion and a declaration of cultural independence.

The metropolis growing up around San Francisco Bay has, from the point of view of history and tradition, legitimate claim to being the focal point of this Coast. Although it is no longer the chief gateway to the Orient, it is still the money market of the West, its feeling is still the most metropolitan, it is still the seat of the greatest western universities. It includes in its orbit the growing cultural center of Carmel, and the state capital of Sacramento. It rests upon its laurels and refuses to recognize the claims of its turbulent rival to the south.

The actually more populated valley of Los Angeles with its teeming suburbs, its sphere of

influence reaching to Santa Barbara on the north and San Diego on the south, its borough of Hollywood, its man-made harbor at San Pedro which is second only to New York in foreign trade and first in intercoastal trade, has certainly equal if not greater claims to being the metropolis of the West, and insists upon them on all possible occasions.

On this Pacific Coast, then, we have something analogous to the binary stars, spoken of by the astronomers. And about half-way between the two great cities, at the intangible center of gravity between the two, lie the Dunes of Oceano—high wind-carved hills of pale gold sand stretching from Pismo down to Point Sal, beyond the Santa Maria River. In the hollows near the water-level of sand-buried lakes are strewn green patches of willow, eucalyptus and cypress trees. Each oasis expresses a separate individuality. In the center, in the oasis called "Moy Mell", there is a Community House in which to find, after the privacy of creative work and contemplation, comradeship and good talk around a fire.

This DUNE FIRE attracts not only the inhabitants of the oases, but similarly-minded neighbors from the rich valleys of the hinterland and the forested Mesa above the Lakes; visitors, too, from the metropolitan areas to the north and south, poets, scientists, musicians, artists, coming for relaxation from the universities and towns, drawn here by the dunes, the warmth of the fire, the freedom and friendliness.

One, perhaps, will bring a lithograph he has just made. If so, it is hung on the bare walls of the Community House, to be commented upon and criticised. Another will read a poem she has just written. The conversation deepens gradually. It may become a symposium of contrasting ideas. An important synthesis is sometimes reached.

It is to reproduce, as nearly as a printed mag-

azine will allow, these fireside conversations, symbolic of similar conversations all over the west, that the DUNE FORUM is being launched in this tentative issue. The criticisms, controversy and discussion will take the form of compact statements of ideas, questions, answers and rebuttals, by a number of contrasting minds, all in the same issue. In other words, many of the contributions will be more like personal letters than formalised articles and essays. In this way we hope to bring interesting and creative minds into contact without the necessity of their actually gathering in one place.

There will also be poetry and reproductions of drawings and designs; satire and humor and the relating of high adventure—anything, in short, which might be part of an evening around a dune fire; together with a calendar of important cultural events scheduled for the west, especially in the metropolitan areas of Los Angeles and San Francisco. The advertisements will be as interesting as the rest—not only pictorially but as reading matter.

MOST IMPORTANT DISCUSSIONS can be summed up under three general headings: Philosophy, Esthetics, Economics. The three introductory articles appearing in this issue attempt merely to set the stage for these.

Philosophy has always sought the bridge between Physics and Metaphysics. Claude Bernard, the great French physiologist, said as far back as 1830, "I am convinced that the day will come when the physiologist, the poet and the philosopher will speak the same language and will understand one another in everything." It is already true that since Einstein, Millikan and others have revolutionized the static science of yesterday, it is possible for a mystic and a scientist to hold a symposium in terms mutually understandable. To promote such a symposium is one of the chief aims of the DUNE FORUM.

Another great field for debate is the analysis

and synthesis of the various schools of art, music and literature, summed up, perhaps, under the general headings of "traditional" and "functional". What are the modern artists driving at? There seems to be a recognition of authentic expression in the work of such innovators as Epstein, Neutra, O'Keefe, in art and architecture, Schonberg and Cowell in music, Graham in dance, Joyce and Stein in literature — mystifying to many. The DUNE FORUM will seek to be a liaison officer between the Advance Guard and the Main Body of the troops. Our greatest danger will be, perhaps, losing the interest and co-operation of the Advance Guard, whose tendency seems to be to care little if the Main Body follows them or not. They must have faith that we are doing our best to maintain a very important connection between art and life. It is as an Interpreter that the DUNE FORUM hopes to make a valid claim of your attention.

A third synthesis, perhaps the most important, since it touches the very roots of our lives, lies in the field of economics, between the followers of the individualist and collectivist ideals. We are very evidently on the eve of tremendous economic and political changes, and it behooves intelligent Americans to view all the possible outcomes with as clear an understanding of basic issues as can be. The DUNE FORUM does not take sides. It is open to all important ideas, whether they be for a return to monarchic hierarchies, a retention of our present system, or a clear-cut stand in Fascism or Communism. In our FORUM we hope to hear all sides, and then, individually and without preconceived bias, judge for ourselves.

We are not endowed. We hope to start with such a standard that the magazine will take hold at once, and, speaking with authority, express the creative thought of America looking not toward Europe, but toward the West.

B RIDGING THE GAP

by HARWOOD WHITE

THERE IS A FRIEND Of mine, a most intelligent and open-minded person, interested in everything progressive in the arts, and a great disciple of the sciences. But, like most of us, she has a blind spot. Whenever anything suggesting the "spiritual" or the "occult" is mentioned—psychism, mysticism, immortality—that moment down goes the asbestos curtain, and she becomes insulated from the conversation. Lately, however, a questioning seems to have invaded the depths of her mind, disturbing her former safe, clear-cut materialism, and rising to the surface as a kind of bewilderment at the constantly growing evidence of cosmic insubstantiality.

On the occasion of a recent visit my friend had been particularly upset by an announcement in the papers that scientists had apparently demonstrated the transmutability of energy into matter. We discussed the subject pro and con, arriving finally at the Schroedinger theory of the atom, which she had not chanced to investigate.

"This theory", I explained, "states that the unit of the material universe is in reality an intersection of waves in a sub-ether. In other words, the material particle is the point of contact between our material world and an underlying etheric world."

The look of bewilderment was strong in the eyes of my friend. "How is it, then, that we don't somehow feel this sub-world as such?" she asked.

"Because its vibrations, like those of the ultra-violet, are too rapid for our senses to apprehend," I replied. "It is only when waves of different lengths encounter each other and make a disturbance sufficiently large and slow-moving to affect our physical senses that we become aware of them. The result of this com-

bined action supposedly is the material particle. Is that clear?"

A resigned look crossed her face. "I'm afraid it's all too much outside my experience to grasp," she said.

"Not at all!" I insisted. "Take the radio, for instance. Every broadcasting station constantly sends out a so-called carrier wave. Its vibrations, however, are too rapid to affect the ear, and we therefore hear nothing. But let two of these carrier waves of slightly different frequency commingle, and the result is the well-known 'heterodyne' shriek. In just this way the clash between vibrations of differing frequency in the sub-ether become apparent to us as material particles."

The confusion cleared from her face. "I see the *theory* plainly enough now," she said confidently. "But all this is just interesting speculation, isn't it? We have no way of proving such visions, after all, one way or another."

"Oh, yes, we have," I insisted. "It happens that the mathematics of this theory have been found to correspond exactly with the mathematics deduced experimentally from the actual behavior of material particles!"

This was a bombshell, I knew, for mathematics, with their relentless precision and definition, were a kind of fetish to my friend. The bewilderment returned to her eyes, and with it a look almost of fear.

"Don't you think it is exciting?" I cried. "Just think—if this theory were ever definitely established, it would constitute mathematical proof of the super-physical world of the occultists and mystics—a world of higher vibration in which beings like ourselves might exist, imperceptible to our physical senses!"

But I had gone a step too far, and in an instant had transformed our intriguing intangible into an old familiar antagonist. The asbestos curtain was down with a rush, and nothing remained but to abandon the theatre of discussion.

Nevertheless later on when, talked out, we sat in friendly silence before the fire, many in-

teresting possibilities drifted through my mind. The methods of our present day scientists are like those of the coral-building animal. Progress is made only by adding bit by bit to the already established nucleus—no leaping of gaps, no beginning of new structures detached from shore. The mystics and occultists and spiritists, on the other hand, step boldly from the mainland upon their super-physical island. They even claim that this island is in reality the mainland of solid rock, and that the coral structure possesses steadfastness only by virtue of being founded on this same rock. Perhaps they are right, and in time as the scientists proceed with the toilsome enlarging of their structure, a bridge will appear between the continents. Perhaps even now the foundation for this bridge is complete beneath the surface, and soon its coral formation will rise above the waters of doubt, making a pathway wide enough and dry enough for even the most comprehensive skeptic to cross.

SYNTHESIS

of Fireside Discussion About the Foregoing Article

No REBUTTAL to this introduction has so far been submitted, though in the next issue, doubtless, Science and Religion, that pair of opposites, will find protagonists to take up pens or typewriters in their respective causes.

However, in a discussion of the foregoing article by the Dune fire, at which Harwood White was present, the point was raised, in defense of the inquisitive, searching agnosticism of the DUNE FORUM, whether all the scientific theories brought out in White's conversation with his friend (was she from Missouri?) remain, from a realistic point of view, any more

demonstrable than the theories of metaphysicians or occultists, or the several dogmas of the Church.

To quote from the Encyclopedia Britannica's article on Science: "Scholasticism, based on Revelation and Aristotle, assumed that it was dealing with reality, that the world in essence was what it seemed to be. Modern Science, on the other hand, soon learnt that many of the superficial appearances of things—color, taste or sound, are to it but the effect on the senses of matter in motion. Thus men came to regard matter and motion as real, and only later understood that they too were but useful concepts of the mind—that Science itself was dealing with appearances and not necessarily with reality."

The uncertain foundations of Science are only too apparent in this passage. The theories of Science merely state that from observable phenomena (recordable to our very limited senses) it appears *as if* such and such were the case. Now, taking Astrology as an example of an occult science much looked down upon by the "exact" scientists of our day, it is none the less true that over a period of experimentation five or six times as long as Science has had for its observations, it has appeared to honest astrologers that human beings behave *as if* the stars in their courses had some definite connection with human character and events.

The astronomer, on the other hand, can say only that from the evidence at hand, it appears *as if* light-rays, though straight to our vision, are actually curved within a spherical universe. The postulates of astrologer and astronomer alike are, in this case, only theories based on appearances. It may even be that the astrologer could demonstrate to the lady from Missouri the truth of his theories more successfully than could the astronomer. At any rate, it seems from our agnostic point of view that the lady from Missouri should in reality be just as suspicious of Einstein's theory as of the theory of Astrology or "astral" bodies.

As a matter of fact, it came out in this discus-

sion that a certain member of the group had had one or two talks with Einstein at Palm Springs, in which that august personage admitted the breakdown of the scientific method.

Which does not mean that Science has betrayed us, but merely that it cannot now be longer proclaimed as the one and only believable approach to ultimate Truth. Mankind has for generations sought this Truth through the intuitive path of Religion, through the emotions, through the heart. Lately, intellectual western man has gone to the other extreme and sought this Truth through the intellect, through the reasoning brain. Now in this field Einstein acknowledges that the inductive method of science has come to an impasse in the new physics. But possibly out of some as yet unapprehensible synthesis between this antagonistic pair of opposites a third solution will lead us nearer to our goal than either was able to do alone.

It is to achieve this synthesis, or at least to help in its achievement, that the DUNE FORUM opens its doors hospitably to scientist and mystic alike, and not least to that healthy doubter from Missouri, whose scepticism is perhaps in the long run sounder than a too blind faith in either Science or Religion, in either head or heart.

NOTE

on the Contemporary Arts

by PAULINE SCHINDLER

THE ARTS TODAY have abandoned the objective of beauty in the old sense. The painter, the sculptor, the composer, are not striving primarily for a "beautiful" structure, though a new beauty, a new esthetic, may result as a by-product.

Perhaps "beauty" was really always a subjective function, not inhering in the object

itself, and the artist is now about to disregard appearance and surface, to enter into the essential nature of things. If he is not yet consciously to proclaim, he at least subconsciously registers, the form in its significance. He is the receiving instrument upon which an utterance records itself.

The artist himself is naive; he does not interpret "the voice". He is the blind instrument upon which it plays; he cannot even translate its vocabulary. He is Moses before the burning bush; the tablets are given him whole; a commandment is laid upon him.

How far away is this function of the contemporary artist from the merely esthetic, the lyrical, the personal, the decorative, of periods only recently past.

A cold, an apparently merciless, a surgical, functionalism pervades architecture and even music, painting, poetry. The same command is laid simultaneously upon the sculptor as on the composer. Mies van der Rohe in Germany designs a building which says exactly what Chavez in Mexico writes in a sonatina. There is not a superfluous line or tone in either. Each is dictated by an inner, as well as a reasoned, necessity. Whole schools, whole hordes, of young painters batter against the barricades behind which essential reality continues inaccessible still. (In the case of these young, the situation is often complicated by the fact that they do not know quite why they are painting, and find out only after a while, or never, what it is all about.)

The erotic motive disappears from the arts. We reach out farther into space, we search more profoundly within. What is the true nature of the world? The artist wraps himself within a day-dream; his product is a fantasy of the race-unconscious; it is the Zeitgeist dreaming, revealing its central wish. The contemporary arts point out fingerwise the direction our culture in general begins to take. It moves toward essential simplifications, the casting off of fictitious values, the living of life freed of clutter.

Style, effect, and trappings in general, are no

longer necessary in a time which is concerned with a merciless search for fundamental explanation and meaning. The artist is no longer childish enough to be primarily concerned with personal self-expression. "I see, I hear, I feel the nature of being-in-general symptomatic through me." Edgar Varese tells in sound playable orchestrally, of the impact of the electrons in the swirling vortex of the atom, the splitting, the explosions, the shock. In this moment of music (the composition called "Ionization") he transcends the factor of scale between human being and atom, takes us within the atom (whose interior dynamic necessarily half-deafens us).

The effort toward abstractness in the contemporary arts is basically an effort toward the significance behind the form. If abstraction has become a style, a fashion, with every appearance of shallowness and charlatantry to confuse it, this is no more and no less than happens in any period as soon as its arts have reached a point of crystallization and imitability.

This effort toward the essential core of things, the stretch toward the thing-in-itself pervades the art of our time. Its failure so far, paralleled in the sciences, perhaps causes the profound sense of frustration infusing our epoch.

On the California coast Robinson Jeffers, with a classical austerity, puts forth a promethean effort to attain through, to pierce the core of reality.

"It is possible for you to break prison of yourselves and enter the nature of things and use the beauty. Wine and lawlessness, art and music, love, self-torture, religion, are means but are not needful. Contemplation will do it."

He has written this; yet one, two, books later he must withdraw the statement. It is not yet, not yet and still not yet possible to achieve the piercing through, to enter the next, the transcending dimension of knowing.

It is this thwarting which he sees as our mutual human predicament.

REJOINDER

A Letter from Another
Associate Editor

DEAR GAVIN:

WHEN I VOICED disagreement with Pauline Schindler's final note of frustration, you asked me to write a reply to her article. Here it is.

It seems to me that every new wave that has rolled man onward, in art and other fields, has come because of the piling up of tremendous pressures that simply had to move. It was compelled. It has never come because of the mere wish for it.

Up to the present, in our own case, I feel that there has been little more than such a wish. Our old values were broken down because of an observed inadequacy, not because of the upthrust of a new set seeking to replace them. There has been, in consequence, a lag between the emptying and the filling. During this period we have had a desire, a yearning outward; but no inner necessity, no compulsory drive. It has been characteristic of contemporary art, as Pauline points out, that it has been "seeking meaning". I think it would be characteristic of any art that "seeks meaning" that it would fail to find it. Faith is not gained by questioning. Yet faith has always been essential to the greatest art.

A realization of this has pervaded our time; and has been expressed in some form—very often negative—in most current work. Seeking to fill the gap, art became derivative. We sought what we had not, in the decadence of Europe; in exotic cultures such as the Mayan, in intellectualized ideas.

Of all such approaches, the intellectualized idea was, perhaps, the closest to our time and its direction. But it was incomplete. It was still an attempt to fill from without an inadequacy that was inherently within. Edgar Varese's "Ionization" seems to me to be a case in point. I have not heard the composition and can judge it only

from the values Pauline reports and praises. This may be unfair. On the basis of her words, however, I feel that he has simply tried to stop a gap within himself, and without complete success. I doubt, to criticize by parallel, if Beethoven would still hold the value he does for us if he had been content merely to show us the musical insides of a steam engine—an equal wonder, in his day, to the atom in our own. But, granting his right to build with any material he chooses, Varese's work still seems to me to illustrate the fractionalization of which I speak, and to bear me out. Pauline speaks of the "splittings, the explosions, the shock", which "necessarily half-deafen us". Nowhere does she say anything of the complementary rhythms and balances that must exist in the very nature of the atom's functioning. Beethoven also "half-deafened" the people of his time; but his work, in addition to the forces of dispersion, contained those of unification as well.

I cannot, in the light of all this, agree with Pauline when she speaks of "the Zeitgeist dreaming", and of the artist dipping into the race-unconscious. I do not feel that this has yet happened to any appreciable extent. If I did feel that it had, and that it had failed, I would be more pessimistic for the future than is she.

I feel, rather, that we have been living in a period of slack between two tides. We were motivated by desire, not by need. Now, however, in the depths of this Depression, those compulsions and necessities are being built which will drive us onward. What was a desire yesterday is a need today. Need, and the established absence of an outward filling, will drive us inward until the very core of our being is reached and we touch essential reality within ourselves. When the product of this process pours forth, a new outward world will be created that will help build momentum. In the past it was necessary to demolish values in which we did not believe. Those values were demolished, and no necessity remained. Now the time is approaching when it will become necessary to affirm, or

even defend, those values in which we will find we do believe. And the sterner the pressure that acts upon us, the stronger, in all probability, will be the work resulting. Whether the future holds for us, for instance, Facism or Technocracy, war or isolation, we will respond to the different forces as awakened and passionate human beings. There may be conflict before a full flowering comes. But there will not be emptiness. Regards, DUNHAM THORP

INTRODUCTION TO AN ARGUMENT

by MONTAGU JACOBS

FRANK BRANGWYN, the English painter, is making a mural for Mr. Rockefeller's "Radio City". Part of the decoration will depict the Sermon on the Mount, but the figure of Christ will be absent. The artist has apparently been convinced that Christ is far too controversial a subject for these days. It has been indicated that the Nazarene will be represented by a "mystical white light". Diego Rivera, called by many the finest living fresco painter, was also retained to ornament Mr. Rockefeller's center of "culture". When Rivera, however, refused to omit a figure of Lenin from his work, he lost the commission. The unfinished fresco is now screened by sheets of tar-paper, its fate unknown to the public. All this is rapidly becoming history. To mention these things is only to give two examples of how painting, in common with all other endeavors, is affected by the present intensified social struggle.

The field of letters, like that of the arts, furnishes us with plenty of examples of the existing conflict. The publication, in the United States, of Hitler's autobiography places the book on the market side by side with John Strachey's "Menace of Fascism", and the "Brown

Book of Hitler Terror". The more advanced novelists are beginning to realise that the fundamental problems, the struggles for food and freedom, have a place in fiction. A new literature, often uncouth, but always vigorous, is appearing. It is not too much to expect that the word "proletarian" will soon have as distinct a meaning in connection with writing as "Rabelaisian" now has.

The thoughtful person who is interested in current art and literature will not succumb to the belief that the struggle manifested in those mediums is an abstract one. The fight is not confined to words; it is expressed in actions.

The world is in an unprecedented state of social turmoil; no human being, no art, trade or profession can remain unaffected. No one can safely retreat to an ivory tower and from there watch, with detached interest, life's turbulent battlefield. The scene of conflict is so large, the battle shifts so quickly, that every day another innocent by-stander is caught between two fires. The would-be observer will be fortunate if it is only his ivory tower that is demolished.

What is this struggle? That is the question the inquiring citizen should ask himself. Does it not become clear that the conflict now affecting the world of art and literature is the same as that which fills the newspapers with accounts of strikes in steel mills and coal fields? Are we not living in an age of acute social change? Is not the struggle between those who wish to retain the present order, and those who wish to alter it? Is not the basis of this struggle primarily an economic one?

The real intellectuals, the brain workers, can no more afford to ignore economic movements than can their fellow-workers in other fields. Thousands of trained intellectuals are daily forced to compete with manual laborers for poorly paid unskilled jobs. The "relief" camps are full of professional workers and technicians.

Almost of more importance to the intellectuals than the fight for creature comforts is the struggle for freedom, freedom to express their

ideas in their work. The examples given in the beginning of this article make obvious how difficult it is becoming to obtain that freedom. It should also be remembered that doctors, educators, engineers, and scientists are constantly being forced out of their positions merely because their political opinions differ from those of their employers; that thousands of students are being expelled and suspended from the universities for objecting to compulsory military training; that writers are finding it impossible to publish, in periodicals, ideas that are not in accord with those of the owners. This latter fact has led to the rediscovery of a lost art, pamphleteering. And some book publishers are now finding it profitable to publish as pamphlets material that will not be accepted in magazines and newspapers.

To consider economic movements as something apart from every-day life is to attempt to avoid reality. That which pertains to the production and distribution of wealth must of necessity affect us all.

The economic movements now existing have as their ends either the retention and stabilization of the present system, or its reform or overthrow, and the substitution of a different order. The names of these movements are, as likely as not, misleading, often purposely so. Some people, however, object to those names not because they are misleading, but because they connote something undesirable. For instance, we are told that communism may be a fine system, but that so long as it is called "communism" many people will remain unsympathetic to it. That argument is, of course, absurd. It is not the abstract name that people object to, but what the name stands for. If the word "communism" implies, to some, murder and misery, it is because they have been influenced by propagandists who find it desirable to give the word that meaning. Changing communism's name would not rid the movement of the objection to it; those who dislike communism would soon give its new name as unsavory a reputation

as possible. The thoughtful person, then, cannot afford to be frightened or misled by a name. He must investigate the real meaning behind the name.

Communism, fascism, the "socialism" of the socialist and labor parties, the various schemes of the "national planners", are economic movements of importance today.

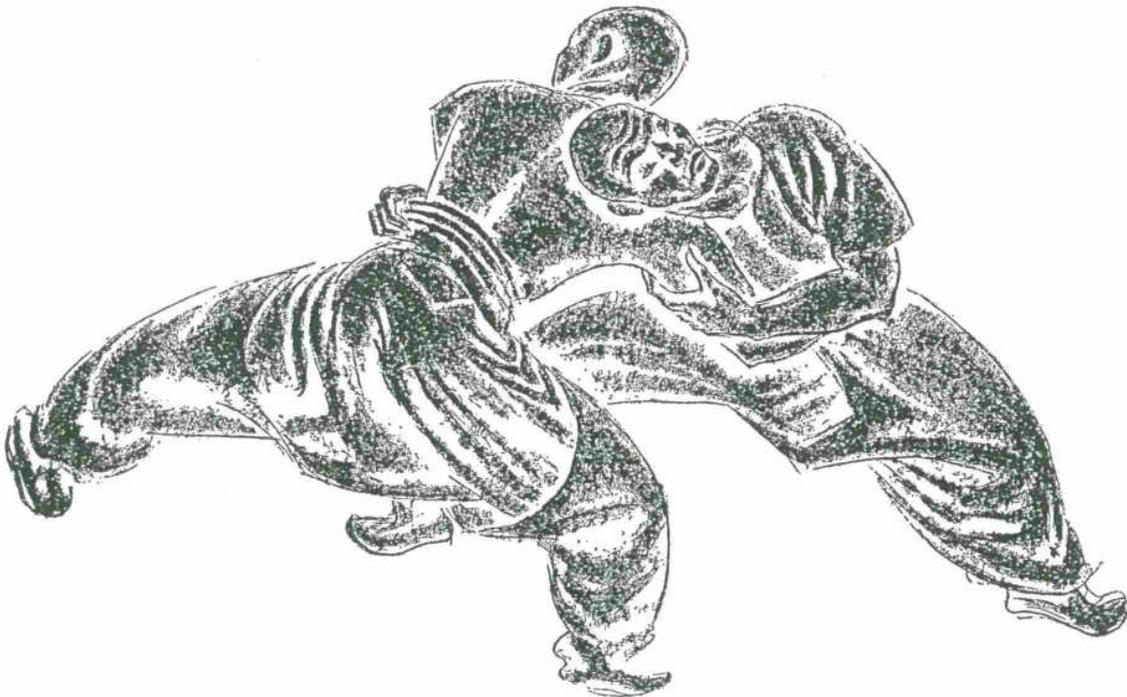
It is my own contention that the socialists, "technocrats", and all other reformers are, consciously and otherwise, helping to make fascism possible, and that the one aim of fascism is to retain, by violence and ruthless suppression, the present economic system.

The battle is between two, and only two, schools of thought, capitalist and communist. It is a battle between the owners and the dispossessed, between those who mean to keep what they have, and those who must take what they

need. Everyone in the world is being forced to take sides. It would, therefore, seem advisable that all people thoroughly investigate the ramifications of the situation, and decide which force they will support. No altruistic motive is required; mere self-preservation makes this imperative. The sooner the necessity for action is realized, the sooner the issue will be decided.

EDITOR'S NOTE

THERE IS NOT in this number an article which so invites a vigorous protest as the foregoing by Montagu Jacobs, who a member of the John Reed Club of Los Angeles, and hence definitely communistic in his sympathies. Let us take his most salient personal statement: "The socialists, technocrats, and all other reformers are, consciously or otherwise, helping to make fascism possible ... the one aim of fascism is to retain, by violence and ruthless suppression, the



Thomas Handforth

CHINESE WRESTLERS

present economic system ... the battle is between two, and only two, schools of thought, capitalism and communism."

It seems to me not only that the terms "capitalism" and "communism" are too narrow, but also that the writer's vision is limited to the extreme pair of opposites, and blind to that third more human, more reasonably balanced *tertium quid* which, let us hope, will in the end emerge.

A more accurate statement of the opposing forces in economics is rendered by the words "individualism" and "collectivism". The old-fashioned *laissez-faire* capitalism (which is *not* represented or even preserved by fascism) on which this country was built, was the first ideal carried to its extreme. Marxian communism is the opposite ideal carried to the other extreme. The former has become obviously impracticable with the disappearance of the Western "Frontier" which took care of the overflow of the more rugged and less successful individualists. In Russia, on the other hand, we have in the present dictatorship of Stalin the complete curbing of all individualism in the interests of the communal State. It seems to me likely that this ideal will prove as short lasting (though probably no less useful as a stepping-stone) as the "rugged individualism" of our American forefathers.

In Ireland during the last revolution a few of us were struck by the fact that the Republicans were making the most tremendous sacrifices toward the attainment of freedom, and yet so few of them understood the meaning of the word. We banded ourselves together in a group to discuss a possible definition which would be in harmony with both physical and metaphysical laws. We decided that "Freedom is the untrammelled action of any given force within its own sphere". It remained for us then to define the sphere of Man—the sphere of the individual in harmony with the sphere of the community. We examined all law, religious and temporal, in the light of this definition. We were in the process of creating our own answer to the social problem when circumstances broke up our group and sent us to various parts of the world.

Here in these dunes there is a natural spirit of co-operation together with a recognition of complete individuality. Each person is a law unto himself within the borders of his own oasis. In our economic dealings we have found co-operation simply to the best advantage of that very individuality of which we are so jealous. It seems to me personally (though I still want to hear all sides before I make a final judgment) that the co-operative system, now the basis of the Danish State, and growing rapidly in Ireland (where it was started by A. E.), and also in England and America, comes nearer to the evolutionary advancement of an enlightened race than the dictatorships of either Hitler or Stalin.

There is no reason that I can so far see why a Jewish answer to a Russian problem should be the answer to a Scandinavian, Irish, English or American problem. Each

people, each land, has its own spirit, expressible only in its own terms. Technocracy, being the as yet uncrystallized plan developed by technicians in the light of a scientifically conducted Economic Survey of North America, seems worthy of our close attention as a possible American answer. The Douglas plan, or that of the "New Britain" group; may turn out to be the best answer for England. In the meantime, let us not be misled by extremists who insist that there are only two possible answers, especially when both answers given are on the collective dictatorial side of the fence, and both involve the utter subjugation of the individual. Let us rather consider whether the naturally evolved DUNE answer does not apply to nations and to their citizen: *alike—Individuality within Community.*

GROW

by DUNHAM THORP

STORM has grown with my growth and fought it;
Both are ebbcd, are gathering to flood again.
Debris and decay, and overgrowth loosely held,
Have all been torn from and felled about me.
So, too, the fury and the fear are gone,
And there is peace again, and healing.

For a moment I am naked in a wide field,
Free of shelter bought with warping,
Clean-pored in a washed wind:—
A far-gathered tight unit,
Intersecting time and space in the filter of my own identity,
Pouring the long past in the vast immediacy of space,
Draining the wide present for the future run of time.
Standing in the broad harvest for the many hungers,
Growing in this moment of integrity —
My sum as set and final, in death's last diffusion,
As the image of each deed in the endless running of the
light that first beheld it.

Let the grown want draw to the measure of its need's compulsion,
And all that has sapped be cast to my feet and ready for the
hunger of the soil that feeds me;
Let me yearn to a sun that would have withered but for the
storm's refreshing,
And the sun warm and loosen and draw me as a young shoot
upward,
And the shoot be eager.

I T'S LIKE THIS TOO

by CHARLOTTE ARTHUR

THE DUNES OF OCEANO are distinctly original. So are the Dunites, a title as solidly descriptive of dwellers in these sands as New Yorkers is of the inhabitants of New York. Although it requires time for an alien to become a true New Yorker, the Dunite seems to emerge almost overnight. Mysteriously, one is seized with a desire to drop all standard conformities and be utterly natural. This can, of course, lead almost anywhere. But it is like an infection, and it is difficult to avoid. The newcomer is at first bewildered by the rapidity of his symptoms. He gives way to them fearfully at first, then with assurance, finally with a mad and joyous abandon.

Glancing down the line at the Community dining table, he sees here a shaven head, there a defiant and untrimmed beard. Yon is a loin cloth, and yonder a figure garbed for whaling in a heavy sea. He sees soup noiselessly consumed. He hears it swooped. He listens to opinions uttered in cultured accents, and opinions couched in fancifully acrobatic grammar. These little externals seem to trouble no one else, so why should he be upset? He joins in the conversation. In the intoxication of the moment, he is likely to make a complete ass of himself. But what of it? He is comfortingly surrounded by other asses, most of whom scarcely look like human beings as they are recognized in cities. He goes to bed, relaxed, with a conviction that he has been a genius all these years without knowing it.

On waking in the morning, he may have a slight relapse. He is no genius. He is certain now that all he did on the previous night was to make a damned fool of himself. At breakfast, everyone appears very brisk and businesslike. This adds to the newcomer's growing conviction that nobody had been crazy the night before except himself.

After the meal, he goes outside and stands around alone, gazing at the Dunes and wishing that things were sometimes as they seem. A neighbor from the fifth dune north is approaching. The newcomer eyes him with deliberate cynicism because last night he had seemed such an astonishing character. The brown and bearded Dunite waves a hand and enters the Community House. A few minutes later, he emerges with a pair of large pruning shears.

"How's everything?"

"Okeh", lies the newcomer, "going to do a bit of gardening?"

The Dunite snaps the pruning shears open and shut. "No", he says casually, "need these to build my house with. So long!"

He strides away. As the newcomer stares after him, his host appears. "Henry's building a willow hut against the winter", he volunteers. "I've got to go to the village to post an important letter. Want to come along?"

"Sure. Do we walk?"

"No. The car's on the beach. Fortunately I forgot to take it back yesterday. It's four miles to the post office and the mail goes at three."

He dodges back into the house, returns in a moment to say, "Somehow, I forgot to write that letter. It won't take me ten minutes."

The newcomer sits down on the steps, feeling better. In half an hour his host comes out. "Okeh, the tide will be fine for driving now. At its lowest ebb."

They start off over the Dunes toward the beach. The host halts suddenly half way there. "Say, I guess the keys to the car are in my other pants."

They retrace their steps. Twenty-five minutes later, the keys are located under a bed. They start out again. "We'll drop in on Shorty Haggerty this afternoon", the host says, "he lives four dunes south. Has a shack built up on poles."

"Does the tide come up that far?" asks the newcomer.

"Oh, no. But Shorty's lived so long in the

jungle that he feels more at home in a house on stilts."

The newcomer's spirits soar some more. They arrive on the beach. The host looks in dismay at the tide which is at its highest point.

"That's funny", he remarks. "According to the tide book, it ought to be low now. Say, what's the date?"

"Twenty-first."

"That's what Bill told me. I don't understand how this can be. I sure looked at the page marked June twenty-first."

The newcomer's face breaks into a broad grin as he realizes that now and again things *are* as they seem. "It's *July* twenty-first, you bum!"

"July twenty - first," repeats the host with only the slightest amazement. "Well, that would account for it, wouldn't it? Oh, well, the letter can wait until tomorrow."

The newcomer takes a bursting breath of salt air. "Say, you know, I'm crazy about this place!"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUNE FORUM: I believe that some interesting conclusions can be drawn from your metaphor of the binary stars of San Francisco and Los Angeles, but my vector analysis and astronomical mathematics or physics—or, it may be, mechanics—are so rusty that I am unfit to draw them. I have grave doubts of your assumption that Los Angeles and San Francisco are in the relation of binary stars, even that they are stars. Assuming that, at least, they possess some mass (intellectually), to be binary they would not only have to exert some force on each other, but would have to be in such relation that the centripetal and centrifugal forces were equal—that is, that the attractive equalled the repulsive. It is my opinion that the masses are repulsive, that there is

PACIFIC DUNES

by ELLEN JANSON

MEMORY belongs to time; I shall not need to remember Dunes. I climbed in the sea's thunder, up and up with aching thighs, and stood on the highest sand-crest; Behind, the dusk circle of the mountain; before, the burning blue where the earth curves the sea.

But when I turned and slid into the hollow, the sea's voice failed, and time's.

Outflung on a floor of sand the color of sun, in a cup of sand and light, submerged in light and soundlessness, I forgot you,

Beauty; and all the roads taken and not taken.

Ask gulls if the wastes of the sea, far from sight of land, where the unheard swell falls and rises, keep this secrecy....

Ask the near dead, newly returned from the outposts of silence....

Ask children at their play....

no relation between them, and that they do not form a system, binary or otherwise. But, assuming further that there is a binary relation, to hold that "the Dunes" is at the center of force between them, is to say that from "the Dunes" no force can be exerted, for here all forces cancel, there is no resultant. It would be a good advertisement for a "rest cure", for according to Newton "every body exists in a state of rest until acted upon by a force". But the whole subject is difficult to handle without a further investigation of the facts.

I think your best plan is to announce firmly and authoritatively and, in the manner of our leading scientists, without adequate proof, that all forces *do* meet at "the Dunes", that there is a resultant, and that any body to which that constant force is applied will travel in uniformly accelerated motions until the DUNE FORUM, like Jove and his handful of lightning, chooses to find it a new application. Sincerely,

STEWART MALLOCH

DEAR GAVIN: I have been thinking about a synthesis—a synthesis of intents toward the ultimate purpose. In the thought progression the serpentine path runs through Moy Mell and so, necessarily, my jig-saw deductions are fitted around your venture and its ultimate goal.

First and foremost, there must be a synchronization of the three primary forces, the Dunes, Moy Mell and you. A trinity must emerge before you, like a piano, can record or speak the various harmonies, various rhythms and melodic lines that are so important to others.

The Dunes themselves force a certain desire upon me. I want to take off their tops and feel the mother, the urge and the life that is the *raison d'être* for their outer form. In the beginning, as impetusless sand mounds, they appeared self-sufficient to me; now I feel them differently and know that they do not desire this quality. There is in them so great a oneness with, so sensitive a reaction to, so tolerant and receptive a feeling for the elemental simplicities.

When one remembers the sun-energy necessary to plant-life it seems impossible to compute this amount held within these Dunes. So much strength stored up to be used only when needed — strength given to the Dune's sand - dollar legs that they may move slowly and surely.

How impossible all this movement is without the harmonic relation of the natural elements. Without a wind-driven form there is no need for movement.

The wind carves places here and there for the written word of the planets. The slate is small and unobstrusive. There are no superlative adjectives to usurp the energy necessary to the full-meaninged utterance. The life process of these Dunes is so simply amalgamated a communal tolerance and appreciation. So well balanced and so sure.

Then there are the long-armed reachings of the plant life which is easier for us to follow growth in. How carefully, only here and there, does it want to speak. With the spoken word it is

willingly buried, to reach out with its root fingers and find rebirth elsewhere.

These constrained forces and latent energies lie under all this outer form. They have harmonized their impulses and intents with the pattern of the final movement. Each is marked willingly by the forces of all the others. Each is the instrument spoken on, and having served as a vehicle is willing for new, strong and vital forces to follow with their own particular messages.

This is a synthesis of intents and this *is* Moy Mell's goal. Sensitive to that which surrounds us because of that which has gone before and so keyed us. Greetings, EDWARD MCLEAN

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS

DR. HARTLEY ALEXANDER, *Claremont*:

Your magazine plan sounds interesting and I certainly sympathise with the idea of "looking west rather than toward Europe"—which in my own fashion I have harped upon for a long time. One of the interests which lies very close to me is that of creating a genuine *American* symbolism, with more of an alphabet than the meagre inheritance from the Revolutionary period provides. It was this that animated my work for the Nebraska Capitol, and which I have tried to carry forward on similar work elsewhere— just now the Department of Justice Building in Washington and a monument to American history which is under way in Philadelphia. Perhaps some time you would like a brief article along this line? It seems to me to have artistic reality as well as promise....

MARY AUSTIN, *Santa Fe*:

I am very much interested in the prospectus for the DUNE FORUM. I see no reason why you should not list me among the prospectus contributors....

MARY VAIL ANDRESS, *New York City*:

I congratulate you.... It is only a forerunner of what we may expect.... I assure you that if

I ever write for anything, it will be for your magazine. . . . You asked me if I could not write a defense for the banking world or to find someone who would. I will get busy about this immediately....

J. L. CAMPBELL, *London:*

I think your FORUM sounds *splendid* and I hope you will let me contribute something too.If by hook or by crook I can get out to Oceano I will do so....

JACK CONROY, *Missouri:*

You'll get an exchange copy of the *Anvil* whenever it comes out.... I'm eager to see the DUNE FORUM. The prospectus looks very good, and I am sending them out to interesting people....

HENRY COWELL, *Palo Alto:*

Very fine to see the DUNE FORUM. It looks good, and should be a grand thing.... If you want me to write a bit on the aims of modern music and its position in relation to other music, I will be glad to do so....

J. H. DENISON, *Santa Barbara:*

I think your magazine is a great idea and I hope it will go. You must start it with some violent controversies. All the world loves a fight and the pen is mightier than the boxing glove....

CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE, *San Francisco:*

The DUNE FORUM sounds swell. I am glad to see all these magazines starting up. They remind me of the Little Theatre movement that rescued the stage from its inertia some years ago....

HAVELOCK ELLIS, *London:*

The prospectus of the magazine sounds excellent and I trust it will prosper. It is most satisfactory that you have found a center which suits you and been able to form so fascinating a group, able to live together in harmony, which is an extremely difficult thing for a group to do. I am interested in everything you tell me and I hope to hear more news of your movement soon....

ROBERT O. ERISMAN, *Buffalo:*

Ultra-modern poetry . . . can be explained simply by saying that if it has interesting components and an interesting rhythm and is done by an interesting mind, it will probably be worth reading. The first test of any writing or painting is whether it is done by an interesting mind, regardless of whether its technique is quite perfect or its nature traditional or ultra-modern....

SARA BARD FIELD, *Los Gatos:*

I think that the plan of the magazine both as to its physical appearance and its intellectual and artistic content is well programmed and stated, and I hope you will get adequate support.... You have Col. Wood's and my deepest hopes for the success of this brave and brilliant undertaking.

THOMAS HANDFORTH, *Peiping:*

The DUNE FORUM is exciting, promising and already handsome. So I am herewith sending gifts to win its favor.... I am not yet completely Chinese. On rare occasions I think of America, even planning to visit that country a year from now. This coming winter I shall spend a few months in tropical China to get another angle on it, but will be back in my Peiping palace in the Spring. I'm now equipped with printing presses for both etching and lithograph. Beware! or I shall rival you with a *Chinese* Forum of the Pacific! I suppose you will be too occupied for years and years to leave your Dunes, and I shall have to visit you there. As you know a large section of my heart is still rooted to your shore of the Pacific, especially the Northwest; this side too has much more than a temporary hold on me. Since my earliest memories, I have been aware of the metaphysical bridge between the two shores. What better qualification could one have to become a Dunite?

HILDRETH MEIERE, *Aegean Sea:*

I was very much interested in your FORUM and very much flattered to be thought of in connection with it.... It seems to me you should

make a very fine thing of it.... For my part I shall be interested to do anything I can by way of contribution.... I am nearing Istanbul, Greece and the Dalmatian Coast, where I go mosaic-hunting. However, I shall be back by the end of October, and will then send you some photographs to look over.

PALUCCA, *Dresden:*

Ich bin gerne bereit für Ihre Zeitschrift schreiben.... Sehr viele Grüsse.

STOKOWSKI, *Philadelphia:*

...I do wish you good luck and some day I hope you will let me come and see you and contribute to the magazine.

LEW SARETT, *Illinois:*

...The plans for your magazine are interesting. There is a very real place for the journal. And I like the general make-up of it. My good wishes go to you in this enterprise.

LINCOLN STEFFENS, *Carmel:*

It's just come, the DUNE FORUM, and it's a fine baby.... I'll try to find time and enjoyment to write you something short on Dogma and its uses.... But hang on to Ella Young. She is your prize.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *New York:*

I wish your enterprise all success. If ever I have the time to send you something, be sure that I shall do so.... I shall not forget you.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, *New Jersey:*

Nothing to send just now, so tho't I'd send it Best luck—or say best wind, to Dunes.

Prize me, boy! Everything is so obviously the story when it's a story, so terrifyingly the poem, etc., so brilliantly, overwhelming, crushingly 8th grade the honor pupil: let's be serious and move to take an interest in writing.

A WORD ABOUT THE EDITORS

by ELLA YOUNG

GAVIN ARTHUR will make a good editor primarily because he is so many-sided and has such wide views and sympathies. His life is colored too with memories of many people and many places; he has known labor leaders and royal dukes, has looked from the viewpoint of both, yet kept his mind free. Always an agnostic; poet, rebel, sailor, gentleman, vagabond; born a westerner; cosmopolitan yet proudly a Californian; eager to test, to experiment—his whole life has been lived in the spirit which motivates this magazine. Such a project has been his life-dream.

ELLEN JANSEN is a recognized poet whose work has appeared in such magazines as the *London, Mercury, Harper's, Vogue, Poetry*. Born and brought up in Seattle, she is a westerner of the modern generation, tall, free, forward-looking. Although she has spent just enough time in London, Paris, Berlin, New York to be thoroughly cosmopolitan, her heart has always been on this Coast, her home in Los Angeles, her chief inspiration in the Dunes. Her exquisite taste, her sure sense of beauty, will bring to the DUNE FORUM a distinction of which it will have the right to be proud.

HAZEL DREIS, who is in charge of the format, is a vivid and colorful personality, strong in the courage of her convictions. She began life as printer. Later she became a newspaper reporter working on several newspapers on the Coast. On one of her many hikes she discovered the Dunes in 1917. Later in San Francisco she took up book-binding as a profession, and went to England to study under Laurence DeCoverly. She is one of the most competent craftsmen in America, and the DUNE FORUM is exceedingly fortunate in having its format and technical details in such expert hands.

THE FOREGOING APPRECIATION was written for a slender announcement, called "Contributor's Number", designed to give prospective contributors an idea of what sort of magazine they were asked to enliven. Since that feeler was sent out over the past three months, the DUNE FORUM has expanded, and what was tentative has taken form.

To our Board of Editors we have added two dynamic yet contrasting members—Pauline Schindler and Dunham Thorp. To use the terms of modern psychology, one is by nature an extrovert, the other an introvert. The dissimilarity of their lives has tended to accentuate this difference. Born in Minneapolis and brought up near New York and in England and Germany, Pauline Schindler not only had her full share of formal education, but also, after receiving her degree from Smith College, did extensive post-graduate work in music and social sciences. Her list of acquaintances sends its threads through all the different fields of art and the more advanced movements of the day. Drawing to her from a multiplicity of sources, she has given forth again as resident at Hull House, and later at Taliasin, as case-worker, educational innovator, writer on architecture, and editor of *The Carmelite*. She now divides her time between Los Angeles, Ojai and the Dunes.

Dunham Thorp, on the other hand, was born in Jamaica in the West Indies, but came soon after to New York, where he received only grammar-school education. At fourteen he was earning his own living. Seaman and ardent camper, somewhat mystical by nature, his development has been mainly internal, unaided, unhindered even, by extensive reading. His discipline has come through years as writer for the movie-fan magazines, as scenarist and press agent for Fox and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Now, leaving Hollywood without regrets, he has become a woodcutter in eucalyptus forests, and is building a log cabin for himself and his family on the Mesa above the Dunes.

The DUNE FORUM welcomes both into the fellowship of editors. Its reason for having invited them are obvious. Their own reasons for accepting this invitation follow, in their own words:

PAULINE SCHINDLER:

My hope, in sharing editorially the enterprise of the DUNE FORUM, is a simple one.

I believe that a new world-spirit, that new ways of life, are registering themselves vitally here on this California coast, and that these make necessary fresh channels of utterance. Such regions as these silent dunes, with their solitudes, their sense of motionless pause, of waiting for new significance to happen, are suitable for the welling up of fresh springs of knowing. There is more to know than the scientist in his laboratory, or the philosopher in his seminar under a shaded light, can reach. There are new functions of consciousness, a richer, profounder awareness of what is, to develop in us.

For this we need to be individually alone, to listen, to be silent—and yet, to communicate.

I hope then that the DUNE FORUM will provide us that needed channel—not for mere self-expression, but for mutual communication and interchange of the newly-sprouting riches of consciousness. At the tail-end of a dying civilization, a decadent world-culture, we already perceive the to-come which is stirring to be born. It stirs in the womb of consciousness; it vague; we cannot quite say what it is to be.

I understand it to be one of the functions of the DUNE FORUM that we shall help one another to clarify, to see more clearly the outline of a positive and emergent culture.

DUNHAM THORP:

We stand at a crucial point in Time, one that can be considered either as the opening of a new era or the closing of an old. My hope for the DUNE FORUM is that it will be a force looking toward the new, eager to explore and discover

what lies before us as a nation and a race. Its function should be the dual one of encouraging unfoldment by its seeking, and strengthening the unfolded by its support. It should not be tied to any ism stemming from the past, from either Victoria or Marx. For the present it should seek only to learn what can be. When, and if, this is discovered, it might then strive to bring what will be as nearly as possible to the mark.

NOTES AND NAMES

THIS NUMBER is of course only an introduction to the DUNE FORUM, which starts its regular issue in January, 1934. It will double the size of the present issue, keeping the same format. Subscriptions will be welcomed from now on, and a gift blank is ready to be sent to those for whom the DUNE FORUM is desired as a Christmas gift.

THE DUNE FORUM seeks particularly to get away from the stereotyped "policy" and rigorous "requirements" of the average American magazine. We want to make a specialty of inviting creators in other fields than writing to join in our discussion as unselfconsciously as if they were sitting around our fire. Architects, musicians, scientists, dancers, very seldom have time or inclination to write formal articles. Yet their views, not only on their own ground, but on the trend of American culture in general, are without doubt as important as those whose profession is writing. Hence, in the following list of those (among many others) who have accepted our invitation to join some time in our discussions, appear the names of many who are not literarily inclined. Not that all of them will contribute ideas in one medium alone—but,

although we welcome drawings from the artists and poems from the poets, we hope also that they will join the controversy which after all is the chief purpose of this magazine.

- Dr. Hartley Alexander, authority on American Indian folklore and symbolism.
 Mary Vail Andress of the Chase National Bank.
 Loring Andrews, writer on the South Seas.
 Mary Austin, author of "Earth Horizon" and many books on our Southwest.
 Charlotte Arthur, author of "Poor Faun".
 John Begg, travelog cinematographer for *Pathé*.
 Edward Borein, etcher of wild west life.
 G. William Breck, illustrator of "Dear Mabel".
 Witter Bynner, Santa Fe poet and playwright.
 H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, biographer of Goldoni.
 John Colton, author of "The Shanghai Gesture".
 Countee Cullen, Negro poet and editor.
 Henry Cowell, composer, editor of *New Music*.
 Charles Caldwell Dobie, author, playwright.
 Henry Eicheim, violinist, composer of "Bali", translator of Oriental music.
 Havelock Ellis, psychologist and philosopher.
 Sara Bard Field, California poet.
 Oliver St. John Gogarty, Irish wit.
 Martha Graham, dancer.
 John Gullberg, biologist, zoologist.
 Henry Harrison, editor of "*Poetry World*".
 Helen Hoyt, California poet.
 Edward Alden Jewell, author, critic.
 Robinson Jeffers, poet.
 Shane Leslie, Irish poet and writer.
 Mabel Dodge Luhan, writer of memoirs.
 Clarence Mattei, portrait painter.
 Dr. R. A. Millikan, physicist.
 Robert Nathan, novelist, story-writer.
 Richard Neutra, functionalist in architecture.
 John O'Shea, California painter.
 Charles Hanson Towne, poet, critic.
 Arthur Paget-Fredericks, illustrator.
 Sarah Redington, writer and lecturer.
 Margaret Sanger, eugenist.
 Lew Sarett, poet, trail-breaker.
 Leopold Stokowski, conductor.
 Thomas Watson, electrical engineer, co-inventor of telephones.
 Marie Welch, San Francisco poet.
 Roderick White, violinist, conductor.
 Stewart Edward White, novelist.
 Charles Erskine Scott Wood, soldier, lawyer, poet, radical.
 Ella Young, poet, authority on Irish folk-lore and mythology.