

THE ROMAN FORM

APRIL, 1937

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Vol. 6, No. 1

SIT-DOWNERS

By R. E. CHADWICK

... The gardner demanded more pay, when it was not forthcoming he took possession of the tool house and refused to use the tools himself or allow any other to do so. He was a Sit-downer. . . The workers in a great factory, failing in certain of their wage and hour demands, take possession of the plant and machinery and prevent others from making use of them. They are Sit-downers. . . The owner of a mine, oil well, factory, town lot or acreage, holding them out of use because the returns are not to his liking, is a Sit-downer. . . A community, producing less of a given product that its people need, imposes tariff or embargo thus interfering with the productive process. It is a Sit-downer community. . . An individual, refusing to use the facilities and convenience of civilization while holding them out of use, is also a Sit-downer. . . Few there are, outside the Sit-downer class. . . Sit-downing may be an effective technique but it is none the less a dangerous one. . . How dangerous may be illustrated by the recent school catastrophe in Texas. There, unseen and undetected, gas accumulated until ignited by spark or flame, and hundreds of innocent persons met instant death. . . So, below the surface of society and within its very structure, destructive elements develop awaiting a chance spark to burst forth into a catastrophe that may destroy civilization. . . And it is possible for a civilization to be suddenly and un-

(Continued on Page 2, Col. 2)

HOLLAND

By DR. FREDERICK W. ROMAN

(Broadcast from KFAA—Sept. 23, 1936
for Women's Peace Crusade)

Holland is the symbol of happy memories whether the mind be centered on tolerance, on peace, on democracy, or on culture in any of its phases. A moment's meditation on the part of any American will at once bring to mind a debt of gratitude to the Dutch. In our own American history, in its earliest pages, we are taught that the Pilgrims found an asylum in that country. The name, Holland, is associated with sanitation and cleanliness. "Dutch Cleanser" has a real meaning; it stands for sanitation, for industry, dependability and the lavish use of water. It is very easy to go from such a base and foundation to the land of the tulips and the flowers.

The asylum which Holland granted the Pilgrims in early history was also extended to other oppressed races. We learn that when the Inquisition was at its height in Spain, Holland became the land of the refugees, and out of this act of generosity Holland became the home and headquarters for one of the great philosophic systems of the world.

Every student of freedom and liberty is fully acquainted with the glorious life of Spinoza. His monument at the Hague will bear testimony for the centuries to come that Holland was the home of freedom in political, economic and social thought when tyranny reigned nearly everywhere on the face of the earth. The present age of civilization, and the enlightened age in the millenniums to come, will still continue to pay a debt of gratitude for having made the life of the great Spinoza possible.

During this same 17th Century the tolerance of Holland is exemplified in still other forms. It was the land of the birthplace of international law. De Grotius, the great law giver, wrote from Holland. He was the first to undertake the crystallization of international law on the high seas to the end that war might be controlled and that permanent peace might be established. In fact, international law dates from the time of De Grotius. Societies by the name of De Grotius have been established all over the world. I, myself, have been happy to have been an enrolled member in the De Grotius Society of London for many years. The high regard with which Holland is held is exemplified by the annual meeting in London when the great jurists of the British Empire meet to pay tribute to the creative ideals of the great Dutch law giver of the 17th Century. He was the first to raise the beacon light in the hope that its gleaming might pierce the chaos of the distant seas in the belief and aspiration that it might bring order and a higher understanding amongst men.

We think of Holland in terms of William, the Silent, and the long fight of eighty years that was carried on against the tyranny of the Spanish rule.

When we think of Holland, the mind turns to the Duke of Alba, the

(Continued on Page 2, Col. 1)

THIS PASSING WORLD

By W. D. HOFFMAN

At Sacramento there is talk of reducing the sales tax a half cent, since the last report on revenue thus raised was beyond expectations. Because this tax falls most heavily on the poor, why not abolish it altogether and substitute a higher levy, for instance, on oil lands carried on corporation books at \$30,000 an acre and assessed at \$7 an acre? This would tend to break the monopoly on a natural heritage, open such lands to competition (to serve the people at a fair price) and give us relief from an artificially-maintained, profiteering price on gasoline.

* * *

In connection with this matter of oil lands, it is interesting to note that during the Petroleum Geologists' convention just ended in Los Angeles geologists scoffed at reports that the oil supply of the world would be depleted within fifteen years. This bears out what leading authorities have been saying privately for a long time. It is no secret now that the hue and cry about depletion was part of the propaganda of vested interests to justify curtailment, monopoly agreements and an excessive charge for gasoline.

Propaganda of this sort is playing an ever-increasing role in the machinations of corporations fattening on natural resources. We all remember the "Save the Beaches" slogan of the last election, a slogan designed to cover up an outright grab of the tidelands oil that by sheer accident remained

(Continued on Page 3, Col. 1)

THE ROMAN FORUM

214 Loma Drive, Los Angeles, Calif.

EXposition 3630

Subscription \$1.00 Per Year

Single Copies 10 Cents

FREDERICK W. ROMAN, Editor

Published by The Parliament of Man

"Never do anything in the public interest in expectation of any reward other than the satisfaction of your own conscience."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

HOLLAND

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 2)

Spanish governor whose name will be a symbol for all generations, for men of tyranny and cruelty. Out of this turmoil the mind turns to the rise of the Dutch Republic and the blossoming freedom that has been the world's heritage for two centuries. Holland is the land of art and democracy. The days of the Renaissance in Italy and in Germany developed the artistic ideal on aristocratic lines; it glorified the rulers, the monarchs, the great personages and characters in the church. Dutch art discovered beauty in the home, in the street, in the tavern, and among the toiling peasants. Dutch art supported democracy by pointing out the value and the beauty, the potentialities, of the common people. Hals and Rembrandt lavished their power on Dutch burghers and governors of hospitals, Dutch burgomasters and physicians; Ostade and Brouwer saw no indignity in painting Dutch sots as well as Dutch sots could be painted; de Hooch introduced marvels of sunlight into Dutch cottages; Maes painted old Dutch housewives, and Metsu young Dutch housewives, to the life; Vermeer and Terburg immortalised Dutch ladies at their spinets; Albert Cyup toiled to suffuse Dutch meadows and Dutch cows with a golden glow; Jan Steen glorified the humblest Dutch family scenes; Gerard Dou spent whole weeks upon the fingers of a common Dutch hand. In short, art that so long had been at the service only of the church and the proud, became suddenly, without losing any of its divinity, a fireside friend. That is what Holland did for painting. The Ruysdaels and Hobbemas showed us the beauty of the Dutch landscapes. All the world is indebted to the Rembrandt's "Night Watch" and nearly every doctor's office in the world shows "The School of Anatomy" by Rembrandt. Out of the philosophic meditations of Spinoza, and the peace contributions by the great lawyer, De Grotius, and the democratic presentations of life, home, and landscape of the Dutch art, there was developed tulips and the flowers for which Holland is noted today. It is only natural that out of such an environment the world would turn to this land and to this people the guardianship of the Peace Palace at the Hague. Three centuries of striving in all fields of culture brought forward the perfectly natural conclusion that the house of peace, the Hague Tribunal, would need to be erected on the soil of the origin of the earliest promoter of world peace. This decision had rich warrant in the field of philosophy, in the realm of laws, in the sanctuary of art, and in the colorful setting of the land of the windmills and the tulips.

Holland is a symbol, a potentiality, of what the race of men on earth might become. When

one reflects that Holland has an area of less than one-tenth the size of California and a population of a little more than eight millions, the mind is amazed at the achievement of this people. In truth, this little country, poor in soil, without the gift of natural resources, a land won from the waves of the sea, has made itself one of the outstanding headquarters of world culture. This position has been held and is still unchallenged after four centuries.

Holland presents an eternal argument in another field of thought: It has always been the custom amongst some people and nations to feel eternally inferior because they had little territory, because they had a small population; and yet Holland with a territorial area that is insignificant, with a population which is not at all numerous as compared with the other great nations of the world, manages without difficulty, without embarrassment to herself, to hold a position of the highest rank amongst the civilized peoples of the world. No people receive a greater homage, in fact, genuine adoration, from the great people of the earth than do the Dutch. It is also significant to observe that the Hollanders are the recipients of this homage, not in response to the cannon's roar, or to the length of range of the coast defences, but the tribute is paid voluntarily, happily, and even with eagerness, on the part of the thinking world that at once becomes cognizant of its poverty at the very thought as to what the world would mean if Holland and the Dutch had never existed! Instead of conquering other nations and forcing obedience from other people, the Dutch have spent their time and effort in supplying the world with butter, cheese, tulips and the flowers, and in response to these spiritual values, a civilized world pays happy homage! Holland, we hail thee as a symbol and an ideal of a world democracy that you have helped create and that you have steadily fostered; may your government and your civilization long endure!

SIT-DOWNERS

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 1).

expectedly destroyed, altho the process of destruction is more often gradual than convulsive. . . . Every Sit-downer is a social spark that may start a conflagration.

* * *

Irving Fisher said the depression was ended. I do not know what he regards as a "Depression", but, if it means to him what it does to a Little Lander, it could not be justly regarded as having ended while a third of the people remain in very real economic distress. . . . The Depression has ended, for Prof. Fisher and his fellow Privileged; it, by no means, has ended for the underprivileged. . . . The ten foremost economists could not be named without including Irving Fisher. . . . He would be one of the very first to be nominated as leading economist of his time. . . . And he has come to this position through merit, I have no doubt. He is an able, cultured, scholarly gentleman who has written twenty-eight books! . . . And yet I find it most difficult to be patient with this truly great man. . . . His involvement in the mechanics of money and economics and his ignoring of simple facts of which Little Landers are aware, is astonishing. As a technician, setting up the machinery of a financial system he would be invaluable; in the development of an economic philosophy or a democratic policy he is a failure. The man and the institution of which he is so intimately a part, are so enmeshed in the Privilege system, that they are incapable of initiating social changes that would correct the institutional injustices that

threaten civilization. Even Yale would not permit so eminent an economist as Prof. Fisher to tell the truth about the causes of depressions, even tho he knew. To illustrate: Given a social order in which private property in slaves was recognized as squaring with moral law, if a great educational institution derived its major income from slaves, would it be possible for any among its teachers or students to point out the injustice of private property in human flesh? Think what you would do, my tolerant and enlightened reader, if, in the interest of humanity it would be necessary for you to surrender a privilege you enjoyed and from which you derived an income which enabled you to possess the appurtenances of civilization without arduous labor. What would you do if you were President of Yale University and social change threatened the income by which your institution was maintained and thousands of your men were educated? You would resist the change, if by any process you could rationalize your thinking in support of the status quo. It is for this reason that we may not expect leadership to emerge from our educational institutions, in the field of economics. In this respect, the truth is too rare a commodity to be freely used. It is as rare as radium and is confined in tiny capsules sealed against the light. . . .

* * *

Prof. Fisher regards a stable currency as something to be desired. A stable dollar, as I understand it, is a dollar that will command the same quantity of goods and services when paid that it did when borrowed. In short, it would mean that if a farmer borrowed a thousand dollars, with wheat at a dollar a bushel, the debt, when payable, could be liquidated for a thousand bushels of wheat. If wheat were half the price when the debt were due that it was when the money was hired, two thousand bushels would be required to meet the due obligation. This, Prof. Fisher, would remedy by means of a "controlled dollar". Space precludes a discussion of all this proposal involves, even tho the writer were capable of that discussion. In the hope that some reader may have the answer—"What difference will Prof. Fisher's plan make to those who live by labor, as distinguished from those who live by owning?"

* * *

In any order of society—Collectivist or Capitalist—the gross product appears as wages, interest and rent. By whatever other names we refer to the distribution of product they remain the same in their essentials. "Profit" is in fact the price paid Privilege for the use of opportunity. If Privilege is the property of the State, then it will receive all "Profit." If Privilege is privately owned, then all products that would otherwise go to labor and capital is absorbed by those who do not earn it and appears as "Profit". In a truly competitive system "Profit," the receiving of more than is given in goods or services, would disappear. Prof. Fisher likes the "Profit system", which is but saying that he likes the "Privilege system". And it is this system in which he and his University are heavily involved. Progress cannot come out of our educational institutions in other than purely scientific and cultural pursuits that involve no economic change. Had any vested interest been threatened by Copernicus' teaching we would still believe the sun revolved about the earth, if that matters. Our educational institutions and almost all of our teachers are agents of the status quo. They cannot initiate change that touches privilege interest. Only here and there

is there a Little Lander, who may be a carpenter or brick layer, but who is free to proclaim the truth which is only revealed to simple folk and an occasional philosopher. Certainly no Yale undergraduate and precious few graduates would be likely to depart from the path blazed by the intellectual elect. But a Little Lander, living in the San Fernando Valley which, so I am led to believe, lies within the borders of the City of Los Angeles, which, in turn, lies in California, may challenge anyone, anywhere and say "Fool!" to any person whomsoever, from this secure retreat.

The leader of the Parliament of Man is one of the select company of university trained economists who dared to break with tradition and proclaim truth as he sees it. He is one of the exceptions to the rule that growth, progress, is not associated with our educational system. In criticism of Prof. Fisher, this is a point that must, in justice, be carefully noted.

For the discussion of personal politics may I be forgiven. Little of progress comes out of elections having to do with the selection of public officials. Upon the rare occasion when we do elect an honest, intelligent man to office we but condemn him to martyrdom. Forces beyond his control thwart his every effort to make head against greed, graft and ignorance. Once in a generation we may elect a man to public office who understands the democratic process and has capacity for leadership. By the time this is printed the opportunity to elect such a man may have passed. On the off chance that the final decision will not have been made may I say what I believe, that with four years as Mayor of Los Angeles, John Anson Ford will raise the level of citizenship in this community. It is for this, more than for the things he may be permitted to accomplish, that I hope that he may be given the opportunity to serve his city and humanity in this important post.

THIS PASSING WORLD

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

the property of the state. Fortunately the people were awake to the situation at Huntington Beach and voted the gift proposal down. For this Senator Olson deserves great credit and he is battling now in the people's behalf against another scheme by which the state would settle for appropriated tidelands oil on a basis of ten per cent royalty when open bidding would bring at least 50 per cent. And incidentally if the state drilled its own tidelands it could take 100 per cent and abolish the sales tax with the proceeds. And an honest assessment of oil lands generally would do wonders in lowering the tax burden all down the line.

If proper and salutary with reference to rich oil lands, that sort of medicine would work miracles if the dosage were administered to *all* natural resources, from water power sites to Big Reedy held for the unearned increment in our strategic centers of population. It would mean less penalty for building a home or trying to keep a little business out of bankruptcy in California—and elsewhere.

To get back to propaganda: We as a people are in danger of being hamstringed by this art in all directions. The trick was learned during the war, when super lying became an arm

of offence never before so widely used. Business has adopted it; the best brains in the advertising business are engaged in it. Exploitation experts "sell" a slogan or an idea that often masks the very weakness of a product. If a confection's flavor is adulterated, "it's purity wins you". A whisky's "wholesomeness charms you". A cigarette hampers digestion; the experts cover the fault with paid testimonials lauding its aid to digestion. And so ad nauseam.

It is in the political and economic field that propaganda reaches out beyond the personal. The largest news association of the country, the Associated Press, adopts the rule always to call the Loyalist government in Spain the "Socialist" government, ignoring vigorous protests pointing out that only 5 per cent of the Popular Front forces are Socialists. The Hearst press calls a democratic army struggling against foreign mercenaries "Reds". During the recent election Roosevelt was the mouthpiece of Communists, if the venal press was to be believed. And, of course, the Longshoremen and the lettuce workers striking for better conditions were financed and incited by Moscow. It is noteworthy that the press overreached itself in its extravagant propaganda in some of these matters, resulting in its thorough discrediting, as in the election.

When newspaper men gather at the press club or meet on the street a common question is: "What's the lowdown on that?" The man who wrote the story printed that day will frequently have a different tale to tell his fellow scribe. If it is a case involving big money or heavy patronage it is taken for granted the "low down" was not mentioned in the printed page. Konrad Bercowicz, the novelist, tells how, when a reporter, he tried to cable the story of the findings of French scientists on the influence of aluminum and tinware on cancer, findings the press did not dare to "touch". A self-imposed censorship, dictated by the business office, is as effective in hiding the facts as a blue pencil wielded by a government official. Normally, we enjoy a free press; actually hush-hush and propaganda are throttling it.

The extent of newspaper misinformation on vital subjects cannot be known by the man on the street. The old school of journalism up to the time of Henry Waterson regarded the news columns as sacred, reserving to the editorial page expressions of opinion and argumentation. These days "public relations" men use the news columns almost exclusively, with the "must-go" of the business office or the okay of the managing editor. Policy stories, slanted to color or distort the facts, take precedence over everything, even scandal and sudden death. The makeup man might lose his job for leaving out the morning's murder; he certainly would be fired if he forgot to place a must-go policy yarn—one for instance quoting a society lion on the benefits of slant drilling to save the beaches; or a club leader defending a million-a-year race-track monopoly on moral grounds. Publicity experts hired to "sell" the public a raw special privilege are always able to find a P. T. A. or a Federation leader on whom to "hang" the policy story.

Misinformation doubtless is better than no information, as under complete censorship of dictators. The discerning reader may scan between the lines. He will at least know what

did not happen when he reads the account of a labor riot in a bitterly anti-labor newspaper. He will know for whom to vote by watching the endorsements of the reactionary, mercenary press and scratching such candidates. But there is no doubt the great bulk of the people are influenced. "Repeat a lie often enough and the public will believe it" is the credo of the propaganda clan. Thus a nation can be whipped into a fury of hate and even war over atrocities that never happened in fact.

Today the air is freer than the press. How long this remains so is a question. Unpopular minorities denied the daily newspapers may still buy time on the radio. The expense is of course prohibitive except for infrequent use and such competition against the never-ending flood of propaganda is pitiful, indeed. This is true also of organs of opinion not dependant on advertising, mostly weeklies and monthlies. Their circulation is small and becoming more so. The theater has long been freer than the press, but the motion picture has all but swamped it into the general bog of propaganda. The novel and the non-fiction book have been waging a last-ditch war for free expression. Our liberties are in precarious if valiant hands. If present trends continue we may see a rebirth of the pamphleteer.

A BRIEF SURVEY OF TRENDS IN MODERN AMERICAN LITERATURE

By MILDRED C. EASTMAN

What is literature a part from science? What is the literary mind?

For Aristotle, the term poetry included all kinds of fiction writing. The poet's whole effort is trying to convey the quality of an experience, to make us more clearly, intensely, vividly or richly conscious of this quality. Pure poetry is the pure effort to heighten consciousness. Prose, on the other hand, is merely the practical way of talking. It names things with the ordinary names — it does not matter in the least whether the things in question are real or imaginary. Ordinarily, except for scientific and business purposes, a good prose style must contain its ingredient of poetry. Poetic speech is not so much an art as a natural material in which artists may work. And the material is *liter* itself, in so far as words can assist in making it conscious or communicating it.

Literature seems to be an art like music or painting, and yet unlike music or painting, this art merges into the more practical business of acquiring and conveying information. You can pass by a series of gradual steps from a lyric of Sappho to a cook book or a school algebra and never be able to say at any point, here literature ends; here information begins. The reader of literature never knows quite what he is doing — whether he is enjoying a treat or getting an education or both.

Science is steadily and sharply advancing into all those fields in which the art of poetry and poetic prose flourished. To "know the best that has been thought and said in the world" rings false to the ardent spirits of our day; we want to know what, if anything, has been found to be true.

Knowing is an act of comprehending the elements of experience in their relation to each other and to our human interests and modes of behavior. There is no sign that we are going to receive any soft comfort from real knowledge such as various superstitions have supplied us.

The intrusion of a disciplined and skeptical attitude of inquiry has been one of the principal events of our time. You might sum it up by saying that science, having displaced magic and religion and a *strict* philosophy as a source of help and guidance, is now successfully attacking literature. This explains the whole contemporary agitation among critics and literary professors; it explains the present tendencies in fiction, the modernist poets, and it raises questions about the future of the literary mind. The young and cocky group who pride themselves on being "intellectual", as well as the solemn group who regard themselves as champions of moral discipline, are making a vain effort to defend the prestige of humane letters against the inexorable advance of a more disciplined study of man.

The literary profession has always enjoyed a social and academic prestige superior to that of experimental science. Experimental knowledge, being useful, carries a flavor of work rather than of sport and looks mainly to successful working for the test of its validity. It is plebeian because it continually suggests the possibility of changing things.

We see that just as in the 17th century the Galileos and Newtons and Rene Descartes, eloquent men as they were, drove poetry out of the books which convey knowledge about the external world, so in our time the Pavlovs and Freuds and Marxian Lenins are driving poetry out of the books which convey knowledge of men.

The literary highbrows of the moment, both young and old, seem to speak with a strangely hollow voice.

Havelock Ellis said, "Speech was never more alive than in the 16th century. Rabelais and Shakespeare and their companions seem like a race of giants who inhabited the earth in times long past." They experienced the stimulus of that birth of real knowledge which has created our modern world, but without feeling pushed aside by it. Dr. Osler, in 1919, in assuming the Presidency of the Classical Association at Oxford, expressed the opinion that "science needs the humanities and the humani-

ties need science and their unhappy divorce should never have taken place."

Erasmus wrote what he knew about evolution in verse; Darwin not only wrote poetical language but confessed that the ardors of a life devoted to science had made it impossible for him even to keep an ear open to the arts. H. G. Wells, wishing to make science accessible at least to readers of literature, is compelled to associate with him two men who, not distracted by poetry, have specialized in the knowledge of life. And throughout the 20th century the same division has been defining itself in all discourse about mental attributes and the nature and behavior of men. It may be noted that the ablest literary men are serving an apprenticeship in science and the ablest scientists are serving an apprenticeship in the art of friendly communication. (Ex. "The Universe Around Us," by Sir. James Jeans.)

The 1920's and 1930's witnessed the end of prudishness, the creation of the New Yorker, our first adequate magazine of satiric humor, a new literature of economics and a new literature of psychology; the revival of biography for popular reading, and history, with science behind it, made again into an art. New forces released and stirring; a wide restlessness and a reawakening of spiritual energy long dragged by great expectations of profits and an overwhelming confidence in American materialism. New journalists, who in this decade became dramatists, novelists or critics, as easily as caterpillars turn into moths, finding a new mass language in a new mass world, broke up traditional styles in order to get a diction that would sound like the speech of the multitude which was now their master. The new playwrights turned to the movies, developing an unheard of speed in story telling.

There were losses—losses in dignity. There is plenty of ego, but no confidence of inner living in the new writers of this decade; a fierce passion for experience but no faiths, no standards, no certainties. One feels in these new American writers a sense of power, a scope, a conscious skill in the transcription of fresh and unrecorded life more like the 19th century Russians than anything in English

since Hardy. And yet they write without humor. Perhaps they are prophetic. Perhaps they speak for the approaching grinning of a mechanical mass civilization. Whatever else is true of Soviet Russia, it seems to be reasonably certain that it does not cultivate humor. Humour is worth fighting for and with. God help us, if we lose it! Kipling thought it would save us at the end. But the new school has never heard of him or it. A literature without the power of humour is a literature wounded and maimed.

Merely to begin a long list, the twenties and thirties have given us Hemingway, Faulkner, Caldwell, Thornton Wilder, Thomas Wolfe, Robert Nathan. The massive Dreiser and the skillful Lewis belong now to the older generation. The names of Van Wyck Brooks, Ludwig Lewisohn, Lewis Mumford, Granville Hicks, Charles A. Beard, deserve mention here. If there are no Divine Comedies or Fausts, that is no cause for humiliation.

One change was striking. There was no boasting.

One quality we have clearly lacked, which can only be crudely named by the word amenity. There has been little written for the sheer pleasure of the mature and reflective mind. Our writers with real imagination to sell, have been more concerned to give pain than pleasure.

The novel is a kind of mongrel child of poetry and prose, a species most admirably adapted for survival in this practical scientific world. Novels are too easy to read and too easy to write, for any danger of extinction to approach them. It is conceded, however, that this literary form, like all others is passing through some kind of sea-change. One critic says it is the "plot" which has decayed; another that they "suffer from the enervation of the period"; that they have lost the hope of improving mankind. Dickens helped better the conditions of London's poor; Uncle Tom's Cabin was good anti-slavery propaganda; but the novelists of 1930 look askance at purposeful novels and the younger critics sniff at Upton Sinclair. Virginia Wolfe says "I wonder if we are right to call them books at all.

APRIL PROGRA

PASADENA TOWN MEETING

McKinley School, Oak Knoll and Del Mar, Pasadena

Single Admission: 50c Mondays, 7:30 P. M.

APRIL 5

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *The Sculptor's View of History*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

APRIL 12

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *A Survey of Philosophic Thought in Modern Times*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

APRIL 19

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *The Poetry of Doubt—Arnold and Clough—Their Message for To-day.* (Illustrated)

Mr. Alec Miller

APRIL 26

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *The Legacy of Greece*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

WANDERERS AND WAYFARERS

in *Philosophy, Literature and Art*

214 Loma Drive, Los Angeles

Single Admission: 50c Tuesdays, 7:30 P. M.

APRIL 6

The Philosophy of Hu Shih
Dr. Shou-Yi Ch'en

APRIL 13

An Evening With Shakespeare
Directed by Dolphine Martin

APRIL 20

Hummingbirds
(Illustrated Lecture)
Mr. Guy Haselton

APRIL 27

The Utilitarianism of John Stuart Mill
Dr. Frederick W. Roman

THE WORLD TODAY

Mona Lisa

3343 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles

Single Admission: 50c Thursdays, 10 A. M.

APRIL 1

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *The Sculptor's View of History*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

APRIL 8

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *The Legacy of Greece*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

APRIL 15

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *Tennyson and Browning and the Poetry of Art*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

APRIL 22

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *The Legacy of Greece*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

APRIL 29

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *The Legacy of Greece*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

THE WORLD TODAY

Mona Lisa

3343 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles

Single Admission: 50c Thursdays, 10 A. M.

APRIL 1

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *The Sculptor's View of History*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

APRIL 8

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *The Legacy of Greece*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

APRIL 15

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *Tennyson and Browning and the Poetry of Art*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

APRIL 22

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *The Legacy of Greece*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

APRIL 29

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *The Legacy of Greece*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

PHILOSOPHY

10

10

Dr. Freder

10

Dr. Freder

10

Dr. Freder

10

Dr. Freder

10

Dr. Freder

10

Dr. Freder

10

Dr. Freder

10

Dr. Freder

10

Dr. Freder

10

Dr. Freder

10

Dr. Freder

10

Dr. Freder

For they leave one with so strange a feeling of incompleteness and dissatisfaction. In order to complete them it seems necessary to do something — to join a society, or, more despatchedly, write a cheque."

Novels and plays about America in the last two or three decades might be divided into, first, **THE LITERATURE OF INDUSTRIALISM**; which includes books and plays about city life based upon industrialism, some flippant, some critical, some satirical, but all aware of the country only as a week-end place or the home of a forgotten youth; second, **THE LITERATURE OF EROSION**; plays and books dealing with the results of a run-down farm, share-croppers, ruined peach-growers, oppressed laborers, Negroes running back toward savagery, women crazy with the wind and dust; third, **THE LITERATURE OF ESCAPE**; books and plays about youth running away from farm life to the city, making good there (old style) or (new style) being ruined and flung back to the depleted soil.

American literature is predominantly, and most curiously in so prosperous a country, a literature of protest and discontent.

Escape literature is too dignified for most of the reading that goes on—better defined as a bromide than as a stimulant. Such readers are not escaping from anything but the vacancy of their own minds. When their hands and feet stop their brains carry on like loose wheels down a highway of words. This makes a *verbal* civilization, where everyone is articulate and listening is a vice.

Reading ought to be rationed both as to quantity and quality, especially in middle age when tastes have been formed and free places in the mind begin to grow scarce.

There is a sadist strain in American writing. Not merely dislike for environment but a vein of cruelty. The stories of Hemingway are cruel stories. The defense is realism, the excuse is novelty. The new writers are cruel because they are unhappy, because they do not like the life they live in, perhaps because they do not like themselves. Life is like that, they say. Unfortunately they are skillful — more skillful than many a better adjusted writer who sees life more truly but more dully. The powerful and distressing "Sanctuary" of Faulkner is a perfect example of this school of cruelty.

In 1920 the Youth Movement flourished. Since the war had failed to end war, youth would do it. In American literature, the youngsters who were acclaimed because they were young and because youth alone knew what was what, are middle-aged and second-rate or sunk altogether. We have had no successors in poetry to Vachel Lindsay, Robert Frost, Carl Sandberg, Amy Lowell, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Elmer Wyle, *except* Stephen Benet and Archibald MacLeish. There are no successors to Edith Wharton, Willa Cather, Booth Tarkington, Ellen Glasgow, with anything like their volume of sustained achievement. Yet it has been fifteen years since youth took control.

The reign of youth has accomplished something. It has encouraged frankness. Autobiography — the desire to tell the world all about it. Pilgrim's Progress is in its way as autobiographical as the diary of Peeps. The decline of the Italian Renaissance had its Benvenuto Cellini. The romantic movement gave birth to Childe Harold and Wilhelm Meister; New England gave us the autobiographical fiction of Melville's *Moby Dick*; we have the autobiographical poetry of Whitman's *Song of Myself* and four million words in the *Journal*

of Thoreau, but our 1920's and 1930's were to suffer from a new and virulent form of this impulse to tell all. "I'll tell the world what it does to a youth" says Thomas Wolfe; "I'll tell the world what fear can do to a man," says Faulkner; "I'll tell the world what fear and disillusion can do to the mind," says Hemingway. Hamlet wanted to tell the world, but Horatio reminded him that it was not so important to describe the way madness lay as to show that one could rise above it. The moderns are so voluble about themselves and their friends. Plato would not choose them for his ideal state.

Someone has said "History is a series of linked biographies." Up to the Renaissance man was the receptacle of God's grace. From the Renaissance down to Strachey (Boswell *except*) biography was the story of how this grace affected man's way of doing things. From Strachey on, man himself has been interpreted, telling the story of what has happened to man on this earth, in this particular world. There has been a rise in accuracy. When bias is definitely shown then you know where you are going. Inaccuracies trained us to doubt of the printed word. There has been a rise in literary quality, generally speaking; an escape from psycho-analysis and less shame over our American origins.

Under literature of Social Protest we have Beard in history, Chase in economics, Thomas in politics, F o s d i c k and Ward in religion, Dewey in philosophy. In the drama it is evidenced in O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape"; Elmer Rice's "Adding Machine" and "Street Scene"; and in such war plays as "Journey's End," "Men Must Fight" and "What Price Glory." Since the war it has been easy to be unselfish, self-seeking, skeptical of reform, indifferent to the future. The tempo of the nation has been its stock market. The cool and yet cordial attitude of the literati toward God is understandable when you realize that the Higher Learning they are defending was until recent date an almost exclusive possession of the priestly class.

A word about the Cult of Unintelligibility. First the feeling that the author is not telling you anything. Perhaps because he doesn't know, or he may know but won't tell. A dominant tendency of the advancing schools of poetry for the last twenty years has been to decrease the range, the volume and the definiteness of communication. The values are private—as private as the emotional life of the insane. The friendly custom of the older poets of giving the poem a title which tells us what it is about has been abandoned by the modernists. To bring Stevenson up to date we might say

"The world is so full of a number of things
I am sure we should all be as nervous as
kings."

Great literature is not nervous. There is a vast body of critical literature discussing every one of the great problems of aesthetics, religion and ultimate truth; but little of it that is modern is confident or convincing.

Never before have we been so overwhelmed with knowledge of what is happening. Never before has high adventure been so close to us. The American writer will have to make a choice. Either he will get more stature for his spirit, or he will commit himself, like our most famous magazines, to a policy of the greatest good for the greatest number when compatible with profitable advertising. Not "Where do I eat?" but "Why do I live?"

The blind alley with a cockpit at the end in which society marches today is intolerable for any man willing to venture in thought beyond his own affairs. The morality with which we Americans have governed our public thinking—and writing—is the negative morality of a fat animal that is getting on with its food and drink and will oppose instinctively whatever threatens change. We do not want excessive armaments — yet we remember acutely that the last war was profitable—for us, and remember but dimly that all wars have not been profitable, even for us. We are sleepily aware that not even the most convinced optimist can hold out a shred of hope that stronger navies, stronger armies, can ultimately save even the strongest nation from the consequences, social, material, spiritual, political, of armed conflict upon the modern plan. And yet, a stolid if apprehensive animal, we look over the fence and then trot back to complacency. Pool our sovereignty for the policing of the world under a law of nations! That might entangle us in world politics! Our leaders are reading history to little purpose. Let them read literature then. Let them note that American writers have for a century or more been describing the beast of property that was born with horns and an appetite, but no eyes for the future.

New literature which will directly help us toward a future without war, must base its imaginative edifices upon a social structure where war is an *accident*. No literature today discharges this function, for no literature has the world as subject, and nothing else will serve our purpose. We need a new type of humanism to counteract a patriotism out of joint, and for that we have the prose of science but not yet poetry which can arouse the imagination.

Our modern societies require social control, they can subsist only by mass production, can be educated only by mass methods, can become civilized only by a beneficent standardization of the instruments of culture. Literature and mystical religion, the first for the many, the second for the few who can take their religion that way, will become safeguards of such individualism as is essential if we are to socialize without depersonalizing the world. For it is the tiny flame of self-realization, self-respect and self-expression kept alight by religion and literature which makes the individual *worth* collectivizing.

SOURCES:

"The Literary Mind," Max Eastman.
"Expression in America," Ludwig Lewisohn.

Various essays in *The Saturday Review* of Literature by Henry Seidel Canby.

"Lecture on Biography," Edith Mirrieles.

Other bits collected here and there.

To quote Montaigne: "I have here made only a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the string that ties them."

LETTERS FROM FORUM FRIENDS

The United States of America in the next few months or years faces a choice between taking three steps: (1) Going to war, (2) Absolute neutrality which means no trade between the United States and the rest of the World, (3) Joining the League of Nations and World Court.

I heard an E. P. C. speaker say that he was driven to the isolationist point of view and gave this illustration "My next door neighbor has a very bad contagious disease—therefore I will keep completely away from him!" Now that man is a minister. Just ask him if he

chooses to keep doctors, nurses, food and medicine away from his sick neighbor! My, he would sell his coat to provide the pay for the medicine, the food, the nurses, the doctors! He wouldn't send a soldier either. He would do everything in his power to make his neighbor well even if the neighbor had said a few nasty things to him before he got sick!

Joining the League *now* would be like sending doctors, nurses, food, medicine and *hope* to a very sick world!

But how can we so popularize the idea of our *responsibility* to that hospital full of almost dead hopes, the League? How can Americans come to grasp the idea that *they* must act now if war is to be prevented? With Absolute Neutrality Europe's one scrap after another would finally kill Europe. One American scrap after another *might* kill America!

Let the President make up his mind that America is to join the League and the Court *and we'll be in before* this Congress is over!

MARGARET BROWN.

* * *

The Pantiles
King George Avenue,
Talbieh, Jerusalem.
Feb. 12, 1937.

Dear Dr. Roman:

I thank you so much for your interesting letter of Nov. 20th, that we received in Bombay, Jan. 14th. I have not received your letter you sent to Calcutta, neither have we received the "Forum," but I do not get any parcel post mail it seems. Morgan, our son, has sent us many papers to Bombay; but we have not received any although I have wired from Cairo to Bombay to forward all our mail to American Express Co., in Jerusalem. We have not seen any American magazines and newspapers to speak of, since we left Los Angeles about six months ago. I think parcel post mail from U. S. to any place in the Orient is very unsatisfactory and, especially, more so now, due to the strike. I hope it will be better, when we get into Athens and Europe. We are leaving Palestine from Haifa Feb. 21st and will be in Athens the 26th where we stay a few days, and from there we go to Istanbul, where we are trying to make arrangements to go into Russia, where we should like to spend six weeks at least. There seems to be a lot of red tape to get into The Soviet Union, but we will see if we can not untie the Gordon knot. More about this, when we have had the new experience of going into the Soviet Union.

We have had a marvelous time all the way since we left, six months ago. We have not been sick and the weather has been excellent; almost made to order. I shall review our itinerary from L. A. to J. merely telling where we have been. The first stop we made was Honolulu, where we got a car and drove around the Island of Oahu and saw the sights of the whole island as well as the city. We had an interesting driver, who, when he got tired of driving, got out his ukelele and sang Hawaiian music to us while the car rested, and then, when he had gone through his repertoire started his car and off we started for other scenery and entertainments. We liked Honolulu. The next stop was Yokohama, where we left the ship and travelled through Japan by train, visiting Fuji, but Mt. Fuji had a grudge against us, and we did not see its hoary head. We also went up to Nikko and saw all the shintoes and temples there. Nikko was a beautiful place as a natural landscape, and it seemed to me, it did not need any temples to

beautify it. From Tokio we went to Kiyoto, and on the way we admired the mountain sides called the Japanese Alps. This name did not seem to us to be a misnomer as they compared very favorably with the Swiss Alps. While at Kiyoto we went to Nara to see some of the ancient culture of Japan, especially, of a religious nature. We found a very charming hotel named Miyako where we liked to stay very much. The waitresses were young Japanese girls, charmingly dressed in their native costume. We left Kiyoto for a sacred island, Miyakima, where there were many temples and shintoes. Miyakima, we thought, was a very beautiful island with high mountains and fine bays, with holy temples studded around both on the low and the high land. Next we took the train to Taikiyu, a place in Korea about 100 miles north of Fusan. Here is an American missionary colony, where there is a hospital for people suffering from leprosy and an agricultural station where the natives can learn how to take care of their domestic animals as well as how to work their farms. I was really proud of the work done here in spite of the obstinate policy of the Japanese. At this place we were almost taken for spies and had quite a time to get away. We were also in Seoul or Kedjo and Mukden on our way to Peking. When we travelled through Manchuria we had quite a few soldiers on the train, and all the holes and windows were securely covered up, so nobody from the outside could look in. The soldiers, however, seemed to be quite harmless, as they were mostly asleep. We saw both the new or Japanese as well as the old, the Chinese parts of the cities. The Japanese undoubtedly take the best positions and let the natives shift for themselves, somewhat in the same way as Il Duce does in Dolomite Alps, where the natives pay taxes and starve and the Italians are given all the positions and all work. I am afraid it is very much on the same order in Korea and Manchuria. We happened to be in Mukden the 18th of September, the fifth anniversary after the annexing of Manchuria by Japan. The Chinese had their flags half mast, while the Japanese flew all the flags they had on top. A Japanese prince was there, I presume to help celebrate the downfall of Manchuria. I think, it is well to say with Cicero: "Oh Tempora, oh Mores."

We spent nearly a week in Peking where we kept going from early morning till late at night seeing temples, pagodas and palaces. The Temple of Heaven in its cylindrical shape, its elegant lines and its multifarious colors impressed me as much as any building I have ever seen. We left Peking for Nanking where we saw the magnificent tomb of Sun Yat Sen where they had spent millions of dollars to have it look impressive and beautiful. We saw another exquisite tomb built for the general who lived at the same time with Sun Yat Sen; but I cannot think of his name at present. As he was Buddhist his shrine was built in the Chinese architecture and conformed, to my notion, more to the landscape and the country than that of Sun Yat Sen, who was a Christian and consequently his tomb had a strong touch of modern European design and architecture.

From Nanking we left for Shanghai where we were told, there was so much trouble that we probably could not get in, but we saw very little if any trouble. The Japanese, however, were much in evidence.

One day we went out to the Chapei district where the Japanese then had their headquarters. There were soldiers everywhere ready for any emergency. Their headquarters con-

sisted of a very large cement building. In front of it were tanks, cars and motorcycles, while on the roof were soldiers, machine guns and other accoutrements of war, which to me seemed altogether unnecessary. We heard later that the Chinese moved out of the district. We were told that the Japanese soldiers and officers were very overbearing to both the natives and foreigners.

We left Shanghai for Hong Kong and Canton. Honk Kong is a modern, mostly British city strategically located. Canton, the birthplace of Sun Yat Sen, was a very old quaint city where they had erected a useful monument in honor of the first president. It was a large building where over 5000 people could assemble, and there was not a pillar or post supporting the roof, so one could see the speaker from any point. How much better would it not have been if the nations and cities had put up useful buildings which could be used for assembling people where lectures could be held, etc., instead of these dead and in many cases ugly cenotaphs and other in-artistic piles of rocks, which are called monuments to honor the dead.

From Hong Kong we went down to Java and Bali. The Balinese, to my mind, are the happiest people I have ever seen. They go about their business unconcerned about the whole world and the Dutch leave them alone, so they can worship any way they please and no missionaries are tolerated, and not even allowed to make propaganda for any sect. Of course, they have to pay taxes, but otherwise the Dutch leave them alone. The natives had plenty of time as they walked around the roads in large numbers and worshipped any way they pleased.

When we left Bali we went to Sydney, had a delightful trip on a very fine boat, the Nieuw Zeeland; the weather was excellent nearly all the way. We liked Australia and her people, but they need many more enterprising pioneers in many parts of Australia. It is a wonderful country with all kinds of resources which seemed to wait for people to come and make use of them.

We were in Canberra, the capital, but we could find no reason for its existence where it is located about half way between Melbourne and Sydney. The railroad connections were very poor. Going to Melbourne a person had to change trains as they do not have the same gauge, the track on the Victorian side being narrower than that of the New South Wales. Most people I talked to about it said there was no reason for Canberra, but it was built because of jealousy between Victoria and N. S. W. We travelled by auto from Melbourne to Sydney and we saw more blue gum and other trees on the trip than we have seen on any other similar trip. We also saw the native animals of Australia in the forests, we also saw this peculiar mammal and bird called platybus. We met a man who had studied this animal for quite a while and had one in his back yard.

From Australia we went on Nieuw Zeeland to Singapore, thus Nieuw Zeeland was our home for nearly five weeks. We spent a few days in Singapore and visited the pineapple groves and the sugar and rubber plantations. From S. we first went to Penang a very beautiful place under a hill, the Crag, where we went on top and had a fine view of Penang and the landscape all about, and also the harbor with its ships. The next stop was Ran- goon in Burma, a very quaint, interesting place that to me did not seem to have been touched too much by European civilization, as

it, in many respects, was very primitive and more Asiatic or Chinese than many other places we saw. Burma has up to the present time been connected with India, but from now on, it is to be independent of India. It is not Hindu but Buddhist and consequently has more in common with the Chinese.

We left Rangoon for Calcutta where we spent Christmas. We had a very pleasant time in Calcutta and saw her sacred cattle grazing on the Maidan till about 2:00 P. M. when they went into the city proper and had their siesta on the sidewalks and main streets in front of business houses and banks, stores, etc. Very interesting but quite dirty in spite of the fact that it was so religious. The people, too, did not only have their siesta on the streets and sidewalks, but they even found their lodging for the night by merely sweeping off the sidewalk a little, throwing their outer garments down first, then lying down to rest for the night. Next morning they went the sacred cows a little better in that they found a faucet where they took their ablution after which they washed their clothes, waited till they got dry and then went about their business. The big event in India, I was told, was the horse races Dec. 26th and we must not leave India without attending, and so we did. I must confess, however, that we were not so much interested in the races as we were in the people attending. The Viceroy of India came with his retinue and bugle corps all dressed in red and mostly on horseback so it made quite an interesting and pretty sight when they stopped before the grandstand. The governor of Bengal appeared next with his retinue also dressed in red, then rajahs and maharajahs and maharajahs with their harems all dressed in silks of various colors and all bedecked with jewelry on their arms, fingers, ankles, toes, nose and ears so it was quite a sight, with rings of all kinds and sizes. Well, I believe it was almost worth staying to see! Oh yes, I forgot the people, the Hindus, you know, that is often done. The Maidan outside the race-course was white with people who could stand there without having to pay for it. They seemed to enjoy the races as much as anyone if not more so. Because of

the races and the Xmas holidays we suffered some inconveniences in the hotels as the Indian Rajahs and other princes with their staffs had leased the best and largest part of the hotels, so we, the people, had to be satisfied with the poor rooms they did not want. Anyway we made the best of it in spite of the inconveniences of the hotels. We had a fine time in Calcutta and should like to go there again.

The day after the races we went up to Darjeeling and the Himalayas where it was very cold. We even summed up enough energy and courage to take a trip up to Tiger Hill about 6 or 7 miles farther up, and to get there we went up about 2000 feet. We got there just a few minutes before the sun rose. It was a magnificent sight to see the sun climb or rather glide over the hills and send her golden, life giving beams. But in the west everything was covered with fog and clouds, so we did not see Mr. Everest nor Kanchenjunga or any other hills for that matter, but we thought we were well repaid for our early trip as we had fine moonlight when we skinned along the mountain sides. It took six Tibetan coolies to get each of us up there. On the whole, we were well pleased with our trip to Darjeeling, in spite of the fact that it was very cold.

The evening of New Years we went to Benares and saw the Hindus bathe in the Ganges, worship there and drink the filthy water they had bathed in. We also saw the burning-ghats where they were burning an old lady and were getting the funeral pyres ready for two more. Benares is undoubtedly the most Hindu-like place in India with its 1500 temples and the holy Ganges. It seemed to be the Mecca of all Hindus as the pilgrims were coming and going there all the time. It must be a very religious place as there were over 30,000 Hindu monks.

Agra, we thought, was a very fascinating place with its fine fort containing so many fine buildings and the Taj Mahal, "beautiful beyond description". We spent several days there and travelled around to the places of interest in the neighborhood of Agra. We also spent some time in Delhi both old and new, but we

preferred the old. The New was not Indian, to my notion, and did not have any of the characteristics of the former architecture nor of the country itself. Although we did not spend much time there, it was a disappointment. They should have used the Indian style of architecture, not modern European; the setting does not conform to this.

We also visited Jaypur and Udaipur, two quaint, old Hindu cities in Rajputana, where we enjoyed visiting the palaces and temples.

We arrived in Bombay after having suffered quite a few inconveniences on the Indian trains due in many cases to the inefficiency and carelessness of the railroad officials. We can not brag of the hotels either. On the whole, however, we enjoyed ourselves very much in India. The pestering beggars annoyed us, but we got rid of them in short order.

We left Bombay for Port Said. We had a very delightful trip till we arrived at Suez and entered into the Canal. It blew considerably and the sand and dust blew from place to place. Here we saw a real desert with no vegetation in any direction—only sand and more sand. From Port Said we went to Cairo where we stayed about two weeks. We found Egypt very interesting. We saw the awe inspiring pyramids and the sphinxes as well as many other monuments of interest around Cairo. From Cairo we went to Luxor and visited the burial places of the kings and some queens at Thebes or the Necropolis. We also spent some time seeing Karnak and Luxor, two very interesting places from the standpoint of ancient history. From Luxor we went up to Aswan, saw the dam and even had a boat ride on it. As they had raised the dam about twenty feet in 1934 the temples of Philae were completely covered by water, only two pylons were visible above the water as we went between them. We liked Aswan very much as we thought it was a very pretty place. We saw the quarries where the granite came from used in the obelisks and also in the many temples of Luxor. The Kataract Hotel at Aswan was a magnificent structure close to the first kataract. We also took a trip down to Alexandria, but there were not so many

S-ALL FORUMS

ODAY

COUR

THE GLENDALE FORUM

The Tuesday Afternoon Club Building
Central at Lexington, Glendale
Single Admission: 50c Thursdays, 7:30 P. M.

APRIL 1

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *The Sculptor's View of History*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

APRIL 8

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *The Legacy of Greece*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

APRIL 15

The Basic Features of Chinese Painting
Dr. Shou-Yi Chen

APRIL 22

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *The Legacy of Greece*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

APRIL 29

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *The Legacy of Greece*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

PARLIAMENT OF MAN

214 Loma Dr., Los Angeles, EX-3630
Single Admission: 50c Fridays, 7:15 P. M.

APRIL 2

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *The Sculptor's View of History*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

APRIL 9

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *"The Revolt of the Masses" by Jose Ortega y Gasset*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

APRIL 16

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *Wood Sculpture From Egypt to T-o-day*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

(Illustrated)

Mr. Alec Miller

APRIL 23

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *The Legacy of Greece*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

APRIL 30

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *The Legacy of Greece*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

LONG BEACH FORUM

Y.W.C.A., Sixth and Pacific, Long Beach
Single Admission: 50c Saturdays, 12:45 Noon

APRIL 3

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *The Sculptor's View of History*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

APRIL 10

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *Martin Luther*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

APRIL 17

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *Art As a Spiritual Force*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

(Illustrated)

Mr. Alec Miller

APRIL 24

First Hour: *Current Events*
Second Hour: *The Legacy of Greece*

Dr. Frederick W. Roman

oman

oman

oman

oman

oman

things of interest as in Upper Egypt. I think Egypt is a land of contrast. There was the most fertile land I have ever seen and within a stone's throw there was the most desolate desert, not a blade to be seen, loose sand and nothing but sand. We were on the Lybian, the Arabian and Sahara Deserts and they were all alike in that nothing grew anywhere except where there was water. Along the Suez on both sides for nearly the whole distance from Suez to Port Said there was merely sand. I can now well understand that the Nile Valley is the cradle of civilization.

We have been in Jerusalem nearly one week and travelled around nearly every day. Today we walked inside the walls to see the places, where Jesus is said to have spent considerable time. It is a very dirty place with narrow streets where camels, donkeys and people walk up and down steps with big loads on their backs. In fact, we saw, this morning, two camels loaded with very heavy rocks walk up some very high steps and it was quite a sight to see them amble along guided by the shouts of their masters. My impression of Jerusalem is that they need somebody to clean out their temples as well as other places, as Jerusalem is the most Godless and irreligious city I have ever seen. Here is a hatred and jealousy among the people that is hard to equal any place, and I am sure that if the English soldiers left there would be trouble all the time, especially between the Jews and the Arabs. Mrs. Halvorson and I, yesterday, took a walk around the Wall and when we arrived opposite the place where the big mosque is located some men taking us for Jews because of our clothes tried their best to stone us and we had to dodge their rocks for quite a while, and, in fact, it looked quite dangerous. The place on the top of the wall, where the boys were, not being so far from the St. Stephen's Gate where St. Stephen was stoned centuries ago, these boys must have been descendants of those who stoned him; but we both fortunately escaped.

Both the Arabs and the Jews, as well as many other people, have built very fine and expensive buildings made of stones on nearly every side of the old City. The King David Hotel is a tremendously large building built for American tourists especially before 1929. They have fewer guests now, so those people who stay there have to pay high prices. In fact we find the hotels here and in Egypt as well as in India very expensive.

I wish you success in your fine, marvelous undertaking in trying to make the people see the issues of today clearly and by that get a clear understanding of the political and economic conditions.

Hoping to hear from you again, and if I do, promise I shall not tire you with such a long letter, I remain

Sincerely yours, OLAF HALVORSON.

P. S. Mrs. Halvorson joins me in wishing you and all your workers bountiful success in your fine undertaking of trying to enlighten the people in all branches of knowledge.

Dear Dr. Roman:

* * *

Behold in a few keenly denunciatory sentences how the old Greek tragedy of fatalism and inevitability along with plunder and murder continues on into our modern world.

Believing that this brief abstract from a recent editorial in the *London New Statesman* might interest you and your forums, as ever, etc.

L. H. FULLER
545 Pacific Avenue
Long Beach, 3/20/37

"THE BUTCHERS' BILL"

(Abst. editorial in New Statesman and Nation-London, Feb. 20, 1937)

"Omitting, as outside the pale of sanity, that small but noisy fraction of the Tory Party whose complaint is still that our expenditure on armaments is less astronomic in dimensions than that of Germany, it is safe to say that the figures of the bill payable in advance of the next war have staggered the whole country. . . . Says the Chancellor: 'It would be imprudent to contemplate a total expenditure on defense during the next 5 years of much less than £1,500,000,000.'

. "But the real gravamen of the charge against the Government is that their apologia for this expenditure on armaments is couched in terms which could be penned only by men who believe that war is coming inevitably, but who feel no sense of responsibility for their share in contributing prospectively to that event. If Messrs. Lloyd-George and Clemenceau originally wrote the treaties which have condemned an unborn generation to death, Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues have countersigned and sealed the death-warrants. Under successive Tory administrations Britain has played its part in sabotaging the German democracy of Stresemann, in obstructing the efforts of the Disarmament Conference, in emasculating the collective security of the League Covenant, in acquiescing in military-fascist aggression in China, Abyssinia and Spain. 'No villain need be . . . we are betrayed by what is false within'. We have had nearly 25 years of predominantly Tory Government, in which British foreign policy has been conducted by men who never really believed in the possibility of a world made safe for democracy, never paid more than lip-service for electoral purposes to the causes of peace and disarmament, never had the intellectual honesty or the imagination to tackle seriously the problems, economic and political, fraught with the dangers of another war.

"In our £1,500,000,000 of armament expenditure the reckoning is presented. With no hint that they have any conception of a policy which might obviate war, or have turned their thoughts toward this aspect of the question at all, our rulers ask the country to approve this expenditure. . . . If another, and infinitely more devastating, world war is imminent, and if we are to be the victims of aggression by a combination of Fascist countries, we hold no brief for those who would have us resist mechanised armies with bare hands. The tragic stupidity of the present business is that we are asked to mortgage our future resources to pay not merely for tomorrow's butchery but for yesterday's BLINDNESS, COWARDICE AND HYPOCRISY."

NOT AS I WILL

Blindfolded and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand

The darkness deepens as I grope

Afraid to fear, afraid to hope

But this one thing I learned to know

Each day more surely as I go

That doors are opened and ways are made

Burdens are lifted or are laid

By some unseen power and still

Unfathomed purpose to fulfill

not as I will.

Heaven's Distant Lamps
Indexed in *The Granger*

WE SHOULD FEEL GRATEFUL TO OUR SENATORS!

The *Consumers' Research* in a recent issue points out that "a new batch of senators have been taken aboard for cigaret testimonials" and no doubt the general public will feel grateful that the senators have given the use of their names for at least a quiet and consolidating smoke especially since they can't solve the war question, the Supreme Court question or the whole problem of distribution, or anything else that really needs to be done. Our democracy is declining and the country is going to the dogs and the senators are helpless! Well, since it seems that there is nothing else that they are really sure about let us be thankful that they can at least recommend a smoke. Now as to whether that is worth \$12,000 a year by way of advice is a topic that may merit public discussion. However, to discuss the merit of the Senate or any other public body is almost out of order since the general public is only interested in the race-track, the gambling, and just one more smoke!

A. RUBE WRITES

EDITORS NOTE: *Our Forum friends were much interested in the recommendation which Senator Nye gave in regard to smoking of cigarettes. We republish a statement by Hiram A. Rube who is a columnist for The Leader, published at Bismark, North Dakota. We are indebted to Mr. Claus Hartman, a prominent citizen of North Dakota for sending us the article. I am sure that our readers will appreciate the fine satire in this report.*

Dear Gerald,

All I know is what I read in the papers, and I seen last week where you are wantin' me to throw away my pipe and smoke these fancy tailor-made cigarettes which you claim are so tender on your throat. Mr. Nye, you need to be told a few things. First, when I want throat protection I'll turn up my coat-collar and tie a scarf around my neck. Second, we don't want or need your advice on what we can smoke if we smoke, and we don't give a tinker's dam about what you smoke when you smoke, now or in the hereafter. Well, you could have knocked me over with a pinfeather when I was in town the other day and picked up the store-keeper's newspaper while I was waiting to be waited on. I opened it up, and there big as you please was your picture in a big advertisement saying as how you endorsed a certain brand of cigarettes as being best for smoking. "What's next?" I says to Mrs. Rube over by the yard-goods counter, showing her the paper. "I'll bet Mr. Nye will next be telling us what's the best brand of pork and beans," I says. But Sarah didn't think either Nye or me was funny. You could tell by the way she looked that she was pretty riled up so I didn't say any more. On the way home, she told me why it was nothing to make jokes over. It was the boys and girls she was thinking about and especially our boy who was just in the age when he thought it awfully smart to smoke. Sarah said that that advertisement with Nye's picture and his sayings in it would probably go out to daily newspapers all over the country and be seen by thousands of boys and girls who would be encouraged to start smoking because a United States senator said it was all right and that it was good for your throat, and that it had helped him to get success by helping him in his speaking. She said the only good the ad would do would be to start a new

crop of youngsters to smoking so the tobacco companies could sell more cigarettes. She said what Senator Nye ought to have done if he wanted to be fair to the boys and girls was to warn them of the harmful effects which cigarettes have on the health, but I told her the tobacco companies wouldn't stand for that since they were paying for the ad. On Monday this week I went to town again to take in a seed meeting and a bunch of us were talking about your cigarette ad when the county agent told us that you got one thousand dollars from the tobacco company just for letting them use your name for that one ad in the daily papers of the country. The county agent didn't think very much of the advertisement. He said he thought it was "pretty cheap for a United States Senator to lend the honor and dignity of his office to such a purpose." From this you can see, Senator, that you have stirred up quite a bit of talk around here by your latest publicity stunt. Maybe I'll hear some more later about it and if I do, I'll drop you a line again. Yours truly,

Hiram A. Ruben

P. S. I shouldn't have to tell you Gerald, that us farmers didn't send you to Washington to be a cigarette salesman and you can put that in your pipe and smoke it. Er, not on second thought, you can't either!

"INSTITUTE OF MAN" NEEDED TO
AVERT CRUMBLING OF CIVILIZATION, ASSERTS DR. CARREL
IN ACCEPTING AWARD

(By Associated Press)

CHAMPAIGN, Ill., Feb. 21. — Doctor Alexis Carrel, famous scientist, told the Newman Foundation, which presented him with the Cardinal Newman award for 1936 today, that the power of science held hope for the prevention of the crumbling of civilization.

The award, given annually to the individual who has made an outstanding contribution to the enrichment of human life, was conferred upon the world-renowned surgeon of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in his pioneer work in developing a technique for the transplantation of limbs and organs and for the preservation and growth of organs outside the body.

"Our time," Dr. Carrel told the audience, "displays an alarming resemblance to the past. Are we doomed to vanish into dust? However, there is some chance for us to escape this fate of all ancient civilizations. We have at our disposal for the first time in the history of mankind, the power of science."

"Science, in its conquest of the world of inanimate matter, has proven its strength. It teaches us that we must obey natural laws, and not blindly follow the dreams of sociologists and philosophers. It supplies us with the means of gaining mastery of our body, our soul, and our environment. That is, with the power of remaking ourselves, as well as our institutions."

Describing man as a "concrete object, which must be apprehended directly, and not viewed through philosophical or scientific systems," Doctor Carrel suggested the creation of an "institute of man" to further his welfare.

"In order to co-ordinate and apply the data already gathered by biological and social sciences," he said, "there is need of a new institution, a center of synthetic thought, which could be called institute of man, or institute of civilization."

"Such an institution should recognize as essential the following principles: No one who

is expert in only a single field, such as economics, sociology, pedagogy, hygiene, philosophy, medicine, psychology, biological-chemistry, religion, etc., is fitted to apply his specialized knowledge to any problem concerning the human person in his entirety."

"Man, viewed by specialists exclusively through their own techniques, is not complete man. He is only one aspect of a manifoldness, and abstraction more or less remote from reality. It should be a fundamental rule that, before being applied to human beings, any mechanical invention, philosophical doctrine, diet, mode of living, economic, political, or social legislation, educational system, etc., should be scrutinized from the point of view of its effects on the individual as a physiological and spiritual whole bound to his environment."

"The task of the new institution would be to define, in such a spirit, principles and methods for the formation of the individual, for the development of proper economic and social conditions, for the propagation of the race, etc."

San Antonio, Texas.

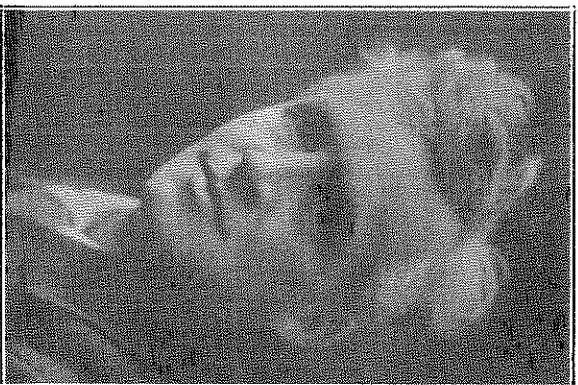
Feb. 22, 1937.

My Dear Doctor Roman,

When I read the enclosed report, I thought, "Who would have such a depth of understanding of the needs of the human race as to be able to head such an institution?" Almost at the same moment like a flash came the thought, "Dr. Roman could."

Very truly,
Nell Sparlin.

FAMED ENGLISH SCULPTOR
LECTURES BEFORE THE ASSOCIATED FORUMS



Mr. Aluc Miller

Chipping Campden, England
Sculptor

Mr. Miller is a well known sculptor in wood and stone in England, who has his home on the edge of the picturesque village of Chipping Campden in Gloucestershire. He is a member of the Art Workers' Guild, and for a number of years his work has been shown at many exhibitions, including The Royal Academy, The Arts and Crafts Society's Exhibitions, The Palace of Arts (British Empire Exhibitions). Small exhibitions devoted solely to his work have also been held at important galleries both in England and the United States.

Mr. Miller is perhaps best known in this country for his wood carving, especially for

his portraits in wood. His work in this field is unique. With the exception of one Frenchman, practically no one else since the 16th century has used wood as a medium for portraiture, and certainly no other artist has brought the technique in wood carving to such perfection. It has been said that wood lends a warmth, and, under his touch, an "aliveness" to portraiture that cannot be obtained in cold marble. Those who have seen his work exhibited in the Museums of Cleveland, Rochester, and other cities, are glad to testify to his remarkable genius and skill in this field of art. On his first visit to the United States, he carved a series of gargoyles corbels for the cloisters at Bryn Mawr College.

Mr. Miller is known both in England and in this country as a lecturer. In England he has lectured at Oxford, Cambridge, King's College, London; in the United States at the Metropolitan, Cleveland, Rochester and other museums. The purpose of his lectures is to stimulate an interest in the Art of Sculpture, especially in its relation to the interpretation of history, and as a record of the social life which produced it.

PROGRAMS

The World Today, 3343 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, April 15, 10 A. M. Subject: *Tennyson and Browning and the Poetry of Art.*

Parliament of Man, 214 Loma Drive, Los Angeles, April 16, 7:15 P. M. Subject: *Wood Sculpture From Egypt to To-day* (Illustrated).

Long Beach Forum, Y. W. C. A. 6th and Pacific, Long Beach, April 17, 12:45 Noon. Subject: *Art as a Spiritual Force.* (Illustrated).

Pasadena Town Meeting, McKinley School, Corner Oak Knoll and Del Mar, April 19, 7:30 P. M. Subject: *The Poetry of Doubt—Arnold and Clough—Their Message for To-day.*

AN EVENING WITH SHAKESPEARE

The Wanderers and Wayfarers in Philosophy, Literature and Art announce an evening with Shakespeare, under the direction of Dolphine Martin, Tuesday, April 13, 7:30 o'clock, at 214 Loma Drive, Los Angeles. This is just one of a series of programs on Shakespeare that will be given from time to time from now on until the first of December when Dr. Edward Howard Griggs will give six lectures on Shakespeare. We highly recommend that all our members and friends who plan to hear Dr. Griggs next fall make every effort to hear all of the preparatory programs.

"As You Like It"

Prologue Marylin Davis

"Two Gentlemen of Verona"

Julia Bettyruth Vincent

Lucretia Alice Landefeld

"Merchant of Venice"

Launcelot Shirley Stoffe

Old Gobbo Betty Stoffe

"Romeo and Juliet"

Juliet Barbara Morehouse

Nurse Doris Kimmel

A NEW DEFINITION

Bobby: "What's an expert, daddy?"

Daddy: "He's a fellow who gets a big salary for telling other people how to do things he can't do himself."

ADVENTURES IN ADULT
EDUCATION

By LT. COMMANDER STEWART F. BRYANT,
U. S. N. Ret.

West Coast Director League of Nations
Association

The organization of adult education is just in its infancy. As it develops we may find three phases in this critical movement, upon the successes of which may depend the survival of democracy and possibly the survival of our civilization.

First, there must be a process of stimulation and motivation through forums and discussion groups in each community. But this is not enough. There is not time during one forum to go to the bottom of most of our problems and there is no real continuity of effort between forums.

So, second, we come to the vital necessity of reaching out into the entire world for the pamphlets, periodicals, and books that can bring to us the very highest form of integrity, courage, and leadership in informing and directing public opinion to the real objectives and methods for achieving them. Pamphlets are becoming of increasing importance. They are more up to date than books and yet long enough to present all the essentials. The United States Commissioner of Education at the Department of the Interior, Washington, is now issuing a bulletin of some 600 of the best available pamphlets. This is an important contribution. The National Peace Conference at New York is now considering efforts to help coordinate the issue of pamphlets in this country.

Thirdly, we come to the question of the assertion of enlightened opinion when once formed. If this opinion is allowed to vaporize, we are still far from effectiveness. So means must be found for collecting and mobilizing this opinion along some standard, flexible patterns and asserting it at power points of government. There is a proposal afoot for a national office to formulate questions on the most critical problems for popular vote. An office would be established in each state capitol where this opinion could be collected and forwarded periodically to the senators and congressmen from that state. Also to the White House. The national center would collate all of this opinion and send it to the White House and committee chairmen in Congress and publish it to the nation through the press services.

There are some obstacles in these plans, but if the enlightened forces are to have their chance it must come through economy of effort, coordination, and concentration of power.

* * *

FORUM NOTES

There are many simple rules that can help in making a forum successful.

They pertain to the physical considerations, the control of time, and discussion rules.

In the physical considerations there are four precautions:

1. No bright light facing the audience.

2. Front seats filled up.

3. Fresh air at normal temperature without drafts.

4. A high speakers' stand for notes.

In the time element, where there is a panel of speakers in particular, it helps to ask someone in the front row to keep a card some 12 by 6 inches with "three minutes to go" on one side, and "time up" on the other; and at the proper moment to let the speaker receive a courteous warning, on the assumption that he does not wish to trespass on others' time. It also helps to note in writing when engaging a speaker as to the exact time of commencement and completion of his part in the schedule.

As for discussion rules, it is best to set these in advance of the discussion so as not to embarrass anyone in the audience not familiar with the rules. Four good rules are:

1. No discussion or question to occupy more than two minutes.

2. Short questions with short answers by the speakers.

3. No person to repeat with question or discussion until others have had their turns.

4. Questions and discussion must in general pertain to the subject and be of interest to the entire group.

In conclusion, an intriguing title for the evening discussion provokes interest and curiosity and will always draw a better crowd.

PLANT ME A TREE!

A Male Bird chirps:

"Plant me a tree!

One with broad leaves
to shelter me;

One where my wife

can build her nest,

And while she sits

I'll swing and rest . . .

Plant me a tree!"

My Neighbor says:

"Plant me a tree!

Where to the hum

of droning bee,

While cooling breezes

swish and blow,

We sit to gossip,

read or sew . . .

Plant me a tree!"

The bleak world says:

"Plant me a tree!

That generations

ere shall see

The sentiment

it shall convey,

More beautiful

from day to day . . .

Plant me a tree!"

The Divine One says:

"Plant me a tree!

A living monument to be

That sighs: 'I raise

my arms to Thee,

In supplication,

Deity' . . .

Plant me a tree!"

—GEORGIE CARLOW.

A BIRD WITH A BROKEN WING

Up where the twilight melts into the morn,
Up where the daylight is daily re-born;

There in the glow of a star-jeweled dawn,
There in the path of Aurora, steed-drawn:

There would I fly, ever live, ever sing;

But—I'm a bird with a poor broken wing.

Harried by terrors of tempest-torn night,
When the good moonlight has faded from

sight;

Nor in a thicket that hisses with hate,

Where hungry-eyed monsters lurkingly wait,

Can I long live, ever nest, ever sing;

For—I'm a bird with a poor broken wing.

But, I must sing, I cannot here rest;

Twilight's beginning, there's dawn in my

breast.

Sunshine is garbing my spirit with May;

Love of my mate is the sun of my day.

So, I will live, I must love, I must sing;

Though—I'm a bird with a poor broken wing.

—William Carleton Wood, 1935.

"A COWBOY'S PRAYER"

By BADGER CLARK, JR.

O Lord, I've never lived where churches

grow

I love creation better as it stood

That day You finished it so long ago

And looked upon your work and called it

good.

I know that others find You in the light

That's sifted down through tinted

windowpanes.

And yet I seem to feel You near tonight

In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains.

I thank you, Lord, that I am placed so well,

That You have made my freedom so

complete;

That I'm no slave of whistle, clock or bell,

Nor weak-eyed prisoner of wall and street.

Just let me live my life as I've begun

And give me work that's open to the sky;

Make me a partner of the wind and sun,

And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.

Let me be easy on the man that's down;

Let me be square and generous with all.

I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in

town,

But never let 'em say I'm mean or small!

Make me as big and open as the plains

As honest as the horse between my knees,

Clean as the wind that blows behind the

rain,

Free as the hawk that circles down the

breeze.

Forgive me, Lord, if sometimes I forget,

You know about the reasons that are hid,

You understand the things that gall and fret;

You know me better than my mother did;

Just keep an eye on all that's done and said

And right me, sometimes, when I turn

aside,

And guide me on the long, dim trail ahead

That stretches upward toward the Great

Divide.

QUITE TOO SMART

Grannie—People should always eat the peel
of fruit. It's good for them.

Joan (as she peels a pear)—All right,
grannie, you start on the pineapple.