

BASEMENT

Apr 2 '4

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

FEBRUARY 22, 1935



MAX EASTMAN
THE WHITE-HEADED BOY
BY HAAKON CHEVALIER

"WEST COAST" PAINTING
BY RAYMOND E. R. LARSSON

MUSIC

THE THEATER

BOOKS

\$2 A YEAR

VOL. II NO. 8

10 CENTS A COPY

(Application for entry as second-class mail matter is pending.)

THE PLAYHOUSE CARMEL

SATURDAY and SUNDAY—MARCH 2 and 3

EDWARD KUSTER Presents the Brilliant Comedy-Drama

ANOTHER LANGUAGE

By ROSE FRANKEN

A GUEST PRODUCTION OF
THE FRESNO PLAYERS

"As shrewd and truthful a family study as our American drama has disclosed." —George Jean Nathan

Admission 50 and 75 cents—plus tax.

Tickets at Staniford's Drug Store.

CARMEL



EVEN A *Business Card* CAN BE made A SALESMAN
.... BUT *only* BY AN EXPERIENCED PRINTER

CARMEL PRESS · INC.

"The Printing House of Experience"

IT'S THE *Results* THAT COUNT—AND IT COSTS NO MORE!

Telephone 3794

**PENINSULA TYPEWRITER
EXCHANGE**

OFFICE EQUIPMENT

FRITZ WURZMANN
Proprietor

129 Franklin Street
MONTEREY, CALIF.

PACIFIC WEEKLY'S CONTRIBUTORS IN THIS ISSUE

LINCOLN STEFFENS' "AUTOBIOGRAPHY" still ranks high among the best-sellers in the non-fiction field.

CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD is a former corporation lawyer of Portland, Oregon, and of late years has written considerable poetry.

ETHEL TURNER lives in San Francisco. She has published several books of poetry and is the author of "One Way Ticket", a novel recently bought by Hollywood.

RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON was born in Green Bay, Wisconsin, but since 1924 has lived in New York and in Europe. He is the author of several poems and a contributor to the *The Commonweal*, *The Dial* and other magazines. At present he is the acting American editor of *Lilica*, a quarterly published in Genoa.

SIDNEY ROBERTSON lives in Carmel and in music.

DANIEL T. MACDOUGAL is a scientist of international note.

HAAKON CHEVALIER is on the faculty of the University of California.

NEXT WEEK

CAVENDISH MOXON writes "The Cause and Cure of Modern War".

ANNE ACKERMAN does "Soda Seekers at the Sorbonne". She is a Stanford under-graduate.

SARA E. REAMER paints a beautiful word picture of a picturesque California town.

DR. GEORGE HEDLEY asks "What price Immortality?"

ELLA WINTER reviews "You Can't Sleep Here" and "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze".

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

VOLUME II FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1935 NUMBER 8

CONTENTS

Notes and Comment	85
Lincoln Steffens' Column	86
O Alabama, by Charles Erskine Scott Wood	87
Max Eastman, by Haakon Chevalier	88
Deserts in the Making by D. T. MacDougal	89
Twenty-Eight Years in a News Room, by W. K. Bassett	91
Poems, by Ethel Turner	92
"West Coast" Painting by Raymond E. F. Larsson	93
Mr. Hearst: They Done Him Wrong, by Winthrop Rutledge	94
Music, by Sidney Robertson	95
Our Contributors	III
Next Week	III

NOTES AND COMMENT

FUNNY how we take—well, say, nine men, add up their ounces of intelligence, divide by nine and thus fix the intelligence of each. Then we ask them to decide a problem and accept the solution arrived at by five of them against that reached by four. Because we say that the majority of five has five times each man's intelligence as against four times each man's intelligence in the minority group. In other words, we figure that five men have more intelligence than four, just as though it were buttons on their trousers we are counting, or noses, or right ears.

That is, we do that with the United States Supreme Court which is such an august body that the story is told about the dusky doorkeeper who warned a mere congressman who pompously demanded entrance to the court's sanctum when the doors were closed and barred: "Ah warns you, sah, when you gets through with those fellahs in thar you sho ain't got nobody to pray to but Gawd."

We don't do it with twelve men on a jury, with their massed intelligence focussed on the weighty problem of a promise to wed, or an illegitimate baby or a mere man's life. We don't give consideration to seven-twelfths of their combined brains; it has to be twelve-twelfths or nothing.

Wall street, the bankers and bond-holders generally just have to accept gold as five-ninths of the United States Supreme Court fashions it—five-ninths of the brains of the Supreme Court. Maybe it is—we wonder.

UNITED STATES Senator George W. Norris should be lumped with the professors in William Randolph Hearst's list of pedagogues who are disseminating subversive doctrines among the students of our colleges. Last week Senator Norris told young men and women of the University of Nebraska in his charter day address that redistribution of wealth was a necessity if civilization were to be preserved. "This does not mean," he said, "we should take the property of A and give it to B. It only means the taking of money from the estates of the wealthy, where it can perform no real service for hu-

manity and the giving of it to all the people from whom it was originally taken."

Where we have noted a deletion, Senator Norris said "in the form of taxes", but the students of the University of Nebraska are going to remember what he said as we quote it; his premise, in other words, which is:

If civilization is to be preserved we must take the money from the estates of the wealthy where it can perform no real service for humanity and give it to all the people from whom it was originally taken.

Those are the words that will stick and they will stick harder and harder as time goes on and nothing is done about it. And those students are going to realize as they grow older and find life is far from being a bowl of cherries that the job of taking money from the estates of the wealthy is one which is in the hands of the wealthy; in the hands of a government which is controlled by the wealthy. They will realize further that the only way it can be taken out of their hands is by changing the capitalist system under which we are now operating and being operated upon.

Which few remarks again open the way for someone to yell "Communist" at us, and they can jolly well yell "Communist" at the Senator from Nebraska while they are about it—it is his premise, not ours.

TURNING to the mining town of Jackson, California, we see red and we see "Reds". In a special dispatch to the *Chronicle*, dated February 15, and which we beg leave to quote, we are informed of a gentle application of "vigilante law". Two hundred citizens, "made up of merchants and professional men", deputized as sheriffs and armed with rifles and pistols, moved on the camp of one hundred and twenty striking miners, burned their tent and threw their furniture into the fire. As the *Chronicle's* special dispatch tells it:

Equipment that had been within the tent was dragged to a bonfire in front of the tent and fed to the flames. Chairs, stoves, tables and boxes were smashed and hurled into the fire by the deputies after the pickets had retreated under threat of shotguns, rifles, pistols and tear gas bombs and the terse command: "Move on!"

Remember this isn't being told by a correspondent of the *Western Worker* or the *New Masses*, but by a reporter for the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Now see what the striking miners did to occasion this destruction of their property by armed forces, granted the backing of the law, again reported by the *Chronicle's* correspondent:

The action of the vigilantes followed a riot yesterday when 25 cars carrying non-union men who had returned to work at the Kennedy, Argonaut and Old Amador Wednesday, were bombarded with eggs, chunks of mud and epithets as they passed in single file through the picket line.

Then, to complete the picture, we have the final paragraph from the *Chronicle's* dispatch which reads as follows:

The miners' strike, which led to today's violence, has

been on since October 1, when the miners walked out of the Kennedy, Argonaut, Amador and Central Eureka mines. They asked higher wages, union recognition and better working conditions.

The answer of the mine owners was to announce a lockout. The Central Eureka resumed operations two weeks ago after recognizing the union and agreeing to arbitration through State Director of Public Relations Timothy A. Reardon. On February 13 the Argonaut, the Kennedy and the Original Amador reopened with pump crews and have refused union recognition.

All of which is merely another straw in the wind which is fanning the flames of our belief that the trouble we find ourselves in today is nothing to what we are storing up for ourselves in the future, or, if not for ourselves, for our children. We are fixing to make shambles of every decent principle on which this country was originally founded, and we are doing so by the treatment we are according and permitting to be accorded to those in this nation who have no means of earning their living except through the work of their hands. The success of the Russian soviet government, if it is a success, the Communist organizers in this country, are not making Communists nearly so fast or so definitely as the American Legion is making them, as the Eagles, the Elks and other so-called patriotic organizations are making them, as the bankers and the controllers of Big Business are making them, as the capitalist-owned newspapers are making them, as William Randolph Hearst is making them, as the mine owners in Jackson are making them, as they are being made by these vigilante groups with their ruthless and inhuman attacks on strikers; their destruction of private property; their high-handed, blind and senseless repudiation of the right of free speech and free assembly.

It is these forces, some of them knowingly, but most of them ignorantly, who are aiding other forces in a vicious and deliberate program to lead this country into Fascism, a Fascism that will be no better, probably no worse, than that of Hitler in Germany, but a Fascism that, while it will temporarily forestall an uprising of the workers, with its own contribution of blood, will only accentuate and augment and make more horrible the holocaust that it is endeavoring to prevent.

The thinking people of this country, those who honestly

want peace and comfort and security for their children and their children's children, should gird themselves to do battle on two fronts—against the forces which are endeavoring to make the United States a Fascist country on one hand, and on the other flank those who, through their insistence on the perpetuation of our present economic and social system, are forcing continued poverty and misery and vicious despair on millions of our people.

It's a big order and we here on PACIFIC WEEKLY have neither the power nor the intellect to suggest its weapons or its plan of battle, but we can cry out in our wilderness with a voice that joins many another from those who, like ourselves, are Americans, prideful of our country's past, still hopeful of its present, but fearful, Oh so fearful, of its future.

LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

HERE'S some good news to open with: "We are out of the depression and don't know it." James A. Moffat is reported to have reported that to the President. We don't even know that. It's a shame to be so ignorant.

THERE HAVE been several wired very hopeful inquiries after my health. I beg leave to answer them officially: "Not yet. I changed my mind last week without a creak; without pain or rage." Anybody will recognize that this is a sign, not of death, but that I'm living.

I CAN SEE an opportunity to get rich and corrupted in Hollywood; writing good "shorts" for the screen. There was a good one here this week by Sam and Bella Spewack, but most of them are bad, very bad. They keep coming all the time, the movie business has a real use for them; it's only the supply that's lacking. A job these days, you know.

THE VATICAN is setting up a press bureau.

THE FRENCH are not going to swear "before God" any more. "On their honor" and "on their conscience" will be their basis for perjury hereafter.

OUR THREE towns are contemplating with characteristic reluctance the formation of a utilities district as a step toward buying, operating and improving our water system. Water is very important. Not so essential as air, but more easily monopolized and sold for private profit. Many communities—some of them very safe and backward—own their own water. Every community—I mean every other community, whether town, state or federal—should take the bugs out of its water, at least, and let its people drink freely and without profit to anybody. But Monterey, Carmel and Pacific Grove have a principle to stand for. Public ownership of anything is a step toward Communism. It is: no getting away from that. Like the schools, streets and our views of the ocean and hills, anything held in common is Communism and shouldn't be left free to our enterprising grafters. But there is no money to be made in streets and scenery so we can wink at the common sense in that much of Communism. We have to, individuals won't have them. Water is different. Individuals can, by exercising their initiative, enterprise and combinations grasp our water supply, grab our water mains and sell them in New

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A Western Journal of Fact and Opinion

Published every Friday at Carmel, California. P. O. Box 1300
Telephone, Carmel 14

W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

LINCOLN STEFFENS DOROTHEA CASTELHUN
D. T. MACDOUGAL MARIE DELAVEAGA WELCH
WINTHROP RUTLEGE SARA BARD FIELD
HARRY CONOVER

CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE HILDEGARDE FLANNER, ETHEL TURNER,
GERTRUDE DOUGLAS, JOSEPH BARAS, ANNE NASH, ELLA WINTER,
MARION STURGES-JONES, WILLIAM JUSTEMA, LUCILE GARDNER,
JEAN WINTHROP, TILLIE LERNER, DOROTHY Q. BASSETT,
WILLIAM SAROYAN, HAAKON CHEVALIER, DOROTHY ERSKINE

Ten cents a copy. Two dollars a year. One dollar for six months. Twenty-five cents for one month's trial. Canadian: Two dollars and twenty-five cents a year. Foreign: Two dollars and fifty cents

York. That is business and we are, as Will Rogers says, suckers for business. It may be that our water system needs improvement and expansion; ahead of it looms costs and calls for more enterprise, fresh initiative. Maybe the water bugs, like our railroads can see further profit only in selling out for bonds. They know in New York that a mortgage on water or transportation can be just as good as private ownership to a fat man, and there are good citizens in our three towns who want, like me, to do whatever the fat man desires. I hope that we will go very slowly about this Communism, consult the enemies of our community before each step and take it only when our owners assure us that they see their profits guaranteed in our self-sacrificing plan. It's enough to be giving up our Constitutional Americanism and our water without asking us also to—I hate to speak the thought—hurt business, blessed, private, big business.

WHY IS IT that the sports writers are walking off their free and independent pages into journalism generally and up into fiction—even into literature? I think I know the answer to this question but I would rather leave it to the schools of journalism and literary critics, to English classes and reporters and writers to answer. I'll bet the sports writers themselves would be the last to tumble to this profound significance of theirs, and not because they are modest either. The key to my answer is in a word in this paragraph, an apparently accidental word. Radical papers might con the paragraph and learn something to their uses; their reporters need and lack it in their business. If they or anybody wants more, let them read André Malraux' cut article in the *Partisan Review* for February. But everybody that writes should read that article.

THE MOST liberal paper in San Francisco is the *Chronicle* and the most conservative, too. Conservatives may not know it, but I've been watching their paper for a long time now, and the strain there is to be fair and self-respecting and dignified. I say "strain", meaning a tendency against odds.

DR. TOWNSEND is changing his offer of old age pensions from forty-five years old to seventy-five. This enables us to take a disinterested view of this matter and curiously enough, we are not so interested in it.

OUR WASHINGTON correspondent, accounting for things that happen there which nobody seems to do or want to have done says: "They come from that pressure which is here all the time to find some means of getting rid of anyone who doesn't play the game, who hasn't been convinced, who doesn't believe that anything that business wants is of necessity quite right. And it is the arrogance of the liberals and especially of the brain trusters, it irks the business men who who have owned the government for so long that they cannot believe that any other kind of government is possible."

THE HEARST papers this week printed conspicuously, in swell type on the first page, a list of American professors and educators who do appreciate Soviet Russia. That is a service Mr. Hearst is rendering. It's a long, distinguished roster of good names. And surprising. I have been traveling around for years among American colleges, on the lookout for educated modern intellectuals who might open the minds of the youth and start them on the search for truth, and I had been disappointed. There were so few to be found. I had been preparing an article under the title "Is there any intellectual life in our colleges?" And I meant to answer and prove and illustrate that, "No. There is none to speak of." And now

Mr. Hearst, always a good newspaper man, comes along and says and illustrates that there is a large aristocracy of minds in our faculties, who are learning and (probably) teaching. They are not only thinking and collecting the data for scholarship, but they are noticing that some of the problems our old American and European methods of study cannot solve; that some of these have been solved and others are in course of solution by Soviet Russia.

In order to do this, in order to print this good news against our ancient prejudices Mr. Hearst has had to pretend that he is exposing and denouncing his discovery, but you notice that he sees and says that Soviet civilization is a menace to ours, that Communism is so much better than our Greek-Roman-English ideals and folk ways, that we must stand up and stand together to defend our poverty, riches and graft. But you can see, can't you, that Hearst, a Harvard man, knows better and means it all right.

The only drawback I can see in Mr. Hearst's treatment of his news is the pain and shame he must cause the common professors left off his list of honor. He might fix that by printing another list of teachers who will not learn anything from Asia but go on heroically and dully teaching what they learned from their fathers and from our Chambers of Commerce.

O ALABAMA

THE wind is blowing from the South.
Alabama.

And bloody froth on the black boy's mouth.
Alabama.

The south wind has a smell not good.
Alabama.

The south wind brings a smell of blood.
Alabama.

Stand up, black boy. Do you
know your sin?

Yes, Judge—the color of my
skin.

Alabama.
You shall hang by your neck
till you're dead.

Yes, Judge; and Christ for
sinners bled.

Look in your heart, Judge—
look within.

My sin is the color of my skin.
By the neck—By the neck till
you are dead.

Do you understand what I have said?
Don't stare at me with such a grin.

No, Judge—In the noose I'll swing, I'll swing, I'll swing.
I'll swing for the color of my skin.

O Alabama.
What's that which hangs like a plummet of lead
Against the moon?—and a sun blood red.

It is a man whose soul has fled.
It will hang. It will swing till the dawning grey,
Of the last, eternal judgment day.

O Alabama.

—CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD



MAX EASTMAN

THE WHITE-HEADED BOY

BY HAAKON CHEVALIER

UNDER the title "Shall Fascism Sweep America?" Max Eastman in an address delivered before a crowded auditorium in San Francisco launched a new heated attack against Communism. He was loudly cheered by a considerable section of the audience.

Max Eastman is an engaging, persuasive and most disarming person. Tall, well-built, with a lovely head of white hair setting off his tanned, beautifully modeled features that reveal generosity, frankness, courage and kindness, he impresses one as a creature specially favored by the gods. He speaks with ease, clarity and force, and reveals a fine sensitiveness to the value of words. His speech, like his writing, has a clean, unencumbered, running style that is always adequate to the subject. He has, besides, many gifts and accomplishments that make his performance noteworthy—a sense of humor, wide reading and great culture, a thorough mastery of all the tricks of logic.

Yet in spite of all this his speech was for many of us a rather unpleasant experience. Why does this man who seems the embodiment of sincerity reveal a studied insincerity? Why does this man who exudes frankness and disingenuousness convey an impression of dappled dishonesty? Why does he use his clear-headedness and his masterly logic to create confusion in the minds of his listeners?

He began his talk by making a heated denunciation of Communism. Communism, he said, is bankrupt, degenerate, fanatical and blind. Like early Christianity it expends its energy in the persecution of heretics, and it murders workers in the name of the working class. "I hold the Communist International responsible," he said, "for the success of Fascism in Germany." He did not even mention Social Democracy. America needs a different kind of leadership. He proceeded to give a fine eulogy of the American mind, of sound Yankee common sense. The American mind, we are surprised to learn, differs from other minds in its realism, its preeminently practical, scientific bent. He warmed the hearts of his audience by quoting Will Rogers at great length and praising his shrewd analysis of what is wrong with the capitalistic system. He then elaborated upon Will Rogers' picture of the disintegration of our civilization, pointing out the rapid breakdown that is heading us to destruction.

Can this destruction be averted? Yes, answered Max Eastman. How? Here he did an extraordinary thing. He said that all open-eyed, thinking men, seeing the imminent doom of the present system, would be led to study the causes of our social and economic malady, would go to libraries and find books that dealt with this problem, and would be led inevitably to study the works of Marx and Lenin! There is a way out, and that way has been tried. And it works. It works in Russia. Then came a long and well-documented account of the economic, industrial, social and cultural achievements in Soviet Russia. He quoted testimony from a wide selection of conservatives—economists, scientists, educators, medical authorities—all of them testifying to the fact that in every field (Eastman defied the audience to think of a field in which it had not made great advances) Russia is forging ahead,

while the rest of the world is rapidly marching backward.

Having abundantly proved his point that Russia had solved the problem which still faces the rest of the world, he was then led, by the natural and logical development of his argument, to show that Marxism, having achieved such dazzling success, was corrupt and degenerate, and that the communist party all over the world had sunk to the level of a stupid, bloodthirsty, fanatical religious cult, doomed to stagnation, incapable of leadership. What shall we do in America to avert Fascism? *We must think.* We must create an American conception, a conception arising out of American conditions. And we must use the American idiom. He saw a great deal of hope in the Workers' Party, recently formed by the fusion of the Trotskyite group and the American Workers' party. But even this group did not quite satisfy him, was not sufficiently scientific and American. Afterwards, in answering questions from the floor, he attacked individuals in turn for being dogmatic Marxists and for being un-Marxian. The audience went away, stimulated and bewildered. He was a good speaker, but what was he getting at? "First he praises Communism, and then he damns it," one old woman was heard to remark.

Max Eastman is a man who is at war with himself. There is not only one Max Eastman: there are many. And they don't go together. There is Max Eastman the artist (without a uniform), and Max Eastman the revolutionary (without a revolution); Max Eastman the philosopher (without a chair); and Max Eastman the scientist (without a laboratory). There are in him, besides, a poet, a psychologist, and I don't know what else. Yet all these put together do not make a whole Max Eastman. For he embodies a strange paradox: taken separately, the parts are greater than the whole, but taken together they do not form a whole. There is something lacking. If you ask a genuine revolutionary about Max Eastman he will tell you that he is a fine poet; if you ask a poet, he will tell you that he is a good revolutionary; and you will get a similar answer from a philosopher, a psychologist, and the rest. All respect him, but none will have him for his own.

"The Sense of Humor", "The Enjoyment of Poetry", "Since Lenin Died", "The Literary Mind", "Artists in Uniform", a novel, "Venture", "Kinds of Love", . . . An impressive row of books, a record of highly distinguished achievement. Max Eastman touches no subject without making a contribution to it. And yet in the work, as in the man, the parts taken separately are more satisfactory than the whole. His books seem to be the work, not of one man, but of many. Each book is a brilliant, original performance, containing much that is sound. Yet each book is an incomplete, one-sided treatment of the subject. His approach is always either an attack on, or a defense of, a man or a theory. Practically all his writings are polemical. They are polemics in which the personal factor always dominates. Max Eastman is a born rebel, and it is the spirit of rebellion which accounts for both the merits and the weaknesses of his work. It is this which gives his writings their freshness, liveliness and incisiveness;

it is this which causes him to give always a biased view of the truth. It has become increasingly clear that in all he does he is less interested in the truth than in Max Eastman. I have no doubt that to him the two are synonymous. But for an observer it is a little difficult to follow the truth while it is performing antics in obedience to a rather erratic individual's caprice.

The contradictions in Max Eastman go beneath his mere many-sidedness. They lie in the fact that, while on the one hand he has a passion for leadership and would like to identify himself with a group he is, on the other, unable to escape an ego-obsession, and alienates himself from every potential following. He is in the predicament of many people today, caught midway between the old and the new—unable wholly to reject the old or wholly to accept the new. With the avowed purpose of rescuing what is good in the old and admitting only the good in the new, his main activity has been to attack those who are honestly endeavoring to bring about the new. He would like to be a revolutionary. He has courage, and he could make a good fighter. But the Max Eastman in him seems to oblige him to stand on the safe side of the fence and throw rocks at those who are doing the work and the fighting.

"Give me a good, honest, American, scientific blue-print of the revolution," he says in effect, "give me a revolutionary party composed of intelligent, broad-minded, cultured, well-mannered men, give me a ripe revolutionary situation, and I will make a first-class revolution." He has been saying this for a long time. And no one pays much attention. The middle-class, to whom he chiefly addresses himself, listens enchanted and bewildered, somehow feeling that everything would be all right if only there were more Max Eastmans.

The memory of Lenin haunts him. Does he not, possibly,

dream of being America's Lenin? Yet look at the two men: Lenin—compact as a bullet, singleminded, undramatic to the point of self-effacement; uncompromisingly and relentlessly steering a straight course through the mad chaos of a world in upheaval; the whole wealth of his genius harnessed to a single purpose; a man without a personal life, the living incarnation of the will of a whole people. Max Eastman—genial, easy-going, wayward; passionately individualistic, with a colorful life full of personal emotions and adventures, his gifts flowing out in many directions; a dramatic figure, a Bohemian, a free soul, whose center of gravity is always in himself.

One law seems to govern Max Eastman's whole career: irresponsibility. Always he has gone his own free way, flirting now with this, now with that—quixotic, dashing, with an engaging bravado to which the hearts of women are not insensible. A knight-errant of revolution, breaking lances with windmills, always victorious, always righteous, always spotless.

We wish him well. Like the Will Rogers whom he loves, like his friend Charlie Chaplin, the pathetic child-man who in a dream-world full of sexual symbols wages an eternal battle with the Keystone giants, he is a colorful figure in present-day America, in which reality is so harsh and full of menace. We hope it will long be our privilege to cast a glance, from time to time, upon the poetic world in which Max Eastman lives, to freshen our minds weary with absorption in serious things by the sight of this ever-youthful Galahad, riding blithe and debonair upon his prancing charger. Through a magic leafy forest, full of spells and dragons, he rides pure and fancy-free, singing "Tire-lire, tire-lire!", in quest of revolution.

DESERTS IN THE MAKING

BY D. T. MACDOUGAL

THE present deserts occupy about one-sixth of the total land area of the world. The most notable dry areas are those of Western portions of the Americas, Northern and Southern Africa, Central, Southern and Western Asia, and Western Australia. As to progressive desiccation which would lead to more arid conditions, evidence seems to be accumulating that certain regions in Northern Africa and Central Asia now receive less rainfall than say two to five thousand years ago. This does not imply a continuous annual decrease. These regions may have had periods of a century or two in which the rainfall would be adequate for the support of a lush vegetation.

On the other hand, it is not to be assumed that a region becoming a desert always remains so. Red rocks, salt beds and wind blown deposits show that many places once arid are now moist and fertile. Uplifting and lowering of land masses, deflection of winds and changing sun-temperatures are all possible factors in the making and re-conversion of arid areas. These changes usually take place very slowly, but when the rainfall of a region falls to a level at which it does not replace the water which may be evaporated from water and soil surfaces (evaporation ranges from 15 to 80 inches annually in the Temperate Zone) any serious disturbance of the surface of the soil which breaks the sod of grasslands, or which re-

moves a forest covering may initiate changes ultimately resulting in desert conditions.

These statements are not simply physiographic theories: we need not go back in geologic time for illustrations, as extensive denuded areas in China have resulted from disturbances of the earth's surface by man in recent times. The evidence of these man-made deserts has done much to bring about a recognition of the possible disastrous effects of destruction of grasslands, drought and erosion in the states east of the Rockies, which reached a climax in 1934. This region receives a rainfall which on the average balances evaporation from the surface. It is much less in many years. The tough unbroken sod of the prairies survived these droughts in the time of the buffalo and the Indian so that the general condition of the region remained the same through many centuries.

After the surface had been broken by agricultural operations the loose dry particles of the surface were lifted by the wind and carried in dust storms for hundreds of miles, leaving eroded areas upon which vegetation would be replaced by the processes of nature very slowly, and which could not be utilized for growing crops.

So far have the agencies which act in making deserts been effective that 35 million acres of land have been ruined for



crop production. This fact gains in impressiveness when it is realized that this area would be equivalent to the part of California south of Sacramento, while an additional area equivalent to more than that of the whole state is in the critical stage of losing the top soil and changing to wind-blown wastes.

The production of forage has been so lessened that it has been found necessary to remove 8 million cattle from the region. Geographers are agreed that about two acres of tillable land are required to furnish subsistence to one person in America. There has thus disappeared from the national resources the support for a hundred million people.

We must go back to the time of the Tartar invasion of Europe to find parallel circumstances. The progressive desiccation of the ranges and pastures of Central and Western Asia caused a nomadic Mongol population to move slowly westward with its flocks and herds into the moist fertile regions of Europe already fully occupied. The ensuing and long continued clash of interests made much interesting history.

The long arm of the Federal government reaches out into our drought area directing evacuation of livestock, movements of a modern fixed agricultural population, and measures for recapturing the wasted areas at least in part. Some parts of the plans for bringing the area back to its former degree of utilization may not be fully carried through within the lifetime of any child over ten years old.

In past geologic time when aridity ran its full course in any region unhindered, there came into existence plants as well as animals with organs and habits adapted to life in dry places. The way in which these species originated must be left to one side for the moment. Also, since my own studies have been concerned with plants, these only will be discussed. It is well known, however, that the desert fauna is highly specialized: including animals that never take a drink of water, subsisting on dry grass seeds; lizards that endure ground temperatures of 170 and 180 degrees Fahrenheit, and species that hibernate through dry seasons and show other interesting departures from the habits of organisms inhabiting moister, cool regions.

Nor has man been exempt from the influences of the desert, some of which are so subtle as to elude analysis. It is probably true that the first intense concentration of populations took place along the fertile valleys of rivers traversing deserts, as in the case of the Nile, or the Tigris, making necessary the development of rules or laws affecting the most intimate acts of individuals and especially concerning the one important utility—water. Here in such irrigated places the food-supply first became adequate and secure with opportunities for accumulating a surplus, thus affording opportunities for contemplative life. It has thus naturally followed that the religious movements which have dominated the world during the last ten thousand years have originated in the wildernesses and deserts.

A few days in American deserts will make it plainly evident that the larger part of the native vegetation is made up of two general types. One includes hard, woody shrubs with restricted spinose branches bearing small leaves. Surfaces of all organs may be waxed and water-proofed with the result that the amount of water which may evaporate from such plants will be greatly restricted. The sagebrush of Nevada and Utah, the thorn bushes of Arizona and the bean trees of Mexico are examples of this type.

After all, these deserts are only a few million years old,

and the total rainfall for the years may reach an average of 10 or 12 inches. Under such conditions the drainage is not developed and much of what water does fall on the ground collects in pockets, while in other places the soil is powder dry. A great diversity of species results. In fact, as many different species may be found on a square mile of Arizona desert as on an equal area of the moistest tropical jungle. Arizona, however, is only semi-arid. If instead of following the history of this region imaginatively we inspect an older or more pronounced desert we will find only a few species that can withstand the rigors of extreme dryness. Thus on a camel journey of a thousand miles in the Libyan desert no more than a dozen different species of seed plants were seen. Many hundreds are to be found within the limits of a square mile of Arizona.

The deserts of Southwestern America are characterized by two rainy seasons, one in winter and one in summer, at which time the surface layer of the soil may be saturated to a depth of several feet. Evaporation is so rapid, however, that the soil soon loses all but 3 to 5 per cent of its moisture, at which low proportion roots cannot detach the liquid from the soil particles. Species with broad green leaves must cast them at this time and growth stops.

There is a large category of plants known as succulents which have developed tissues for storing water when it is abundant during the rainy periods. In some the leaves become thick and heavy as in the sedums and agaves, in others the stems are thickened, while the surfaces are reduced. This adaptation has been carried so far in the barrel cactus that no leaves or branches are formed, the whole plant being reduced to a great thickened stem of about the stature of a man, less in some species and slightly taller in others.

The most notable families which have adopted the storage habit include the sedums, the cacti and the euphorbias of Eastern Africa. The stored water is available for growth and production of flowers and fruits in dry seasons. Most cacti accumulate a supply of water by which they may live for two, three or even four years without additional supplies.

The greatest endurance yet noted in any plant, however, is that of the guareki of Sonora. This plant is a member of the squash family and stores water in the tuberous base of the perennial stem, during the rainy seasons. A plant about as large as the crown of a hat was placed on a museum shelf in the New York Botanical Garden in 1907. Curators of museums strive unceasingly against moisture and dampness, and the plant lived under such conditions for thirteen years upon its original stored supply, sending up short green shoots in mid-summer in accordance with its usual season performance.

Incidentally, it is to be noted that man and the horse which use the desert so much are least fitted of all land animals to live in places with a scanty water supply. Measurements show that a man afoot in an Arizona desert on a summer day requires sixteen to twenty pints daily, or about one-tenth of his weight, while a horse consumes eighty to a hundred.

Earlier forms of plant life inhabited streams, pools, and moist margins of streams. Only by a long series of adaptive changes have species been developed which are capable of continued existence in dry places. In fact, xerophytes or plants suitable for life in deserts did not come into existence until comparatively recent geologic time. In one sense such plants represent the highest specializations in the vegetable kingdom.

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS IN A NEWS ROOM

BY W. K. BASSETT

CHAPTER ONE

TO ME my newspaper career began on the day I first saw Robert Welles Ritchie.

On the morning of April 18, 1906, my dresser started to walk across the room to my bed. Outside my window the spire of the First Congregational Church whipped the sky like a lone reed on a hill in a turbulent wind. For nearly a minute it seemed as though I could reach out and pick dandelions from the yard next door as time after time our house laid itself down and then sprang back upright. There was the crash of bricks on the roof above my head and I closed my eyes to meet the Judgment Day. Figuratively I opened them two days later to see Bob Ritchie, sitting at a typewriter in the office of the *Oakland Herald* at Fortieth street and San Pablo avenue in Oakland, writing the story that went around the world.

In the some forty-hours interim between the rocking of the earth and Bob, I saw great cracks in Market street, I saw the skeletons of the Palace Hotel and the *Examiner* Building, I saw the flames first lick the walls of the Crocker-Woolworth Bank, I saw laughing women in nightgowns carrying empty parrot cages, I saw three old men sitting in chairs on the sidewalk in front of Flannery's saloon at Third and Market streets, their faces lit red by fire, I saw a thousand people rise as one mass and pour up Geary street when the top of the Cordes furniture company blew off and rained sparks on their camp in Union Square—I saw a circus, with hundreds of rings in operation all about me, with clowns and frightened animals, and the ringmaster invisible up beyond a shrinking sky.

In a strange and unholy brotherhood the three morning papers of San Francisco produced a combined edition—*Call-Chronicle-Examiner*—from the plant of the *Oakland Tribune* on April 19. On April 20 I was sent from the Oakland branch office of the *Chronicle* to the *Herald* plant with Associated Press yellow flimsy. In the turmoil of a news room given over to the groggy *Chronicle* staff someone whispered to me: "That's Bob Ritchie." And there sat the man who still, for me, wears an aura round his head, jabbing at a typewriter. That may have been the story that went out of Oakland for New York, but which went west, not east, across the Pacific and through China and Europe—the Associated Press story of the San Francisco earthquake and fire which precipitated Robert Welles Ritchie out of California journalism for a long time and lodged him on the *New York Sun*.

Still today, on the occasions when I meet Bob Ritchie, whom I have long been able pridefully to call my friend, I pay involuntary tribute to a newspaperman the like of which they do not produce today. It was in the hero-worship of Bob Ritchie, in association with such Titans in their craft as Stiefvater, Ken Adams, Fred Brant, Jack Densham, Stu Masters, Bill Jordan, Charley Colman and Max Stern that I found my way and learned newspaper work as cub reporters do not learn it today. Newspapers are bigger today, in volume of news and advertising, in comic strips and magazine

sections, in circulation and breadth of field, but they lack the quality those men put into their papers, and they lack the priceless depth of loyalty and labor those men had.

It was not until the year following the earthquake that I first found my place actually in a news room. It was on the old *Oakland Enquirer*, slowly dying after a brilliant life under the editorial control of A. B. Nye and Frank Leach. Gil Daniels, a stationery store proprietor, all but turned up its toes for it when John Connors took the emaciated thing only to keep it alive by the heroic methods of forced feeding. Hearst has the remnants now, amalgamated with a brief *Oakland Post*, and it is now the *Oakland Post-Enquirer*.

But when I walked into the *Enquirer* news room it was not as a member of the *Enquirer* staff, but as the assistant to Clayton Campbell whose job it was to produce each morning the *Oakland Times*, a four-page sheet, continued in the morning field in Oakland by the *Enquirer* to hold its franchise, as it were. It made an effort to carry news on the front page, but the other three pages were devoted to court records and legal notices in which there was enough return to pay for its publication. But I was as excited and enthusiastic as I never was again to be when I first stepped forth to "do the waterfront" for the *Times*. My first contribution was three long paragraphs on the arrival of a barge in the Oakland Estuary with a load of coal. Believe it or not, it appeared the next morning just as I wrote it. I suspect now, although it never occurred to me then, that Campbell never even read the copy. It didn't matter much what went into the *Times*. Not to some people it didn't: To me—well, I stayed up all night that night waiting for the *Times* to come off the old flat bed press.

In October of 1907 I got a job on the staff of the *Oakland Tribune*. Raw cub as I still was I was sent up to the police and city hall beat to fill in temporarily for someone who was off on a prolonged picnic. Bill Cox and Harris Bishop, veterans both, were swinging the newspaper whip up there. Bill was the San Francisco *Examiner* man, Bishop was on the *Enquirer*. There was no press room in that old City Hall; the boys used Police Judge Mortimer Smith's chambers. Proudly, and expectant of welcome, I walked into the single room dignified by the title of chambers on that morning of my first day on the beat. There was no greeting and the total absence of recognition led me to the erroneous belief that my arrival had not been pre-announced. I was wrong in that, but I was not wrong in the suspicion of a decided chill.

I had been informed that there was a typewriter belonging to the *Tribune* up there somewhere. It was, I was gruffly told, out in the court room. And what was more, it didn't get back into the improvised press room for a month of Sundays, either. It was during that period that I got my baptism of fire. I am not ashamed to admit that I wept about it then, but I am also bold enough to assert that myriads of times since then I have thanked what gods I have for it.

So out in the court room I went, waited each morning for the adjournment of cases, and put my typewriter on the court

reporter's desk and tremulously did my work. They permitted me to use the telephone in the press room as it was the only one available to me. The first day this is what hit me. I walked in very quietly, not to disturb the men who were gods to me—imagine, I had been led to believe, and the information was correct, that they were getting twenty-five dollars a week! My pay was fifteen and wonderful. Twenty-five was a fortune. I reached it in three years.

I walked in the first day to use the telephone. Bishop and Cox were at their typewriters. I called my number. As I waited Bill's typewriter quit clicking. Without looking up and in a casual tone he asked: "Think the baby will die, Harry?" Bishop hardly slowed down the run of his fingers on the keyboard, but his answer was easily heard by me: "Don't think so, but the mother will."

When my city editor answered the telephone he must have thought I had suddenly been shot and was gasping my last. I don't know what I said to him and I don't think he made anything out of it. It was agony to seem to walk unconcerned from that room, but once outside I ran around in circles for the better part of three hours. Finally, when my paper's first edition had gone to press, and without any of the routine from the city hall, I was able to report to myself that not one of the two hundred members of the police department, not one of the city hall officials, not one of the city's dozen undertakers, not one of the four hospitals in the town knew anything whatsoever about any mother or any baby being ill, hurt, dying or dead within a radius of fifteen miles from the center of Oakland. And neither did the frantically-bought and scanned first edition of Bishop's paper, a competitor of mine, know anything about it.

For two years I lived that sort of life and then one day Harris Bishop and Bill Cox smiled on me, and two years later I got a by-line from a city editor who was a city editor.

I charge to my enthusiasm and my faith in the honor of my trade, that the un-written, un-spoken inhibitions forced on a newspaper reporter did not early become apparent to me. The bold, devil-may-care, careless and independent atmosphere of a news room fooled me. A newspaper, my newspaper, was afraid of nothing. You couldn't talk back to a newspaperman; you didn't dare. You couldn't keep anything from him; he'd get it anyway, principally the way you didn't like it, and print it, too. There was no force, no organization, certainly no man who could scare me or my newspaper. I had the power of the press behind me and nothing could stand up against that.

Then—

I was still on the city hall beat for the Oakland Tribune. My city editor was a man named Ingram, diminutive of stature, but with the gruffness and pomposity and overbearing attitude common to the man of subnormal size. I had occasion to call him one day in great excitement. I had a story, and a knock-out. A policeman who had been a friend of my father, and who wanted to help me, tipped me off that a parson was in jail, pinched, he said, on the complaint of the mother of a fourteen-year-old girl. Hell's bells, what a story! I gathered the facts from a strangely mystified police sergeant and called Ingram. On my first announcement he appeared as excited as I was.

"Good stuff," he said, "What's the bird's name?"

I gave it to him.

"Oh, yeah? What church?" There was a sudden let-down in his eagerness.

I gave him the name of the church, a Roman Catholic

church in East Oakland.

There was no doubt about his apathy now.

"All right, forget it," he said.

"What do you mean, forget it?" I demanded.

"Just what I said. Forget it," and his telephone clicked.

Since then I have written stories involving Protestant ministers in about every misdemeanor and felony on the statute books, and I have run my legs off getting pictures of them from the time they were babes in arms up to the doorstep of their crimes, but of the thousands of Roman Catholic priests in these United States not one has ever, as far as my typewriter is concerned, illegally spit on the sidewalk.

Do you know what would make a highly interesting publication? A brochure, issued by the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, explaining the 100 per cent perfect morality of Roman Catholic priests as evidenced by the files of the free and independent American press, and the comparatively low percentage attained by the priests of all other Christian denominations, as obtained from the same evidence.

(To be continued)

POEMS

BY ETHEL TURNER

TIME'S PACE

The buds break too slowly in my garden.
Under the changing sky
They hesitate and dream, uncurl a little,
While every morning I
Walk the brick paths with eager footsteps, waiting
To see them spread apart
Their too reluctant petals, and uncover
The secret golden heart.

The buds break too slowly, but the seasons
Stream over like dark swallows.
It frightens me to see with what wild hurry
Winter on summer follows.
I cannot keep pace with the flying seasons,
Yet down red paths I go
And marvel that the delicate sweet breaking
Of buds should be so slow.

WATER GAZERS

They, the water gazers, kneeling low,
Piercing the flood with passionate deep looks,
Seek more than mirrors have the art to give,
In blue-washed pools, in golden-gravelled brooks.

(Narcissus, Melisande, Ophelia—
All shining names) . . . This lonely-hearted host
Stoops pleadingly to some uneasy shallow
That takes the flesh and offers back a ghost.

Sometimes one says: "How beautiful am I!"
But oftener their hearts break, as they strain
To force a secret from a space of water
That's briefly melted snow and dew and rain.

"WEST COAST" PAINTING

BY RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON

IT IS not as a staunch partisan that I approach "West Coast" painting. Indeed, I am partisan neither of this climate nor these cities: few cities in America are distinguishable one from another; Cleveland and Oakland are almost indistinguishable, except for the sizes of the bodies of water. If I am partisan, it is as partisan of country: the weekend half acre in Rye as well as of the copper and tarnished psalm of Utah. It is perhaps because of this single partisanship of mine that I find what currently passes as "West Coast" painting neither surprising nor satisfying, and that chiefly because the qualities of the country are conspicuously absent from it. The painting in which the singularities and the character of the country actually appear are sufficiently limited in number to give point to such a generalization.

It is true that my knowledge of the painting of the "West Coast" is limited. It is gained from a number of one-man shows and particularly from two general exhibitions. Yet the exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association current at the new and vast galleries of the San Francisco Museum of Art—some four hundred entries—is certainly sufficiently inclusive, if it is nothing else, for one to base upon it an honest and fair if not a precise, judgment. The exhibition in the smaller gallery at Mills College would afford a less reliable basis for conclusions, for the work of certain painters, conspicuous for talent in the first of the two shows, is absent.

Except for the fact that there is more order, even at times a certain distinction (and also, at times, a perhaps accidental irony) in the hanging of the Museum of Art, and also that there are fewer genuine and deliberate "howlers" to excite the ribald spirit, one might easily imagine that one were encountering The Independents! There is as little genuinely distinguished painting as that.

However, what seems to me even more remarkable is the absence of significant regional painting. What landscape painting there is is chiefly the dull and spurious painting of the academies, so indistinguishable from the academy painting in Iowa, Pennsylvania and Buffalo, that one would have need to feel no embarrassment to mistake most of the landscape painters for Iowans, let us say. Lamentably, it is as easy to distinguish in California the influence of Henry Miller as it is in Woodstock: the sunlight nowise transforms a painting showing it. And since the primary requisite of an art native to, and typical of, a region is a direct apprehension of the qualities of that region, it seems only a puerile falsification to term "regional" a California landscape painted in the very key habitual to the school of Woodstock's secondary painters. The Hudson is not the Sacramento, the San Pablo Bay not Long Island Sound, the bare and lion-colored San Leandro hills of midsummer are not the Catskills: the distinctions are intrinsic and obvious; that they are not immediately so in the landscapes of western painters is the inadequacy of western art.

The absence of any true regional character in the painting of the "West Coast" is perhaps due primarily to the rarity of even modestly distinguished talent. In the entire exhibition, only one painter of genuine distinction is discoverable: Mme. Jane Berlandina (Howard), and since Mme. Berlandina is French, distinguishing as her presence may be to California painting, it is not yet tactful to claim her as a Californian.

One hastens to add, however, that Mme. Berlandina's entry in the Museum of Art exhibition is not conspicuous for regional quality: it is conspicuous as a work of art, "modern", immediate, related to, yet aloof from, the painting of these times; possessed of that genuinely astonishing talent a work of art has of becoming at once an archaic identity, disengaged from time, existing wholly in the world of finally created things. Honoring as it does the San Francisco contemporary collection, it would assert itself with equal quiet aplomb in the gallery devoted to nineteenth-century French paintings: Renoir, Degas, Cezanne, so on. Four nude female figures with fish baskets, it is remarkable for the clarity and the repose of its color, for the balance of its forms, and for satisfying and surprising painting, both loose and unerring. It deserves to find house either in a large and public or private and fine collection.

But to return to regional painting: one talent sufficiently aware of the character of California would be sufficient to start a school. Naturally, a school is to be avoided if it can be, but even an inseparable group of painters impossible to disengage one from another would be preferable to the current absence of real regional painting. As it is, it is amusing to realize that Derain, with his Midi hills and willows, his sunlight and *smell* of a definite *milieu* is more readily acceptable as a painter of California than the Californians included in the current show! Surely, his style (in his landscapes, naturally) is more sympathetic to the problem of transcribing the character of the paradoxical barrenness and abundance of California than the dry and urban, studio approach, let us say, of Miller.

Discoverable from this season's exhibitions, there seems no California tradition in painting. Even the Spanish influence—which has elsewhere and all too abundantly left its mark; oil stations, cinemas, apartment houses, insufferably monstrous villas—remarkably is absent. Even the provincial nineteenth century "Spanish" tradition would be fecundating, one thinks, and certainly more agreeable to the *milieu* than that of the contemporary Woodstock school. Are there indeed no California primitives? Are they all cowed by the academy tradition, or ignored merely?

My implied point is: it is begging the question to complain that the opportunities for study of the best contemporary painting are exceedingly limited here. Doubtless, they are: certainly those exhibitions I have seen of contemporary painting abroad (I do not include the current exhibition of French nineteenth century painters) were definitely second- or third-rate—the ephemera of the studio and the gallery, exhibited quite obviously less for quality than convenience of transportation. But it is less important for a painter to see pictures than to see.

And to be sure, intelligent criticism of painting is publicly non-existent: one gathers what is presented to one by the Sunday supplements as criticism of painting is not unlikely the police reporter's half column. There is little external encouragement, true: the demand and incentive, however, should be internal.

The interesting talents in the exhibition are not difficult of enumeration: Eugene S. Ivanoff, whose colors are warm,

whose painting is pleasing if it is not, so to speak, profoundly motivated; Dorothy Duncan, whose "Figure with Pale Hair" seems, retrospectively, the most satisfactory of the figure compositions, subtle and personal in color; William Gaw, remarkable for the variety of the influences (all of the *ecole de Paris*) transparent in his work: Redon, Derain, Vlaminck,—undecisive, young, promising for all his lack of a personal vision; Frances Lieberman, who paints *a la Kuniyoshi*; Martin Fletcher, *a la Watkins*; Yajire Okamoto, whose orientalism is definitely come from below Fourteenth Street and above Washington Square; Frede Vidar, whose "Twin Peaks", although it is "out of" Vlaminck and wrong in key in the painting of the sky, is one of the few interesting landscapes; Lorser Feitelson, a primer *Surrealiste* (draped nude torso, abdomen reflected in a glass, avocado, egg, a sun); David Park, whose water-color *Surrealisme* smacks somewhat of the "commercial studio", whose only oil is indifferent to say the most; and of the sculptors, Adaline Kent, particularly for a sensitive and delicate standing figure; Robert Howard, for wood-and-copper hawk and fish (except that the hawk is not completely round in conception); Brents Carlton.

The galleries in which the paintings are hung are excellent. If the architectural detail of the foyer reminds one of Muriel Draper's phrase (in conversation), "pastiche of false elegance", it does not detract from the superb lighting and impressive wall space. No New York secondary gallery open to the general public is better suited to the showing of pictures. But the problem of the directors of the Museum now is to find pictures to hang which are worthy of the galleries. This opening exhibition is not of such.

(Note: Since this article was written, prizes have been awarded paintings by Ray Boynton, Eugene Ivanoff, Otis Oldfield. This circumstance nowise invalidates these opinions.

—R. E. F. L.)

THE THEATER

MR. HEARST: THEY DONE HIM WRONG

BY WINTHROP RUTLEGE

THERE is no justice, it seems, in this crazy world. The noble souls who do the most striving on behalf of their fellow-men are the most apt to be done wrong. Take Mr. Hearst, for instance. (Please take him; I don't want him.) There's a man who is really trying to do something for the country. He has fought communism like the bravest of the White Guards, and every week he sweats himself into an apoplectic frenzy trying to save our schools from the menace of thinking. He has battled to protect the kindly rich men of the land from taxation, to rejuvenate our national spirit with another war and to keep the movies innocent, dull and prosperous.

And what happens to him? First M-G-M does him wrong

and now it's Warner Brothers. His Cosmopolitan productions once were made in the M-G-M studios; it was there his very close friend, Marion Davies, achieved (see files of Hearst papers) her many triumphs. Many exceptional non-Davies pictures were made there for Mr. Hearst, too—"The Thin Man" was one of them.

But then came the hitch. Miss Davies had a mighty yen to play the Katharine Cornell role in the screen version of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street". Mr. Hearst thought it would be nice, too. But Producer Irving Thalberg had another idea. He gave the role to his wife, Norma Shearer. Now, Mr. Hearst is not the sort of man to stand by and see his friends treated in any such manner. He pulled Cosmopolitan Productions out of the M-G-M bailiwick and took them over to his new friends, the Warners.

It was announced that Miss Davies' future films would be made in the Warner camp, as would all Cosmopolitan productions. Dramatic editors were notified throughout the Hearst service that the chief had no further interest in M-G-M, and from that time on it would be Warners who could do no wrong. Then came the announcement that the first Cosmopolitan-Warner effort would be "Devil Dogs of the Air", the ballyhoo began.

Now, it is understood, Mr. Hearst is feeling a little let down. "Devil Dogs" has come and gone, and it is one of the year's prize turkeys. In fact, it's quite awful—so bad that Market street showmen hold their noses when they mention it. As a glorifier of the good old Marine Corps, it's a patent failure; its story is so infantile that even the Boy Scouts are pooh-poohing it.

A motorist, driving by the M-G-M studios in Culver City a few days ago felt the ground trembling and, fearing an earthquake, drove to the curb and halted. Great undulated waves of sound were issuing from the buildings and the corrugated iron was vibrating on the framework. The motorist walked nearer and listened. The sound was a contrapuntal ensemble of alternating chuckles and guffaws. The motorist was bewildered. He did not know that the entire studio force had attended the opening of "Devil Dogs" the night before.

The Messrs. James Cagney and Pat O'Brien perform with their usual brazen aplomb and Margaret Lindsay does the best she can in the way of romantic interest, but alas, they have no material to work with. Someone was writing with his elbow when the story was concocted and there was nothing anyone could do about it. It retells the old chestnut about the two winged marines at war with each other for the love of the sweetheart of the corps, and fails to tell it nearly as skilfully as it has been told on countless previous occasions. In the end, for no reason that anyone can discover, O'Brien bows out and gives Cagney the girl, plus a comradely slap on the back. The marines, if this picture is to be believed, are going soft; when the Asiatic hordes begin invading us, we'd better trust our defense to the more robust Powell Street Boys. Yes, Mr. Hearst, they've done you wrong.

Seeing this picture, one cannot help but feel sorry about Jimmy Cagney. Here is a capable and intelligent and sensitive actor who, because of his initial successes at hardboiled roles, has been given nothing else to do in the movies. It has never occurred to the producers that the reason Cagney can portray an illiterate so superbly is that he is not by any means an illiterate. If you want to see an example of this, see him in any picture at all and then watch George Raft in something such as "Rumba". Then you'll realize why it takes an intelligent man to play a beetlebrow successfully. Cagney

could do amazing things for the films if his producers had but the imagination to realize his potentialities. But, alas, they probably won't.

THE new company at the Alcazar continues to move along, gathering bigger audiences each week and proving that it intends to give the town the best in drama at prices which compete with the film parlors. The new play at the Alcazar is George Kelly's "Behold the Bridegroom", which won the praise of the Broadway critics in 1927, when it had its premiere. The Kelly play is a highly civilized affair, having both its good points and its bad ones. The former are that it is written skilfully and often poetically, that it is a severely etched criticism of a young woman reared in an era of successful and arrogant capitalism and that it shows the futility of the lives of the pampered daughters of the financially great.

Its first main fault is that it talks through its three acts without ever permitting anything much to happen. The second is that Kelly, being a stoical puritan, insists that because his heroine has been a willful and wicked young woman, she must pay the price with death and bitter disappointment. The fact that she has had enough intelligence to discover her true self apparently is no extenuating circumstance to the author. He is determined to have his eye for eye, and tooth for tooth. And so, when she meets her "bridegroom", the first man whose critical eyes serve as mirrors in which she may see herself as she is, she meets him in a shadow of doom from which she can never emerge.

But the company, ably directed by Harold Helvenston, does the play capably and it makes a worthy evening for the thoughtful playgoer. I am told that the troupe soon plans to produce a new play called "Swallow A Camel", by Lloyd S. Thompson and Charles L. Appleton—a bitter and rancorous tragi-comedy which pillories a good many of the foibles of modern America without relent. Thompson, by the way, recently was dramatic editor of Hearst's San Francisco *Examiner* and an active worker in the organization of the Newspaper Guild. But he was removed, not for that, but because of the recent wave of economy in the *Examiner* office. Oh yeah?

THE SOVIET motion picture industry, in honor of the seventeenth anniversary of the October revolution, has produced an extraordinarily moving tribute in celluloid to the memory of Vladimir Ilytch Oulianov, who will be known down through the ages as Nikolai Lenin. The film, "Three Songs About Lenin", (Columbia) is something no student of the Soviet revolution, no enthusiast for the art of propaganda and no devotee of the technique of motion picture making should miss.

It is the work of Director Dzega Vertov, for many years ranking newsreel cameraman of the Soviets. He was first popularized to American audiences by his short film "The Man With the Camera". In "Three Songs", he has taken a wealth of authentic newsreel material, bound it together with original scenes and given it an amazing power over the emotions of its spectators.

As the title implies, it is divided into three parts, each having as its theme some song of the masses in honor of the main-spring of mankind's greatest liberation. The first, "Under a Black Veil My Face . . ." is the song of the Tadjik women, freed from sex-slavery by the revolution, educated and made

the comrades of their liberated men. Its most impressive scene is that wherein a desert dweller turns a dial and hears the exultant roar of the May Day celebration in far-off Moscow.

The second, "We Loved Him . . ." is a combined visual and auditory tribute to the dead leader whose spirit lives on in the continued achievements of the Russian workers for whom he fought. In it we see Lenin speaking to great meetings, fighting against compromise with the foes of the masses, chatting smilingly with comrades, or tirelessly studying plans for the making of the New World. Then we see the bench on which he spent the last days of his failing life in the sun. . . It is covered with snow. . . Comrades are carrying his casket over frosty pavements and great throngs standing in the Red Square to say final farewell. . . All over far-flung Russia life halts for five minutes in honor of the greatest figure the century—perhaps many centuries—produced.

There are flashes of the face of the leader in the tomb and the audience hears his voice, of which records were made while he lived, giving to the people his inspiring message—"Victory will be ours!"

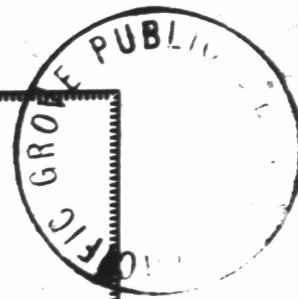
The third song, "In The Great City of Stone", carries the spirit of Lenin on to achievement, to the building of the new society, to the erection of great dams and power plants, the opening of steel mills, the working of mines and mills by emancipated workers. We see schools full of healthy children at work and at play, printing presses whirring and the awakening masses reaching eagerly for their books and newspapers.

The director has built powerfully, using both sight and sound with high effect. It is an imagination and emotion stirring spectacle and a magnificent tribute of a liberated people to the man who pointed out the one clear and direct road to that emancipation. I can do no better by it than quote Ambassador Bullitt, who said:

"It gives an overwhelming impression of the power of the human will to break through all obstacles and to create new forms of life."

MUSIC

EDITED BY
SIDNEY ROBERTSON



THE three concerts given by Messrs. Stravinsky and Dushkin last week in San Francisco, Palo Alto and Carmel were very different in their effect on the audience, though the programs were identical (*Suite Italienne*, a set of variations on Tchaikovsky's *Humoresque*, the *Duo concertant*, and arrangements from Stravinsky's orchestral works.) San Francisco came in a neutral state of mind and for the most part remained there. In Palo Alto, his audience was too young to risk any whole-hearted expression of approval. It is so important, when one is twenty, not to be taken in!

Hearing Stravinsky's wildly enthusiastic reception in Carmel, which he was enabled to feel resulted from some degree of understanding responsiveness, one was struck with the difficulty of concentrating on any other sort of music, especially in comparison with Hofmann's program two weeks before and the evening of Debussy given by Garde and Dansereau.

Here no sort of mental discipline seemed to be required to focus one's whole attention, continuously and without stress. Next to a naive astonishment that music was so beautiful, this seemed to be the aspect of the concert which struck the general public most forcibly. This leads to the suspicion that Stravinsky is really what he claims to be, a composer of the present. Great admiration is due the fine ensemble the two men have achieved, a real feat considering the exigencies of the music, and the amazing purity of Dushkin's tone, owing in part to an intonation no less perfect than Heifetz'.

It is illuminating to see a chronological set of reviews of the work of Stravinsky, for apparently the more cultivated the critic is as a musician, (that is to say, the more immersed in the older music), the longer it takes and the harder it is for him to discover the relation of Stravinsky to musical history. Olin Downes, for example, certainly the most dependably intelligent critic in this country, until very recently classed Stravinsky with the smarty Parisian expatriates who compose as they would invent a crossword puzzle, not exactly with tongue in cheek but certainly without drawing on any creative source. Not so long ago, however, Downes said of *Petrouchka* that there is no more stimulating and illuminating modern score, and of *Oedipus Rex* that it is the most important composition in musical history since *Pelleas*, which would seem to imply that while Downes has not yet quite put his finger upon the key to Stravinsky, still he is on the verge of granting him something more than technical interest merely.

In a volume edited by Carl Engle (1933) called "From Bach to Stravinsky", there are included two articles by Paul Bekker, on the romantic movement, late romanticism and modern trends, which seem to the writer to present a simple and comprehensible point of view of contemporary music—one from which Stravinsky can be seen as easily the greatest exemplar of the present direction of flow of musical history. Those who express impatience with what he is doing have probably been insufficiently exposed to it, and the musicians who carefully point out that a really great composer is never successful in the world (Brahms? Liszt? Beethoven?) and that all really great music has come from some impecunious man's garret, can now be fairly clearly seen as rather envious and as attempting wishfully to increase the importance of their own little garrets. Bekker makes it clear that as long as, in classic times, music had its source and its force in the realm of the impersonal, the universal, (Bach, Mozart, Beethoven), the life a man led affected his work but little and he could safely lead a comfortable and uneventful existence, his personal experiences counting for little in the use he made of the creative spirit. When the romantic movement appeared on the next wave, (which no one now would belittle as merely reactionary), the subjective, the particular, the individual experience had its fling as a source of creative power (Schubert, Schumann, Berlioz, Wagner). Therefore the man and his work are necessarily seen as one and he dare not live a life of safely limited experience.

Bekker calls attention also to a most significant fact in this connection: the short creative period which characterizes the romantic composer and his early collapse either physically or mentally, (Schubert, Schumann, Donizetti, Weber, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Marschner, Rossini). Not all these men died young but in every case what we now recognize as the composer's most important contribution to music came before his fortieth year.)

It is therefore to be expected that the tendencies which un-

derlay classicism would reappear. They are already visibly at work in Brahms, and it is not surprising nor incredible that Stravinsky can point out such elements in his own work, i. e. melody once more for its own sake, and thematic development as against harmonic expansion. Another most illuminating point that Bekker makes is the tendency of harmonic music to expand up to a certain point, carrying instrumental forms with it, so that we have enormous orchestras and harmony expanding until it manages to burst from within, escaping the confines of bass and melody, i. e. chromatic harmony (Franck, Reger, Shrekker). This exhausted for the moment, compression sets in, and so we have the present tendency toward a new conception of vocal tone (Hindemith) and toward chamber music and more condensed and intensive use of thematic material (Stravinsky). This is not, of course, meant to imply that nothing new is added from generation to generation; the question here is one of fundamental orientation of creative activity.

Hence also the obvious relationship of Stravinsky to Bach, not in imitation nor in sterile reaction against romanticism, but in the sense that each creative attitude carries within it the elements which will ultimately serve to break it up and present the opposite attitude, which is at once the predecessor of the former one and its successor. It is only in this light that it is possible to have confidence in the integrity of Stravinsky's interest in putting new wine in old bottles as in the *Suite Italienne*, and in his contention, expressed forcibly to an interlocutor, that he is not writing the music of the future nor of the past, but of the contemporary moment, and that he will be succeeded the instant he is no longer able to do that. "It is so important to be what one is, as fully as possible, and now," he said. He would easily have understood Krishna-murti.

If one compares Stravinsky carefully to Bach, it is easy to meet the contention that his music lacks feeling. Expression of emotion is personal and belongs to the romantic as a primary interest. Stravinsky works consciously and calculatedly with his great technical resources, but when it is seen that a four-note phrase can be made the basis of two pages of music in one of his *Inventions*, it is clear that Bach worked that way as well. Yet no one today denies Bach's expressive power.

LAST Sunday night the informal concert of the Monterey Peninsula Orchestra conducted by Ernst Bacon at the Denny-Watrous Gallery in Carmel demonstrated what unexpectedly fine work can be done in spite of too few rehearsals. (There hasn't been money enough to provide more.) Assurance in attack was particularly lacking, only to be remedied by far more rehearsing. In spite of this, however, the essential color and style of the various pieces on the program, especially of the two movements from Beethoven's *Fourth Symphony*, were entirely creditable. The work of the soloists, Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Barrett, in Bach's *D minor concerto*, showed their solid musicianship through difficulties caused by the nervous excess of zeal of the orchestra in the accompaniment. Mrs. Wright's pure Bach style and Mrs. Barrett's lovely tone in the very exposed passages for second violin were especially fine. Cesare Claudio gave a creditable performance on 24 hours' notice of a Saint-Saens cello concerto, accompanied by Mr. Bacon.

(Note: the review of Bauer's concert of February 18 will appear next week.)

The Seven Arts



Carmel-by-the-Sea

SEVEN ARTS BUILDING

California

We specialize in the books of
CARMEL WRITERS

We carry a large stock at all times, and can secure promptly any item not on hand, if in print, and can usually obtain out-of-print titles in a reasonable time.

For a week, beginning February 23, we are featuring the books of

JOHN KENNETH TURNER

Barbarous Mexico (An exposure of Mexican slavery under the Diaz dictatorship. 1910)

Hands Off Mexico (The case against intervention. 1920)

Peace League or War League (Against militarism. 1920)

Shall It Be Again? (A critical evaluation of America's reasons for entering the World War. 1922)

All these are now out-of-print, but we have several of them in stock and can probably secure others if ordered.

The Seven Arts

Booksellers to Central California

THIS SHOP AND THAT

LUCY BROWSES AROUND on the MONTEREY PENINSULA

THE AZTEC STUDIO SHOP suggests sandals as a gift from you to yourself, or to anyone else you like nearly as well, these warming Spring days. Toes get bored at seeing nothing outdoors all winter long except the lining of your stout walking-oxfords. Let them take a look about from these really creditable leather-thonged sandals made in Mexico especially for this shop, and so skilfully fashioned that they hug the heel, take the shape of your foot, and they can even be re-soled. In sizes for the whole family, \$2.50 to \$3.

o o o o

LOOSE AMETHYSTS upon a small velvet tray are a treat to those of us who love jewels—and what woman doesn't after dark? She may be a hard-riding, shrewish-tongued Amazon by day but from the dinner hour on we're all sisters under the skin. Poke about at J. K. OLIVER'S in Monterey, Main street, and decide which stones of what size are best suited to ear-rings made to match Aunt Tabitha's ring you fell heir to because you, also, were born in February. OLIVER'S sells potted plants along with its varied offerings in art, metal and glass. Amusing cacti, some of them rare, can be had from 50 cents up.

o o o o

CLAM CHOWDER made I can't tell you how, but the salt tang of the sea is built into it, at THE PILOT, Monterey; before that, a crab cocktail; and following it, broiled rock bass with plenty of butter sauce, and enormous French fries and tender brussels sprouts, those tasty but fatuous things which fancy themselves mighty cab-

ages, having no standard at the moment to go by but their own sleek self-esteem. Add to this a pleasant salad and top it off with a truck-driver's portion of coconut pudding and two huge cups of black coffee, and you have a record of the sort of thing a lady does once in a while.

All this indiscretion is offered before a blazing fire made in a huge stone fire-place, if the day is at all chilly. The competent waiter is also an excellent fireman. Where did you ever find before that happy combination?

THE PILOT serves this noon "lunch" for 75¢. I don't know what they serve for dinner at night. I was too comfortable to inquire. But I'll bet it's good.

o o o o

LITTLE CHICKEN PIES to take home, individual size, are a feature at JANE'S CAKE SHOP, Seventh street, Carmel. The statement appears a paradox, for pies are a long way from being cake. But the skill to make both, a true talent, is Mrs. Sarah Jane Etter's and I speak with the tongue of truth for I've had one of her excellent coconut layer cakes, than which there is nothing whicker.

There are lamb pie members of the small-pie family, beefsteak-and-kidney pies also. English pork-pies are made on order. The whole flock are a toothsome answer to the problem of the woman who went into the butcher shop and said wearily, "Two pounds, please, of some new kind of meat for supper." Little chicken or pork pies are only 20 cents each, the others 15 cents.

PACIFIC WEEKLY IS NO GIPSY



Two weeks ago, with unpardonable arrogance, we arbitrarily added several hundred to the total number of magazines required to supply the regular subscribers and the newsstands throughout the coast.

Came Monday following the date of publication—and we had no more copies on hand to supply the demand from San Francisco and the East Bay district.

Last week, with arrogance not so unpardonable, we added another several hundred to the regular press run. Came Monday—and we were unable to supply the demand for more magazines from San Francisco and the East Bay district.

• *Clever as we are, our psychic powers have a limit.*

If you want to be sure of getting PACIFIC WEEKLY every week (and who among those who have seen it once does not?) you had better fill in the blank below and mail it to us.

PACIFIC WEEKLY,
Box 1300, Carmel, California.

Send me your magazine for 6 months.
I enclose one dollar.
