

## WHAT PRICE INFIDELITY?

by unrest, how could these weakened structures withstand a great war on the Asiatic continent?

It is no longer even an open question whether China can be defeated by imperialistic Japan. Japanese efforts to expand their control in North China have failed. In Suiyuan, Chinese troops have successfully repulsed Japanese bandit encroachments. Japanese demands to our government have been rejected. Japan is losing face in China. New bluffs of Japanese militarists, threatening the Chinese with military invasions, can have only one result: to promote China's unification and strengthen the

determination of the country to struggle for her independence.

With the spontaneous desire of the Chinese people to mobilize themselves, with China's immensely vast territory, rich in natural resources, with a population of 400,000,000 people, the might of Japan becomes a mere paper tiger. Japanese economic and social structures cannot hold out in a long war with the Chinese people.

No! China could not be defeated even if she had to fight Japan single-handed. And China will not be alone. For China has the sympathy of the world.

# What Price Infidelity?

by NANCY WYNNE

**N**OW THAT IT is all over, perhaps I can talk about it. Perhaps I can even set it down on paper, and it may be that somewhere, some other woman, whose feet are hesitating at the first step along the path I've taken, may learn something of the road which awaits her. She may be moved by my example to turn back. She may, on the contrary, decide that she can be stronger or more reckless — or perhaps just luckier — than I have been. That is for her to determine. So much depends on the individual temperaments involved in any human relationship. The personal equation is far too potent a factor to lend itself to easy generalities. Indeed, even in my own case, I do not yet know whether the heartbreak and the mental agony have quite overbalanced the sum of happiness. I believe that the ultimate value of any profound experience can be gauged only after considerable time has intervened, and, at the moment of writing this, I have not come far enough to have attained a true perspective on all that has happened. I am still bruised, bewildered, and (I may as well admit it) resentful against the circumstances and individuals that have brought me to this state.

To begin with, let me make it clear just what sort of people we are, who have become involved in this vortex of emotions. Our place in the economic scale would fall, I imagine, in what statisticians call the middle-income group. We are people who own or rent modest, comfortable homes in the suburbs of a large city. Our children, although they go to the public schools, are healthy and well cared for. Our tastes are simple but not mediocre. The furnishings of our lives, like those of our homes, while not pretentious, are chosen with a certain sense of discrimination. Our amusements are few (we too were hit by the depression). But we read worth-while books and occasionally hear good music. For the rest, an infrequent movie or the riotous debauchery of bridge and a few cocktails shared with congenial spirits constitute our entertainment program. We are not, you will observe, examples of the Idle Rich. You may, in short, picture us as very average Americans in the early thirties — people whom you would never look at twice, on the street. Strict moralists to the contrary notwithstanding, I firmly maintain that we are *not* fiends in human form. . . .

## THE FORUM

### THE DISCOVERY

I MET PAUL and his wife, Miriam, about two years ago. He and I were mutually attracted. I still marvel at the way we were drawn together, in that large room full of people. We discovered at once that we had a number of interests in common, and there was something heart-warming about the discovery, impersonal though it seemed at the time.

The four of us saw a good deal of each other, from that time on. Dinner at one home or the other, drives in the country, long evenings of bridge and talk. No extramarital necking, I assure you. No slipping away by twos to a dark corner of the porch or car. Everything was quite as it should be, and it would be hard to say just when it was that I began to realize that it was solely because of Paul that I looked forward so eagerly to our evenings with the J's. Even when it did dawn on me that here was the one man I might have cared for intensely, it didn't occur to me that there was anything I might do about it. My own marriage had been a source of disillusionment these many years, but I liked Miriam and I believed that Paul was in love with her. I learned later that, like me, he had been keeping up appearances, as the sequel to an early and ill-advised marriage, simply because it seemed the only thing to do. Yet never, by so much as a word or a look, did he intimate that his friendship for me had any deeper significance.

Then we ran into each other downtown, one afternoon of pouring rain. It was a mere chance encounter but it altered two lives beyond any event that could happen to either of us again.

I suppose we stopped dead in our tracks, in a kind of mutual astonishment. I know that Paul asked me to have a cocktail with him, in a nearby lounge. It seemed very natural.

So we dawdled over our Martinis and talked about this and that (strange to be alone for the first time!), and then Paul looked over at me, a little embarrassed, and said: "If I were you, Nan, I wouldn't say anything to Miriam about our seeing each other today."

I wanted to laugh. It seemed too silly. "But why on earth?" I demanded. "Surely Miriam wouldn't mind —"

"Oh, wouldn't she!" he said emphatically. "You don't know Miriam. She is terribly jealous of you, Nan."

I was struck dumb. This was an angle so new, so completely unforeseen, that I couldn't quite grasp it for a moment. "Jealous?" I said stupidly. "And of *me!* Why, Paul, how could she be?" What an amazing idea! Dear, quiet, reserved Paul! And I had never so much as touched his hand. . . .

"Well, you see," he said slowly, speaking like a person who is saying something he didn't intend to say, "Miriam knows that I'm pretty crazy about you. I don't know how she knows it, but she does."

I don't believe I said anything. It was too incredible — too lovely and too awful. I dared to look at him at last and I knew, by the real suffering in his face, that what he had said was true. He was not playing.

"Right from the beginning," he said. "Of course, it was so hopeless. . . . I shouldn't have mentioned it. You'd better just forget it, Nan."

Forget it? It was like coming out into the warm, bright sunshine, after years of living underground. I said deliberately: "I think I have loved you from the first moment I saw you. But I didn't know — I had no idea —"

Why must I tell more? Yet there *is* more. Not the movie fade-out, the happy ending so essential to popular fiction — not this, but the dull reality which follows so closely on the heels of the dream and in the end annihilates it.

### THE DANGEROUS PATH

LOVE SPRINGS to life in the most untoward places. There was little to hope for in a situation such as ours, yet in the beginning we were both so overwhelmed by the wonder of it that the tragic aspect of our predicament did not appear real to us. We talked about it, to be sure, with a gentle, nostalgic kind of sadness — but actually we were both so happy in the certainty of our mutual affection that nothing else seemed vitally important. Our years of frustration fell away from us as if by magic, when we were together, and we offered each other with both hands our innermost thoughts, the pent-up secrets of the empty years.

So I come to the part which is hardest to tell yet which must be told if this is to be an honest document. Let me first make it clear that neither of us had ever gone in for what are known as affairs. Being rather quiet and reflective and not very gregarious, we had lived

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much within ourselves. And now that we had found each other, at long last, we were bound, Paul to a jealous wife, and I, if not to my indifferent husband, then at least to my two beloved children. But we had come a long, hard way to each other's arms, and so it seemed to us then the most honest and natural thing in the world to consummate our love.

If we hesitated in taking the step, I must candidly confess that it was not primarily because of moral scruples. On every side we had seen married men and women openly disregarding the principle of marital fidelity. Most of them had not even the excuse of a grand passion (if it *is* an excuse). All too often it was obviously an attempted escape from boredom, a futile gesture toward a new thrill, or the moral disintegration induced by heavy drinking. We assured ourselves that we had nothing in common with this kind of promiscuity. We felt that we were offering each other something unspoiled and infinitely precious. I still believe that this was true but I know now that we should not have offered it.

We had, I remember, one lucid interval before we gave ourselves over to the dream. "What will happen?" we asked, and answered ourselves: "One of two things. Either we'll get accustomed to each other and gradually let the beauty of it slip away from us or else we shall become so necessary to each other that we simply can't live apart."

I am amazed, even now, at the evidence of such wisdom and foresight. I am still more amazed that, having seen these two alternatives so clearly, we did not separate and go our different ways while there was still time.

I knew that there would be certain phases of the arrangement which would be far from ideal. I knew that it would mean dodging into second-rate hotels, playing a grim kind of hide-and-seek, lying about one's whereabouts on the afternoons we should spend together. I knew that neither of us was by nature deceitful and I knew that any relationship which is founded on

prevarication and dishonesty stands on insecure ground. But I believed we were big enough to survive such handicaps. I thought that our faith in each other was strong enough to live even in the most adverse surroundings.

### DISILLUSIONMENT

AT FIRST, it seemed that we were right.

It hurt to have to stoop to sordid little subterfuges in order to be together, but we both valiantly avoided voicing our distaste. We tried to spare each other's sensibilities at every point and to keep our eyes fixed steadfastly on the fact of our deep regard for each other. We were intensely happy sharing the most simple pleasures — lunching in out-of-the-way cafés, walking in the park, laughing together, talking about everything under the sun, and stopping every now and again just to look into each other's eyes and marvel that anything so perfect should come to us. All this was fully as much a part of it as was being alone between four walls and in each other's arms. . . .

But gradually — so gradually that I cannot truly place it in point of time — a change came over us. For a long while we had not been able to get through a day apart from each other, without a lengthy telephone conversation. Then we began to see each other more frequently. A whole day without each other was like a lifetime of slow torture. (By this time, Miriam had sensed that all was not well, and the four of us did not meet any longer.) Paul began to drop his business affairs at any hour of the day, in order to be with me. I fell into the way of absenting myself from home almost every afternoon and dropped all my other friends, so feverish was my desire to see him and to spend every spare moment in his company. The hours apart were emptied of all interest; we lived only when we were together. Yet our partings were so fraught with bitterness, and we were the prey of such agonizing loneliness after leaving each other that I



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sometimes wondered if our delight in being together was really worth the ensuing pain of our good-by's. We tossed sleeplessly all night and arose heavy-eyed in the morning with only one thought: we *must* see each other today.

So, at last, reality caught up with us, and the inevitable happened. Not dramatically, with screaming headlines and sensational testimony in the divorce court, but quietly, tragically, irrevocably. This was the denouement toward which we had been rushing from the beginning, with a speed which increased steadily, till at the last we were veritably whirled to our destruction.

Destruction. Ought I to use that word? Will anyone but our two selves be able to see that we *have* been destroyed, even though there was no drama of discovery, even though, to all outward appearances, our lives are running on in their separate, uneventful channels? Yet we are both lost.

### PARTING

**T**HAT LAST day, we met in a dreary tavern (one of those places where there is no danger of meeting anybody one knows). Two glasses of God-knows-what stood untouched on the table between us, while we agreed that we could not see each other again. We knew that we had reached the point where it must be everything or nothing. We could go no further with the pretense of being modern sophisticates, smart characters in a Noel Coward comedy. There may be persons who can carry off that type of role very successfully. We just weren't that kind. We needed more, much more, of each other than an occasional stolen encounter. We needed to share the thoughts and the adventures of everyday living. We needed the solid foundation of home and a common background. We needed to live and eat and sleep and suffer, *together*, not separately. Could stronger proof be needed that sex is not the all-important factor which some would have it? It may well be the mainspring of trivial "affairs," but where there is a basis

of mutual respect and sincerity, it is ridiculous to insist that sex is the sum total of passion. . . .

It is many months now since I have seen Paul. We will probably never meet again, unless some unheard-of combination of circumstances should leave us free to marry. Miriam is not the type who would relinquish a husband to a rival without creating a scandal which would strike terror to the most courageous heart. Moreover, Paul, whose business was almost swept away in the depression, is not in a financial position to support two establishments. So the future is virtually without hope.

In my saner moments, I realize that there is much to be thankful for. The man I loved was all that a lover should be — considerate, understanding, and invariably deserving of my highest respect. Not a shadow of doubt or suspicion, not a cruel word or act ever dimmed our association. It was, I believe, a beautiful thing within itself.

But it is that last phrase which holds the key to the whole situation. For what I now know is that nothing can be sufficient within itself. All living is in relation to others — countless others. We cannot set aside even a small portion of our lives for our own selfish ends. Eventually, others will be affected, and will in turn affect us. A platitude — but true — that, in the age-old battle between society and the individual, it is always society which wins. No alliance can long endure which is not rooted in the accepted code of ethics, and, cruel though it seems, it is right. The world has no place for unproductive activity of any sort, and an ambiguous relationship, however satisfying to its participants, has no real social value.

I believe that all who set out along this road are fugitives from reality. If they would take it, they must face the fact that it leads to only one destination. In the final analysis, they will find themselves existing from day to day — tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow — in a dull, unending agony of despair. As Paul does. As I do.

**In an early issue:  
"The Intellectual and Her Husband,"  
by Endora Ramsay Richardson**

# Can We Accept Astrology?

**A Debate**

## I—The Algebra of Life

**by DANE RUDHYAR**

**C**AN WE believe in astrology?

In order to answer this question it is necessary first to define astrology and to differentiate the several ways in which it has been and is being used, then to discuss briefly the validity of these various approaches to a practice which the man and woman of today either accept credulously and uncritically or reject scornfully, with, at best, nothing but the most superficial scrutiny.

The usual definition of astrology in dictionaries introduces this oldest of all sciences and divinatory practices as a study of the imagined influences of planets and stars over the destinies of men and as a means of foretelling the future. Such a definition is misleading, even though it represents accurately the most common attitude toward astrology. Astrology can hardly be understood in its real import and validity unless one isolates several phases of its historical evolution. Doing so enables one better to evaluate what it may mean to coming generations.

It is well to keep in mind at the outset the fact that the study and practice of astrology have increased a thousandfold since the beginning of the century and that the steady reading public of astrological magazines and books in the United States can be counted in millions, one magazine alone having an active circulation of 500,000 persons. The same situation prevails in England, Germany, and to a lesser extent in other countries.

In the agricultural civilizations of ancient Chaldea, Egypt, China — and in a somewhat

different way in India — astrology was the very foundation of all sciences and all culture: this because astrology stood for the supreme manifestation of the “principle of order” in life. Primitive man was surrounded by the frightful uncertainties and the dark chaos of nature, either fighting for life in the jungle or struggling to raise his crops and cattle while contending against storms, inundations, insect

hordes, and climatic conditions. He became civilized in proportion as he became able to find an order in the sequence of baffling natural phenomena. Civilization is the result of the discovery and practical application of a universal principle of

order. All sciences are means to reach the same goal — the *one* goal of intelligent human life.

Primitive man, being bound to the earth and its cultivation, had to reckon first and last with seasonal changes and physical telluric manifestations. The ordered revolutions of planets, sun, moon, and stars provided him naturally with what he needed. Agricultural civilizations were therefore entirely astrological civilizations. Even nomadic races had to guide their periodic migrations for grass and the mating of their cattle by the stars. Astrology and the search for order were synonymous.

With the sixth century B.C. came Pythagoras, followed by Plato and the development of Greek individualism and rationalism. In coming from Chaldea and Egypt to Greece, astrology became transformed. Plato had given a picture of a mental world of archetypes. It was the new realm of order — order no longer cos-