

BASEMENT

# PACIFIC WEEKLY

Apr 2 '40

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

MAY 24, 1935

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**THE TEACHER'S OATH--  
OF DUPLICITY**

+

**HOW GOOD CALIFORNIA  
PAINTING COULD BE**

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## PACIFIC WEEKLY CONTRIBUTORS IN THIS ISSUE

DR. D. T. MACDOUGAL, who discloses his attitude toward the past and present in this number, is a pioneer in many fields of biology, especially in plant science. His activities in research and in organizing laboratories, scientific societies, journals, and in administration has brought him into contact with the dynamic personalities of America. He may be characterized as a philosopher who thinks in terms of life rather than in metaphysical abstractions, and is a pragmatist who values theories only in so far as they furnish workable conceptions.

DONALD J. PAQUETTE is a Los Angeles poet whose work has appeared in nearly all the verse magazines in the country and also been broadcast over KFVD Los Angeles for a number of years.

FLORENCE ERSKINE is a native Californian about to enter Radcliffe College.

MIRIAM HALL HYDE is a graduate this year of a California college with credentials to teach school.

HELEN EVERETT MEIKLEJOHN is a lecturer and writer on economic subjects, now teaching in the San Francisco School of Social Studies. She is the wife of Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn of Amherst and Wisconsin universities.

ANN HAWKINS is a research student at the University of California. She has studied the theater in France, England, Ireland and Belgium.

DOROTHY ERSKINE is a Californian, daughter of Dr. Florence Ward, one of the early women surgeons of San Francisco. She has spent a number of years in economic research work.



# PACIFIC WEEKLY

## A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

VOLUME II

FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1935

NUMBER 21

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### NOTES AND COMMENT

PACIFIC WEEKLY suggests that members of the American Legion, spending much of their time playing fascism in California, read President Roosevelt's bonus veto message and then go into some darkened room and hide. This magazine further suggests that they stay in there for some considerable time, long enough to skip, for instance, some date they have planned on which to mouth "American ideals and traditions" at helpless school children and wave the flag about while they are reciting the Constitution.

Mr. Roosevelt told them something Wednesday. He told them, virtually, that many of them who left home in 1917 for a trip to a South Carolina training camp aren't entitled to a damned thing more than men who stayed home and worked like hell to feed them. He told them that their demand for pre-payment of their insurance certificates is, in a word, unfair to the nation and, which is worse, a selfish and inhuman attitude toward the welfare of all the people.

But what he told them more than all else was that their intimidation of the members of Congress was just rotten business.

He didn't use our words or our phrases, but as we read between the lines of his address it is pretty easy to see that he would like to have used them. If you want our honest opinion about it, Mr. Roosevelt employed some pretty strong language in the privacy of his executive offices in drafting this veto message and then turned it over to his secretary with instructions to cut out the profanity. He may have delivered that message in a calm voice, and with dignity and restraint of manner, but there was something inside him all the time that we'll wager took some considerable suppressing.

Frankly, he told the American Legion it ought to be heartily ashamed of itself.

We know of some weak-kneed shopkeepers in our own little publication center of Carmel who could borrow courage from the President with credit to themselves.

IN SPITE of the frenzied support of the democratically-minded Mr. Hearst, the proposition for a State constabulary was overwhelmingly defeated in the Assembly this week. This is a step in the right direction even if for the wrong reasons. Local sheriffs—and perhaps their supporters—opposed the creation of a new police body to supersede their powers because they would then have one more boss, be less independent. But anyone who knows anything of labor struggles knows that a State constabulary would be used to intimidate and suppress labor in strikes. If its purpose were to curb crime, there are other methods of doing that. One excellent method would be not to breed criminals; another not to have rackets so closely allied with big business and politicians. Mr. Hearst's recent attempts to bracket "gangsters, criminals and communists" is one indication of what the "war on gangsters" will very speedily turn into: Mr. Hitler's pronouncements and actions are another—and Hitler is Hearst's guide and model. All Labor should therefore strenuously oppose the creation of a State constabulary, unless it be surrounded by far more safeguards than the insincere speeches on Section 7A and the experience of California Labor with police in strikes.

There are misguided liberals who see in every move or proposed action only the front. A State police might have been all right at a time when democracy—even capitalist democracy—worked to some extent, and had not become the mask and sham it is today. Think what the vigilantes alone could do with a State constabulary supporting them, as, of course, they would. It is pleasant to dream that they shouldn't, and that if we lived under the democracy Mr. Jefferson dreamed of, they wouldn't: but we don't. We live on the threshold of a fascist state and a State constabulary, in the political conditions of today, can be looked at as a fascist measure and nothing else.

THE Industrial Association of San Francisco, with a choice to make between dignity, truth and guttersnipe journalism, has chosen the latter. It is not much wonder English business men say American business men have small sense of ethics!

The Association cannot be said to be poor and struggling and therefore not to have access to sources. It has a well-paid and prosperous research department which has money to buy all the books of reference it needs. It therefore can get the facts. But it prefers to suppress the facts in favor of the cheapest kind of Hearst propaganda.

In Special Bulletin C-19 (Feb. 2, 1935) there are two mimeographed columns:

"Communitic (sic) Theories" and "Soviet Realities". Most of the theories are taken from the Eighth National Convention of the Communist Party held in 1934, or else from M. J. Oldin's little book (which has sold a quarter of a million copies in America), "Why Communism?" The "Realities", however, are taken from an unknown book called "I Live To Tell" by one J. H. Rubin. But, not satisfied with this "source" of information, the Industrial Association reports the "facts" told by this man of what he saw in Russia, neglecting to state that they refer to his first trip to Russia in 1920; the period of the Civil War, foreign intervention, the tail end of the World War when no one has ever denied that chaos was spread

throughout the land by marauding bands, and Bolshevik Moscow was threatened by eight attacking armies financed and soldiered by the might and power of foreign capitalistic nations. It was they who spread the desolation Rubin describes, but the Industrial Association, by not stating otherwise, implies that this is a picture of Soviet Russia in 1935.

In Special Bulletin C-27 (May 8, 1935) there is a sketch of Josef Stalin. Is it taken from some Russian Who's Who, or any book by a correspondent with, say, Walter Duranty's integrity? Oh no. This sketch characterizing Stalin as a "loafer and parasite in the gutters of Tiflis" is taken from a book by Carveth Wells, whose Russian tall tales were so tall that his film "Russia Today" is refused by most American theaters. Wells is the man who reports that small Russian boys bite the hands of tourists to give them syphilis. He is hooted and laughed out of court by any serious lecture audience.

If it interests the Industrial Association to know why, as one of their friends remarked recently, when a man becomes intelligent he goes red, here is one of the reasons. It helps explain in large measure the westward growth among writers, artists, intellectuals, students, professors (quite right, Mr. Hearst), and even school boys and girls: Americans are realizing that among capitalists there is no more intellectual integrity or honesty, no research or facts or truth to be found. The Communists say this is because the capitalists have no case; they have to lie to bolster their side. Maybe. At any rate, it is a picture to disgust any honest citizen, and it does disgust them.

Long ago, Stuart Chase said the capitalists can offer you any material luxury—money, houses, cars, dinners, golf courses, yachts, jewels, night clubs—but one thing they haven't got and can't offer, and that is integrity. If you want the luxury of integrity, you won't find it in the capitalist camp.

**T**HE President's wage cut is of lesser importance in work relief machinery than the unfairness, discrimination and imbecility in relief administration. Its effect generally will be as a federal stamp of approval on the drive of big business to lengthen hours and shorten pay. It seriously menaces the wage scale of the nation.



## CREATION AND POSSESSION

**M**ISS VAN KLEEK has her own terms for the two forces at war in our world. Very bluntly she calls them the possessive and creative forces. Disregard the recent political labels of Fascism and Communism; judge the two movements by their fundamental characteristics—and the difference between them becomes extraordinarily clear. Take Germany, for example. Reaction appears in every sphere of life. The possessive elements have control. It is these same elements which in America are threatening our civil liberties and our democratic desires. On the other hand, the expansion of industry in the Soviet Union, the new techniques of national planning, the freeing of women, the extension of science, the invention of new educational and financial systems, are all robust and vital assertions of the creative impulse released

from the possessive. Most people are naturally on the creative side. Their happiness as human beings demands some fulfillment that is as largely creative as possible. Doctors, engineers, architects and technicians want expansion. Social workers see the wreckage caused by blind self-interest. Women need new activities rather than be thrust back into the home when the home is no longer a productive unit. Racial minorities clamor for a chance to create their national cultures, unmolested and unexploited. Industrial workers want work. Farmers ask to produce.

The practical economist of the Russell Sage Foundation speaks soberly of this cumulative impulse coming from millions and millions of people. She estimates it as an electrical engineers might gauge the horse power in a waterfall. Can it be organized? Will it resist the inertia of possessiveness? Will it finally be powerful enough to invent the countless new social forms needed for America in the near future?

It all depends on how many see the issues as clearly as does Miss Van Kleek.

—DOROTHY ERSKINE

## LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

**THE DEATH** of Jane Addams ends a beautiful life and a beautiful human being that failed. If only we could honestly tell the children that she tried out and proved that things can't be done in her gentle, retail way! And so teach them that the Jane Addams among them must experiment with some other way.

**HITLER MADE** his long promised speech proposing peace and the other statesmen are wondering in vain whether it means war or peace. Knowing them and him and their honor and the circumstances I can't allay the wonder. I don't know what the faker means. I don't like his proposal to agree against arms to kill the good people behind the fighting front. But I do like the way his 13 points land on our frauds and hypocrisy, the bunk of his rival statesmen.

**THE THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH**, most beautiful thing in Carmel, is gone, destroyed by fire. Teddy Kuster, the man who built it, never seemed to get out of his creation the supreme satisfaction, the only and sufficient reward for producing a work of art. I heard his once grieving for the lack of appreciation! Gratitude! The Kingdom of Heaven is within; outside is nothing but Hell. Nothing but.

**O. O. McINTYRE** remembers with a thrill, a blush from me, the time when we drove a buggy with one careless foot hanging outside. Can't do it in an auto or the kids would; I can't, I will not believe they have any more sense than we had. "Had", I say.

**THE NEWSPAPERS**, the big ones, report with surprise and evident satisfaction that the less brains we have the more mind. Maybe that is the key to what's the matter. Anyhow the surgeon who had occasion to remove part of a woman's brain reports that she is brighter so. I wish he would go on and see if it didn't change her mind from, say, Republican to Democrat, or vice versa or neither. A committee of the Senate



might investigate such an important subject. I have a theory that results logic cannot achieve might yield to surgery. And Carmel be saved after all. And me.

FRAZIER HUNT and Edward Weston are to "cover" the dust storms. Not together. Hunt is to write articles about them for a news syndicate; Weston is to photograph the erosion. Somebody should now show somehow the new continent the dust must be forming in the Atlantic Ocean. Else future automobilists will never know how the road to Europe was laid, the road they will be speeding over.

HOOVER IS back on the job. A whole wave of reactionaries fell in one fell swoop upon the beach one day and I recognised the united front as a weather sign that the winter—the grafters' winter—is over and their spring has come. We have other indications that there is a profit to rake in. The Chambers of Commerce have recovered or faked some self-respect. Farley sees it as I do, as all us politicians do: as a good chance for President Roosevelt to cash in on. He can show that even if he is not against business, business is against him.

BARBARA HUTTON did raise herself in rank by exchanging her prince, a Russian prince, for a Danish count. I hasten to settle that popular question so that we may go on peacefully to other, more important questions: whether to have that war now or later; whether prosperity is arrived when stock-brokers go up in the air or must we wait till the bread-lines say we are all all right. I think myself that the last man on relief is the guy to say the word, but I refuse to overlook the rank of the "five and ten". Her only problem is how and where to climb next.

"ARABIAN" T. E. LAWRENCE is dead, in a way; he breathes no more and will do no more. I met him once. When he came with his King Feisal to Paris, I went with Fred C. Howe, of our government, to call at the hotel where the Arabs were lodged. A disappointed lot, that mission. The British Government would not keep the contract Lawrence had made for it; my experience is that no government will keep any

promise. So we agreed on that. But Lawrence was still serving his government. I called with the intention of getting an interview and I started to question him. But I hadn't gone far when I realized that he was interviewing me. Just as good; better, really. I lay back and let him work. And he worked, not like a reporter, but like a diplomat with supreme self-satisfaction till I tumbled to his secret, very private purpose. His object was to get me to make propaganda for an American mandate over Armenia and his purpose in that was to have all the Armenians, all, down to the last man and woman, killed off. He said the Turks, Greeks and others had done their best; they had massacred millions of Armenians, but had wearied of slaughter before all were killed. They had always left a couple or so, and so, when you came back in a year or two, there were millions as before. He thought that we Americans would kill every last one of them "as you did the American Indians," he said. That was his error. I had to tell him that we also were not through; we had not wiped out the Indians; we wearied before the job was done. And so I think that I won the interview; I converted Lawrence to give up me and the United States. But I confess I did not, could not make up my mind whether Lawrence was sincere, like Byington Ford, or only having some fun like me. So I wrote the interview as it ran and forgot it. And I have had trouble with the Armenians ever since. It seems that they cannot understand why as a race they should be wiped out. I explained to them that Lawrence's point (not mine) was that they were Semites, Jews and Christians too, but it was no use. Well, anyhow, Lawrence and his sardonic humor are gone and the Armenians and British are with us.

A TINY TOT burst out of a full heart to say to her father: "You are the onlyest you I everest had!" Even Gertrude Stein would admit that THAT is said! And don't you rejoice in the way fathers are replacing mothers among the competent judges of parenthood?

UPTON SINCLAIR down south is having more success than he ever expected or deserved. He stepped back from socialism to lead the Democratic party and discovered a radical 800,000 of followers. But his followers were coming out of the Democratic and out of the Republican parties, and they would not stop even for the ex-Socialist leader. How could they? They hadn't moved for a generation and they did like motion. Which is entrancing. Ought to try it. Well having got in motion, finding it entrancing, they passed Upton, passed by the spot where he was standing when he started back to meet the masses and now, in the Epic convention a lot of them just waved hello to him and went on down the road. It looks to me and (I observe) to Upton as if they were headed for the Communist camp. If now they would sweep Upton with them and float him back home like a Sacramento flood—that would be a triumph for him. And for the 800,000 he found in his dust storm.

THOSE SOVIET Russians, having seen that the loss of the airplane Maxim Gorky was due to no failure of the machine, are going to build three more Maxim Gorkys. Can't discourage them. I'll bet that if the Fascists licked their army, they would assemble another and if we knocked out their revolution, they'd have another. We evidently can't teach 'em a thing. They think that they can change human nature so that aviators won't do stunts over a city!

**PACIFIC WEEKLY**

*A Western Journal of Fact and Opinion*

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

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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



# TURNING THE CORNER

BY W. K. BASSETT

**N**OW that PACIFIC WEEKLY is just about to "turn the corner"; to balance the left side of the ledger with the right, I propose to succumb to the urge to tell you, to whom it is going each week, something of the drama and the thrill of these first five months of its existence.

I want to tell you because you are far and away the most enthusiastic subscribers it has ever been my fortune, during the intermittent periods when I have edited publications, to have dealt with. I do not believe that any magazine has ever met with such unqualified support and commendation from its readers. The letters that have come to my desk by every mail are amazing in their ardor; I am frank to say that they are embarrassing. I become a bit frightened at times by the encomiums for PACIFIC WEEKLY until I stop to realize how beneficently I am surrounded by associate editors and contributors whose genius and mental stability are really responsible for the unprecedented success of this magazine. They are the answer to my sometimes breathless question to myself, "Can we keep it up?" They are the answer and the answer is "Yes".

It has been not only their contributions, but their tireless efforts, their loyalty and their steadfast cooperation that have made these past five months quite glorious months. It has been not only the material support of you subscribers in dollars and cents, but your expressed appreciation and your voiced prayers for us, that have filled these five months with predominant confidence and prevailing faith.

There has been another contributing factor to our success; one that doesn't fill us with as much delight, but almost as much. That is the ire and opposition we have aroused among those persons and those factions which see in PACIFIC WEEKLY a publication that at last bodes them no good. They have been effective enemies who, consequently, have become effective assets. We would not have been in the gratifying position we are today, with the justifiable confidence of a long life, had it not been for their efforts to suppress us. Truly we have been not only in the hands of our friends, but also in the arms of our enemies, and both have contributed in their respective and varied ways to our success.

The first five months of PACIFIC WEEKLY have been dramatic and they have been thrilling. They have crowded into life a moving mass of effort, loyalty, courage and fascinating tirelessness. They have contained the deepest fears and the highest confidence, the lowest ebb of hope and its pinnacle, and now finally they approach their end with a sun of promise shining radiantly down upon us. PACIFIC WEEKLY, because of our belief in it, because of the loyal labor that has been put into it, and despite the bitterness of the opposition against it, has reached that point, quite early in its career, which justifies us in announcing to friends and enemies that we are here to stay.

If we had all been schedule-paid employees, punching a clock, arriving at a stated hour on our job and quitting on a whistle; if our days had been of the eight-hour variety instead of ten and twelve and sixteen and, often, twenty-four, it would have been a hard job; a fretful job, a job probably not worth the effort. But our pay has been of the precarious kind always and no-pay kind generally. There have been no time-clocks and no closing whistles. We have seen every job

through on the day it began and not minded the length of the day.

I say that these five months have been thrilling. Look! Dorothea Castelhun, whose fingers have been accustomed to typewriter keys on which she has written her several books and her magazine stories, made those fingers friendly with the keys of a type-setting machine and for the past three months every line of type in PACIFIC WEEKLY has been set by her.

Sara E. Reamer, whose short life to date has been largely spent in volunteer service to relieve the tragedy in the lives of workers in California, has sold herself to PACIFIC WEEKLY for virtually nothing and during these five months has slaved for hours on end at the clerical side of the magazine's affairs. Thursday night for Sara Reamer is just a night out when, supported by her lieutenant, Gretchen Schoeninger, she leads a phalanx of high school students, volunteers to the cause, in an assault on the stacks of PACIFIC WEEKLIES which, by some superhuman effort of hers and theirs, "make" the six o'clock Friday morning mail out of Carmel.

Sidney Robertson, whose hand knows the piano and whose mind so delightfully knows music, coordinates the two in the operation of a wire-stitching machine in a manner that would tax the experience of an expert at the thing.

Neil Weston, son of Edward Weston, the master photographer of California, puts his brawn each week into the paper cutter that trims the entire edition of PACIFIC WEEKLY.

There are a dozen others whose labors are perhaps not so regular but as ardent and as untiring.

For all of these there have been no pay-checks and they shun my expressed gratitude.

So with our friends, our enemies, our volunteer workers, and now, finally our advertisers, all behind us, we have discovered it impossible to fail—as we might say, it just wouldn't be cricket.

It may be a trite remark, but the production of PACIFIC WEEKLY has been a labor of love. It will not be a trite remark to declare that it will continue to be a labor of love. There is to be no profit-taking here, no matter what our prosperity. Every cent over and above the actual costs of producing this magazine, and you can readily see how love cuts down the overhead, will go back into it; to make it better first and bigger after that.

This is my say. I have had my say often in these columns. I am stepping aside for a period now to give those whose help has made it possible for me to keep on, their say. Beginning in this issue, the associate editors will tell you of their concepts and ideals as embodied, or as they want them embodied, in PACIFIC WEEKLY.

In this issue you will read what Dr. Daniel T. MacDougal has to say. Next week, Marie de L. Welch will state her case. The others will follow from week to week.

There may be divergence of ideas and concepts; there will be no divergence of ideals—we all have only one ideal—to make PACIFIC WEEKLY a power for good, for good of the people of this nation, and honestly that. We cannot see that good emanating from the system under which we are plunging blindly today; we know that it is not there.

PACIFIC WEEKLY is pledged to a new order, defiantly and irrevocably pledged.

# PERSONAL PERSPECTIVE

BY D. T. MACDOUGAL  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF PACIFIC WEEKLY

ONE of England's late and most versatile statesmen was credited with the capacity to enumerate on a moment's notice a dozen new rules which had guided his whole life. This pretentious cleverness would receive no attention today as there is a general refusal to live by dogmas, as expressed in proverbs, precepts, mottoes, maxims or wise sayings of moral or sentimental content derived from folk lore or torn from the fabric of philosophic, poetic or religious pronouncements.

For the one widely acceptable truth is that of the permanent and continuing change in the family setting, social order, relation of individual effort to the industrial aspects of life, in the entire system of economics, and in new attitudes toward governmental functions. Kaleidoscopic shifts in the complexion of the world follow in dizzying succession. To determine adequate courses of action under such perplexing conditions is a matter beset with stupendous difficulties.

Not the least of our troubles arise from the fact that the dead hands of the past clutch at our knees and would hobble us with phrases from old laws, outworn agreements, rigid constitutions and petrified social anachronisms.

It is with reference to such a setting that I endeavor to express attitudes and convictions from which it is impossible to exclude delusions, illusions and dreams. With reticence subdued I would say that fatalism as an opiate against fear has never enchained me, while by a combination of fortunate circumstances I have not since early boyhood been subject to the corrosive action of such aboriginal savageries as those comprised in the conception of a material hell. And I cannot become very highly apprehensive as to disease, "black widows", red revolutions, earthquakes, Democratic dictatorship, racial decadence, decline of art, science, literature, morals and culture, as most of these things will not happen or may not affect me although others of greater violence may; and avoidance of their evil effects would call for the sagacity of Ulysses. My own solicitude has been chiefly to see that something did happen, and if a few people were startled my enjoyment was heightened.

At the wailing wall my brief chant includes laments that I was not suspended from college for listening to Henry James or attending a performance of Hamlet (in violation of rules), that I can draw the long bow but so clumsily as to yield me no pride of performance, and that what glimmerings of sense I have painfully acquired were not gained earlier in life.

My strivings are to keep engagements, understandings, agreements and compacts against a yearning to be indolent and on the loose; to believe that the administration at Washington is wiser than it seems; that all industrialists though dominated by the profit motive are not bandits; that violence inevitably associated with strikes and walkouts is not all instigated by them, contrary to the assertions of many contributors to the PACIFIC WEEKLY: to make allowances for the emotionalized action of frenzied groups of strikers with real wrongs (and I do not need to depend on reports as to man-handlings): to be patient with the mentally old ladies who dominate the D. A. R. and not smile at their ridiculous black lists on which appear the names of outstanding exponents of

the humanities in America; to give wide latitude (that is plenty of rope) to lobbies and committees of Legionnaires whose exhibitions of selfishness and stupidity make them only a temporary nuisance; negligible or negative factor in the national welfare. These and similar military hangovers have followed every war in every country since Babylon flourished, and in this we must bear our burdens as the world has always endured them.

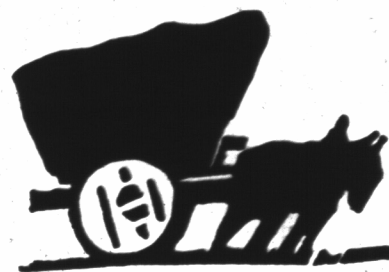
As to tomorrow I would say that, having been a college professor, it is with the liveliest interest that I note that scholarly men who have devoted half a lifetime to the study of pertinent subjects are now being asked to make their findings available for public use: Governmental procedure based upon political jockeying, compromises, and with the gilded dishonesty of diplomacy cannot fail of improvement by recourse to some of their recommendations. Nearly always a follower of the G. O. P. I note that there is a dawning disposition to allow Republicans the privilege of the floor and the use of the public prints—to some extent—to express views different from those embodied in the "Alphabeticals".

Perhaps the most important phenomenon of the present day, however, is that our affairs are no longer to be regulated by a patchy philosophical consideration of a fading past modified by expediency but attempts are being made to find the best methods by actual trial. The portentous plans of the Soviets are try-outs in sociology, economics and religion which have already established some basic principles. In economics only problems in production are being solved, with the perplexities of distribution and consumption still to be met, and all at a tremendous cost of human life.

The 18th Amendment was the first laboratory test in America. Following the liquidation of this proposal with end results of doubtful value we have set up a series of gigantic experiments in the regulation of production, the management of distribution and transportation, and the control of finance, with guidance in art and direction of science.

So completely and intimately do these plans take into consideration every activity of life that the failure of even a few of them might result in wholesale tragedies of destruction and degeneration no less poignant than those of any war.

On the other hand the situation is fraught with possibilities some of which might cause 1935 to overshadow '76 as viewed a century hence. While the turmoil may be very great, there is little to be seen or heard which would justify the doleful assumption of a perishing civilization.





# THE TEACHER'S OATH--OF DUPLICITY

BY MIRIAM HALL HYDE

**A** CURIOUS scene is taking place in the teacher-training institutions all over California this month as hundreds of young men and women rush through the last steps in the routine of obtaining a state credential to teach.

It is the final moment. They are stood up before an official empowered to administer oaths and sworn "to defend and support the constitution of the United States". Another requirement is off, like collecting gym deposits and turning in locker keys.

The state is satisfied with this legal prophylaxis against radicalism; and well it may be, for heedless and hurried as the youngsters are, they have a saving touch of cynicism; they know in advance that they must swear with their fingers crossed. Thoughtful ones sense the danger that lies in support of that revolutionary document and the others can tell you that "such stuff is not to be taken seriously or you'll get yourself into trouble". They all understand that the oath is interpreted inversely and that actually they are pledged to support capitalism, while they abstain from criticizing at the price of their job any of those patriotic organizations whose members read "defeat" for "defend" into the oath.

Young teachers are well trained in ethical shadow boxing as they come through the mills of the education department. The fifth year of training is like an old-fashioned "experience meeting"; lectures are filled with horrible stories of pedagogs who lose their jobs because they have no protective mantle of guile to cover their guilt. The professors in this department are realists. No idealistic considerations for the civil liberties of men obscure the issues for these gentlemen who keep their own names off the American Legion's list of radical professors slated for dismissal. Freely they pass their opportunistic philosophy on and the course becomes a semester-long lesson in how to hold a job with "true" illustrations proving that devious path leads more surely to the goal than straight. Barbarous social views that will thwart the work of the teacher in backward communities go unchallenged in these courses while the professor describes his methods of low cunning whereby he has been able to meet ignorance with stealth. If the teacher is to hold his job, he must forget that it is the task of education to rout error and shed light in darkness, helping the children to solve the problem of their time with the aid of whatever enlightenment the present offers. He must disregard the continual plea of parents "to give my child a better chance than I ever had".

Whether the issue raised has to do with the teacher's personal conduct or his broader social attitudes, the ethics taught in these classes that prepare the novice for his duties belong to the lowest level of competitive business. An exaggeration? So it must seem to any person who has not sat under an "Advice to Student Teachers" lecture by a professor of education whose courses are listed in the catalog as "moral education". A curious set of values flows from this old gentleman as he tells how to hold one's first job. Never show a light in the window late at night or the community will think the teacher is studious and queer. Teachers are the only safe friends for other teachers and if conduct should at any time offend community taboos, no matter how absurd, they must guard against discovery. Discretion is the whole of valor. At this point

comes a "true" story. A teacher in a Northern California locality was coming home with her escort from a dance at 2 o'clock in the morning when they saw a blaze just starting in the roof of a farmhouse. Untutored in the proper ways of stealth, the young people aroused the family and helped them save their property. The teacher was dismissed because her presence at the fire revealed to the patrons how late she had stayed out at night. "And," concluded the moral professor, "it served her right, too."

Suggestions that double-dealing is the way to success in the profession are offered everywhere around departments of education. A young woman applying for a teaching position was being interviewed by the placement secretary of a California teachers' college.

"You smoke?" she asked, and the girl admitted that she did. "Well, don't tell the principals or you'll never get a job," the secretary said flatly.

"But," the girl countered hesitatingly, "I had thought I should admit it and if they objected tell them that I would stop. And then stop." She added the last firmly.

"Never do," the secretary told her. "Just air your clothes thoroughly and wash your hair before each interview and they will never suspect a thing."

Repeated counsel in the ways of dishonesty and evasion becomes even more sinister when it is extended beyond the teacher's conduct in private affairs to guide his behavior on questions of social and political import. The two-faced educator is a despicable person, but he is not a menace to the social fabric so long as he teaches that verbs and their subjects must agree and that  $x$  usually equals some unknown in an algebraic equation. The practitioner of deceit becomes a social racketeer when he is turned loose in the public schools today to instruct according to the "socialized" method. For even professors sense that something has gone wrong in a system that sought to educate citizens by giving the pupils only facts; now the teacher is told that he no longer teaches the subject but that he relates it to life. The honest man might, whatever his social views, teach algebra and grammar with no sacrifice of his integrity. Once he begins to relate the subjects to life, to analyze contemporary institutions, he has no alternative with the Legion host at his door but to admit defeat. He can only relinquish the field to the charlatan who will ignore the needs of the times and offer outworn creeds to children who must conquer or be destroyed in a crisis in human affairs that has so far baffled and defeated their fathers.

Again, the professors of education can bring forth instances to show the pitfalls that open for the feet of instructors who take seriously the injunction to relate school subjects to life, particularly in those fields where theories spring to life of their own accord under the pressure of contemporary events. The professor of "moral" education provides us with another example. During the cotton strike in Imperial Valley, a young instructor of economics got into trouble because he adjourned the meeting of his class to the street to watch a parade of cotton pickers who were in revolt against the growers. Other teachers in the same locality were threatened with the revocation of their certificates because they sympathized openly with the strikers. "Serves them right, too," said the professor. To him, as to President Robert Gordon Sproul of the University

of California recently when 18 of his instructors drew a rebuke from the legislature for opposing anti-red bills, it was a piece of "poor judgment" to assume the actuality of constitutional rights.

Before 1929 b. d. no student with any sign of ability, either in scholarship or college activities, looked upon teaching in the public schools as a possible life. Only the plodders of that day, the people who strove with all their powers to maintain a C average were enrolled in the classes in education; and the department still believes that these are the stuff from which the ideal teacher is made. Ask these plodders of the pre-depression era what they expect to do after college and the answer came, "Teach school. It's all I can do." Now economic pressure has brought another type of student to consider the profession. Thus the anomaly. The character of the trainee has changed, but the quality of the training remains the same. The chief evidence is found in the strain in the relation of students and professors in the department; the latter are sometimes heard to say that the "spirit of the classes is not

what it used to be". More and more time is taken to defend standards and justify prevalent attitudes. Teachers in training are still silent as the ethical values of these courses are put before them, but it is no longer the lethargic silence of the stupid. There is incredulity, amazement and finally a shame-faced inability to meet the eye of his neighbor as the listener grasps the bald indecency of what he is being taught. For the first time these doctrines are weighed by able minds, accustomed to feel intellectually free.

What then shall become of the schools? In the past, they have suffered at the hands of the stupid and been frustrated by people with no idea of obligation to the state. The failure shows around us daily in the business world as we read the pronouncements of American "leaders". Hereafter, the teaching must be in the power of the venal and the base, controlled by intelligent men and women who, mindful of the price, have submitted. The product will be better business men, slicker go-getters, more ruthless competitors in a world where men must cooperate or perish.



## POET TO PRESIDENT

BY DONALD J. PAQUETTE

I HAVE woven these streets like a mangy dog  
into an endless pattern of despair,  
from dawns till desperate midnights,  
heavy with hunger and old dreams—  
bearing depression's awful load:  
walking—walking  
on Woolworth soles,  
up Broadway and Hill and down First Avenue—  
and over and over again—  
looking for a job to do  
or a friend with an old smile.

Day after wintry day, like a toothless harlot  
have I walked—  
hiding my hunger with bony hands  
beneath hope's old skeleton:  
up Broadway and Hill, and down First Avenue—  
and over and over again—  
searching this city's stony streets—  
looking for a job to do—  
but always, always, there was none.

And there are others!  
And I ask you, Mr. President, in the name of Christ  
what's a fellow going to do—  
lie down and die?

You have promised us, Mr. President,  
that no one would starve amid this great abundance here,  
and I reply: this is not so!  
for I have seen wan and wrinkled age,  
silver-topped mothers of forgotten men  
eating swill from old cans on South Broadway,  
in the city of Los Angeles,

in the great state of California!  
And I have seen mummied and marrowless men,  
contorted as a child's crude questionmark,  
who have left the fruits of long laboring years  
in the bulging pockets of their country—seen them  
snatch like monkeys the gutter's scattered crumbs  
and swallow them down like a long lean dog,  
like men who were more than starved!

And there are others!

And you ask us, Mr. President, after all of this  
to have faith in the dear name of democracy,  
to preserve the ideals of Caesar's day,  
to follow the flag and honor those who are above us,  
whose hearts are stones, and whose lips our hands have fed,  
whose tongues are coated with duplicities!  
You ask us this! You are ambitious, Mr. President,  
you want much—  
and there are others!

### L'ENVOI

I believe, Mr. President,  
that you should lay aside your schemes,  
admit that you have failed and be a man!  
you, and your kind whose ambitions here  
darken like clouds our little day.  
I believe that you should return this country to the people,  
to the daughters and sons who gave their years  
to build it, and preserve it, and make it beautiful.  
I believe that you should do this, Mr. President,  
with interest due for time's three centuries—  
BY GOD, THERE ARE OTHERS!



# HOW GOOD CALIFORNIA PAINTING COULD BE

BY RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON

**T**HERE may be more than one way to skin a cat, but there are only three ways to arrive at California painting at its best: selection and selection and selection.

Now that the season has arrived in the galleries when there are hung the paintings by Monet and the English school, the drawings by Ingres and the studies by da Vinci which have long been in the vaults, and important exhibitions seem less and less likely, (so unlikely, indeed, that the superb wall space of the San Francisco Museum of Art, so new and worthy to be hung with important things, are currently devoted to an exhibition of Junior League "oil painting"), it has amused me to propose to myself an exhibition of California painting at its best. Such an exhibition, after a season of exhibitions in which the exceedingly bad has made seem excellent, by comparison, that which otherwise rightly would seem inferior, would be illuminating and satisfying.

The California talents of first rank are disparate. They are to be found here and elsewhere: no single exhibition has properly assembled them. One is as likely to find, say, a Boris Deutsch crowded by innumerable candy-box full-blown roses in water-color, and mannered and insufferable "artistic" landscapes, as to find, in a large exhibition, two hundred paintings by students and by the sort of maiden lady (one presumes), who is to be found in Florence and in Bruges, making pencil sketches of a colonnade of a canal.

But the gratifying point is, one does occasionally find a Boris Deutsch. Indeed, in the season I found two. They were "The Bread Mixer" in the exhibition of San Francisco artists and sculptors, Museum of Art; the portrait of a young Negro girl in the Oakland artists' show.

If Deutsch is not a great artist, he is an exceedingly talented one. From what I have seen of his painting, it seems obvious his is one of the talents of first rank on the Pacific coast. If he is no great innovator, neither is he a copyist: he has drawn upon traditional sources and contemporary mannerisms, but his borrowing is proof of his intelligence, and what he has borrowed he has coordinated and amplified and freshened with something of his own, so that one is impressed neither with great novelty nor impoverished sterility, but with individual approach to the fundamental problems of the painter. He has a sense of design; his colors are good and from his own palette, not his neighbor's; he paints well, if with no great virtuosity. His is a sound talent, and one feels of it that it need not fear production of paintings that will become, in fifty years, the sort that their owners are relieved to get rid of as wedding presents. I regret I have not seen more of his canvases, but since I have not I must be content, for my proposed exhibition, with the two I have seen.

Apart from Boris Deutsch, the California painters of first significance seem to me to be five: Jane Berlandina, William Gaw, Millard Sheets, Charles Houghton Howard (I include him disregarding his present residence abroad where he has just held, at the Bloomsbury Galleries in London, an exhibition intelligently praised), and, for all his faults and his youth (I understand he is not yet twenty-three), David Parks.

Of my admiration for the great talent of Jane Berlandina, there can now be no doubt. To learn that Elie Faure has said of her that five years' time will undoubtedly discover her to be the most important of the women painters of France strikes me as being merely an example of Faure's astuteness. I accept that to be true. I think it obvious, for example, that Berlandina's is a less static talent than Marie Laurencin's, and one impossible of exhaustion: it accumulates and enriches itself. Only one of the women painters of France seems to me even to have an equal talent, and an equally fecundating one—Hermine David. (They are Russians, for years resident in France, yet I do not consider French painters, even by adoption, Natalie Gontcharowa or Sophie Fedorovitch). Berlandina is a truly creative painter. Yet, since she is also an intelligent one, she is not so foolish as completely to ignore either traditional sources or the discoveries of her contemporaries. Her great originality is proved by the fact that one finds it almost impossible to discover her sources. Her early masters were two: Matisse and Dufy. Yet one would need to be told so: it is not obvious in her painting. She has a great flair for flowers. Her flowers are as alive as any I know. Her sense of color is unerring. Those colors she uses are her own. Although the number of oils she has painted must be very few indeed, she has already a style. She is one of the few painters in America today who have style, or rather "le style", for there is a difference.

There has been shown at Courvoisier's during the season what I, who have seen almost every painting Berlandina has painted since her arrival in America in 1928, a painting that seems to me in many ways her finest—a pot of white cyclamen which had a serenity, an almost archaic simplicity that pervades the mind weeks after it has been seen. It seemed to me one of the finest still lifes by a contemporary I have seen, worthy to rank with a certain Matisse once in the Quinn collection, a superb Derain of ruby background and white plates of blue and of green grapes in the Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington, a few other such paintings. In the exhibition I speak of, I think it would be given the place of greatest honor, for it is not a painting of temporal interest but a work of art, dateless, belonging to the past and the future as thoroughly as to the present. Next to it I would hang the canvas of female nudes with fish baskets hung in the opening show of the Museum of Art, which the local critics seem to have ignored *en masse*. To balance it, I should choose a water-color—perhaps one of vegetables and an ewer Courvoisier also has shown, singularly fine in color.

It would not be hard for me to choose from those things of William Gaw's shown about the East Bay and San Francisco this season. There was a fine canvas in the Museum of Art show, which recalled Redon; there is currently shown at Courvoisier's an equally fine canvas of marigolds in a green and lustrous vase; these both I should include.

Gaw's talent is not a spectacular one, and it is variable. Nevertheless, at best it is capable of fine things. His colors are those of the jeweler: they are suited less to landscape

than flower pieces. If it is not a great talent which he has, neither is it a mean one. His compositions are severe. The employment of a patterned background and foreground in the canvas at Courvoisier's seems almost extravagant in him. It is a trick that finds its precedent in Matisse, but Gaw has used it creatively rather than slavishly. He has sufficient individuality to need feel no shame that he has studied intelligently the work of his contemporaries and the masters of the immediate past.

It is unfortunate that Millard Sheets is not as creative as he is gifted technically. His painting is excellent, yet his water-colors at Courvoisier's were lacking in excitement. Curiously, they reminded one both of Rockwell Kent and of the contemporary English school. They have dimension, color, remarkable expertness, but few of them endure in the mind. One, however, remains vivid: a livid green church among trees. It surprised one, among duller pictures, for its imagination; among matter-of-fact landscapes, for its poetry. It made memorable an Academic show. It would by all means find place in my exhibition. But to choose a companion or companions for it would be a matter of something like indifference. Perhaps the study of the Sixth Avenue "el" would be my choice, perhaps a New Mexican landscape so English it might have come from the Slade. Surely it was painted in a cape and the broad-brimmed black Slade hat! One can see it on the walls of the Leicester Gallery.

The three paintings by Charles Houghton Howard included in the Paul Elder "five Howards" exhibition would be removed bodily for my show. Howard's and David Parks' are the only abstractions I have seen in California of even the slightest interest. Of the two, Howard is the mature artist, Parks the undeveloped. Of Parks, I should show the abstract composition in oils shown at the All Arts club show in Berkeley, and the two water-colors from the opening collection at the San Francisco Museum of Art.

For the most part, the rest of my exhibition would be composed of single paintings by "diverse hands": Dorothy Duncan's "Figure with Pale Hair", one of the finest figure paintings I have seen this season, included in the San Francisco artists' collection; the paintings by Frances Lieberman, Lorser Feitelson, Martin Fletcher and Eugene S. Ivanoff from the same exhibition; a fine John Haley barnyard study from the English Club show in Berkeley; a distinguished landscape by Dan Lutz, shown in the Oakland artists' collection; a still life of ducks by Harriet Whedon, from the same annual; one or two of the amusing water-colors Marian Simpson showed at the Little Gallery in Berkeley; a pastel by Michael Goodman from the English Club; Ruth Millar Fracker's "Storm Over Iowa" from the De Young museum Southern California show, and perhaps the Ruth Powers from the same gallery—and apart from these, a fine Frede Vidar I have seen in a private collection (Adaline Kent's), possibly the Vidar shown at the Oakland artists' annual; Arnautoff's portrait of a rush-bottom chair I have seen privately—an interior by Andree Rexroth I have seen privately—and there it would all be,—California painting at its best, even its best second-best.

I do not propose to copyright this proposal. Any museum, any gallery is welcome to use it as the plan for an exhibition. Indeed, I should rejoice if one did.

And so, I think, should we all be. Think how much carfare, how much dispiriting walking around galleries we should all be saved to have so much respectable California painting gathered together, apart from the high school students' water-

colors of copper pots of geraniums!

P. S. The first person I want to have see my exhibition is the old woman I came on in Oakland, who was distressed because she had to select only the ten best paintings in that particular exhibition for her vote, whereas, as she said "There are fifty-three I love!"

I should like very much to know how many pictures in my exhibition she would hate.

## MUSIC

EDITED BY  
SIDNEY ROBERTSON

A CAPACITY audience assembled at the Memorial Opera House Wednesday evening, May 15, to view the work of the San Francisco Opera Ballet. A generous program of six divertissements (five of which were premier presentations), and two major ballets: *Scheherazade*, starring Adolph Bolm, and *El Amor Brujo*, starring Escudero and his vivacious partner, Carmita, made the evening's entertainment exceptionally varied.

The Bolm divertissements gave adequate proof that the Ballet School is rapidly advancing in its sense of ensemble under Bolm's direction. The three Bach interpretations were interesting choreographically though frequently experimental. The most startling was *Lament* (prelude 8) in which three girls clad in a single piece of drapery went through a series of suppliant arm gestures while their figures struck weirdly tragic attitudes. In its better moments, *Lament* suggested the dreadful grief that speaks to one from Epstein's Jewish figures. *Dance Noble* (G minor Fugue) displayed excellent group work and a feeling for the picturesque—Jeanne Berlandina's costumes were highly stylized conceptions of French attire under the regime of Louis XIV. *Consecration*, (Toccata and Fugue, D Minor) was at times deeply compelling and the group entered fully into the sacrificial mood of the work. Iris de Luce and Raoul Pausé were well cast as the principal dancers and Beniamino Buffano's costumes had a refreshing vernal flavor. *Consecration* is deserving of a permanent place in the Ballet's expanding repertoire.

Irene Flyzik had a fragmentary solo gleaned from the opening scene of Stravinski's *Firebird*. Miss Flyzik conveyed something of the spirit of the ethereal bird-woman though she was dancing on a bare stage to the accompaniment of a mechanical recording of Stravinski's music. The Bach numbers also were danced to recordings, an experiment one hopes will not be repeated.

Escudero and Carmita chose the popular *Cordoba* (Albeniz) as their single divertissement. This brief dance, delightfully casual in mood and evoking the atmosphere of Andalusia gave Escudero ample opportunity to display the abrupt, electric turns of the body for which he is famous.

De Falla's enchanting *El Amor Brujo* was an exciting, imaginative performance. The choreography was fascinating and remarkably well done when one considers how short a while the Ballet School had for rehearsals with Escudero. Gaetano Merola conducted the orchestra with fine feeling for the in-



tensive rhythms of De Falla's vibrant score and Emma Mirovitch's rich contralto was heard to advantage as narrator.

Twenty-five years have elapsed since Rimsky-Korsakow's *Scheherazade* first amazed the Western World. Meanwhile the music has been popularized and variously distorted while the lurid story of Shariar's faithless Zobeide has been done to death in vaudeville and motion picture theatres. Nevertheless, Bolm's revival had moments of great beauty, great enough to withstand any number of counterfeits. The exquisite prelude, reminiscent of the sea, was flawlessly played under Mero-la's baton. But both the decor and the pantomime seemed crass until the moment of Bolm's entrance. By his performance Bolm carried his audience back to the day of the ballet under Diaghileff, when dancers lived their roles, body, mind and heart.

—ALAN CAMPBELL

SO RARELY is chamber music properly heard that most of us can scarcely be said to have heard its greatest compositions at all. Sonatas for cello and piano are at the opposite pole from concertos for either instrument and should properly only be heard in such intimate and informal surroundings as were provided for the sonata recital given recently by Michel Penha and Ralph Linsley on the Marble Ranch near Carmel. A hundred and fifty music-lovers filled the room and overflowed into the garden to listen to three sonatas superbly performed by these fine artists.

First came the Brahms E minor sonata, with its mysterious melancholy and profound mysticism, presented with masterly coloring and warmth by both instrumentalists; then the famous Beethoven sonata in A major, whose difficulties for the cello are unsurmountable by all but the merest handful of virtuosos. The unusual understanding of Brahms evinced by Messrs. Penha and Linsley and the fine restraint of their Beethoven style were truly memorable. The feeling between the two performers, who have been associated for some years now, is unusually sympathetic and alive, and this resulted in what one felt was a never-to-be-duplicated performance of this part of the program.

The Grieg sonata which concluded the program, after an intermission, was, of course, less fully satisfying than the first two because it is far less important music; but it sounds well for the instruments, and Penha's lovely tone and Linsley's lyric gift came as near redeeming Grieg's Scandinavian tricks as one could hope. Grieg's music is peculiarly inorganic, like a sandwich of infinite layers. It contains plenty of promising tunes; but they never mature.

The relationship between artists and audience seems to improve as the square of the distance the latter is required to travel to be present. Perhaps a ten-mile drive up the Carmel Valley serves effectively to weed out all but those to whom the music is important for its own sake. Whatever the reason, this Sunday afternoon audience seemed the most intent and responsive one a performer could wish.

TINA FLADE, formerly a member of Mary Wigman's troupe, now head of the instruction of dancing at Mills College, gave a joint recital with Henry Cowell at the Denny-Watrous Gallery in Carmel last week. While Miss Flade has retained a few of the mannerisms of the Mary Wigman school, she has a creative vitality and a subtle genius for movement which have seemed lost to the dance since Nijinsky, qualities elusive to description but which are marked by the dancer's intense secret joy in the forms brought to life through her own body,

which she uses as if she were a sculptor modeling the air. It is as though she were consciously performing some magic rite necessary to the life of the soul, alone and secretly. To see her dance is to witness so living a thing, one wonders if perhaps she may understand the Greek belief that through certain motions of the body qualities of the soul are brought to life which have no other road to existence.

There is a curious lack of relation between Tina Flade and the music, though this was less noticeable when Cowell accompanied her. In her conception music provides only a suggestive background much as do lighting and hangings: she is distinctly not interpreting the music. But the quality of her dancing was far above any of the music to which she danced, with the exception of the two Corelli sarabandes. These she danced entirely as an attitude of mind, not at all as musical form. One cannot quarrel with this; but most of her accompaniments, besides being uninteresting music, were played absently like routine dancing-class pieces; and Tina Flade deserves to work with an artist of equal caliber with herself. Isadora Duncan and Harold Bauer established a precedent for such collaboration when they gave three recitals in San Francisco, years ago.

Henry Cowell is indubitably one of the most interesting figures in music today; it is, however, his extraordinary musical knowledge and insight and the work he has accomplished for the new in music, rather than his own compositions, which have made him so.

## BOOKS

### RICE TO SYNGE

Two Plays: NOT FOR CHILDREN and BETWEEN TWO WORLDS, by Elmer Rice. (Coward-McCann) \$2.50  
COMPLETE WORKS of JOHN MILLINGTON SYNGE. (Random House) \$3.50

(Reviewed by Ann Hawkins)

BUYING Elmer Rice's new book of plays means paying about a dollar and a half (pro rata by bulk) for "an elaborate game of commenting upon the theatre in terms of itself" which only manages to comment on the Broadway theatre and on the Broadway critics who pan Rice's plays. The game is petty, not to mention pointless; nor was it a bright idea for Rice to call it a game, while conducting himself so little like a sportsman.

"Not for Children"—that is the "game"—is utterly uninteresting to outsiders detached from New York's provincial quarrels. It is also rather sloppy technically. The other play in the volume, "Between Two Worlds", is not bad. Rice is a good workman when delusions of persecutions are not getting in the way. There is no great novelty about the play, which is Grand Hotel again with a communist stirred in to cover the stale taste. A hell of a communist: a Soviet film director on the way home from Hollywood, a Marxist prig with a taste for exactly the sort of cheap melodrama that a Soviet film director would have outgrown. He goes to a lot of trouble simply so he can meet and be unpleasant to an ex-Russian princess whom he once ordered shot. Joseph Schild-

kraut played the role in New York, which must have been fun for him.

Oh, well; the Theater Union's success must be expected to reflect itself thus in the uptown theaters whose patrons "are interested only"—Mr. Rice is the authority—"in what is trivial, shallow, and artificial".

That quotation is from the preface, an ill-humored performance which kicks for pages about the dramatist's troubles in having to "collaborate" with all kinds of people like actors and technicians. It's a delight to turn afterward to a John Millington Synge preface and find the author of "Riders to the Sea" and "The Playboy of the Western World" saying curtly: "All art is a collaboration."

Nearly all Rice's sulkiest statements can be answered out of Synge's much more talented mouth. Rice says: "As he (the dramatist) matures in his art, his audience necessarily diminishes"; Synge adds to a description of similar attitudes "And that is why the intellectual modern drama has failed." Rice says: "Art, at its best, is a minority business, both in its creation and its appreciation . . . The dramatist is handicapped in his choice of theme . . . by the low collective mentality of his audience." Synge says the worst handicap is that of the artist who lets his work get "far away from the profound and common interests of life."

Synge, finally: "The infancy and decay of the drama tend to be didactic." The Theatre Union anti-Broadway drama is in its lively infancy; what Mr. Rice's plays are in, it would be a pity to do more than hint.

Synge's own undidactic plays were written at the height of a renaissance and have neither the faults of infancy nor those of decay; their limitations are those imposed on them by the Celtic Twilight which lit that renaissance. With them, Random House binds Synge's few verses and his illuminating records of Irish peasant life and economic conditions, records full of social dynamite that did not get into his plays. The volume is good-looking, compact and durable—an important quality in these omnibus volumes, which get more than average use.

## WHAT OF WHITE COLLAR WOMEN?

WOMEN WORKERS THROUGH THE DEPRESSION,  
edited by Lorine Pruette. (Macmillan) \$2

(Reviewed by Helen Everett Meiklejohn)

**H**OW have women workers of the white collar class weathered the depression? This is the theme of the report made by the American Women's Association of New York on the basis of personal information collected from its own members in 1933. The questionnaires of 1,350 women were carefully analyzed, and although the scope of the book is limited, and its title somewhat misleading, the study is valuable in indicating what, in times of economic stress, happens to women educated and trained far beyond the average. The median age for the group was 47.7 years and the average (median) salary was \$2,415, the highest salary being \$13,875. It is evident, therefore, that these women represent a specially favored segment of the white collar class.

Ninety different occupations are listed, but a third of these in teaching and another third in clerical work. The remaining occupations include actresses, dieticians, department managers, nurses, psychiatrists, renting agents, radiographers, telephone operators, personnel workers, editorial executives, etc.

It is worth noting that the occupations showing the greatest unemployment of women workers, "domestic and personal service and manufacturing and mechanical industries", are here hardly represented.

Thirty per cent of the women studied have been unemployed at some time during the depression, the average unemployment being 16 months. Sixty percent have had their salaries reduced. One of the most enlivening chapters deals with the adaptations which women have made when they find themselves outside the security of their familiar jobs. The scattered occupations of women which have often appeared as a disadvantage are here revealed as an asset. When their regular occupations failed them, these women turned to leisure time avocations, or the revival of old interests, to knowledge gained from their husbands' work, and the utilization of housewifely skills on a wider basis.

One of the interesting contributions of the study is that it helps to shatter the myth that women workers, especially single women have no dependents. "The notion that the woman worker is, at most, responsible for her own support and that she does not support others has long been resented by women as an injustice." Although 81 per cent of the women reporting were single, the study shows that 49 per cent had dependents and that the number of dependents was 2.4 persons per worker.

The question is asked but not answered as to how far these women feel responsibility for the economic situation in which they find their security threatened. Are they interested in merely using their education as a means of finding superior jobs? Are they aware of the 11,000,000 women workers of the country whose situation is far more desperate than their own? The only evidence on this point is the discouraging item that when asked about their leisure time interests only 3 per cent of all the interests mentioned had to do with civic and political affairs. In no previous depression have women participated through unemployment in such large numbers and it would be interesting to know if the personal experience of insecurity had awakened them to the realization that "something is rotten in the state"—of America.

## A BIT OF HORROR

LEAN MEN, by Ralph Bates (Macmillan) \$2.50

(Reviewed by Florence Erskine)

**L**EAN MEN", by Ralph Bates, is a smooth, well-written, fascinating novel, evidently autobiographical, about a young Englishman, Francis Charing, who was sent to Spain as an organizer for the Third International. It tells of his experiences in Barcelona at the time of Alfonso's overthrow, and during the attempted proletarian revolution; of the daily gossip of pious middle class women who gather around the fountains; the excitement of smuggling arms over the Pyrenees; the cabarets; the life and struggles of the longshoremen, the "lean men", the revolutionists among whom he worked; weaving all into a book so stirring, so exciting and enthralling that it is almost impossible to lay it down. An even better proof of the book's quality is that having read it once, you can read it again, enjoying its artistry to the full.

There is horror, enough to startle and upset anyone; but the atrocious Spanish prisons, the tortures inflicted on revolutionaries, and the descriptions of street battles are not the outstanding impression of the book. They do not obscure, as



is so often the case, the hope and comradeship which the revolution offers.

Then, too, the book is by no means a political treatise; it clarifies the conflicts in Spain. The struggles between the anarchists and communists, the triumph of the republicans over the monarchists, and opposition of the Catholic Church to all change, are absorbed and gradually understood by the reader. It is a book which educates you painlessly and without polemics.

Through the book runs the theme of Charing's love for three women. This is written with restraint and beauty. The characters are exceptionally vivid. Their happiness and comradeship are comforting as you read of the death or imprisonment of these vital, living revolutionists. The book ends on a note of hope. Though the workers have been crushed, the movement temporarily destroyed, the future is foreseen by Charing, escaping from Barcelona, in this way:

"A brief respite, that was all, a little while of love and beauty, music and rest, and then he would return. They would expect him. They would build up the Party, fight again soon, perhaps be defeated, no matter, the workers would lose every battle but the last."

### A SHOCKING BOOKLET

TENANT FARMER, by Erskine Caldwell. (New York: Phalanx Press) 25 cents.

(Reviewed by Ella Winter)

THIS is a shocking booklet, beautifully written, clear, uncompromising, crisp; but shocking. No novel or play Erskine Caldwell has written about the deep South (and his *Tobacco Road* is on the boards now in San Francisco and can be seen) is so terrifying as this fact recital of what is happening to the Southern sharecroppers and to the land itself in the American South.

The depression and the Government crop restriction program are wiping out a whole class: the cotton sharecroppers. The whole system of sharecropping will soon be unknown in the South, Caldwell says. "What has taken its place is a system of renting which produces more for the landowner and less for the tenant." "Under the sharecropping system landowner and tenant usually divided half and half the product of the tenant's toil. Today the tenant is a wage worker and has to pay rent whether he makes it out of the land or not.

Caldwell gives a bald recital of facts that are so horrible he says the county authorities, newspaper reporters and others simply refuse to believe them. (Of course, they don't go out much and investigate.) He describes whole families living in a state of starvation, the children with match-stick legs and bellies bloated with hunger; women with pellagra, children with syphilis—"In many Georgia communities syphilis is as common as dandruff. Incest is as prevalent as marriage . . ." The children don't go to school—they have no clothes. The mules have died of starvation, or else are so weak from hunger that they can only scratch the top soil. The tenant farmers are being pushed on to more and more barren soil as they are evicted from farm after farm for not producing enough to pay their rent and the exorbitant prices they are charged at landowners' stores. Young girls dress in sackings.

There is an unforgettable picture of a shack in which three families are crowded, where there is nothing to eat, and two babies are sucking the dry teats of a mongrel bitch. A girl

asks herself: What wouldn't I do for a heaping dish of hog-sausage?

The whites are worse off than the Negroes, frequently, because they kick more and are immediately threatened or evicted. Negroes are bred for cheap labor. A paid laborer may make twenty-five cents a day for a few months in the year.

Why don't they shout—tell someone—take their stories to the nearest county seat? "Any effort on the part of the tenant to protest his treatment is met with warnings to keep his mouth shut." They are threatened, whipped, evicted, run out to the county line. The landlords hire riders who keep constant watch over the tenants.

And the Government? When it sends checks the landlords steal them. Clothes for free distribution are sold in the landlords' shops. And work on the FERA is paid for at the rate of three dollars and sixty cents a week for a family of six, eight or ten.

But even if you don't care a dang for human beings—as evidently the landlords in such states don't—and this comprises Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas—you might care about America. The wasteful drainage is ruining the country. In a few years at this rate it will be bone dry. It will be desert. The wealth of America will once more have been eaten away by its owners.

Many of the landlords own thousands of acres of fertile land and make immense profits.

You could change the title of this book to "The Ukraine", publish it in a Hearst newspaper, and it would be a world scandal.

If the Industrial Association wants to know what makes Reds, let 'em read it.

If the sane student wants to understand why you have to have collective farming to save human life and make farming pay—anywhere in the world today—let him read this pamphlet.

It should sell a million copies. Erskine Caldwell is a novelist but he will never write a novel that merits the thanks of Americans more than this thirty-page, twenty-five cent pamphlet.

By . . . **ERSKINE CALDWELL**

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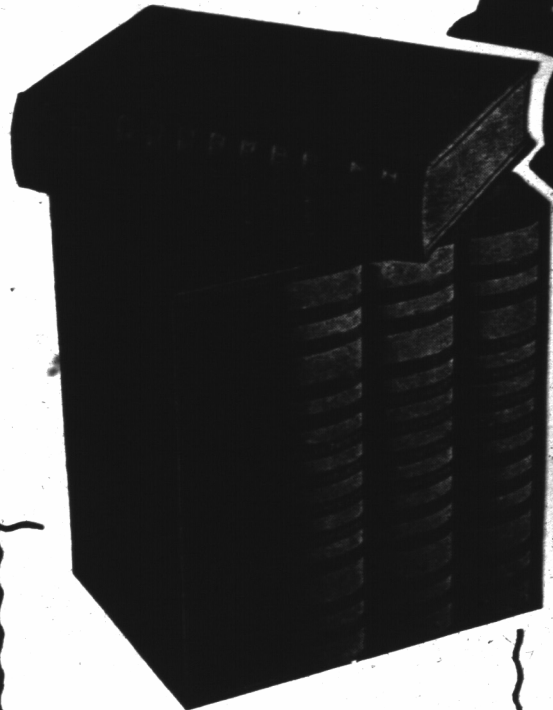
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