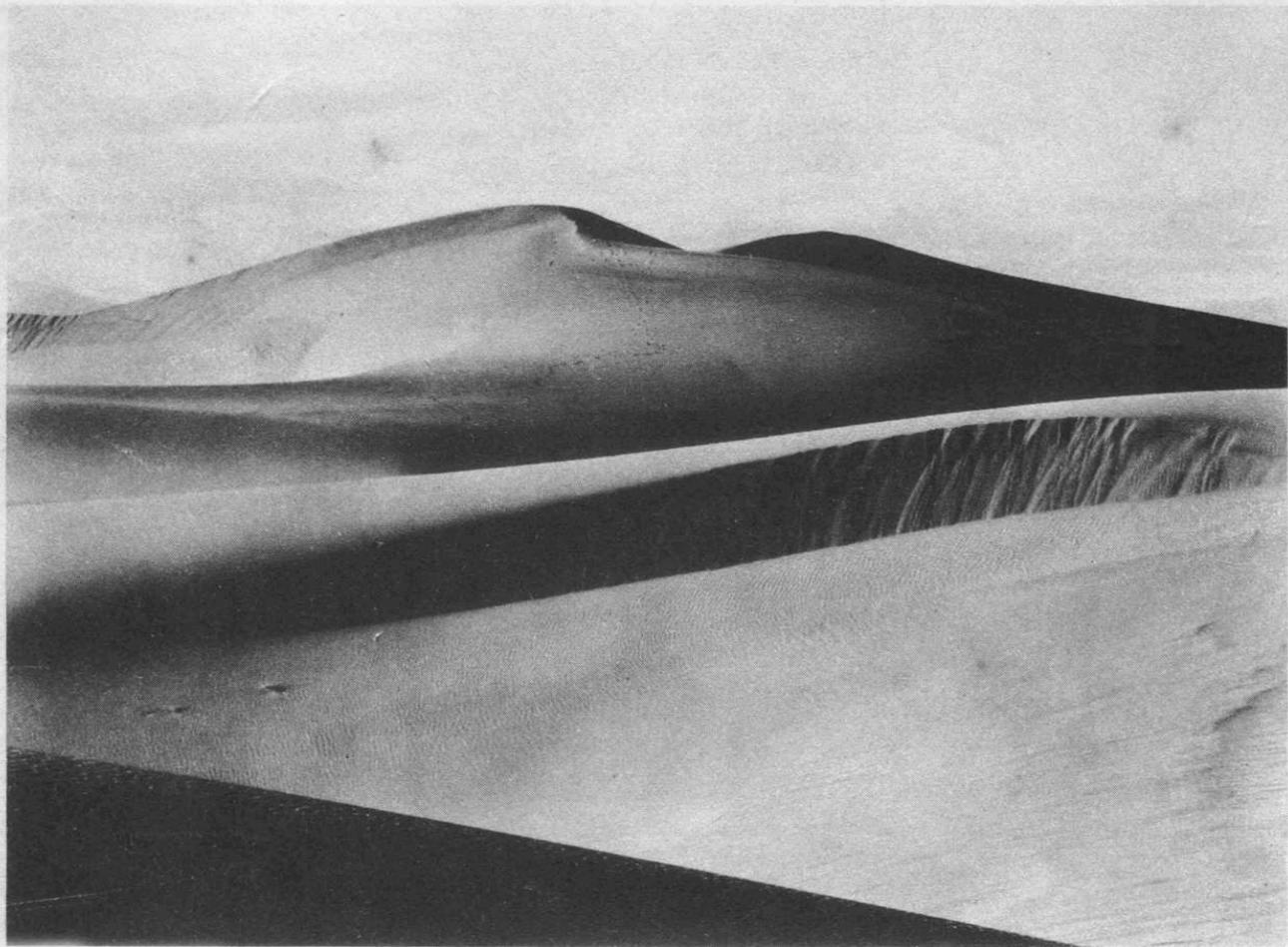


DUNE FORUM



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GREETINGS

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DUNE FORUM

THE DUNES, OCEANO, CALIFORNIA

VoL. I FEBRUARY 15, 1934 No. 2

Editor GAVIN ARTHUR

Managing Editor DUNHAM THORP
ELLEN JANSON

..... ROBIN LAMPSON
PAULINE SCHINDLER

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EDITORIAL

CALIFORNIA has long been famous for the contrasts in its scenery. But we have found, traveling up and down the coast, an even greater contrast in the basic ideas of its representative men and women. And, naturally enough, the DUNE FORUM is damned from both extremes. It is accused of being bolshevist. It is accused of being fascist. It is accused of being pitiable and dangerous. It is accused, above all, of being *pink!*

But in our own eyes, a conversation between a White Russian and a Red Russian does not necessarily produce a Pink Russian. The DUNE FORUM is a conversation in print. Let us state here and now, without equivocation, that pink is the color most cordially detested by all of its editors, dissimilar as their ideas may be on any other subject. And let our chief critics, the Communists, remember that while they snarl and strike at any other shade of red than theirs, the whites in power will pursue the age-old policy of all imperialists: "Divide and Conquer."

One of the most interesting developments paralleling our own line of thought that we

have come in contact with this month is the embryonic School for Adult Education started by a group of influential citizens in San Francisco. They have lured Professor Micklejohn from his Experimental College in Wisconsin, together with four of his assistants, and propose under his guidance to institute the study of history, economics and politics, by adults, to the end not only that competent leaders be developed but also that the average voter be taught to think clearly enough to know *why* he follows a particular leader. It is obvious that one of the chief failures of our democratic institution lies in the fact that our electorate, generally speaking, prefer a good baseball game to clear thinking on vital issues. The aim of the DUNE FORUM, like that of the School for Adult Education, is to present vital issues so clearly that people may come to a reasoned rather than a blindly partisan point of view.

In Burlingame, Stewart Edward White seemed to think that President Roosevelt's policy may lead to a redistribution of wealth without benefit of revolution; that the billion a month to be spent on relief can only be paid by confiscating large fortunes through severe taxation; that through the C.W.A., etc., more and more people will become employees of the government; that through the N.R.A. and R.F.C. the greater corporations will tend to become government controlled; in the end gradually arriving at the radical's goal by comparatively painless evolutionary steps.

On the hill above Stanford University Mrs. Hoover, asked to name someone who could present the Republican point of view, said that she did not think any Republican would have much to say just now. She implied that they had only to give the Democrats enough rope to hang themselves, and the Republicans would again be in the saddle at the next election. She seemed to think that if only people were better students of history they would realize the Depression of

1930-32 was only the inevitable trough in the natural wave of progress; and that if natural laws had been left to operate untampered with we would soon have risen to a crest of prosperity as high above the Coolidge crest as that was above the one before it.

In Carmel, Lincoln Steffens and Ella Winter seemed equally convinced that unless every intelligent person throws himself body and soul into the Communist Cause we will soon have a Fascist Terror in this country that will put both Mussolini and Hitler into the shade (both of these latter, by the way, like Ramsay Macdonald, captured the masses by posing as socialists and renigged on them only after they got firmly into the saddle; which is the strongest communist argument against compromise of any kind). Ella Winter particularly was of the opinion that the DUNE FORUM, by not turning itself into a red propagandist, is actually helping to bring about fascism. The time for argument and dialectics is passed, they both insisted; the situation is desperate and demands drastic action. Democracy has failed because the masses have been denied education adequate to the privilege of the franchise. Only under the Dictatorship of the Proletariat will they achieve this education and be saved from the rapacity of those clever enough to have seized the means of production for their own selfish antisocial uses.

Still in Carmel, but down at the Point, Robinson Jeffers, looking out at the world with the expression of one of the hawks he would have us give our hearts to, quietly but unequivocally denied any sympathy toward Communism whatever. (Was ever a hawk, circling lonely in the regions of the sun, communistically inclined?). It is interesting to contemplate what the Red Russians would have done with Jeffers had he been born to them rather than to us. Their own greatest poet recently committed suicide. His valedictory poem expressed sympathy to the cause; he would gladly give them his wealth, his time, everything he possessed. But he could not give them his Muse....

IN SANTA BARBARA Colonel Cutcheon was recommended to us as the most authoritative person from whom to get a clear statement of the conservative point of view. Moreover, it seemed to us from what we knew of his fearless and keen-thinking career that the coming struggle for power in this state will be primarily between sincerely right-wing Democrats like himself, who represent the economically secure, and equally sincere left-wing Democrats like Upton Sinclair who have captured the imagination of the enormously grown ranks of the insecure.

Colonel Cutcheon thought his conservatism hardly consistent enough to be representative. In monetary matters, yes, because in his opinion anything but sound money leads to disastrous confusion. He is opposed to most of the President's financial experiments for that reason. But on the sociological side, his conservatism wavers. He knows no solution to the "paradox of plenty" consistent with what we think of as conservatism. Nevertheless, he did not see that such experiments as the A.A.A., the C.W. A., the C.P.A. or any other of the new "administrations" held the solution either.

We found that the chief reason he is thought of as being a representative spokesman for the average conservative lies in his thorough belief in individual liberty—with as few qualifications as are consistent with *general* liberty and an opportunity for decent living and happiness for everybody. On one point he was adamant: the observance of constitutional limitations—not because he thought of the constitution as sacrosanct, but because he felt that no orderly progress can be made in defiance of the fundamental contract upon which our government was founded. In several respects, however, he admitted that the Constitution might be altered to advantage. Child-labor laws, some form of unemployment insurance, workmen's compensation and so on (all opposed, incidentally, by our recent conservative administration), were elementary examples of what he felt must be conceded.

Finally he made the surprising admission: "If I knew any way to be a radical consistent with the maintenance of essential liberty, probably I would be more radical than conservative. Nevertheless I do believe that all progress must be founded upon the past and that even many of its mistakes must be preserved for a time if reform is to take root in the minds and habits of the people as a mass."

IN LOS ANGELES quite another point of view was presented to us by Upton Sinclair, whose handshake and whose eyes give one an intuitive feeling of confidence rare in politics. He is frankly out to capture, through the Californian system of primaries, the oldest party in America and turn it to socialistic uses. He will be attacked with equal vehemence by Conservative and Communist alike; but every man-in-the-street with whom we have talked up and down the coast seems not only for him but exuberantly confident of his victory. Of course, even if he wins the Democratic nomination in the primaries he will not only have right-wing democrats against him, but also the very powerful, nominally democratic Hearst papers (they have not even deigned to notice him so far). It seems likely on the other hand that the President and his unofficial advisors may be more than passively interested in seeing how far to the left a Democrat can safely go.

Sinclair's plan in a nutshell is to "End Poverty in California" by establishing the unemployed in state-owned cooperative farms and factories so that they "cease to be a burden on the taxpayer". He means, of course, to the poorer taxpayer who now pays a salestax on every necessity he has to buy. It is only fair to admit that his experiment would be supported, in the beginning at least, by income taxes and death duties of the most severely graded type. But the more farsighted may perhaps consider this not too high a price to buy up all possibilities of a more drastic revolution.

With every advantage on the side of the cooperatives then, who would also have the use of scrip for their internal trading, it seems likely that California would very soon, and without bloodshed, turn into a completely collectivist state within a rather shakily individualist republic.

At any rate, it is interesting to think that California may become famous for something more than her beauty and her natural resources. There is little doubt that such a program as Sinclair proposes has a tremendous appeal to large masses all over the country. If it be successfully launched, California will see a "work-rush" totally eclipsing the gold-rush of '49. Unless of course, the National Government takes the hint, and turns the already available machinery into a similar proposition for the entire United States.

THE DUNE FORUM regrets that its February appearance will be a few days delayed by the tragic loss of the editorial coupe'. Some guests, (John Cage among them) were being driven home along the beach after a stimulating evening of discussion at Moy Mell. The tide was fairly high and the Arroyo Grande, augmented by the winter rain, was flowing across our path. At the moment of crossing, a huge seventh wave swept in, wetting the ignition, so that the car stalled. Everyone splashed out to push, but to no avail. Already the water was flowing over the floor board, and before help could be summoned, poor Belinda had sunk almost out of sight. A braver little car never went down to a more noble death in the line of duty.



MAN

by HARTLEY ALEXANDER

MAN IS THE most revolutionary of the animals. Among the animals Man alone is consciously *born*: it is he only who can gaze curiously and aware upon the world saying strangely to himself, Lo, it is my Parent! He speaks of earth as his Mother, and in a later day, when he has discovered that there is within her a mystery of life-giving, he speaks of nature as Mother Nature. But beneath such expressions there is no genuine filial piety, no sense of intimacy or kinship. Man, the offspring, is estranged from his parent world, and even in his recognition that somehow he is the issue of its body there is revulsion and rebellion: *he* is Man, and *Nature* is Nature; already there is a kind of hostility of Man and Nature, and he feels his birth to have been in full sense a deliverance, an emancipation from old confusions which his reason must righten and from deep-tainting abhorrences for which his moral sense shall give cleansing. He is become, in his own eyes and consciously, *abstracted* from that which has produced him; there is no love lost between son and parent, and if they are ever to come to an understanding it will be after labor and contest and as a result of the taking of counsel and of cool calculation.

The other animals, caught in the mesh of appetites and fears and affections which are the form and substance of their quotidian being, give no indication of sharing man's lonely freedom. For them there are no questions to ask, there is no Nature to interrogate, nor do they recount with moral malice old tales of spawn-devouring parents and incestuous sires. Birth, in the animal world, is not an abstraction; it is only emotional change. Today the dam may give her life for her offspring, as yesterday she gave them suck; the sire may guard or slay his

young; it is all temporary and accidental; tomorrow will see parents and brood as rivals for food and love, and enmities and friendships will lie as that land lies in which all pasts are forgotten. In the glade the sociable birds are chattering, as is their wont when the morning is fresh and sunbright; the hawk swoops, and the feathered prey pierced by his talons screams while he mounts heavily, yellow-eyed and contemptuous; there is a moment of agitation all about; then an instant of silence, and as the executioner departs once again the glade breaks into song, carefree and sunbright, oblivious. Nature is like that, and in the main the animals accept one another as they accept trees and pastures and earthy coverts, all as substance of their hour; hot with emotion they often are, cool with question never. Of *abstraction*, in the human sense, they show no sign, and they never personify either themselves or their world for good or ill.

It is true enough that certain of the animals, unwittingly in the main, have gone over the side of man, in his rebellious independence. The ox and the plough-horse accept yoke and harness and stall, and macerate the soil obedient to man's will; but for them barn-fodder and natural pasture are equal gifts, and alike the hand and the field that feed them are of the order of their being; they are servants, not agents, in the action by which man forms and farms Earth to his will. Possibly the dog is more consciously man's ally, as for long centuries his species was the solitary human friend in the welter of Nature's hostilities: for the dog shows more than the heart's faithfulness; he is canny in the face of deceptions, and he feels that he has acquired obligations; man is to him far more intimately his kinsman than his blood-brother, the wolf. But if the dog and a few other animals have developed an allegiance and in some remote way a sense of dependent humanity, this is clearly due to their idolizing powers,—perhaps, subtly, to the magnetism of the Human Force itself, to which through long contact they have

come to adapt themselves, yielding to its mastery and releasing themselves from their older loyalties to its hostiles, the Forces of Nature.

The few domestic animals (and that their kinds are so few seems of itself to argue that domestication runs counter to the grain of animal nature) which have become the allies, the willing slaves, or the sorry dupes of mankind are at best but man's camp-servants and attendants in his campaign against his great antagonist, Nature. Left to themselves, man-abandoned, they would all speedily run wild, once again Nature's spawn, or they would haplessly perish: they would never have arisen, even for one fighter's moment, into that consciousness of a Nature-abstracted integrity which gives to our situation its essential humanity. Whatever of freedom any of the animals attain (just today I read of a medal for heroism given to a mongrel cur, a mere hanger-on of humanity) is theirs but through and because of their incorporation into the human solidarity; in association with men they find a fragmentary and precarious liberation, aside from this association they are embogged in the morass of Nature's indiscrimination, absorbed into the old swamp-life of being. As for man he rises above this, if but for his brief moment, because he dares to fight: he is free because he is a rebel.

II

(It is perchance to the dog's *idolatry*, I have said, to the fantastic greatness of his heart, that is due his participation in man's desperate cause, and hence his own winning of a partial and no doubt temporary humanity. But it is a fair question, whence may flow this idolizing power, this gift of devotion, since in this is his emancipation? Nature must begrudge it him; nature begrudges to all life its precarious hold upon time, its defiance of her own spendthrift waste, her own blind, incessant slaughter of meaning. Somehow the poor beast has won his idols and his idolizing not from entropic Na-

ture—his dam, certainly—but from some unnatural sire whose lineaments are only discernible in the time-forms and the thought-forms which all idolatries imply . . . It is far anterior to the dog, no doubt, and likewise to man himself who must owe his yet greater inheritance to such a progenitor, that Time began to hold out against the dissipations of energies, and consciousness began to take form as the very banner of discord. Yes, before consciousness even, before the dimmest of his adumbrations, the chlorophyll-storing plants were converting motion into power, impounding solar energies, and indeed commanding the Sun himself to stand still. The plants first made *Time* possible, and after them, and by their aid, the animals first gave to this time the form of *Sentience*, and consummately in man set its measures in *Thought*. This is the epic abstraction, the creative revolt wherein Life rose up against Entropy and Spirit emerged from chaotic Matter Only a meta-physics, following veins unguessed of the moderns, can answer our question with understanding, and familiarize to intelligence the faithful dog's idolatries.)

III

No symbol of man's revolutionary character could be more eloquent than is his own upstanding figure. Earth is prone beneath his feet; earth is horizontal; he stands vertical. This is the fundamental geometry of his world, and it is a geometry of revolt. There are other creatures—the ostrich, the giraffe—that have awkwardly aspired to rise erect; but man alone has made of his backbone a column, and he alone has demanded of his body's bones that they hold him perspectively free from Earth's pull. True enough, his emancipation is partial and temporary. He is planet-bound and season-throttled; he walks with uncertain balance, he rests cumbrously, and ironical sleep captures him, both as to form and to time. Harder still, he is pursued by bodily evils incurred by the

arrogance of his upstanding posture; for Nature, who never designed him for a biped bearing, but meant him to be one with the clamberers and the crawlers, this Nature pursues him with diseases and weaknesses which a meaner carriage could avert; she makes his brain to dull and his belly to sag with age, she dikes up his blood-stream, wears his heart with its poundings, plants his flesh with explosives and poisons, and in every imaginable device seeks to cow and affront him before his final destruction and her meaningless triumph.

In the riddle of the Grecian Sphinx, to which the answer is Man, he is a creature which in his morning crawls on all fours, quadrupedal, at noon stalks proudly erect, and in the evening of age makes of a staff a third limb of support. To the image should have been added a sinister fourth estate, the body prone and prey to the indecent gluttony of Earth's sarcophagic soil—or, as the tale-teller might have it, "but when the nigh' falls he is devoured by his own Mother". The whole image is the grimmest of all Greek commentaries upon a saying of their own poets, "the things of mortals behoove mortality"; and in a mode more nobly pathetic it is also perhaps our final illumination of the meaning of that body of tragic poetry in which Greek literature has impressed for all men the terror and pity of the lot which is man's—trapped by Necessity, and tethered to his own weaknesses of body and mind, caught within the jaws of Nature, caged by the encroaching nights of before and after—Man haunting the Void—but mind-illuminated Man none the less!—as the shining Hellenic intelligence saw. At least for his noon, for his hour of humanity, Man stands upright on his own two feet, revolted of that dust of earth which is his body's core and fate, knowing himself to be more than some natural spawn, and in frame and spirit the measure of all things. In its sum Greek tragedy means just that, and perhaps not all the wisdom of our men's philosophies can signify more.

M MODERN MUSIC

A Critical Summary

by RODERICK WHITE

LAST WINTER I joined the throng of curious and interested in attending a concert at Carnegie Hall. An orchestral composition by one of the so-called "moderns" was to be played. In modern music there are apparently two classes: music that is merely up-to-date and progressive, and those strange experimentations of the musical iconoclast. We were to hear one of the latter.

During the performance it was interesting to note the reactions of this music on those of the audience, and to feel the pulse of the response of my own. The effect of music on the human being is important, as those versed in musical pathology will testify. Some of the audience listened quietly to this new music; others, with exaggerated attentiveness, assumed an artificial seriousness, affecting to be disturbed by the slightest distraction; others were uncontrollably convulsed with laughter; some were puzzled, some were tolerant, others left the hall. My sympathy was scarcely with these last, for it is only too easy to condemn by a hasty intolerance. Afterward in the lobby one man said, "Well, they sure made some noise! They made so much noise that I couldn't hear the music!" Here at last was a refreshing reaction. It reminded me of the musician of George Moore's "Confession" who remarked that "To render silence in music he would need three military bands."

As the din began to settle and leave my own consciousness free to reflect upon this musical experience I found that the dominant impression had been one of extreme vitality, life—of squirming, teeming life—action—never ceasing, relentless activity. Never was there the moment of respite, of sadness, the melancholy of reflection, the peace of restful repose. Yet

here was much that was mine, much that met with a response from something that was in me, though it left a part of me starved. There was also much that was not mine, and much that seemed good but that was not in its proper place and proportion. There was exaggeration and unbalance. It was similar to the experience of having a very insistent acquaintance bent upon compelling you to hear him out, holding on to your coat buttons the while to prevent your escape. You might lose the buttons or the coat, but your efforts to escape would be redoubled by his tactics. So unlike the situation often observable where one man is busily engaged digging a ditch and has, by his intent absorption, drawn around him a large throng of interested onlookers. There was, in this music, always the effort to compel, never the attempt to attract.

And so it seemed necessary to come to some sort of terms with the idea of just what music really is, and what part it was playing in relation to my own life. The old lady who "Didn't know a thing about music but knew what she liked" was not so far from the truth of the matter. But there is one step beyond knowing what you like or dislike and that consists in knowing why. The person who says, "My way is better than your way," can always be answered by, "So is mine better than yours," unless he should say, "But I can do both your way and my way and have proven mine better for the following reasons." Then he at least commands a respectful hearing. So we are, in duty to ourselves, bound to give heed to the clamors for attention of the "new schools". At least to the extent of discovering for ourselves what they are trying, from their points of view, to express. We will thus bring acceptance or rejection within the field of intelligent choice. After this it is within the right of every individual to say, if he likes, "It may be the best music in the world; but if it says nothing to me of benefit it is, at least at the present time, worthless."

A first hearing, however, must not be judged

as final. It is too easy to condemn what we do not at once comprehend, or to explain by categorically naming. To the traveller just landed in China all Chinamen look alike. Immersion in any subject brings with it discernment and discrimination without which judgment is premature. One may safely leave to posterity the decision as to whether these modernists have invented a new alphabet, a new language, or merely a new letter; or, again, whether they have not, in experimenting, uncovered old and discarded material, or opened up a new field with its mixed and undifferentiated values, or become lost in a land too poor in soil to be worth reclamation. One must, however, cling tenaciously to criteria founded on universal law. Music will then fall under several heads: the meretricious, the understood and liked, the understood and disliked, the understood as being of value but which is just simply uncongenial, and that held in suspension for future reference.

Let us now turn back to music at its inception and see whence it comes and something of its life. There is and always has been so much study of music from the outside and so little approach to that which is back of it. Music grew out of language, and yet its elements existed before language was devised. When we begin to define music we discover ourselves in a land of implications where dwell those intangibles—thought, life, emotion, feeling—things as elusive as a rainbow.

Music is an expression of the soul in the language of emotion. Music is the expression of emotional ideas in tone. Music is tone—living tone—in motion.

Music comes from two main springs—from life and from faith. All music began as song and dance; as an accompaniment to, or expression of, the activities of daily life; and as a form of worship. Suites and Symphonies have been built from folk songs and dances. The objec-

tive, work-a-day world was so represented. The next world was depicted by the religious music as an expression of trust in a superior force, a reliance on a greater universal power. Music gradually grew into a separate and independent art. Art—artifice—artificial. These words describe the projection of music as an independent function. At first it clung to its folk song origin and its ecclesiastical settings, but built away from them, retaining however the same principles inherent in them. Take as an example the Negro folk song. It carries a simplicity, a sincerity, an emotional appeal which many more intricate works lack, because the folk song is an expression of a life and a faith that are genuine.

Music serves the need of expression and the creative impulse. The former must precede the latter. Form is a mold to hold beauty and the impulse that creates it is as real as the spark that inhabits it. But form is temporal and ephemeral, and always to be judged by the capacities and exigencies of its creation. The spark that maintains the form, however, lives forever. To anyone who can put the glow back into the embers of a great masterpiece, this becomes at once evident.

Music that is too cloyingly sweet is as objectionable as that which is mere exalted mechanics, and if musical dialectics are boring, so is the peace of unceasing calm unsatisfactory. But all nature works from a great repose, with tranquility in action. All nature observes periods of alternate repose and activity—that great cosmic rhythm of compression and expansion, incompleteness and disharmony melting ever into harmony and completion. This is life and this is music. Music is a contribution from life to art and to life it must return in service.

And so, applying these principles to the music of today, we find that our life is one of overactivity, without sufficient periods of repose; that there is a race after material possession, and faith is facing a great rational attack. There is a tearing down and destruction of the old, without anything as yet to put up in its place. There

can be no expression until something demands to be expressed, and no creation without first this need. There is confusion, bewilderment, insincerity, and worse. What wonder then that music, which is life emotionally expressed in tone, should reflect this speed and restlessness, this lack of faith, this vigorous destruction—this worldly transition of disharmony toward a coming concord. There is only *being* and *becoming*, and this vigorous activity is at least alive and *becoming*, however wearily we may long for the occasional oasis where it may for a little while *be*.

If we study the experimenters and reflectors of life in tone, then, we will get a fairly clear conception of where music as art and music as an expression of life is to be placed today. Music as a part of life and as apart from it. We will also get a view of the trend of human progress, and this may serve to orientate us in our lives as well as in our artistic pursuits and appreciations.

COUNTERPOINT

by JOHN CAGE

THE PRECEDING ARTICLE has three parts: (1) Resume of anecdotal after-the-concert material; (2) "We begin to define music" leading to the conclusion (3) "There is confusion, bewilderment—". It is significantly intelligible as an example of critical unintelligibility. I say this not personally, for I do not know Mr. White at all, nor specifically of his article, but generally as a composer of the body of contemporary music-criticism. This is not the first time I have read an article on "modern music", unfortunately, and I am beginning not to read them at all. I used to read as many as I could find, collecting material for lectures, and, in all that I read, I found only one good collection of

articles: *American Composers on American Music*, Stanford Univ. Press, 19'33, edited by Henry Cowell. This book should, however, be coming out at least every year, its nature being extremely current. In it, one American Composer would write about another one. There was, at least once (let's hope, not once for all), an interest in ideas rather than in words. The only constructive alteration in the scheme of the book that I would suggest would be: one American Composer talking about himself and further—not only American Composers but Composers.

There are, it seems to me, two sides to music as well as to everything else, including life: the side we can know something about (knowledge which is communicable) and the side which we can know nothing about (knowledge which is personal, emotional, etc., uncommunicable). I prefer to communicate those things which are communicable rather than those which are not. Thus: the intellectual experiments of modern music can be communicated in words. This does not mean that modern music is intellectual; if that were true, there would be no necessity for music; the words would be enough. It does mean that any further word-communication is not possible. To make my meaning clearer: When composing, I compose (a matter of relationships, putting-together, arranging) as well as I can intellectually. It seems to others that I just let the emotions, the uncommunicables, take care of themselves, communicate themselves. This is partly true and partly not. I believe that the way in which the composer lives will, like the birth of protoplasm, miraculously and inevitably enter the composition.

How can I further explain this attitude? It is a thing I believe in, and I don't expect to be able to communicate it convincingly.

Music becomes a craft, extending the definition of the word from manual dexterity to mental dexterity. And Life remains Life. Whether it is to be "communicated" as sublime, pathetic, profound, comic or tragic, depends not upon the craftsman with reference to his

craft, but with reference to the way he lives. The performers of the *St. Matthew Passion* are not suddenly to become sublime at 8:30 P. M., Shrine Auditorium, L. A. They are merely to sing as well as they can, to exert themselves as vocal and instrumental craftsmen rather than as mystics. A performance should be made with best possible technical mastery. Sincerity and faith should not be summoned for the performance alone but should ideally be the life-attitude of the performer. The Dancer is not to suddenly pose on the stage, but living feeling will make his entrance into the Grocery Store an evidence of the Dance, not, of course, as Art, but as consciousness.

I think of Music not as self-expression, but as Expression.

I think, with reference to contemporary music, that, in view of the relative absence of academic discipline and the presence of total freedom, there is a determining necessity for specific forms given assigned values in order to solve special problems. I am not in sympathy with Tone-Poems, Pictures, nor with the "Composer" who is so infected with modern license as to write a "Sonata" which is 3/4 Coda (2nd Movement: Free Fantasia).

I have mentioned quite a lot about "the way he lives". The only possible life for me is one of believing. The other brings about the symptom: "I haven't anything to say". A Composer, or any other artist; who believes and approaches understanding through belief, will find his music-craft expressing increasingly that Understanding: e. g. *St. Matthew Passion*.

A more direct reply to Mr. White's article than the above would have included a critical estimate of "Modern Music", that amalgamation of various composers' works. I have, to a certain extent, indicated the impossibility, or at least my disinclination, to do this. How can one discuss in a single article a subject which includes the works of Ives, Hindemith, Harris, Ruggles, Milhaud, Bartok, Poulenc, Toch, Chavez, Cowell, Honegger, Copland, Brant,

Stravinsky, Satie, and Schoenberg? I, personally, see, as a "general tendency", an interest away from harm any (verticality: Richard Wagner) and towards counterpoint, or better, linearity (horizontality: Bach, Hindemith, Toch, Honegger, Brant, Riegger), with the resulting interest in Fugues, Canons and in new allied *forms* which will, possibly, take the title, Invention. Harmony puts an emphasis about a given Moment which counterpoint transfers to an emphasis upon movement. This tendency is specifically shown in the development of Schoenberg: from the immense harmonic structure-texture of the Gurrelieder to the relatively thin but structurally strong like wire Trio of the Minuet, Suite Op. 25. Or Stravinsky: from the Sacre to the Symphonie des Psaumes with its Double Fugue. Hindemith has shown another, comparatively beside the point, tendency. He has attempted in his pieces for music lovers, amateurs in groups at home, and in his settings for movies, to act as a well-meaning missionary from the intelligentsia to the "others". This move on his part shows a humanity for the now which is not very common in composers who are working so completely abstractly as to be notorious for their lack of interest in economy, politics, or even in the auditory evidence of their "mental dexterity" (Brant). Poulenc, I think everyone agrees, is having a lot of fun in a rather French-folk way. Satie, we're not so sure about. There has been a great effort to endow his Cold Pieces, his Reverie on the Infancy of Pantagruel, etc., with "profondeur". I sincerely express the hope that all this conglomeration of individuals, names merely for most of us, will disappear; and that a period will approach by way of common belief, selflessness, and technical mastery that will be a period of Music and not of Musicians, just as during the four centuries of Gothic, there was Architecture and not Architects.



SPACE ARCHITECTURE

by R. M. SCHINDLER, *Architect*

ANYBODY who reads about modern architecture in current publications comes constantly upon the reiteration of how important it is for the modern architect to deal with "space". However, if one analyses the various pronouncements issued by the groups or individuals who want to lead the modern architectural movement, one does not find any real grasp of the space problem.

In the summer of 1911, sitting in one of the earthbound peasant cottages on top of a mountain pass in Styria, a sudden realization of the meaning of space in architecture came to me. Here was the house, its heavy walls built of the stone of the mountain, plastered over by groping hands—in feeling and material nothing but an artificial reproduction of one of the many caverns in the mountain-side. I saw that essentially all architecture of the past, whether Egyptian or Roman, was nothing but the work of a sculptor dealing with abstract forms. The architect's attempt really was—to gather and pile up masses of building material, leaving empty hollows for human use. His many efforts at form resolved themselves continuously into carving and decorating the surface layers of his mass-pile. The room itself was a by-product. The vault was not invented as a room-form, but as primarily a scheme to keep the masses hovering. The architectural treatment of the inner room confined itself to the sculptural carving of the four walls and ceiling, shaping them into separate faces of the surrounding pile of sculptural mass. And although improved technique has constantly reduced the actual bulk of this structural pile, essentially the architect was still concerned with its sculptural treatment. All conventional architecture of the occident, including all historical styles, was nothing but sculpture

And, stooping through the doorway of the bulky, spreading house, I looked up into the sunny sky. Here I saw the real medium of architecture—SPACE. A new medium as far as human history goes. Only primitive uncertain gropings for its possibilities can be found in historical buildings. Even the gothic builder merely caught it between his sculptured pillars without attempting to use it consciously as a medium of his art.

"Architecture" is being born in our time. In all really modern buildings the attitude of the architect is fundamentally different from the one of the sculptor and the one of his brother, the conventional architect. He is not primarily concerned with the body of the structure and its sculptural possibilities. His one concern is the creation of space forms dealing with a new medium as rich and unlimited in possibilities of expression as any of the other media of art: color, sound, mass, etc.

This gives us a new understanding of the task of modern architecture. Its experiments serve to develop a new language, a vocabulary and syntax of space. Only as far as the various schools help us in that direction can they be considered significant.

Shortly after my revelation in the mountains a librarian in Vienna handed me a portfolio—the work of Frank Lloyd Wright. Immediately I realized—here was a man who had taken hold of this new medium. Here was "space architecture". It was not any more the questions of moldings, caps and finials—here was space forms in meaningful shapes and relations. Here was the first architect. And the timeless importance of Wright lies especially in these first houses. I feel that in his later work he has again become sculptural. He tries to weave his buildings into the character of the locality through sculptural forms. The hotel in Tokio seems the play of a virtuoso with traditional oriental motives, rather than the product of a direct impregnation by the nature of the locale. And although as an artist far above most of his

contemporaries, this somewhat relates his later work to the "Modernistic School."

In the main the work which is generally called "modernistic" is an architectural backwash of the several movements of modern art in Europe, such as futurism, cubism, etc. These buildings try to achieve an up-to-date city character by a play with highly-conventionalized contrasting sculptural forms. Instead of conceiving the building as a frame which will help to create the life of the future, they limit themselves, like a painting or a piece of music, to an expression of the present with all its interesting shortcomings. And it is in this way that the buildings of the World's Fair in Chicago have to be understood. Architecturally they are the last outcry of the chaos of the recent past, unfortunately without any attempt at opening a way toward a better architectural future.

The sub-conscious realization that architecture in its old sculptural form has died as an art, leads to an attitude characteristic of our age. Blind to the growth of a new art dealing with a new medium (space) in their midst, the "Functionalists" ask us to dismiss architecture as an art altogether. They want to build as the engineer does, producing "types" without other meaning but that of function. They limit themselves entirely to the problems of civilization—that is the struggle to adapt our surrounding to our limitations. They forget that architecture as an art may have the much more important meaning of serving as a cultural agent—stimulating and fulfilling the urge for growth and extension of our own selves.

To make matters worse and public attention more concentrated, a group of functionalists have given their breed a name: International Style. Problems of form as such are completely dismissed. The manufacturer (influenced by considerations of available equipment, competition, labor rules, profit, and personal inertia, etc.) is the god who furnishes "form" ready-made. The classical code of set forms for columns, architraves and cornices, is replaced by

stereotyped vocabulary of steel columns, horizontal parapets, and corner windows, all to be used equally both in the jungles and on the glaciers.

The ideal of perfection of the new sloganists is the machine—without regard for the fact that the present machine is a crude collection of working parts, far from being an organism. Endlessly we are being shown photographs of the present automobiles as an example of formal machine perfection, forgetting that what we see in looking at a modern automobile is not a "machine". The sheet-metal hood with which its designer covers the working parts is only slightly functional. It is very definitely nationally characterized, subject to fashion, and bound by a tradition as relentless as the one which defines our clothes. What is still more important, the automobile, and for that matter all machines, are essentially one-dimensional, whereas the house as an organism in direct relation with our lives must be of four dimensions.

Most of the buildings which Corbusier and his followers offer us as "machines to live in", equipped with various "machines to sit and sleep on", have not even reached the state of development of our present machines. They are crude "contraptions" to serve a purpose. The man who brings such machines into his living room is on the same level of primitive development as the farmer who keeps cows and pigs in his house. Mere instruments of production can never serve as a frame for life. Especially the creaks and jags of our crude machine age must necessarily force us to protect our human qualities in homes contrasting most intensely with the factory.

The factory must remain our servant. And if a "Machine-Made House" shall ever emerge from it, it will have to meet the requirements of our imagination and not be merely a result of present production methods. The work of Mr. Buckminster-Fuller in propagating the tremendous possibilities which the use of our technique of production may have for building construction, is

invaluable. If he creates his Dymaxion house, however, entirely from the viewpoint of facile manufacture, letting all considerations of "what" take care of themselves, he is putting the cart before the horse. The space architect has primarily a vision of a future life in a future house. And with the clearing of that vision the necessary technique or its realization will undoubtedly develop. Although Mr. Buckminster-Fuller realizes the coming importance of space-considerations in architecture, his Dymaxion house is not a "space creation". However "ephemeral", to use his own term, it may be, it is born of a sculptural conception. Its structural scheme is akin to the one of the tree, and although its branches and members may try to wed it to space by the tenderest interlockings, the "room" they enclose is not an aimful space conception but a byproduct without architectural meaning.

Modern architecture can not be developed by changing slogans. It is not in the hands of the engineer, the efficiency expert, the machinist or the economist. It is developing in the minds of the artists who can grasp "space" and "space forms" as a new medium for human expression. The development of this new language is going on amongst us, unconsciously in most cases, partly realized in some. It is not merely the birth of a new style, or a new version of the old play with sculptural forms, but the subjection of a new medium to serve as a vehicle for human expression.

MR. GAVIN ARTHUR, *Oceano, California.*

Dear Mr. Arthur: A friend very kindly loaned me his copy of the Subscribers Number of the DUNE FORUM. I have read it from cover to cover and enjoyed it all. Such a magazine, with the purpose you have set for it, deserves to thrive and grow. It is the kind of magazine I want in my home where my almost grown-up children may have access to it. As soon as I am able to do so, I shall send you my subscription.

The article by Mr. Harwood White, "Bridging the Gap," has moved me to put down on paper some thoughts which I hope are pertinent. Sincerely,

L. C. CLARKE

NEED IT BE PROVEN?

by L. C. CLARK

A GRAIN OF WHEAT IS placed in the earth. It absorbs moisture; is warmed by the sun shining down upon the earth. Chemical changes take place within it; and growth begins. The root reaches downward into the earth; and the stem reaches upward into the sunlight. From the earth soluble salts and water are taken by the roots; from the air carbon dioxide is taken by the leaves. Acting in accord with the inherited impulse of its race, the young wheat plant combines these things through the agency of heat and light, and converts them into plant tissue. Still in accord with its racial inheritance, the plant, in due time, blossoms, and seeds are formed. The wheat seed has reproduced itself. As the new seeds ripen, the parent plant turns yellow, withers, and dies. Its task is finished. Its whole life process led up to and ended in reproduction. For that plant there is nothing other. It has carried on processes, both mechanical and chemical, beautiful in their perfection, without exercising conscious direction or control. Of whether it has done well or poorly, it has no knowledge. The wheat plant was fruitful and multiplied; and thereby fulfilled its destiny. Dare we so limit the destiny of man?

The pinnacle of human achievement is not reached in reproduction. Our life cycle does not culminate in the multiplication of the race. In the wheat plant growth and development ended with fruition. It could add nothing more either to itself or to its race. Human development continues on many years after reproduction has ceased. To what end is this continued development? It is not transmitted to the succeeding generations as inherited substance. What becomes of it? Are the efforts of our mature years to be lost to ourselves and the race as well? I believe the laws governing our destiny

are at least logical. I can not feel the urge within me to go on and on in unceasing effort to improve myself, without attaching to it a significance far more potent than immediate satisfaction. I believe our growth has continuity, and all eternity beckons me on to infinite achievement. If this were not so, I fear ambition to develop my potential powers would die within me; and I should set a fast and furious pace of self seeking pleasure. No! the Intelligence which conceived and put into operation the laws of creation, could never be content to express Itself imperfectly. Immortality is a just and logical conception.

The wheat plant, of necessity, adapts itself to the conditions in which it is placed. It has no choice. Humans are not thus restricted. They may choose, or make an environment to their liking. We may set our own limitations; and we may consciously direct and increase our growth. With assurance inspired by the conception of immortality, we press onward and upward conscious of achievement, and confident of ever new wonders to stir our interest and urge us to go forward to a destiny without end.

WHAT IS PROVED?

MAY I QUESTION Mr. Clark's analogy; and thus, by implication, the validity of the lesson he draws from it?

Wheat grows, seeds, Withers to its death. Man grows, seeds, and takes longer to wither to his death. But is there any appreciable difference between his cycle and that of other mammals? Does he do more than share the rhythm of his kind, which is slower than that of wheat: taking longer to reach maturity, retaining that period longer (so that he may produce a succession of harvests instead of one), and withering more slowly to decay?

Mr. Clark's real point, however, is that man continues to grow in the last period, after the

powers of reproduction have ceased or dwindled. In a sense, yes. But in what sense? Does his body grow in stature or vigor? Does he increase his worth by any *natural* standards? Is it not simply that he develops purely *human* values? Wisdom, tolerance, compromise and prejudice; inventions, masterpieces, system of law and theft?

These things have no bearing outside the artificial world man has drawn about him, the world of human relationships—and yet in that world their bearing is all-important. They are not wasted. Man has built an environmental complex that has a history, an evolving heritage — almost a being—of its own. Things are born, and in their turn give birth. In that part of him that is orientated to it, man draws upon this world from birth and seeds it to his death.

Mr. Clark's "development" has no bearing outside this realm; in it, it functions as the wheat.
—D.

MISS MILLIE

A Very Short Story
by GEORGE PERRY

FOR A LONG TIME people talked about how Miss Millie managed to live. She was in the deep sixties. Her only source of income was the ten dollars a month she got from one of the telephone girls for the spare room. Taxes on her little house, groceries, clothes, everything came out of this same ten dollars.

Finally the telephone girl moved to Houston. Miss Millie's room was empty. After that people stopped talking about Miss Millie. They said it was too depressing and that they had troubles of their own.



THE WAVE

by JOHN O. VARIAN
[1863-1931]

*Langurous rolleth the wave, piling on high,
Green on his steep hillside, with glinting of
violent sheen;
Deep-rolling he moves at his ease, slowly he
climbeth the sky
Purple and indigo-blue lurk in his valley below.*

*Slowly he sings his song, whirling his way,
Dragging the waters along, hugging them close
to his breast,
Loving them into his life, chanting them into
his form,
Drawing them upward beneath, moving them
onward above;
Thundering forward he sings, shouting for
love,
Singing his battle-word, for joy in his might.*

*Carried on high is his crest, white with a blue in
its tint;
Plunging on all who oppose, curling and crashing
them down;
Chanting the song of the sea, chanting the song
of the foam,
Shouting of war on the shore, rushing with love
on the land.*

*Child of the storm-kissed sea, conceived of the hurricane's
breath,
Born in the womb of the deep, rolling in beauty and strength,
In-drawing, swift-curling, all-folding,
all-cleansing.*

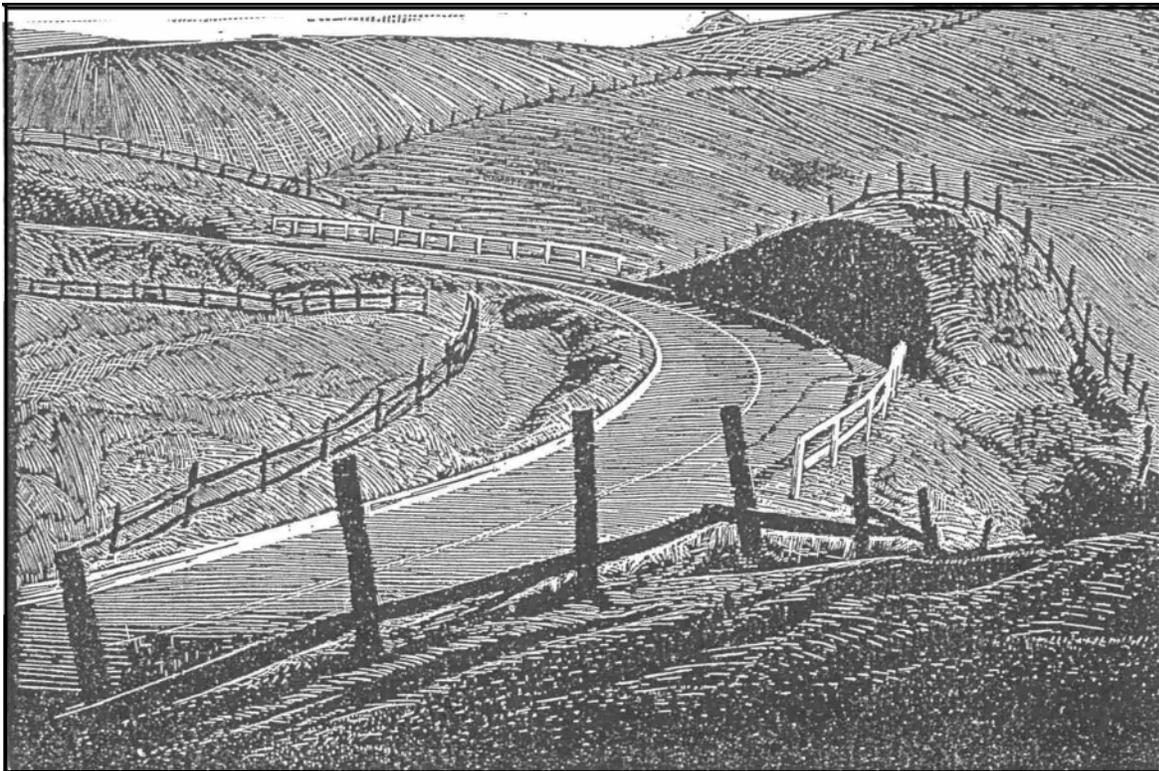
*Child of the storm and of love—ye be my kin;
Whirling in mystery, ye be myself;
Chanting, exulting, ye be my soul;
Moving eternally, ye be my God.*

DANCING TO THE WIND

by MARJORIE HUNT PETTIT

*Lovely maiden, dancing—
Dancing to the wind;
Daintily advancing
Mobile and entrancing—
Dancing madly,
Dancing gladly,
Never never
Dancing sadly;
Dancing to the crooning
Of the soft
South
Wind.*

*Where the aspens quiver,
Dancing to the wind;
Where the grasses shiver
By a rippling river
There she dances
Glad and gay;
Dancing happy
Hours away;
Dancing to the sighing
Of the sweet
South
Wind.*



Road in California

MICHAEL BALTEKAL-GOODMAN

WINDJAMMER VOYAGE

by ROBIN LAMPSON

I. THE NAME FOR THE SOUND

*I leaned for hours on the rail at the bow of
the ship,
Watching the sharp point of the boat slit open
the shouldering ocean,
And listening to the sound of it. Suddenly the
sound of it left me questioning:
Prow plowing the waves, waves leaping to em-
brace the prow and be cleaved,
Continuous as the play of two inexhaustible
lovers day and night
Day after day; meaning it had none, I knew,
but what was
The sound of it and the name for the sound?
Surely no sound of water,—
Not the damp sound of falling rain, nor the wet
trickling of a rivulet,
Nor the moist rushing of a freshet, nor the
roaring of a torrent;
But a dry sound: wind harrowing the cornfield;
bees swarming;
A thousand feet shuffling the dry leaves on the
floor of a forest;
A huge stream of grain pouring into a gigantic
bin!*

II. THE OCEAN'S SOUND

*This sound and the whooping of the wind
through the masts and around the ship.
Was the only voice on the sea. The ocean itself
was silent;
Throughout all of its illimitable acres of waves
it made no sound;
The unresting bosom was voiceless, the unim-
peded gray mother never
Cried out, the waves never made music nor
pandemonium,
But rolled in silence. Only when the wind mad-
dens the waves and the waves*

*Lash back at their invisible tormentor, and
where ocean touches ship or shore
Is there any sea-sounds: impeded she complains
and cries out her pain,
Now quiescently slapping the beach, now hurl-
ing herself full-shouldered
Against the knees of the cliffs, now pounding
the rocks, but hurting
Only herself, only herself crying, and never a
whimper out of the rocks.*

III. NO SULLEN REMAINDER

*While I stood by the bowsprit musing on these
things, I pondered
How belligerent the Pacific had been in the
storm; how decent and clean
Was the ocean's anger, how swift and final!
And now it was over,
No sullen remainder of wounded and broken
water!
I was not proud of my covering during the
storm; I felt fouled by my fears,
Felt something indecent and pitifully disloyal
to life in the whimpering
Of the herd below, I myself shamefully part
of it, who had hugged the ribs of the ship
Like rats, begging more years of fractional
awareness, more of their dull indirection;
Craving still more of the sop of approximation,
clutching for more of their lingering indignity!*

HAVING TO DO WITH WORDS OF PUCK

By LAURENCE A. HARPER

*Stars hung upon the wall of dark,
mementoes of a marvel:
when the heavens and the firmament
were wrapped in coils of space,
pinwheels spinning in eternity,
spiral nebulae — playthings for poets*

*who would wreck their wretched minds
with stars, and moons, and suns, and baubles called
the planets
all this decreed so by a god
who claimed a squatter's right to fence eternity. And
muddled man, caesarian-born, torn from the womb of
sea and dust, wrestles with a withered corpse of sanity to
claim inheritance
and writes a deed of title to the universe. (What
fools! what fools! what fools!) For all the
tinsel jewels
boarded in the chest of night
will never purchase birth nor death, nor meat
nor drink nor sleep nor peace for any person
but a poet
(whose only claim or need is madness)—these
mementoes of a squatter god
who fled when men and cattle dried his well and
claimed title to his sandy acre.*

WILD STALLIONS

by FRANK CHEAVENS

*Like dreams of night, so fleet within the mind,
Are these wild studs! What savage, splendid dreams,
These outlaws vigilant, lest someone blind
The fire of eye that drinks the cruel beams
Of desert sun! They fly lest hands shall bind Their
hearts, or slavery pollute the streams
Of blood by open wilderness refined.
Shy fugitives from caging, let no scheme Ensnare the
hoof that pounds across the plain; Forbid by flight that
aught but rushing air Possessively shall comb a thickly
tangled mane, Your wicked teeth defiantly laid bare
At any who might follow where you flee,
And fight to death, or still run wild and free!*

PINE CONES BURNING

by HELEN HOYT

*Lovely now at the edges of the fire
The burning pine-cones rose shaped
Turn into glowing roses;
Open their crimson, fire flushed,
Petals of dusky velvet
Fervid with frail breath
Of unsubstantial life.*

*Rooted in fire their moment of lucid bloom,
Feeding on fire; buds that perish
In the one exquisite unclosing;
That live in the one dying.*

*Tremulously, petal by petal, they flower—
Cone by cone, into the perfect rose—
The instant, uttermost shape of throbbing fire;
Then, petal by petal, rose by rose,
They pale into duskier red,
Cool back into shape of pine-cone;
Shrivel and die away in fiery consumption.*

PUMA

by FRANK CHEAVENS

*Feather foot
I did not hear you come
But FELT you crouching
Close within obsidian dusk
I saw you when volcanic hate
Erupted jade and amber fire
Through twin craters
In your satanic head*

THE PERAMBULATOR

by ELIZABETH WHITE

The bundle of blankets stirred and heaved:
A fist too tiny to be believed
Stuck out and stretched, like one at ease

The sun was lulling the city square,
As if no traffic nor crowds were there,
And the warmth was only for trees that were bare.

Just lying at ease, reaching out
To feel soft things wrapped close about,—
Was ever a world so deliciously right?

For there is always a presence to call upon
At any moment when things aren't done.
—Can the benches be haggard with mother's sons?
Why, I wonder!

LIGHTS ON THE SCOTTSBORO CASE

Nashville, Tennessee, Dec. 29, 1933

DEAR GAVIN: I believe your readers might be interested in a few facts about the Scottsboro case not generally known. I have been interested in this case from the beginning, and about two years ago offered my services to General Chamlee of Chattanooga. In May, 1932, he accepted my offer and asked me to work on one of the legal questions. I made two trips to the trial at Decatur, Alabama, and was also present when Judge Horton granted Heywood Patterson a new trial at Decatur, Alabama. By now this case—in which, as you know, nine Negro hoboes are accused of raping two white girl hoboes—has become world famous. To give the whole history and evidence would require several volumes. I assume that most of your readers are familiar with the facts as reported by the newspapers.

At the trial in Scottsboro the defense had no chance at all, as not only were the whole proceedings under mob dominance, but the attorneys had no time to prepare their briefs. The defendants were convicted in short order. The charge called for the death penalty. The Supreme Court of the United States reversed the case on the ground that their attorneys were unprepared and consequently the colored boys' rights had been violated under the 14th Amendment which gave our former slaves "equal protection of the laws".

Probably most people wonder why the prosecution has continued so long, and why the jurors continue to find the defendants guilty now that one of the girls who made the charges has confessed that the whole story was a frame-up. Both examining physicians testified that the girls were not in an hysterical or any way abnormal condition, and that Victoria Price's claim of having been struck on the head by the butt end of a pistol was not corroborated by any scar.

What motive could the girls have had in making this charge? They had been arrested and put in jail on a charge of vagrancy. They realized that they might be charged with violation of the Mann Act. They decided to make this countercharge first in order to be released from jail and further prosecution. Thus the machinery of the law was set in motion.

Why does the state continue the prosecution after it is apparent that the Negroes are not guilty? The state never likes to admit that it might have been wrong. Moreover, public sentiment is equally strong against New York attorneys (Yankee interference) especially when they have been sent down by a Communist organization like the International Labor Defense. In Alabama they have not forgotten the Bible or the Civil War. The Bible sanctions slavery and clearly proves that Jews killed Christ. The Civil War upset the whole economy of the South and the Communists would like to upset it still further. Hence Negroes,

Jews, New Yorkers and Communists are in equal disfavor. Jurors are usually selected from the class generally known as "poor white trash". It is an easy matter to arouse their narrow prejudice against any of these four. And when all four are aroused simultaneously, it is practically hopeless. So the farce continues.

In the first place, if a Negro is charged with rape, whether he is guilty or not, it gives the mob a chance for a Roman holiday. On top of that a Communist organization sends a Jew down from New York to defend a race which all Southerners feel for their safety's sake they must keep in abject submission. These particular boys have now become symbols. The Communists will use them as propaganda showing the injustice of capitalist courts. Were they ten times proven innocent the South would not acquit them now that the North has interfered. Scapegoats rarely know for what they are dying. So it goes....

Sincerely,

EWING C. BASKETTE.

EDITOR'S NOTE: On the arrival of this letter it was shown to a dunite named Alabama Slim, who was present at the first trial in Scottsboro, and whose reaction seems typical of the average citizen of his home state. He is one of the most popular of the dune fraternity, although of course no one here shares his opinion of Negroes. We think his reaction, utterly straightforward and unregardful of intellectual concepts, extremely illuminating in diagnosing the psychological reactions of the South.

Q. Do you still feel that the boys were guilty?

A. Absolutely. No nigger should have even been in the same car with white girls.

Q. What about the decision of the Supreme Court?

A. It has no business to interfere in local affairs.

Q. You don't think the 14th Amendment should be enforced?

A. To give niggers the same rights as white folks? I should say not. A nigger is halfway between a white man and an animal. Why treat them as our equal when they are not?

Q. Don't you think a Negro should be treated fairly?

A. Fairly, yes. They ought to be shot the moment they try to ride in the same boxcar with a white woman. Not dragged through three years of suspense in courts and jails. There's no justice in the courts anyway. You know that. The man with money gets out.

Q. But these hoboes didn't have any money, did they?

A. Well, they had a pretty rich Communist organization behind them. The girl who renegged on her testimony is probably on easy street by now.

Q. Then you agree with Baskett that it was a mistake to have sent down a New York lawyer?

A. Of course. Especially some Communist b— who wants to make a nigger president of the United States.

Q. What makes you so bitter against Negroes?

A. No one would be bitter against niggers if they were kept in their place. They simply are a lower order of intelligence than us. They haven't our idea of morals or our standard of living.

Q. Then in reality there is something akin to the California dislike of Orientals in the Southern dislike of Negroes. It boils down to an economic question?

A. I don't know about economics. But it would be a good thing if all the niggers could be shipped back to Africa where they belong. Then a white man could get a job. A nigger will work for a glass of whiskey and a necktie.

And there you have a very little discussed reason why the dispossed (sic) southern white hates the black now freed to compete with him in the stark question of earning daily bread.

THE DANCE AND SHAN-KAR

by EDWARD MCLEAN

DURING the past four seasons the advent of a dance-consciousness has been moving toward a climax, both for the artist and for his appreciator. There has been in America a tremendous amount of foreign influence which quite naturally has produced a series of phases, affected by the last seen exponent—whether it be Argentina, Pavlowa, Escudero, Kurt Joos, or Shan-Kar.

We have seen, under the spell of expensive advertising, the dance-minded public turn from its glowing enthusiasm for Argentina to an equal understanding of Mary Wigman or Shan-Kar.

Many dance schools throughout the country immediately serve up a two-weeks post-graduate course in the medium of the last seen dance exponent. And so it is that the dancer meets an audience on a very difficult ground. The growth of interest in this art has been so stimulated and accelerated by each season's more numerous contributions in this field that it has been difficult to differentiate the approach as a witness to a spectacle and entertainment, or to something that is not only to be enjoyed, but which also fills a particular place in the aesthetic and emotional need of today. This follows logically when one remembers the presentations given us by the Imperial Ballet and the Diaghieff group.

I do not quarrel with the two last named units and what they stood for. They quite definitely filled the need of that particular time; however, one who has seen the dance in its contemporary phases unconsciously is forced to admit some misgivings (even though there be a definite antipathy for the contemporary form and its translator), as he again is witness to a ballet such as was presented by the Russian group. I

do not refer to an appreciation of a technical mastery.

An art form must necessarily express both the emotional- and thought-pattern of the age in which it is conceived, and one must not lose sight of the fact that the creator works closer to the subjective ideal, as the performer, if he be not the creator, works in the objective sphere.

However, I should like to say something concerning Shan-Kar and his contribution to Dance. Here we have a form filled with symbolism and, many times, ceremony; an artist well equipped to present this phase of dance. So well trained is he, in fact, both physically and spiritually, that one forgets gender, and is carried through movement, with a degree of appreciation, to a certain oneness of emotional response. This form is primarily a nationalistic one, influenced by a religious culture extending through many centuries, with the good fortune to include extraordinary costuming and accompaniment. However, the writer cannot but feel the same spiritual and mental content in the ceremonial expression of our own American Indian. Both are deeply significant and both are scant in movement's vocabulary, and quite definitely satisfy the spectator from both a historic and ethnological standpoint. The former with the advantage of almost spectacular staging—while the latter in its primitive presentation suffers when presented to the average audience.

Equipped as Mr. Shan-Kar is, both as a dancer and as an actor, it would seem that should he translate the needs, credo and spiritual feeling of India today in a form that most clearly expressed this need or even in the old ceremonial one, his sentence would be infinitely stronger and more far-reaching; much closer related to our responsive feeling than it is in this particular presentation of his, wherein, neither has the aforesaid stand been taken, nor has there been a definite clinging to the culture that *was* India.

I am wondering if perhaps Mr. Shan-Kar was not told in advance about American audiences. In a brief moment of conversation with



SATYR

this young dancer I was forced to believe this might be so. He wishes to present to the foreign public the very traditional dances of his country. It seems lamentable that we should force other requirements upon so great an artist. (I remember that at his recent performance which I attended it was with great difficulty that the starched and be-ermined audience restrained themselves from their interesting conversations long enough to see the actual performance.) Are we still attending a dance concert hoping to be entertained? Should this art's function be purely pictorial and visional? I wonder in passing if there might not be some dancer who is both in and of America, who might have something to say which is much closer to our being—much more a solution to our need, and who does not have the benefit of highly heralded approach—the instrument which reckons the artistic worth of a performer. If this is so, must he still affect an intriguing foreign name?

We must not lose sight of the fact, however, that our country is one of the few in which dance has not been, until now, an intrinsic ingredient of our consciousness. Were we equipped to receive an expression of our own problem through dance we would be in a much better position to fully comprehend the content and import of foreign artists.

NORTHERN LIGHTS

SAN FRANCISCO never ceases to delight us. As this magazine is printed there, we have to attend its monthly rebirth, and each time we journey thither, further proofs of its fascination crowd in upon us, each with a new surprise.

This trip is already full of memories. Gogarty's sister, Mrs. Maflo Ryan, gave a benefit reception for young Dwight Strickland, a cynical poet in the contemporary stream of defeatism, yet curiously remindful of the mauve decade. His book of verse, "*Islanded*" has recently been brought out by Paul Elder,

and for much of its contents, is worthy of your attention. Better still if you could hear him recite his Swinburnianly modernistic lyrics. A born showman, this Strickland never misses a chance to flabbergast or charm, or otherwise capture the attention of his audience.

Mrs. Ryan herself is one of the city's characters. Her voice always takes us backward in time to old Dublin and the characters in Joyce's *Ulysses*, in which her brother was the Mercury of that mythology—the inimitable Buck Mulligan. You ought to buy some of the gramophone records of Joyce himself reading "Work in Progress". It takes that rich intonation to convey the full richness of its overtones.

TALKING OF OVERTONES, Henry Cowell is giving a series of lectures every Monday night at the University Extension, leading up to a much needed explanation of modern music. He told us about the upward progression of the overtones from C natural. The first occurs on the octave above. Next the fifth. Next the third, and so on in diminishing span, up to the sixteenth, beyond which few human ears can follow.

The most primitive harmonies seem to have consisted only in octaves. Next came the introduction of the fifth, heretofore heard only as a discord. Next the triad (C.E.G.). At that time the dominant seventh was considered a discord. And look now what the moderns consider chords! They *bear* the natural progressions of overtones way up in reaches inconceivable to most of us, and what to us in our humble stages of evolution are frightful discords, appear to them as harmonious as the common triad appeared to the innovators of Palestrina's day.... All of which bespeaks an evolutionary caste-system discouraging to those of us who feel like howling at the sound of any concurrant tones above number five of the overtone progression.

All the same, layman as we are in matters musical, Cowell's own compositions, especially the *Harp of Life*, played as it is with the entire fore-

arm on the bass, moved us emotionally more than any music we have heard in ages. Those of you who read "An Engineer's Idea of God" in the last issue will understand. Irish mythology has it that the Dagda *played* creation on a harp whose strings reached from hell to heaven. "Harmonic-Union-Creation". . . . It's a fascinating idea, worth meditating on.

IT WAS at his father's and stepmother's new warmly modernistic house that we heard this amazing cosmic music of Henry Cowell's. We never knew (and our loss it surely was) that Cowell's father was at one time part of an inseparable foursome, Jack London, George Sterling, Ambrose Bierce, and Harry Cowell. We never even knew that he was born in Ireland, a fine scholarly Trinity College Irish Gentleman out of the County Carlow. He came to Canada over forty years ago, lost all his money, disdained to write home for more, worked his way from the bottom—never losing, in even the most menial tasks, his Irish wit, his Irish scholarship, his Irish courtesy. And what seems even more remarkable, having attained no small fame himself in the world of letters, he now betrays no jealousy, but only the most beaming pride when he hears himself referred to as "the father of Henry Cowell, the most famous composer of the West".

ANOTHER interesting person we ran across this trip was Stowitts, born on a Nebraska farm, partner of Pavlowa at twenty, painter, designer, collector of oriental folklore. En route from Seattle to Los Angeles by sea, he had only a day in San Francisco. That day was started at a regal breakfast in a treasure-filled Chinese house overlooking the Golden Gate—heaps of amusing people were there, including Annie Laurie, a grand benign old lady dressed in black velvet and lace and an ostrich feather. She told one story we cannot help remembering, it touched us so on the raw: something about Eugene Field's starting a magazine in Chicago, and an old pal

asked why he was so polite to a fat old gentleman — "That" said Field in an awed whisper—"That is our subscriber".

To return to Stowitts: at the lunch later at Page-Fredericks' was shown for the first time his first woodcarving, a sleeping fawn carved out of teakwood rescued from a wreck off Redondo Beach, where he is living at present with his sister. The grain of the wood follows miraculously the contour of all the tranquil muscles. Imagine being able to dance as Pavlowa's partner, and paint so well that your collection is valued at two millions, and on top of that, be able to carve a masterpiece out of beach-combed teak!

AS WE WRITE, Chinese firecrackers are bursting in noisy flares outside our window. But we are too mellow with the wine of "Little Italy" to mind the noise—too deeply content to be here in this fabulous city. In our mind's eye we still see, as we saw this evening coming back from Berkeley, the lights in the tall buildings on taller hills. That skyline against the sunset fills one with prophecy and pride. . . . Bang go the Chinese firecrackers. Bang in hopes that Japan won't swallow China. In this city Kipling's famous dictum is proved a lie.

CALIFORNIA LOSES

THE SUICIDE of Roger Cowles, who had promised a contribution to the DUNE FORUM as soon as he could get down to the dunes to talk it over, is by far the most tragic news of this month. Even his severest critics could not but be moved by reading in the paper that this brilliant young Californian, giving up hope of ever regaining his health, had taken his life by inhaling the exhaust-gas from a hired car.

It was not only his health, however, which caused such desperate despair—although undoubtedly his consumption had from the start warped his point of view and caused the defeatism which colored his whole life.

His one novel, published in England under the title of "Distant Drums" and in this country retitled "The San Felipians" was well-reviewed by all the Eastern papers; not so well by the West, where pride was stung. Santa Barbara, his own home town, was particularly incensed, recognising itself as San Felipe, and not at all flattered by the picture.

It reminds us of the fury of the Dublin audiences when Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" was first presented at the Abbey Theatre. The rage of Caliban seeing his own image in the glass.... Only a completely sophisticated people like the English can thoroughly enjoy being satirized to their faces (witness the immense popularity in London of Bernard Shaw).

On all sides Roger Cowles was hounded by the protests of his fellow citizens. His family did not escape. Charles Hanson Towne could write in his Hearst column with delight at the brilliant characterizations, the delicious satire—but then Mr. Towne lives in New York, and saw only archetypes where Santa Barbarans saw their friends, sometimes themselves.

Of course the book was not a *fair* picture of Santa Barbara, or any other California town. Satire is never fair. There were kind people in Swift's Dublin; fine people in Voltaire's France. In the long run Ireland and France gained far more than they lost, angry as they may have been at the moment. So it will be with California. It is only a great pity that Cowles was not strong enough to survive the indignation of his fellow citizens. He was too vulnerable to the sincere arguments of his friends. He allowed himself to be convinced that his one great gift was cruel and unethical. He destroyed the whole manuscript of his second novel. He tried to write in the vein of kindness. The next manuscript which he sent to publishers was refused. Stripped of his unique gift, he was powerless even to earn a living. And California was robbed of a genius which time would have brightened with each passing of the mortal personalities he impersonally immortalized.

HALF A POUND OF ART, PLEASE

THE COIT Memorial Tower in San Francisco, a great circular affair which looms upon (and unbalances) the perspective of Telegraph Hill, has been turned over to the local artists on the P.W. A. P. There, in an atmosphere of deepest concentration, such artists as Ralph Stackpole, Victor Arnautoff, Lucien Labaudt, Julie Rogers, Zakheim, and others, are painting frescoes which even in the unfinished state give promise of being another contribution to San Francisco's beauty, and a further example of her good taste and virility in art. There was great indignation the afternoon we were up, in regard to the destruction of Diego Rivera's frescoes in Rockefeller Center, New York. Even assuming that the artist must necessarily conform to the commercial system of buying and selling, (and this necessity we deplore)—one wonders at an attitude which permits the destruction of a work of art in precisely the manner one would destroy a hat one had bought and did not like.

M. Mc. M.

PRISON POETRY

THE RECENT attempt at jailbreaking in the Washington State Penitentiary at Walla Walla makes timely the mention of one of the most interesting of our exchanges, *Agenda*, and a recent slender book of poems sent in by its editor, Adrian Huffman, entitled, "Atonement Offerings". The magazine is written, edited and printed by the prisoners. Some of its contributors write in polished English, some in the most racey "lingo" of the underworld. Frankly, it is the latter which intrigues us most. Language is not, as the academicians would have it, a static rule-bound solidity. It is a flowing river constantly revitalized by tributary streams and springs welling up from the needs of the moment. The language of Shakespeare would sound strange in the street today. At least half of our irregular verbs have become regular

through the reiterated use of "bad grammar" down the centuries. It is likely that "I seen" and "I done" will be correct two or three hundred years from now. A Hungarian friend once pointed out that the chief claim of English to be the international language lay not only in the fact that it is the most perfect blend of the Greco-latin and Teutonic branches of the Indo-European, but also in the simplicity of its grammar: "If you will still further simplify your grammar and phoneticize your spelling, Esperanto will be rendered useless by comparison."

Those prisoners, writing in their own language, are rendering a valuable service to English. We wish there were more of that sort of writing in this country. And though we enjoyed Adrian Huffman's poems, by comparison with some of the more vulgar contributions to his magazine they seemed tame and somewhat saltless. They stand rather tremblingly on the middleground between those who write as they talk because they can write no other way, and the marvelous richness of the highly educated who have gone beyond all the forms and patterns created by others in the past. Longfellow, Whittier, and the other form-followers will not be remembered as long as Whitman, who is the only American ranked in Europe with the immortals. We would like Huffman to let himself go—to allow the surge of his emotion to create its own form.

—C. A. A. 3RD

QUESTIONS TO ASK A BANKER

I. IF IT IS TRUE that the most fundamental cause of this depression is the imbalance between production and consumption, then: (a) Can a balance be restored and maintained under a system of "rugged individualism" with no restrictions on the free play of individual effort? (b) If, as is happening, it is found better

to modify *laissez faire* with some degree of control from the top, will this not tend to grow, to the end that it will ultimately approach a socialistic control? (c) If this is the trend, would it not be more in keeping to seek a regained balance by the direct method of subsidizing consumption rather than by the inverted one of subsidizing production for its lack of consumption?

2. If the only remedies for this Depression emanating from orthodox sources are the "removal of the causes" and a return to the *status quo*, then: (a) What will happen if certain causes refuse to be removed; if our own people refuse to cancel war debts, if a rising tide of nationalism throughout the world makes a lowering of trade barriers unlikely? (b) Even if what appear to be emotional impossibilities are accomplished, would not the changes in productive methods and in the geographical distribution of manufacturing since the war so have changed the face of the economic globe as to demand new methods? (c) Do not these changes tend to force us to turn our eyes within our own national boundaries for the consumption of a large part of our excess that was formerly absorbed in foreign trade? (d) Would this not necessitate a redistribution of the national income?

3. If, through technological improvements in tools and methods, we are increasingly able to produce more with a given man-hour of labor, then: (a) How are we to prevent the decrease in purchasing power due to technological unemployment from curtailing production, thus throwing more men out of work and starting a downward spiral? (b) Is there any method by which this problem can be attacked other than by raising wages and shortening working hours? (c) If new industries are depended on to absorb unemployed men and capital, will not this addition to productive capacity without a compensating addition to consumptive power tend to drive our present imbalance even further?

4. If the growth of production and the growth of debt are running along divergent lines, with debt increasing at an ever-faster rate than production, then: (a) What will become of that increasing portion of debt, estimated at as high as 80% at present, which is no longer adequately supported? (b) If, through the application of deflationary "sound finance" a large-portion, say 75%, of present debt is defaulted, what effect will this have on "confidence" and "equilibrium"? (c) If, to avoid this shock, a large portion of bad debt is artificially maintained will this not place an unhealthy burden on industry? (d) If the government should assume this burden, as to a large extent it has, would it not be morally justified in taxing the creditor class alone for the carrying charges thereon, and would it be violating any of the orthodox canons of private finance if it insisted on managerial control?

5. If it is argued that the rich should not be taxed too heavily lest the reservoirs of new capital be depleted, then: (a) If, even in normal times, consumption cannot maintain the plant already built at full capacity, is the need of new capital so acute as the need of more consumption? (b) Would it not be better, by severe taxes or an issue of social credit, to deliberately transfer more of this excess strength to the weaker spot, consumption, and so restore a more healthy balance? (c) Would, in fact, the drain be any greater than the present one of maintaining a non-productive fraction of industry in excess of consumption?

6. If, as competent engineers contend we can have a more equitable, workable and fruitful system than the present, is there any reason why we should not have it?

THE DUNE FORUM will be glad to print any answer to these questions furnished by a banker, member of the Stock Exchange, or other competent business man.

DIGEST

of Upton Sinclair's Plan for
Ending Poverty In California
(E. P. I. C.)

I. A LEGISLATIVE enactment for the establishment of State land colonies, whereby the unemployed may become self-sustaining and cease to be a burden upon the taxpayers. A public body, the California Authority for Land (the CAL) will take the idle land, and land sold for taxes and at foreclosure sales, and erect dormitories, kitchens, cafeterias, and rooms for social purposes, and cultivate the land using modern machinery under the guidance of experts.

2. A public body entitled the California Authority for Production (the CAP), will be authorized to acquire factories and production plants whereby the unemployed may produce the basic necessities required for themselves and for the land colonies, and to operate these factories and house and feed and care for the workers. CAL and CAP will maintain a distribution system for the exchange of each other's products. The industries will include laundries, bakeries, canneries, clothing and shoe factories, cement-plants, brick-yards, lumber-yards, thus constituting a complete industrial system, a new and self-sustaining world for those whom our present system can no longer employ.

3. A public body entitled the California Authority for Money (the CAM) will handle the financing of CAL and CAP. This body will issue scrip to be paid to the workers and used in the exchanging of products within the system. It will also issue bonds to cover the purchase of land and factories, the erection of buildings and the purchase of machinery.

4. An act of the legislature repealing the present sales tax.

5. An act of the legislature providing for a State income tax, beginning with incomes of \$5,000 and steeply graduated until incomes of \$50,000 would pay .30% tax.

6. An increase in the State inheritance tax, steeply graduated and applying to all property in the state regardless of where the owner may reside. This law would take 50% of sums above \$50,000 bequeathed *to* any individual and 50% of sums above \$250,000 bequeathed *by* any individual.

7. A law increasing the taxes on public utility corporations according to the value of the franchise.

8. A constitutional amendment revising the tax code of the State, providing that cities and counties shall exempt from taxation all homes occupied by the owners and ranches cultivated by the owners, wherever the assessed value of such homes and ranches is less than \$3000. Upon properties assessed at more than \$5,000 there will be a tax increase of one-half of one per cent for each \$5,000 of additional assessed valuation.

9. A constitutional amendment providing for a State land tax of 10% upon unimproved building land and agricultural land which is not under cultivation.

10. A law providing for the payment of a pension of \$50 per month to every needy person over sixty years of age who has lived in the State of California three years prior to the date of the coming into effect of the law.

11. A law providing for the payment of \$50 per month to all persons who are blind, or who by medical examination are proved to be physically unable to earn a living; these persons also having been residents of the State for three years.

12. A pension of \$50 per month to all widowed women who have dependent children; if the children are more than two in number, the pension to be increased by \$25 per month for each additional child. These also to have been residents three years in the State.

* * *

THE DUNE FORUM will be glad to print a similar digest of any other important political program for the State of California. We will wel-

come discussion of this plan, and the others. This magazine remains a Forum, and the political convictions of the Editors will not influence them for or against the fair presentation of all opinions.

(Reprinted from campaign pamphlet "1, Governor of California")

NOTES AND NAMES

THE DUNE FORUM is delighted to announce the acquisition of Robin Lampson as Associate Editor representing the North. He is the Editor of a column of verse and verse-criticism in the Berkeley Courier called the *Poetic Viewpoint*. At present he is engaged in finishing a novel in verse—the story of the building up of California by immigrants who came by way of Panama rather than over the plains. It is largely the story of his own grandparents. "Windjammer Voyage" is part of this, as is also another strong poem recently accepted by Scribner's Magazine.

Lampson is a man of the hills, educated not only at Stanford University (Phi Beta Kappa) but also in rough contact with nature and natural men and women. He spent three years with the American Red Cross in Russia, speaks and writes Russian fluently, and knows all the glories and horrors of revolution. He is essentially a man of the people. His sympathies are with them and his whole philosophy is concerned with the common plight of man in the here and now. The very reverse of mystical, he makes a splendid contrast and counter-weight to the charming Associate Editors representing the South

JOHN CAGE is the son of an inventor. He was born in Los Angeles twenty-two years ago. Seven years later he was begging his mother for music lessons. In the next number Pauline

Schindler will tell what she thinks of him as a composer. As a man he is no less rare and full of promise.

WILLARD VAN DYKE, who made the photograph reproduced on the cover, is a young Californian regarded by Edward Weston as one of the coming geniuses in that art. It is only recently that photography has been accorded a place among the legitimate arts. On this coast probably Edward Weston is the supreme master, and his commendation is enough to ensure a hearing among those who know. Van Dyke has been exhibited extensively in California. He lives and works in Oakland, but travels constantly. He came to the dunes, but tried to come down the beach at high tide, almost lost his car, and never reached Moy Mell at all. They had to content themselves with photographing the northern end of the dune crest, which is accessible from Oceano direct. We hope they will be luckier next time.

DR. HARTLEY ALEXANDER is the foremost authority on American Indian folklore, and in this capacity has been chosen to direct the symbolism in such buildings as the Nebraska State Capitol, the Department of Justice in Washington, and the Monument to American History which is under way in Philadelphia. He has promised to write on this subject for some future issue of DUNE FORUM.

MICHAEL BALTEKAL-GOODMAN was born in Vilna, then part of the Russian Empire, now capital of Lithuania. When the Germans conquered the city he escaped by way of Scandinavia and came to this country. Not satisfied, he kept following the sun to China, and then settled down to study law at the University of Vladivostok, which makes a specialty of training young diplomats for service in the Orient. In 1921 he returned to America, and graduated from the School of Architecture, in which he is now a member of the faculty. Aside from these duties

he finds time to practice architecture and draw the beautiful etchings on wood of which this example has been chosen not only by the DUNE FORUM, but also (independently) by the Library of Congress to be hung as one typical California Scene.

R. W. SCHINDLER is an Austrian by birth. He came to this country as a young man to study under Frank Lloyd Wright, and finally became his chief assistant, being in charge of Taliasin while Wright was building the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. Now he works alone in Los Angeles, still in the advanced guard of modern architecture.

EWING BASKETTE is a young Tennessee lawyer much too altruistic to succeed in this jungle age of individualism.

EDWARD MCLEAN is an American dancer whose first training came among the Indians of the Southwest — only later to be polished with modernity in the German schools of Wigman and Palucca. He has danced in the State Opera in Berlin, and by royal command, at the Courts of Spain and Italy. For a year he had his school in Kansas City. Now he has come to California, believing that his greatest chance to found a school of indigenous American Dance lies along this Western coast. On the 19th of February he gives a program before the Philomath Society in the Italian Ball Room of the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco.

RODERICK WHITE is one of that amazing family of brothers—Stewart Edward White, the big-game archer and novelist (whose wife is Elizabeth White); Gilbert White, the Parisian wit and painter; Harwood ("Beece") White, astrologer and tennis teacher to Helen Jacobs, Vines, Gledhill, et al. Roderick is a violinist and conductor, now building up an excellent community orchestra in Santa Barbara.

J. PAGET-FREDERICKS lives in Berkeley with his mother in a small apartment overflowing with Chinese treasures, rare books and pictures, and the finest collection of Pavloviana in the world. There is a reason for this latter, but we will not go into that now. In the next issue there will be one of his best Pavlova etchings with an introduction by the Grand Duke Alexander.

L. C. CLARKE is a resident of Santa Barbara. He is not a writer by profession and his principle interest is Technocracy. We like the way he responded to the spirit of the magazine and jumped right in to the discussion. We hope more of our readers will follow his lead.

JOHN VARIAN'S death three years ago was a blow from which the Halcyon Temple has scarcely yet recovered. Born in Dublin, contemporary of Yeats, A. E. and Ella Young, with them he was a member of the Hermetic Society, the Irish branch of Theosophy. He and his wife settled in this country many years ago, first in Palo Alto, and later at Halcyon near the Dunes. Although Henry Cowell was largely inspired by Varian's sagas (in such compositions as "The Waves of Mananaan", and "The Harp of Life") very little of the inspirer's work was published during his life-time. Perhaps now that he is dead California will wake up to the fact that he was one of its greatest poets.

MRS. PETTIT sent in her contribution from a small town in Oregon without introduction. We have no idea whether she is young or old, fat or thin, blonde or brunette. We only know that her poem has a lilt ageless as the fairies.

GEORGE PERRY lives in a small Texas town and is comparatively new to writing. "Miss Millie" is one of a series of sketches he sent us, all of which were excellent — but this particularly poignant, and true not only of Texas but almost every city, town, or village in America.

FRANK CHEAVENS also lives in Texas though he was born and brought up in Mexico. A very young poet of great promise....

LAWRENCE HARPER, with Walker Winslow, edits the magazine "*Pollen*" in Los Angeles.

HELEN HOYT is one of the best known of California poets. She is married to Professor Lyman and lives in Hollywood.

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The Book Stall in the Seven Arts Building, Carmel.

Henderson's Drug Store, Pismo Beach.

Osborne's Book Store, State St., Santa Barbara.

The Corner Drug Store, Ojai.

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