

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

MARCH 29, 1935



EDITORIAL

GETTING AN EDUCATION IN BERKELEY

MORE

REVOLT IN THE WEST

CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL -- A CRITICISM

CARAVAN BY D. T. MACDOUGAL

CONTINUING 28 YEARS IN A NEWS ROOM

BOOK REVIEW BY SARA BARD FIELD

\$2 A YEAR

VOL. II NO. 13

10 CENTS A COPY

MARCH 22, 1935

EAT ON A SHIP'S DECK
While You Stay Ashore

at

POP ERNEST'S
Famous Sea-food Restaurant

on

MONTEREY WATERFRONT
Opposite the Custom House
overlooking the Bay

Lobsters
Crabs

All native sea-food
in season, fresh-caught

Abalone
Oysters

PACIFIC WEEKLY CONTRIBUTORS IN THIS ISSUE

SARA BARD FIELD is author of *The Pale Woman* and *Barabbas* which won the Commonwealth Club Gold Medal last year. Her latest book is *Darkling Plain*, not yet published. Her husband is Charles Erskine Scott Wood.

DR. D. T. MACDOUGAL is a noted scientist, in charge of the Carnegie laboratories at Tucson, Arizona, and Carmel, California.

RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON writes poetry and contributes to *The Commonwealth*, *The Dial* and other magazines. He divides his time between New York and Europe, and at present is acting American editor of *Lirica*, a quarterly published in Genoa.

HARRY CONOVER, who is a graduate of New York University, holds the position of Teaching Assistant in Economics at the University of California.

ELLA WINTER is a journalist and sociologist, and author of "Red Virtue: Human Relationships in the New Russia."

RAY N. STUDD is a minister of Calistoga, California, and president of the Intelligent Citizenship League.

SIDNEY ROBERTSON has studied music both in France and Germany, and has been a pupil of Harold Bauer, Alfred Cortot and other famous pianists.

BRENDA RAUSCH wrote us, with her "You Got a Bed—", "If you want this you can have it; if you don't, throw it in the wastebasket. I'm leaving—and there's no forwarding address."

Where intelligent
people meet and

EAT GOOD FOOD

• • • OPEN
ALL NIGHT

Enjoy Mrs. Rose's Famous "Southern Style Recipe"

WAFFLES OR HOT CAKES

After the lecture, show, opera party or dance, drop in any time of night and have Mrs. Rose prepare your favorite dish

Breakfast, complete . . . 20c up
Luncheon, complete 25c 35c 40c
Dinner, complete . 40c, 50, 65c

Special Sunday Dinner at Week
Day Prices from 12 m. to 9 p.m.

CRANE COFFEE SHOP AND DINING ROOM

237 POWELL STREET between GEARY & O'FARRELL
SAN FRANCISCO

The Seven Arts

SEVEN ARTS BUILDING

Carmel

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 one week, beginning March 29, we are featuring the books of

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

Women of Belgium. With an introduction by Herbert Hoover. 1917.

Mercier, the Fighting Cardinal of Belgium. With a foreword by Brand Whitlock. 1920.

Bobbins of Belgium. On lace and lacemaking. 1920.

Jadwiga, Poland's Great Queen. With a preface by Ignatz Jan Paderewski and an introduction by Frank H. Simonds. 1931.

She has translated (with Vernon Kellogg) *Mme. Curie's biography of Pierre Curie.* 1923.

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

VOLUME II FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1935 NUMBER 13

CONTENTS

(Pages 146 and 147 were inadvertently transposed in a few copies of this issue. The editorial on page 146 continues back to the page opposite.)

Notes and Comments	145
Getting an Education at Berkeley, an editorial	146
Lincoln Steffens' Column	147
Caravan, by D. T. MacDougal	148
Twenty-Eight Years in a News Room, by W. K. Bassett	149
Revolt in the West	
If They'd Open Up, by Ella Winter	151
"You Got a Bed—", by Brenda Rausch	151
Caroline on Trial, verse by Ray N. Studt	152
Music, by Sidney Robertson	152
Carnegie International, by Raymond E. F. Larsson	153
Book Reviews	
Autobiography (John Cowper Powys), by Sara Bard Field	
The Chart of Plenty (Harold Loeb and Associates), by	
Harry Conover	155
In Time of Peace (Thomas Boyd), by Edward Radenzel	156
Our Contributors	II
Correspondence	III

NOTES AND COMMENT

LAST week revealing comment was made on the social mindedness of some of the A. F. of L. officialdom. Paul M. Scharrenberg, secretary of the State Federation of Labor, testified under oath at the arbitration board hearing on sailors' wages and hours: "I wish we would have a war with Japan because then the seamen would get everything they want, as in the World War we had everything we wanted." On the question of ship subsidies he said: "We don't care how much the ship owners carry away from the national treasury so long as we get our share."

THE world-wide student protest against war, scheduled for April 12 is becoming a leading California issue. Elsewhere in this issue we describe some recent happenings on the campus in relation to it. At the hour of eleven, 100,000 students in this country are expected to walk out of their classes, symbolic of the action they intend to take when war comes. The strike has been endorsed by the National Council of Methodist Youth, the Interseminary Movement, the Student League for Industrial Democracy, the National Student League, and the American Youth Congress. Student conferences at Oberlin, the University of Chicago, and the Minnesota Youth Congress have endorsed the strike call. It is a remarkable and encouraging alignment of student forces, at the same time notable in the groups which have chosen not to participate. Campus pacifists, as well as those outside the gates, are divided into two groups—those who agree with the generals that war is a hellish business and a good topic for lecturers, and those who want to mobilize and prepare against war's coming by action independent of school authorities.

IN A report compiled by Dr. Joe Smith, Kern County health officer, it is pointed out that approximately 33,000 men, women and children in Kern County live in houses that are

unfit for human habitation. Health and housing are closely related as shown by comparative statistics. In one community there was a death rate of 215 per 100,000 population from tuberculosis in an area of poor housing as against 34 deaths per 100,000 among the group living in better houses. Similar figures obtain for infant mortality.

Dr. Smith says: "If Kern County wishes to improve its health conditions, it will be necessary to study the problems of the rural communities. Itinerants who follow the cotton, vegetable and fruit crops in Kern County often have large families. They do not earn sufficient money to pay for adequate housing. Improper housing makes it difficult to maintain true vitality and efficiency. Housing affects health, morals and progress directly and indirectly. A lack of housing facilities is a serious sanitary menace."

AT Miss Perkins' conference with labor leaders of the West last week an elderly working woman stepped up to a delegate. "Is this the Conference on Unemployment?" she asked. "Yes." "Have they reached any decision?" "Decision!" The delegate reeled. "Yes, you see, I haven't a job," said the old lady.

IF ANYONE is changing Mr. Jefferson's and Mr. Washington's Government and Constitution in America today the culprit is not the Communist Party but the American Legion. This tiny minority organization of physical, but scarcely mental, men has taken upon itself a campaign of high pressure, lobbying and intimidation of lawmakers and government officials that must make other lobbyists green with envy. Under the leadership of the Hearst press they deluge legislators with pressure on every issue in which they have a selfish interest. They try to block free speech, assembly and press, get their own bonus, outlaw legal parties they don't agree with, tighten America into a regimented coordinated Hitlerized fascist state. They were defeated this week in their attempt to get the recognition of Soviet Russia rescinded (17-4 in Congressional Committee), just as their attempt to muzzle John Strachey was defeated and their attempts to intimidate courageous workers and fighters for real American liberties are defeated daily. The American people have the example of the Hitler hordes before them and the Legion may find that its subversive and illegal, un-American behavior, doctrines and activities will not be so readily swallowed as they may imagine. Already they have made the word "patriotic" a byword, ridiculed by any honest patriot. At present, armed and ready to use their arms, they are relying on the force they are trying so unsuccessfully to tie to the legs of workers.

Always at hand to stop free speech and block workers asking for higher wages, they allowed San Francisco police brutally to beat a woman last Saturday night with no interference or protest. The woman, Mrs. Dale, was asking for unemployment insurance at a street meeting. In a moment her face was a stream of blood from police blackjacks, and in the Black Maria and in jail she was beaten and bruised some more. The police knocked her head against a bench over and over and rained blows upon her with iron handcuffs. Where were the noble Legionnaires? As usual, with the "strong" against the weak!

GETTING AN EDUCATION AT BERKELEY

AN EDITORIAL

LAST week some Berkeley students stood at Sather Gate and handed out leaflets advertising and explaining the students' one-hour anti-war strike scheduled for April 12, in which all American colleges and high schools and those of thirty-one other countries are asked to participate. The students have been prohibited from distributing leaflets on the campus grounds; they are given no space in the college press to express their views; the National Student League publication, *Student Outpost*, may not be sold on the campus, though the liberal *Brass Tacks* is unmolested. All halls are withheld from them; they can get no permits for meetings on or off the campus. This was their very last method of getting their views before fellow students.

Suddenly, on March 20, the Berkeley police arrested nine of them for violating an ordinance passed in 1913 and never before invoked. Next day seven others were arrested. They were taken to the police station, photographed, fingerprinted, numbered, like ordinary criminals. Next day twenty students were passing out the leaflets and the day after another twenty, including six teaching assistants from the Philosophy Department; all these were left unmolested.

A few days previous some students were handing out leaflets explaining the student demand for an open forum. A policeman passed by and one of them asked him: "Is this legal, officer?" "Why, certainly," replied the cop. Two days later the arrests were made.

WHO ORDERED ARRESTS?

The University Administration has washed its hands of its anti-war students and told the police to regard them as ordinary violators of city ordinances, thus giving the impression they had nothing to do with the arrests. But on the Berkeley police blotter stand these two entries: "U. C. by an unknown man says there will be distribution of leaflets tomorrow at—" and the time and place. On another page under the caption "UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA" is written: "The arrests made on the request of the above."

RACIAL DISCRIMINATION.

The third day when fifteen students were handing out leaflets in the same place at the same time in the same way—the same leaflets—three only were arrested: they were three Jewish students, Victor Gertzel, Israel Shapiro, and Ralph Benkaum. The other students protested, showed they were committing the same act: police refused to arrest them. Two non-Jewish students, George Kelly and Jean Symes, went to the police station and offered themselves for arrest, explaining that they had committed exactly the same acts as the three taken into custody. "Get out of the police station," shouted the Sergeant. When Richard Criley broadcast the story of the arrests over KTAB station last Monday night, the word "Jewish" was censored by the radio station officials.

ONE CAMPUS ARREST.

Campus distribution meant expulsion, so the students preferred not to break that prohibition. John Rockwell of Carmel, standing at Sather Gate, gave a leaflet to a girl who dropped it. In stooping to pick it up for her, the boy had to place one foot on campus property. Immediately campus police pounced on him, arrested him, and took him before the

University authorities. Rockwell faces possible expulsion for this mis-step.

COURT HEARING.

The students were arraigned in court Monday morning, March 25. All asked for jury trials. They brought out that in the last six years hundreds of thousands of leaflets have been distributed at Sather Gate without any arrests, that they had no other way of making their explanations to the students. The judge told them he was not against the contents of the handbills, that of course "everyone is against war", but the handbills constituted a fire hazard and might block up the storm drains. "How is it that when handbills advertise commercial products or ask for a student forum, they don't constitute such hazard or clutter up storm drains?" asked a defendant. The court room was crowded with professors, assistants, students, but mostly Berkeley citizens. The American citizenry seems to be revolting against the recent high-handed "legal" or illegal activities of the "Berkeley Nationals", the American Legion and other vigilante groups, or those dominated by them.

The last student arrested was the Jewish student Gertzel; he happens also to have a speech defect. His is the first case ordered to trial. The other students feel this is a deliberate attempt to make it appear as if all anti-war sentiment among students comes from racial minorities.

Richard Criley was arrested a second time March 22 as he stood with a bundle of leaflets under his arm, but before he had distributed any of them. He protested this arrest, in vain. In the police station stood a number of reporters. Criley burst out: "But I hadn't distributed any of them—I had violated no ordinance . . ."

"You came down here of your own free will," said the Sergeant coldly, with his eye on the reporters.

"I did not. This officer arrested me!"

"You came here of your own free will, Mr. Criley," repeated the Sergeant louder. "Please leave the station." Criley gathered up his leaflets and departed.

RESULTS.

The student anti-war strike has received more publicity than it could have done by any other conceivable method. The fascists have provided the very publicity they had tried to avoid by piecemeal cutting off of other avenues of free expression. The students estimate that thousands who would never have heard of their action now have read leaflets and have become sympathetic to their demands. It will be more difficult for the vigilante students, with all Mr. Hearst's encouragement, to "pull any of the rough stuff" they pulled at the time of the previous strike to protest the U. C. L. A. dismissals.

Thousands of students read and kept as historical documents the handbills stamped "suppressed by police"—who otherwise might have dropped them in the street to become a menace to the drains.

Enforcement of the ordinance broke down through sheer persistence of the students and such of the faculty who cared for freedom of speech militantly enough to take action. The ceasing of arrests was a clear indication that the authorities

considered themselves defeated.

The flagrant racial discrimination proved to many American students that it is not Adolph Hitler alone who uses this prejudice to defeat the organized workers' movement, culture, liberty and free expression of opinion. It brings home to the Berkeley student the international character of storm troopers.

It is possibly no coincidence that General David P. Barrows of the National Guard and the University of California has recently returned from two years in Adolph Hitler's race-discriminating Germany and has become an impassioned advocate of the Nazi's methods and aims; that he sees a "Red" in the interstices of every dishcloth and lectures on the ideals and excellencies of Fascism. He appears to denounce true American traditions in favor of Hitler Fascism wherever vigilantes, police or Legionnaires gather. Race discrimination (anti-semitism) may be his contribution to Berkeley culture.

In the East faculties and administrations of both high schools and universities are in many instances cooperating with the students in their militant opposition to war and the terrific preparations now being made in every country for war, the staggering armament budgets when millions are inadequately fed and clothed, the pro-militarist propaganda of movies and Hearst newspapers. They are generous enough to realize that it is the students who will be killed. It is mostly in the West that the reactionary interests still believe they can intimidate and bulldoze students, liberals, workers and intellectuals. It is here that the University administrations are trying to break down the growing, fighting anti-war sentiment.

(Two weeks ago "self-appointed" vigilantes broke into the headquarters of the anti-war group of U. C. L. A. and, in the name of patriotism, destroyed furnishings and literature. No civil redress was obtained: the university authorities condoned the rowdyism.)

LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

SOME PEOPLE think children should grow up ignorant of any way but ours of living and doing business. And ours won't work. We can't make it make sense. No matter. The young people should keep on trying. Certainly they are not to hear of any ways that do seem to work or of any theories that seem to solve our problems. And any teachers who know of any theories proposed to meet our needs should be fired. We used to say and think that we were a practical people. We are not, we are theorists and, by Jove, our children can go on being theorists after us. Poor kids! Of rich parents. Well, even this won't work. The young people can't help noticing the news. They've got nothing else to do; no jobs to occupy them. And they see that the grown-ups "can't help it". Poor grown-ups! Poor rich! Even when they are rich they know they are poor rich and when they are poor they are very, very poor. But firm.

A BISHOP MISSIONARY here from the Solomon Islands says that cannibalism is a matter of diet. Take away certain vitamins and proteins and he will eat his neighbor. Give him the natural food he needs and he will look down on cannibal-

ism the way you and I do. This is straight news. I got it out of Hearst's *Examiner*.

ANOTHER BIT of news I got from Hearst is that they have discovered in Kalamazoo, Michigan, an anesthetic drug which will make it impossible for you to conceal any information while you are under its influence.

THE NEXT world war was put off again this week, temporarily. Let the children grow a little bigger and meanwhile, don't interfere with their baby brains. A couple more wars and we shall have air bombs and ground gases to jump over the front rank and lay out the officers and their business backers behind the lines. We grown-ups will be doing our own dying some day but for the present our kids will have to be the heroic victims for us.

CORLISS LAMONT'S new book, *The Illusion of Immortality*, has come to me in a personal way and, as the title says, the author used to believe himself in a life after death. And he can still write about it. As he says, "Those who think that this life is all there is rarely take the time and trouble to say why. But the matter is important enough to warrant the careful statement and that is the justification for this book." There are lots of illusions to follow up with; liberty, honesty, justice, patriotism, peace, civilization, culture—oh, such a list.

AS AN APPENDIX to our recent review of *The Economic Consequences of the New Deal* add the Report of the Research and Planning Division of the N. R. A.:

Payrolls in December 1934 were only 60% of the total in 1926. Dividends and Interest were 150% of their total in 1926. In short, the income enjoyed by those who received dividends and interest was 50% higher than in 1926, even though the National income has declined 40% since that date and the volume of production has declined by one-third. Clearly the recipients of profits have not failed to enjoy their proportionate share of the increase in industrial recovery.

THE CRIMINAL SYNDICALISM trial draws to its end. This week prosecution and defense have made their last speeches to the jury, Caroline Decker making a magnificent impression as she summed up the attitude of these labor organizers to the workers whose conditions they try to improve. She set forth the Communist Party position, showing that as a party it represents those who know this social system is outdated, does not fit the modern industrialized era, and has to be changed to a system under which planning the distribution of the riches and fertility industry and agriculture know how to provide is possible. She showed once more how this change cannot take place until a majority of the workers want it.

The jury at Sacramento must now decide whether Caroline Decker and her companions go to San Quentin for a possible 14 to 28 years for carrying out the will of history and the aim of every intelligent economist and sociologist—to increase mass purchasing power and give the worker, farmer and middle class a chance to live.

Whatever the verdict, no honest American but will admire and honor these persistent and uncompromising fighters for the oppressed.

CARAVAN

BY D. T. MACDOUGAL

WE AND all living things are continually going somewhere, from place to place, out of one developmental stage into another, away from one set of associations to make new contacts and shifting about to keep in equilibrium with a perpetually unquiet earth.

Preliminary to any attempt to sketch the long tortuous wanderings of life over the ever changing face of the globe we must recall that the earth in its present form may be safely taken to be 1000 million years old, and if the reader thinks that so much terrestrial history could not have happened in so short a time he will find much support in scientific writing for doubling the length of this period: Doubling estimates being a much practised present day pastime.

Such variances disturb the scientist not at all, and the national financial needs jump about in a manner so nearly similar that the man in the street will care but little whether the footstool is one or two billion years old. In any case there was an early time in which no life existed: When the rough tumbled masses of rock and grit presented surfaces of land as sterile as a slag heap.

Since we have no warrant for assuming that the properties of water, or minerals or the gases of the air have ever varied materially, it may be safely assumed that living matter originated in shallow warm pools, where rain water ran steaming down rocky slopes to the margins of salty seas. No single form of plant or animal was to be seen. There came a time, however, when living things came to exist, and later green plants were evolved. Again we touch solid ground in saying that vegetation must have preceded animal life, for the food of all animals is ultimately derived from green plants. Animals have moved about the earth only on a carpet of vegetation. One may think of mats of green vegetation in this far off time as fringing the shores of seas, lakes and streams, and all animal life, which of course would have been of the lowliest forms was confined to the green patches.

In this stage the earth's surface would have appeared to an astronomer on Mars as lifeless, as does that planet to us. At the present time a varied assortment of plants from bacteria to trees is found on five-sixths of the land area: Minute organisms float high in the air and penetrate deeply into the soil while marine life forms a layer at least a half mile deep in all the oceans.

In this earlier stage, vegetation occurred on no more than one hundredth of the surface above sea-level. The remains of this greenery began to accumulate in the low wet places to form bogs and swamps in which algae, club-mosses, horse-tail rushes and ferns thrived increasingly, and some attained the proportions of trees. A contemporaneous mind contemplating the beauties of nature at this time would have seen ultimate perfection of greenery in tree-ferns and possibly the cycads. It would not have seemed probable that vegetation would ever live outside of the steaming tropics or away from water, mud and swamps.

This would have been true of any of the forms then existing, for their habits and structure made it impossible for them to live in dry places. To understand this it is necessary to recall that the life cycle of any but the lowliest plants includes two generations, one of which reproduces by sexual elements and the other by asexual cells or spores. Spores are formed

in the black dots on the under surface of fern fronds, and the enclosing sporangia have been seen by almost every one who has paid any attention to these plants. When the minute spores germinate they do not produce the familiar fern plant but grow into a minute leaf-like body or prothallus which lies closely attached to the moist substratum, and it is this member which ties the fern family and all of its contemporaries to the moist places: For this is the sexual generation: egg-cells and sperms are formed in separate organs on the lower surfaces, and the sperm cells must swim through a layer of water to reach and fertilize the egg-cells. The mature egg in its turn germinates and produces the familiar fern forms.

All plant life went along in this pattern for untold millions of years. Wind-borne spores must have floated out over the vast arid areas to no avail, with a consequent lack of animal life—and these must have seemed as uninhabitable to the hypothetical observer as is Mars, the moon or Venus today.

Actually no escape of living things into the wide spaces was possible until something was done about the sexual generation, for it was the necessity of a layer of water for the sperm to reach the egg-cell that kept plants from roaming widely from their semi-aquatic habitats. To describe the devices by which the plant surmounted this obstacle adequately would be to transcribe several chapters in botanical morphology. But crudely stated, the asexual generation or fern-like plant picked up the minute sexual generation, and enclosed it within its protective tissues where fertilization might be effected without an external layer of water.

The embryo developed from the egg enclosed with more or less food material constituted the seed. This is to be included among the dozen dramatic steps in biological history which during the succession of ages have in turn determined the aspects of life as we know it.

For, once the seed-forming habit was acquired, plants carrying sustenance for animals swarmed across dry plains and stormy mountain slopes, spreading from pole to pole. The figure would not be apt to say that motorization had taken place, for instead of traveling by their own power seeds developed wings and plumes causing them to be carried hundreds or even thousands of miles by winds, hooks, burrs and adhesives for attachment to the coats of animals which thus in furnishing transportation gave some recompense for their support.

Furthermore, having taken to the air like seasoned travelers seeds were fortified against heat, cold, drought and mechanical damage, and for endurance through long periods of inactivity, (but not so long as wheat grains are represented to live in mummy case—by clever fakirs). Densely coated seeds may be so resistant to all external agencies that, for example, the seeds of West Indian species have floated across the Atlantic and so little affected by salt water immersion that germination occurred in the usual manner. Existence under the equable conditions of swamps and shores required but little specialization of structure. Any simple or generalized type of roots, stalk or foliage could survive.

When plants began to weave their green carpet over the diversified surface of continents specializations were necessary for survival in every valley, every increase in elevation, and every mile toward the poles. The long traverses were in fact

marches in evolution, to meet changing conditions. The resultant wide variety of plants and animals of today are the survivors of hundreds of thousands of kinds or species which preceded them.

Successively more highly organized types of animals and plants appear in the course of the geological records, yet it is not to be taken for granted all evolution is progress or improvement. Degeneration and mounting inadequacies are common. The mosses are familiar examples of regressive evolution.

The spread of vegetation was by no means a simple march of occupation of the solid surfaces of the earth. Land emerged from the sea, in which great mountain ridges rose to alpine heights with resultant climates from tropical to polar cold. Species of plants adapted to the widely varied conditions were developed, making a picture of life as we see it. Then by erosion mountains were worn down, climates were equalized and plants and animal species perished by the thousands through the centuries, their remains being entombed in alluvial deposits. Not all of the picture was altered in any one movement and changes were so slow as to be imperceptible on our time scale.

The Monterey cypress and the giant Sequoia are examples of the threatened evanishment of species in this long troubled journey of living things which goes on so slowly that it is difficult to realize that it is still in progress, and, humanly speaking, it is not easy to become interested in what may be the condition of the Pacific Coast in a million years from now,

especially when it is realized that the surface of the earth has been made over as to mountains, shore lines, rivers, lakes, plants and animals many times.

Man made his appearance in this stupendous caravan only in its last or present stage. The evidence is conclusive that his kind lived in Asia a hundred thousand years ago, and it is highly probable that his origin may be dated much earlier. In any case, he is biologically speaking an upstart, and can claim no great antiquity, although he is represented among the fossils. Furthermore he is distinctly parvenu as to America, which he has inhabited only about twenty thousand years. Among plants, the cactuses in the light of present evidences may have an origin more modern than that of man, having no immediate ancestors among the fossils.

The caravan of life thus appears to have been first formed on moist shores to which it was at first restricted. When seed plants were evolved these spread widely, carrying means of subsistence for animal population about the globe, across wide spaces, into high places and into dry places from pole to pole. The plant and animal occupants of enormous areas have been repeatedly annihilated, but living things continue their journeys incessantly, as is well exemplified by the migrations of man, who but recently climbed aboard the caravan. That he is something more than a quiet passenger has been exemplified in the formation of deserts as a result of some of his activities, as recently described.*

*See "Deserts in the Making", Pacific Weekly for Feb. 22, 1935.

+

TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS IN A NEWS ROOM

BY W. K. BASSETT

CHAPTER TWO

(Continued)

NEWSPAPERMEN have always been fascinated by prostitutes. Psychologically, I mean—and I mean it. Girls and women who are not prostitutes have always been fascinated by newspapermen, and a newspaperman doesn't often pay for what he can get for nothing. Thus, prostitutes have always fascinated newspapermen psychologically; not, to any great degree, biologically. That's to the credit of newspapermen, because a prostitute, I mean a good prostitute, is a fascinating person.

Clara LeRoy was a good prostitute, and she operated two houses across the track in Modesto that were pretty well supplied with good prostitutes. The White House and the Brick House, as they were called, teemed with psychological exhilaration, no matter what other kind of exhilaration they provided, and collected for. From the handful of newspapermen in Modesto their collections were almost entirely limited to the price of beer and wine, but we got much more than beer and wine. A prostitute is very rarely dumb. Not many of

them are vulgar; it isn't clever to be vulgar, and they are generally clever. A prostitute is clean, or they were in my day of prostitutes when they were recognized as practising a legitimate profession, or art, and were subject to medical regulation. Clean physically, and you'd be surprised how clean morally. This is based on the incontrovertible premise that no human being can be as immoral as a virgin.

Clara's houses were spic and span, inside and out. They provided what could be termed two degrees of prostitution. The White House was supposed to be sweller than the Brick House. The teamsters and laborers were supposed to find their joy in the Brick House. The bank presidents and real estate men and town officials could be more expeditiously and ceremoniously satisfied in the White House. To be honest about it, I believe that the only difference was that when Clara brought a new girl down from San Francisco she was first displayed and did her displaying at the White House. To make room for her, one of the less attractive girls in the White House moved down the block to the Brick House. To make room for her, one of the girls in the Brick House—

well, I don't know, but whatever it was, it wrote the first chapter in a book of tragedy that, I hope, didn't have many chapters.

Olga was one of the prettiest, the most vivacious, the most desirable of the girls in the White House in point of conversation and, I believe, but honestly do not know, in point of copulation. Olga had hair such as helps to make Jean Harlow famous today, and much else that Jean Harlow can lay no claim to.

It was Olga who was picked on when a sudden wave of moral reform swept over Modesto. I don't remember what started it, but one day we all realized that Modesto intended to do something about the houses across the track. Clara Le Roy was to be put out of business. It was probably someone in the woman's club, or related to a member of the city government, who had found her husband wasn't poring over insurance papers in the wee small hours, as he said. It is probable that instead he was pawing over Olga.

Olga, therefore, was arrested on the charge of being a vagrant, of having no visible means of support. The charge was amusing. Because if there was anything about Olga, sitting there in that courtroom, that was most plainly visible, it was her means of support. In fact, the court room was half filled with men and women, who had never dared to cross the track, who came to gaze upon Olga's visible means of support.

The evidence, which was to prove that instead of having a visible means of support, Olga was practising prostitution under the law, was obtained in this wise:

Sheriff Dingwell, who was too intelligent to have taken action on his own volition, was forced into adopting some method by which he could uphold the prosecution of the case. He decided on the stool pigeon method. He found some human being willing to hire himself out for this purpose and gave the man two marked dollar bills. He was instructed to go to the White House, pick Olga from the roomful of femininity offered, and accompany her to her private scene of operations. There he was to give her the two marked bills and buy what she had. At a psychological moment the door of Olga's room would open to admit Sheriff Dingwell and a deputy.

All worked well, too well, in fact. Sheriff Dingwell and his deputy burst into the room a bit too soon. The money had changed hands, however, and was pinioned between one of Olga's index fingers and one of her thumbs when the sheriff and his aide appeared before her and her customer. They arrested her, anyway, and the trial started.

It was a good trial before a continued crowded house, and Olga looked beautiful. Previous to the date of the trial and during it, the *Modesto News* screamed with my editorials bitterly denouncing the legal action and using the time-honored argument that if the houses were put out of business women would be starting "dress-making" establishments in our residence sections and they would be doing no dress-making. I believe I devoted one editorial weep to the picture of poor little Olga, innocently catering to the beastly desires of the flesh of men, being rudely torn and mangled in this asinine maw of the law.

However, Olga didn't need my help. She had a lawyer, and he was a good one. It is a pity I don't remember his name. He may need advertising where he is today, and I stand ready to give it to him. He conducted the defense on a high plane of denunciation of the minions of the law who would persecute the little butterfly he had the honor to defend; then he swept into admirable ridicule and finally gave

way to tearful sympathy and pity for a sheriff and his staff which had sunk so low as to do this thing.

But he starred in his closing argument before the jury. With eloquence such as that court house had never walled in before he pictured the perfidy of the law, excoriating the curious who filled the court room to bask in the warming beauty of "this lovely girl" and then, with a fire and sincerity that passed all understanding, he turned to the jury and put this interrogation:

"I ask you, gentlemen of this jury; I ask you in all fairness and in all right: Suppose this girl, this mere child, had responded to the plea of this stool pigeon, this poor excuse of a human being who stood before her with these dirty marked bills in his hand; suppose she had succumbed to his pleading and consented to gratify his beastly desires, and suppose as a result there had stirred in her womb the germ of life—suppose, gentlemen, that a baby was born to her as a result of her most human desire to satisfy the craving of this man—suppose a baby had been born—I ask you, gentlemen, who would have been the father of that child—not this cringing tool of the law who went to her with his pleading; not him who was sent on this heinous errand—No, a thousand times NO!—I say the father of that child would have been the man who sent him, the man who marked those dirty bills and put them in his hand—I say to you that the father of that little girl's child, and I say it without fear of God or contradiction—the father of that little girl's child would have been—with this he wheeled and with a great sweep of his arm that brought his index finger to the level of the sheriff's nose—"I say the father of her child would have been Sheriff Dingwell sitting smugly there!"

There was a gasp of a whole court room and then a silence in which Sheriff Dingwell must have thought that he was the whole band of Jews who crucified Christ. Then a great burst of laughter—the second reaction of a mob is never the beautiful one—and Sheriff Dingwell, if he is alive today, will remember that dreadful silence, not the laugh.

The Red Light Abatement Law did for Clara LeRoy sometime after that but it was not until she had renovated her White House, re-named it the LeRoy Club and sent out through the mail to every person of any importance in Modesto, and surrounding territory, handsome invitations to the grand re-opening of the place. There were a few persons whose names Clara discreetly left off her mailing list. One was the owner of the *Modesto Morning Herald*. But some wag re-mailed one to him. This aroused his ire. He editorialized on the matter, condemning Miss LeRoy's audacity in no mean terms. But in the early morning of the day after the grand opening of the LeRoy Club he was found on the steps of the place in a highly inebriated condition. This appeared funny, but must have been another effort of the person with a certain sense of humor. The newspaper publisher had undoubtedly been carried and deposited there.

A short time later a man named Cowell bought in on the *Modesto News* and took editorial charge. He scratched the word "splendid" in the first piece of copy I handed him. He told me that there were only two things that could be called splendid in the United States—a California sunset and the Library of Congress. I have never used the word since in newspaper copy, or any other copy.

A few weeks later I was off the *Modesto News* and had the "dead-watch" job on the *Modesto Morning Herald*.

(To be continued)

REVOLT IN THE WEST



IF THEY'D OPEN UP

BY ELLA WINTER

HAVE a cigarette," I said, stopping the car. "Sorry it's only a Spud."

"Thanks," he said as he got in the car from the high road. "Going far?"

"Soledad"—naming a little town thirty miles away. "I've hitched from Oakland. I went up to join the Army."

"Really! And did you want to join the Army?"

"No. But I been out o' work for eighteen months. Living with my uncle. And I ain't that kind. I'm independent like. You know. Can't live off your relations all the time."

"Did he want you to join the Army?"

"No'm, he didn't. But I couldn't get a job. I'm a concrete worker. Left school when I was thirteen and worked steady ever since—till eighteen months ago."

"Where do you work?"

"All around here, in the fields. I do a lot of the concrete work for irrigation of these crops. But now it's nearly all done and they're not plantin' so many crops any more. So there's no work."

"Have you tried other work?"

"Tried! I've tried everything. I've even picked crops."

"What did you make at that?"

"Well, I wasn't very quick, y'see, I wasn't experienced like some of them guys. I could only make about a dollar."

"A day?"

"Yes, ma'am."

He threw his stub out of the window. "Cigarette?" I asked.

"Thank you." We drove in silence through the setting sun over the magnificent ranges of the Coast hills, green and purple and violet. A crescent moon started up.

"I was up on the waterfront last summer," he said suddenly, as if he had something on his chest. The sky was turquoise now, and a lark sang.

"What doing?"

"I was in the Guard."

Silence.

"Did you—did you do any shooting?" I looked straight ahead.

So did he.

"Did you have to shoot like Colonel Mittelstaedt said—'Shoot to kill'?"

"No, we didn't," he answered very quickly, with stubbornness in his voice. "Our captain took the order and went against it. He told us 'Shoot to scare': not shoot to kill."

"But you had to shoot?"

"Yes, we had to." He spoke fast. "But we didn't kill anyone, only crippled some men. The other guys killed some . . . we didn't. Only crippled them. But . . ." his brow darkened. "I gave in my papers . . . I got my discharge."

"Oh?"

"Yes. I wouldn't do that again. I don't want to shoot on the working man. I said to the Colonel: 'I didn't join up to shoot on the working man. I didn't join up to protect scabs.' " He looked apologetic. "I'm a union man myself.

Home union. Concrete workers."

"What did the Colonel say?"

"He argued with me. Said we'd joined up for three years and had to stay. He said we ought to protect loyal workers and uphold the Constitution. Half the Guard sent in their discharge."

"As many as that?"

"Yes. My captain and fifteen of my buddies we all went in together and asked for our discharge. They tried to make me stay on my three years but I said 'I'll leave California if you make me stay in it', so they didn't say anything more. It's funny there wasn't anything in the papers about us all leaving the Guard."

"No," I said, thinking of the San Francisco press during the strike. "There wouldn't be."

Some stars came out in the scented twilight.

"But if you join the army you'll be shooting on workers again in some other war—Japanese workers maybe."

"But that's not like shooting on our own. There are too many Japs in this State anyway. We can't get work."

"Why do you people think there's so much unemployment?" I asked.

He furrowed his forehead.

"I guess it's still what that Hoover did."

"But Roosevelt's been in two years now."

"Yes, but I guess he's doing what he can."

"Why did you ever join the National Guard?" I asked.

"I really joined for the military drill. I never thought I'd have to go against my own."

"Did you speak to any longshoremen during the strike?" I was wondering whether he'd been infected by "Red" propaganda.

"No. We was allowed to talk only to uniformed men."

"If you go to war you'll probably end by shooting Russians," I said. "They're preparing a war against Russia, you know. And that's the only country that's abolished unemployment."

"Well, if they have, we ought to do the same as Russia," he said darkly. "I reckon it's all the rich man's fault." He looked at the fat fields lying silent now under the moon. "I guess there's enough in this country for everyone if only they'd open up."

There was silence.

"I haven't signed my last papers yet," he said. "I'll try and find work. If I do I won't join the Army."

We got to where he had to get out. I looked at his strong fair face, at the hard goodness in it as of the earth itself.

My mind saw him in the Flanders mud, a groaning shrieking pulp . . . in Chinese mud . . . blinded . . .

"Don't, please don't join the Army," I said impulsively.

He shook hands warmly. "I sure won't if I can find a job," he said. "Thank you for the lift."



"YOU GOT A BED --"

BY BRENDA RAUSCH

SOMETHING bumped against the foot of her bed and she woke startled. Then remembrance of where she was made her close her eyes again.

"Can't you kids get dressed without so much racket?" But she was still too drugged with sleep to put much animosity

into her protest. Anyhow it wouldn't do any good.

She lay still, with her eyes shut. Tried not to listen to the sounds about her. The Atkins family was getting ready for the day. You'd think there were a dozen people in that small room.

"Gawd, it's cold! . . . Well, hurry up and get away from that—" . . . "Ma! ma! I ain't got no stockin's" . . . "For cripes' sake, how'm I gonna keep this shoe on? . . . Well, where is some string?" . . . "Here, get outa my way, you kids make me sick . . ."

Rattle of dishes in the next room and heavy padding footsteps. The wail of a baby furiously demanding attention. Sound of water running. "Ouch ma, gosh, that's cold. Aw gee, I don' wanna wash . . ."

She turned her face to the wall and drew the thin covers up over her ears. The cot bed sagged in the middle. It was so narrow her knees rested on the iron frame of the spring unless she lay straight out. The thin mattress was nothing but hard lumps with spaces between them. Through the spaces she could feel the springs. She ached all over. Never could relax on this rickety cot. It would collapse if she didn't lie still. It had.

Would those kids never get out so she could have the room to dress in by herself? Sadie Rosinsky would be coming soon. Sadie scrubbed floors in an office building all night. She slept in the cot daytimes. God, how the bed smelled after Sadie got out of it . . . !

Sounds of violent retching came to her ears through the musty stiff blanket. A man's voice bellowed in the next room: "Bloody little bitch . . ."

She felt a wave of sympathetic nausea. Rosie's caught again. Well, what do they expect? "Keep her home nights, why don't you?" Oh yeah? Home! How could you keep a pretty seventeen-year-old girl like Rosie at home? Two rooms. Seven in the family—and lodgers sleeping there; the beds being used both day and night. She could see it all without opening her eyes, that "home".

There was the kitchen. Besides the rusty gas range, there were a few chairs, a table, a big bed where Ma and Pa Atkins slept. Next to it stood an old broken washbasket which served as the baby's crib. Rags of dingy diapers and wet clothes were always strung around. The room was eternally stuffy. It smelled of sweat . . . rotten potatoes . . . onions . . . rancid grease . . . bad drains . . . baby odors of sour milk and ammonia . . . The corners were full of old mops and pails and piles of torn papers and tin cans . . . Oh yes, Rosie could entertain company in the kitchen! With the baby howling . . . Pa Atkins belching drunkenly about life in old England or whining about not finding work . . . the kids quarreling . . .

There was the bedroom. One window on an airshaft. A big iron bed, the cot, and a bureau with three drawers. That left a passage a foot wide between the beds and at their foot. Four young Atkins slept in the big bed. Lucy, Ellen, Mary and Rosie—eight, nine, twelve and seventeen. Their clothes hung on nails around the walls. The bureau top was crowded with boxes of cheap powder, old ribbons and rags. Sadie's crony, old Mrs. Hinkel who groaned incessantly, lay in a sodden heap on the big bed during the day . . . Not even a chair in that room.

Eyes still shut she fought desperately against the knowledge that she must crawl out of bed to face another day. Would she be able to get some of that finishing to do? Fifty cents a dozen for embroidering sprays on cheap nightgowns. It took so long . . . her hands were sore and chapped from

cold water and no cream on them . . . she couldn't work fast. If she could get a job dishwashing in Joe Peletti's one-arm lunch . . . something to eat anyhow . . . not so hard on the eyes as embroidering when you need glasses.

She turned slowly. There was a tearing sound. No, it wasn't a sound. The sheet was too thin and old to make a sound. It simply dissolved into rags. It was wrinkled and musty. Too short to turn over the top of the dirty blanket. Too narrow to tuck in. Now it was a ragged string. The lumpy mattress was bare. The rough blanket scratched her arms.

"God, what am I doing here?"

Well, she had to sleep somewhere. The Atkins were decent. Fifty cents a week for a bed. That wasn't much. Why couldn't she get used to . . . this kind of a bed? What a fool she was to keep dreaming of a wide soft bed, standing firmly, all alone in a room. A bed with smooth, slippery, spotless white sheets that turned down over the top of the soft fluffy blanket. A bed that smelled sweet—If she could only forget what that was like!

"What you belly-achin' about? You got a bed, ain't ya?" That was what they said.



CAROLINE ON TRIAL

I MET you, Caroline, when days were stark
With lengthening shadows of impending doom.
Before you prison walls were making room
To hold you from the fields that men will mark
With blazing stones of glory when they hark
To story-tellers in an evening's gloom
Reciting how you braved a living tomb
To lift the workers from the awful dark.

I saw you, Caroline, with whitened face
Lit by the light of hope no dark could quench,
And in that room were those to take your place
If prison doors should shut you in the stench
Of twisted lives distorted by the greed
Of twisted lives distorted by the greed

—RAY N. STUDT

MUSIC

EDITED BY
SIDNEY ROBERTSON

THE following correction comes accompanied by some interesting reminiscences from a correspondent in Frankfort-am-Main, Germany:

"The clarinet virtuoso for whom Brahms wrote his clarinet and piano sonatas is called Mühlfeld and not Huhlfeld. He was the clarinetist of the famous Meiningen orchestra of which Hans von Bülow was once the conductor. No one ever excelled Mühlfeld as a performer on his instrument. I myself as a young woman heard Brahms and Mühlfeld together. They played these sonatas and it is for me to this day an un-

forgettable evening. I have often heard Brahms at the piano and it was just as wonderful a spectacle as it was an artistic delight. Brahms always appeared to me like a lion at the piano.

"In 1889 or 1890 there was a concert in the Berlin Philharmonic in honor of Brahms. The soloists were Joseph Joachim, Clara Schumann and the conductor was von Bülow, who made with Brahms that famous quartet of friends. The orchestra was to play the *Academische Festoverture*, and just as it was to begin Brahms, who was sitting in the front row, arose and indicated his intention of conducting it himself. At this von Bülow stepped from the podium into the orchestra, waved the kettle-drummer away and established himself at the kettle-drums, this being the greatest honor he could pay to Brahms. How we young people shouted when they had finished!

"Old as Clara Schumann was, she and Joachim played at this concert more wonderfully than one could have dreamed, and in the persons of these four great folk the entire wonder-epoch was present before us. We came home as if in a dream."

STRING quartet fans here and in the east agree they never have heard such warm and spontaneous quartet playing as

has recently been provided by the Budapest String Quartet. Their programs include no modern works more recent than the Debussy quartet, but their performance of earlier music, particularly Beethoven, has a classic fervor which leaves nothing to be desired. They have gone so far beyond mere perfection of ensemble that the superlative technique of their performance is forgotten in the beautiful flow of the music. This is a nearly unparalleled achievement. The perfection of the cellist's ensemble sense and the skill with which he maintained his tone under that of the lighter instruments was especially noteworthy because it is so rare.

DUSOLINA GIANNINI is a dramatic soprano with an unusually beautiful voice and a fine musical intelligence. She is above all a singer of *Lieder*. Her performance of arias from *Forza del Destino* and *Carmen* suggests her musical conceptions are on rather too heroic a scale for most operas, except perhaps Wagner. The two Brahms songs were particularly well done. After a bout of sopranos who expect to be listened to for the sake of virtues other than vocal, it was gratifying to be able to sit back and enjoy the beautiful quality of Giannini's voice.

+

CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL

BY RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON

IT is well to bear in mind at the outset that the Carnegie International, now on exhibition at the San Francisco Museum of Art, is "international" only in a limited sense, and that the presentation of the art of even those countries represented is likewise limited. If one were to arrive at conclusions concerning the state of painting in the West today from the Carnegie show, one would arrive at a very limited comprehension of Western painting, indeed.

Since "modern painting" has for many years come to mean, in a general way, "French painting", it is not surprising that it is France which is best represented. And it is most adequately represented because fewer of its painters of first importance are absent from the list of fifty entrants in the French section of the exhibition. It is true that the number of entrants included from the section representing the United States, which is not officially part of the International, is larger than that included from France—sixty-two entrants. Nevertheless, the exhibition fails of truthful presentation of contemporary American painting. It is a fact generally applicable to the exhibits of all countries included, but it is particularly obvious in the section representing the United States, that secondary talents have found access to the walls of the museum, talents of first rank have not. Indeed, almost the entire list of those painters whom we have come to consider of first rank in America is absent—Marin, Demuth, O'Keefe, Alexander Brook, Arthur Dove, Kuniyoshi, Charles Burchfield, Jane Berlandina, Dickinson, Hart, Arthur Davis,

Billings, Joseph Stella, Marsden Hartley, and so on down the list.

But that two of the three prizes awarded by the jury of the Carnegie this year went to American painters is significant of several things: first, that consciousness that there exists in America a reputable, even a fine, painting, is coming into being; second, that some of the awe felt in America at the obvious supremacy of the French school is disappearing; third, because of the nature of the canvas by Peter Blume, awarded first prize, and because of Barr's presence on the jury, the great influence of Alfred Barr, director of the Museum of Modern Art in New York. That the award would, or could, have been made to Blume had not Mr. Barr been one of the jurors seems exceedingly doubtful. If it seems less a great painting, likely to seem a great painting in fifty years, than an interesting, a mildly scandalous American *Surrealisme*, it is not of sufficient concern in itself to make one wish to know how soon it will seem bewildering that it could have been given so comparatively important an award.

Of Blume's canvas, one feels that it may quite likely seem in fifty years as much a period piece as certain painters' canvasses of the nineteenth century now seem—canvasses to be housed in the remoter galleries of museums, interesting chiefly as "of the period". Its fantasy appears not very relevant, its composition weak, its painting only mildly competent—all in all, an inferior canvas to the "Parade" of some seasons ago, which first excited public interest in Blume when it was

exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art.

Indeed, one's interest in the American section of the exhibition is more acute in certain canvasses which received not even an Honorable Mention. They are those works by painters whose talents have not hitherto matured, and who are represented in the current show by works of maturity and distinction. They are the "new" talents for which one looks hopefully in all large exhibitions. Of these, the most promising seems, on first examination, to be Boris Deutsch who shows a painting, "The Bread Mixer", more than competently painted, more than superficially sensed, and composed with firmness. It is a canvas in which far better known painters than Mr. Deutsch might feel confidence. Its presence in an international exhibition nowise affronts intelligence. Perhaps with irony, it is hung next what seems unquestionably the most vulgar painting in the American section, a puerile composition of a metal hat model, some plaid scarfs (label almost legible), a necklace, a large red hat—"Easter Bonnet", by Johanna K. W. Hailman.

Although there is incompetence in generous measure in the American section, it is in the French that one finds that incomparable vulgarity the French are capable of, who are capable also of great good taste and genius. It affords one no easy task to determine which of three canvasses, for instance, is definitely the most vulgar: Van Dongen's pretentious and tawdry full-length portrait of the dancer, Mila Cirul; the spurious chic of Jean Gabriel Doumergue's box of *demi-mondaines*, vulgar in color, line, mass and conception; or the pretentious portrait of Mlle. Colette de Jouvenel by Kisling, the intention of which is indecipherable for all that Mlle. Jouvenel is painted in exact and violent plaid before rubber-plants, and carrying lilies. Such paintings make one somewhat regret that there is not, at such exhibitions, something comparable to the booby prize at bridge, perhaps to be awarded by popular vote.

The German section is distinguished by the prize Hofer, itself certainly no great painting; the repulsive (and doubtless Nazi) Jaeckel, the execrable Beckmann, comparable in vulgarity to any of the three most vulgar French paintings or the most vulgar American, and, in general, the inferiority of German contemporary art.

As for the English section, the absence of the really alive talents in England today is itself not surprising, since the power of the Academy is greater in England today than in any country. The "great" English painters are here, however: Roger Fry, Duncan Grant, John, Bateman, Newinson, Philpot, Michael Roberts, Lowinsky, Sir William Rothenstein—competent, dull, interesting or merely tiresome. The presence of a portrait of the late Florence Millis in the collection is equivalent in an English exhibition to a minor scandal. The surprises of the collection are "Demolition" by Joselin Bodley, a more than ordinarily interesting Sickert, a charming nude by Clara Klinghofer.

It is, nevertheless, a collection that would excite the contempt of Wyndham Lewis.

Perhaps it has.

(Editor's note—Further opinions of Mr. Larsson on the French section and what he thinks of the Italian, Russian, Polish, Belgian and Spanish sections will appear in next week's issue of PACIFIC WEEKLY.)

BOOKS

CREATIVE COLLISION

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by John Cowper Powys. (Simon and Schuster, 1934) \$3.50

(Reviewed by Sara Bard Field)

IF BLAKE was right in his assertion that truth lies on the thin wirey line where opposites meet, then the *Autobiography* of John Cowper Powys is a triumphant revelation of that elusive abstraction of whose existence Pilate was so skeptical.

Arthur Colton reviewing this for *The Saturday Review of Literature* faces this human incarnation of paradox with something like mild dismay and entitles his review *A Bundle of Contradictions*. This phrase is too static. Extremes are not carried about in the turbulent heart of John Cowper Powys in inactive propinquity but in creative collision. Malice and Pity, Greed and Generosity, Foolishness and Wisdom, Guile and Innocence, Skepticism and Faith, Madness and Sanity, Cowardice and Bravery, the Old World and the Changing Order, Life and Death, Heaven and Hell with their demons and their angels are at grips in this life story. It is the record of a constant clash of opposites. And what sparks are thrown off in the clash! What ominous, darkly uncertain gleams from Algol and pure white light from Spica and El Nath! One has a dizzy feeling of following a comet hurtling, not straightly but in zig-zag line, through our "darkling plain", or of a winged mythological creature combined of hydra, harpy and angel uttering cries which are sometimes menacing and terrible and sometimes magical and healing.

There is nothing quiet in this book. Every attribute makes its appearance like a rushing mighty wind of equal and opposite power. The man sweeps across the stage of life as, Cambridge-gowned, he swept across the platforms of two continents.

Despite formidable content and style the book is disarming. It forestalls the enemy's charge and leaves little for the friendly admirer to add. Cry "charlatan" if you will, John Cowper Powys has said it first. Curl your lip and say "fool", he is already so self-styled. "Fool and zany" he says for good measure. He has listed shamelessly and examined relentlessly his phobias and neuroses, his erotic abnormalities and demoniac obsessions and with the same candor he has discussed those elements of his nature that are "on the side of the angels". He unblushingly announces that though he is not an artist, he is conscious, and has been for a long time, of entertaining genius.

It is not surprising if simple, uncomplex people confronted by these "entangling alliances", this clash and clamor of opposing forces, or by this complete spiritual disrobing close the book in bewilderment and sometimes in aversion. Such people are unaccustomed to find angels in Pandemonium or devils in Paradise. They forget how God and Eve, Adam and beast, Gabriel and Satan met in Eden. His swing from the sublime to the ridiculous and from the ridiculous to the sublime seems the meaningless movements of a boomerang to such minds. To the more penetrating, to those closer to the secret of life's mystery, it seems the stride of the legendary giant with seven league boots.

Despite the sensational revelations of these pages, despite

Mr. Powys' own declaration—as printed by his publishers—“In brief, this book may hurt some and surprise others but I cannot think that it will appear dull to any”—it has appeared just that to some discriminating readers of my acquaintance—to my astonishment. It seems to me the two-fold explanation rests first with the fact that Mr. Powys' type is too cerebral for certain lovers of Autobiography and Biography. Here is a lengthy record of thoughts, feelings, reactions and not of events. Those who crave lively adventure, episode, anecdote, records of man's encounter with man or with nature, specific love affairs, the doing this or that, the meeting with this one and that one will not be excited by this life record. The less this man contacts man the more intensely he lives and such impacts as the world makes on him are not things in themselves. They are only grist for a very individual mill that grinds exceeding strange and small. Sensuous impressions and philosophical contemplation according to a mind not wholly sane, as he himself admits, and to twisted nerves that produce over-sensitized reactions form the body of this Autobiography. The other half of the explanation is the style. Mr. Powys writes without restraint and with unvarying richness of phrase. His inexhaustible vocabulary, his sonorous sentences, his imaginative interpretations are employed alike for great event and small detail for, being more the philosopher than the artist, the greatest may be the smallest in his estimation and the smallest the greatest. He is utterly without desire to be the conscious artist. Like earth he labors as diligently for the frail trillium as for the enduring oak. This results in an elaborate monotony, a too consistent richness beyond many digestions. Moreover, his restive and imaginative curiosity compels him to unwearied analysis. Mere recital is for him impossible. His earliest memories—memories of his Father's boots, of his sensations and impressions during his first railroad journey—as well as the experiences of mature life receive equally intensive examination. The fundamental stuff of poetry which underlies these analyses makes them precious to the poetically-minded but tedious to other types.

The “great expurgation” of women from this Autobiography is a matter for deep regret to those who desire the whole picture of this man's world. The absence of women gives to the life story a masculine over-balance and an unrelieved bass note that in reality was not there. It is especially deplorable in connection with his mother. One feels that a portrait of her and a summation of her maternal influence as over against and re-enforcing the strongly drawn paternal would lend a bitterly needed illumination on many factors in Mr. Powys' peculiar composition. One feels cheated in not being able to follow the blood stream of influence from John Donne and William Cowper through Mary Cowper Powys into the veins of her first-born son of genius.

More than any Autobiography known to me, this book projects a Biblical or Miltonic sense of self-creation rising from chaos—of a soul “void and without form” resolving its own light and darkness, its own planetary revolution, its own air and water, fire and earth from dangerous nebulae essentially hostile in character. One feels that this creator can look upon his creation “and call it good” for with all its revelation of what the religious call “sin” and the Freudians call “complexes”, with all its welter of contradictions, absurdities, revolting indecencies, there emerges a dark figure in mosaic of dignified, even majestic, proportions and of persuasive power. “If I have learned anything from my life in America it is a certain lonely and, perhaps, rather desperate stoicism, a certain stark endurance of one's fate in the presence of air and water, fire and

basic rock-structure.” And again; “My whole philosophy is based on my Father's monumental simplicity and toward this I strive as Christians strive toward Jesus.”

Consciously or unconsciously we betray our inmost selves by our tastes, our admirations, our ideals. Here in such terms we get an unobscured measure of John Cowper Powys. “No! the character I admire is a character that is a rod of iron to itself and a well-spring of tenderness and pity for others; a character that forces itself to be happy in itself, blames no one but itself, and compels itself to clear away obstacles from the path to happiness for every organism it encounters.”

QUESTIONABLY IMPORTANT

THE CHART OF PLENTY, by Harold Loeb and Associates.
(Viking Press) \$2.50

(Reviewed by Harry Conover)

CHARLES A. BEARD has called this “the most important book of the twentieth century” and Stuart Chase considers it a study “destined to have historical importance”. Liberals seem to have organized a mutual admiration society to reassure one another that what they have been saying for ten years about our era of abundance is true and that their piecemeal social reform program can cope with it.

In the spring of 1934 the federal government appointed a commission of engineering and economic experts to discover the ratio of actual production to our productive capacity, and what distribution of purchasing power there must be to ensure full use of technological and natural resources. The commission has prepared an elaborate chart which attempts to convey a picture of the flow of products from their raw material stage through the machine processes, into consumers' hands. There is also a national budget of consumption of goods and services, educational and medical facilities, clothing, housing, food, recreational needs—sufficient to provide each family in the United States with what is considered a decent standard of living.

Thus attention was centered, as never before by any previous commission, on the end towards which production in a national and rational economy ought to be directed. For it is clear that it is quite meaningless to criticize existing business institutions only because of their failure to produce to capacity, if what was being produced was already too much in terms of social needs.

The Chart of Plenty was written to explain the significance of the picture these experts have presented. It is unfortunate that these explanations have petered down to a patchwork of inadequate statistics and vapid technocratic economics which continue to regard services as “diversions” of the national income. Why define national income as “the monetary equivalent of the consumer goods and services produced in a given period—a year”, when in any short period the things consumed are actually not equal to the things produced? It is possible to produce more than we consume and, within limits, less than we consume.

The statistical questions which this book raises outnumber those which it answers. In the light of the considerable studies which preceded it, it certainly fell upon this commission to explain more explicitly its disagreement with, say, the Brookings Institution's *America's Capacity to Produce*. And it is too simple a method merely to multiply the amounts of food in

the standard health budget prepared by the Department of Agriculture by the number of families in the country in order to get an indication of what we ought to produce, without making allowances for differences in local and racial food requirements. As Erich Zimmermann, in his *World Resources and Industries*, points out, food requirements are related to the size, weight, age, and occupation of the individuals. In this sense, budgets cannot be made universal requirements. Furthermore, the present-day census of family populations is woefully inadequate.

From the chart it is to be inferred that, though in 1929 we produced some ninety-six billions of dollars of commodities and services, even equitably distributed, this was insufficient to provide a decent living for all. But there was the productive power to so provide. This book states and re-states this to be the prospect for the American nation if its plant machinery is restrained only by physical factors and the skill of its technicians. A suspicion of this possibility has been current for some years. It is therefore very disappointing to be referred time and again by this obviously hastily written book to 101 Park Avenue, New York City, for verification of the crucial statistical tables, and to find the only social correctives suggested those of financial reform and changes in the distribution of income.

The economic recommendations take the form of an appeal to the business men on rational and self-protective grounds to end the treatment of labor as a commodity and to pay it the highest possible wages. Should this persuasion fail, the committee suggests the nationalization of certain basic industries. Without any more fundamental changes in our social institutions, the committee goes so far as to predict that the adoption of its program will make the functions of labor unions superfluous. Unfortunately, the death of an economy such as ours, where the most inefficient products are turned out in the most efficient way, where the waste of human and natural resources is an inseparable function of competition, and where the complete utilization of our theoretical production capacity is, as the Brookings' report termed it, a "rosy dream", will come by less pleasantly rational means.

SOMETHING TO WRITE FOR

IN TIME OF PEACE, by Thomas Boyd. (Minton, Balch)
\$2.50

(Reviewed by Edward Radenzel)

WHEN he was eighteen Thomas Boyd enlisted in the A. E. F. with which he saw foul and bloody service at Belleau Wood and other infernos of the capitalists' war to forestall the second panic of the century. Sick with the stupidity of the carnage he wrote *Through the Wheat*, a bitter superb attack on all wars for a man just out of puttees. For ten long years he wrote more-than-average biographies for muddled readers, but not another word of the great problem of assimilation or denial—the problem which was his, and that of all the young men then, and of all of us after him.

Now at his death his second novel—his first since he had become a Communist—proves that the decade was for him, not one of being lost, nor of being stranded in the post-war Paris puddle, nor of concession to Mammon and Rotary, but one of endless, if inarticulate, struggle against the hypocrisies, contradictions and cruelties of capitalism. Two years ago he joined the Communist party, campaigned as the candidate of

that party for the governor of Vermont, and began to devote much of his time to writing for the revolutionary journals. It was as if, after a bout of writing and an internal conflict which the unbelieving must fight in our time, he finally found something enduring and fine to believe in.

In *Time of Peace* is the story of the prodigal soldier, one destined to a life of hard labor, who revolted, found a young wife and a reporter's job. Become successively a father and a visionary he learned to distinguish the glib words of a "socialist" paper from the bitter facts. Obsessed by the need for money (i.e. goods), he climbed up the reportorial ladder, scribbled publicity for extra earnings, bought a house, a car, but, unlike most of his generation, he did not join. Outwardly shellacked with the required aplomb, Hicks and Patsy became caught in the inescapable net which enmeshed all of the hopeless old-young after the war. Fine of spirit, unsophisticated, they shrank from the more blatant, gin-drinking, country-club aspect of American Prosperity. Doped by the Coolidge hokum America drifted drunkenly to a Black October. But Hicks didn't believe; it was all air to him. But you wanted this, you wanted that; things had to be bought. To get them you had to know the right people. Forced to earn more and more by the sheer necessity to do and own, they gravitated perilously close to the point where nearly all fell into the bottomless pit (Hope). Though their income doubled, trebled, they remained at subsistence level—a plight in which all wage and salary earners found themselves during the boom years. At last Hicks was saved, when the newspaper folded up (1929), he lost his home, and he found himself supported by his wife.

All the years, however, in which Hicks had written trash for the *Beacon* and the *News-Dispatch* he had felt that it was all rotten underneath. In despair—but it was a sort of knowing despair—he turns back to the workers, looks for a machinist's job, any job, at a motor plant. Marching in line with the unemployed, demanding jobs or relief, he finds that his place is with them, that their problem is his, despite the white-collar handicap hack journalism had imposed upon him. When he faces the police and company guards with the mass of gaunt, starving men, the shackles of his class fall from him. And when the machine guns are turned on them, and he is shot, Hicks is profoundly full of the truth that comes to him

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, JEAN WINTHROP, TILLIE LERNER, DOROTHY Q. BASSETT, WILLIAM SAROYAN, HAAKON CHEVALIER, DOROTHY ERSKINE, MARION STURGES-JONES, WILLIAM JUSTEMA

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

—that he has something to fight for, something to make living real. Because that truth arises out of astonishment that he, an American citizen, should be shot at by the police, does not make the truth less profound.

As a novel *In Time of Peace* falls a little short of being revolutionary. No doubt he had begun to write it before he became a Communist. It had to be written, because it was those ten years. But his work, almost above any other contemporary novel, will persuade more of the people who can afford to buy books to see things the way Thomas Boyd sees them. It must be compared with Josephine Herbst's *The Executioner Waits*, for they are two novels which best narrate the middle-class intellectual's disillusionment, the proletarianization of that class, and the gravitation of its more enlightened members toward the vanguard of the proletariat. Boyd's prose is hard, cryptic, end-of-the-war. He does not strive after new images, nor attempt to hammer out a new form into which to pour his discovery. He had something that had to be written, so he wrote it out with all the strength that growing certainty gave him. One cannot help thinking of the crushing power that the next novel would have had. For beneath the painful story of Hicks' disenchantment of democracy one feels the earth rumble with the implied necessity to fight back, worming itself through to consciousness. In the end, it comes to bright, challenging light.

CORRESPONDENCE

Editor, Pacific Weekly,
Sir:

Funds are urgently needed for the defense and relief of 15 innocent workers jailed in Sacramento on charges of Criminal Syndicalism. All contributions will be warmly welcomed and may be sent either to the ILD, Room 410, 1005 Market street, San Francisco, or to Prof. Guido Marx, Stanford University.

San Francisco

Myron Nelson

Editor, Pacific Weekly,
Sir:

Assemblyman Ellis Patterson of King City said recently: "There is danger of Bills 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110 being railroaded through the assembly. Now is the time for liberals and progressives to voice protest."

These bills will stop freedom of speech, of thought, of meeting, and prevent collective bargaining for the improvement of its welfare on the part of labor. It is most important for all liberals to send immediate letters of protest against these fascist bills to their assemblymen.

Los Angeles

F. R. Hanford

Editor, Pacific Weekly,
Sir:

So many people say communism is a religion to communists that it is time once and for all to nail that *canard*. I'm afraid it would be more true to say, with a dear old lady in my

neighborhood who, to my reply of "no" when she asked me whether it was so, said plaintively, "Oh, but I should so like it to be a religion."

Communism is not in Russia a faith to be believed in, a shrine to be worshiped at, any more than American (so-called) democracy is a shrine. It is a system of government, economic and social bus-lines along which the vehicles of economic life run. You don't worship the fact that the shop at which you buy your cabbage is a government-owned shop, nor the fact that the income from foreign trade goes to the government, nor the state of affairs by which your wife gets four months off before and after childbirth and your child gets free milk and is looked after in a nursery school—though these facts may give you cause for profound gratefulness in a world where such things are rare. The fact that many superstitious peasants regard Lenin as they regarded the saints of old, does not mean that communism is to 160,000,000 Russian (and tens of millions of non-Russian) communists, a religion.

Carmel

Ella Winter

Editor Pacific Weekly
Sir:

Speaker Byrns says "WE'RE OUT OF THE DEPRESSION" (very recent). Therefore, I feel quite safe in sending you a six months' subscription. Many thanks for the sample copies received and the enclosed names with addresses may respond to sample copy treatment as I have. With best wishes for your success, Sincerely yours,

Robert C. Johns

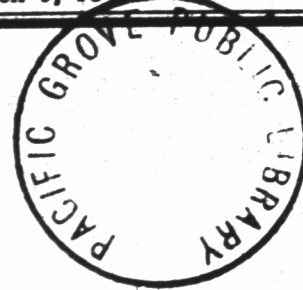
San Leandro, California

Limited editions

We are proud of our efforts in this field...
directed by one who is steeped in the lore
of the old masters. If you are contemplating
publishing a small volume, we will be
happy to be of service.

CARMEL press • inc.

Through the Little Gate on San Carlos
near Seventh • Carmel-by-the-Sea



WE ARE SURPRISED-- AND PLEASED!

BUT MORE PLEASED THAN SURPRISED

The persistent growth of PACIFIC WEEKLY is gratifying and, if we must confess it, a bit unusual.

Not at all unusual, we are reminded, for a weekly like ours but it must be remembered, there never before has been a weekly like ours.

We have had nothing to compare it with—nothing comparable—nothing except other magazines.

And, judged by their past and the history of periodicals in the West, PACIFIC WEEKLY has set a precedent, a new record of rapid growth, something to shoot at, and to shoot mighty high at.

Here's a subscription blank for you to get into step—a lively step, but if you're not mentally lazy you'll enjoy marching onward with PACIFIC WEEKLY.

PACIFIC WEEKLY,
Box 1300, Carmel, California.

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