

HOLLYWOOD

as a

World Center



by

Perley Poore Sheehan

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PERLEY POORE SHEEHAN

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FOREWORD

The rise of Hollywood and its parent city, Los Angeles, has a world-wide significance. It is world news of the first magnitude. It is a new and striking development in the history of civilization—a development that is unique. The vigorous growth of other cities here in America furnishes no parallel. Such resemblances as may be discovered are wholly superficial. This flooding of population to the Southwest has its origins in the dim past. It is the culmination of ages of preparatory struggle, physical, mental, and spiritual. In brief, we are witnessing the last great migration of the Aryan race.

This is the end of the trail. The race is getting old. It has fled and fought its destined course half-way round the world. Hither it has brought its treasures—its art and philosophy and manners, its worldly wisdom and its knowledge of God. Here it will make its last stand, achieve its ultimate expression. Here it will watch over the childhood of the new earth-race that is to be its heir.

CHAPTER I.

A Place in the Sun

Hollywood lies between the mountains and the sea. Almost every window in Hollywood gives you a view of one or the other, and possibly of both. The mountains come down to the sea at Santa Monica—twenty minutes or so to the southwesterly west—slope on slope with a thousand fragrant wild canyons between. These hills are the little children of the mighty Cordilleras and they have something of the parental majesty about them. Receding from the seashore in a shaggy curve they embrace Hollywood as if tenderly. They shut out the North. They form a vast receptacle into which sunshine and ocean breezes and the light of Southern constellations have poured—and have left their essence—for a million years.

Much of Hollywood clings to the steep sides of this receptacle. Roads have been clawed out of the crumbling granite and villas perched on all but perpendicular lots. No place for timid drivers, these aeries; but you could scarcely imagine a more wonderful place in which to live. East, west, and south, you look away to prospects of eternal sun-

shine and yet of eternal change. There are days when the far peak of San Antonio ("Old Baldy") is a glittering snowdrift against the blue; days when the Island of Santa Catalina, forty or fifty miles to seaward, is a sharply cut sapphire; then other days, when all distant places are absorbed in a purple haze and your landscape is as if painted by Corot.

By far the greater part of Hollywood, though, occupies the upper stretches of that tilted plain which here extends from the mountains to the distant sea. The plain is fertile, miles across, and, except for its gradual dip and a few rolling hills near the coast, as level as a floor. All barley once, not so very long ago; unstinted barley, year after year, getting its moisture and nitrogen from the Pacific trades, brought to maturity by the un-failing sun; but now the producer of another crop: Bungalows!

When you look down on this new growth from the rim of the hills it is as if a dozen lush, gigantic vines were gradually taking possession of the former barley-field. Thousands upon thousands of empty acres left, but daily you can see the vines grow—with new streets laid out like taut strings across the vacant places to guide the miraculous growth. No longer a field, this part of the plain, but a sheltered garden. And

from these level stretches the views are even more magnificent than they are from the hillsides. For from here you see not only the local hills but all the tall mountains—melting away to east and west, indigo, purple, pale blue. Then, after a flaming sunset and the broad moon comes up the color of an orange, the nearer slopes are gemmed with lights; and it is as if that ancient alchemy of sun, of tepid trade-winds, and of starlight, had begun to crystallize.

You get this impression of crystallization by day, as well, when you look down on Hollywood from some neighboring hill. These bungalows are not so much a growth as they are a precipitate—worthy of the pure elements that went into their making. They shine in the sun like scattered jewels. They are brilliant. They are colored like opals—elusive pinks and blues and greens, luminous grays, garnate reds and silvery purples. And each of these gems set in the emerald of a brand-new lawn.

New beauty for old!

Within the memory of a friend of mine—a woman still young and alluring—this Hollywood was but a dusty village in a tawny desert. In those days there was fresh vegetation in Spring and Winter only. That was when the rains came—a period, to be sure, with a special gorgeousness

while it lasted, whole mountainsides sheeted with the gold and purple of poppies and lupines, every field a vivid green. Then, the long drought—six, seven, eight months even, and never a drop of rain—while the barley and wild grasses ripened to yellow, the palms and sycamores swooned in a golden sun-mist, and all the hills went the color of Indian chiefs. There was a spell and a beauty about that endless noon, says my friend, that taught her what California was before the Americans came.

Now, Hollywood is an oasis. Its water, pure, cold, and sparkling, seems to be unlimited. It has the taste and liveliness of the crater-lakes and cascades of the High Sierras whence it comes. It flashes daily from a million sprinklers. It has made of Hollywood a place of lily-ponds and swimming-pools. But still you can find that older beauty my friend refers to. It lingers all around Hollywood, conserved in the undeveloped reaches of the hills.

Just a short walk, and you're up and back in land that has in no wise changed since the days of Montezuma. A soil of disintegrated granite, a perennial growth of pungent chaparral, an empire silent and haunted but very friendly, ridge lifting to ridge until you stand on the highest ridge of all. And here you're in a solitude as perfect as

Adam must have known before the coming of Eve. North and east, an all but measureless prospect of valley and mountain—the ranges rising crest over crest on such a scale that you lose all sense of human habitation; south and west a prospect altogether measureless—one to set the imagination winging—for out there lies the Pacific. You feel as if you were on the top of the world. You can see the globe whole. Your mind goes questing down among the islands of the South Seas, surveys China, lingers for a while at Lhasa. Or you look over and beyond the dim serrations to the east where the Western Hemisphere falls away, are finally drawn to a contemplation of baffled and desperate Europe. And gradually you are filled with an immense pity—pity for the world entire. For what does the world know of the peace that is yours, this almost static happiness?

Three eagles are soaring above, for there are rabbits and squirrels in the chaparral. Tonight, as in the days before Columbus, the patrol will be taken up by coyotes and owls. Yet, look down a little, and there for misty miles to the east and southeast lies the highly modern city of Los Angeles—hazy blue but strangely innocent of smoke.

From where you stand, Los Angeles has the appearance of a huge crescent, dim except for its

bright-shining horns. One of the horns is far to the south—out across the flat-lands, near the coastal hills—where the city is pushing out its crystalline bungalows toward the sea. The other horn is Hollywood—the town with a southern exposure, the home of a thousand friends—so close in under this wild mountain where the coyotes run that you could whistle up your dog from Sunset Boulevard.

You reflect on what Hollywood has given you—the physical well-being, the tranquility of soul, the resurrection of hopes and visions, of faith, of charity—and you love this beautiful bestower of gifts with a love that is akin to a flaming sacred passion. It is like the passion of the saints for God. Like them, you would go out into the highways and preach the Gospel—spread the glad tidings—invite others to the feast.

CHAPTER II.

In the Beginning

Hollywood is the daughter of Los Angeles, so to speak. She shares the parental home, with all the consequences which such an arrangement usually entails in the way of blessings and embarrassments. Yet Hollywood is a community apart. She has a character and a soul unmistakably her own. She has her distinctive population—now numbering about one hundred thousand. One might almost say that she has her distinctive civilization. She is unique in many ways. But perhaps in no respect is this singularity more striking than in her brief and vertiginous history.

So far as the hundred thousand are concerned, it is a record encompassed almost entirely by a single decade.

There is a certain amount of ancient history of course. One of the old Spanish sea-captains, Cabrillo, sailed up and down the adjacent coast as far back as 1542; but as there were no magical cities discovered, the country was neglected from that time on for upward of two centuries. Then, stirred from her apathy by the advance of both Russians and English, Spain tried to colonize the

Indians—first under lay governors, then Jesuits, then Franciscans.

It was that great Franciscan, Junipero Serra, who may be regarded as the real father of California—its patron saint as ever St. Patrick was patron of Ireland. He founded the missions. His barefooted path through Southern California is to this day **El Camino Real** and marked with the symbolical mission bells. This path traversed what is now Hollywood, to find a breach in the hills that Indians and antelope had used since time out of mind—today, one of the great automobile arteries of the State: **Cahuenga Pass**.

“Cahuenga,” or “Mocohuenga”—an Indian word meaning “hills”—appears to have been the earliest local name for what is now Hollywood. The first white-man’s name for the general locality was “**la Nopalera**,” meaning a region abounding in nopal, the cochineal cactus, hence any cactus-land. There is still a scattering of cactus in the hills.

But it was the older name that stuck—**Cahuenga Township**, the **Cahuenga Valley**. Out through the **Cahuenga Valley** from the **Pueblo de Nuestra Senora de los Angeles** by a dusty trail that has since become **Sunset Boulevard**, the freighters came with their mules and wagons headed for the pass that was an outlet to the North. It was a desert country of infrequent wells—and

of rather more frequent desert tragedies when the wells went dry.

After General Fremont, for the United States, and Governor Pico, for Mexico, had signed the treaty ending the Mexican War—just across the street from where the Universal Studios are today—much of the Cahuenga Valley was thrown into the public domain. Anyone, Mexican or American, could have it almost for the asking. It was homesteaded, bartered for debts, tossed about in quarter-section lots, abandoned to squatters, accumulated to the thousands of acres by the shrewd and covetous. But there was a gradual improvement—more wells, more people, better communications. There was an incipient boom for Los Angeles, then a city of twenty-five thousand, when the Santa Fe linked up its transcontinental lines in 1885.

Still no Hollywood! But the predestined hour was near.

There had come to Los Angeles in 1883 a remarkable couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Horace Henderson Wilcox. We have a mental picture of them, sketched from early records—back from a spin in their elegant phaeton behind a pair of white Arabians; the man, a handsome and dominant type, fine head poised proudly on a large and powerful body; the woman, beautiful, serene, satis-

fied; negro stableman comes running out to hold the horses; this is the finest house in town. Then the picture changes. Wilcox tosses aside the linen laprobe that has concealed the lower part of his body. He swings himself down from the vehicle by his strong arms. He watches the nimble Arabians led away. He himself can only crawl. His shrivelled legs are useless.

Wilcox was born on a farm in Michigan. It was there that an attack of typhoid crippled him in early boyhood. He was never to walk again. But he was undaunted. He learned the shoemaker's trade and by this means worked his way through college. After graduation he set himself up in Bryan, Ohio, where he became active in both church and political circles—he was elected county clerk. It was a combination of activities that he carried with him to Kansas, where he made a fortune in real estate and helped carry the State for prohibition. He was twice married. Both the first Mrs. Wilcox, who died in Kansas, and the lady he married there and brought with him to Los Angeles, were famous for their practical charities.

Shortly after their arrival in Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox had been overjoyed at the birth of a son. It was their only child. It was to honor the event and furnish suitable surround-

ings for the heir that Wilcox built his mansion. This home, in the heart of the city, was soon a center of fashion and social service. It became a "show-place." The Angelenos of that day pointed it out with pride as an earnest of their city's greatness. They took an equal pride in the famous white Arabians. The owner of them was no longer plain "Mr." Wilcox, he was "General." His name was at the head of every charity. He and his brilliant wife were leaders in every campaign for civic improvement. The Wilcox heir was slated to become the son of a Senator, at least. But the baby died.

The parents closed their house. They took their grief to a lonely ranch out in the dusty *nopalera* at the foot of Cahuenga Pass. Los Angeles was to see but little of them after that. Later, they expanded the ranch to a quarter-section—a hundred and sixty acres. It was the beginning of Hollywood.

The name was one that Mrs. Wilcox had picked up on the train from a casual acquaintance—a woman who had given the name of Hollywood to a country place of hers in Ohio. Mrs. Wilcox liked the name and applied it to her ranch. Wilcox was a man of delicate conscience. To justify the name he imported a pair of English holly-trees and sought to make them grow. The trees died.

But the name persisted when Wilcox, craving activity after a long retirement, cut up his ranch into building-lots and called it a town. That was in 1887.

Today, the former Wilcox ranch is the very heart of the city. Its one hundred and sixty acres are worth fabulous millions. Yet when Wilcox died — as late as 1892 — he was comparatively poor. No one had wanted to buy his land. Few had wanted to live in Hollywood at all. This was so even when the crippled seer and his brilliant wife were doing everything they could to render the place beautiful and otherwise attractive. They planted the long-fronded pepper-trees that still shade so many of the streets. They donated land for schools and churches. They did all they could to develop the water-supply. They wrote to friends and acquaintances everywhere about the matchless climate and the beauty of the hills.

Yet Hollywood had only seven hundred residents in 1903. That was when it voted for incorporation as a city. It had a scant five thousand in 1910, when it surrendered its charter and became a part of Los Angeles, thus sharing in the parent city's unlimited water.

Even so, there was much in that primitive suburb to forecast the Hollywood of today. The community spirit was strong. Paul de Longpre

lived here. His paintings of flowers, his gardens, his hospitality, were famous. He was but typical of the Hollywood spirit, of Hollywood's population in general. This population was composed largely of those who had been successful elsewhere, who had traveled, who appreciated friendliness and beauty, and who had settled down at last in a place where these two qualities were pre-eminent.

It was in 1911 that the first motion-picture studio was set up here. A stupendous event in local annals, it was likewise a stupendous event in the history of the world, as we shall later see.

Too bad that both the Wilcox founders should have died so soon! They might have watched this community of theirs achieve a miraculous growth just when the pepper-trees they planted were doing the same. And those pepper-trees are symbols of much that the founders left behind them.

For today Hollywood's wealth is barely surpassed by her beauty; her wealth and her beauty though are both transcended by the spirit which is here. One could say almost that Hollywood inherited the soul of that Wilcox child who died, so like she is to the parents. She has the charm of the woman. She has the white magic of the man—of him who couldn't walk but who summoned at command the feet of his swift Arabians.

CHAPTER III.

The Parent City

If Los Angeles were London, Hollywood would be known as London N. W. Hollywood, is, in a general way, the northwestern section of the metropolis. You no longer have to ride through long stretches of open country to pass from one to the other. The two are bound together by street-car and motorbus, by a developing growth of streets and boulevards. No one can any longer be quite sure where Los Angeles ends and Hollywood begins. Los Angeles is down-town to Hollywood, and more and more Los Angeles bankers and merchants are beginning to refer to Hollywood as the "up-town shopping and financial district." They are building "height-limit" hotels and apartment-houses and business-blocks on Hollywood Boulevard. The theatres and restaurants of Hollywood are quite the ultimate chic. Smart women no longer have to risk their lives in the traffic vortex of down-town streets to shop or find the best in beauty-parlors. Los Angeles has sent its best — and is sending its best increasingly — to Hollywood.

Time was when Los Angeles didn't think so

much of Hollywood. The parent-city was like some hard-fisted, self-made old man who had sired a poet. But there never was a time when Hollywood didn't love Los Angeles. Before anyone else—before Los Angeles itself—Hollywood perceived the character and destiny of this new world-center. She saw Los Angeles as a pioneer, uncouth but eagle-eyed and braver than a lion. She saw Los Angeles solving great problems without the aid of precedent. She knew that Los Angeles was to become, perhaps within a generation, the very greatest city ever dreamed of by man.

Yet up until very recently Los Angeles had been regarded by the rest of the world as nothing but a playground—the center of a happy vacation-land. She had no harbor. Her lines of communication were nothing to brag about. Her hinterland was desert. Her only raw materials—as local as well as foreign commentators have repeatedly pointed out—were sunshine, climate, and scenery. Today, Los Angeles has a harbor. Her lines of communication make her one of the foremost distributing centers in the world. Her desert-hinterland is producing incredible wealth. Her sunshine, climate, and scenery she has transmuted into various forms of industry that have already given her a population of more than a million — and

these but the vanguard of the tide that has set this way.

Those basic "raw materials" of hers, by the way, still remain her greatest asset. This is so despite her enormous development of her erstwhile latencies, like oil, like cheap electric power, her shipping and fisheries. They mean that she can and has become a great manufacturing city where workers live in an environment of health and beauty, where fresh fruits and vegetables are forever cheap and abundant, where every holiday can be spent in the open air, where there is no costly overhead for artificial heat. Big men and wise men, out here for a vacation from their businesses in the East, were not slow to perceive the advantage of such an environment. They tried it out with a manufacturing establishment or two. The plants prospered. Others came. It was thereupon that the transcontinental railroads began to compete avidly for the trade of this city they had neglected.

But Los Angeles needed a harbor.

They tell a story of the not very distant past when a party of Los Angeles optimists were gathered to discuss the future of their city as a seaport. The only "port" at that time was a muddy notch in the coast some twenty miles away, but the opti-

mists called this "our harbor" and talked of its possibilities.

There was a gentleman from San Francisco present. By and by they called on him for a word. He came up smiling. He said:

"Friends, I come here from a place where they have quite a harbor already, so maybe I can qualify as an expert. As such, I think you really ought to bring the ocean a trifle closer. You are the folks who can do this. In fact, from what I've heard at this banquet-table you can bring the ocean right up to your front doors. All you'll have to do is to run a pipe-line to it, then suck on it as hard as I've heard you blow!"

Not even a San Franciscan would talk like that today—nor call the harbor a "harborette," which was the later taunt.

That muddy notch in the coast—twenty miles away but now in the city limits—has become a tremendous shipping center. It docks an ever changing sea pageant like that of London. Its intercoastal trade nearly equals that of Seattle and San Francisco and New York combined. It exports more oil than any other harbor in the world, imports more lumber. As one writer picturesquely phrases it, into this port in a single year, 1923, there came enough lumber to circle the globe a dozen times with a solid, five-foot fence.

Useless, though, to cite figures in a general

survey like this. That would be equivalent to telling how deep the water is at a certain moment in a rapidly rising tide. Suffice it to say that the Federal Government and Los Angeles have seen eye to eye in this, and that their vision has been that of the early optimists whom the San Franciscan reproved. Breakwaters, deep channels, miles and miles of wharfage, other miles of municipal waterfront railways, twice a hundred houseflags from ports all around the world fluttering in the breeze, drydocks and shipyards in constant labor, home of the Pacific battle-fleet . . .

The harbor is a fairy-tale, yet as real as the Book of Job. It is one of those man-made wonders of the world—of which there are several in the background of this parent-city of Hollywood. It is a symbol of that new Los Angeles—very remote from Hollywood and by Hollywood seldom seen—in which the younger community nonetheless glories because of the innate magic and splendor of it.

“The tourist to Los Angeles today,” writes George Law in the **Los Angeles Times**, “has to visit the east side and then motor south through the heavy manufacturing district fully to appreciate the great change that has come about and is still going on in the life of this city. The rest of the city and its surroundings, from the winsome foothills to the glittering beaches, when viewed alone and thought of as the whole Los Angeles, does not

convey an adequate idea of the true situation. Along with all that it has been in the past, this city is now an industrial entity."

He sketches, better than any confirmed resident of Hollywood could do, the parent city's economic aspect:

"From the east side of the city southward, in a belt several miles wide and extending ten miles into the country where, but a few years ago, were dairies, alfalfa fields, truck gardens and walnut groves, is being staged the newest and biggest act in the Greater Los Angeles drama. This is the fine, flat, open, expansive assembling-ground of big industries.

"Already great numbers of prominent players of heavy parts are on the scene. There are large ironworks, pipemaking plants, rolling mills, chemical factories, abattoirs, planing mills, box factories, stockyards, canneries and what not. The air is filled with industrial haze and queer smells. Huge trucks trundle along paved thoroughfares, which are as traffic-jammed five miles out as the arteries of wholesale trade within the civic center. Here then is the explanation of the new Los Angeles It is not amusements or tourists; it is industrial production. It is the production on an ever-increasing scale and the ever-widening distribution of those commodities essential to the life and maintenance of modern civilization."

Mr. Law points out that this industrial development, which so many other cities have se-

cured only at a grievous sacrifice of beauty and human comfort, is here, on the contrary, pointing the way to a social Utopia.

“Inside this zone for the big plants, confined mostly to the east side, is the zone of the wholesalers, jobbers and manufacturers of “clean” commodities, such as clothing, confectionery, crackers and bakery goods, electrical apparatus and fixtures, textiles and innumerable other things. This region was at first a vineyard, later developing into the working people’s district (not a slum, unknown to Los Angeles), the foreign quarter and place of small shops. The working people have been moving out gradually to the east heights, where tract after tract has been subdivided and sold on easy terms. Small means are not a necessary hindrance to living in pleasant surroundings in Los Angeles. Within this zone the old frame cottages and rooming houses are giving way rapidly to wholesale houses and sanitary factories. . . .

“The workers in these establishments do not have to dress down to their work. It is for the most part the same sort of work that is compatible with maintaining a neat, clean appearance, and the near location to the heart of the city does not require the workers to pass through dirty or otherwise objectionable streets. This is a big item in attracting a high class of factory labor.”

The impression is, in fact, unescapable—after either casual observation or long acquaintance—that these working people of the new Los Angeles are of the world’s best. In no important city of the

United States is there so large a proportion of the native-born. According to the last Federal census, the gain of California through inter-State migration was greater than the combined gain of all the States east of the Mississippi, including the District of Columbia. These are the people who are pouring into Los Angeles by train at the rate of a thousand a day. More characteristically they are those other thousands who have made the great drive across the continent by automobile. You see them everywhere—bronzed, clear-eyed, self-reliant. They build the new home near the new big school. They plant lawns and set out shrubbery. They'll have roses in their gardens for Christmas and New Year's. To them, Los Angeles is still "the City of Roses"—a fact that only the old and hardened Angeleno himself is likely to forget.

It is this floral fact that has made the great bulk of the city's influx so desirable. The newcomers are the peoples of the North. Winter has nothing more to teach them. They are graduates. They have the vision of a blander world—a home like those that fortunates have ever provided for their children—comfortable the whole year round, commodious, beautiful.

CHAPTER IV.

New Empire

In a good deal that has been written of Hollywood, both false and true, she has been considered as a community detached from the rest of the world. To a certain extent this is misleading. Her detachment—from her parent-city of Los Angeles—is like that of some great university at a center of empire. In a larger sense, she is a capital herself. Just as Alexandria, Athens, Venice, expressed the soul of empires now gone, were the fountain-heads and syntheses of characteristic civilizations covering wide sections of the world, so with Hollywood today and the far-reaching empire of the Southwest. Thus, to anyone who knows and loves her, to think of Hollywood is to think of the warm sands and blue capes of her shoreline, the mountains and valleys that surround her, the mystical deserts, the endless boulevards that spin away through enchanted landscapes to other towns, to cordial and inspiring solitudes; it is to think of that whole vast dominion that has come under the white man's sway almost within the lifetime of Hollywood's pepper-trees.

It might be written that every apparent ob-

stacle to human progress is a favoring dispensation when the right people come along. The poverty of the Nazarene was an asset. Outside the pale of the Roman world, ancient Ireland bred her saints and seers. The imperial hinterland of modern Hollywood was what geographers not so very long ago called "the Great American Desert."

It was the desert that kept this part of the world vacant of human occupants until the vanguard of the Last Migration came. It was an empty and gorgeous stage reserved for a racial last act. Better, it was like a place prepared by some great Precursor—"In my Father's house are many mansions." It was a house stocked and spaced for the homing of millions. It was clean—no battles had ever saturated it with blood and hate; there had been no cancerous city-growths of mass-grief and ugliness.

It is this new empire, straight from the hand of the Maker—richer and wider and more homogeneous than any empire the world had ever seen—that would still have given Hollywood her special aura and atmosphere had motion pictures never been invented.

The immediate country about her—Los Angeles County—with all the wild mountain-slopes, the dunes and beaches, the virgin canyons, the thousands of fertile acres withdrawn from cultivation

for building purposes, is still the richest county in the United States measured in products of the soil. In this single county is concentrated a third of the entire wealth of all California. It furnishes a tenth of the whole world's oil-supply. Yet Los Angeles County still remains the unimaginable playground. As no where else, the automobile here become a Magic Carpet; by means of it, within the hour you can visit mountain or desert or sea; your translation is swift and immediate; you traverse no squalid neighborhood, lose no time in disheartening miles of suburban ugliness; you pass unhindered by bridge or ferry; beauty is always just at hand.

Over the hills from Hollywood is Pasadena, which in turn is sheltered from the North by the green and purple curtain of the noble Sierra Madres. In Pasadena live the astronomers of the Solar Observatory on Mount Wilson. The observatory is visible for miles around. Set on a lofty mountain-parapet in the midst of wild gorges it looks like a white temple in a world apart. There is a yet higher observatory on Mount Lowe—so high that there is often snow there in winter, while the orange-trees are in blossom on the lower slopes and the beaches swarm with bathers. From either of these observatories you can look up and down the San Gabriel and San Fernando valleys, broad and fertile, and across their soaring hills to

the desert or the sea. Through these valleys and along the coast run such a chaplet of cities as should give this county alone a vote in the League of Nations.

Yet Los Angeles County is but one of a Pleiad. At her doors is San Bernardino County—"San Berdoo"—another agricultural and industrial fragment of empire sufficient for a king, yet again a playground to tempt the world from work. The Big Bear Valley, with its lake and forests, and the Lake Arrowhead resort, both of them high up in the beloved San Bernardino mountains, are considered almost as Hollywood's own, so close they are by the swift, convenient roads. Yet every year these places are drifted with revivifying snow, while San Bernardino in the valley below holds her annual Orange Show in the open air.

It is an index to the variety of this land, the fact that just across the mountains to the north of the orange-groves—on the fringes of the once dreaded Mojave Desert—are some of the finest pear and apple orchards in the world. No matter where the migrant farmers come from they can find a field for the crops they knew "back home."

Consider Riverside County — two hundred miles long by forty wide, with elevations ranging from almost three hundred feet below sea-level to eleven thousand feet above. There is hardly a

grain, or a flower, or a fruit, or a human being, that could not find a favorable habitat in a range like this. Cherries, oranges, apples, dates! In seven years, the Palo Verde district where pioneers have died of thirst has become a place of babbling waters and plenteous crops.

In Hollywood you can have all the strawberries you want in January at a moderate price. They come up from that other former desert, the Imperial Valley—from land that only a little while ago was worthless but to which irrigation has given a value like that of the best farmlands in older States.

San Diego, Imperial, Fresno, Inyo, Santa Barbara, Orange, Tulare, San Luis Obispo, Ventura—the mere names of these counties are music; they give at least some hint of the wealth and the romance and the beauty for which they stand. Not one of these counties would disappoint you in the expectations their names inspire. Sisters all, dowered with high mountains, broad valleys, breath-taking chasms, rich beyond the dreams of the conquistadores; but richer yet in the spiritual values that the settlers—the migrant Aryans—have brought with them like the seeds of a precious fruit and here made to flourish.

In all these counties there is manifest a communal spirit, an aptitude for co-operation and mu-

tual service, a broad hospitality and all-round benevolence that is singular and characteristic. If this spirit is the basis of sound economics and an increased prosperity it is none the less fine for that. One of the best manifestations of it is in the development of the communal water-supply and, along with this, of hydro-electric power. In this we find a community spirit that transcends the county and even the State.

Eventually it will lead—it is leading now—to the spiritual and economic blending of a region that extends from Canada to Mexico, from the Rockies to the Pacific. It is the emergence of a new empire. This whole territory is being metamorphosed before our eyes—as if by some vast and sacramental magic—into a single organism, alive and ensouled.

Water, conserved and applied to irrigation, has been the first means to this social and economic miracle. It has awakened millions of sleeping acres to the exuberance of a virginal creation. The hydro-electric development is following fast. The work being done in California alone along this line staggers the imagination.

The estimate of this State's developed and undeveloped water-power electrically transformed is four million horse power. This is being built into a racial estate, so to speak—the heritage of to-

morrow. Every year witnesses the design back of this great project nearer completion. To quote one of our empire-builders:

This water-power of California will not waste with time—it cannot be exhausted. It will keep on in undiminished flow as long as there is a Pacific Ocean to evaporate the water, as long as the earth revolves to swing the vapor against the High Sierras and as long as these mountains exist to condense it and maintain slopes down which it may fall and flow again to the sea . . . Today an army averaging in excess of eight thousand men, equipped with the most effective of machinery, using enormous quantities of electrical energy in drills and excavating apparatus, is fast at work on the job the year round. Do you wish to obtain some idea of the total cost? Take the whole cost of the Suez Canal, the Kiel Canal in Germany, the great Manchester Canal in England, the enlargement of the Erie Canal in New York, throw in the cost of the Niagra Falls development, and then the cost of all the United States Reclamation Service to date—and the total would still fall short of the California power program.*

Plans are maturing for a development vaster yet—like the project to harness the wild red Colorado to power and irrigation. But even without this the empire thrills to a unified and all-prevading life.

*George R. Martin, Vice-President Security Company, in the **Los Angeles Times**.

One of the largest deposits of iron-ore in the world lies within sight of Los Angeles in the San Bernardino mountains. The coal for the smelting of this lies in the San Juan Basin—on the frontiers of the empire — where the four States of Utah, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico meet. The iron and the coal will be brought together in the smelteries of Los Angeles. The oil, the silver and copper and gold of the region have already made economic history. But it has only been with the growth of Los Angeles into an industrial capital that these elements are finding their way into the co-ordinated channels of an industrial empire. As this new industrial life develops, new demands arise for other minerals. Within the limits of the Southwestern empire are workable deposits of all of them. The mining of them calls for new arteries of communication, stimulates fresh industries, creates a demand for more square miles of agriculture.

All this spells opportunity for the Aryan migrant. It means wealth, sure and sometimes sudden. But it is translating itself into something very remote from a crass materialism.

Everywhere there is manifest a communal aspiration toward a mental and spiritual wealth unique, on so large a scale, in the history of the world. It is a sort of divine intoxication bred of

the sun, the mountains, and the sparkling air. Consider the full-page advertisements the fledgling cities of the young empire publish in the daily press. Here is one of them, typical of many, conceived and paid for by one of Hollywood's neighbors:

ALHAMBRA, an Ideal Fostered in Community Art and Recreation:

From Greece in the age of Pericles comes the groundwork of our democratic government in the "Republic" of Plato, the basis of natural science in the syllogism and categories of Aristotle, the beginnings of modern day ethics in the teachings of Socrates, the origin of the drama in the plays of Sophocles, an art and architecture of the Acropolis that has never been surpassed, and feats of valor at Marathon and Salamis that have been the wonder of the ages.

Back of this hundred years of unparalleled creative production was a great life principle—idealism—that lifted the Greek mind out of the shackles of material circumstance and fixed it upon the ideas behind the things of their universe.

Back of this Golden Age was an education based upon this idealism, that made such leaders in government, art and thought as Pericles, Phidias, Sophocles, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle.

The youth was taught from the heroics of Homer to honor his state first, his father and

mother second and himself last. He was taken to the music master, where he was trained to move his body in many rhythms. He was taken to the master of the games to make his body strong and co-ordinated. He was taken to the Theatre of Dionysius to join the Choral Odes that are like our community sings today, and the dances and processions that are like our pageants.

It was an education that co-ordinated mind, heart and body and put the student in tune with his universe. Only after it gave way to the mentalized training of the Rhetoricians and the materialism from Asiatic Greece did Athens lose her power and fall into ways that were her destruction.

Art was the life and education of the Golden Age, for art deals with a world of ideas which was the Greek world. In the revival today in our pageants, community sings, our community players and art associations, of art as a civic force, we may see the promise of greatness to come.

Alhambra, at the forefront of the revival, is placing before its people a bond issue to build a great art center with an amphitheatre that will seat 15,000, music and art studios, and galleries for painting and sculpture. Here the city's pageants and singing festivals may be held and art may become a vital force in the upbuilding of a richer civic life and the education of better citizens.

If, as Plato says, music enters into the very inmost parts of the institutions and government, Alhambra's Art Center will lie at the very foundations of her community life, the source and inspiration of a greater city of the future, a city of which

**you and your children will be proud to be citizens
—a city of high ideals.**

**Is it too much to believe that when communi-
ties print advertisements like this we are approach-
ing a Golden Age of our own?**

CHAPTER V.

Body and Soul

It is of this racial movement—it is of this supreme migration and consummation of Aryan energy—that Hollywood is at once the symbol and the acme. Back of the phenomenon of Hollywood's rise is the noumenon of the Aryan soul. It is not the result of a merely local urge. It is not a mere matter of local pride. The local chambers of commerce, clubs, commissions — “boosters” all — are not the instigators of this growth. Neither their small greeds nor their wide optimisms are causal. They are incidental, an accompaniment. They serve—they could not hinder—a new phase in human evolution. It is the culmination of a movement as old as humanity itself. It is something that is woven very close into universal human destiny.

In the general introduction to his **History of Civilization in England**, Buckle points out that the four physical agents by which the human race is most powerfully influenced are: Climate, Food, Soil, and the General Aspect of Nature. It is only when the first three give an assurance of wealth with its incidental leisure that men have oppor-

tunity to cultivate their minds. It has always been what Buckle calls "the general aspect of Nature" that has most powerfully affected the human imagination — engendered the native folk-lore, poetry, philosophy, religion. Here in Hollywood and its Southern California setting man has been favored as only in those periods that have produced the great civilizations of the past. It was under such a complex stimulus that the Arabs made their astounding rise, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, the Greeks. There are the added circumstances of prime importance that here we are remote from war and that here, as never before, there is no hint of religious persecution—not even to a shadow of the most extenuated bigotry.

What makes the case of Hollywood unique, however, is the conjunction of these circumstances with the fact of her racial heritage.

You can imagine the ancestors of this community of ours a shepherd clan, ages ago, in some mountain valley of Central Asia. In those days there were still traditions of a migration from the moon, of the marvels that were done in Atlantis. Into this legendary mould a new idea struck root and prospered. The tall men debated it at night around their camp-fires, dreamed of it as they lay awake guarding their flocks out under the stars. From all the old mystery and magic

would come something greater still—a world entire fashioned to the heart and mind of man.

It was this dream that moved them to follow the sun. They have followed it—and their dream—ever since: through the great periods of ancient Persia, of Athens and Alexandria, Carthage and Rome, Paris and London. It is this dream that is being realized today in the Pacific Southwest, in Los Angeles, in Hollywood.

You feel this wherever you go throughout this vast territory, where Nature dominates man and man dominates Nature in a sort of majestic balance. It is a feeling that comes to you when you look down on Hollywood from some friendly hill. No one could look down on these glittering bungalows without the sentiment that they shelter, if not a new race, at least the consummate product of a great stock now come to its full maturity. It is a feeling that no amount of closer scrutiny and association will lessen.

They are pleasant folk, these neighbors of yours in Hollywood. They speak English. They are never suspicious or surprised when you address them. They keep their own places beautiful and are concerned with the beauty of the street. They are lovers of flowers and birds. They are kind to dogs and cats. They surpass the world in the splendor of their public schools.

By degrees, you discover that almost everyone you meet has traveled—in different parts of America, to Europe, to the Orient; and that he or she is here in Hollywood as a matter of mature and untrammelled choice. You will learn that an amazing percentage of these people have had striking and fruitful careers, both in war and peace; that many are eminent—particularly in the unadvertised professions, such as astronomy, or metaphysics, or industrial exploration. But the one sure impression you will get is that all of these people—whether eminent or not, or rich or not—have achieved, or are in process of achieving, a very high form of Success.

This has nothing to do with fame—mere newspaper fame. That doesn't count for much in Hollywood. It's too common. And as nowhere else in the world the people here know how cheap it is—how cheap, and costly, and fickle.

But success is different. Success is happiness. Happiness is success. Only indirect are the relationships of success to money and renown. Success is a thing of the spirit. You're successful when you're blithe and the world about you is blithely in harmony. It is this elation of spirit that is one of Hollywood's most outstanding characteristics. It results as much from what the people have lost as what they have gained. It

might well be written that Hollywood also is a state of mind—the center of a regional psychology wherein have been declared nul and fraudulent the claims of those hoary ghosts of Poverty, Sickness, and Old Age.

There is very little poverty in Hollywood. Such as there is may be regarded as part of the unnecessary baggage the migrants have brought with them—baggage they will soon discard along with the cramped notions, the hard beliefs and disbeliefs that were part of their pack when they reached here. For here, as we have indicated, there are unprecedented and uncounted ways of “making a living.” This is so for everyone—the trained and the untrained, the practical man or the impractical dreamer.

It is this combination of economic freedom and spiritual elation that means health. More truly, the same things that give wealth and happiness to the migrants make their robust health inevitable. The sun is curative. These people live in the sun. The exhilarating climate is a perpetual invitation to exercise—of body, and brain, and soul.

It is a fair statement to say that there is no old age in Hollywood. Old people come here, shoals of them. There is no such other place in the world for grandfathers and grandmothers.

“Back home” the rheumatism was getting them, or just the plain misery of old age, complicated with the annual plague of coal and ashes. They were old when they came here and painfully aware of the fact. But somehow—as deftly as the passing of a cloud—old age was gone. Life again was the beautiful thing they had once imagined it to be. It became interesting, something to be enjoyed. In brief, it was life as seen through the eyes of youth.

What brought these old people here? The compelling force must have been great, for old age is notoriously heavy and cold. It clings to the old habitat—old friends, old discomforts, old burial-plots. It wasn't hunger that brought them here, nor desire for loot, nor any of the other motives to which economists attribute the migrations of the past.

Most likely, the best explanation is that furnished by a poet-friend of mine. It was the day of a stiff gale, and we had come up under the lee of a hill at the top of Laurel Canyon. From where we lay we could see the debris of the canyon lifted and swirled aloft—over the tops of the lashing eucalyptus trees, up the mountain slopes and over the top into the valley beyond. A bit of old newspaper went aloft winged like a gull. It sailed into space. We watched it disappear. -

“And there’s the real explanation of all great migrations,” said my friend. “Along comes some big wind of the spirit. There is a selective process. It’s the hour for miracles—high flights and transmutations; and some respond and some do not.”

There has been a selective process doubtless since the day the shepherd-clan first started to follow the sun. There have always been those who lagged behind and those who moved ahead. The big wind of the Spirit has carried the leaders high and it has carried them far. This is their last migration. Here in Hollywood they are setting up their last altars, pitching their last camp on this earth.

It is like the building of Solomon’s temple. The stone and the beam have been made ready in advance. You sense the vortex of a racial prosperity at once material and transcendently spiritual. The air is vibrant with a racial paean.

These people of Hollywood are the Aryan last and best. They have found their ultimate goal. They have come to the end of the West. The venerable dream—of a world fashioned to the heart and mind of man—the dream that has travailed in their souls so many thousands of years is at last attaining its full manifestations, here and now. The word has gone forth. After all

these centuries of preparation—of striving, of experimental building, of frustration, of acquired experience, strength and skill—the old and unkillable ideal is being rendered at last into substantial and visible architecture.

CHAPTER VI.

Community

There is a communal spirit in Hollywood that manifests itself in ways that are varied and beautiful. The newcomer here soon becomes aware of this. He will find that while as nowhere else are there opportunities for privacy, for solitude, for individual freedom and self-expression, yet he is not alone. This place he lives in is a community in the highest meaning of the word—a comingling of free spirits in spontaneous association for mutual benefit, a group-life of men and women to the ends of Unity.

This communal spirit seems as native to the place as its natural beauty. Like this beauty it seems to be a radiation of the hills. It has always been here. It is impossible to imagine a Hollywood without it.

Real communities have not been rare in the history of the world. They have been the expressions, more or less successful, of one of the most persistent ideals in human development. There have been tribal and religious communities. There have been Brook Farm experiments. There have been communities that synthesized these—the religious, tribal, and economic elements—like Ober-

ammergau, home of the Passion Play. Hollywood as if sums up this experimentation—makes the ancient wish come unbelievably true.

Our own community has been likened time and again to the Athens of Pericles—a comparison that has gained force both on account of repetition and because, on analysis, it has been discovered to be sound. Yet a fitter analogy, perhaps, could be developed with the rise of Byzantium which, for a thousand years, fixed the hub of the world on the shores of the Bosphorus.

It likewise was a place of hills, of fertile seas, blue skies. Its geographical position as to Africa and Europe was like that of Los Angeles as to the two Americas. Also it faced Asia.

To this focal center were drawn all that was finest in the declining cultures of Greece and Rome, Egypt and the East. But it was to be more than a mere repository of ancient things. Here, more strikingly than anywhere else in the known history of the world, there was evolved a culture wholly new—a new art, a new Orthodoxy. It was a culture that was to give Constantinople the hegemony of the world not only in material things but in spiritual concepts. Here the mysticism of the East found expression in terms that have served the Western peoples ever since. Here God and His

Angels found interpretation in forms satisfactory to a new illumination.

Once more old empires are shattered. The old gods are sick or dead. We are weary of greed and battle. Is it strange, then, that the eyes of thinkers and seers the world round are turned to this Newer Rome just as they were to the Constantinople, say, of Justinian?

Here also there is the dawn of a new illumination—and of art. Here and now, also, there is a new Orthodoxy. It isn't limited to Los Angeles or to Hollywood, but the more articulate expression of it here in Hollywood has made it distinctively a Hollywood idea. It is that chain of communal expressions based on a communal aspiration. It is the expression of a communal consciousness that may well become the hope and the consolation of the world.

There is no recorded time when this communal life was not the main expression of the Hollywood spirit. It was an inherent trait, as it were, derived from the founders. All those early efforts to develop adequate wells and transportation, to establish churches and schools, were not selfish or sectarian but widely communal. The hospitalities of the time, and since, display a kinship with the best traditions of the old Spanish

days, when friends and kindred came by the hundred and remained for a week.

Speaking of the early days of Hollywood a local authority says:

The population was made up of the choicest people. The pepper-trees were getting their full growth and made of each street a sylvan glade. Everyone took pride in the appearance of his place. Flowers grew on every side, and the trees were full of mocking-birds. Folks for miles around came to Paul de Longpre's birthday party and lawn-fete every year. The Georges, up on pepper-shaded Ivar Avenue, had bought the old Glen-Holly Hotel and its bowling alley and turned it all into a home place which was, as well, a community center for which use no rental was ever charged. Later the bowling-alley became the famous Community Theatre. Almost everyone belonged to St. Catherine's Guild of St. Stephen's Church, whether an Episcopalian or not. The Guild's fairs held under the pepper-trees were famous.*

To speak of the Community Theatre as famous, by the way, is no mere local vaunt. It has been written of extensively, and praised, elsewhere than here in Hollywood. The **Theatre Arts Magazine** of New York rated it first among the community theatres of America.

*In the Valley of the Cahuengas, Published by the Hollywood Branch of the Security Trust & Savings Bank, Los Angeles.

Other towns have their Woman's Club, their "Y's", their libraries, their get-together organizations of varying scope and utility to the end of mutual encouragement. These are excellent. But to anyone who has lived for years in other places and then has made Hollywood his home, these familiar names for familiar things assume a new significance. They are dynamic here. You are aware that they exist not for themselves but for the public in general. You get the feeling that you "belong" whether you are a member or not. There is a spirit abroad mildly suggestive of the county fair, in the old days, when the ladies of the Methodist church served dinner in the Dining Hall.

But it is in its music, perhaps, that Hollywood has thus far best shown to the world the nature and the reality of its community life.

The weekly "Sing" of the Hollywood Community Chorus is characteristic. It has been called "Hollywood's Hearthside," and any stranger who happens in at one of these celebrated Tuesday night entertainments will quickly understand why. He will find the doors of the High School Auditorium open to everyone, without charge and without formality. The hall and its gallery will be crowded with all sorts of people, but all of them alike in their friendliness and animation. Maybe the program has been set to begin at seven-thirty,

but as likely as not at seven-fifteen or even seven-ten a tall well-built man will come swinging out on the stage with a "Well, people!" This is Hugo Kirchhofer—Hollywood's community song-leader. He is joyous, but not too joyous. He is witty, but he has an air of drawing his humor from the crowd. By and by he is going to ask everyone to shake hands with his neighbors, tell where he's from and get acquainted; but there is nothing about him to suggest either the revivalist or the ballyhoo. For, from the first, back of all this ebullition you feel that here there is something profound, something great, something as honest and big and lasting as the hills.

This is Kirchhofer's personality—they call him "Kay" for short; and he has made it the personality of his community chorus.

He takes this heterogeneous crowd of newcomers and old-timers—retired farmers, maiden-aunts, school-children, movie-extras—and makes it thrill to the music of its own voices: "My Country 'Tis of Thee," "Old Black Joe," "Santa Lucia" . . .

Real music it is, too. As one critic has said: "Mr. Kirchhofer directs mass-singing as an organist plays. Under his perfect control the crowd becomes a human organ, responsive at his will to stops and pedals and swells . . . In this respect his artistic technique is at times almost uncanny, as he

takes hundreds of mixed untrained voices and, after a single hour of practice, calls forth an attack, tone quality, shading, sustaining, enunciation and release worthy a picked chorus trained for months."

It was out of this Community Chorus and under Kirchhofer's abundant inspiration that so many other factors in the community's musical life have sprung: the Community Orchestra, the Woman's Club Chorus, the Apollo Club, the Choral Society. One of the most beautiful products of his genius is the Children's Community Chorus.

To hear these children singing—hundreds of them—in perfect harmony, say, at an Easter sunrise service in the Hollywood Bowl, to the accompaniment of a muted orchestra and the unearthly light of a pink and lilac dawn, is something to stir your heart, abide with you for the rest of your days.

"Christ the Lord is Risen Today—"

It makes you feel almost that this is the Primal Easter—or that the world is at the dawn of a second Easter which will be the fulfillment of the first. In any case, it will make you believe that in a community where a thing like this is possible, all good things are possible.

CHAPTER VII.

A Temple Under the Stars

It is in the Hollywood "Bowl" that the community life of these Aryan migrants finds its highest expression. The Bowl might have been called by the early Spaniards a *bolsa* — a "purse"—an opening in the hills reached by the narrow throat of a canyon. It is a formation frequently encountered hereabouts and one that contributes much to the physical charms of Hollywood—a narrow cleft between two slopes, then the surprise of an open park completely surrounded by towering hills. The Bowl is one of these canyon parks that open off the historic highway of Cahuenga Pass.

One cannot escape the feeling that it was part of the elemental Plan—that it was magnificently designed for its present purpose by the Great Architect. To the right, on entering, there is a level stretch where thousands of cars can be parked. A little further on is the Bowl itself—an amphitheatre with gently sloping flanks where thirty or forty thousand can sit in comfort and see all and hear all that transpires below. For the floor of the Bowl is backed by a more precipitous hill that

serves as a sounding-board. No theatre built with hands ever had more perfect acoustics.

There is a quality of the Bowl that supplements this gorgeous physical foundation. It is a spiritual quality, but one that is none the less instantly perceived by all who enter it.

The Bowl has never been touched by greed or strife. It has never been profaned. After the mystery of its creation it was to lie there through uncounted ages in silent communion with sun and stars. There were the annual sacraments of baptismal rains, spring festivals when yucca and mountain-lilac were in bloom. There was a perpetual incense about it of sage and mint. It was faintly filled with the soul-searching harmonies of crickets, owls, and coyotes. It was a temple predestined and guarded. So Hollywood found it—a temple already consecrated and immeasurably old.

There is no surer index to the real character of Hollywood than the way this community possessed and interpreted such a legacy.

First of all, though, this leads us to speak of that great woman, Mrs. Christine Wetherill Stevenson.

When Mrs. Stevenson came to Hollywood, not so many years ago, she was rich. She was young and strong. She had the spirit and the vision of

the pioneer. Last year she died—broken, rather poor. Gladly, she had given her life and her fortune to Hollywood. It was she who produced with all splendor Sir Edwin Arnold's **Light of Asia** on the Krotona hill in 1918. This life of the Buddha was to have been but one of many similar sacred dramas. It was she who wrote and produced **The Pilgrimage Play**—that "Life of Christ" which has become such an important element in the aesthetic and spiritual development of the community. She accomplished these things at enormous expenditure of time, money, energy, of patience and courage.

It was with Mrs. Chauncey Clarke that Mrs. Stevenson bought the Bowl—merely the shard of a more magnificent dream. She would have preserved the whole of the Hollywood skyline for the people, turned the whole chain of hills and canyons into a community enterprise. She saw far and she saw big. In any case, the Pilgrimage Play remains. The Bowl will last forever.

When the owners of the tract embracing the Bowl turned it over to the community the property, as "real estate," was already worth millions. It lay almost at the center of Hollywood's swift development. The surrounding hills and canyons were scarred with new streets. The busy "realtors" argued themselves hoarse in their efforts to get

control of it. But the Bowl was kept pristine. It was surrendered to the community at the original price.

This sum was raised by popular subscription—much of it in the pennies of school children, the small silver of workers. When large amounts were donated the donors were, as a rule, anonymous. No community ever responded with a more sustained purpose. This was no rich man's private beneficence. It was strictly communal. Today the Bowl has been bought and paid for and is free from debt.

The civic grace that made this financial triumph possible had already begun to manifest itself in other ways. From the first, the community had kept the temple holy. It was dedicated to Art, and to everything that Art implies—Truth, Beauty, God-in-Man. The Bowl was revealing itself as such an open-air temple of Art as the modern world had scarcely dreamed of. On a tremendous scale we gave **Julius Caesar** there, **Mid-Summer Night's Dream**, **Carmen**, **Aida**, with sometimes as many as forty thousand persons present at a single performance.

These great entertainments were never given for the personal profit of anyone. Often the entire cast, with an exception or two, was drawn from the army of talented men and women who are here

working for the screen. This was not amateur talent, for among the screen-workers there is an amazing number of musical professionals. Yet these artists gave freely of their time and their talent without stipulation of any kind. Thus the prices of admission were uniformly low. Such profits as there were went to charity.

It is in the highly developed world of the symphony concert, however, that the Bowl has found one of its best and most sustained means of expression. The annual services there at sunrise on Easter, the Watch Night and Christmas festivals, are sublime. So it is with certain other special occasions. Thus, the late President Harding was to have spoken there—he had written out his speech, the town was beflagged, the Bowl was garlanded; but it was an aide of the President who read the speech. The throng was silent. The President lay dying. It was his request that the program be carried out; and who could have escaped the deep sentiment that his spirit was there? It is the Symphony Orchestra that expresses all this and much besides in Hollywood's rich communal life.

The soul of the Hollywood Symphony — the soul of the Bowl itself, almost—is incarnate in another great woman of Hollywood, Mrs. J. J. Carter. In a way, it was she who preserved the Bowl. It was only to a vision like hers that the

arcane qualities of the Bowl were continuously manifest. It was she who organized and energized the successive drives that made its purchase by the community possible. It was she who mothered and reared, as it were, the great institution of the local symphony.

It is said that when she first launched her plan of bringing one of the world's foremost directors here to organize a symphony orchestra for the purpose of giving a season of concerts in the Bowl some of her most intimate friends sought to dissuade her. On the first night, so they assured her, she might possibly secure an audience of a thousand, or even two thousand, because of the novelty of the thing and its incidental publicity. But on the second night, and succeeding nights, they said, she would be lucky if she had two hundred. She went ahead.

She brought out Hertz—that great veteran of the Berlin Opera House and the New York Metropolitan. He hadn't come lightly. Maybe he wouldn't stay. This was a big experiment. The scheme was one that had never been tried before.

But Hertz found an extraordinary ensemble of musicians already assembled here. To his delight and amazement he sounded the physical properties of the Bowl. Yet not even he, most likely, was yet aware of those other qualities that have made

the Bowl unique. For who could have foreseen the effect of stray breezes toying with the overtones, the added effects of starlight, wild perfume, moonrise, the ineffable and all but imperceptible obligato of a thousand faraway crickets—the combined effect of all these elements on a great crowd already sensitized to the music of Beethoven, Tschaikowski, Chopin!

Hertz was overwhelmed. So were the crowds. The crowds were there. The first night, sure enough, brought the two or three thousand expected and prayed for. But on the following night, instead of the few hundred of the bad old prediction, there were twice as many as on the preceding night, and on the following night once more the crowd was doubled. These music-lovers, and the musicians themselves, had found something they had scarcely dared hope for this side of heaven. Here was music rendered and received under perfect conditions—open to the sky yet tempered to the nicest exaction of human comfort, with a perfect assurance that no concert of the long series would be interfered with by cold, or heat, or rain; assurance that no faintest note would be lost to any one of the fifteen or twenty thousand persons no matter where seated.

These crowds themselves are worth passing

notice as part of the Bowl phenomena. The price to a single concert is only twenty-five cents, and, manifestly, at a price like that the concerts are democratic to say the least. Many of those who attend are hearing a first-class orchestra for the first time in their lives—are hearing classical music for the first time in their lives. All who care to may smoke. There is no constraint of movement or of speech except that of the individual will. Nor has any inclination been shown to make the programs "popular." Yet Hertz, Oberhauffer, Gabrilowitch—all the conductors and solo-artists who have taken part in the Bowl concerts—attest that never have they found audiences more perfect. It is not merely the spell of the music. It is the spell of the place.

The music comes to you through what someone has called transparencies of silence. All lights are out except those on the stage. On a neighboring hill is the illuminated cross of the Pilgrimage Play. The stars are refulgent. From the expectant audience not a stir, not an audible breath. Only now and then, when the orchestra is muted to the last degree, are you aware of the tingling complex song of the crickets in the distant chaparral—a note that is slightly cadenced but is ever in time and tune.

Says the **Christian Science Monitor** of that opening series of concerts:

Perhaps the series could best be described as a remarkable adventure in neighborliness, an adventure participated in by thousands of people who submerged their own personalities, social standings, and ambitions, blending themselves for one common purpose. It was a movement of giving, not getting, a service of love, of joyful and enthusiastic effort to make good music an integral part of the community life and to share this beauty of sound not only among themselves but with every one they could reach.

This is so, and it is great. But I believe that the truth back of this communal life that reveals itself thus in the Bowl is even greater. It is the earnest of a new race, an evolving religion, the first stirring of a civilization that will mean not only the coming of a Golden Age like that of Ancient Greece but a second and universal Advent.

I believe that events in the Hollywood Bowl have shown that the time is here.

CHAPTER VIII.

Of Mercury and Danaan

There is thus a dual prosperity in Hollywood—a prosperity that is at once commercial and philanthropic, material and spiritual, physical and metaphysical. It is a large and flowering tree, with birds in its branches, and its branches in the air, but with the roots of it deep planted in the earth. There is gorgeous and abundant material here to illustrate Drummond's classic **Natural Law in the Spiritual World:**

. . . . line by line,
Form by form, nothing single or alone,
The great below clenched by the great above.*

“The position that we have been led to take up,” says Drummond, “is not that the Spiritual Laws are analogous to the Natural Laws, but that **they are the same Laws . . .** Laws which at one end, as it were, may be dealing with Matter, at the other end with Spirit.”

Mr. E. H. Tucker, director of research for a number of large financial institutions in the Southwest, is one with other writers on Economics in pointing out how Art follows Industry. After

*Aurora Leigh

explaining in detail just why the bank-deposits of Los Angeles should have gone up more than a hundred millions in an ordinary six months he goes on to say:

It is a story of the visions of dreamers being brought into the practical reality of progress and prosperity. It is a story of a territory whose resources are so diversified and whose courage is so great that, even in the face of very serious items of concern, it has been able to continue its forward march and to come much nearer its goal as a great independent, co-ordinated and unified producing and consuming economic empire The developments in the worlds of art and literature and the various aesthetic phases of life have kept pace with the economic progress of this district, as men have been able to wrest sufficient resources from Nature to permit such developments.

It may be something of a dream, but the economic situation of the Pacific-Southwest, and particularly of Los Angeles and Los Angeles Harbor, is a close parallel to the situation of Venice in the Fifteenth Century; and the developments which are now taking place are closely similar to those which made Venice the capital of the industrial and commercial, as well as the aesthetic world, of the Fifteenth Century.

Mr. Tucker asks if it is too much to expect that this center of the Southwest shall come to mean to the world of the Twentieth Century what Venice meant to the Mediterranean world of that

day. We believe not. We believe that Los Angeles—more correctly, Hollywood, which is the head and forefront of Los Angeles—will come to have a significance far greater. It will be a significance not narrowly industrial and aesthetic but grandly spiritual. There will be a mergence of these phases of growth. There will be no telling where one leaves off and the other begins. The same Law ordains them all.

To broaden the application of Drummond's conception and carry on the figure, it is as if these human migrants were but the shadows cast on the earth by a spirit migration—a hegira of the gods.

We have poets in Hollywood. One of them—than whom there is none finer—is Marah Ellis Ryan, who into one of her books put this bit of Irish verse:

Make strong your charms against Danaan,
Danaan of the snowy breast,
Who lured the souls of the Gods of Old
To the land of the mystic west.*

The people here have followed their gods. It is a thought that becomes convincing such days as a glistening peak shows itself in the distant blue—"Danaan of the snowy breast"—like a dweller in the sky. And who but the gods of old have

*The Druid Path, by Marah Ellis Ryan, A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

ensouled these hills that brood over Hollywood? You need live here but a little while to become aware of the spell that comes down from them. Go into the hills and you will surrender to the spell utterly. They have made of Hollywood such a City of Refuge for writers of all kinds, dreamers of all kinds—not artists and philosophers only, but straight friends of humanity—as never the world has seen. It suggests not so much the Venice of the Doges nor the Athens of Pericles nor Byzantium the New Rome as it does a combination of all of these and that combination beatified, as if the combination included Bethlehem.

This is the home of Carrie Jacobs-Bond, the beloved writer of songs that touch the heart. She gives, gives, gives—all her time and all she has. Just to hear her voice—gentle, humerous, and with a little catch in it—is to become immeasurably richer in human experience. Forthwith you know that the world is good. We've heard her sing:

I want to see the friends I love,
The folks who understand,
Be in a world a little new,
Near miles of untouch'd land—

and thenceafterward, ever, the silences of our hearts have been filled with happy echoes.

In Hollywood we've talked with Rita Green Breeze, herself a product of the desert and filled

with the desert's mystical knowledge. Her Indian song, **The Song of the Eagle**—one of many she has interpreted from the aboriginal—rings out like a chant of this new empire:

Ya he! Ya he! I am the eagle, yi! The mighty
one!

I soar aloft! I look upon the sun!
Unto the four world-points I fare, calling,
And as I wheel athwart the soundless blue,
Up from the east the white dawn riseth, faint,
On, steadily, I soar to greet the Day-God—
The Sun, Life-Giver, beams upon my pride.
On conquering wings the teeming earth I circle
To cry the glory of all things growing;
The forest's whisper; voices of the sea.
The scudding clouds I spurn!
I spread my rain-plumes proudly!
Fearless and swift I journey to the westward,
Fearless and swift I glide upon the rainbow.
Yi, triumphant, straight and high my pinions bear
me

To joy unchanging, and beyond!

Then call I farewell to day.

Yi ho ee go!

I am the eagle, yi! the mighty one!

I soar aloft! I look upon the sun!

Another beloved citizen of Hollywood is Esther Birdsall Darling, owner and biographer of **Baldy of Nome**. It was she, you remember, who sent that legion of Alaskan huskies to France where they served and died like their two-footed

brethern in the War. Mrs. Darling has done much and written much that is beautiful, but there is one poem especially of hers that should go into the future hymnals of the four-footed peoples. It is called **Metempsychosis**, and at the risk of making this chapter appear like a Hollywood anthology I give it in full:

In the gray of the Arctic twilight,
As close by my side she lies,
I ponder the fathomless mystery
That broods in my wolf-dog's eyes.
She is gentle, yet fiercely loving—
She is jealous and stealthy and wise,
As ever she watches and guards me,
With a yearning that never dies.
Together we've crossed the frozen wastes,
We have breasted the howling gale;
We have seen the glory of Northern Lights,
Together we've starved on the trail.
Is there something that holds her to me,
Some secret I cannot know,
An expiation of crime and wrong,
That happened long ages ago?
Is there bound in this wolf-dog's body
The soul of some woman of old,
Who lived, and loved, and betrayed, perchance,
When her love was growing old?
The soul of some passionate princess,
Who dwelt where the desert sand
Sweeps down to the banks of the templed Nile
In that sun-warmed Lotus-Land?
Or the soul of an Indian nautch-girl

Who trampled the hearts of men
Into dust, 'neath her slender and jeweled feet,
And for this, is she living again?
Or is it some spirit that drained to the dregs
The wine from the full cup of life,
And left the hemlock for others to quaff,
Laughling lightly at ruin and strife?
And who was I, in those centuries gone,
And what was her guilt to me,
That makes her my dumb and willing slave,
In the North, by the frozen sea?
If mine was the sorrow, and hers was the sin,
And all that is now, had to be,
Whatever her debt, she has paid it in full,
And her prisoned soul shall be free.
And I wonder if some time, in ages to come,
Will the ghosts of this dead past arise—
Shall I know, then, the mystery that broods today
In my faithful wolf-dog's eyes?

To round out my citations typical of the poetic feeling of Hollywood, let me quote one other poem by that Hollywood genius, D. Rudhyar, to whom I am referring again in another chapter. The poem is called **The Chant of the Tree-soul** and is likewise expressive of much of Hollywood's esoteric thought:

They have cut me,
They have butchered me, the men!
They dragged me like fools
Athwart my home, my sunlighted home.
All my brothers bowed their branches

And wept—because they knew.
They have torn the grove.
They have killed all shadows, all silences;
And they dragged me amidst the hiccoughs
Of their beast, the machine,
Spitting at me, the bound one, the tormented!
They have thrown me into the stream
And I have drifted and rotted for days,
Tossed by waves, lacerated by rocks,
Till all now is dark, dark and wet,
And memory is gone . . . all memories.
We have stopped. I heard the men talking.
It is here . . . Soon all' be ended.
I hear the shrieking of the mills,
The poor wooden souls that shriek
Because they don't want to die.
I shall not cry. I shall be brave;
For I know . . . I know that yonder,
Far amidst the plains, little children sob
Because they are cold and shelterless.
Oh! what beautiful home my body,
My torn body, will make for them!

Gene Stratton Porter lives in Hollywood and loves it greatly. She has a clear vision of the sort of art that should be expressive of this new home of hers, and she is serving this end with her very life. So it is also with Ralph Waldo Trine—of whom, by the way, *In Tune With the Infinite* is one of the greatest self-portraits ever drawn. The first time I met Mr. Trine he was living in a tent—most of his writing is done in the open air. It

was a camp hidden away in a deep wooded canyon of the Hollywood hills. As we sat and talked under the brilliant stars—to the ancient and stilly music of the night—I felt that this was no modern who talked to me at all, but one of the Magi, homeward bound, after having seen the Child in the Manger.

David Edstrom, the sculptor, who was a great man in Sweden and feted by the king of that land, has come to Hollywood to live and work and perhaps to die. But in a sense he will never die. A certain Ophelia that he has carved will keep him immortal even should he never do anything else. An immortal also I like to consider Ella Buchanan, although she also, like these other great ones I have mentioned, goes about disguised as an ordinary citizen. But there was something of the Trine night in it—that other night when I went to her studio to see a statue of Paul Swann that she had modeled. It was a thing of such perfect grace and anatomy as God Himself might have made. And Paul Swann himself was there. Before this image of himself he danced like Apollo, down from Olympus for the dedication of a new fane.

This is not intended to be even a sketch-list of the notables who live in Hollywood—and love it, too, with gratefulness and reverence. At almost any entertainment of "The Writers," a club that

writers actually organized and brought to a high degree of prosperity, you'll find a hundred members or guests, or twice that many, whose names are known from coast to coast. There'll be one, or two, or three, perhaps, more widely known than any other human beings have been known since the world began. The point is that those who have been mentioned are typical of the mass—typical of the mass visions and aspirations that are part of Hollywood's great destiny.

CHAPTER IX.

Our Friend, the Actor

There is one very powerful element in the communal life and growth of Hollywood that has thus far been scarcely mentioned. It is one that cannot be disposed of easily because of its conflicting aspects. It has been at once Hollywood's greatest glory and her one and only source of shame. This is the motion-picture industry. Eighty per cent of all the motion-pictures of the world are made in and about Hollywood. It is probably a fair estimate to put the weekly pay-roll of the motion-picture people at a million dollars. One million dollars every week to spend in and around Hollywood—to build new homes, support her clubs, to keep her well-dressed and well-nourished, spread her fame abroad for good or bad! Manifestly, here is a potent influence, however rich and varied the civic life of a community may be.

It is an influence difficult to write about and one of conflicting aspect because it is so human.

Just up the street from where this is being written, Ernest Torrence has built himself a new home—a good English-type house with a walled

garden. And when Ernest isn't working, which isn't often, his chief concern is to make flowers grow under his tall eucalyptus trees—a problem difficult enough to hold any full-grown man. I've seen him bend that gaunt and mighty frame of his to the service of primrose and pansy time and again. I've seen him watch the fading afterglow on the hills with an almost hungry tenderness. He's Scotch, and has the Scot's love for hills. Again, I've seen his six-foot-four humped over a piano where he sang and played, as delicately as a girl, some new ballad he had just composed. Also he is a husband and father than whom none gentler. You forget Tol'able David even in the companionship of a man like him.

Just across the fence from Ernest lives Jack Holt, a man whose reputation is as agreeably immaculate as his usual appearance on the screen. Jack loves babies — particularly his own — and horses and dogs. These are the things he talks about when he's away from the studio. Nor is anyone in Hollywood surprised to see him pass the plate in church—any more than they are to see Conrad Nagel doing the same, or Emmett Flynn, or to learn that the clear and boyish tenor in the choir is Ramon Navarro's.

On the next street lives Milton Sills—poet-philosopher and botanist, man of letters and gar-

dener, an enthusiast for tennis, and chess, and charades; also a musician of no mean calibre. You'll find him in the depths of his garden—with touseled head and a puzzled look, old clothes, old pipe, and a winsome smile—and he'll explain the difference between the *divaricatus* and *crassifolius* groups of the *Ceanothus* family, or tell you off-hand whether the quotation you are looking for is in DuBartas or Schidoni.

Probably not one in a thousand, even here in Hollywood, recognizes Lon Chaney when he meets him in the street. He's just an ordinary citizen to look at—powerful and nimble, with a plain, deeply lined face, very interesting on closer scrutiny, but one you might easily pass in a crowd. As much as possible, though, Lon stays away from crowds. You never see him in a restaurant, nor on the links, nor at a dance—this, although he is one of the best dancers in America; he can jig by the hour and never repeat his step. He has extensive family relations which take up a lot of his spare time. And he is interested in real estate. But, most of all, he loves his profession. That absorbs him day and night. He'll go down into the queer sections of Los Angeles,—Sonora Town, where the Mexicans live, or Chinatown, which is a bit of Canton—and there study types by the hour; he will do this with the fervid concentration of an

honor man in a university. Or he'll put that passionate brain of his to work on a story—tearing it down, building it up, acting the great situation—while his dark eyes shimmer and shine with tears, with hate, with Satanic glee.

These people are our friends and neighbors, not actors on the screen. We forget all about the roles they play in front of a camera because we are so intimately aware of their roles as human beings. When a girl or a boy, a woman or a man, "goes bad" in this community, the local reaction is exactly as it would be in Hamilton, Ohio, or Schenectady, N. Y. It is only then that we are recalled to a realization of the world-wide reputation of the unfortunate and what this entails. Then what would have been a private scandal in any other town becomes a public scandal. Here in Hollywood, most likely, the foolish or the unfortunate one had long ago been socially ostracized, precisely as would have been the case had the errant been a dentist, a merchant, or a preacher.

Less than anywhere else in the world, and less than at any time since the world can remember, are actresses and actors here in Hollywood in a class apart; for, as never before, here they can own a permanent home—can plant an oak and watch it grow and know that a secure old age awaits them in the shade of it. This is a significant de-

velopment in the history of a great profession, and one that both the illustrious and the obscure in that profession have not been slow to recognize and cherish. The surplus earnings of these friends and neighbors are going into homes, acreage, stocks—even as yours and mine—and generously into all sorts of civic improvements and charities. In the life of Hollywood these idols of the masses are merely citizens, good or bad.

Ruth Roland is a wizard in real estate. So, more or less, is Agnes Ayres. No one in the world stands higher with the custodians of a certain orphanage than Tommy Meighan. We love ZaSu Pitts rather as a high type of womanhood than an artist, although we love her as an artist too. We wonder who will be at the next party given by the Charlie Rays or the Harold Lloyds. The fact that Nazimova is building herself a new house in the back of her garden interests Hollywood more than the nature of her next professional venture. We wave at Dusty Farnum every morning when he goes to work and never think to ask the name of the picture engaging him; but how our interest goes acute when his parrot or his dog is lost!

Out Sunset Boulevard an eighth of a mile is Bill Hart's home—a comfortable place with a deep, well-planted garden. His neighbors like him. He's just one of them. There's a little wild rabbit

that uses Bill's place as a range, since Bill suffered the loss of a favorite bulldog. A stray Airedale chased the cottontail while Bill was out inspecting his shrubbery. The rabbit never hesitated. She bolted straight for the most terrible two-gun man in pictures and ducked to safety between his legs.

There's another Bill next to Bill Hart's—Billy, the only son of the late Wally Reid, who lives there in the Reid home with his mother and countless pets. He is a polite and wistful little boy. Across the street from the Harts and Reids lives Frank R. Adams, the story-writer—meditative, patient, devoted to his family and Mr. Wu, his Chow. And next to Frank, another Bill—Bill Desmond, fire-eater in the movies, the mould of form as family man and neighbor.

And so it goes.

You live among such people—the list is without end—and you forget all about their connection with the movies, how famous they are, how much they make. You visit them. They drop in on you. They work hard and they require a lot of rest. Their play is mostly of the relaxation sort—fussing with flowers, shooting a round of golf, lolling on the beach and splashing in the surf with the dogs and children; at night, a little music tuned in on the radio, or a movie if there

happens to be a good one; and then to bed, early, with a book.

To act well in the movies is exceedingly difficult—more difficult, as most actors will tell you, than work on the speaking stage. Often, the same scene must be taken over and over again, with long waits between, and yet with a convincing repetition of the same emotion, the same gestures and business. Or a close-up must be made to fit in with a medium-shot, after a tedious wait, while electricians haul their heavy “iron” about, and “trim the spots,” or a “high-line” fails; or a fellow-artist remedies a disintegrating make-up, a missing “prop” is found, a camera is “rewound,” and thus through a weary and exasperating day. This calls for a peculiar blend of emotional temperament and steady nerves that has to be assiduously cultivated—cultivated especially through the means of perfect health, a clear brain, and a tranquil spirit. Those who neglect these means are—are not of Hollywood; they are transients.

In addition to these friends and neighbors whom the whole world knows there are others, equally cherished, for whose presence our community is beholden to the movies. These are the numerous artist-craftsmen—writers, painters, architects, musicians, photographers, sculptors — who have been assembled here to serve the motion-pic-

ture interests. The wealth of technical skill in evidence about any great studio remains a matter of amazement even after you have been familiar with it for years. It reminds you of what you have read about the courts of Charlemagne or Lorenzo the Magnificent. All the arts and most of the sciences are represented. On the same "lot" they will build you a Fifteenth Century Caravel or the latest type of London taxicab, give you a parchment covered with Gothic script or a replica of the Sistine chapel, cover the facade of a Saigon opium-den with the proper pictographs, equip a regiment of the Guard.

In the aggregate these mostly unadvertised scholars and craftsmen constitute a good-sized army—an army permanently quartered in Hollywood to this community's greater wealth and glory. They do not constitute a colony. There is no such thing as a colony in Hollywood, motion-picture or any other kind. To use a homely phrase, these people are "just folks," like their more famous associates. They live everywhere—an asset to any street that harbors them—kindly, unobtrusive, cultured, wise.

After a fashion, the whole vast industry of the motion-picture is oddly unobtrusive here in Hollywood. Now and then you will see some small comedy company "keeping down the over-

head" by shooting its scenes in the public street. Or by night you may see a blue quiver like sheet-lightning in the sky over a distant studio where some belated company is at work. But otherwise you could pass all your days here in Hollywood and scarcely be aware that there was a motion-picture studio within a hundred miles of you.

You may meet Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks socially, and they'll talk to you about birds and books and Henry Ford and saving the trees in Hollywood; or Mr. Chaplin, and discover that he isn't a comedian but a shy and brilliant humorist.

I imagine that those who have played golf with John D. Rockefeller talked of other things than oil.

CHAPTER X.

For the World's Benefit

Still, the fact remains that the leading industry—the third or fourth largest industry in the world—is motion-pictures. The studios of Hollywood turn out a product more valuable in dollars and pounds sterling than all the fabulous oil-fields hereabouts. A single production—for example, **The Hunchback of Notre Dame**—may cost a million and a quarter of dollars to produce. In other words, that much cash is disbursed in weekly sums during the filming of the picture—to actors, writers, directors and research experts; to costumers, painters and sculptors, architects, electricians and carpenters, teamsters and chauffeurs, dealers in lumber, cement and stone; to accountants and chemists and cameramen. The list is well-nigh inexhaustible. The completed product is returning a profit, meaning that the whole world, including Asia—cities in the back country of China, the very names of which most of us have never heard—are sending back their yen and shekels for Hollywood's further aggrandizement. The year 1923 was a very ordinary year, with an almost complete shut-down of the studios in its later months. Yet the output of

the studios was appraised at almost two hundred millions. It is on a sum like this that the world returns to Hollywood tribute in the form of an enormous interest.

Obviously a human institution of this girth cannot be disposed of by mere gibes or adulation. It ranks with cosmic phenomena. It is a fact as big in its repercussion as Russia. In a way, it is possibly bigger; for the motion-picture industry, like Russia, cannot be measured in terms of finance only, but is a power and an omen in the world of ideas; and the film has no frontiers, it speaks a universal language. For better or for worse, the nations have accepted it.

This is the aspect of the movies that engages most of the minds of some thoughtful people here in Hollywood. It informs their dreams. It is the basis of much of their conversation when two or three are met together—not the profits, not the misdeeds of this or that hair-brained comedian or actress, nor yet the comic rulings of some censor-board or other in Iowa or Pennsylvania. What are the terrific potentialities of this new power in the world? What are its responsibilities?

Hollywood has a rather contemptuous attitude toward many of the so-called leaders in the industry, for it measures them by not how much they

make but what they make; it puts them to the test of Art and Honesty and Public Service. Nowhere will you find a more rigid censorship of the nasty, the tawdry, of bedizened guff, and goo, and hokum. It is a censorship all the more meritorious in that it is private, mental, spiritual—like good manners—not an affair of the county council.

These so-called leaders of the industry whom the world acclaims—not all of them, but a considerable majority—are alone responsible for the low moral tone of so many of our films. These men are comparable to the war-profiteers. A seismic upheaval threw into their hands a newly created source of wealth. There had been no selective process, no preliminary training, no gradation of rank based on merit. If things had continued as they were, the future movie-profiteers would have remained inoffensively obscure. But in the sudden rush of riches, unexpected and unearned, they swelled up. They lost their heads and their souls. They mistook an act of God for a miracle of Moloch. Of Moloch they became forthwith the high priests. Such they remain — his passionate fundamentalists. Yesterday they were servile and fawning; today they are arrogant and gross. They abhor Truth and worship Publicity. To them Love means Sex. Would they make the right choice be-

tween Good and Bad, they heed but the still small voice of the Box-Office.

Also like the war-profiteers, these men love their own skins. They let others take the risks; they take the profits. For them danger does not mean a chance to fight; it means high time to hire a politician.

Hollywood remains unconvinced when it hears this or that personage referred to, by papers that ought to know better, as "the tsar of the film industry." It knows that the only source of such chicane is selfishness and fright. There was a "tsar" who was so to purify the movies from within that censor-boards should no longer be necessary. So the vast publicity campaign had it. Hollywood knew better. It knew that this man of national fame had been hired by those who had millions of dollars involved in the career of "Fatty" Arbuckle. The "tsar" made an ill-timed effort to salvage the wreck. He failed. Or a campaign of dazzling catch-words is launched; the infant industry is to be put at last on a "sound business basis," we are going to produce only "stories with a big and worth-while theme," we are committed to a program of "fewer and better pictures." All twaddle! The same old waste, the same old futility, the same old blindness, the same old immorality, con-

tinue to besmirch the industry with the brand of Moloch.

Yet Hollywood has hoped for reform. It has prayed for a Lincoln or a Roosevelt. There was so much, and is so much, that a real leader could do!

He could rid the films of the loathsome and degraded Orientalism that has oozed into them from above. He could have gone far toward ousting the men of high place and low morality who have been accountable for this. He would have shaken apart ere now the monopoly of the big producers and encouraged the independent. He would encourage and free the struggling and generally upright manager of the neighborhood playhouse. He would hack out the waste, the graft, the pompadourisms to be found in every big studio, and would build into the void thus created at least some modicum of sanity and decency, of good breeding, of a fair respect for women and the pledged word.

But, above all, this real "tsar" of the industry—and his day will come—will be a man of vision.

He it is who will summon his leaders together and address them with the voice of the people:

"My friends, to our hands there has been entrusted the greatest thing in the world. Let us

not be remiss. Let us to some extent consecrate ourselves. We control that which the whole world wants and needs. We speak the universal language. We hold the key to hearts and brains. We are the image-makers. According to our works will the world be ugly or beautiful. We can serve Satan, as we have so largely done in the past. Or we can serve God—break down every barrier of race and creed, wipe out every misunderstanding based on ignorance, show every man that every other man is his brother. We can abolish war—bind up the broken-hearted, proclaim liberty to the captives—”

As D. Rudhyar exclaims: “What a terrible, what a glorious responsibility!”

Rudhyar is as fine an example as I have ever met of that growing school of prophets who make Hollywood their home. A Parisian by origin, an American citizen by choice, he has written very splendid poetry in both French and English. As a composer and authority on music—especially as a leader of musical evolution through the present chaos—he holds first rank both in Europe and America. This youth of the pale and bearded face is also a scholar, a metaphysician, a philosopher.

“What a terrible, what a glorious responsibility!” he broods. “The screen-drama in its ultimate reality is more than a distraction. It came into existence because humanity is clamoring, unconsciously, for something which the screen alone

can give. The modern man has become too individualistic and too much of a nervous wreck to be able to use his inherent image-making faculty; and only in proportion as a man uses his image-making faculty is he able to understand the image-carrying power of words. Therefore, there is tremendous need for an art which will give him his images ready-made—images of truth and beauty—to offset the ugliness, the crushing weight, the desperate tragedy of the images which modern city-life presents every second to his waking eyes.

“In their craving to forget the wretchedness about them, men, women and children seek instinctively to overcome reality by thoughts—a sort of modern Buddhism; or else they want to desert life—find in pictures that unreal life for which they subconsciously yearn. The screen-drama of the future will be the best, if not the only, means effectively to satisfy what is highest in these two fundamental types of desires. It will become an art especially fitted for the new humanity slowly arising out of the wreckage of the old European civilization. Through it we can achieve an inter-racial understanding. Out of such understanding comes co-operation, then peace. The film as a means toward universal brotherhood is not a dream. It is an immediate possibility. It is more than that; it is a necessity.”

Meanwhile, Hollywood regards with a certain calm but a great expectancy the swift developments of this enterprise by and through which she is rapidly becoming the capital of the world. One

by one the old mismanagements are sloughed off, new combinations arise. There is an ambient aspiration here in Hollywood, a communal spirit, a mass purpose that is high and clean and will not be denied. The priests of Moloch are not for long.

We have men here like Thomas G. Patten, a former postmaster of New York, of fine culture and broad outlook, of long legislative training; men like William G. McAdoo, like William Mulholland, builder of our incomparable aqueduct—men who have attended and guided big affairs and who are as ready as the poets to perceive the prodigious developments just ahead of us here in Hollywood. We have artists of sound conscience and clear vision who have already spent years in the service of motion-pictures—like William de Mille, June Mathis, Ferninand Pinney Earle, Douglas Fairbanks.

Here are our leaders of tomorrow. It is through the combination of such as these—of the **industrial** and the **artistic**—and the perfect mutual understanding of the two, an understanding hitherto so often annulled by ignorance, bad taste, and greed, that there will arise an **industrial art** to enlighten the world.

CHAPTER XI.

Movies of Tomorrow

There are those of us here in Hollywood who through deep love of and long association with this newest and greatest of all industrial arts cannot speak of its future without a degree of exaltation. Such glimpses as we have had of its potentialities warrant this. We know that we are at the dawn of a new era—comparable to the Renaissance,—comparable to the cathedral-building period in Europe. And of this new era the motion-picture will be at once the Ark and the Testimony even as the cathedrals came to be of that earlier time.

The parallel is truer than at first glance it might appear to be. The cathedrals stimulated and conserved all the arts of their time. So does the motion-picture. The cathedrals arose in response to a mass-hunger not of the flesh. So has the motion-picture. The cathedrals were the expression of a great faith. So also, we cannot too strongly affirm, will be the motion-pictures of this new era.

“Ideals have changed,” says Rudhyar, in one of his luminous essays; “as a result, Art must change, for Art draws its substance from human

ideals and not from human matter-of-fact realities." He points out that all the maddening chaos in modern art—in poetry, music, painting, sculpture—has come from the struggle to express that which in the older art-forms had become inexpressible. There is a new mentality abroad in the world whereby man perceives that he is a creator in whose hands rests the power to control and shape matter at will. He has begun to study the mechanism of this power. He comes to recognize himself as a Self that is permanent yet one with all Selves—an active agent in the great drama of Universal life. It is this new ideal, says Rudhyar, now slowly permeating the race that will generate the motion-picture drama that is to be its own particular art-form. It is this new ideal that points the way to the future development of the screen. He believes that the subject-matter of the motion-pictures of tomorrow will be not "the matter-of-fact realities," but rather the images and conflicts that transpire in the soul of man—the universal symbols that tell unwordable tales of spiritual and cosmic evolutions, the growth and struggle of man, the micro-cosmos.

In other words, the motion-picture of tomorrow will present mind, imagination, alive and at work. It may give us, for example, a new Hamlet, out of the workshops of Hollywood, as understand-

able to Zulu and Esquimau as Shakespeare's Dane was understandable to the mob of Elizabethan England.

You find a harmony with Rudhyar's conception—a convergence toward the same high goal—when you visit the studio of Ferninand Pinney Earle. The two men are not unlike. For Earle has likewise written some beautiful poetry. He is such a painter as Rudhyar is a pianist. Yet this sensitive, gifted painter, a student under Whistler and Bouguereau, has been the first of his class to force his way to pre-eminence in the new cathedral era. He has the head of a thinker, the clear gray eyes and forceful jaw of a fighting-man.

Do you remember the screen-version of **The Blue Bird**? It was Earle who infused into that production the quality that must have been so very close to Maeterlinck's original dream. So in **Toys of Fate**, so in **The Judgement House**.

If Rudhyar foresees the time when the screen will devote itself to a psychological drama hitherto and otherwise impossible—to a clear presentation of the mysteries, the conflicts, and the triumphs of the human mind, Earle is the great pioneer in the projection to the screen of absolute imagination. He has shown that the screen can reveal, as no other medium can, the transcendental visions of the soul. He has demonstrated that this can be done

—and he has done it—with a variety, a verity, a wealth, a splendor, and yet an economy before his day undreamed of except in dreams.

His translation of the **Rubaiyat** to the screen contains passage after passage of such pure beauty that those who have seen it have been exalted to tears. He is at present engaged on a production of the **Faust** legend—a labor of years—that bids fair to surpass the **Rubaiyat**. The motion-picture also will have its Rembrandts and Murillos, even its Beethovens and its Wagners. One wonders when its first schools and academies will arise.

Earle's own training was special and as if planned to the ends of this new art. After twenty years of poetry, painting, and classical study in Europe, Earle returned to America and was attracted almost immediately to the latent possibilities of the screen. First he merely gave motion-pictures a more artistic investiture by making painting an adjunct to them, so to speak—in the form of "art-titles," or an occasional back-drop to supplement a limited "set." But it was during this apprenticeship that he acquired a quite marvellous knowledge of the camera and camera values. Also he discerned that in his painted backgrounds he had opened up a vast new country, a new world, as fantastic, as unlimited, and as available, as his own imagination.

This, in brief, was the origin of his now famous system of "motion painting."

Earle paints, for example, on a piece of academy board about fourteen inches wide by twenty long a castle which, as a set built in the usual way, would cost upward of fifty thousand dollars. Yet in composition and lighting this painting will reach planes of artistry impossible to the more costly and cumbersome method. Then, into this painting—which on the screen may appear to cover acres instead of inches—Earle introduces his living actors. On the screen these actors may appear in the distance as tiny figures; they enter and exit through the painted doors, look through the painted windows, exactly as if these were what they appear to be; the actors approach, become life-sized—all this with no hint of double exposure, of trick photography of any kind, with all the convincingness of the physical world. This, and the actors are moving freely about at the will of the director, on a scene that is breath-taking in its beauty and apparent magnitude.

Says Mr. Earle in his usual guarded yet fervid way:

"When the young energy of the next generation takes hold of motion painting in connection with screen-production, it is safe to prophecy that undreamed of splendor and poignancy of utter-

ance will characterize their creations. These movies of tomorrow will make the machine-made pictures of today seem pathetic and laughable. The artist's paint-brush can catch every dream of the poetic madmen who sing of 'the land of heart's desire.' The screen will be a ~~sesame~~ to a world of magic—something to liberate us from the sordidness of material existence and help us to refresh our souls. I am not speaking of the far future, but of the pictures that shall be released within the next five or six years. For I believe that the screen is the greatest medium of artistic expression ever invented by the mind of man and I believe that its time is here."

Without going into the technical features of this new school of production, it may be admitted at once that there are certain obstacles in the way of its wider acceptance so far as most producers are concerned. Motion painting requires scholarship. It demands taste and organization. It demands long and careful preparation. But on the other hand its advantages are enormous. It would mean an annual saving of millions of dollars. It would make possible the introduction to the screen of the vision and style of individual artists. It would make possible, as Mr. Earle says, "spectacles of the most daring imagination." It would knock down the colossal obstacles now hampering director and author. It would set them free.

"Formerly," says Mr. Earle, "stories have had

to be written around three or four sets and were limited in their scope by the cost of these sets. If a castle, let us say, were essential to the story, much of the action would necessarily be centered about this castle, not because this would enhance the drama or suit the author's purpose in any other respect but simply because the castle would cost so much to build. The same holds true for the fragment of a town. By the same token the present mad and costly search for 'locations' would end in the artist's studio. There is a yet greater handicap that authors have felt. Every scene had to be photographed either in the bright sunlight or in an equally hard and brilliant artificial light. The result was a dreary sameness in all productions. This was so in spite of all the clever devices of the cameraman and the skilled director. The hours of sunset and twilight and starlight, in which humanity experiences a greater part of its romance and tragedy, presented a realm to which the motion-picture lens was blind. Not so in motion painting. Our pictures of tomorrow will convey to the eye every mood, every hour, every atmosphere, to which the heart of a man has ever responded.

"I do not wish to convey the idea that the screen of the future shall not continue to be vulgarized by certain producers. We shall always have photodramas that are yellow. But, just as the ancient Greeks and other peoples of antiquity were able to sway whole nations with immortal songs such as the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, so the beauty and power of certain future productions for the screen shall fire the hearts of humanity, help to

remind men of all nations and creeds that they are brothers capable of suffering the same sorrows and of sharing the same joys. The amphitheatre of the screen is the whole world! And the children of all lands sit in one mighty congregation, soul-hungry for experience and beauty. Therefore, the task of the producer of exceptional pictures should be as overwhelming a responsibility as if he were a priest speaking straight to every heart that beats on the earth of his day."

Is not the spirit of the old cathedral-builders manifest in these architects of tomorrow's films? "The Kingdom of God is within you!" The thinkers here in Hollywood—the men like Rudhyar and Earle, and there are others—would make, and have begun to make this new industrial art of ours the demonstration of this truth.

CHAPTER XII.

New Anthems

With the evolution of motion-pictures into what we may call their Cathedral Period it is clear that there will be a stimulation and an adaptation of all the older arts—a concomitant evolution to the same ends. This is particularly true in the case of music. The "silent drama" has found a voice, and music is that voice, not yet with the universality of the moving image but in course of becoming so. The cinema is a creation of the people. It ranks with a fiat of Genesis. And the real musician has always been a humanitarian, with his own heart closely synchronized to the world-heart. Where will he find that heart so open and responsive today as in the motion-picture theatres?

We have indicated that the screen—like music, like the cathedral—came into being through some need of the evolving soul that nothing else could satisfy. Music has always been the voice of the soul—in grief, in mad revolt, in aerial flight. It was the folk-song—the jazz, if you will, of its day—that humanized the musical science of the churchmen in the Middle Ages. This was as it should be, for the bulk and the movement of popular music

has ever been essentially religious. Today the motion-picture is becoming the instrument of a universal religion—a religion that will reveal itself at last as one of Beauty and Truth and of an Inter-racial Brotherhood based on the Common Divinity of Man. Is it, therefore, not possible to believe that, just as music and the church have been bound up together so inextricably in the past, music in the future will find its chief shelter and inspiration here in the studios of Hollywood?

There is an occasion here as great as—greater, perhaps, than—that which produced at last the consummate genius of Bach. We say greater, because as yet there is nothing in the other arts—not even in that of Bach or Beethoven—comparable to the breadth of appeal which will exist in the motion-picture. We of the Occident are prone to forget that there is a very great, highly developed music of the Orient almost as foreign to our ears as an Oriental language. Likewise, to the millions in the Orient who nightly throng their theatres to see our films, the music of Grieg or Chopin would be as unintelligible as an oration in English. To change the figure, our music with its curious hard and fast conventions—which we of the West no longer notice—would impress the average intelligent Oriental somewhat as the bound foot of an

old-fashioned Chinese woman would impress the average European.

Modern musicians here are coming to ponder this fact. They are beginning to loosen the conventions. They will no longer conform to rigid rules based on precepts that are European merely. For how about the conflicting Hindu precept, the fundamentally different musical philosophy evolved in India, where music has been cherished in its present meaning for nearly three thousand years? And musicians are aware that a new world-cult is arising. The screen, crude as this has been in many respects, has demonstrated the unparalleled fact that Hollywood can reach hearts and brains anywhere. To progressive musicians this has a peculiar significance. They foresee the day when to this all-world industrial art there will be the accompaniment of an all-world music. And Rudhyar has already the plans for an "Inter-racial Music Association."

This does not mean, of course, that in the new music of the screen old forms will be disregarded utterly. They will be retained—often for their intrinsic beauty; often for their descriptive value in connection with the racial elements in a drama, a sort of musical costume, as it were; and again, they may serve admirably as a sort of Wagnerian *leit-motif*, to characterize the leading players.

But the screen will bring essentially a liberation of old forms, an evolution of forms as distinctive as those of oratorio and opera.

A splendid beginning has, in fact, already been made as all will attest who have heard the musical score prepared by Charles Wakefield Cadman, another resident of Hollywood, for Earle's *Rubaiyat*—a beginning so propitious that David Bruno Ussher hails it as the presage of a new art-form, the "screen-opera." This music is, indeed, something entirely different from the usual forced synchronization of music to the film, satisfactory as some of these adaptations have been in a limited way.

To the end of making his music an integral part of the Earle production, there was the closest co-ordination between the musician and the producer from the first. They decided which scenes should be musically emphasized. The matter of the overture and the incidental music was gone over thoroughly, so that the music should at no time interfere with the dramatic development. Then Cadman made a thorough study of Omar's *Persia*. He studied the music of the early Persians, especially their musical folklore. So far as possible—ever with the limitations of the provincial orchestra in view—he adopted the Persian instru-

mentation, featuring the woodwinds and the plucked strings.

Obviously, the film-inspired internationalism—rather, the universalism—is already under way. Nor is Mr. Cadman the only pioneer. The world will long remember the music for Griffith's **Broken Blossoms**. It was the work of another Hollywood composer, Mr. Louis F. Gottschalk.

But the development is not one fostered by and dependent on a few individuals only. It is on a par with other major events in the history of music, like the rise and spread of the **troubadours** and **jongleurs**, the **Minnesingers** and **Meistersingers**; the importation of musical instruments and ideas from the land of the Saracens by the returning Crusaders; the birth of opera. And this development is singularly fostered by certain circumstances here in Hollywood, even in the most mercenary studios.

These studios employ hundreds of musicians constantly for the special purpose of giving the performers, and also the directors, the emotional pitch, so to speak, of the scene which is being photographed. As is well known, the same scene, or fragments of it, have to be taken over and over. If the scene be a big one—either as to the number of people involved or because of its emotional or dramatic content—the proper registration

of it may require days, weeks even. There were certain scenes in Chaplin's *Woman of Paris* that were rehearsed almost endlessly, then photographed over and over again—sixty or eighty or a hundred times—with all the tedium exacted by the requirements of a perfect co-ordination of human and mechanical elements. During all this time—and this is but a typical instance—the musicians were on the set, watchful and responsive, giving the actors their emotional cue after each weary wait, sustaining them with proper music through every bit of action. In other words, these musicians were being trained, consciously or subconsciously, in the very quintessence of dramatic music. And when it is considered that practically all of these musicians are young, intelligent, well grounded in their art and musically inventive—they have to be all of these—it will be seen that the aggregate training may well be enormous.

These musicians are, moreover, in daily contact with the men and women of other races, for there is no place more intimately cosmopolitan than the average studio. It is no rare thing, for example, to find in a single production Chinamen, Russians, Hindus, Irishmen, Jews of all the scattered tribes, not to mention the widely travelled English and Americans. Many of these racial representatives are highly intelligent, interested in the

special culture of their kind, and ever ready to impart information. It is invariably the company orchestra that draws these diverse types together and inspires their facile companionships.

Is it too much to believe that among these as yet obscure musicians of the Hollywood studios or the myriad theatres of the screen there is even now some baffled, dreaming, future Richard Wagner of the motion-picture?

There is a very striking similarity between opera, as Wagner found it, and the screen today.

“When **Rienzi** was finally produced in Dresden in 1842, Wagner was hailed as the equal of Donizetti, Bellini and Meyerbeer. It seems strange to us now to think that this great destroyer of that particular type of opera was at first grouped as one of its promising exponents. But the bombast and emotional artificiality of this sort of writing had already palled on him **The Flying Dutchman**, produced the next year, showed Wagner's insistence on dramatic quality. Here was a truly tragic tale, and his music only served to accentuate its meaning. Whereas on the recent operatic stage it had too frequently been felt that the principal object was a chance to display vocal powers, Wagner subordinated the artists to the dramatic feeling, and in these two elements he was here striking one of the most effective of his reforms. Wagner felt that opera had become ridiculous as far as drama was concerned He conceived the ideal operatic performance to be a marvelous blending of thought

and melody and setting, in which all the arts should be employed to move the human soul in a homogeneous artistic sensation.”*

There are indications of a growing public here in Hollywood and elsewhere that is weary of the “bombast and emotional artificiality” of our present motion-pictures; a public that feels that the true object of the screen is not merely to give some favorite the chance to show a virtuosity of hips and eyes. This public feels, as Wagner felt of opera, that the screen should become a divine blending of all the arts — a “melodic flow of images,” sustained and enhanced by a music that the whole world can likewise understand.

Of such shall be the anthems of the new civilization.

*A History of Music, Murray Sheehan, M. A., Haldeman-Julius Co., Girard, Kansas.

CHAPTER XIII.

The New Evangel

It is said that music is the one art that came from heaven and to heaven will return. "Music means harmony, harmony means love, and love means—God!" These struggling artists of our studios and Mrs. Carter and her friends of the Bowl are making of Hollywood a musical center of a new order. It is a Bayreuth not where men fall down and worship music as a god, but where music—like a spiritual Niagara—is controlled and transmuted to the service of man. It is out of this harmonic center that there will flow the songs and those images — the motion-pictures — of a new evangel.

What is this new evangel? It is a restatement of the ancient truth about God and Man—how One is the Other, and Both are One.

Said Lao-Tsze: "All things originate from Tao, conform to Tao and to Tao at last return." Gautama the Buddha came closer to the modern formula when he said: "The mind is everything; what you think, you become." It was this same All-Wisdom that expressed itself in the words of the Christ: "I and my father are one;" and the

words of Paul: "But if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He . . . shall quicken your mortal bodies." Athanasius refreshed and revived the desperate people of his day with this same great idea that God himself had entered into humanity. "And we ourselves," he taught, "may become as gods walking about in the flesh." It was in the same certain knowledge of inspiration that Matthew Arnold wrote:

**"Strong is the soul, and wise and beautiful;
The seeds of godlike power are in us still;
Gods are we, bards, saints, heroes, if we will!"**

There is a Law. It is knowledge of this Law that sets us free—free, if we will, to say to mountain or sycamore-tree, "Be thou removed," and have it so.

We repeat that this is not new. The first statement of it is prehistoric. It runs like a golden thread through the perfect continuity of human thought. But it was long a dream—an ideal that was beautiful and impossible, except to the seers and poets who cherished it. But it has, notwithstanding this, remained true—practically and universally true. It is this truth, this golden dream of ages, that is finding its demonstration here and now. It is evidence of this demonstration that becomes the new evangel.

Let us state this simply in its relationship with the world in general. We believe:

(1) That European civilization, a technique that culminated in the Unfinished War, is in the throes of death and is doomed beyond recall;

(2) That a new and better civilization is rising — has already risen — here in the Pacific Southwest that will leaven and harmonize the whole world; and

(3) That this new civilization will be, and is, based on the ancient doctrine of Man's Divinity — on **Every Man's Divinity**.

We might go further and state that we believe that in this same favored region of the earth man will recall and rationalize as never before certain other tenets of the deathless wisdom of the race. Of such are the intuitions of the soul, too often obscured by the numb and groping brain, regarding so-called miracles and magic, haunts, psychic phenomena of every kind, fairies, the fourth dimension, gods and devils, and the Zodiac. Folklore is not dead. Neither is the Bible. Both are filled with stories that the universities and churches have shunned for centuries. Truth is not dead. Swiftly modern science is revealing, one by one, the fact that underlay each ancient fable. We fly like eagles. We have seven-league boots. We command the lightning. We weigh the atom or

the sun. From a million silent voices in the sky at night we choose the one and make it audible.

"To me," says Walt Whitman, "every hour of the light and dark is a miracle, every cubic inch of space a miracle." And elsewhere he demands: "What do you suppose will satisfy the soul except to walk free and own no superior?"

It is this combination of Miraculous World and Dominant Soul that will characterize the new evangel. Here we have the new Chaos and the new Creator. The world is fluid, and the Spirit of the Man-God moves once more upon the face of the waters.

"We are partakers of the life of God," says Ralph Waldo Trine, "and though we differ from Him in that we are individual spirits, while He is the Infinite Spirit including us as well as all else beside, yet in essence the life of God and the life of man are identically the same, and so are one."*

It has never seemed accidental that Mr. Trine should be living and working here in Hollywood; nor that, at the present writing, Orison Swett Marden should be doing the same; nor yet that Fenwicke Lindsay Holmes should have chosen this as his permanent home. Holmes is a type of those "God-men" of whom Trine writes:

*In Tune With the Infinite, by Ralph Waldo Trine, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

All the prophets, seers, sages, and saviours in the world's history became what they became, and consequently had the powers they had, through an entirely natural process. They all recognized and came into the conscious realization of their oneness with the Infinite Life. God is no respecter of persons. He doesn't create prophets, seers, sages, and saviours as such. He creates men. But here and there one recognizes his true identity, recognizes the oneness of his life with the Source whence it came. He lives in the realization of this oneness, and in turn becomes a prophet, seer, sage, or saviour.†

Fenwicke Holmes, with his brother Ernest, was the founder of the Southern California Metaphysical Institute. He has written many books. He has lectured widely on psychology. A profound student, a most gracious friend, a poet, a brilliant figure in any social gathering, there is little about him to suggest the traditional prophet, nor yet the world's bad old conception of Hollywood. Yet prophet he is. More than any other man I know of he has lifted the study of the individual subconscious, so familiar to all students of mental science, New Thought, and other formulas of Success, to a study of the Universal Subconscious—a pliant Power to the shaping of the destiny not only of a man but of an empire.

“Man,” he says, “individualizes God. There

†Ibid.

is but One Mind; and as 'I am,' I must be related to it and share its resources and power. Then my choices become the choices or ideas of the impersonal mind; and it creates accordingly."*

Every thought, word and idea is found to be matched by reality; and life is a magic mirror which gives to us created what we present to it in concept and ideal We are therefore taught to give conscious thought to our ideas and deliberately to brood upon those things which we wish to have come forth Whatever God thinks, becomes; and, since man uses the same power, he can pass the substance of spirit out into any form by imaging that form and then expecting it to appear. This relieves us from all necessity of struggle. It is not will, but faith. Thus in "idea-tion," rather than "will," do we find the secret of life's control.

"You will be what you will to be;
Let failure find her false content
In that poor word environment;
But spirit scorns it and is free:
It masters time; it conquers space;
It crows that boastful trickster, chance,
And bids the tyrant circumstance
Uncrown and fill a servant's place."†

"The Law," he says again, "gives back to us created what we think into it as vision." It is a re-statement of that ancient and persistent intuition

*Being and Becoming by Fenwicke L. Holmes, Robert M. McBride & Co., New York.

†Ibid.

of the human heart that each man has the power to make his wish come true. Once more it is today's science of yesterday's magic.

It is this Law—of the Universal Subconscious, of Mind, Intelligence, God—the same Power that an increasing number of individuals are privately applying every day to their own better health and greater prosperity, that is manifesting itself, through a group purpose, publicity, here in the Southwest.

It is a Power that has intelligently been applied to persons. Here we find its manifestations in a community, a State, an association of States in the process of economic and spiritual fusion.

It is this practical knowledge of old metaphysical truths, of the Law and its application to the affairs of this life—knowledge of the Godhead in every man his own consciousness—that Hollywood is destined to proclaim. She has the knowledge, she has the will, and she speaks the universal language.

CHAPTER XIV.

Children of the Promise

Emerson, in his essay on **Experience**, speaks of a form of revelation in terms that seem to be almost prophetic of Hollywood:

When I converse with a profound mind, or if at any time being alone I have good thoughts, I do not at once arrive at satisfactions, as when, being thirsty, I drink water, or go to the fire, being cold; no! but I am at first apprised of my vicinity to a new and excellent region of life. By persisting to read and think, this region gives further sign of itself, as it were, in flashes of light, in sudden discoveries of its profound beauty and repose, as if the clouds that covered it parted at intervals and showed the approaching traveler inland mountains, with the tranquil eternal meadows spread at their base, whereon flocks graze and shepherds pipe and dance . . . I clap my hands in infantine joy and amazement before the first opening to me of this august magnificence, old with the love and homage of innumerable ages, young with the life of life, the sunbright Mecca of the desert. And what a future it opens! I feel a new heart beating with the love of the new beauty. I am ready to die out of nature, and be born again into this new yet unapproachable America I have found in the West.

There is a saying of Varhagen von Ense

quoted by Carlyle to the effect that "the eye of the intellect sees in all objects what it brought with it the means of seeing." This book has been written for those who can see in the evolving music of Hollywood, the developing art of her motion-pictures, and her beautiful community life

. . . . the seeds which sages cast
In the world's soil in ages past
Spring up and blossom at the last.

Hollywood is a fulfilling of the Law.

Back of every visible, earthly phenomena there is the invisible thought. No man, nor woman, nor child, manifests more than but a fraction of the great reality that is he or she. Above the Himalayas broods the aerial super-range. To the eye of the poet our California sunsets have an ineffable overtone; the vibrations of their golds and scarlets have co-related vibrations that reach his hearing like a strain of noble music. It is the recondite life of Hollywood that is revealing itself in the city's swift rise to fame and leadership—as if what we see and hear and to some extent have recorded in these chapters were but the small projection of an invisible Hollywood — a New Jerusalem planted here in spirit-light when God first framed the hills.

These hills are to the life of Hollywood what the hours of silence, of thought and meditation, are to the life of a man. They dominate all ac-

tivities, inspire and color all dreams, give the final form to character. They are old, yet they are the source and perpetuators of youth. Hollywood, more than any community I know of, can sing with the Psalmist: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." As so much of thought is molded by the visible world about us, these hills may be said to exert their influence on that group-consciousness which is Hollywood's mind. Their spiritual self, so to speak, moves and instructs the communal soul. It is an influence that makes for a distinct type of Hollywood type of citizen. Nor is the process of transformation slow. Swiftly, consciously or unconsciously, the newcomer here learns to reflect the hills. The hills are beautiful. Beauty is what they inspire. The hills are temples of Peace. The hills are patient, hospitable, tranquil, and unafraid. They are earth-bound but they are exceedingly friendly with the sky.

It is in this new and magical world—fashioned to the hearts and minds of the Aryan migrants—that we are begetting a new race. Do you doubt this? The evidence is not remote or hard to find. Up and down Hollywood Boulevard and the adjacent streets there is such a pageantry of beauty just before and after school-hours that it will remind you of everything you ever dreamed

of about ancient Greece. Youth is apt to be beautiful everywhere, but this is a new beauty. About it there is more than a suggestion of faery—a procession of sylphs and goddesses, pixies, elves, undines and nixes. All that these children and adolescents require to make the picture complete are antennae and gossamer wings. Vividly colored by sun and health, clear-eyed and radiant, conscious of their dawning power and transcendent destiny, they constitute not only a Hollywood aristocracy but an aristocracy of the world.

They are a charming aristocracy, these progenitors of tomorrow. They are children of the sun. They have never breathed bad air. They can swim in the stout Pacific surf and run up steep hillsides without losing breath. From birth they have been familiar with desert and mountain, with the wild creatures and the stars. Yet they are social. With them charity means service. Their part in every communal activity is large. Every Christmas time the students of the Hollywood High School, for example, collect thousands of garments for the poor, no matter where these poor may be. The clothing is washed, pressed, and mended by the students themselves—in the school basement, as part of the regular course in domestic science. The boys are not exempt, they run washing-machines. Old shoes are made over and polished

—for some one, name unknown. No matter! It is service for the State.

There is a basis for this new-race statement in the Ancient Wisdom. Let scientists measure skulls. Here in the Southwest we are beholding, so students of the occult tell us, the rise of the Sixth Sub-race in the Fifth Root-race of the world's long evolution. One of the distinguishing attributes of this new species will be that conscious use of the metaphysical to which we have referred. The new people, it seems, are to be more closely linked than ever were we with Omniscience, All-Power, Love. There will be an evolution of the individual consciousness into a communal consciousness—an evolution that will manifest itself in an active and unselfish service to the race.

Does all this suggest that the author holds to old superstitions? The real superstitions of the world are Greed, Selfishness, Injustice. From these a new Saviour will deliver us, and his name is Understanding. We are passing into the Aquarian Age. Cold Saturn draws away with a crumbling of his bigotries, dishonesties, inhibitions, hates. Buoyant and generous Jupiter comes to reign instead. We are beginning to vibrate in tune with a higher key. Yet, we are told, the Great Desolation is almost upon us. Shall the Ark-builders be mocked again as they were in Noah's day?

“There is a law of natural selection which regulates the settling of Hollywood,” says a certain wise friend of mine. “Owing to the numbers of creative minds that are functioning here the wave of vibration of the community is so intense that only the comparative few of the thousands who come here can remain. They stay a while. They are invaded by a nervous unrest. They return to the place from whence they came. It is a phenomenon that has its analogy on the physical plane — as on the desert, which is inimical to blonds. I know of only one pronounced blond who remained in Las Vegas the full ten years of my stay out there, and she has recently left—literally driven away by the sun.”

Will the evil-minded, the gross-emotionalists, finally be driven from Hollywood? We believe so. The actinic rays of the desert sun have their spiritual octaves in a place like this. It is a vibratory rate of an increasing frequency, harder and harder for the undesirables to support. Are we to rationalize as well the hoary legend of a Chosen People?

“To take the place of those who go,” my friend suggests, “why not salvage from the wreck of Europe those fine souls who have led the race thus far? We have enough of commerce. Why not establish here the world’s first Chamber of

Culture? The great people of a community are what makes a community great. Let us call over Bergson, Madame Curie, Einstein. These illumined minds are the spiritual bridges between the old and the new dispensations. Let us conserve them, bring them to Hollywood, here set them up as teachers of the new race."

Such are the signs of the times.

There are days of bitterness at hand, so the prophets tell us. It is a message written in letters twelve feet high over the face of the globe. Perhaps neither Hollywood nor Los Angeles will escape the desolation. But here the promise is, in this community of love, with its service to all mankind, a beauty that is of God, a faith of works and visions, and its children who are the bright-shining heirs of the Tabernacle. . . .

(The end)

