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HUMAN NATURE VS. PLENTY

by DUNHAM THORP

ONE OF OUR READERS, signing himself "A Dunite," expressed a view in the last DUNE FORUM that is widely held, and rather in need of exploration.

Admitting the desirability of change in our economic order, he nevertheless expressed belief that any system based on cooperation would be bound to fail because of human nature. Greed, the lust for power, and just plain selfishness would always abort any collective effort for the general good. You can't change human nature!

In fact, the only solution he seemed to offer, by implication, was the immediate jailing of everyone, including all the jailers.

It does not seem to me that the picture is quite as dark as that. There has been change. We accept the theory that we have evolved from the amoeba and beyond. Yet we speak of human- not amoeba-nature. We have grown legs and dropped a tail, and in other ways greatly modified our body-structure. Our "natures" have at least kept pace with that development. And if there has been no basic change since our present body-pattern was first established, there has at least been modification and development. Differences in the mental processes of primitive and civilized man are definite and definable. We have developed in complexity and tend to a modification of the most raw extremes. We feel alien to certain things we read of in the old Greek dramatists. And Christ would not be forced by us to carry the cross to His crucifixion; we would feed Him well, and even grant petty wishes, before we hung Him, without torture. This is progress. Infinitesimal, perhaps, but forward-moving change. The point is that further change will carry us further along this road. We will not return to crucifixion as a standard.

Such an argument, however, is far too long-range and slow-moving to meet "Dunite's" objections. The problem is more immediate. If we make an economic change tomorrow, will we be any different than we are today? And if we are not, then how are we to handle those human forces that have disrupted all systems in the past?

It would seem to me that the most immediate answer to such a question would be this: If a man sticks a gun in my ribs he can have my money. If he does not have that gun it will not be so easy for him to hold me up. If, furthermore, he could not spend my money when he got it, he would not have the incentive to waylay me in the first place. Here we have three different courses of action, and three results, with the choice between them in no way dependent on good-will or "human nature."

In other words, if human nature were not only unchangeable, but rigid against the least modification, there would still be some hope for such collective systems as Technocracy, Farmer-Labor, Communism, *et al,* if they were simply to manipulate its expression (leaving the thing itself unchanged) by removing the most dangerous weapons and re-channeling incentives.

Let us take a specific instance. Our govern--

ments, national, state and local, have been notoriously corrupt and open to bribery under the present system. Fortunately, "Dunite" would argue, governmental jurisdiction has covered only a small section of our economic activity. Would it not be infinitely worse for us if it covered the entire field, as it would when all productive-consumptive activities were governed by the state?

It would. Provided that corruption continued to exist. But who would there be to offer a bribe when all industry was nationally owned? When there was no profit in it? Furthermore, it would be difficult for one man to bribe another when incomes were approximately the same, and when any issue of money was valid only for a limited length of time, making it impossible to accumulate private fortunes. These difficulties would be increased further still if, as is suggested, money were made nontransferable. Graft and bribery, as we know them, would have no reason for existence if there were no profit in them.

It is, I think, demonstrable that most of the anti-social actions of humankind spring from two elemental motives—fear and ego. We steal because we are afraid that we will not have security for ourselves, our old age or our children.We are greedy beyond our needs, because : first, money itself is a symbol of success; and, second, the utilization of it gives a sense of power, which, in competition with the power of others, produces a pleasurable excitement and, when successful, a sense of almightiness that is the pinnacle of ego-satisfaction.

The change from an economy of scarcity to an economy of plenty should lessen fear, and finally eradicate it altogether. When everyone is guaranteed a comfortable living in return for reasonable services he will have no cause to worry for his or his children's future. The future will be guaranteed by our collective ability to provide, as we have proved that we can provide, and insurance of this guarantee will be dependent not on working against others, but with them. The emphasis will be shifted from the anti-social to the social.

The elimination of fear and large discrepancies in wealth should also lessen crime. The largest portion of crime today is directed against private property. Such crimes would be erased almost completely (as would litigation also) if private property consisted primarily of those things that a person needs for his private life. Crime would soon limit itself to acts of passion and pathology. And even these would be lessened when an individual's development was not warped from childhood as it is today.

There is, of course, a reverse side to this picture. Fear, desperation and corollary motives, have been one of the greatest spurs to work since time began. There is nothing like the fear of losing his job to make a man dig in. The desperate struggle of the last war stepped up invention several-fold. Fear is undoubtedly a stimulant. If we remove this motive, therefore, will it not be a loss? To a certain degree it will. But the trouble with fear is that it is so wasteful. When the books are balanced we usually find we have lost far more than we have gained. We know this. Few of us would hesitate to do away with war, famine and flood if it were possible. Yet the tiny little fractures of individual fear that run through all the planes of our society are probably infinitely more harmful in their total.

It is probable that we could afford to do away with the fear motive altogether. There is no doubt that we would gain if we could substitute other motives for the same end. With our present knowledge, and further fruitful study, there seems no common-sense reason why we should not attempt to do this.

Ego, the second of our motives, we cannot do away with. Nor would we want to. It would be better to utilize it to our own ends. And this,

I think, can readily be done. The desires of the ego are, mainly, two-fold: first, to be thought well of (or important) by one's fellowmen; second, the internal satisfaction that comes from struggle victoriously resolved. It happens, today, that money is the preeminent means for gaining both these ends. But this has not always been the case. In the past there have been other methods, notably those of military glory and feudal power. It would not seem impossible that there might be still other ways available for the future.

The average man piles up money, after the level of comfort has been reached, so that he may live in a larger house, drive a more expensive car, and send his children to a more fashionable school than does his neighbor. In other words, that he may parade. Equivalents for that satisfaction should not be hard to find. In the first place, it would be possible to continue a limited differential in incomes so long as it was found desirable. In the second place, it would be possible to manipulate this motive to socially good ends by a variety of methods, notably publicity. Society could be led to think well of a man when he has done his job well (Lindbergh). There is satisfaction in being thought a benefactor. His picture in the paper, his name on an honor-roll, a few prerogatives, would more than compensate the average man for the difference between a Buick and a Chevrolet. After all, what we really want is something that will make people aware of us when we enter a room, that will make them listen respectfully when we speak. This is as true in our world today as it will be in any future one. Many people, failing at financial success, have found a satisfactory equivalent when they have gained attention through excellence in some poorly-paid work, through government office, through eccentricity, or even notoriety.

There remains the man of unusual capabilities, who would seek a more complex satisfaction. What incentive will there be for him in a society that is deliberately leveled down? What incentive will there be for him to push himself to the utmost? He can make an easy living with half the effort. And yet it is on him that we must depend for further advancement, for assurance that we will not stagnate.

Our answer lies within this type of man himself. An easy living does not satisfy him, for he does not at that point stop short. If he did, Einstein would not have formulated the theory of Relativity. If he had gone that far, it would have been enough, and he would have rested on his laurels. He would not have struggled on to the still greater concept of the Unified Field. Einstein has done all this, and obviously not for money nor for power. It may be countered that Einstein is an exception. Yet it is common practice among doctors to pass on their discoveries gratis, though a patent would often make them wealthy. They do not even ask publicity. The job itself—its struggles and victories, the sense of competition and cooperation with others in the field—is surpassingly enough. Such men cannot be stopped. So long as the tools they need are in their hands they will work in any system.

This is true not only of those at the very top, but of the rank-and-file as well. Innovation today is far more a matter of coordinated teamwork than of a wild-eyed individual in a garret. By far the greater portion of recent improvements in the automobile, for instance, are the product of brains *on salary*.

There remains the Captain of Industry and the Financial Genius. It is true that under a planned economy obstacles might be placed in the path of a Henry Ford. But they would be no greater than those with which our own bankers tried to stop him. And at the same time, such a system would put a definite stop to a Samuel Insull. He simply could not function. Or if he did, as an organizer and administrator, he

would be forced to work through channels that were socially desirable. He could re-group industrial units so that they would function more effectively; but the nature of the money in use would not permit of his doing it for private gain. Where these men were worth their salt this would not matter. The motives that drive them, even today, are in many ways similar to those that drive the scientist and artist. They would adapt themselves to changed conditions.

Fear has been expressed that such men, singly or in a group, would seize the reins of power and establish a dictatorship catering to their own ends. That could be done today. Fascism is one of the dangers that we face. But when a socially-owned and economically-planned state is established and functioning the greatest possible restriction will have been put upon such efforts. A hundred Napoleons could live under such a system and never get a chance to function. The rise of a dictator is dependent on a favoring alignment of circumstances—disorder coupled with a crisis. The hallmark of all the new systems is a planned order and balance that will be well-nigh automatic—and beyond that, governed.

Even in its transitional stage, therefore, it would seem that a planned, collective economy would be no more at the mercy of human selfishness than is our present loose-jointed individualism. Far less so, for we would look where the whole was going, rather than each in the direction of his own ends. It may be objected that many of the lines of attack suggested here sound well in theory, but would not work in practice. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. Except in the matter of dictatorship (which was a method of installation, made necessary by the chaos existing in the previous order), Russia has used them with more success than failure. And Russia's job was many times more difficult than our own.

The transition period would be the most delicate of all. There would be a certain amount human wreckage when we fitted people who had grown up and largely crystallized under one system into the requirements of another. But what of today, when our streets are strewn with once-successful men? Is there not wreckage now? Furthermore, the transitional period would not last forever. Already, in Russia, a generation has grown up that knows nothing of the world before the revolution. Communism to them, is the natural order of things; something that is taken for granted as the basis for all their thinking. Our concept of private property is as strange and unreal to them as is the doctrine of the divine right of kings to us.

With such a generation, and succeeding ones we could do much more than with ourselves. We are already molded. But who would not want his children to grow up without the repressions and thwartings that he has known. And who would not expect their "human nature" to be something a little different from our own? For it would seem pretty obvious that the human nature we know today is an abnormal thing. Not only are most of us so focused to the world around us that we have little col??? within ourselves, but the tension and tempo of modern living are such that they damage not only our "natures" but our very bodies and our nerves. Who can look at a friend he has known since childhood, and who has since been thrown into the full stream of modern life, and feel that that man has developed as he might? Regardless of whether he becomes a "success" or "failure", we are aware that certain attributes have been over-emphasized by circumstances and that others have been allowed to atrophy The result is not a balanced and fully developed individual. It is in every way abnormal. Yet it is this that we think of as "human nature —a thing that cannot be changed. Most obviously it can. Probably with the aid of psychology, we could drive it to as abnormal a position

in the opposite extreme, and have a race of saints. But that is not what we want. It would be enough to attain a balance. And there seems no common-sense reason why we cannot.

Under Capitalism a man gives the greater portion of his life to work. It is thus necessary for him to build his life around his occupation. If it is uncongenial he is frustrated, and developer along escapist patterns. If it appeals to one element in his nature, that element is developed at the expense of others. In either event the result is usually abnormal. Under an economy of plenty this would not be so. Work would absorb a smaller portion of the average man's time than leisure, and in the case of most people it would be almost automatic. Under such circumstances only the unusual man would care to base his life on work. For the vast majority the focal point would be in leisure. And as leisure is far less exclusive in its requirements than is work, such conditions would permit of a more balanced development of the potential person. When to this is added the conscious fostering of such development from childhood, instead of the thwarting of it, the prospects that are opened are enormous.

There are dangers. We have the example of all the debauched aristocracies in history. But we also have the example of the English and other aristocracies to show that leisure need not necessarily be fatal. And what they did more or less by instinct we could do by plan. We have already learned the process in another field. To produce material goods we analyze functions and organize our findings into the most elaborate of systems; and to this end we utilize every bit of knowledge that we possess, and constantly seek for more. 'Wherever we have applied this method we have been successful. Wherever we have disregarded knowledge thatwe possess we have fallen short.

It is not necessary to believe that we will get perfection. No one thinks we will. There will be mistakes, and plenty. It is an even bet that
We will be badly sidetracked. It is better than an even bet that we will be destroyed. Every civilization before us has crumbled in the end. But in the interim, while they flourished, they accomplished mighty things. Egypt, Greece, Rome, Europe were not entirely worthless. Now it is our turn to take the step to manhood. And when we do a flood of energy will be released that will have permanent value for the world. What if, when this flood is spent, we die? That is the way we work. Not forever, perhaps; but now. If we are to make progress we must make it in accord with the laws that bind us. We cannot hold out for wishes.

One thing that is often forgotten is that we are not considering this question in a vacuum, but in the light of the situation as we find it. One may enquire as to the bed-springs, and as to the Captain's religion, before he decides on a certain ship to Europe; but he does not boggle at those questions if it is a matter of rescue in mid-ocean.

We are, today, in a place that we do not like. There are two ways that we may go from here. We have the choice. But whichever way we go we will take our "nature" with us. That is certain. It is not a question of whether "human nature" will permit perfection if we choose one road. Will we have perfection if we choose the other? If we will not have perfection in either case, then the question is: which will bring us *closer* to what we want?

The choice, regardless of tags and labels, is between an "economy of plenty" and an "economy of scarcity".

Capitalism, whether under a patchwork of *laissez faire,* or under a Fascist control, is dependent on an economy of scarcity. There cannot be enough to go around. People must bid against each other to fill their wants. When we produce enough, or a little more, the system breaks down miserably. Glutted warehouses mean empty stomachs. To repair the system we must return to scarcity. Plow under cotton, burn wheat, clamp quotas down on industry. We

must not use the ability we have to satisfy our wants.

What will happen if we go further along this road? What will happen if "human nature" takes this government-started destruction out of hand? Already farmers are themselves restricting planting, and strikes are restricting harvests. When we sought to produce, we succeeded all too well. When the goal is destruction, will success be even more disastrous?

We are caught in a downward spiral, and every circuit finds us worse. Restriction of work curtails consumption, which cuts work again. Our incomes are lowered and we pay higher taxes. We may go up a little, but then we go down again. And even the upturn brings dissension, for none can win his share from Greed except by force—through strikes, consumer-resistance and farm holidays. We are torn by dissension, greed and despair. We are faced, and we know it, with riots and even war. Every step along this path holds dynamite.

Yet, when we are offered an alternate route that is carefully planned and graded, we are asked to accept this one as safer for human nature that we do not trust!

REDWOOD FOREST

by JACK LYMAN

The trunks of the redwoods
Cinnamon—soaring
Are giants lost in a lofty twilight.
The silver-lighted tanbarks,
The smooth madrones,
Dirn-lustred, motionless,
Dream,
And float
In liquid air-streams,
Cool-pervading,
Cocoon-soft,
Delicious waters of rest.

BALANCING THE TWO DETERMINATES OF CREATION

by RICHARD J. NEUTRA

THE LIFE of a practicing architect is not leisurely enough to grant time for producing perfect literary works. However, I have written books, they have been published, and their success gently flattered my heart, until, one day, I became aware of the fact that widespread favorable comment bestowed on a book is not necessarily a sign of its having been read. In these books I had tried, among other things, to improve on the shallowness of the current lable, *"Functional,"* and so should be above the suspicion of cherishing it as a sweeping description of what I do myself. But alas, the glue of the label has adhered so well that this dissolvent analysis of mine appears to be ineffective.

So let us sincerely try it all over again.

To begin with: "Functional" is, historically speaking, not a concept derived from Technology. First used in matters architectural by the late L. H. Sullivan, who gave me the privilege of extended conversations with him, it borrowed its essential meaning from biology *in* the light of that Darwinian theory of Organic Evolution so much in vogue in the latter half of the nineteenth century. [Eons before the human brain was equipped for observation, so went the story, natural selection and the survival of the fittest had filled the picture of the organic universe around us with purely functional appearances, and had eliminated those that were less fitting to existence requirements.] There is no purpose in the existence of a fish (so called teleological speculations on purpose in nature are out of fashion today), but there are definite functional requirements for its existence in a certain medium, under certain conditions; and the body of the fish, its emotional and reflective apparatus has had to adapt itself to these. The appearance of this stream-lined

creature speaks for itself. It is a short cut explanation of Functionalism. Louis H. Sullivan, the philosophical architect, might have looked at a fish in an aquarium, or at a pine tree under wind attack, or a seagull rising from the dunes, and then made his statement: Form Follows Function. It would not survive in nature *if it did not follow*. Even slight deviations from this principle will in the long run of biological occurrences cause elimination from the pay-roll of life.

Many centuries before this Darwinian vogue of biological interpretation, Lucretius thought that the same natural selection applied to inorganic matter as well as to organic, but only forty years ago an American staged this postulate of Functionalism in the field of architecture and found for it a pointed slogan.

However, a certain difficulty arises here. In nature, where there is no purpose we evidently can find a continuous development from more simple to more involved functions; on the other hand in the production of man, when an interpretation of it based on his purposes is always justified, particularly if one does not confine oneself to material purposes alone, the picture changes in the following way: Having a human purpose does in most cases not make for continuous but rather for a jumpy approach to a constructive solution and the well balanced answer to all combined functional requirements is usually overlooked at first while the selected singular purpose or visionary design for it is averting the attention from accompanying secondary conditions. So the first product while clearly aiming at a purpose or use is in no way perfect in its functional character or appearance and only step by step is improved later on until

here also: Form matures to follow Function. But it never can and does as completely as in a linden tree or in the skeleton of a vertebrate. Human constructions tend toward functional perfection; but also, they are guided in their shape by influences from a second source. This second center of origin for constructional activity is the mental attitude which, as a result of physiological causes only partly known, has its decided set of premises and determinants.

Let us call it *mental economy,* if we like, order or orderliness. All human beings have a peculiar preference for a straight line, a circle, a rectangle, a sixty degree triangle—briefly, for things which seldom occur in the visible natural picture. These were called by men like Plato the primary beautiful geometrical forms implanted in our mental make-up.

Beautiful or not, they are a handy asset in our mental tool-box. They mean something from the *point of view* of mental economy.

Also, rhythmical repetition and symmetry belong in this realm, and if no forceful reasons are given—by necessity— against them, we have an inclination to let our formal creations revert to these primaries. And even if we abandon them on occasion, we relish this picturesque deviation from our mental constants as a brave rebellion.

Mental economy might degenerate into mental laziness, if symmetry of a floor plan or elevation for instance, is indulged in, while with an effort away from it we might serve the functions of the plan better. In nature, symmetry or a certain regularity is acceptable only if it fits into the functional scheme, and is readily abandoned where it does not.

But human construction is more biased, as I shall try to show here, and there are interferences and clashes between the two sets of influences; the functional considerations and the limitations set by mental economy. In human production, where "Functionalism" is permeated by the concept of "purpose" and "use", the dualism is really between the interest of man as user or consumer, and that of man as designer and producer. "Functionalistic" can be termed the attitude of the consumer who wants the best suitable; "Constructivistic", the attitude of the producer whose task it is to ma-

terialize approximately that desired commodity. He depends on mental and technological economy to remain within the precincts of executable possibility.

At every stage of the technological development more things become executable, and as it proceeds from crude tools to intricate machinery, it seems at first glance, that more and more *fitting things* are executable. But this proves partly fallacious.

A factory-made shoe is, in a way, less adequate functionally, less fitting than a shoe well made to order, individually rehearsed and performed. The investment in machinery does not warrant individual performances, but for all practical and normal purposes, the factory shoe is wearable, and is worn by many more individuals than could afford shoes in a previous period. It is economy against hundred-percent functional fitness, here, as in the building of a house.

Standardized, prefabricated, machine-produced houses are by no means a direct step toward functionalistic standards in the true sense of the word; they move into existence by constructivistic considerations concerned with economy of production.

Now, we must hasten to state that economy is not only the aim of exploiters, nor is it merely an ascetic concept, but quite a noble force, and one blessed with esthetic stimulation.

Nature is lavishly abundant in her productions, but strictly economical in each of her individual products. The most economical artistic solutions, from a folk song to a strikingly condensed phrase in Shakespeare, are of the most lasting beauty.

Prefabricated houses will at the beginning hardly be fully functional and individually adequate in their creative space organization, their exposures, or their connection with the out-of-door grounds. It may, therefore, be safely predicted that they will not have much of what is called natural, or in other words, functional, beauty. Still, society will favor them, because they appear to be the economical solution, and all other ways of housing eighty percent of the population offer incomparably more resistance.

However, the picture is not quite as dry as mere budgeting. These machine-made houses will, it is true, approach perfect fitness only gradually; but from the beginning they will offer in many details a perfection which for hand work is not only too expensive to accomplish, but more profoundly is strictly not in its cards. It cannot be obtained except by means of machine-operated mass-production, and all the scientific research work connected with it, and economically justified only by it.

Neither the King of France, nor the Pope at Rome, in the seventeenth century, would have had the financial resources for developing by thousandfold brainwork and experimentation the great science of colloidal chemistry to yield to him the filament of one electric bulb. Preparation and operation of light-bulb production needs as a correlate three quarters of a billion of daily consumers, and it develops an unheard of quality product to be distributed over the thousand counters of the five-and-ten-cent stores. Now the concepts of quality and rarity become thoroughly divorced, while formerly they were identical in most precious cases, like those of Chinese silk or lacquer.

The architect, as an artist, still has his individual brain, and will always retain it, even if he uses machine-made light-bulbs instead of hand-built torches or candles. But now he can conceal direct light sources, and indulge in manifold beautiful and practical illumination. A shift of the focus of interest toward the functional.

The creative-artist architect always stood, and stands today, as a judge between the functionalistic aspirations of the consumer and client —a single one, or a thousand of them— and the constructivistic forces of his own planning methods and those of technological production of materials, finishes, equipment, and supply.

His job is to *balance with creative vision* the functionalistic and the constructivistic elements, which are the essential ingredients of architectural output.

The balance cannot but be different in every century and every year, and the eternal value of each fine and thorough solution is that it is superbly and singularly fitted to its own set of conditions, and as such, is a perpetual moral exhortation to work on any future solution with the same creative judgment and the same adequate sincerity.

BY MY OWN SWEAT

by ALEX R. SCHMIDT

I'm a sober polyp in a coral prison,
Tireless, until the slender spark is spent:
My work-gauge is measured with the same precision
As his, and stirs the world to less comment.

I'm a puffing beaver by a demon driven,
Grudging ordered days to dam and dyke and bar,
My wet nose in the muck, I may not glimpse heaven,
Never, on raised haunches, bellow to a star.

I rear bridges, breastworks, delve in earth and water,
And break heart and sinew to house homeless dreams
Of my kind. I'm hewer, smiter, heaver, carter,
I swing iron tools to level heavy beams.

For I am of the earth, born to be its lever,
A digger of dirt and filth till my muscles swell,
I bathe in my own sweat, swampborn like the beaver,
Like the polyp, I can never leave my cell.

WITH TROTSKY IN PRINKIPO (JOTTINGS)

by ALEXANDER KAUN

"Anybody in Prinkipo will show you where I live." Small wonder: Trotsky was the most conspicuous "attraction" on this quiet island, one whole hour from Istanbul. Without difficulty you discovered the exile's villa, a rather large affair, with gates and gardens, gently sloping to the Bosphorus. You pulled the gate bell, and were soon faced by a policeman in mufti who asked about your name and business. He was Circassian or Georgian, in any case he came from the Caucasus, and readily if not impeccably conversed in Russian. The Turkish government had placed two guards at Trotsky's disposal. He was guarded—from his enemies, or his friends? The Cerberus chuckled appreciatively. Before long you learned how perfunctory this protection was: the villa lay quite open to the sea.

WE ARE on the terrace looking over the deep blue. The golden eyes of Natalia Ivanovna, Trotsky's wife, and the grey eyes of Jan, one of his secretaries, scan the Straits a bit anxiously. Practically every day Leon Trotsky rows or motors far into the sea, accompanied by a secretary and a guard. He has his favorite swimming places, and he knows where the fish bite most readily—his catch provides for the household. Jan is in despair over this reckless exposure to an enemy's bullet or grenade. Ah, they are coming! A rowboat cuts the blue, and as it nears the shore one recognizes the famous profile of the man standing in the boat erect and dynamic. Up the winding path he runs, light and swift, in blue denim pyjamas and hat, shakes hands, and excuses himself; he must change. He soon reappears, immaculate, simply and tastefully dressed. One recalls Lunacharsky's remark

that among the bohemian and slovenly revolutionists Trotsky always had the air of a dandy.

"So THIS is Trotsky!" The invariable surprise of those who have associated the man's appearance with his actions and reputation. The shock of black hair has slightly thinned and has grown almost white. But where is the ferocity, the pugnacity, the fire and brimstone of the Red Generalissimo, so familiar from photograph and caricature? Baby blue eyes radiate over a baby pink complexion. The long oval face, made longer yet by a Vandyke and by a long nose slightly bent to one side, often breaks into rippling smiles. Dimples, actual dimples, decorate the cheeks of the man feared by all Europe. His voice is soft, resonant, youthful. His large mobile mouth, the mouth of a born orator, shows somewhat raw from under grey, carefully combed and parted moustachios. Now and then he chuckles boyishly. He talks easily, readily, eagerly, especially if you are not a newspaper man.

UP IN HIS study he is more concentrated, more serious. The great head towers over his shapely, not over-robust body. His fine long hands gesticulate softly. He speaks with fluent earnestness, as if to himself. Conditions in Russia, in the world—that is his field, his specialty. You follow his facial expressions, his well-formed words, his sparing gestures, and you recognize the other Trotsky. The remarkable diagnostician, the uncanny prognostician. Who can gainsay the correctness of his predictions in recent years as to what has actually taken place in Russia, France, Spain, Germany, the United States (he did not doubt for a moment Roosevelt's victory)? No wonder he has numerous followers in every country. One is tempted to crown him with the title of R.D., Doctor of Revolution.

WILL HE come back? Does he hope to? I dare not put the question directly. Once only did I obviously displease him. I complimented him on his villa, quiet, isolated conducive to work". His eyes flashed anger and pain. "Work? Do you call this work!" It was inexcusably tactless to refer thus to Trotsky's cozy cage, and to speak of his literary efforts as "work". Through the mask of bit eyes, dimples, and unassuming modesty I envisaged the tireless organizer, the maker and winner, of the greatest revolution, the creator of an invincible army, the one man to be mentioned in one breath with Lenin. In that flash I also visualized Trotsky the aristocrat. Too fastidious for petty politics. Hence his defeat, his fall and exile. Persecution, personal and of his children. Puny scribblers, 100% Stalinists, lending their asinine hoof to kick a defeated lion.

The lion is only caged. He is not dead yet

TOMORROW

by DONALD J. PAQUETTE

Today, with his pale face comrades—
today—with his empty basket—
staggers on a broken crutch
down the ancient road;
but tomorrow, comrades—tomorrow,
has long lean hands;
tomorrow has a hairy chest and a wrestler's
ears.

Be ready comrades, ready!
Tomorrow travels the left road;
tomorrow has dynamite and a bloody grin.
Look Out!! .

FASCISM AND SOCIAL CREDIT

by D. H.

SOCIAL CREDIT IS powerful weapon which may be used either under Fascism or under Communism. It is therefore of primary importance, said Dr. Thomas Addis, of the New Economics Group of San Francisco, speaking lately before a representative audience in Carmel, for all groups to know where they stand. The San Francisco Group has taken its position for Communism, believing that only after the revolution and the downfall of capitalism can Social Credit be used for the benefit of the masses.

It is extremely difficult, said Dr. Addis, for the middle class to think clearly; education is apt to be a film over the eyes. The working man is more direct in thought and action. Nevertheless since the middle-class contains the intellectuals for the most part, it is important that serious consideration be given to the question of how to stem the tide of Fascism which threatens to sweep over the country.

If the subject of human misery could be approached with the clear mind of a child, it would be evident that when people suffer from lack of food and clothing in a land which produces too much, there is something wrong. To find out what is wrong is the concern of every intelligent individual today. It was recently announced by a well-known writer on economics that if all the productive capacities of the United States were to be put into operation tomorrow, there would be enough goods to supply all the people of this country with the equivalent of an income of $5000 a year. This statement, though charged with such significance, has been quietly ignored.

By the aid of diagrams Dr. Addis showed the working of the capitalist machine as it now stands. At the top are the few who make and destroy money at will. From these few emanate the power controlling the whole machine. But recent changes have made it impossible for this machine to work. It is impossible to go on for ever sucking back more than can be given out. The purchasing power of the consumer is growing less, and without the consumer the scheme has no meaning. The greatest proportion of the purchasing power of the country is from people with less than $3000 a year. This comes mostly from wages, and wages are disappearing. The reduction of wages has hit a body-blow at profits.

Under the present system Dr. Addis says that things can only go one way and that is to increase the wealth of a few and increase the misery of the many. He says that this result is inherent in the structure of the machine as it now stands. Even under the New Deal the overwhelming balance of advantage went to corporate earnings. Those who hope for a better state of affairs for the people are doomed to disappointment unless there is a complete reorganization of society. All classes are to some extent capitalist-minded. Even the poor try to save a little. They must, because they have no other security. The choice is between this and recourse to charitable institutions.

In conclusion, Dr. Addis emphasized his point that there can be no real benefit from a combination of Capitalism and Social Credit. His talk was for the purpose of emphasizing this. He insists that Capitalism must go, before Social Credit can have any value. The United States today, he says, is moving towards Fascism and is using a modified form of Social Credit as its tool.

The discussion after the lecture revealed a prevalence of Communistic enthusiasm, sprinkled with a statements of doubt from more conservative thinkers as to the possibiilty of changing human nature.

The Carmel Social Credit group remains officially "right", its leader, Mary Bulkely, lately having published a booklet called "A Primer of Social Credit". But San Francisco turns left.

I STAND HERE

by CHARLOTTE ARTHUR

I stand here, my hands against rock . . .
There is wind on darkness tonight.
I shall not turn my head for fear of seeing
A thing impervious to light.
Better to learn the vulnerable rhythm
And bear on flesh the pain of stone,
While earth is slowly feeding on a grief
More lasting than my own.
For me, this night is chained in bitter beauty
Urging all life. Nowhere is rest,
But at the rising of a careless sun
I can forget the rock I pressed.
Perhaps song of the dark soil falters
Always under eternity
0f space stabbed with countless living stars
For earth's each living tree.

PATTERN

By EVA RIEHLE

I see a pattern in the stars—
The sea sings—and the sands.
The silence whispers,
And in mountain-thunder
Is a peace.

I see an ordered chaos, and yet no thing fixed;
Divine each atom in its service to the whole.
Wind, wave and weather—Nothingness
divine!
The rock, the purple peak, the toiling ant,
The grain of earth the ant employs,
And even I . . .
All dust—
All gods.

DARK BIRD

by CHARLOTTE ARTHUR

Go screaming, dark bird, over the mountains,
While whips of lightning lash the sky.
Hang like a dark leaf blown against the fury
0 f a night's anger. W heel and cry
To the vulnerable jagged clouds and the wind' whine.
What if at last your wings are broken
And the breath torn from your body, and the sky lost?
You will have flown. You will have spoken.

HOW CAN I TELL OF TREES?

by IRIS TREE

How can I tell of trees?
I worship what my love sees.
How can I tell of trees till I can say
what love is?
Lovely it is to bathe in water and watch fire —
I do it with Desire
W hose name is yet more secret than the
life of waves and trees.
The winter wind bites cold,
The forests stand like iron against gold,
And I must sing and worship on my knees.

W hat is their beauty then that makes me sing?
W here is the secret spring?
Until I sing of that I cannot sing of these . . .
Love is my joy and pain,
Through him I perish and am born again;
And yet my heart alone *gave birth to his—*
I cannot know my heart.
I cannot reach the seed from which
I start
How can I tell of trees?

INARTICULATE

by EVA RIEHLE

There are no words.
The sunset symphony,
The eucalyptus choir,
The paean of the stars,
The hymns of ancient seas,
Are harmonies too vast
For our poor tongues.

Grass,
Earth, and the smell of earth,
Small winds and fog phenomena,
New-born rivulets,
Tall cliffs—
N o words
There are no words to tell of these,
Nor of the pull of mountains
Or of morning
Or of love
Or death
Or anything that matters.

I stand before a redwood tree—
I and a grey squat stone.

KEAWE

by HALLOCK MARSH

A new *moon casts its path across the sea,*
And overhead the softly glowing stars
Are dusted through the tossing tracery
Of myriad gossamer-slender thin leafed spars.

Uncounted gleaming worlds, that spin and dance
In seeming senseless dissonance, but blend
With tiny, twisted branches to form chance-
Thrown, spirit-thrilling patterns without end.
A breeze sighs through the branches, while the sand
And waves commune; no regularity
Of f line or sound or light; yet all are bound
Together in ethereal harmony.
. . . How, after seeing this can one confine
His life to one unmeaning, rigid line?

JACK KASHERGEN, fisherman on the "Amazon" (fisherman's wharf) of San Pedro, wrote this:

What is it why cant I put myself where I use to be I seem not myself thinking of the time when I was with her and the words she spoke and holding hands and yet I know I could not have her for she's married I don't remember her words I don't know what her face looks like but I know I was with her at her home in a auto and walked together at a theatre it is funny I am not my self perhaps it is what she said and yet I do not know or remember what she said perhaps it is because of her eyes and yet I don't know what color they are But this I know she had my heart tangled around her and even her walk as she walks seems as she is walking on my brain every step every move is within me, her soft voice is in my memory seems to speak always and yet I don't know what she spoke But I know she spoke.
Her body as graceful as a swan seems to be floating as she walks, and I love her and yet can't have her ways are kind and she knows she is married and does the best she can to not hurt me but I am already hurt though she does not known it. And I myself try not to show that I am oh life is just this you can't throw it out of a window like a potato. And yet I know I love her and can't have her weather she loves me or not I don't know its just life. But years may come and I may forget but will I? And yet I know she spoke and I was with her and I know she looked at me and I don't know what color her eyes are.
(Discovered by Langston Hughes)

AN INTRODUCTION TO ASTROLOGY

by A DUNITE

ALL SCIENCE has grown by the trial-and-error method. It has never grown an inch by a refusal to examine. It has fought prejudice and blindness for centuries in an effort to increase man's knowledge of material facts. Yet now, when it is itself in power, it turns as blind an eye on certain fields of speculation, that have engaged man's curiosity since ancient times, as did the ecclesiastics who burned Bruno and persecuted Galileo for saying that the world was round.

This is, of course, most true of the lesser priests and hangers-on. Those who have pressed further, such as Einstein, readily admit, not only that there is still much they do not know, but that present scientific methods are not adequate to cover the whole range of human knowledge. Einstein, and others of like calibre, even hint that a rapprochement between science and mysticism might be desirable. Millikan, delving deep in the mysteries of the cosmic ray, admits that he is incompetent to disprove, for instance, a single major tenet of astrology. There are, on the other hand, a horde of professing "scientific-thinkers" who would not hesitate to rush in where Millikan fears to tread.

No one who believes in the scientific method can say, with any consistency, that "there is nothing in astrology", until he has examined that subject and found it empty, or until he has read the report of a competent researcher who has made such an examination under the latest and most approved scientific methods. No negative judgment has ever been reached by such *a* method. Always, such pronouncements have been made ex-cathedra, and the majority of them have come down to us third-hand, from a science contemporaneous with many theories that have since been disproved.

It seems demonstrable, and it is hoped to be so demonstrated here, that astrology has enough of logic and of scientific substance merit at least an unbiased examination.

ASTROLOGY, like its daughter, astronomy, built by the trial-and-error method. Prehistoric man, lying out under the stars at night, probably thought that they were simply points light scattered at random across the sky. They meant nothing to him, because he knew nothing of them. Later it began to dawn upon hit dimly at first, that there were definite patterns that were the same time after time, and that these space-patterns were held in a time-patternr of sequence and recurrence. The North St would be in the same place every night, and the Dipper would revolve around it. He grew depend upon this, to use this knowledge for the practical purposes of establishing landmark and telling time.

Next it began to dawn on him that there was a similar coincidence between these patterns in the sky and the patterns in his own human life. Among the first to be noted, presumably, was the relationship between the phases of the Moon and periodicity in women. Another nearly as ancient, was the agreement between the phases of certain constellations and the periodic flooding of such rivers as the Nile. The movement of the Sun from north to south along the line of the ecliptic and its relation to harvests and the vital energy in man himself was still another.

The sequence of the growth of such elementary principles, however, must be suppositional for they are lost in the earliest mazes of pre history. Astrology was already an organized and highly-complex study in earliest Babylon, Egypt, India and China. It was because of man's desire to learn more about his lift through a study of the stars that the first observatories were built, the first astronomical studies undertaken. The exactness and scope of such studies is shown when we learn that, not

To a person standing on the earth (center of the circle) it appears as if the Signs (and whatever planets happen to be in them) rise on the eastern horizon (E), ascend to the zenith (S), and descend to the western horizon (W). The Sun, however, during the year, slips counter-clockwise through the Signs. At the vernal equinox (March 2 .1) the sun is on the cusp (1st degree) of *Aries* (the Ram). Moving northward, at the summer solstice (June 22) on the cusp of *Cancer* (the Crab). At the autumnal equinox (Sept. 2_3) it is on the cusp of *Libra* (the Scales) ; at the winter solstice (Dec. 22) on the cusp of *Capricorn* (the Sea-goat). In geography *we* still speak o f "Tropics" of Cancer and Capricorn, where the Sun strikes direct at summer and winter solstices.

only did the ancients know that the Earth was round and that it revolved around the Sun instead of vice-versa, but that the size of the earth was measured in Egypt with an error of only a few miles—far more exactly than at any time up to the last hundred years.

The ancients did not go by guess-work. We are apt to forget that the state of many sciences was far more advanced in Egypt and Greece than in medieval Europe. They were not interested in demons and witches (though they used them to explain the unexplainable) so much as in perfecting an instrument for practical and usable purposes. Their test, as is ours today, was *"does it work?"* Over thousands of years, and in the light of millions of case histories, their answer was an emphatic "yes"—as is attested by the simple fact that astrology continued to exist and grow, that it was not tossed aside by mankind before the dawn of history.

RESPONSIBLE modern astrology makes no claim to magic. It does not set up any rule-of-thumb by which one can know at a glance when he will have his next headache or what price a certain stock will be selling at five years and seven months from now. It does not claim that a horoscope gives one an unmodifiable pattern for his life, leaving no play for judgment or free-will. It does not even necessarily claim that the stars affect our personalities or our lives at all—but simply that experience has shown that coincidences exist and repeat themselves as *if* that were so. And all science, as we know, is based upon that little phrase, *"as if"*. No physicist, for instance, can tell you what the nature of light is. He can simply tell you the laws that seem to govern it, and go on to say that from a study of these laws it appears as if they worked in accordance with such a such (sic) a theory.

And so it is with astrology. As a result of the experience of centuries, certain planetary combinations, and pattern of combinations, have been found to coincide with certain patterns of human character, and patterns of events. Such patterns are, of course, infinite in their complexity. A person's horoscope is in every way as individually his own as are his fingerprints. In accord with this complexity, too, every aspect is in some way modified by another, both as to an individual's make-up and the progress of events. It is quite possible, for instance, for one to play his strong points against his weak, to take advantage of opportunities, to minimize hardships, or vice-versa. It would appear reasonable, on the other hand, that one who was inclined to despondency in his personal chart would be in for a bad time when to this predisposition was added a passing influence that also was malefic.

As to why this is so, astrology can make no more positive answer than can science. A possible reason may be seen in the results of Millikan's cosmic ray experiments. We know that we are being bombarded with many kinds of rays at all hours of the day and night. It would seem reasonable that they have some effect upon us. Not only on our physical make-up, but our psychological one as well. If this is so, astrology seeks to do no more than chart the particular pattern of the rays one was subject to when he first came into the world, and from this to deduce what rays he will be most influenced by throughout his later life, and to tell when combinations of such rays are likely to stimulate or depress.

Perhaps the working of this theory may be explained better by analogy. It is, let us say, as though the world were surrounded by a ring like Saturn's, which was divided into twelve glass windows (one for each sign of the zodiac) each of a different shade, all together running the full range of the spectrum. Outside of this, let us suppose, each planet in turn sends a ray of a different color. Because of the differences in speed between the earth and the other heavenly bodies, these rays are striking through different windows in ever-changing patterns. Now, if we take the red rays of Mars, for example, we

would find that if they struck through a clear glass window they would remain unchanged at all times. If they struck through a red one they would be intensified; but a green one would neutralize them. If, on the other hand, they came through yellow, the red would be changed to orange, if through blue, to purple. And so on, through all the possible combinations. And that, be it remembered, is simply the effect on the rays from a single planet. We are at all times subject to the rays from many of them; singly, and in combination. If these rays have any effect on us at all, and we are learning that *everything* affects us in some way or another, then it is obvious that a knowledge of these combinations would be very much worthwhile.

It is not necessary, however, to accept astrology simply because it sounds logical. The test should be the same as the ancients used. *Does it work?* We know that those who have examined it are (unfortunately) often fanatical in their affirmation that it does. In another installment, in the DUNE FORUM, it is planned to present evidence that would make it seem *as if* it does work in history. That a chart of the precession of the equinoxes shows a most curious and almost startling coincidence with the course of human history. That, for instance, when the spring equinox stood on the cusp between two houses (Taurus and Aries), the Hittites conquered Babylon; and the Hykshos, who were shepherds, conquered Egypt, replacing the worship of the Bull (the symbol of Taurus) with that of the Ram (the symbol of Aries). When, 2156 years later, the equinox again stood on a cusp between two houses (Aries and Pisces), the fall of the Roman Empire took place and the Dark Ages began. When, on the other hand, the equinox stood at *mid-point* in the sign of Aries, we had a tremendous flowering of civilization. This was the age of Confucius, Buddha, Zoroaster, Pythagoras and Solon. When again the equinox stood at the *mid-point* of a sign (Pisces), we had the Elizabethan (Renaissance) period in Europe; Suleiman the Magnificent at the zenith of the Turkish Empire; Akbar, the greatest of the Mogol Dynasty in India, and the Ming Dynasty in China. Such a chart, furthermore, shows a wealth of coincidence in detail as well as in its larger aspects, and seems to permit of a progression of the pattern backward and forward from that section covered by recorded history.

JOHN O'SHEA'S EXHIBITION

At the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, Lincoln Park, San Francisco, April 23-May 21

by ELLA YOUNG

I. CHARCOALS

IT CHANCED one day, about two years ago, that I was driving slowly along a street in Carmel. All at once I caught sight of something in a window. It looked like an Assyrian bull suddenly come to life and cavorting on paper. I begged my friend, who was driving, to back in the direction of that window. We found ourselves in front of the Denny-Watrous picture gallery. The "something" was a charcoal drawing by John O'Shea. There were more inside. I went inside. I had never seen charcoals by John O'Shea. These filled me with amazement and delight and later with a kind of terror.

There was a fighting cock in the attitude of challenge—delicate and subtle—life and fight in every feather of him; there was a new-hatched barnyard chick (drawn with a few sardonic strokes, strong and giant-big as the bird felt himself to be) sceptically contemplating the broken egg-shell; there was a mountain-mass sharp-peaked in icy light, velvet-black in century-long shadow; there was a glimpse of an African jungle river with swift-footed savages going down to their canoe; there was a face into which grief had eaten as fire eats into living wood; there was a face where grief had turned to idiocy.

There were cruelly realistic even ribald drawings: gibes and taunts provoked by a blatant humanity. It was as if some demoniac impersonal energy were using the form of things as a mask: to be held up empty and grinning, one moment; the next, to be filled with an agony of compassion, comprehension, or disgust.

John O'Shea had broken loose in a riot of genius, gorgeous and terrible.

II. PAINTINGS

JOHN O'SHEA paints with titanic strength and passion. His colors burn, as if they had life in themselves; they actually seem to move on the canvas. He is not afraid to paint the sunlight, the strong reds and the delicate rose and ivory of sandstone cliffs, the purple and mauve and unbelievable savage blue of desert mountains; the hardness of stone, the strength of canyon walls, the life in the tree as it thrusts itself out of the soil, or clings with strong talons to a rock-cranny.

He paints with the understanding and certainty of a lover. He knows the delicate texture of blossoms; he has worked among flowers, he has seen them grow. He knows too the strange exotic flowers that blossom in rock-pools, the translucent darkness of water, the patterns of wave-spume.

These pictures are dynamic, they are disquieting, they are strange, they are disconcerting; but always they are fascinating. They have that quality which only genius gives. If, on looking at them, I am reminded of anything it is of Michael Angelo's tragic, powerful, life-abounding work.

CONCERNING "THE GUILTY LIBERAL"

SOME OF us of fairly high sensitivity, some idealism and social consciousness, go through four years of academic life and out into the world as on a crusade, armed with Christian ideals and cultured attitudes. Rebuffs follow at every turn and at last, sophisticated, we find the world in the hands of the ruthless, the selfish, the cunning, the exploiters of their fellows.

It is a common experience. Some of us learn the game as it is played and, though sick and suspicious of it all, play our cards and take a few tricks; some as you say retire, either geographically or mentally, into ourselves and turn mystic.

But perhaps the challenge of the times, the awakening of liberal forces, the stirring of response and hope in a new crusade, may bring liberals again out into the open. Perhaps our plans for a Liberal Press* may help. . . .

GEORGE WYANT

*(*Mr. Wyant, formerly of The Bookman and of the Yale University Press, is the central figure in the Liberal Press, which is about to be launched from Los Angeles, and of which more later.)*

NEW YORK LETTER
with a Glance at Europe

by CONSIE DIXON

... WE TOOK A TRIP to New York City last week to deliver some pictures and see some galleries. Went down in the morning and came back the same night. It's a beautiful trip down the Hudson all the way, through apple orchards and concord grape vineyards. You can smell the perfume for blocks.

Spent the afternoon in the Metropolitan and I never had such a thrill in my life, and came out having lost completely and for all time that little doubt as to the importance of art today. I was most impressed by the Rembrandts, Corots and Courbets. El Greco and the primitives and Renaissance painters are wonderful but more difficult to press to the bosom. I was

surprised that the Daumier (3rd class carriage) was so thinly painted. Great canvas though. There are quite a few painters using his technique now in N. Y. C.

Faintly as from afar we get a few wilted reverberations of the goings-on of the N. R. A. program—Roosevelt seems to be getting into the tightest little hole of any president to date by the clear cut and inspired program to rob the poor to feed the rich and rob the rich to feed the poor. . . . This is called progress. Having no newspaper and no library membership, about all we've gotten are the speeches by Mr. Roosevelt's gentlemen on the radio, and the radio, got wot, is no oracle of truth. But we get a great boot out of the militant hecklings of that very doughty warrior, Gen. Hugh Johnson, and rise from our chairs at the appropriate moments to cheer. It all seems to be a great pot-pouri of thisa and thata, and what its all trying to lead up to will Only be revealed by time, if then. We both curse the back-to-the-soil movement which, to all appearances, is going to drive a lot of unemployed back to an enforced peasantry of a sort, instead of solving the well-known problem of the machine. I suppose that if enough people are down and out badly enough it is easy to force them down a little lower, and so where is the hope that the American people are ever going to arrive at "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—and does anybody really intend that they ever shall? So here am I, a quiet sort of dolt at best, beginning to wish for a revolution, since there seems little likelihood of getting a decent readjustment any other way, that is, without probably going through a few more centuries of industrial feudalism, which has as its end point a revolution anyway.

And while we're feeling low we might as well feel a little lower, and take a look at Europe. Some friends have just returned with a very sad account of the situation there. Sad, that is, for the tourist. Ninety cents a pound for butter, for instance, and everything else proportionate. A hundred dollars had only sixty dollars worth of purchasing power, and that sixty dollars must meet the new European high prices. The American population in Paris has melted away from 30,000 to 8,000—and now there is open antagonism against Americans in France, since the poor American goose is no longer laying a golden egg. All of Europe is on pins and needles and sitting on tacks for fear of war—where, how, and why, or between whom, isn't known, but Germany can be counted on as a source of trouble. France is very prosperous, but everyone is strained and apprehensive—Paris is positively gloomy. Spain and all the little Balkan countries are stinkingly corrupt and probably all ready to be bought onto one side or the other in any war that crops up. Italy, contrary to the general impression, is not with Germany because of Fascism in common, but is poised to smack Germany down, Austria being the sore spot between the two. Furthermore (and this does come as a surprising jolt), it is rumored in Italy that Mussolini has *not* betrayed his earlier Socialistic sympathies, but is on the verge of staging another revolution, capsizing the capitalist gents with just a push of the finger now that he has such complete control of the whole works. If the rumor is correct and Socialism is Mussolini's real objective, he will have pulled a coup de etat, and a coup de etat and a half. Russia, meanwhile, is all pepped up over American recognition, and it seems to me a great deal to the people's psychology, showing, as it does, that Russia has won a point. Germany is in a fearful stew. Hysteria is no word for it. The Nazis are a bunch of utter crackpots, fanatical to an insane degree. Meanwhile the wealthy Jews are still in power, only the little guys having been persecuted, and the Jewish bankers and big guys blithely raising never a finger to help the less prosperous members of their race who are getting the works. Germany seems to be providing us with a very nasty page for history—sort of a national neurosis. . . . (Your European correspondent now signing off.)

THE UNCHANGEABLE

by WILLIAM PASH

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE the ocean liner *Admiral Farragut,* weighted to the very water-line in the green ripples of San Francisco Bay, was discharging her cargo at Pier 16. Paper, potatoes, onions and lumber passed in a steady stream from the vessel's hold and decks. In the third gang Poletayev, a former Russian manufacturer, strained his weary muscles to the utmost as he pushed his wheelbarrow in the endless chain of sweating human bodies.

When Poletayev had brought up his first load, the anemic winter sun was creeping out from behind the Berkeley hills. Since then, an indifferent observer of human vanity, it had mounted over the bay and the city, and at the proper time plunged behind the damp greenery of Golden Gate Park. The city glittered with myriads of lights, electric signs sparkled in silent dance, while the moon imperceptibly crept to the very zenity above the *Farragut* and hung there, stupidly smiling through the fog like a round brass gong.

To the steady throb of the hoist engine and the squeaking of conveyor chains, gang number three had entered their sixteenth hour of work. Behind them lay fifteen hours of rhythmic, monotonous movement: up on the deck with an empty hand-truck, back again with a heavy load. And another fifteen hours stretched ahead of them.

"Three thousand tons. . . ."

That meant, on the one hand, thirty hours of work with four one-hour intermissions—on the other, wages which would bring peace of mind to one's family for a whole week.

Poletayev's hands were trembling, his back ached and red spots floated before his eyes.

But this was all a matter of course. Thought created for itself a goal; the goal enlisted his will-power, and this last drove his body....The law of inertia came to his aid. The first hour of work was always the hardest. With every new load his muscles acquired more and more the easy swing of an automaton. The secret of endurance had not come to him all at once. Every step, every movement must be strictly calculated. Absolute economy of effort. Most of all, he must not think of the work he was doing, must not think of the slowly creeping time. Let the body strain, let the sweat trickle and callouses grow on his hands. The body would rest when his will permitted, the sweat would dry, and one can forget callouses, but thought, thought must sleep, or exist beyond that work, as far removed as possible from it, from everything that might disturb the balance of his soul. Let thought soar in the fantastic past, in the far reaches of the irrevocable.

On the Ferry Tower the hour-hand on the gigantic clock face was plodding through the last hour of the old year. People were preparing to greet the New Year in traditional manner. For the solemn moment rich tables had been spread in their homes, and the pockets of hosts and guests sagged with flasks of liquor. Along the sidewalks on Market Street swarmed a confused, tumultuous crowd. With forced hilarity they deafened one another with wild shouts and tooting horns; they jostled about and scattered showers of dirty confetti in the faces of passers-by. And amid that poor throng, like symbols of power, their rubber tires hissing on the pavement, their polished sides gleaming, moved expensive automobiles.

When both hands on the Ferry clock drew together and pointed heavenwards, over the city of San Francisco rose the thousand-voiced roar of sirens, of factory- and steamer-whistles. At that moment people began to drink, sing, shout, kiss one another, and utter all kinds of nonsense. At that moment San Francisco welcomed the New Year. And the *Admiral Farragut,* promptly joining in, roared in a deep bass.

Poletayev, at that moment ascending the gang plank, started and looked up. A bright

light from the upper deck struck his eyes. In that vivid streak, like a fantastic mirage moved well-dressed people; music murmured, women's laughter rang out in peals of gaiety, and corks popped triumphantly. Poletayev, startled by that sudden vision, stopped short and breathing heavily gripped the handles of his hand-truck. A wave of outrage flooded his heart and his face flushed painfully. In the strip of light a girl's head bent over the rail and her tender hand sent a ribbon of serpentine in Poletayev's direction. Biting his lip, with a wry smile he disappeared in the hold.

And as before the hoisting engine creaked, and the conveyors squeaked. As before weary men below moved like a chain of little ants; while above, other folk, festive and hilarious, looked down upon them, sprinkled confetti on their heads, and shot streams of many-colored serpentine.

Suddenly Poletayev felt unbearably tired. The serpentine bound his hands and feet with heavy chains, the paper rain settled on his hand-truck like an infinite burden. The poison of hatred and envy shrivelled his soul. Will-power wavered and relaxed its control over the body. With a last effort he rolled his load up to the warehouse, dropped the truck, and swaying with dizziness, retreated into the shadow of a high wall.

In the keen delight of self-torture he gazed with blank, open eyes at the gaiety of those others, while despair at the irretrievable gripped his heart. Shaken with a tremor that seized his whole body, he dropped heavily on the asphalt and closed his eyes. Suddenly in that bright strip of light he saw himself.

There, half a world distant, he, Poletayev-young, strong, handsome and wealthy, was travelling on a Volga steamer bound for the fair at Nizhni Novgorod. A starry summer night. The vessel had docked at a wharf. In a jolly company of somewhat tipsy Siberian merchants, with the good humor of a prosperous and proper man who has dined well, he was watching the Volga stevedores from the steamer deck. He looked at the worn faces, the backs wet with sweat, the legs bent beneath the load, but did not see them. Smoking a fragrant cigar he mused . .. of coming transactions, of profitable deals, of payments and profits, of provocative little chorus girls. From the cabin floated strains of Chopin and corn-crakes called in the bushes along the shore.

Life seemed attractive, interesting and full of promise. Everything that happened in Poletayev's circle came as a matter of course. His conscience was lulled by a good supper, by the company of beautiful women, by his well-cut summer flannels, a real Havana, and the amiability of such satisfied, fortunate people as himself. . . .

And now all this was gone. All this was in the fantastic past. They had thrust him off from an upper step on life's stairway to a lower. Fate had changed his role. And, who knew? Perhaps he had deserved this, perhaps he had played his first role badly. Perhaps the justice of Providence had ordered this change. Before, certain people had suffered, now—others. . . . But indeed, what was justice? There was no justice. What was justice to the world, the world as a whole, wherein one man is only an infinitesimal grain of sand?

The laws of human society were inexorable. Every grain of sand was fulfilling the task imposed upon it by fate. This was the wisdom of Life. While the happiness of the grain was only a lucky ticket drawn in the human lottery. He, Poletayev, had had such a lucky ticket. By the rights of the fortunate he had used his winnings. Now he had lost it. Now he was condemned to heavy labor.

So be it. The sufferings and wants of one were only shadows cast by the prosperity of others. Like light and shade. For the harmony of the whole. So it had been, so it was, and would be.

Unchangeable. . . .

"Oh, there he is! What are you lying down here for, old fellow? Are you sick? Where's

your truck? It's a good thing the boss is drunk, or else. . . . Let's go over to the chop-house it's time for a rest and lunch. We'll drink to the New Year. I've got a bottle of fine moon-shine —sixty-five proof !"

Bending over Poletayev loomed the sturdy Glebov, former colonel in the Tsar's army, contentedly puffing a cigarette.

STATEMENT
by the Longshoremen now striking in San Francisco

LONGSHOREMN are spasmodic workers. The hours are not regulated whatsoever. The men assemble at the Ferry Building every morning at 6:30 a.m.—rain or shine. This is especially unpleasant during winter months when men stand around in rain and cold looking for employment.

We are striking primarily to achieve a more even distribution of work. Many men get no work whatsoever, while others make only 3 or 4 hours a week—and some isolated cases make $50 or so a week.

The shipowners will have the public believe that all longshoremen earn approximately $40 a week. This is absolutely incorrect. Even if the work were evenly distributed not one longshoreman would work over 25 or 30 hours each week.

Many longshoremen have been in the soup lines for months. Some employers have been weeding out the more elderly men due to the fact that these older men cannot keep up the pace.

Much machinery has been introduced in the longshore industry to eliminate labor costs. This machinery is used on the docks only—not in the holds of the ship where all storing of freight must be done by hand—and the men in the hold must keep pace by hand-storing with machinery on the dock.

The conditions under which the longshoremen work is very unsanitary. The men working in the holds of the ships are discouraged from going onto the docks and drinking water. They drink out of a common drinking can—as many as 8 or 10 men drinking out of the same can, spreading colds and other diseases of the mouth.

In contrast to the short hours put in by some men, others work very long hours; especially when freight is plentiful—and 24- to 36-hour shifts without sleep are a frequent occurrence on the waterfront—and this while others are walking up and down the Embarcadero looking for employment. The employers prefer to keep the same gang on the ship during these rush periods because it saves bookkeeping and office work necessary in transferring crews.

It is quite obvious that these extremely long shifts are detrimental to the health of the men. Heart failure is frequently the cause of death of longshoremen. It is a hazardous occupation — causing higher insurance rates than other occupations.

We have been accused of retarding recovery. Our contention is that in order to bring about recovery, shipowners must sacrifice some of their enormous profits in order to increase employment among the longshoremen.

Longshoremen of San Francisco have been residents of this city for a long time, have followed the same line of work for many years and are now taxpayers, property owners — and a good class of workers.

In their paid advertisements in the press the employers state that we are paid higher wage for so-called special cargoes. What are "special cargoes"? Special cargoes are offensive cornmodities, such as green hides, fertilizer, ship loads of old bones from South America. The ship holds carrying these cargoes are fumigated before being loaded, and the fumes from that carry a very obnoxious odor—difficult to work with.

There are no facilities at present on the

docks for longshoremen to change their clothes after working with these obnoxious cargoes—and they are compelled to return to their homes on public conveyances, saturated with fertilizer, etc.

The strike is being handled efficiently by the I.L.A. through committees, such as Publicity, Relief, Strike, Picketing, etc.

The Relief Committee has succeeded in getting waterfront restaurants to feed the strikers free of charge, or in some cases at half price. Donations of food are constantly arriving at I.L.A. headquarters; sometimes headquarters resemble a vegetable store.

Donations by check and cash are being received—but have not so far been solicited.

Many other unions, such as Teamsters, Marine Boilermakers, Machinists, Cooks, Seamen's Union, etc., are co-operating to the fullest extent. The members of the above mentioned unions also have refused to do any work on the ships in the bay, such as repairing, cooking, etc.

The monstrous parade and mass meeting last Sunday should prove to any skeptical person that we have public opinion with us.

We have also been accused of unwillingness to arbitrate the question of hours and wages. Some locals do favor this manner of settling the strike, but the San Francisco local so far is opposed to this medium of settlement.

Demands for a closed shop cannot be arbitrated. The employers must either grant "closed shop" or refuse it. There is no "happy medium." We are willing to negotiate the question of hours and wages with the employers on one side of the table and our representatives on the other.

We do not favor the idea of having the questions settled by so-called "impartial" arbitration.

We have a perfect right to refuse to sell our labor power at a price insufficient to maintain an ever minimum standard of living.

In the mean time Dick Parker, aged 20 years, a striking San Pedro longshoreman, was shot down and killed by a police officer on Monday, May 14. Two other strikers were seriously injured.

In San Francisco hundreds of police are patrolling the waterfront molesting and stopping peaceful picketing by brutal force.

On Saturday in front of Fink Hall the police attacked and beat up many workers, among them an aged man, the father of four children.

The police have attacked and slugged workers without the slightest protest and are using every means to stop peaceful picketing.

Strikers and sympathizers, we must stop such actions on the part of the police department.

IN CONTRAST. . .

LORING ANDREWS WRITES FROM RAROTONGA:

The French did me a good turn by forcing me to discover this island. The natives are happy and thriving. The English are really taking care of them, not killing them off by exploitation with a mixture of champagne and venereal disease for good measure. And the local color and dances and songs are supreme—and not even a camera man has ever set foot here. I am honored by being official musician to the King (Ariki Na Vakatini) and this got me first hand contact with all their *umukais*. I have become also a champion fish spearer. The other day I brought back twelve big fellows from the district of Arorangi and all the natives from neighboring families came and joined me in a great *umukai*. "Say it with fishes" is the slogan in this part of the world. These two pursuits together with my writing make a very ideal life.. ..The Natives here are an upstanding and wholesome tribe. They have never been conquered and are ruled by their native kings, merely protected by an English commissioner. They are sober and virtuous compared to our flaming youth of the "Age of Reason", and *take love seriously*.

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTIONN

BY A VERY GRAVE oversight Erling Larsen's name was omitted as author of "Poetry-Music-Silence" in the last issue. As it is generally true that all unsigned articles are by the Editor, this gave the impression that the Editor was taking credit where credit was certainly not due. He, however, is exonerated because it was Dunham Thorp who went up to San Francisco last time.

Larsen has been extremely kind about the omission and writes that we are "entirely and with a full heart forgiven." Asked for a biographical note, he writes:

"I am 24 years old, born in Cresco, Iowa, very small country town, to a young Lutheran minister and his wife, both parents being born and reared in Iowa, both families of Norwegian extraction. At a tender age (my tender age) my father removed to Brooklyn N. Y., where the family lived until father's death, I being then aged about 12, when family returned to midwest, Northfield, Minnesota. Graduated St. Olaf College, Northfield, 1930. Travelled in Palestine and Germany as preparation for theological study, spent year at Lutheran seminary in St. Paul, Minnesota. Unable however to reconcile whatever of soul I have with the Lutheran *theological* tradition, I spent the next year at the University of Iowa, where I took a Master's Degree in English, writing a novel as thesis under a new plan of study inaugurated there by Norman Foerster, Humanist extraordinary. Hunted for college teaching jobs, found none, spent next year preparing for high school teaching and found nothing, married summer 1933, now working in motion picture theatre, writing in spare time, desirous naturally as is not what young writer of writing a few great novels on the life which I think I am beginning to know—the mid-western life of the past generation or two."

As THERE WAS no Introduction in the last issue, we had better go back a bit and catch up.

The cover was by Edward Weston of Carmel who is recognized as a photographer equal to any in the world.

Bernard Follett who did the Indian is a student of Paget Fredericks'.

Steve Broder who contributed the wood-cut "Fisherman's Wharf" lives in San Francisco where he is now doing commercial work *faut de mieux* (as what young artist is not?).

Beulah May writes of herself : "I come of outdoor folk; Saxons who were in England when the Conqueror came, and whose descendants sailed to the New World with William Penn; Germans with wolves on their shields who fought in the Crusades; Irish sea-captains; pioneers who tracked across the plains, friendly to the Indians and lovers of the out-of-doors. California was always in my background. When a child my grandmother would arrive with trunks bursting with oranges, Japanese dolls, embroideries and lovely Chinese bowls. I studied sculpture in Chicago and Philadelphia. In due course of time I have gone native; running an orange ranch and writing when the spirit moves, close to the mountains and the sea that I love."

William Sheppard Sparks, of Cumberland, Md., is an enthusiast for Nudism; often writes for the Nudist magazines.

M. P.Welch is Mrs. Sohier Welch of Boston.

Mrs. Van Orman is from Santa Barbara.

Charles Coppock is a young revolutionary writer, originally from Texas, now living in San Francisco. He is active in the Artists' and Writers' Union there, and in connection with that organization is now giving an excellent class on novel-writing.

Dorothy De Witt and Ruth Askue are from Los Angeles.

Marie de L. Welch lives in San Francisco and has just had a book of poems published by Macmillian which places her in the front rank of American poets.

Homer Henley is well known not only as a teacher and critic of music but also as an interviewer. He is a Contributing Editor of Etude (Philadelphia) and Chairman of the Section I on Art and Literature of the Commonwealth Club (San Francisco).

Robert Palfrey Utter, Jr. is the son of an English professor at Berkeley. Not long ago he built himself a shack one cove north of Moy Mell where he spends most of his time working on a long poem. He has been here long enough, we think, for him to be honored now as a full-fledged Dunite.

Mary McMeen, who wrote the reviews, is living in Moy Mell and acting as secretary to the DUNE FORUM.

WE ARE *reserving the last of Stewart Edward White's articles on* CREATIVE LIVING *for the Ella Young Number to appear at the end of June. We expect this number to be our best, as it may very possibly be the last until we are assured of enough support to continue.*

AMONG the contributors to the present issue:
Richard Neutra recently returned to Los Angeles from a lecture tour around the world. He was American delegate to the International Congress of Modern Architecture which met last November in Brussels, and his report was one of its four main topics. He conducted courses in new architecture in Bauhaus in Dessau to which he was called by the new Director, Mies Van der Rohe, to represent the American School. Among his outstanding designs in this country stands his all-steel-and-shot-concrete residence in Hollywood, overhanging a suspended swimming-tank, with open-air theatre and gymnastic courts, which this summer in Paris was heralded as America's chief contribution to the new architecture. He is the author of two interesting books on this topic.

Jack Lyman is a professor in the University of Southern California. He is the husband of Helen Hoyt who has been introduced before.

Alex Schmidt is a Berkeley insurance agent.

Dr. Alexander Kaun is Professor of Slavic Languages at the University of California in Berkeley. It was last summer on his way back from the Balkans that he had this interview with Trotsky.

Donald Paquette reads poetry over the radio.

Charlotte Arthur is the author of "Poor Faun". Her verse has appeared in several American periodicals, including Harriet Munroe's "Poetry". At present she is spending the summer in Boston and New York, looking for a publisher for a new novel to be called "The Kingdom of Ashes".

Eva Riehle lives in Berkeley.

Iris Tree (Countess Friedrich Ledebur) is the daughter of Sir Beerbohm Tree and the niece of Max Beerbohm. She has appeared on the stage only once, in Reinhardt's "Miracle". She and her husband have been wandering up and down the coast of California in a "trailer-house". They stopped in at the Dunes for one memorable day.

Hallock Marsh, after many years in the Hawaiian Islands, now lives near the Dunes, in Halcyon.

K. M. Rogers is another of Paget-Fredericks' promising pupils. She is living in Colorado Springs.

Consie Dixon is the daughter of one painter, Maynard Dixon, and wife of another, Ed Dreis. With the latter she has left San Francisco to join the colony of artists in Woodstock.

William Pash is a White Russian. We think his story, based on his own experience, comes at an opportune moment; *it should be read in sequence with the statement of the striking longshoremen.*

Ella Young needs no introduction, having herself introduced the editors in the initial number. She it was who christened this oasis Moy Mell which in Irish means the "Meadow of Honey"—the part of the Celtic Heaven world set apart for poets. She is likewise the Godmother of the DUNE FORUM.

BOTH ENDS AGAINST THE MIDDLE

(Two letters from Carmel)

DEAR EDITOR: At the risk of repeating it once too often, may I comment on the last column of your editorial page in the March 15 DUNE FORUM? You say the present administration represents a nearly perfect balance between two extremes and you ask "us all" to support the President "in his brave fight against monopoly and greed". Then you say that the American people aren't ready for "communism" and you mention it with fascism as if they were equal extremes equally far removed from the best, pleasantest, American, democratic "mean".

If your picture were right what you advocate would, of course, be just. But you have used pictures and phrases which are utterly misleading ... You see, the trouble with all you people is that communism is not what you represent it to be, imagine it to be, or try to make other people think it is. You have adopted the picture of the enemies of communism—of those participants in monopoly, privilege and greed whose life work it is to uphold the system that gives them their monopoly. You might as well take a jealous woman's picture of her rival as accurate.

American communism will be as American and different as American food is different from Japanese or Siamese food. Under communism in any country that country will be leading the perfect democratic life every honest, intelligent and truthful supporter of democracy wants. Communism alone can give, under the circumstances of the world today, what real, as opposed to political, democrats want—freedom, economic equality, justice without a class bias, opportunity for individuality, the arts, science, culture to develop . . . Communism at peace is as different (from communism in Russia today) as a child being threatened with a beating is from the same child being kissed goodnight by an adoring mother.

Yours, ELLA WINTER.

DEAR EDITOR: Since the editorial of the April 15 DUNE FORUM says that there is no single article in it upholding the conservative point of view, and that no one is to blame but the conservatives themselves, since they have not offered a single argument to support their position . . . permit me to enter some remarks for the next number. The editorial, it seems to me, goes out of the way to find the most obnoxious sedative that it can attribute to conservatives: "That the depression is an Act of God, and, 'is to be borne with patience and bravery'."

There are such talking people, no doubt, though such orthodoxy is mostly a thing of the past. If it is for such . . . that the radical prepares his speeches, then that is his privilege, but of course it cannot invite the quiet attention of us who are neither radical nor conservative. If a radical . . . wishes to influence thoughtful people, he should quote from a more general attitude toward life. To draw one's arguments from the most extreme of the opposite side is almost an acknowledgment that he dare not touch upon the utterances of the more intelligent.

Sober reading of the radical papers gives me the impression that they are using the same methods of which they accuse the conservatives, or capitalists. Slogans and propaganda for inflaming the common mind—to revolution. They are thereby losing the consideration of thoughtful people. In the end, the really vital conclusions of us who want to see clearly and think clearly, will only be arrived at and influenced by, quiet poised minds who are not intolerant, who know history, and who give their points with truthful facts ungarnished with lurid details which are only occasional and not a common occurence.

ELINOR HAMILTON.

MORE LETTERS

From Philadelphia:

... **THANK YOU** very much for sending me your extremely interesting issues of DUNE FORUM. If I may be permitted to venture on one criticism, I should say that your besetting 'sin is a tendency to be eclectic, to fall into the 'pit of indiscriminate sympathies. A periodical !that is to make itself heard and at the same time 'be representative must, I feel, formulate a definite policy; it must take sides and adhere to its point of view with courageous consistency. To do that, it seems to me, does not imply either perception or intolerance but simply the clear perception of a truth which you are determined to advocate at all costs—at least, until some one convinces you that you are in the wrong. Now from my reading of your magazine, I cannot make up my mind where you really belong and what you fundamentally stand for. I don't say that you should indite inflammatory editorials condemning the capitalistic system and calling for a revolution in record time, or that you should become a staunch defender of the New Deal or of the defunct Republican party. But I do think that the policy of your periodical should unmistakably point out the road you wish society to travel, and the philosophy, social and economic, you espouse.

CHARLES I. GLICKSBERG

Prom Boston:

... THERE IS a general feeling that the magazine as a whole is somewhat adolescent. I don't quite see how that could be helped. If it were frankly called a magazine in which the youth of this country could express itself—people who could not burst into print otherwise—it might very well serve a purpose. That purpose, in short. But as an organ for the experts in the various lines, I don't see how it can succeed. It is natural for mankind to write—or do whatever it elects to do—in a field where remuneration is forthcoming. . . CHARLOTTE ARTHUR

From New York:

DEAR MR. ARTHUR: We shall be very happy to exchange subscriptions with your publication. We are putting you on our list as of the May issue. I shall appreciate it if you will send your publication to me at this address.

I rather imagine that we shall have to withdraw the broad statement that ours is the only magazine of controversy!

The best of luck to you.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE F. HAVELL, *Business Manager*
The Forum, 441 Lexington Avenue

From Santa Barbara:

. . . ONE OF THE world's many injustices lies in the fact that idealists are usually poor the result being that a publication founded for the pursuing of an ideal rather than for catering to public tastes must whistle in vain for subscribers.

Geographical snobbishness, too, plays a considerable part in the success of such a periodical, for unless New York, Boston or Philadelphia is its habitat, it has scant chance of success. This I learned when I endeavored to make even so large and affluent a city as Chicago the home of a high class weekly. The experiment has been tried again and again of establishing such periodical elsewhere than on the Atlantic Seaboard, yet, so far as I am aware, always without success.

Indeed, I doubt whether a home in either San Francisco or Los Angeles for the DUNE FORUM, or the most experienced circulation manager in the business, could make it a success, not only because the Pacific Coast is not, I believe, the proper home for such a journal, but because I sincerely doubt the need of it. Being a forum, your publication straddles, and therefore satisfies no one, your radical reader resenting the presentation of a conservative view and your conservative reader being appalled by the revolutionary views of your "Red" contributors. . . . H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

EDITORIAL

SERIOUS DOUBT has been expressed in many quarters as to the need of a magazine open to both sides. Excerpts from various letters on this vital point will be found on the previous page. Frankly, it is beginning to look as if these critics were right, for there is no use denying that the DUNE FORUM has failed to make the appeal which we hoped it would. The total of subscriptions, for instance, has hardly paid for the printing of two issues.

We have decided that it is desirable, therefore, to make a declaration of faith, by which we must, to be true to ourselves, stand or fall.

We have called our magazine a "forum" purposely, because it was our desire to present complementary points of view on every topic. It is very rarely that one point of view alone holds all the truth. We are, in other words, agnostic.

We were aware, from the beginning, that the open-minded point of view never appeals strongly to the majority. It is always easier to preach prejudice than tolerance. We were aware, further, that at such a time as the present, when we seem to be approaching crisis, and when the opposing lines are crystallizing, that this was even more true than normally. Yet it was precisely because of this fact that we thought a forum would be particularly valuable today. When chaos is re-forming it should seek to do so with as much enlightened understanding as it can command.

It is all too easy to memorize a formula and praise or damn in the light of that alone. Yet what is gained by such a method except to raise equal prejudice in another, so that in the end both are cancelled off in violence? Then, too, so often things are not exactly what they seem, people act in the reverse manner from the one they preach.

There is in this district a doctor whose scientific upbringing has caused him to think himself an atheist. There are also many good Christians who go to church every Sunday and are constantly preaching love and brotherhood and self-less service. Yet of all the people in the community the atheist doctor is the only one who, never preaching, actually *lives a* Christian life. No belief in a hell-to-be-avoided keeps him on the straight and narrow path—no hope of reward in a gold-paved Heaven.

On the other hand, we knew a most orthodox daughter of an English clergyman who could also be thought of as a saint, not however because she was a dogmatic Christian, but because she was *innately* good. Had she been born the daughter of a Buddhist priest or of a Darwinian scientist, she still would have been a saint.

Both atheists and dogmatic Christians make the same prideful mistake. Both say, as if they were gods: *"I know!"* The agnostic says, simply and with true humility,"/ *seek."* He spends his life humbly searching for the good, catching a glimpse through the eyes of a Chinese sage, a western scientist, a little child, a poet, a tired old mother. He discards that which appears to his inmost heart as being evil, and clings to that which appeals to the divine spark within him. To our thinking, the only person who can legitimately claim, without committing the sin of pride, to being anything but an agnostic is one who has actually *attained* the Wisdom of God.

"WHAT IS THE BEST social system?" one is asked. "Socialism, Technocracy, Fascism, Democratic Capitalism, Autocratic Monarchy, Communism?"

The agnostic answers: "I do not know. Capitalism seems to have proven itself a failure. But all the other panaceas have so many loopholes that one cannot say I know that one in particular would work better than another. One can say: 'I think for this and this reason that

Technocracy would be better.' But how can one *know* unless one is, like God, omniscient?"

If one is not closed-minded one can easily see that Communism, whatever its *words* may be, comes nearer to Christ's teachings in *action* than the selfish, acquisitive, wasteful, unjust and chaotic doctrine of capitalism which places its stress on human greed rather than on the equally human instincts of sociability and sharing. But until human nature becomes, *through necessity,* communistic, it remains an unproven dogma, and therefore as open to agnosticism as the dogmas of Christianity.

This necessity that is driving more and more people into sympathy with even the dogmatic variety of communism, will no doubt in the end force this magazine also into line. For the more one lives in contact with the very rich and sees how they refuse to accept the responsibilities of their privilege, the more inevitably one is convinced that the needs of civilization are against such a haphazard division of wealth.

We remember, only too vividly, artist friends in New York, after the Crash but before Prohibition ended, who turned bootlegger rather than starve. "The rich are too poor to patronize art," they said, "but they seem still to have enough money to buy the best liquor."

Great periods of art and letters such as the Age of Pericles or the Renaissance flourished because the merchant princes of those times had the wisdom to be great patrons of art and letters. The statement made elsewhere in this issue that chances are against California's supporting a journal of culture is indicative of the contrary spirit in this part of the world. We do not complain of the lack of support accorded to the DUNE FORUM in particular. But we find this attitude of shirking cultural responsibility all along the line. The lack of support experienced by the Santa Barbara Community Arts is only one example among many all up and down this coast.

The spectacle of a fine writer hoeing weeds along the highway while handsome cars go sizzling by may cause admiration for the writer's pride and courage in refusing to prostitute himself by writing potboilers; but it is also a strong indication of the lack of responsibility and imagination among the very rich.