

New Masses

August.

25 c



Nonnauflosung

New Masses

August.

25c



Richardson

New Masses

August.

25c



SOME CHEERS AND SOME CAT CALLS

HIS PAIN RELIEVED

To the Editors of the NEW MASSES:

I was almost afraid to look at the second issue of the NEW MASSES: The first had given me a pain; it was as fresh as last year's Uneeda Biscuit. But the second number is full of meat; and I begin to breathe freely again.

Slim Martin's stuff is almost too good to be true: It is not only what a steel worker might write: it is what he *ought* to write. The illustrations are better, too; after a while, pictures of cubistic buildings or imaginative machinery become a little tedious; and the catchlines you resorted to in the first number don't quite put them over. I am glad you're hitting your stride. Keep it up. Good luck!

New York. *Lewis Mumford*

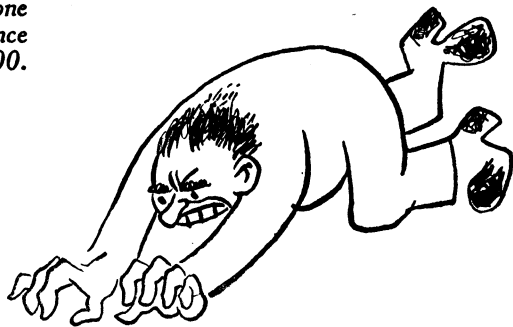
REFRESHING — SHOCKING

To the Editors of the NEW MASSES:

The NEW MASSES is a little beyond me—especially the art work—but maybe I can learn. Anyhow, the reading matter is refreshing, even if a little shocking at times.

I'm afraid there is nobody else in this corner of the backwoods sufficiently sophisticated to successfully assimilate your proletarian intellectuality.

Some bless us—some curse us—but few are uninterested. Every issue of the NEW MASSES guffaws over SOMEBODY'S sacred cow. Probably nine out of ten, the joke will be on the other fellow, before YOUR pet prejudice is violated.—Nine laughs to one squirm. It's a sporting chance that costs you only \$2.00. Use the blank!



RIP THIS OFF AND MAIL

NEW MASSES,
39 West Eighth Street, New York.

Enclosed find \$2.00 for a year's subscription to the NEW MASSES:

Name.....

Address.....

Please send sample copies to:

1. Name.....

Address.....

2. Name.....

Address.....

(Never use long words). But if I find one who can stand it I will get his scalp for you. Go to it, and may your strong right arm never grow tired.

Yours Sincerely,

James Larkin Pearson
Boomer, North Carolina

GOD BLESS US

To the Editors of the NEW MASSES:

With one hand I salute you, with t'other I strike you roundly on the chest. Number two of the NEW MASSES is a corker—a really vital, moving, hefty affair. And when you say "I want a conscious exploration *with a compass*," I need all my hands to embrace you and all my tongues to cry you *Yea!* . . . In a great deal of your animadversions about current writers, you must or should know, moreover, that I am with you. But . . . God bless you.

New York *Waldo Frank*

BULLY!

To the Editors of the NEW MASSES:

You are getting out a bully good paper and I enjoy it.

Best wishes, Yours truly,
Chicago. *Clarence Darrow*

LABOR SKATE CENSOR

To the Editors of the NEW MASSES:

I've learned that an ex-official of a Terre Haute Labor union had seen a copy of the NEW MASSES displayed in the window of a local dealer and promptly informed the proprietor that if he handled that kind of a publication he would "surely get in bad and have a lot of trouble." The dealer assumed, I rather suspect, that this man spoke for the labor unions in the city and the distributors seem to hold much the same view. I was unable to learn the name of the ex-official that injected himself in on the sale of the NEW MASSES, but he is quite likely one of the numerous leeches to be found in every city in the country that feast and fatten upon the blood of the workers, while at the same time drawing their miserable stipend from their political rulers and economic masters. The distributors don't "want to get in bad" . . . They do not seem to know from what direction the lightning may strike and are not inclined to take any chances now that they are certain the NEW MASSES is a "radical" magazine. Their fears may have been accentuated by the fact that only last week, in this city, there were several convictions in court, carrying penal farm sentences, for the distribution and sale of lascivious matter among school children. They may have concluded that their "loyalty," in the handling of a radical magazine, might be seriously questioned and a similar fate await them.

I seriously doubt whether these people could be induced at this time to put the NEW MASSES back on the newsstands.

Yours fraternally,
Terre Haute, Ind. *Theodore Debs*

WHIPLASHES OF SCORN

To the Editors of the NEW MASSES:

The NEW MASSES comes at a propitious moment. The times are dark, you can make them merry; the hour is dark, you can make it light with courage and faith; the people are indifferent, you can rouse them with the whiplashes of scorn and the challenge to action. May all success be yours,

Very sincerely yours,
New York *John Haynes Holmes*

TRIBE

To the Editors of the NEW MASSES:

It seems to me that all the people who write and draw pictures for your magazine, are no more than parasites straddling the broad back of the worker. You talk about the Laborer, and in your eyes he is only a subject for analysis, a sort of 'Exhibit "A"'. He is the good natured, rather half-witted being who has permitted himself to be enslaved by the fat capitalist. You are his self-appointed saviors. But, in reality, you are nothing but 'tripe.' I want to know just what is the reason for your existence. Who has called

you into being? It is certain that the worker knows nothing, and cares less about your existence! . . .

I am a workingman, and my father is a workingman, and my grandfather is a workingman. But I haven't the proletariat psychology. (The word is not my own—the political leaders seem to have become wedded to it.) I can not see just what John Reed has accomplished. I cannot see just what Lenin has accomplished. I lived in Russia throughout the hectic years, and I saw the people were dissatisfied, that people did not believe in the Bolsheviks. I cannot see how they have attained to such a tremendous belief now. I cannot see in what way Russian patriotism differs from American patriotism. I'll be damned if I see in just what way the proletariat is benefited.

Sincerely,

Leo Osheroff

San Francisco, Cal.

ONWARD and UPWARD

(This letter was forwarded to the New Masses by a subscriber.)

Willard E. Kind, Esq.
Bay City, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

I have yours of June 24th, and am interested sufficiently to forward it to the Postmaster General. I have not seen the issues of the NEW MASSES, so am not in a position to judge what prompted the Post Office Department to take the action it did. I am strong, however, as you know, for the constitutional guarantees, and agree with you that if we are to continue our progress onward and upward we must all insist upon retaining the fundamental rights of free speech and a free press.

With very kindest regards always, I am
Sincerely yours,

Roy O. Woodruff

Congressman 16th District, Michigan

DRIBBLING MORALITY

To the Editors of the NEW MASSES:

What sort of fool law is it that allows every postmaster to constitute himself a guardian of the type of literature that I shall read? And who shall measure the mentality of these self-styled censors? I'd hate to think that all my reading matter had to dribble through the postmasters I know.

Sincerely,

Julian Starr, Jr.,

Editor, The Carolina Magazine
Chapel Hill, N. C.

STILL IN TOWN

To the Editors of the NEW MASSES:

It's a good magazine, full of guts. I expect you'll all be run out of town from the bishop on up or down. A little vaudevillish maybe, the first number, trying to cover a great deal briefly like the New York Journal. And from the literary standpoint a little too heavy on articles propaganda laden and factual.

However, I'm told, one issue will be one thing and another issue something else again. And I'm for you.

Yours,

Paris

Whit Burnett

MAILABLE!

WE USE the exclamation point because we need it for the reassurance of our subscribers and our potential subscribers, especially the latter. The publicity which followed the action of the Post Office Department in declaring our May issue unmailable on the ground of obscenity has caused the rumor to get abroad that the NEW MASSES has been suppressed. Nothing of the sort has happened or is likely to happen. Here are the facts to date:

In compliance with the order of the post office department we submitted our July issue to the New York post office for decision as to its mailability. On June 24 the department answered as follows:

According to advice from the Department the July, 1926, issue of the New Masses may be accepted for mailing, the responsibility for any violation of the law resting upon the publishers. Application for entry of the publication to the second class of mail matter will therefore be accepted on the July, 1926, issue.

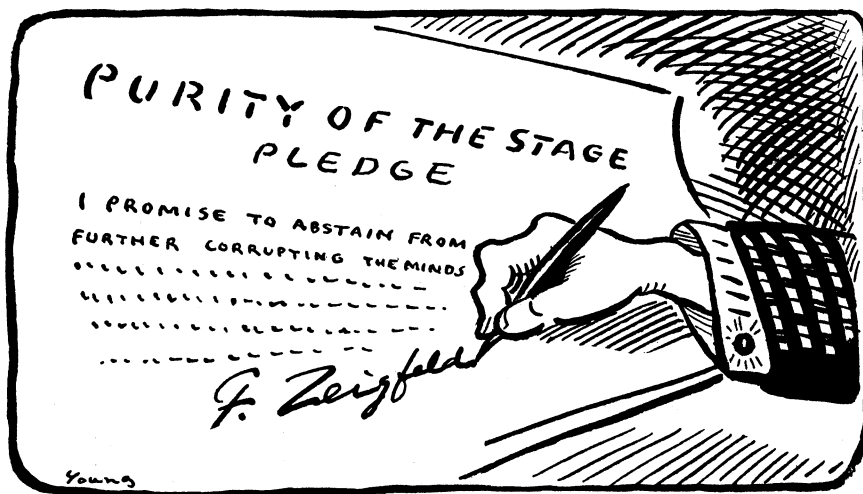
We hope and believe that no further difficulty with the post office department is to be apprehended, not because, like Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld we have repented our sins and undertaken to scatter safety-first sawdust on the primrose path but because the charge of "obscenity" lodged against the NEW MASSES is disingenuous and absurd.

The policy of the NEW MASSES remains unchanged. Undoubtedly, however, the various patrioteering societies will continue to camouflage their real animus—the radical economic and social views expressed in the magazine—by complaining to the post office about our alleged "obscenity." They will do more. Already our distributors in certain cities have reported to us the activities of volunteer smut-sniffers and radical-baiters who attempted to achieve by illegal bluff and coercion what they cannot accomplish by law.

Our friends can help us in combating such activities in three ways: by properly reporting to us every case of this volunteer extra-legal censorship which they encounter; by establishing an effective newsstand demand for the magazine which in most cases solves the problem completely; by helping us to build up a subscription list which will give us increasingly the ammunition we need to fight the daily battle shared in common with every magazine or newspaper that directs a radical critique at the phenomena of contemporary life.

As for the "obscenity" charge—frankly the issue is beginning to bore us. We are especially bored and disgusted by the hypocrisy of an editorial writer of the *New York World* who charges us with publicity-seeking at the same time that his paper is unctuously conniving in vice crusades with such eminent exponents of virtue, intelligence and law and order as John S. Sumner. Assuming that the *World* is what it claims to be—"sophisticated"—the only possible motivation of such crusades is an increased circulation among the prurient-minded.

The whole business is one of Puritan America's "stale family jokes." Even Bernard Shaw, from whom we borrow the phrase, has stopped laughing at it.



DRAWING BY ART YOUNG

WHEN GLORIFYING DOESN'T PAY

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 1

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by John Damon, Michael Gold, Charles W. Wood, James Rorty and Dorothea Brande



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Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope.

IN THIS ISSUE

THE WRITERS

David Gordon has passed from the employ of a great American corporation to serve as wiper in the engine room of a transatlantic passenger ship.

Eugene Jolas, born in America, reared in Alsace Lorraine, returned to this country at the age of 17 and after several years of newspaper work has recently returned to France. He is now on the staff of the Paris edition of the *Chicago Herald-Tribune*. The Adelphi Company will publish a book of his poems in the Fall.

John Dos Passos, author of *Three Soldiers* and *Manhattan Transfer*, is well-known to our readers.

Colonel Charles Erskine Scott Wood, poet, satirist, and corporation lawyer, is shortly to issue a collection of *Heavenly Discourses* in book form.

Virginia Moore's first book of verse, "Not Poppy," was published this Spring by Harcourt, Brace & Co. and is reviewed in this issue.

Moissaye Olgin is a well-known radical publicist, now editor of *The Freiheit*.

Thurber Lewis is a radical journalist who is now living in Chicago.

Waldo Frank's latest book, *Virgin Spain*, was reviewed in the June issue of the NEW MASSES.

Martha Foley is a New York newspaperwoman now living in Paris.

Margaret Latimer, formerly of Portage, Wisconsin, is now writing fiction and criticism in New York City.

Louise Townsend Nicoll is well-known as a writer of fiction and verse.

William Ellery Leonard, whose *Two Lives* has received much praise from critics, is a professor of English at the University of Wisconsin.

Carl Rakosi's poems have appeared in the *Nation* and other periodicals.

Beulah May lives in Santa Anna, California. Her verse has appeared in the *Lyric West* and other West coast magazines.

John Damon's point of view regarding crime and criminals is the outgrowth of field studies pursued over a number of years.

Dorothy Brande is on the staff of the *American Mercury*.

THE ARTISTS

Adolph Dehn is now in Paris. His recent drawings may be seen at the Weyhe Galleries, 794 Lexington avenue.

William Siegel received his art education in Russia. He is now living in New York.

Peggy Bacon is spending the summer at Woodstock.

Wanda Gag has secluded herself in the remote parts of New Jersey where she is cultivating cabbages and painting.

Glenn Coleman was a contributor to the old *Masses*.

Jane Harris is a young artist living in New York.



THE NOBLE SENATOR

DRAWING BY WILLIAM GROPPER

"FROM THE PINES OF MAINE TO THE EVERGLADES OF FLORIDA I HEAR THE CRY OF THE SUFFERING FARMERS MR. VICE-PRESIDENT, I MOVE WE ADJOURN."



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CALL WESTERN UNION

By DAVID GORDON

THERE was a little red tape—then I found myself in the service of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Efficiency, speed—key-words of all business. My place of work, station D. R., was assigned. Immediately my measurements were taken. Fifteen minutes later I was walking to D. R., proud of my military uniform—not even the chaffing of my puttees could cast a damper upon my pride. The novelty made me childishly smile.

The office, D. R., was soon reached. The building struck me by its sly, gigantic beauty. Some nine massive pillars lazily rambled two stories up, seeming to cajole workers to run with them to gain the innumerable stars, or suns, which hurled forth golden rays from the cornices.

A question: shall I be a messenger boy all my life or climb the pillars to the stars?

2

I was placed under the charge of an Italian boy. He was to show me how to get to the various streets and how to make short-cuts. He did not limit himself to teaching me that.

"The one we're goin' to now is a peach," he said concerning a woman elevator operator of the building to which we were going. "You've gotta know how to talk to her and pretty soon you'll be able to get as much fun out of her as the guys who work there. Whenever you come here you wanta be alone with her in an elevator." By clever maneuvering we managed to catch this woman's elevator. She seemed to recognize me.

"Aint ya from Noo Joisey?"

"Nope. From Brooklyn."

"I t'ought I knew you."

"Fourth floor out."

Later: In the hall on the fourth floor, waiting for her car to go down. "You're good," growled the Italian. "You shoulda said you lived in Joisey. Cause she likes you awright. When we get in again tell her you are from Joisey."

I said I would.

"You say you're from there?" she repeated, a queer smile flitting over her face. "Well I don't know a soul who lives in Joisey. You're a nice lookin' kid anyways."

Out in the street, my friend advised, "You're in good. If you go here again don't forget what I tol' you."

"I won't."

I soon wearied of his company. No use of being shown where streets are, one forgets them quickly. Better to ask people until one knows. So, soon I began to work myself.

3

One day later on I returned from a route and noticed a school friend sitting sulkily on the bench, awaiting his turn to go out.

"What's bitin' you," I asked.

With some impetuosity he replied, "Used to be so busy, you could make some money. Now, damn it, it's so slow, you can't make a cent."

Thus he talked on, evincing more of

One of the innumerable (as rabbits) editors of the NEW MASSES was visiting in a big business office downtown. A Western Union messenger boy in uniform entered in answer to a call. He was a breezy youth with cap cocked to one side, a face like a prize-fighter's, and the most intelligent eyes. After he had collected his telegram, this youth asked:

"Aren't you one of the editors of the NEW MASSES?"

"I am," confessed the great man.

"Well, I've got some poems that I'll send you. So long."

The poems came. One of them is printed here. Also some of Dave Gordon's impressions of his job. Dave is seventeen years old, and a member of the Young Workers' League. His father works in a paper plate factory, and his three brothers are workers. All of them, and his mother, too, are members of the Workers' Communist Party.

It is an unusual background for a 17-year-old poet, but Dave Gordon, one feels, could not have found a better. The NEW MASSES is glad to present his first effort.

money-madness than dissatisfaction with the pay so poorly parceled out to the employees. I could not speak longer with him; he was called to deliver a route. This fellow was soon out of my mind. Thoughts of Ella haunted me. I would not see her for a week or more. "It isn't so bad—I can stick," I thought.

"Next." This put to flight my reflections. I must see where first to go, where second, and so forth.

Standard-Oil building first. A stupid, dying bust of Rockefeller, placed up high, to my mind detracted considerably from the magnificence of the hall. The charm of that million dollar floor I felt was beyond compare.

Came next the building of J. P. Morgan, its huge bay windows yawning as though they would devour any one foolish enough to go near enough to them. It was night. (It is at night I work). The white-silk curtains were drawn. Wave-like folds softly flowed the curtains' length.

There was then the sub-treasury: sombre stone steps and pillars, imposing statue of the slave-owning and slavery-favoring Father of our country.

Careless of rhythm and harmony the buildings flew to crazily-varied heights, seeming to rush one over the other, some seeming, snake-like to encircle other buildings. The merging of one into the other, of all into one, of several into one and one into several;

their intimate interrelationship completely shattered the theory of individualism. One building taken away meant one wild curve; one dashing plane taken away meant the medley was weakened. My brain danced to geometric tunes.

I cannot forget Trinity church. How black it was outlined against a dark sky. Fat bellied bishops, long, lean priests came to my mind. I had oft times seen them walking and talking. The highest steeple seemed to hold its cross in benediction over the machinations gushing so incessantly from the offices in the buildings.

Mournful night. Quiet night. Hardly a soul stirred in the night-bathed streets. A thrill, akin to the feeling of bravery, ran through me for in the face of frowning buildings I was whistling a rebellious strain. A strong, willful wind accompanied with friendliness my airs. Thus whistling—and admiring my springing shadow, and cap cocked boldly—I soon was back.

4

Empty days passed. Nothing happened. But every day, looking up from the very pungent West street, I saw either colorful skies shine on me with smiles touched with a sort of sad wistfulness, or blue-black skies become unreasonably angry with me. The odor of the day's manure put an acrid tinge to all my thoughts.

WILD INHARMONIOUS SONG

Wild, inharmonious song of life, I sing you unharmoniously—and never will I sing with harmony unless you yourself come of it.

You poets who sing of life, sing in barbarous wild unevenness; sing of the eternal struggle between man who rules and man who slaves.

Sing, oh sing, the monotony of life of the many; sing the songs of revolutions, which have broken the rhythm of gradual progress by their sudden leaps ahead.

Now sing slow, now quicker, now slower, now quick—for life does not move in rhythm regular and fixed.

The seas send their waves in untimed procession to beat the shores of all lands; the clouds do not move clocked, through the skies; the hills of the land, pimpling parts of the earth, are unevenly spread.

It is not strange we admire the beauties of land and sky and sea, for all their lack of rhythm; and so, oh poets, write in unevenness of the fallings and the rising of the masses; write verses of change and sudden change, of life as it is.

David Gordon

For smells, however, that part of South street which is taken up by the fish markets, puts West street to shame. Worn by weeks of walking the first few breaths of that stinking, fish-filled air made my head whirl. I had to stop there a minute for a message and then walk the length of South street. I wondered whether it would not have been a less torturing task to run the Indian gauntlet. Indeed I was not killed, yet I seemed to hear something pound heavily in my head. It was time to stop work when I returned. I smiled sadly at my uniform, while with heavy breathing I slowly pulled it off. I liked the military uniform with its smug letters W. U., but how much more did I desire a uniform whose coat buttons would have the design of the hammer and sickle and whose cap would have designed on it a five-pointed Soviet star!

5

I was never wholly rested for the next day's work—nor were any of the other boys. Still, no one would admit he was tired. We seemed to take pride in the fact that we always felt strong and full of life. We rarely had time to talk to each other. Before and after work we couldn't speak much—about ten minutes at a stretch. During work we could only casually give vent to some incoherent grumblings or else crack some joke, clean or otherwise.

Once one messenger said, "The guys who add up our pay always take off about fifteen cents a day. The big bums ain't at all careful. They know how we must walk our feet off trying to make a few cents a night. Mr. Kipley says he'll look it up all the time. What the hell kin you do when you wanta make a coupla cents? Ya can't leave."

"Why dontcha have a Union?" came from the man in charge of our clothing.

"What we need is a bunch of organizers, each one to work in all the offices of the state. You know you can't have one little union."

"They'd chuck us all and get in new fellers," said another messenger.

"A union sure is the best thing to fight for your interests," I said, "but I'll bet none of you would want to join one, stick in it and build it stronger all the time."

"The hell, you say."

"We sure would join."

"Whaddya think we are? Skunks?"

This outburst was encouraging. I resumed.

"Mr. Healy and Mr. Schneider ought to have a union as a club over their heads to pay us more fairly for our deliveries and calls and services but what's more important is to be able to have a union that can talk to the directors to raise the prices of deliveries and the rest of our work in general. The big guys can afford to lose a little more fat."

Some nodded assent; some said, "Sure." All were agreed but none had time to be more than laconic.



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

DRAWING BY ADOLPH DEHN

They buttoned themselves as quickly as possible, put their civilian clothes away, ran upstairs and waited for their turn. These were, with the exception of one, all school-children; with no exceptions children of workers. All could the more easily be made to see through the fabrications and capitalist nonsense taught at school, for each had the requisite prod: they worked themselves sick for the Western Union Telegraph Company.

6

While walking I always liked to keep my eyes busy, drinking in the sights of the various buildings and stores. One evening I noticed that a man in a cafeteria was holding up his hand. He was short and thin, and had a pallid face. His eyes, aided by the bright electric lights, shot forth idiotic gleams. I could not decide, for the moment, whether to stop for him, thus wasting time which meant money, or to walk on and content myself with the thought that he did not hold up his hand for me. I decided to wait. Yes, it was me to whom he beckoned. After having closely scrutinized him I judged his age to have been thirty or thereabout. His broken gait, his bent shoulders, his toothless mouth, his red eyes and his listless hands bespoke, however, a man of twice thirty. And his crackling voice and the uncontrollable streams of saliva trickling down his chin from the corners of his mouth were unquestionable symbols of age and the childishness of age.

He, too, was once a messenger boy. He quit work after several years of the walking, because his foreman was mean. A fellow can't do a thing when those foremen get crazy ideas in their

heads. Christ!—he continued mumbling his grievances. Those years of work completely stifled his brain and body. He was more beast than man. He was out of work. He would try to regain the job he left. There was no other place he could turn to, and people must have at least some little in order to subsist.

"I must be going, friend," I said a few minutes later. "So long."

"Sure thing, kid. So long."

I hurried from him as his tale repeated itself on his tongue—the story of one of the disinherited does not take long to tell. His was soon over.

7

A new fellow on the force came in. Each time he looked at me he smiled. The smile seemed silly, uncalled for. Sunday and its accompaniment of slowness came. I was reading. The new fellow came to me.

"What are you reading?" he asked in precise, unmistakably foreign English.

"Here. Have a look," I answered, handing him my book.

"Hmm. Bernard Shaw. That is pretty deep for a Western Union messenger boy. What do you think of him?"

"He's a damn good writer," I said, "but when he begins to talk about Socialism he's not so sound. I sure do admire his superb conceit."

"What do you know about Socialism?" the other asked.

"Enough to know that Shaw could never prove his assertions that he knows more economics and is a greater practical administrator than was Karl Marx."

"Say, you ought to join the young Communist league!" the fellow smiled.

"Are you a member of it?" I asked, interested.

"No. You see it's like this. I would like even now to be in that organized body to fight for the interests of the working class and I was once in the Russian Comsomol, the Young Communist League over there, but when I came here I fell in love—you know, I'm twenty-two. My sweetheart is not altogether in sympathy with the working-class movement and so I had to choose between my sweetheart and the Communists."

I looked at him sharply.

"What the hell kind of a man can you call yourself," I said, "when you as good as admit that you chose her and that ends it all. Why don't you try to have her nourish the same thoughts and hold the same interests as you?"

"Oh, you can't talk so easily about those things to your sweetheart," he apologized, "It's hard to keep her and so you must kiss her and talk nonsense to her for most of the time. We do speak seriously once in a while, but we can't keep it up for long."

Our conversation was gradually dying down. Of a sudden it halted altogether. I pondered over what I had just been hearing and came to the conclusion that if one's convictions were deep rooted and earnest enough, nothing, not even love, could in any way interfere with one's ideals.

I pictured myself seated in the Revolutionary Tribunal. I was to judge Ella, my girl friend. In some manner she had committed a treachery punishable by death only. A feeling

of nausea grafted itself on me. I was fast growing weaker. Faintly I pronounced the death sentence. Soon all was over. Then my usual strength came back to me. My heart grew light again. I had done what had to be done. Shrugging my shoulders, I tried to put the affair from my mind.

8

One hot Sunday I especially disliked working. Depression—that's the word. So much better it would have been to stay in bed a few hours more; later in the day meet some comrades; at night go to sleep early, rested. Instead I must walk all alone those self-same, Sunday-dead streets. The streets were so quiet that the occasional noises which came to them echoed and re-echoed with hollow, tuneless sounds. I did not want to go to work, but there was no choice for me.

Noon on South street near the Battery. The East River silver, reflecting the flare of the sun. The river was still, the air was still. There were many bums in a little park, and many lounging by houses and walking—their talk was hushed, still. The New York warmth was unpleasant, stifling, smelly.

There were plenty of bums. One of them was sleeping on the narrow walk that ran around the park. He slept as if dead. A cop—you know, a legalized slugger. He went to where the poor tramp lay, shook but could not wake him. Cops are born efficient. If one means failed, there were others that could be very easily used. He took his billy from his back-pocket and whack-whacked the man's heels and soles. This also was of no use. The fellow slept on. Cops aren't angels. They get impatient quickly. He



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

DRAWING BY ADOLPH DEHN

rolled the sleeping man into the gutter. The whole park was watching the scene. The lounging bums stopped walking and drew nearer to view what was going on. The same thing might have happened to them at any time.

It was a circus of a kind. We watching, the cop and bum acting. The cop was the great comedian, the bum his helper. The sleeping helper was frothing at the mouth. The officer of the law prodded his stomach with his foot. The sleeping man could still not get up. A few kicks in his posterior waked him up. With comical eyes, he looked about. The cordial cop helped him sit up on the curb. The bum looked dreamily about, too funny for words. The cop in blustering tones told him to move on.

"You louse. What would you do if you was in my place?" the bum drooled.

An uncontrollable rage swept over our uniformed darling. Gracefully he lifted his heavy-shoed foot, drew it back and planted a hearty kick in the seated man's face.

One spectator came to me saying, "Hell, that's damn mean."

"Yes, and why don't you grown-up free citizens do something about it?" I said.

He did not answer. We resumed watching. The bum swore again drunkenly at the policeman and was kicked again. The cop would like to have kicked and kicked until his foot should grow tired. He controlled himself, however.

"Get off outa here and make it quick."

Not getting up he answered, "Awright. I'm goin', ain't I?"

Indeed he was going, as the cop helped him to his feet and to a seat on a bench in the park.

Another cop had come and was breaking up the crowd. I walked to him to ask where so-and-so street was. Informed, I went in its direction. My back was turned to the bums and cops and park. I turned a corner. All was warm and quiet as before. The play was over.

I rode home every evening with Willie. We never sat down in the subway. We were so tired we literally threw ourselves into seats. Of all those working, Willie was most exhausted at the end of a night's work.

"Why do you kill yourself like that?" I asked him.

"I want to make \$14 a week. That means \$2.40 a day: That means I must go quick. You know I make more than the rest."

"Yes you do. I take my time, feel tired, of course, but I make next best here," I said, "I pull in \$1.70, .80, .90 for the five hours. The others make \$1.40, .50, .60 and they don't wear themselves away like you. You know, I feel like breaking the neck of each one of the clerks the way they fix our zones. What kind of justice is it when you can go one flight up in our building and earn the same nickel for a message you earn when you go two blocks away on the top floor!"

"You can't do anything about it," the other messenger boy said. "Anyway, I'm not goin' to stay long. This is what I'll do—I'm goin' to work days in a furrier shop. My uncle can

get me a job. And at night I'll find some work, too. And I'm goin' to save every cent until I get enough saved up on which I can rest easy the rest of my life."

"How smoothly you make the thing run?" I hinted. "In the first place you'll never last it and then you'll be in your grave before you'll be able to save up enough to keep you going comfortably for the rest of your life. Don't be a dumbbell."

"Awright. You just wait and see," he said.

"Sure. I'm impractical. Don't forget to help an old friend when you get rich."

"Why not? If I get the money I'll help you," he said, seriously.

"Attaboy. Good-night. See you to-morrow."

"So long."

9

When it rained we were given light, rubber capes. They made us appear even more like soldiers—and they could be swung about with such dashing grace.

It rained one night. We were given capes. I did not foresee the rain and so was without rubbers. The rain trickled in streams down the puttees into my shoes. Very soon my socks were soaked. The squash-squashing of my shoes and socks uncomfortably accompanied the noise of the rain.

At 8.30 P. M. I had a call. I was to bring back a message. It seemed as tho the sender was not particularly anxious to have the message sent immediately. He invited me to a seat; told me to throw off my rain-cape and offered me cigarettes.

"Do you think that cigarettes are harmful for a boy?" I asked, kidding him, and taking one and lighting it.

"Why no. There's nothing like them to steady the nerves," he returned.

When he finished writing, I stood up to take the telegram and go. Something was oppressing his mind. He asked me to stay a little while.

"You don't have to go so soon, do you?"

"No, I can wait," I said.

He paused and puffed his cigarette pensively. He did not know how to begin.

"You're Jewish, ain'tcha?"

"Yep."

In a low tone, looking at his fingers, he said with great effort, "Aren't you annoyed by—you know, because you're circumcised?"

"No. None of us are bothered. Doctors say it's better," I informed him.

"I always thought it was in the way," he spoke, "and you know what happens. It ain't nice to feel that way. You don't mind speaking about this, do you?"

"Not at all. Not at all."

"And I always thought it might be a bother to Jewish folks." He said this in a voice of deep disappointment. He wished to hear that circumcision was a nuisance. He changed his topic suddenly.

"You ain't married, are you?"

To have been asked such a question was amusing.

"No, sir. Not me."
"That's it. You just go and be free as long as you can. You got to do something big and women are always in the way. No, boy; have your good-time first, then marry." He overwhelmed me with the profundity of his philosophy.

"You got a girl?" he asked.
"Can't call her that but she suits me better than all," I answered.

"Never tried to put over anything on her, did you?"

"Nope."

"Ever fool around any girl?"

"Talked to many. Had nice times. Never anything more, tho'."

"Sure. Sure. You just leave them Janes alone."

His bearing betrayed his meaning. He would have liked to hear tell of wild nights with girls, of the satisfaction of lustful desires. He gave me a dollar, to pay for the message and keep the remainder. A twenty-eight cents tip didn't so poorly cover the time I spent with that man.

He was not an employee. He was one of the bosses. One could easily see that by his black frock-coat and gray trousers and by his white, carefully starched shirt and neat white neck-tie running around his high stiff collar, ter-

minating at his Adam's apple in a decent bow.

I mused. Not a worker, a boss. And such were the problems confounding his mind. As amusing as it was pathetic. He felt secure in his possession of wealth. He needed no brains to retain his wealth, his money could protect itself—if a worker tried to take his wealth, one would see the money marvelously defended by military and cops.

10

I brought paper and pen and a book of poems to work one Sunday. I wanted to write poetry. Sitting and writing where I did I could not be seen by the manager. I was thinking and writing for almost an hour: then the manager found me out.

"Hello," I said coolly. I folded my sheets neatly and put them in my hat. I closed my pen and put that away in my pocket. Calmly I awaited the storm. It came:

"What the hell do you mean by staying behind the gate? What the hell are you writing? Get on the bench."

"It's none of your damned business what I write. As for the bench, there's no harm done sitting back here."

(Continued on page 28)



DRAWING BY ADOLPH DEHN

EMIGRES

FIRST GRAND DUKE: BORIS, I'M AFRAID IT'S THE END. YOU AND I WILL HAVE TO GO TO WORK.
SECOND GRAND DUKE: WHAT! PIOTR, ARE YOU TURNING COMMUNIST, TOO?



Adolph Dehn 1925.

DRAWING BY ADOLPH DEHN

EMIGRES

FIRST GRAND DUKE: BORIS, I'M AFRAID IT'S THE END. YOU AND I WILL HAVE TO GO TO WORK.

SECOND GRAND DUKE: WHAT! PIOTR, ARE YOU TURNING COMMUNIST, TOO?

FROM A NEWSPAPER OFFICE

SIX POEMS BY EUGENE JOLAS

L I N O T Y P E

The Mergenthalers fever in the composing-room
Electric stars sparkle, and pitch-darkened hands tremble against
the magic of the night
And through the hours there roars the rhythm of the metal
in a nervous cataract
like a monotone of wishes
into the ravines of sorrow

Hallo, compositor, your eyes are tired and your ears are aching
And outside spring smiles with sickly longings
And the Elevated creaks its steel-lure into the far-away
where beaches shimmer in March
and Manhattan is a carrousel
(dance and jazz)
()
()
()

But your hands glide strangely over the keyboards
And before your brains there rear Michigan Boulevard and Broadway
And Main Street and grey factory towns with dreary chimneys
And devastated nights cruelly distorted in rhythms of jazz.

My girl has two snow-white breasts, delicate as down
(Hallo, compositor, you are not listening—your machines shriek too
much)
cmfwypshrdluetaoinvbgkqjbgkqjj because of unrequited love, Miss
Gladys Murray yesterday took a dose of veronal . . .
Yes, he is my babycmfwypcmfwypmfwypmfwypshrd

And outside a hurdy-gurdy wheezes dusty airs . . .
And wilder your hands rush over the pitiless keys
And all the sorrow of the world and its shame tumbles from your
machine

Like a winter rain
That tears the nerves
Ceaselessly . . .

Always you see the secret chambers of lusts
Before your eyes there tremble the dynamics of bewildered brains
And dances of death clatter against insane desires
And detectives stride over corpses

From New York to San Francisco you see the madness
And the march of the mechanical man is an epilepsy
And Montmartre shakes in a St. Vitus dance . . .

But you smile over the games of naïve children
And in your mind there sings a blasphemy.

STANZAS OF LOVE

Thus the reporter prayed, after the paper had gone to press;
God, I cannot be cynical and sneer,
Because I see your world stripped of its lying garments of romance
Only a pity comes to me, as tender as a word of love breathed by a
girl in spring,
And I grow humble before you in the shaken night of my ignorance
Oh, Far-off, Unknown Father of my world.

Life bulked against a sulphurous sky—
Distorted faces dangled on a screen of monstrous whiteness,
And pious folk went to worship you in ivy-colored churches . . .
They brought the gifts of their vocal fetishes to your glory
And spread before you the litany of their surging longings . . .
But I stand rooted before the hieroglyph of a suicide
I saw a dark-haired girl in a cheaply furnished room,
Where she had shot herself in a lunacy of sorrow . . .
A shaken letter unfolded the vistas of her aching . . .

Soliloquies of despair we bring to you, O gentle Father—
To you we come with the reaching agony of our hearts.
Do not forget the fallen and those about to stumble into chaos,
Nor yet the idiots and the weaklings in the journey,
The lonely ones and those whom love has forgotten through the years
For all are your children trapped in the desert of their desires.

THE "LOBSTER SHIFT"

There are solitudes
That are preludes to griefs,
And others that are allegories of magic.

When the Mergenthalers ceased their cantos
In the occult hours after midnight,
And the abandoned editorial room became a mimic reflex
Of jumbled diagnoses made for cretins,
We watched the stertorous breathing of the night
Through the fog-smoky windows of Main Street,
Through the ominous tingling of a telephone . . .
And one read a novel in purple covers . . .
And one sat staring into vacancy with dream-harassed eyes . . .
And one went through a Gethsemane of thoughts
That spelled the suicide of a Gaelic laughter,
That pierced the shadows of a heretic doubt
In the resurrection of home-sick languors—
And over them brooded the tragedy of the hours,
The turbulency of a fleeting dogma . . .

We sat silent in the frigid ache before the dawn,
And waited for the humble caprice of bird-song.

BEFORE PRESS TIME

The clink of typewriters challenged the cynic hours,
While we brooded over the morbid adventures of the day;
We juggled bagatelles in the limelight of the future,
Lingered over them with the sing-song of our fancy,
And smiled remembering hidden sins.

Outside the winter storms rattled at the barred windows—
Sometimes a late reporter stumbled in, covered with snow,
Bringing the sneaking gossip of the police station,
And the icy look of one who had seen too much of misery,
Too much of darkness to long for the sun.

And over us came the queer fantasy of a longing
For the music of strings and the voices of children,
For moon-white villages with shimmering gables,
For tranquil words weighted with love. . . .
Our dreams were the shriveled fingers of a reliquiaie,
And we were caught in an ache which nothing can heal,
Until the black night comes with its endless silences.

THE SCRIBBLERS

They lost the virginity of words
Translating life into the sardonic symbol of "type".
They sank into an eclipse of ecstasy,
And attuned their ears to a monotone . . .
For romance was the fugitive face of a woman,
Whose twilight beauty emerges from a crowd of hags.

And suddenly they longed to be children again and dream
In a beloved room pregnant with the smell of roast-apples
And listen to the organ tones of the winter wind,
And to a familiar voice telling ancient fairy tales.

ON AN OLD NEWSPAPER FOUND IN THE STREETS

This crumbled bit of dirt grins into the day,
And the rain-washed ink of its chronicles is a sneer.

For a brief day it lacerated the soul of people
Whose nerves cried after the barbaric mood of gossipings.

It opened vistas to the devastated gardens of misery,
To the twisted dance of sense whipped by phantasms.

It shrilled the lecherous tales of painted women and roués,
In a burst of unctuous words hiding a sinister smile.

It carried the burden of sleepless nights into houses,
And made the soft of heart hide their faces in tortured shame.

It resurrected the posture of a false pity
With the maudlin tears of a melodrama come to life.

And while it shaped its ossified tribunal of senile words,
The eyes of dreamers ached with a delirium of visions.



DRAWING BY WILLIAM SIEGEL

NEW YORK



WANDA GÁG
FARM SALE

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM

By JOHN DOS PASSOS

ABOUT dawn on Monday, May 3rd, 1920, the body of Andrea Salsedo, an anarchist printer, was found smashed on the pavement of Park Row. He had been arrested for deportation eight weeks before in the tail end of the anti-Red raids of the Department of Justice then running amok under A. Mitchell Palmer. The man had jumped or been thrown from a window of the offices of the Department of Justice on the fourteenth floor of the Park Row building. What happened during those eight weeks of imprisonment and third degree will never be known. At that time Bartolomeo Vanzetti was peddling fish in the pleasant little Italian and Portuguese town of North Plymouth. He was planning to go into fishing himself in partnership with a man who owned some dories. Early mornings, pushing his cart up and down the long main street, ringing his bell, chatting with housewives in Piedmontese, Tuscan, pidgin English, he worried about the raids, the imprisonment of comrades, the lethargy of the working people. He was an anarchist, after the school of Galeani. Between the houses he could see the gleaming stretch of Plymouth Bay, the sandy islands beyond, the white dories at anchor. About three hundred years before, men from the west of England had first sailed into the grey shimmering bay that smelt of woods and wild grape, looking for something; liberty . . . freedom to worship God in their own manner . . . space to breathe. Thinking of these things, worrying as he pushed the little cart loaded with eels, haddock, cod, halibut, swordfish, Vanzetti spent his mornings making change, weighing out fish, joking with the housewives. It was better than working at the great cordage works that own North Plymouth. Some years before he had tried to organize a strike there and been blacklisted. The officials and detectives at the Plymouth Cordage Works, the largest cordage works in the world, thought of him as a Red, a slacker and troublemaker.

At the same time Nicola Sacco was living in Stoughton, working an edging machine at the Three K's shoe factory, where star workmen sometimes make as high as eighty or ninety dollars a week. He had a pretty wife and a little son named Dante. There was another baby coming. He lived in a bungalow

Justice is defeated as long as Sacco and Vanzetti remain in jail. We go to press upon the news of a minor "victory" for the defense. The court, perhaps because Judge Thayer is sick, has allowed them two more weeks to gather affidavits supporting the confession of Madieros, the young Portuguese now in Dedham jail on another holdup charge, that he and two members of the Morelli gang actually committed the South Braintree robbery and murder. Two more weeks of waiting for Sacco and Vanzetti, and always the Chair waiting for them. This is how men are tortured who fall into the net of the Law. It is through legal victories like this that Mooney is still in jail in California.

belonging to his employer, Michael Kelly. The house adjoined Kelly's own house and the men were friends. Often Kelly advised him to lay off this anarchist stuff. There was no money in it. It was dangerous the way people felt nowadays. Sacco was a clever young fellow and could soon get to be a prosperous citizen, maybe own a factory of his own some day, live by other men's work. But Sacco working in his garden in the early morning before the whistles blew, hilling beans, picking off potato bugs, letting grains of corn slip by threes or fours through his fingers into the finely worked earth, worried about things. He was an anarchist. He loved the earth and people, he wanted them to walk straight over the free hills, not to stagger bowed under the ordained machinery of industry; he worried mornings working in his garden at the lethargy of the working people. It was not enough that he was happy and had fifteen hundred or more dollars in the bank for a trip home to Italy.

Three years before Sacco and Vanzetti had both of them had their convictions put to the test. In 1917, against the expressed votes of the majority, Woodrow Wilson had allowed the United States to become involved in the war with Germany. When the law was passed for compulsory military service a registration day for citizens and aliens was announced. Most young men submitted whatever their convictions were. A few of those who were morally opposed to any war or to capitalist war had the nerve to protest. Sacco and Vanzetti and some friends ran away to Mexico. There, some thirty of them lived in a set of adobe houses. Those who could get jobs worked. It was share and share alike. Everything was held in common. There were in the community men of all trades and conditions; bakers, butchers,

tailors, shoemakers, cooks, carpenters, waiters. It was a momentary realization of the hope of anarchism. But living was difficult in Mexico and they began to get letters from the States telling that it was possible to avoid the draft, telling of high wages. Little by little they filtered back across the border. Sacco and Vanzetti went back to Massachusetts.

There was an Italian club that met Sunday evenings in a hall in Maverick Square, East Boston, under the name of the Italian Naturalization Society. Workmen from the surrounding industrial towns met to play bowls and discuss social problems. There were anarchists, syndicalists, socialists of various colors. The Russian revolution had fired them with new hopes. The persecution of their comrades in various parts of America had made them feel the need for mutual help. While far away across the world new eras seemed to be flaring up into the sky, at home the great machine they slaved for seemed more adamant, more unshakable than ever. Everywhere aliens were being arrested, tortured, deported. To the war heroes who had remained at home any foreigner seemed a potential Bolshevik, a menace to the security of Old Glory and liberty bonds and the bonus. When Elia and Salsedo were arrested in New York there was great alarm among the Italian radicals around Boston. Vanzetti went down to New York to try to hire a lawyer for the two men. There he heard many uneasy rumors. The possession of any literature that might be interpreted as subversive by ignorant and brutal agents of the departments of Justice and Labor was dangerous. It was not that deportation was so much to be feared, but the beating up and third degree that preceded it.

On May 3rd Salsedo was found

dead on Park Row. The impression was that he had been murdered by the agents of the department of Justice. There was a rumor too that a new raid was going to be made in the suburbs of Boston. There was a scurry to hide pamphlets and newspapers. Nobody must forget that people had even been arrested for distributing the Declaration of Independence. At the same time they couldn't let this horrible affair go by without a meeting of protest. Handbills announcing a meeting in Brockton were printed. Vanzetti was to be one of the speakers.

On the evening of May 5th, Sacco and Vanzetti with the handbills on them went by trolley from Stoughton to West Bridgewater to meet a man named Boda who they thought could lend them a car. Very likely they thought they were being trailed and had put revolvers in their pockets out of some confused feeling of bravado. If the police pounced on them at least they would not let themselves be tortured to death like Salsedo. The idea was to hide the handbills somewhere until after the expected raid. But they were afraid to use Boda's car because it lacked a 1920 license plate and started back to Stoughton on the trolley, probably very uneasy. When they were arrested as the trolley entered Brockton they forgot all about their guns. They thought they were being arrested as Reds in connection with the projected meeting. When they were questioned at the police station their main care was not to implicate any of their friends. They kept remembering the dead body of Salsedo, smashed on the pavement of Park Row.

About this time a young fellow of Portuguese extraction named Madeiros was living in Providence. From confidence games and the collecting of money under false pretenses he had slipped into the society of a famous gang of professional criminals known as the Morelli gang. They lived mostly by robbing freightcars but occasionally cleaned up more dangerous jobs. Gerald Chapman is supposed to have worked with them once or twice. In the early morning of April 15, Madeiros and four other members of the Morelli gang went over to Boston in a stolen touring car and at a speakeasy on Andrews Square were told about the movements of the payroll of the Slater-Merrill factory in South Braintree



DRAWING BY WANDA GAG

which was to be shipped out from Boston that day by express. They then went back to Providence and later in the morning back again towards South Braintree. In the outskirts of Randolph they changed to another car that had been hidden in the woods. Then they went to a speakeasy to wait for the time they had chosen. Madeiros' job was to sit in the back seat and hold back the crowd with a revolver while the other two got the payroll. Everything came out as planned, and in broad daylight in the most crowded part of South Braintree they shot down two men and carried off the satchel containing some \$5,000. The next day when Madeiros went to a saloon on North Main Street, Providence, to get his share of the swag, he found no one. In his confession made at Dedham jail he says he never did get paid.

When Sacco and Vanzetti were first grilled by the chief of police of Brockton they were questioned as Reds and lied all they could to save their friends. Particularly they would not tell where they had got their pistols. Out of this Judge Thayer and the prosecution evolved the theory of "the consciousness of guilt" that weighed so heavily with the jury. After they had been held two days they were identified by the police, Sacco as the driver of the car in the South Braintree holdup and Vanzetti as the "foreign looking man" who had taken a potshot at a paytruck of the L. Q. White company at Bridgewater early on the morning of Christmas eve, 1919.

In spite of the fact that twenty people swore that they had seen Vanzetti in North Plymouth selling eels at that very time in the morning, he was promptly convicted and sentenced to fifteen years in the Charlestown penitentiary. The fact that so many people testified to having bought eels was considered very suspicious by the court that did not know that the eating of eels on the fast day before Christmas is an Italian custom of long standing. Later Vanzetti was associated with Sacco in the murder charge. On July 14, 1923, both men were found guilty of murder in the first degree on two counts by the Norfolk County jury, a hundred per cent American jury, consisting of two real estate men, two storekeepers, a mason, two machinists, a clothing salesman, a farmer, a mill-worker, a shoemaker and a lastmaker.

Dedham is the perfect New England town, white shingleroofed houses, polished brass knockers, elmshaded streets. Dedham has money, supports a polo

team. Many of the wealthiest and oldest families in Massachusetts have houses there. As the seat of Norfolk County it is the center of politics for the region. Dedham has always stood for the traditions of the Bay State. Dedham was pro-British during the war; even before the Lusitania the people of Eastern Massachusetts were calling the Germans Huns. Dedham has always stood for Anglo-Saxon supremacy, and the white man's burden. Of all white men the whitest are those descendants of Puritan shipowners and brokers and ministers who own the white houses with graceful colonial doorways and the trim lawns and the lilac hedges and the elms and the beeches and the barberry bushes and the broad A and the cultivated gesturelessness of the New English. When the Congregational God made Dedham he looked upon it and saw that it was good.

But with the decline of shipping and farming a threefold population has grown up in the ring of factory towns round Boston, among which Dedham itself sits primly disdainful like an old maid sitting between two laborers in a trolley car. There is the diminished simonpure New England population, protestant in faith, Republican in politics and mostly "professional" in occupation. Alongside of that is the almost equally wealthy Irish Catholic element, Democratic, tending to make a business of politics and of the less severely respectable trades and industries. Under both of these is the population of wops, bohunks, polacks, hunkies, dagoes, some naturalized and speaking English with an accent, others unnaturalized and still speaking their native peasant dialects; they do the work. These three populations hate each other with a bitter hatred, but the upper two manage to patch up their rancor when it becomes a question of "furriners." In industrial disputes they find that they are all hundred per cent Americans. Meanwhile the latest-come immigrants are gradually gaining foothold. The Poles buy up rundown farms and get the tired and stony land back to the point of bearing crops. The Italians start truck gardens in back lots, and by skillful gardening and drudgery bring forth fiftyfold where the American-born couldn't get back the seed they sowed. The Portuguese work the cranberry bogs and are reviving the shore fisheries. The American-born are seeing their own state eaten up from under their feet. Naturally they hate the newcomers.

The war exalted hatred to a virtue. The anti-Red agitation, the Ku Klux Klan, the activities of the American Security League and the American Legion have been a sort of backwash of hate dammed up by the signing of the peace. It was when that pent-up hatred and suspicion was tumultuously seeking an outlet that Sacco and Vanzetti, wops, aliens, men who spoke broken English, anarchists, believing neither in the Congregationalist or the Catholic God, slackers who had escaped the draft, were arrested, charged with a particularly brutal and impudent murder. Since that moment the right-thinking Puritan-born Americans of Massachusetts have had an object, a focus for the bitterness of their hatred of the new young vigorous unfamiliar forces that are relentlessly sweeping them onto the shelf. The people of Norfolk County, and of all Massachusetts, have decided that they want these men to die.

The faces of men who have been a long time in jail have a peculiar frozen look under the eyes. The face of a man who has been a long time in jail never loses that tightness under the eyes. Sacco has been six years in the county jail, always waiting, waiting for trial, waiting for new evidence, waiting for motions to be argued, waiting for sentence, waiting, waiting, waiting. The Dedham jail is a handsome structure, set among lawns, screened by trees that wave new green leaves against the robinsegg sky of June. In the warden's office you can see your face in the light brown varnish, you could eat eggs off the floor it is so clean. Inside the main reception hall is airy, full of sunlight. The bars are cheerfully painted green, a fresh peagreen. Through the bars you can see the waving trees and the June clouds roaming the sky like cattle in an unfenced pasture. It's a preposterous complicated canary cage. Why arent the birds singing in this green aviary? The warden politely shows you to a seat and as you wait you notice a smell, not green and airy this smell, a jaded heavy greasy smell of slum, like the smell of army slum, but heavier, more hopeless.

Across the hall an old man is sitting in a chair, a heavy pear-shaped man, his hands hang limp at his sides, his eyes are closed, his sagged face is like a bundle of wet newspapers. The warden and two men in black stand over him, looking down at him helplessly.

At last Sacco has come out of his

cell and sits beside me. Two men sitting side by side on a bench in a green bird cage. When he feels like one of them will get up and walk out, walk out into the sunny June day. The other will go back to his cell to wait. He looks younger than I had expected. His face has a waxy transparency like the face of a man who's been sick in bed for a long time; when he laughs his cheeks flush a little. At length we manage both of us to laugh. It's such a preposterous position for a man to be in, like a man who doesn't know the game trying to play chess blindfolded. The real world has gone. We have no more grasp of our world of rain and streets and trolleycars and cucumber-vines and girls and gardenplots. This is a world of phrases, *prosecution, defence, evidence, motion, irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial*. For six years this man has lived in the law, tied tighter and tighter in the sticky filaments of law-words like a fly in a spiderweb. And the wrong set of words means the Chair. All the moves in the game are made for him, all he can do is sit helpless and wait, fastening his hopes on one set of phrases after another. In all these lawbooks, in all this terminology of clerks of the court and counsel for the defence there is one move that will save him, out of a million that will mean death. If only they make the right move, use the right words. But by this time the nagging torment of hope has almost stopped, not even the thought of his wife and children out there in the world, unreachable, can torture him now. He is numb now, can laugh and look quizzically at the ponderous machine that has caught and mangled him. Now it hardly matters to him if they do manage to pull him out from between the cogs, and the wrong set of words means the chair.

Nicola Sacco came to this country when he was eighteen years old. He was born in Puglia in the mountains in the heel of Italy. Since then up to the time of his arrest he has had pretty good luck. He made good money, he was happily married, he had many friends, latterly he had a garden to hoe and rake mornings and evenings and Sundays. He was unusually powerfully built, able to do two men's work. In prison he was able to stand thirty-one days of hunger strike before he broke down and had to be taken to the hospital. In jail he has learned to speak and write English, has read many books, for the first time in his life has

(Continued on page 30)



DRAWING BY I. KLEIN

ANGEL GABRIEL: GIVE EAR, MOST HIGH SOVEREIGN LORD OF THE UNIVERSE: MOONEY'S STILL IN JAIL, SACCO AND VANZETTI ARE THREATENED WITH DEATH. WOMEN AND CHILDREN ARE STARVING IN PASSAIC, ANOTHER WAR IS BREWING ON EARTH, DISASTER AND DESTRUCTION THREATEN THY CHILDREN . . .

THE MOST HIGH: THERE! I'VE MISSED THE COUNT AGAIN! HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU NOT TO INTERRUPT ME WHEN I'M WATCHING THE FALLING SPARROWS, AND NUMBERING THE GRASS BLADES.

GOD'S PICNIC

RABELAIS AND THE CENSORS — A HEAVENLY DIALOGUE

By CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

God is lying under the Tree of Life, His face covered with a cloud. Rabelais, Mark Twain, Voltaire, Ingersoll, Carrie Nation, Margaret Fuller and others in a group.

INGERSOLL: That infernal censor about spoiled this picnic.

MARK TWAIN: Censors spoil everything.

VOLTAIRE: How honest and refreshing Satan seems in comparison.

RABELAIS: Ah, Satan is an artist.

VOLTAIRE: He deals with Life as it is.

MARGARET FULLER: It is the only interesting thing.

MARK TWAIN: Rabelais, you were fortunate to have lived before the putrid days of Puritanism. Today your book would be prohibited by the censor.

VOLTAIRE: Loathsome word.

MARK TWAIN: Which — prohibited or censor?

VOLTAIRE: Both. A blight—a mildew.

RABELAIS: What is the matter with my book?

CARRIE NATION: It is obscene.

RABELAIS: Skip it.

CARRIE NATION: I will not.

VOLTAIRE: Of course not.

RABELAIS: If it be obscene to you, then it is not for you.

CARRIE NATION: It will corrupt the young.

RABELAIS: Not unless they read it.

CARRIE NATION: But they will read it.

RABELAIS: Not unless they wish to.

CARRIE NATION: But they will read out of curiosity.

VOLTAIRE: Good.

RABELAIS: The more you forbid, the more curious they will be. My book has been on every book stall for three hundred years, and has never corrupted anybody. If they like it, they are already corrupted. If they do not like it, they are not corrupted.

MARK TWAIN: My friend, it is one of the great books of the world, and would have been destroyed by a censor. Yet you and Villon made the French language. I have found deep wisdom, keen satire, and rollicking humor in your immortal book.

MARGARET FULLER: So have I. Much is not of our day but I skipped what offended me. I never felt because strawberries grow out of manure, I must eat the manure also.

RABELAIS: Ha! That is the very pulp of the melon. Some like garlic. Some do not. Yet our great good friend reposing there made the strawberries and the garlic. Behold! He has spread for us a most sumptuous and abundant feast on a royal table. There is a place for everyone, viands for every taste. At this end are the most excellent great roasts of fat beef; haunches and saddles of mutton; capons with chestnuts; geese with truffles; tender, young ducklings, fattened on milk curds, with the little new peas—beads of emerald and jade—hams of the

brave, curve-tusked, wild boar; and crispy, crackling, juicy roast suckling pig with apples of Normandy. Helas! Excuse me. I am overcome with memories. Here, too, are the ruby wines of Bordeaux and Burgundy, and the topaz wines of the Rhine and the Moselle, and the rich strong wines of Xerxes and Oporto, and amphoral flagons and pot-bellied bottles of good tonic liqueurs distilled by cowed and corded monks, remote from the world—the sly ones—mixing prayers and incantations with the many fine, fragrant medicinal herbs. Forgive me, All-understanding One. I fear I disturb you, but I feel the ghost of an earthly thirst tickling my spiritual gullet.

GOD: Go on, Francois, with your parable. I like it.

RABELAIS: Ha! Well, here in the equator of this great noble, royal table are huge pasties, hot and cold; smoked bacon boiled with young cabbage shoots, or nettle sprouts, or spinach, or whatever of the wilderness of greens the lord of the feast has provided; and steaming, vast bowls of tripe *en mode de Caen*; calves' heads, pigs' feet; lambs' and beef tongues; liver-pud-

dings; dumplings; chitterlings; the sweet ink-fish; smelts; sprats; shrimps, and all the tons of fine food the sea pours forth to her nurslings, not forgetting her prolific, fluent arms, the lakes and the rivers — pickerel, trout and sturgeon, and what other knick-knacks, kickshaws and thirst-producers, a good stomach may imagine. Scattered about as *hors d'ouevres* are olives, caviar, pickled and smoked herring, roasted wheat and nuts, radishes, green onions, salted anchovies, smoked salmon, pickled and spiced peaches and plums and peppers, paté of Strasbourg, and the whole great, good burgher family of sausages—

VOLTAIRE: There it is at last. I knew he couldn't forget his sausages.

RABELAIS: Little summer sausages of Switzerland, and the portentous, great sausages of Bologna—silver-gilt like a chamberlain's baton. Eheu! And kegs, casks, tuns of beer and ale—the light and the dark, the foamy new, full of the froth and violence of youth; and the quiet meditative old, with spice of the raw hops, as age is spiced with wisdom.

VOLTAIRE: Sometimes.

RABELAIS: These for the throats of those in coarse clothes whose hands are hard with pushing the world around. And at the other end—flagons of rich milk, cream and curds, softer than a maiden's bosom. Eheu! And that wonderful great family of cheeses—the thick, the thin, the round, the square, the hard, the soft. Who shall name them—pebbles of bounty scattered by Monseigneur there carelessly as he does the stars. Every region, country and village has its own cheese of its particular quality—the Pont Evèque, the Port du Salut, Brie, Camembert, Bel-Paese, Parmesan, Limburger, Neufchatel, Rocquefort, Edam, Stilton and Cheddar from the English who burned La Pucelle.

GOD: The English, Francois?

RABELAIS: Nevertheless they are most excellent cheeses, toasted with ale. Eheu! And the great, enormous, huge cheeses from the Pyrenees, large as a barrel; and from the Alps, large as a cartwheel. I have not even mentioned the infinite variety of luscious and wonderful fruits—apples, peaches, pears, plums, figs, grapes. Ah, the grapes, beneficent clusters. And the tribe of berries and all the strange fruits of the hot tropics—bananas, guavas, mangoes; oranges and lemons, golden apples of Hesperides. No one could tell the inexhaustible variety of this table though he had eternity to speak in.

VOLTAIRE: Do not encourage him, Lord.

RABELAIS: Here it is loaded and fully spread. No one need stand in one place, but may roam up and down—always there is elbow room, for if some crowd as hogs, let them lustily be thrust aside. Surely at such a table is food to all tastes, and surely each will drift to that which he likes the best. And if some prefer swill and garbage, let them to it. Throw down the bars; let them guzzle, nuzzle, squeal, crowd, snort, swallow, both feet in the trough, to their fill till they lie down in the mire. There is no education of taste like freedom, and no cure like surfeit. Am I censored? No, vile as I am, I am free to all, yet whom have I corrupted? No. No, *mes amis*. Man corrupts himself and all impurity is in the eyes and ears of him who looks and hears.

INGERSOLL: Good. Good. Very good, Doctor.

MARK TWAIN: As a humorist who tried to be wise, let me bow to the wisest humorist of us all.

VOLTAIRE: Ah, comrade, compatriot, I am at your feet.

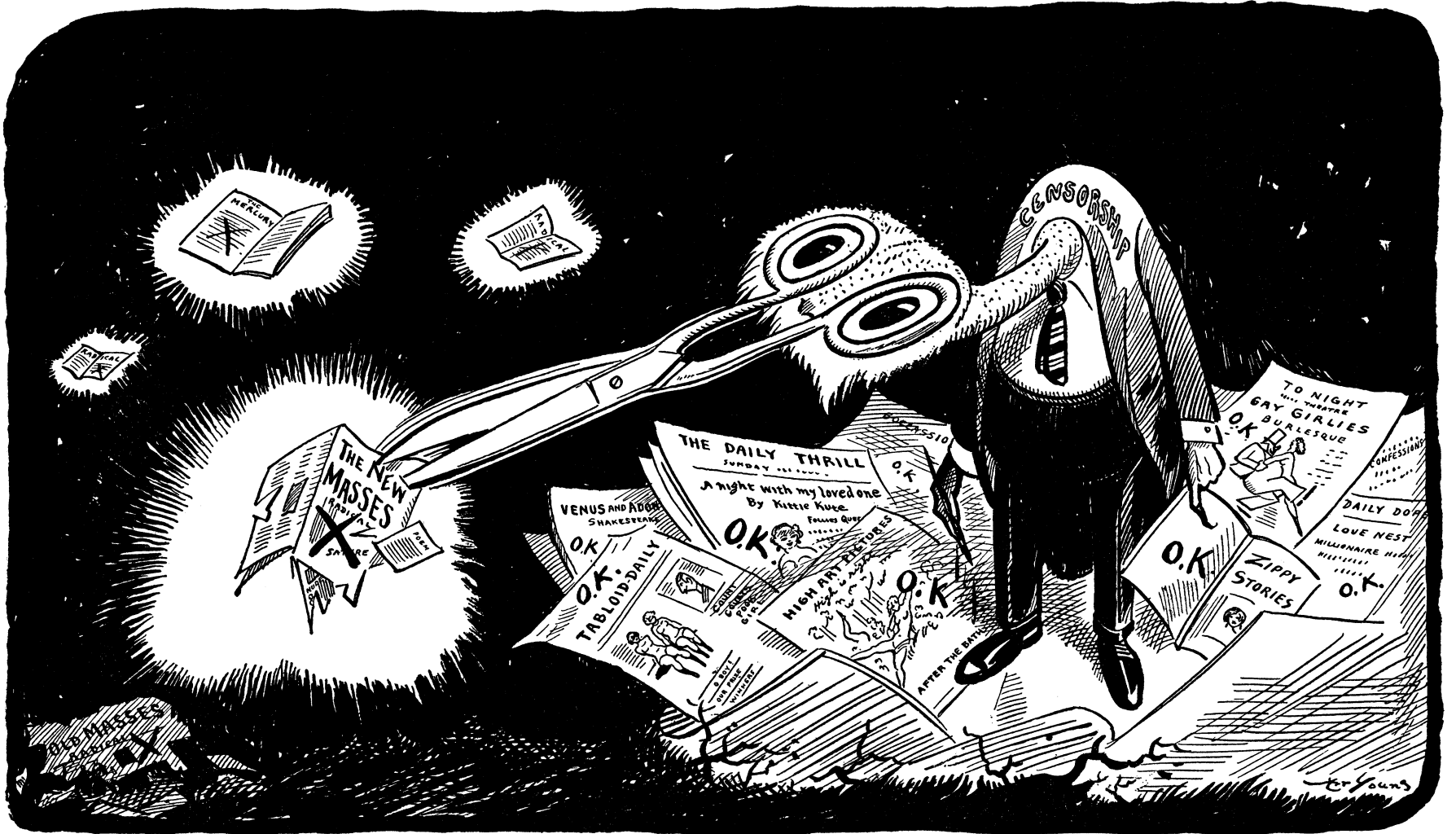
GOD: You have spoken for me, Francois. All who speak for freedom, speak for me. If some will have poison, let them to it. It works its own cure. I never lifted a finger to save anyone. Let them save themselves.

RABELAIS: Shall a censor say what my mind and soul shall eat and drink or in what be clothed? As well tell my body what to eat and drink or



WOODCUT BY JANE HARRIS

THE POOR FISH



IT'S A QUEER BIRD

DRAWING BY ART YOUNG

HE MAKES HIS NEST OUT OF SHODDY. AND TRIES TO KILL EVERYTHING THAT LOOKS ALIVE.

what to wear. No one can do that.
 MARK TWAIN: O, my friend and master, you left the Earth too early. That is exactly what they are now doing. Backed by a policeman's billy, all manner of riff-raff, grafters, and soul-savers grow fat on telling you what you shall drink and not drink, and wherewithal you shall be clothed, or not clothed.

CARRIE NATION: Certainly. Someone must stop this drinking, and someone must tell girls how to dress.

VOLTAIRE: It would seem they should know.

CARRIE NATION: Law should regulate women's dress for swimming.

RABELAIS: That would seem a time to dispense with clothes.

MARK TWAIN: Exactly. You would think that the very time you have the least need for a wardrobe. But anything can be made vile by a puritan—even swimming. In the South Sea Islands no one wears any clothes. All bathe in the sea together, men, women and children. In friendly fashion and Nature's purity.

INGERSOLL: It is so in Japan, China, India.

MARK TWAIN: Ah, but these are heathen.

INGERSOLL: Yes, and before the missionaries got there to teach them impurity.

CARRIE NATION: At the bathing beaches women, by law, must wear stockings. That is right.

MARGARET FULLER: Are women's legs more delicate than men's?

MARK TWAIN: More indelicate.

MARGARET FULLER: And, tell me,

do they wear long gloves on the arms?
 CARRIE NATION: No, arms are different.

MARGARET FULLER: I thought legs as well as arms were members of the same body.

GOD: I made both, and was perfectly innocent about it, but I see now since Peter's church got busy on the vileness of the body and the female sex, that I should have arranged for a one-piece suit of overalls for babies to be born in, two styles—boys' and girls'.

MARK TWAIN: The Sandwich Islands was a garden of Eden in the time of its innocence, before the missionaries came. . . . Yesterday I got on my radio that a fellow named Desha has had an act passed by the Legislature of Hawaii, forbidding women to come into the beach streets of Honolulu in bathing dress.

INGERSOLL: Bet Desha is a Christian.

MARK TWAIN: You win.

INGERSOLL: Bet he is a Rev.

MARK TWAIN: You win.

INGERSOLL: Bet he is a missionary.

MARK TWAIN: You win.

INGERSOLL: Sure, I win. To the impure all pure things are impure.

MARK TWAIN: In the good old days they would have had a barbecue with Rev. Desha as the *piece de resistance*, and the whole thing would have been settled pleasantly, with no heart-burnings that couldn't be cured by pepsin.

SAPPHO: But why are legs more impure than arms?

MARK TWAIN: I don't know.

VOLTAIRE: I don't know.

INGERSOLL: I don't know.

GOD: I don't know.

SAPPHO: Rev. Father, why are legs impure?

RABELAIS: Daughter, are they impure to you? Are they impure to a child? Except ye become as one of these ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of God. JESUS: Except ye be pure as little children are, ye defile the world.

GOD: Children, let me explain. Diseased minds of ascetics have been teaching for centuries that sex is impure, therefore, the body is impure. These narrow fanatics have belied me by making impurity a part of religion. They have taught that legs and the mother breasts of women are impure, and must be covered.

INGERSOLL: And the Impuritans of every class and creed have spread this rottenness.

GOD: This rottenness comes from repressed sex desires. All monks, nuns, priests, preachers, clergymen and such like are people of repressed sex desires and are rottenly erotic. For them the legs are not a graceful part of a beautiful body used for walking, running, dancing and the like, but are only pillars to the temple of Priapus, and this filthy rot is taught to children from their infancy, as a part of religion, so the sewer current flows on. My son, do you not see that it is always your people who insult me.

JESUS: O not my people! But forgive them, Father, they know not what they do. Let us try them for the million years.

GOD: Dear, gentle, beloved optimist. This has been a disturbed picnic. Let us now return to the bustle and din of Heaven. O those harps! How I dread them.

SNOW

Here, at the end, I have achieved a snow
 Who was brought up, exclusively, on fire:
 I tell you that my heart is like the flow
 Of water underneath a white desire
 Drifted so deep, that never any sun
 Can burn you out of me, however bright,
 And no false summer on this acre—none—
 Can melt a love incontinently white.

O drop no color, drop no color! Grey
 Across a snow-field is a grievous weight.
 Remember that, no matter what I say,
 The delicate can twice annihilate.
 And what's more delicate across my snow
 Than the shadow of your shadow as you go?
 Virginia Moore



IT'S A QUEER BIRD

DRAWING BY ART YOUNG

HE MAKES HIS NEST OUT OF SHODDY, AND TRIES TO KILL EVERYTHING THAT LOOKS ALIVE.

THE FUR WORKERS' STRIKE

By MOISSAYE J. OLGIN

ABOUT four years ago, a group of young workmen entered the office of a labor paper in New York, requesting that a vigorous stand be taken editorially against sinister practices in their labor union. They were young, strong and impetuous, and there was in their expression that peculiar earnestness, almost gravity, almost painful concentration, which so often marks deeply convinced rebels. Still, the editor hesitated. The practices referred to in the workers' statement were too appalling to be taken in a matter of fact way. The editor demanded proof. The workers produced a number of witnesses, eye-witness depositions and other evidence to the effect that beating, slugging, and otherwise maltreating recalcitrant union members was a day-by-day practice of the union administration. The boys who came to the editorial rooms were headed by Ben Gold and Aaron Gross. The union referred to was the New York local of the International Fur Workers' Union of the United States and Canada. The paper was the *Jewish Daily Freiheit*.

Further insight into the affairs of the union disclosed that the Furriers' Union was a name rather than a reality, a group of offices and office-holders rather than a phalanx of organized workers. The average union member had no chance to express his opinion. The duty of the average member was to pay dues and keep mum. Union meetings were held on very rare occasions and only to ratify actions of the administration where ratification was unavoidable. The opposition was completely stifled. The strength of the union leaders lay in a group of professional sluggers paid from the union treasury to "keep order." The prevailing formula at union meetings was, "Sit down or you will be carried out." And they did "carry out" more than one dissatisfied member who dared to ask pertinent questions.

Several months later, that same Gold who was known as a representative of the opposition enjoying wide recognition among the mass of the workers, was attacked by union sluggers, slashed, cut and bruised severely, and thus warned to refrain from "subversive activities." Gold had to be removed to a hospital whence he emerged several weeks later.

This, then, was the picture: A hidebound bureaucracy above, heedless of anything but its own maintenance of office; a disgruntled but intimidated and almost wholly unorganized mass of workers below; a class-conscious rebellious opposition fully cognizant of the harm done by these far too typical methods of union "activities," painfully conscious of the necessity of reorganizing the union on a fighting basis, full of courage, daring, ability to sacrifice, yet powerless and helpless in the face of a sheer physical force which struck out recklessly, giving no quarter.

Thus the very aim of union organization was defeated. Where there is no union, there can be no fight for bet-

ter conditions. Nobody felt it with more gratification than the fur manufacturers' associations who slowly but consistently lowered the standard of labor conditions and the wages of the workers. The agreement was flagrantly broken, the pledges brazenly violated, and as time passed the workers realized that their seasons became shorter, their working hours longer, their pay envelopes thinner, their asthma and other occupational diseases more devastating, their spirits in consequence, lower.

But was there enough fighting spirit, enough class consciousness, enough cohesive power, among those coughing, spluttering, wheezing workers to break out of this lethargy? This is commonly asked not only in relation to the furriers, but of every group of workers throughout the United States. Isn't it true that the American worker is backward, that he has not developed that peculiar hate and mistrust towards capitalism which marks the labor movement of the European countries? Developments within the Furriers Union answered these questions, at least as far as the fur workers of New York City are concerned.

A wise man said that one may gain a victory by means of bayonets, but they are inconvenient to sit on. Notwithstanding the iron rule of the bureaucracy, notwithstanding the rare ability of the administration to count ballots in a manner that would perpetuate its own tenure of office, the rank and file rebellion became so sweeping, so universal and so vehement that the old administration in the New York Joint Board was overthrown, and the outstanding figures of the rebels, the same men and women who had been excluded from the union by the old administration, were placed at its head.

The new union organization that emerged from the New York *coup d'etat* exhibited another precious side of the official American union system. There are some thirteen odd thousand furriers throughout the country; there are 12,000 of them in the city of New York. The New York furriers had put into office left wing class conscious leaders; the New York furriers voted for class conscious delegates to the International Furriers' Convention. Still, when that convention gathered in Boston in October, 1925, the one thousand odd members outside of New

York were represented by a number of delegates far in excess of their numerical strength. A central group which hitherto marched in line with the New York left wingers was persuaded to move to the right, and the convention constructed one of the most bizarre pieces of union machinery: a reactionary national administration over a union in which at least 90 per cent of the membership are progressives.

All these antecedents are necessary to understand the strike that has just been concluded after seventeen weeks of unmatched struggle.

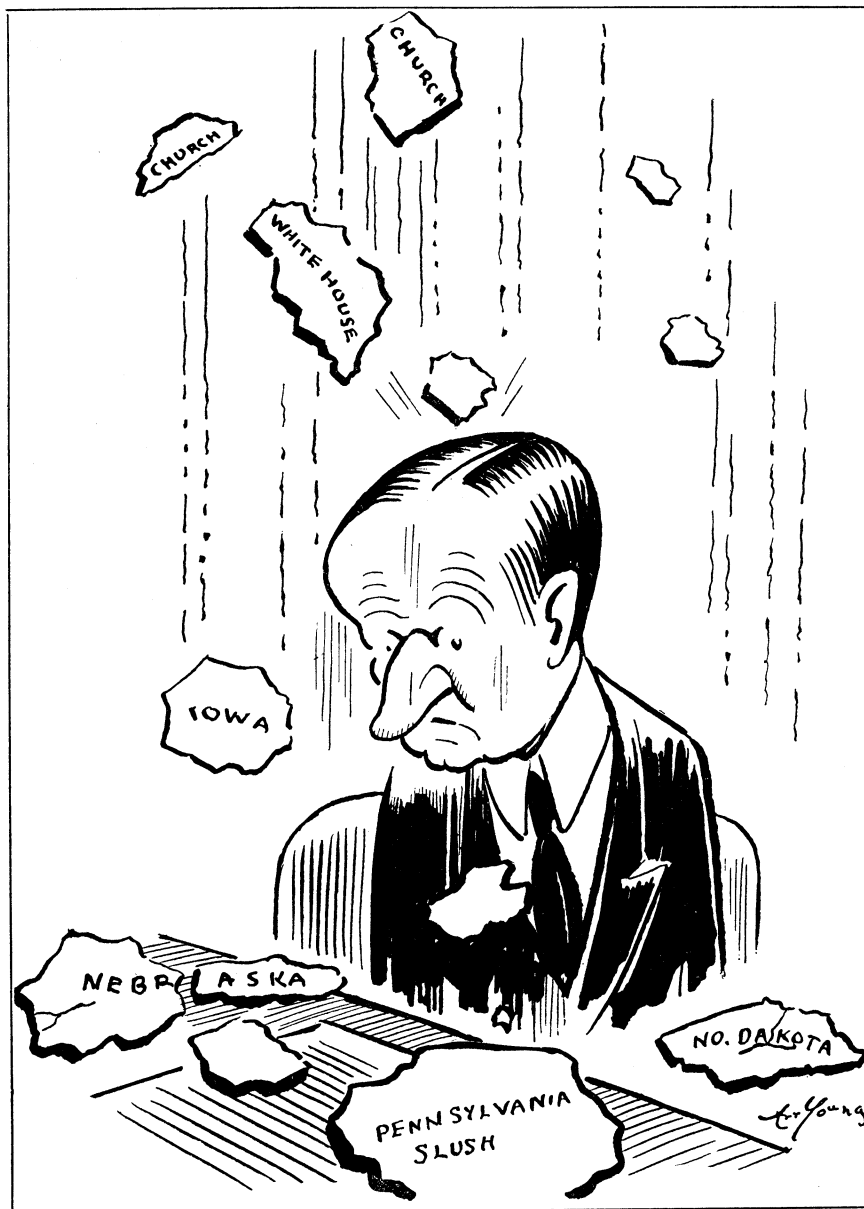
It was imperative for the union to check the encroachments of the bosses, to regain part of the territory relinquished by the old administration. That meant strike. The New York joint board was compelled to take a stand against the manufacturers' associations not only for the purpose of improving the workers' lives, but also to make it clear to the employers that a new force had come into being. Perhaps it was most important to convince the workers themselves, by deeds rather than by words, that things could be achieved through united conscious action to bring forth the *fighting morale* without which no working class organization can live and thrive either in times of actual struggle or in periods of truce. A strike became a prime necessity, an almost elemental demand, having its origin not only in reason but in the dark roots of the workers' existence.

The struggle started some five months ago.

Behold the setting. An international office, located in Long Island City, not only hostile to the leaders of the New York fur workers, but actually afraid of being ousted from comfortable posts at the next national convention, and therefore determined to do everything possible to help the New York left wing (Communists they call them) to break their necks.

How these worthies scoffed at the attempt to organize a strike! Who shall lead it? Those "coffee-and-cake" boys? Those "Communist henchmen"? Those impractical untrained rebels of yesterday? How absurd! And who was going to back them up in this crazy undertaking? The Communists? But they are known as disrupters of the labor movement. Their task is to break the unions in order to please Zinoviev! Will they be able to lead a movement of 12,000 workers?

Of course not. Yet no chances must be taken. The national officers sent out emissaries to snoop among the workers, to spread among them the idea that the demands were excessive, to disrupt their unity, to break their morale. If these machinations have failed, if the fur workers have secured a substantial victory which enables them to begin a new era in their struggle, it is due to the entirely unexpected reserves of power, endurance, cohesion, sacrificing spirit that the strike revealed in the mass of the workers, and to the re-



DRAWING BY ART YOUNG

FALLING PLASTER

sourcefulness, flexibility, untiring energy and devotion of the left wing leaders, back of whom were the left wing of all the needle trade unions in New York.

Let us consider a few of the high lights of this spectacular struggle. There was the national officers' attempt to hamper the struggle by attaching the strike fund and depriving the leaders of this most essential weapon; and accompanying this, the attempt to drive a wedge between the strike leaders and the mass of the workers, by carrying on thru the *Jewish Daily Forward* a campaign of denunciation repeatedly asserting that the strikers were dissatisfied with the "Communist" leadership.

Then came the revelation of the plot of the national officers to settle the strike over the heads of the strikers' representatives. They had been secretly meeting with the bosses, they had gained the official cooperation of the American Federation of Labor, and they had drawn up a set of terms on which they would end the strike. In short they had completed all arrangements to sell out the workers, and one fine morning the strikers were notified by a bulletin that they were to meet President Green of the A. F. of L. at Carnegie Hall to discuss settlement terms. A ballot was distributed among the strikers with a request to vote on the strike settlement proposed. It was a magnificent gesture. The existence of the General Strike Committee elected by the strikers was ignored. Of what importance was a Strike Committee? The strikers were to meet the big chief of the American labor movement and be instructed by him.

But the national officers failed to realize that it was a new fur workers union with which they were dealing. The officers were used to a body of members who did what they were told and asked no questions. But the striking fur workers of 1926 were of a different breed. They went to Carnegie Hall. They went with a very definite purpose in mind.

Perhaps President Green had a premonition. Or perhaps he waited developments behind the scenes. Anyway he did not appear on the platform to instruct the furriers. In his stead came Hugh Frayne, New York organizer of the A. F. of L., and by his side were the national officers of the fur workers' union. Very evidently they had a program in mind; very evidently this meeting was a perfunctory step in a well-arranged plan. But there was a hitch. When the chairman rose to open the meeting, someone shouted "We want Gold." This was most embarrassing. According to orders, Ben Gold, the strike leader, had been forcibly barred from the hall. The chairman tried to speak. "We want Gold!" "We want Gold!" The call was taken up all over the house. "We want Gold!" shouted the stormy human sea. "We want Gold!" echoed thru the hall and out into the street, to be caught up by the thousands outside.

Gold did not speak this time. But neither did anyone else. No terms of settlement were proposed, and nothing was voted upon. After two hours of this call for "Gold," the officers gave up. The meeting was closed. The attempt to override their own strike com-



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mittee was squashed by the workers themselves. Talk of the backwardness of the American working class . . . at least among the furriers in New York City!

There was a day when Mr. Frayne and also Mr. Green did address the fur strikers. But it was at a meeting arranged by the strikers' own leaders and held in a great armory where the whole ten thousand strikers could be present. It was a meeting held after the abortive terms of settlement had been thrown in the discard; when the A. F. of L. had decided to cooperate with the strikers' own representatives; when Gold was present to be greeted with enthusiastic joy by the great mass of the strikers; and where a very nervous international president was allowed to speak only because Gold urged the workers to give

him a hearing. No, the old line labor leaders did not fare well in this strike.

Neither could the police and the courts intimidate the strikers. Police activities in connection with this strike were intense and variegated far in excess of the practice prevailing even in our land of the free. There were nearly seven hundred arrests. Dozens of strikers were sentenced to months of imprisonment. Fines were numerous, and as to the number of skulls crushed and ribs bruised, there are no adequate statistics available.

In spite of this the union led the strike to a successful end. What made this strike a red chapter in the history of the American labor movement may be summed up as follows:

1—Complete understanding and mutual confidence between the masses

and the strike leaders. There was nothing the leaders concealed from the rank and file members of the union. There was no motion from the ranks that the leaders were loathe to consider. From the very start the members were made to understand that it was *their own fight* in which they had to rely on their own powers.

2—The strike apparatus, consisting of the general strike committee, the shop chairmen meetings and the "halls." The general strike committee was the executive organ—planning, supervising and executing the major steps of the strike. The shop chairmen meetings, a novel institution hitherto almost unknown in this union, was the legislative body deciding on the most important issues, every shop chairman being in close contact with the mem-



DRAWING BY HUGO GELLERT

bers of his shop. The "hall" was the meeting-ground of the strikers. Each shop and each cluster of shops housed in the same building were assigned a definite space in one of the halls. Each shop chairman had to keep tab on his own men. Should anyone be missing, the union would immediately send a watchman or a committee to trace his whereabouts so as to prevent him from scabbing. There was almost military discipline introduced in the union from top to bottom, yet it was a splendid manifestation of *democratic centralism*.

3—*A general picketing committee* from among the most devoted union members. Wherever a check had to be put to strike-breaking activities, it was done by the members themselves and not by any professional outsiders.

4—*An ideological foundation.* A

campaign of enlightenment made it clear to the workers that it was more than a question of temporary gain, that their fight was part of the historic struggle of the working class against capitalist rule. The incidental and often trifling occurrences thus achieved a new significance. The whole struggle was put in historic perspective. Whoever still believes that only on the basis of very narrow and immediate practical demands can a union conduct a struggle, let him look at the fur workers' strike.

5—*A left wing leadership* consisting of men and women mostly young in years, people who had shared with the workers their daily hardships, most of them firm believers in the class struggle, some of them members of the Workers Party.

The strike has not reached all its objectives. Of the three major demands, the 40-hour week, equal division of work throughout the year, and a 25% increase in wages over the minimum scale that prevailed before the strike, the union won the 40-hour week and a 10% increase in the minimum wage scales, the 40-hour week plan having a proviso that during September, October, November and December work may be done on Saturdays for four hours at a special rate of payment to be agreed upon between the union and employers. Largely because of the strike-breaking activities of the international officers, it is not a complete victory, but it is, nevertheless, a substantial gain. The 40-hour week, i.e., five days' work and two days' rest, has been recognized in principle and made obligatory for at least eight months a year. In the remaining months, the workers may refuse to work without infringing upon the agreement. The significance of this strike, however, cannot be exhausted by the enumeration of purely material gains. Its importance reaches far beyond immediate achievement.

The strike has proven that a heterogeneous crowd of workers belonging to various nationalities and various age levels can be welded into a strong unified force capable of withstanding the most sinister attacks from within and without and capable of making inroads into the enemy's camp.

The strike has proven that there is a *fighting soul* hidden in the working

class, a readiness to stand firm in defense of proletarian class interests the like of which reactionary labor bureaucrats never dreamt of finding among the workers.

The strike was an illustration of the fundamental truth advanced by Communists for the last few years, that the many labor union office holders are enemies of the class struggle, who will resort to any tactics against the rebellious workers in order to maintain their positions.

The strike was an excellent manifestation of what can be done by a leadership that is in close contact with the masses of the union and at the same time guided by the ideology of the class struggle.

The strike has realized a new demand of the working class, an *eight-hour day and five-day week*, a demand which marks a new step in the history of the labor movement.

Last, but not least, the strike has given the 12,000 fur workers of New York a new confidence in themselves, a new outlook, pride in their own achievement, disdain for their masters. It has given them that boldness, that light-hearted aggressiveness which makes new struggles and new victories a certainty.

This new spirit is perhaps the most precious item on the balance sheet of the strike.

In the full story of the labor movement, this red chapter may be only a small paragraph. Yet it is an heroic and colorful one.

BODY & BLOOD of CHRIST, Inc.

By THURBER LEWIS

COCA COLA, Socony, Wrigley and Fisk Tires can take a tip from the catholic church. They are mere national advertisers; their ubiquitous poster panels, one-sheets, painted displays and subway cards have been put in the shade. No, sir, these are days of international advertising. You can flash a hot slogan on every roof-top from the Battery to the Golden Gate but you're not in the running unless you can get a president, at least two governors, a rear admiral and a justice of the supreme court to help sell your stuff to the world. That's the way the church handles its publicity.

The 28th International Eucharistic Congress was the biggest publicity stunt ever pulled. And wasn't it meet that Chicago, where bullets serve as ballots and "Scarface" Al Caponi helps pick the County Attorney, should be the show ground? Here was a show in adoration of the holy sacrament. Here a million pilgrims were to gather to confess their faith before mankind. The best part of the Sacred College was coming to put it over big. The Congress opened on the 20th of June. On the 19th the bootleggers were complaining that Chief Collins was going too strong on the clean-up. The chief was purifying the town so the pilgrims and the resident flock could confess their faith before man with a clear conscience.

Never was anything better press-agented. The boys in Europe were told to pep it up months in advance and the

wires were kept hot from the Vatican, from Cardinal Faulhauber's Bavarian rectory, from the little parish in Slovenia that was sending ten of its flock to Chicago and from every other place where the boys could dig up an advance story. The princes of the church were landed together to be kissed by Al Smith and Jimmy Walker. Marshall Field's Pullman Co. gave them a "Red Special" and they whirled into Chicago with the World's Greatest Newspaper forgetting its Methodism long enough to shout eight-column lines about the papal legate.

From the first high mass in Holy Name Cathedral to the grand procession of the Eucharist at St. Mary's-on-the-Lake, Hearst's *Herald and Examiner* and *Evening American* ran an agate line race with McCormick's *Tribune* for picture and news space. The W. G. N. fell back on its reliable old catholic scribe, James O'Donnell Bennett, who gushed in pious competition with, of all people, Damon Runyon, brought in by Hearst to fill in between World Baseball Series. Hearst won. In two successive days he pulled a double-truck picture, sixteen columns, of the cardinals and the rites.

No one will ever know how many people came for the Congress. In their exuberance, the press exaggerations contradicted each other by hundreds of thousands. The church itself was too modest to say which of the estimates from a half a million to a million and a half was more nearly correct. But



HUGO
GELLERT



HUGO
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there were enough to enrich Samuel Insull's utilities companies, the hotel men, Marshall Field, the real estate group, of which Cardinal Mundelein is no insignificant member, and the commission houses, by a good many millions.

Papal colors fluttered everywhere. Now and again a limousine was sired through the loop at a mad pace by a motorcycle corps. You knew that here was a cardinal or an archbishop. Hundreds of thousands stampeded Soldier's Field for a glimpse of the mitred prelates going through their masses every morning at ten. Thousands of the faithful were lucky enough to get near a bless-bestowing member of the hierarchy long enough to kiss his episcopal ring. (Did they think of the germs? No.) Women fainted, 62,000 children sang a seventh century Gregorian. The Pope sent three messages. Coolidge sent one; he also sent Secretary of Labor Davis, a born Presbyterian Welshman, as a proxy. Pierce Butler, the corporation lawyer, Justice of the Supreme Court, made a speech in the grand manner which he uses in handing down anti-labor decisions. The papal legate dropped his mitre at the crowning ceremony at St. Mary's, more women fainted, it rained cats and dogs and several hundred were hurt in the crush for cover from the good Lord's wrath. Such was the Congress.

And then again, such was not the Congress. It was several things much more important.

One of these was Mexico. The new Mexico no longer wishes to tolerate the tyranny, the land-lordism, the educational and political hegemony of the Roman church. The church is fighting back. One of the objects of the Eucharistic Congress being held in the United States was to bring pressure to bear on Mexico through a show of strength and a mustering of influence in the land of the Monroe Doctrine. The secretary of the Eucharistic Congress, Count D'Yanville admitted this. During the congress, "high and revered prelates," who withheld their precious names, made scathing attacks upon the Calles government and told weird tales of persecution.

Another reason for the congress: Europe is on the skids. The center of the world is where the dollar is minted. The holding of the congress in the United States was reciprocal: the church took advantage of the superior position of the United States as the leading imperialist nation of the world; and the capitalists of the United States welcomed the church with open arms because their world-wide imperialism requires the sustaining influence of a faith that stultifies the masses on an international scale.

The industrial slaves in heavy industry in this country, the Italians, the Slav races, the Mexicans are, for the most part, catholic. Morgan, Gary, Schwab, et al, want them to remain so. The faith needs to be spread. It needs to be spread to avoid a repetition of Homestead and the great steel strike of 1919. The spiritual exaltation that emanates from the Holy See must penetrate the ranks of the American workers, spreading the doctrine of servility and the deadening superstitious hang-overs of the Dark Ages.

The vast majority of the catholics throughout the rest of the world are tillers of the soil. They are the peasants of the Latin countries, most of the Slav nations and a good share of the German-speaking people. In those countries the church is a power. It is a political power as well as a moral and educational power. And it is invariably a power for reaction. By the sheer momentum of its universal grip, cinched tightly during feudalism, it has carried on over into another age. Capitalism does not will its extinction. Quite the contrary. In this, its decrepit period, capitalism needs a great purveyor of ignorance and blind faith for its own maintenance. There are almost twenty million catholics in the United States. A good part of these catholics are, unlike their sisters and brothers of other lands, the muscles that move the key industries of the nation, the peasants in modern industry. Is it any wonder the Eucharistic Congress is welcomed? Is it any wonder the ground was tilled in advance for sowing the seeds of the faith?

The Eucharist, the adoration of wine and wafers that are devoutly believed to be the actual, the real body and blood of Christ, is an abysmal hoax that has no part in a world that talks from continent to continent. Such flummery should be left only to pretty mystic poetry books, just as stoles, mitres and croziers belong only in museums. But capitalism needs these stage tricks, as feudalism needed them. The Eucharistic Congress was a great



DRAWING BY DAVID BURLIUK

SUBWAY TRACK WORKERS

International Mass that testified to the social dry rot inherent not only in the weaker nations but in the strongest capitalist nation of the world.

But there was another nation that had its "Little Father." Millions of slaves bowed before Ikons. That "Little Father" and those ikons were swept away before the mighty rush of a class no longer willing to be slaves to a master either on this earth or the next. When a similar collapse and a similar rush occurs in other climates Eucharistic Congresses and episcopal ring-kissing will go the way of the Ikons.

TWO FACES

By WALDO FRANK

I N the literary office of a certain magazine there is a vast table piled with books. "Mostly junk," the editor will explain. "Newly manufactured stuff too dull for mention." My hand feathers the outskirts and picks a volume with title: *Calvin Coolidge, His First Biography*. I am not permitted to speak of it here. Nor shall I linger wistfully over the so symbolic circumstance that a book about a living President should be a thing void of ideas, vile in composition, rancid and false in spirit. Within its covers, I found the portraits of two faces: one of the President and one of the President's mother. Thereby hangs my tale.

She was beautiful. She looks out at you in a black dress of satin, stern-cuffed in white, high collared, with a cameo at the throat. The hands lie demure in the lap. The hair is drawn tight and sideways to the ears. She looks out at you, not so much from the frontispiece of a book as from New England.

She is impressive. The sharp small chin is firm. The mouth is pursed, its prim lips faintly flexed into a downward frown. The nose is straight. It has delicacy; its nostrils seem to quiver not from emotion but from restraint of emotion. Under the plastered hair is a forehead high and

with their faint fleshiness, above the exquisite nose, within the contour both fragile and brittle which the folded hands whitely enhance, these eyes are paramount. Tenderness turns hard; frailty assigns itself master; weakness wills itself mighty. The result is a transformation. This face, so gracious in its elements, gives for its final word inhospitality and shutness. The result, in more personal terms, is Calvin Coolidge.

His face is the response to his mother's. She was the obscure farmer's wife in the Connecticut River Valley. There, as with countless other women, her loveliness had its begrudging bloom. Winters long as a siege, summers of swift fever, the inclement lordship of Puritan ideals made her astringent. Weather attuned to will hardened this flesh and drew the spirit down to the sure rigor of material affairs. Virtue became a saying of Nay and an economic cunning. Poetry took property for symbol. And so at last, on a certain Fourth of July, this daughter of New England gave birth to Calvin Coolidge. Not she alone. A whole decadent Puritan tradition gave birth to him; fathered his spirit; moulded his memorable face.

The little man waxed great. And as he grew, his face became the caricature of his mother's fairness. It is a caricature horrible in its significance, superb in its logic.

Chin, mouth, nose, brow, eyes of Calvin Coolidge are children of the splendors fading in his mother. Her face already is this twilight, is a recession of splendors. Her features speak but greyly an ancestral greatness. Moral and spiritual power, will, devotion, chastity, singleness of vision bore this woman. But the essence of their means to life made the mind intense to the exclusion of content; made the beauty neurotic; made the virtue shut. Made, inevitably, their own culminant death whose Person now presides the American lands.

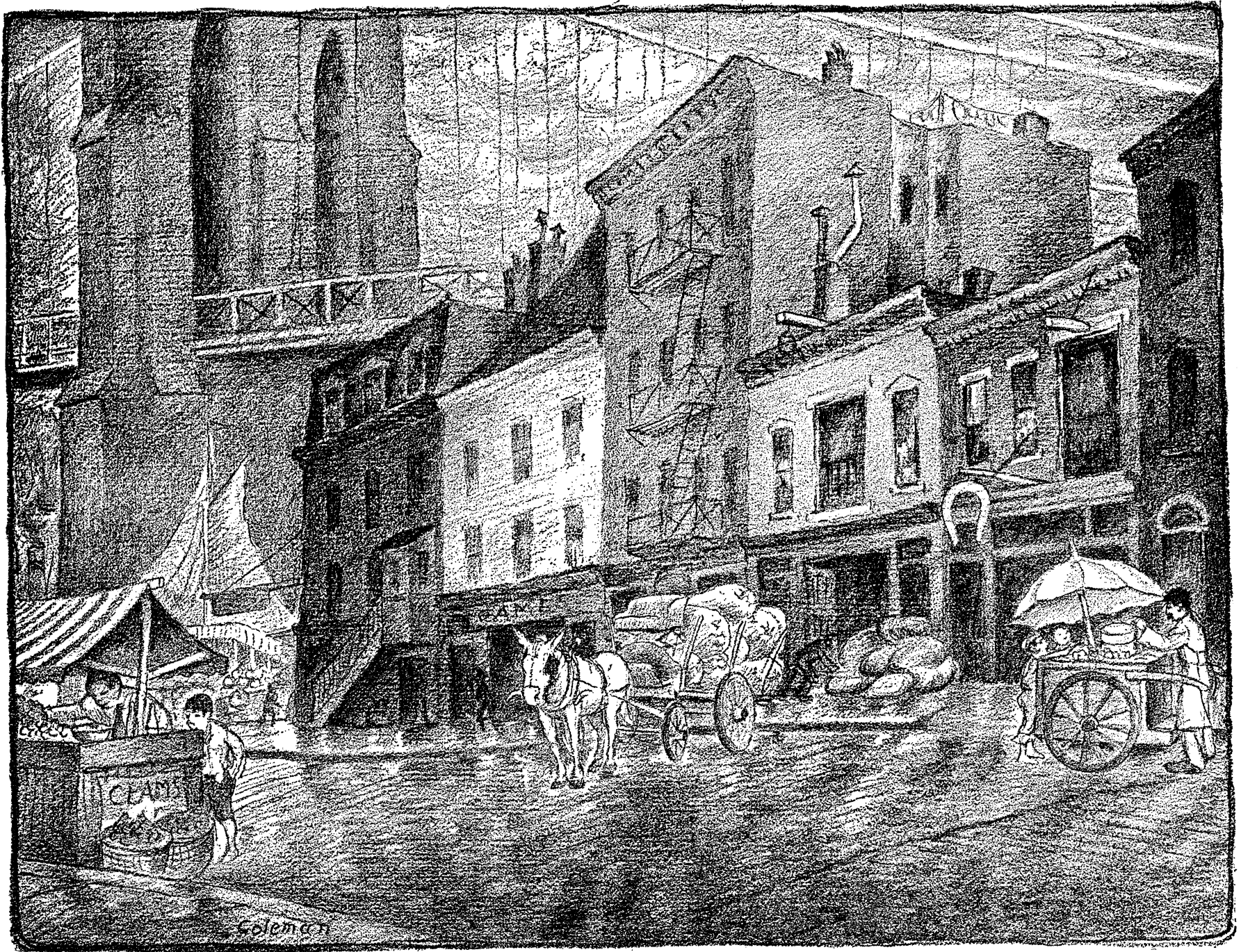
The chin of Calvin Coolidge has grown pointed out of all proportion: it is a shallow, contentless thrusting. The lips have almost disappeared. The mouth is a crease of shrewd, complacent purpose. The fold of resolution beneath his mother's nose becomes a dug-out of meanness. The nose itself is bulbous, perhaps with too much half-baked nutriment: it is a proboscis of forwardness unchallenged along the path which the canny eyes select from all the paths of the world. The forehead is blown into a windy conch, unruffled and unfilled save with the echoes of dead covenants. It crowns the face like a sea-shell; and the face itself becomes, beneath it, a pucker of soft parts like some naked creature peering forth for food. The head indeed is the Rhetoric of absence. The face is the expression of an immaculate instinct for sure and mean details.

Again, as with his mother, the man's eyes give the key. They have lost the tragedy of hers. They have flattened, hardened and come out to the surface. They do not, from a secret depth, glower upon a hostile



DRAWING BY DAVID BURLIUK

SUBWAY TRACK WORKERS



UNDER BROOKLYN BRIDGE

DRAWING BY GLENN COLEMAN

world: but have pressed, with a twist and a leer, to Victory. They twinkle. They have the lasciviousness of cold possession. They are the logical eyes of the battener on nullities: the eyes of the democratic politician.

So, as Calvin Coolidge, professional legislator might declare: The Nays have it. Here is a face at last, ultimate and stripped to the model of a will like a machine. A face where no dream lingers beyond the dreams approved by a smug world: a face which no thought troubles that has no answer in the current coinage: a face that knows not passion, unless it be charted and chartered in the Statutes. The mother's frown is gone with the conflict it expressed. Here, in lieu, is a smirk. All the realms of spiritual risk which her men, good pioneers, to such good purpose barred, have here stayed out indeed. A race's turning of its ideal power into the body of Success becomes this face and body, stripped to cunning, instinct with the spirit of acquisition. The symbol becomes a man; the man becomes a symbol. He crawls up the greased ladder of public honors. He becomes a leader and an idol, in whom the mob can worship its own miseries.

So this is the fate of our inherited virtues? It was written: On the Fourth of July 1776 these virtues shall give birth to the United States, and on the Fourth of July 1872, these virtues shall give birth to Calvin Coolidge?

There is no reason for repining. To be reborn, America must die: yea! her most immemorial virtues must rot and die. The face of our President should hearten us with knowledge, that we are well on the way.

STAND BY PASSAIC!

With the avowed intention of breaking the textile strike in Passaic, a Citizens Committee has been formed this past month. Making use of certain statements by A. F. of L. officials, printed in three languages and distributed by motor-cycle policemen to the picket lines, they are launching an attack upon the splendid strike organization and trying to alienate union labor and stop relief funds.

Are you going to let them do it? You can halt their offensive by continuing your support of these plucky workers who are fighting for decent living conditions. Read the ad on page 31.

THE LADIES - GOD BLESS 'EM

By MARTHA FOLEY

The ladies of the world, soft in their silks, perfumed, smiling and chatting, met in Paris in June. They convened, resolved, committed, receptioned, teaed— *charming trip, wasn't it?*— and adjourned.

The problem which delicately agitated the whole delightful convention was the question of equal industrial rights.

This world-shaking issue, this controversy which absorbed the ladies of forty-three countries (to the detriment of the smart shops on the Rue de la Paix) was discussed, persistently enough, and passed upon, duly enough—without a single working woman being there to lift up her voice.

It was like this: The National Woman's Party, led by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, one millionairess, had applied for admission to the International Suffrage Alliance. Objection was made by the League of Women Voters, led by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, another millionairess, who had founded the Alliance. All

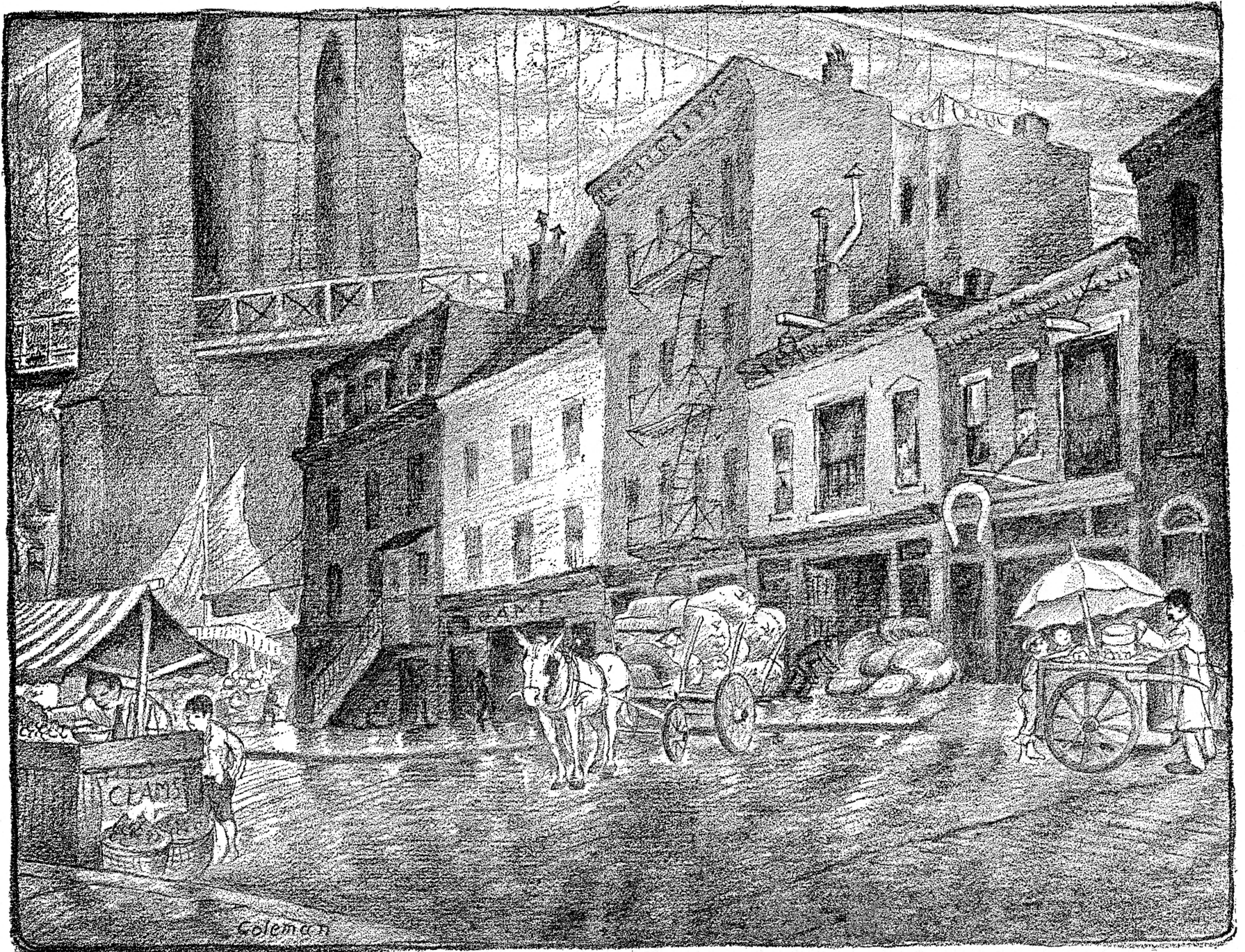
because the two American groups had wrangled before Congress and State legislatures for several years over restrictive legislation for women workers.

The Alliance had already taken a stand for such legislation at its Rome conference three years ago.

The Woman's Party, weeping naught over objections, sent over from America twenty-five energetic representatives instructed to break in, willy-nilly, at the convention. Should they fail that, they were told to lobby for the resolution introduced by the British delegation urging unqualified opportunities for women in industry.

One matter, hardly important, of course, was overlooked by both groups. As for the women of the only country in which they have been granted not equal but full industrial rights—Soviet Russia—why, my dear, we just decided to ignore them.

I asked Mrs. Corbett-Ashby, the English head of the Alliance, who presided over the momentous sessions in the Sorbonne like some gracious host-



UNDER BROOKLYN BRIDGE

DRAWING BY GLENN COLEMAN

ess serving tea, why the women of Soviet Russia were not present.

"They were not asked," culturally intoned Mrs. Corbett-Ashby.

And why?

"Because, of course, they would refuse to cooperate with us."

* * *

Fired with eagerness to right the wrongs of the poor working girl who was not permitted to toil ten hours like her male confrere, the er-er . . . what shall we say—*uninvited*—Woman's Party enthusiasts arrived in Paris.

They established themselves at the Lutetia, one of the fattest hotels in Paris, where a dove—*so cute, isn't it?*—motif decorates the walls. Professional women were among the group, but mostly they were, if not rich, ladies of the bourgeoisie.

They set up a Press Bureau. Their literature was distributed broadcast to the press. An enterprising editorial writer on *Le Journal* discovered that among their demands was one for equal opportunities for women in the priesthood. Horror of horrors! So *that* is where these suffragettes are leading us! Give French women the vote and they will seek the same thing. Terrible. Terrible. The native feminists deny and deny that this is what they want.

So, black eye No. 1 for the Woman's Party.

Let us be militant, say the militants. *Let us be ladylike*, say the lady-birds. Proposals, stratagems, advances, retreats, public statements to the papers that the Party really was invited, that it wasn't, that it can be *represented* if its two fraternal delegates will sit nice and quiet in the back row like good children, and always—morning, noon and night—chatter, chatter, chatter.

Before the Congress opens, the Admissions Committee rejects the application. And it's black eye the second for the Woman's Party.

At the opening session, the report of the Admissions Committee concerning the Party is presented to the entire Congress. There are eager speeches for and eager speeches against, pleas not to split the feminist movement of the world (Soviet Russia doesn't count—that belongs to another planet), cohortations to consider the welfare of women workers e-v-v-erywhere.

The Congress upheld the report of its Admissions Committee. It shut the doors politely, but firmly, upon the National Woman's Party. As a protest, the British Six Point Group led by an aristocrat, Lady Rhondda, withdrew its application which had already been approved for admission. From then on, the equal industrial rights issue permeated the gathering.

True, there were other matters touched upon. There were debates on women police at which Captain Mary Allen of the London force told the need of such as herself to deal with wayward children, prostitutes and women prisoners. The conclusions of the committee for an equal moral standard and *against* traffic in women were upheld by the Congress. (There is only one way for a gentlewoman to vote on such questions.) The situation of the unmarried mother and her child was thrashed out. Family endowment was thought a very nice thing. It was decided that married women should be permitted to retain their own nationality

—the delegates were instructed to tell their politicians of the Congress's decision. Ways and means of obtaining the franchise were decided upon. What was intended to be the crowning point of the Congress, its work for international peace in conjunction with the League of Nations, came in for attention. Women parliamentarians from Germany, Czechoslovakia, Great Britain, Holland and Denmark orated. Male sympathizers of the feminists did likewise. A peace pageant was staged at the Trocadero.

Too, there were the social functions which lent grace and charm to the sessions—the luncheons, teas, dinners and receptions. The Woman's Party group and their supporters captured a Countess for a hostess. The League of Women Voters and their playmates were received "by invitation" by a dowager duchess. Excursions, visits to the President, to the French Senate, the Opera.

But always the Congress returned to the question of equal industrial rights. Logrolling, machinations, gossip, lobby work, all, forced it back before the convention for hearings and rehearsals. It wouldn't down. The resolution for which the Woman's Party lobbied after its ejection came before a committee meeting and passed there. Then it came upon the floor of the Congress.

Outside in the streets leading to the Sorbonne were posters crying to the world, ladies included, to remember the Chicago martyrs of 1887 and to save Sacco and Vanzetti, who were grimly depicted as being led to the electric chair. Limousines and taxis and voitures carry one too fast to read the billboards. Across the river from the Sorbonne girls were going blind over their fine embroideries and bead bags. *The poor things, they must be given an equal chance, now mustn't they?* Somewhere, say in Passaic, women were hitting back at the tyranny of their bosses. *It just goes to show that they must have protection.*

Lady after lady, official, active member of the Alliance, duly admitted, accredited and all, got up and said her little piece, in the typical tone of the welfare worker.

In the back seats, lady after lady, exiled, sulked silent, or stormed to her neighbor (also of the Woman's Party) with an enthusiasm that once had crashed prison gates but since has grown old and weary.

Some lady orators said that the battlefield of the feminist was now in the field of economics, others said that women as mothers needed protection from night work. But none said that they knew what they were talking about because they had worked.

Like the Woman's Party, the resolution was defeated—it was logrolled out of existence—with an eiderdown log.

Perhaps, some day to the other inscriptions which run in scrolls along the Sorbonne corridors lined with the murals of Puvis de Chauvane, Calou and Dagnan-Bouveret, will be added the memento of this Tenth Triennial Congress of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance:

Working women of the world unite, you have the world to gain and only your friends to lose.

THE GIRL BY THE RIVER

By MICHAEL GOLD

New York is like a Negro fighter quiet after a knock-out blow,
And quiet, like a tired work-horse, the Night stands in its stall, moon-
drowsing by the river.

No one loves me, nobody loves me, a young girl is moaning by the
river,

As she stumbles like a drunkard through the black docks and wrings
her hands by the dark river,

Alone with the stars, the locked warehouses, an old watchman and the
river,

Spattering the peace with her blood, with her young hopeless passion
by the river,

No one loves me! wringing her pale work hands by the dark river.

2.

O moonlight boat ride up the Hudson River when May Carty found
her young taxi driver,

When he spoke soft love to her in the dark woods near the dance hall
by the river,

When so beautiful and just, the man-flesh cleaved to woman-flesh, as
in the world's beginning, by a river,

O Georgie, Georgie! she cried, the jazz-notes moan through the trees
like a flight of birds lost on a river!

O Georgie, Georgie! I'm so lonesome in the shoe factory and not hav-
ing no real friend but the river!

I could die for love, I could die in this grass with the wild wet smell
and my sweet daddy over me, by the river,

O Georgie, Georgie! don't ever leave me; but he left her, and she
bears his child by the river,

As she wanders the night docks and moans and wrings her hands by
the dark river.

3.

We need to be loved, we droop like yellow dogs without love,
When no one loves us we plunge for peace into the dark river,
Old watchman, leave the property you are guarding and speak a word
of love to the girl by the river.

Warehouses, smelling of spice and leather, open your locked doors
and give her rest from the river.

Skyscrapers, stoop to her, Stars, tell her the world is a silver union of
rivers,

Tug-boats, send her a brave yellow flare from the boilers as you chug
down the river,

Bosses who drove her, foremen who hated her, be kind now, she walks
by the river,

Pimps who sought to seduce her, she has come to the river at last,
Landladies, wheels, strong bankers, O factory whistles, O congress-
men, O river,

O America, O you who used her, forget your money-lust now, she
dreams of the river!

She is mad! she is lost! she will drown herself for want of love, in
the river!

The young factory girl who moans by the dark river.

4.

I begged her to wait for dawn.

O my darling, my darling! Revolution will rise from the east on the
dark river,

Bringing peace to workers, and peace to women, and no more dark
river.

This is sure, this is sweet, this is stronger than strong bankers and the
river.

There will be love for all, and in factories and subways, love.
It will float over the skyscrapers, and chug in the tough tug-boats
down the dark river.

Wait, wait! the workers are marching over the mountains and swim-
ming the stormy river,

The bosses cannot stop them, the old watchman cannot guard the
locked doors by the river.

Wait, wait! but she would not listen, she would not understand,
She screamed and wrung her hands and plunged into the dark river,
She did not believe my words, that there would be a time of revolution
and love,

A time of love's children conceived in woods near a dance hall by a
river,

A time of workers' joy in boats down a gay golden river,
A time of no more moaning for factory girls by Life's loud, huge, red,
river.



DRAWING BY MAURICE BECKER

SUMMER



DRAWING BY MAURICE BECKER

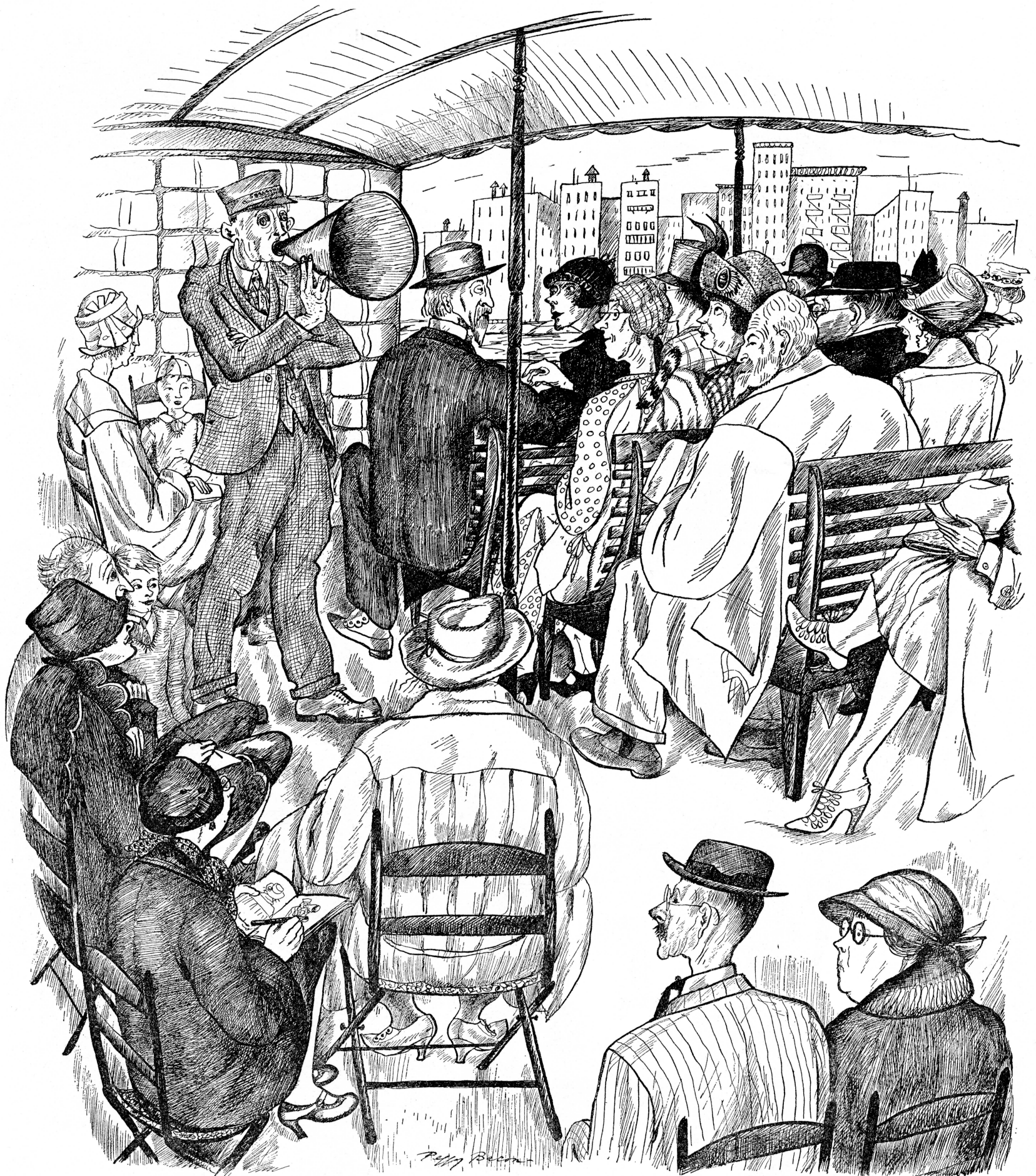
SUMMER



DRAWING BY PEGGY BACON

ON THE RUBBERNECK BOAT

LADY FROM MUNCIE (EXCITEDLY)—LOOK, HANK, THERE'S AN ARTIST!



DRAWING BY PEGGY BACON

ON THE RUBBERNECK BOAT

LADY FROM MUNCIE (EXCITEDLY)—LOOK, HANK, THERE'S AN ARTIST!

PICNIC DAY :: A STORY

By MARGARET LATIMER

NONE of us church people mistrusted Louise Markle when she began using red on her mouth. There were some that talked, of course, but heaven sakes, we thought we knew that girl through and through. She'd been raised in our church and her mother before her. She was brought up with all the fine things of religion around her and she sang in the choir from the time she was fourteen. But when her mother died and she began to do typing at the court house I noticed that she started to act kind of free and easy. No, that wasn't until the Horace McConkles came to town.

They were an elegant couple. Mr. sold insurance and Mrs. was one of the sweetest little bodies in our town with her three children and another on the way. They went to our church, of course. All the big business men go there. Our minister, Dr. White, says it's a constant inspiration to him to have most of the splendid men of the town in his congregation. But they always tell him that he's the inspiration.

First thing we knew Louise was thick with Mrs. McConkle and always talked with her after service. And on the days Louise sang in the choir Mr. used to come and we all laughed and joked Mrs. and Louise in front of him. But he was good natured, kind of big and hearty, and he wore his hat tilted and walked important. Then Louise began going to their house to do special typing for Mr. McConkle, she said, and after Mrs. was back from the hospital she went there to see the baby. She was there so much that we all joked her about it and told her that next thing she'd be living there. But nobody could get a word out of her then and I noticed she was getting thinner and paler all the time. All of a sudden the McConkles moved away.

I guess it was a month later that Louise came to see me. I was real pleased because she hadn't been to my house since her mother died and when she was little she'd always been such a one to come. It was awkward the way we sat there in the parlor, me asking her all kinds of questions about her work, the McConkles, her clothes that she always made herself, anything I could think of to ask her. But she looked so stiff and white that I wondered if she was out collecting money for something.

"Well," I said, "Louise," I said, "it's good to have you here even though I do see you every Sunday in church."

"I hate church!" she said. "I don't think I'll go any more."

I couldn't imagine what had come over her to say such a thing, a girl like her, twenty years in the church. Her mother carried her in before she was a year old.

"I guess you aren't feeling well, Louise," I said.

She shook her head and I suggested that the weather had been trying and that she had to work pretty hard but she ought to take all her troubles to the church, she ought to go there and pray,

I told her, and tell our minister, do all about her hatred for his wife and children, especially the little baby that McConkle liked to watch while it nursed. And nights she would go home in the dark and wonder what she would do if she had a child, imagining herself standing there in the choir before all her mother's friends, and then she would shake with fear, picture death, long for it, but something would make her love him all the more.

Then I told her that maybe her friends, the McConkles, going away had affected her and she began talking about something way off the subject just as if she hadn't made that blasphemous remark about our church. And she stared at a picture of her taken when she was about four with her hair up on top of her head and a little locket around her neck. I always thought that was the dearest picture that ever was even though she did look kind of peaked and scared.

"Well, Louise," I said and pointed to the picture, "when you were that little girl you used to like church."

"I liked it until the McConkles came," she said.

"They're gone now," I said. "Can't you like it again?"

"No."

"We all get our spells, I suppose," I told her.

"But I'm glad it happened," she said.

I looked at her eyes and her thin neck and arms. She looked burned out, as if her whole life was done. "Louise," I said, "are you eating right? Are you sure you get enough sleep? You know I feel responsible for you, Louise," I said, "since your mother's gone."

Then she told me. She was in love with Horace McConkle. (Just think that nice girl, as nice a girl as we have in our church!) "But what difference does it make," he told her, "when we love each other. What difference does anything make? This is ours. My wife has nothing to do with it."

One night his wife was taken to the hospital and Louise staid there in the house with him. They put his children to bed and laughed and joked with them and Louise staid. In the morning they took flowers to the hospital.

"I'll never regret it," she said, real defiant, "but I can't keep it in any longer. I have to tell it. Imagine me there and nobody knowing. She didn't even know. And I wanted every one to know. But he kept saying, 'This is between us. Just us. It would be common to tell.'"

When Mrs. McConkle came home she and Louise went every where together, to church, to the movies, and when Mr. was away Louise sometimes staid with her to keep her company. Other times she went to the country with him to a meadow to lie in the sun and then under the moon. But on Sundays she had to be back to sing in the choir and to teach her Sunday school class and anyway, they didn't dare to stay away for long.

All of a sudden she couldn't endure singing her hymns any more. She wanted to sing about her own life right there in the church in front of all of us instead of her special solos or Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow or Count Your Many Blessings. She said she wanted to sing

about her hatred for his wife and children, especially the little baby that McConkle liked to watch while it nursed. And nights she would go home in the dark and wonder what she would do if she had a child, imagining herself standing there in the choir before all her mother's friends, and then she would shake with fear, picture death, long for it, but something would make her love him all the more.

One day she got up her courage, he was so awfully grand acting, and said, "What if I have a child?" and he answered, "Well, then, we'll run away to the moon. How's that?"

After that she was afraid to live or die but he always told her, "Life is wonderful when you know the secret."

"I'm not afraid when I'm with you," she said. "Oh, how can you stay there with her?"

"Can't you two be good friends?" "I can't stand her not knowing!"

"Be reasonable, Louise. It's no concern of hers what we do. That concerns ourselves."

"How about me?" she cried. "What do I get out of this? I'm left out!"

"Aren't you satisfied to be giving me everything?"

Then she would hate herself for not understanding his love and she would go with him to his table and talk with his wife and kiss his children and she would invite them to the movies even if she didn't have much money. "I used to think I'd die or scratch her to death," she said. "And when I had time I'd go down in our cellar and practise my new solo for church with the words I wanted to sing to it."

One day he told Louise they were going to move to Glendale. I can imagine how she stared at him and when she begged him to take her off somewhere far away from his wife and children he said, "Funny little Louise, be reasonable! You shall come to us for a long visit, I promise you that. Do you think that anything can take away what we have had? Why, no!" And when she looked at the branches of warm apples almost touching the ground and felt the wind on her face she screamed and threw herself against him. All he said was, "Louise, have I ever given you reason to suppose I was an ordinary man?"

So the McConkles made their plans for moving and Mrs. said she would miss Louise because she had been such a good friend to her and added that the children would miss their "second mother" as they called her. And McConkle, too, he would miss her, she always said, laughing at him roguishly and shaking her finger; he would miss Louise.

The first time Mrs. McConkle said that Louise cried, "Oh, but I'm afraid he won't!" and Mr. looked sober and said, "We'll have to see about that," while his wife just beamed at him and stroked his cheek. After that Louise never said anything to Mrs. McConkle's jokes.

"Dearest," said Mrs. McConkle just a week before they went. "I want to do something for Louise. She

has been so lovely to me. Can't we have a party or something? Don't you think so, darling? Don't you think so, Louise? Of course. A picnic's the thing!"

They went on a bright, cool day in September and McConkle who knew only one meadow in the country that was quiet enough for a picnic took his wife, Louise, and his four children there. They stepped out of the car and he went on ahead to the only safe place in the meadow that he knew. Behind him came his wife with her baby at her breast and the three little boys begging for pickles. That reminded McConkle that he had promised his three little boys a good spanking if they teased Mama for pickles. But he led them on to the lovely spot and Mrs. McConkle, spreading out the robe, cried, "Oh, look! Apples and everything. Why, even the grass has been prepared for us. See! Oh, darling, you know all about picnics and lovely meadows and things!"

He agreed that he did and wished that they had brought sunshades for the sun, offered a newspaper to Louise for fear she might spoil her dress on the weeds, and asked Mrs. how soon the baby could go on prepared food. "Oh, not for six months yet," she said blushing. "Do forgive us for being so domestic and intimate," she begged Louise who didn't know where to look. "But we always consider you one of the family, you know." And then Mr. went off to the woods in that grand way of his with his three little boys hopping behind him.

Louise looked at the branch of warm apples that almost touched the ground but she didn't speak. And even when they stopped a few days later on their way to the station she didn't say anything. She only looked at them and shut her eyes when Mrs. kissed her and made the little boys do the same. But when she held the baby up for her to kiss Louise kind of groaned and put her hands over her stomach and McConkle said real quick that he had to telephone and took her back to the house.

Then he put his arm around her and shook his head. "I'm disappointed in you, Louise," he said, and patted her on the back. "But you're as reasonable as a woman can be, I guess."

She leaned against him with her arms hanging straight, her head down and her tears falling. But she didn't make a sound. Then the little boys began shouting for Papa and Mrs. started calling and the baby began to cry so McConkle brushed off his coat and went. Louise watched the car go down the street with the little boys hanging out the sides waving their straw hats and when she heard the train pull in she sat down by the window. And then it pulled out.

"Never mind, Louise," I said. But I couldn't look at her long, she looked so white and stiff and finished. "You keep on with your solos and don't give up church. You'll forget about it sometime, Louise."

TERMINAL—A STORY

By LOUISE TOWNSEND NICOLL

"Mama must be still alive. 'You better come', the telegram said. If mama was dead, they woulda said, 'Come at once,' wouldn't they, Hat?"

"Yes, maybe," Hat said.

Their voices were slow, drab monotonous. They sat side by side on a bench in the Grand Central Station, in the rush between five and six o'clock at night. They were middle-aged, poor, workers very likely in a factory. Hat was tiny, scrawny, shrunk. She held in her clawlike hands a bunch of withered garden flowers with a paper around their stems. The one who was going away was unwholesomely large. Her straw hat, untimely for the Fall night, sat high above her round, bewildered face and careless hair. Her hands, fingering her pocketbook nervously, rested on her high stomach.

They did not look at each other as they talked, but straight ahead unseeingly or into their laps. Their voices went on as if detached from them—strange flat voices in the din of the big waiting-room, voices speaking in a monotone of death and the frailty of human life. Around them life was at top speed. Commuters rushed by them, grabbing newspapers from the stand. Girls powdered their faces, reddened their lips, leaning against the ends of the benches, waiting for boy friends.

"Mama won't last long now. 'Mama unconscious,' the telegram said. They always get unconscious before they go, don't they, Hat?"

"My sister didn't," Hat said. "She wanted to live."

"She knew everything? Did she say anything—about the Hereafter? About those who had gone before?"

"No. My sister didn't say anything like that. But she wanted to live. She woulda lasted longer, but the priest he told her she was going to die. After that she just wilted down and died. Only two weeks she lasted after that. We wouldn'ta told her. The doctor he wouldn'ta told her, either. But the priest he told her. She cried awful."

"What a thing for a priest to do, Hat! Did you tell him what you thought?"

"No."

"What did she die of, Hat—the T.B.?"

"No, the cancer."

"Oh, well, then, everybody knew she had to die."

"Everybody but her. She didn't have to aknow."

"I'd feel bad if I thought I had to die now, wouldn't you, Hat?" the gray question came. The bulging ankles of the big woman, in cotton stockings, were crossed heavily in front of her. In them there seemed no joy of life.

"Yes," said Hat.

They were silent awhile.

"I guess I better get the ticket out, don't you think so, Hat?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"It's a fine thing to have the money to go with when you have to," said the big woman, speaking as if from a distance, slowly, dispassionately. "It's a fine thing to have a job. I'd be fool-

ish to give up this good job I got, wouldn't I, Hat?"

"Well, if you're goin' to be sick, you'll have to," came Hat's reply, like the reply of fate.

"I ain't goin' to be sick, Hat. All I got's a cold. I feel better'n I did this morning. And the change will do me good. It's dry there—not damp. And the long rest on the train, sittin' still so long."

Hat said nothing. It seemed, in the replies of Hat, in her silences, as if she were the old associate of Death. The other one had chosen unerringly from among her fellow-workers which one was to come and see her off—Hat, whose sister had died—whose sister had wanted to live, and who might have lived a little longer than she did. She knew restlessness, bitterness and its futility, the small chance life has of flickering on.

"Mama won't last long now, Hat." It came again.

"No," said Hat.

"I'd feel awful if I knew I had to die, Hat."

"Yes."



DRAWING BY CECIL BOULTON

THE BOOTLEGGER'S BRIDE

They stayed silent then, the one clinging to her pocketbook, the other to her withering bouquet. Life was dear to them. The one had fear, the other a grim resignation. The one needed reassurance, the other knew there was no reassurance in the world. And life was dear to them, because they knew so starkly about fear and death and the feeble chance of human life. Living, the putting off of death, the chance to earn a living, the luxury of having carfare with which to go home for funerals, the chance of a rest sometimes on a train, a change of air when someone died—these things were precious. These women had a profound, a fearful, thankfulness for them. The one most fearful named these blessings again and again in her flat, dead voice—placating Death. They sat clinging tightly to their money, their flowers, to their lives.

A porter came through, calling a train.

The large woman bent forward toward him painfully.

"Is that my train?" she asked, holding out to him artlessly the long envelope containing her tickets. She looked at him as awed, as sure of his finality and power, as if he were a black Charon come to ferry her across.

"Yes, m, that's your train," he said, not unkindly, and went off shrugging a careless shoulder at the way she held her suitcase back from him. He

could not know it was her life she held.

"I better go, Hat. I mustn't miss the train."

"No," said Hat.

They were gone, in a kind of terror, Hat half-shoving the other's bulk along. They knew so well that life and death and trains brook no delay.

THE MAN WHO CANNOT SLEEP

All alone he lived on his farmstead, curbed in by a hedge of trees, Piteously desiring to be left alone, to be in no man's thoughts, on no man's tongue.

But one day he was murdered by a tramp,

And his name became a bruit through all the countryside.

Thirty years have gone, yet always one passer-by says to another, "That man was murdered by a tramp."

And the sun as he swings behind a tree in the west pauses to say, "Good night, murdered man."

And in the dark and cold of dawn the coyote lifts a scrawny throat and cries,

"M-u-u-r-r-dered m-a-a-n,"

And ever he turns and mutters in his sleep.

Beulah May

MASTER OF LIFE

A realist he, probing the cosmic stuff
In thunder-bolt or star, acorn or fly,
Viewing our troubled race, as from a bluff,
Sure-footed, stanch of eye.

A realist he, shifting the fates of man
To man's own powers, with earth as revelator:
For if by her laws he foresee and plan,
Man is himself creator.'

His class-room was a shrine of hopes and aims
For youth yet gravelled by old creed and myth,
With ritual read from Dewey, Bergson, James,
And hymns from Meredith.

His Study was an oracle for tears,
First-love, tiffs, pains; a realist, to and fro,
He solved his own endeavors, risks and fears
By facts and foresight . . . so,

Getting with child (by chance) his sickly bride
(They married late, and married for the soul),
He thumbed imported books (in French), pop-eyed,
For aids to birth-control.

William Ellery Leonard

VITAGRAPH

Out in God's country where men are men,
the terror of Red Cap used to ride on his
bulletsudden roan.

He was called God damn Higgins
and was said to have faith only in his gun,
his horse, and Denver Nan.

It turned out she was in cahoots with Gentleman Joe
who could shuffle a deck faster than you can count,
and one day the two of them cleaned the poor sucker
out of his last red cent.

But it was the last time Gentleman Joe
hung his thumb into the armpit of his vest
and snickered behind his nibbled toothpick,
for a masked stranger showed up in the barroom
that night, with his hand on his hip pocket.
Years later the Reverend Marcus Whitney
pitched his tent in town,
And Denver Nan had her only chance to go straight,
And made good,

And married Good Deed Higgins,
And three cheers for the star spangled banner.

And how about God damn Higgins?

O he used to be hard all right.

He could draw a gun faster than any man in Arizona.

Carl Rakosi.

HONEST PARASITES

The Repression of Crime, by Harry Elmer Barnes. George H. Doran Company, New York. \$2.50.

Curing the Criminal, by Jesse O. Stutsman. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50.

Harry Elmer Barnes, professor of historical sociology at Smith College, and author of several historical and sociological works, has responded to the recent semi-hysterical demand for knowledge of how to stop crime waves by publishing some miscellaneous penological papers under the falsely promising but probably sales-promoting title, *The Repression of Crime*.

The sub-title, *Studies in Historical Penology* is professorially descriptive of several chapters, individually entitled, *Criminal Codes and Penal Institutions of Colonial Times*, *The Historical Origin of the Prison System in America*, *The Place of the Pennsylvania Prison Society in American Prison Reform*, *Some Leading Phases of the Evolution of Modern Penology*, etc. In addition, there is, *How Prisons Punish the Human Mind*, *Trial by Jury*, *Recent Literature on Crime and Prisons*, and some "scientific criminology" which is mainly unsupported argument that criminal conduct is always the product of mental disease and defectiveness, and that those accused as criminals should be turned over to "bodies of experts" who shall decide their respective fates, presumably infallibly and finally. He supports his theory of the criminal's mentality with the fact that Loeb and Leopold and Watson—the latter the Los Angeles "bluebeard" murderer of nine wives—were abnormal. He adds the preposterous assumption that crimes like theirs "are in no way infrequent," and at every opportunity labels his opinions with the phrase "modern criminal science" or the like.

In all this he resembles defective criminals whose crudeness of method and ignorance of opposing realities get them easily and quickly "caught with the goods." For against him can be quoted the quite deliberate and emphatic statements of several outstandingly thorough and authoritative observers and interpreters of facts about criminals. Two such statements will be enough for the present purpose; both from books on Barnes' list of "Selected References," and by authors he specifically mentions most favorably:

First from Dr. William Healy's *The Individual Delinquent*: "We would make it clear here and elsewhere that we have not the slightest wish to place delinquents as such in the list of abnormal individuals." . . . "Such statements as, 'Crime is a disease,' appear dubiously cheap in the light of our experience."

E. H. Sutherland, in *Criminology*, says, "There is little to justify the conclusion that criminals differ appreciably from non-criminals in mentality. But even if a criminal is found to be feeble-minded, that is not in itself an explanation of his crime. A much larger proportion of males commit crimes, but when a criminal is found to be male, that is not an explanation of his crime.

Neither is a finding of feeble-mindedness an explanation."

Like statements from other reliable men could be given, but it will probably be more valuably informative to Dr. Barnes to add a table which compares the results of the most extensive and dependable tests yet made of criminals' and non-criminals' intelligence. The test used was the Alpha test. The non-criminals tested were the white Americans in the draft; the criminals, the convict populations of several States. The table appears in *American White Criminal Intelligence*, a paper by Murchison in the *American Journal of Law and Criminology* for August and November, 1924:

Criminals	Grade	Non-criminals
5.3%	A	5.1%
11.3	B	9.7
22	C plus	20.8
28.5	C	28.7
17.8	C minus	21.4
6.9	D	8.8

In assigning abnormality as the cause of crime, Dr. Barnes avoids the necessity of examining the criminal's environment, and present social and economic circumstances for a cause or causes of criminal conduct. The criminal is abnormal, says Dr. Barnes, e. g. The status quo of society—business-as-usual is normal. In this view he is undoubtedly in firm agreement with his most prominent fellow-townsmen in Northampton, Mass., who emerges occasionally from industriously advertised periods of oyster-like silence to spill mother-of-pearl platitudes into the trough of a swinish and criminal world.

This bivalvular oracle in the Temple of Big Business recently epitomized his view of the function of government by remarking, "The business of government is business." The application of this view in governmental activity means that business purposes and results will be held and treated in official and popular opinion and practice as more important than other purposes and results; that business success will be caused to appear, except to the genuinely intelligent, as the best and most desirable form of success to be realized. Business success consists in making the work of others add to one's wealth, and is therein a form of parasitism. Most crime—four-fifths or more of all crime is theft—is parasitism differing from the business variety only in that it is more youthful and animal-like, cruder, more direct and violent. The criminal gets \$1,000 by force or more or less crude stealth from ten persons in ten weeks; the business man makes \$100,000 in profits in a hundred weeks by selling at the highest possible price to ten thousand customers and paying as little as possible to hundreds or thousands of employees.

The criminal is essentially the adolescent in business. Less than forty per cent of criminals are physically mature. Most of those who are mature formed adolescent business habits during adolescent years. Three-fourths or four-fifths are fairly intelligent normal youths infused with the same parasitic spirit which animates business. Where this spirit is most vigorously and

exclusively fostered and encouraged in the general population, its adolescent mode of expression, crime, will appear most widely and frequently.

The twenty to twenty-five per cent of abnormals and defectives among the criminal population are primarily abnormals and defectives rather than criminals, as Dr. Healy has pertinently said. The necessary first step in placing and treating all of them properly is to put an "educational" government in the place of the present "business" one, and so lead to a development of our educational activities which shall discover the defective and abnormal early in their lives and provide from then on for whatever restriction, supervision and treatment is best for each.

Another anti-crime-wave book just published is *Curing the Criminal*, by Jesse O. Stutsman, General Superintendent of the Rockview Penitentiary at Bellefonte, Pa. He had had "an active experience of eighteen years in research and correctional work," and been "in more or less intimate contact with not less than 50,000 convicts of all classes." Knowing criminals more accurately than Dr. Barnes, he says: "From our knowledge of prison populations we do not hesitate to say that a very large proportion of criminals are apparently normal."

He discusses intelligently all the more important aspects of penological

theory and practice, and includes many interesting and illuminating details from his experience. His most interesting chapters are, *Prisons Without Walls*, *Maintaining Discipline in Prison*, *Education of the Criminal a Social Obligation*, *The Value of Recreation for Prisoners*, and *The Death Penalty*.

He fails to attempt explanation of the professional criminal, other than to say that the latter makes crime a "life vocation." His book is therefore practically blank concerning the most important question with which it had to deal.

The chief impression received from these two books is that "modern criminology" is and must remain sterile in its main conclusions and recommendations because of the adherence of its devotees to a belief in the permanent validity of just those features of present social organization which are most powerful and persistent among crime causes—an educational system feeble and perverted to support the parasitic interests of the financially dominant, an economic system which provides luxury and leisure to some and subjects a majority to lives of dull drudgery. It is the prediction of the reviewer, as well as his hope, that criminology will some time soon receive as little attention as those "sciences" already in the limbo of intellectual curiosities—alchemy, astrology, phrenology.

John Damon.

A BARBARIC POEM OF NEW YORK

Manhattan Transfer, by John Dos Passos. Harper and Brothers. \$2.00.

This book of John Dos Passos would make an epic movie; and maybe in the hands of a director who was artist and genius, (where is he) it would be a magnificently popular, breath-taking, strange, barbarously poetic movie for a nation to understand.

Manhattan Transfer is a swift unreeling of New York sights and sounds and scattered chunks of drama. Thousands of faces flash by, some sad, some hilarious and bawdy, and each in its moment on the screen speaks and reveals what is deepest in one's heart.

This novel flies and hurries so, like an express train, it has such a stiff schedule to maintain, it swoops and maneuvers like a stunt aeroplane, that maybe slow and peasant-minded people cannot follow easily. The method is too new and experimental. But read the book twice and the method conveys its own emotion—the zoom of the aeroplane flight over a city.

I have always admired this gorgeous writer John Dos Passos. He has ever loved the visible world with such virgin delight. His senses are so fresh; he smells like a wolf, sees like a child, hears, tastes and feels with the fingers. I was born in New York, it is in my bones, but he has made me see and feel and smell New York all over again in this book; yes, it is nothing but a great poem of man's senses in New York city.

A hundred fine new stories could be quarried out of this book; it is as full of creative beginnings as a page of Walt Whitman.

John Dos Passos seems to know

capitalists, and crooked stock brokers, and factory hands, pimps, lonely young thieves, waitresses in one-arm lunches, morbid newspapermen, army captains, manicure girls, actresses, detectives, agitators, briefless young lawyers, milk-wagon drivers, bootleggers, sailors, cabaret singers,—he knows them, the way they make a living, their slang, the rooms they live in, the food they eat, their lusts, their hates, their defeats and hopes. He knows them. Multitudes move in his book—each sharp and different. But he more than reports them—he knows them.

I do not pose as a critic and have no wisdom to offer John Dos Passos to make him a better writer. What I want to say is I feel in him a bewilderment. The hero of his book and of his recent play and of his other books is a baffled young middle-class idealist. This protagonist is tortured by American commercialism, and always seeks some escape. But Dos Passos does not know how to help him; and the result is not tragedy, which may be clean and great, but bewilderment, which is smaller.

Dos Passos must read history, psychology and economics and plunge himself into the labor movement. He must ally himself definitely with the radical army, for in this struggle is the only true escape from middle-class bewilderment today. That is what I feel.

There are pages of keen social rebellion and proletarian consciousness in this novel, but the mass effect is that the dilemma of the young idealist in America is insoluble. John Dos Passos is too enormous a talent to be held

back in his creativeness by such nihilism.

Buy and read this novel. It is education; for it extends one's knowledge of America. All writers are propagandists; and the middle-class writers sentimentalize the people of their class (see Hergesheimer, for instance) so that a proletarian can only read them with a faint disgust. But Dos Passos knows the good and the bad, and tells both. He is fiercely honest. He is accurate. He is the propagandist of truth, and truth in America leads to

rebellion against the liars of Wall Street and Washington. Dos Passos suffers with nostalgia for a clean, fair, joyous and socialized America. And his is a fresh virgin mind, and through him one can enjoy a great experience—one can roam the wild streets of New York, and climb up and down the fire-escapes, and see and know all that happens in this mad, huge, fascinating theatre of seven millions, this city rushing like an express train to some enormous fate.

Michael Gold

MORE TRUTH THAN HISTORY

Our Times, by Mark Sullivan. Scribner's, New York. \$5.00.

A good many theories have been advanced as to how histories should be written. I had a theory once myself, but I have forgotten what it was. It depends a good deal, I fancy, upon what the history is for.

I used to criticize our school histories because they were so full of bunk. I supposed, innocently enough, that they ought to be full of information instead. The trouble, however, was not with the histories: it was with me. School histories, I now know, are not designed to give information. Their purpose is to instil patriotism; and information and patriotism can not well mix.

If our children should ever find out that the Lord did not write the Constitution of the United States on tables of stone, and hand it down from Sinai to George Washington and the other Holy Fathers, they might not rally round the Flag in sufficient numbers on those frequently occurring national crises when the honor of our country must be maintained. This, obviously, would never do. Patriotism and good citizenship do not grow on bushes. They can be developed only by ceaseless propaganda: and since it is the first duty of our school system to develop them, it stands to reason that education and information must be kept out of the schools.

I can not help wondering what would happen, for instance, if Mark Sullivan should be assigned to prepare a History of the United States, for general text-book use, and he should follow the plan he employed in writing "Our Times": that is, if he should dig up all the authentic information he could, relevant and irrelevant, and give the youngsters some notion of what sort of country it was which the Holy Fathers lived in, what bunk they fed on and by what precious prejudices they governed their lives.

Now, Sullivan is no radical. Not a word in his book indicates that he ever heard of a labor movement, more than that he knew there was a man named

Gompers, and a coal strike in the Roosevelt administration. But he is a reporter: and when he set out to write the history of our times, he went to the job as a conscientious reporter might. The story, at least, wasn't sacred; and the author, apparently, did not feel bound to write it in the way that would most tend to rouse reverence and devotion. He seems to have done it, rather, as a matter-of-fact job. Whether he has achieved a real history or not is another question: but he has achieved a *book*—this is my feeling, at any rate, concerning the first volume—which is delightfully free from bunk.

"Our Times" is being put out by Scribner's. It assumes to be a history of the United States from 1900 to 1925. The first volume, "The Turn of the Century," covers the years 1900 to 1904, but cuts back to the Eighties and Nineties, and forward to the present day, whenever the author thinks it necessary to do so in order to develop his theme.

The price is \$5 per volume. Whether it is worth the money or not will depend, I am afraid, upon how old the reader is. While Sullivan's history is not bunk, very much of it is junk: and people under thirty may easily not care to wade through the record of the inane songs of the Nineties, or acquaint themselves with all the pros and cons of the Great Crusade of 1896 for the Free and Unlimited Coinage of Silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

Those over forty, however, will generally get their money's worth. They will recall the Rise of Bryan and the Fall of McGinty. They will refresh their memories concerning Sweet Marie and the bicycle built for two. They will reminisce once more of Maud S., Nick Carter, John L. Sullivan, ping pong, big sleeves, Coin Harvey, T. DeWitt Talmadge, Laura Jean Libbey and Sappho: or they will pick quarrels with the author because he left somebody or something out.

I belong to the latter class of dodos. If I were asked offhand to name the person who made more real history

during this period than any other American, I should probably answer Robert G. Ingersoll: and Sullivan never mentions him. But the quarrel would be futile. Sullivan set out to get all the facts about 80,000,000 people in a four-year period, and he didn't do it: but he got enough of them to make anybody's head swim.

As to what he did with the facts, and as to what schoolboys and girls would do if history were presented to them in such a way, there is a chance for a big argument. I think he did very well with a few facts and nothing whatever with the rest: for you may perceive, when you come to study the book, that there were really two Mark Sullivans writing it.

One was a trained political reporter: and this Sullivan, when he wrote of politics, was not content merely to state the arguments pro and con and record the returns. He felt it necessary at every angle to explain and interpret the facts. Not to editorialize. Not to take sides. But to dig beneath the platforms and the claims and the campaign paraphernalia so that we might get some idea of what the fight was all about.

He was such a good political reporter, in fact, that he rather doubted whether politics was worth reporting. He was intelligent enough to see that

the real history of the times was being made in some other establishment; and he surmised that the popular songs of a period, and the changes in manners and in dress, were quite as important historically as its politics.

But he had not been trained to interpret these other things. All this other Sullivan could do, in most cases, was just to state the facts. There they are, if anybody wants the information, but why anybody should want it is not always apparent. It is doubtless related in some way to the lives of living people: but the relationship is not indicated; and living people under forty will, I think, be generally disinterested.

There are two or three beautiful exceptions. Sullivan seems to have groped his way eventually to the idea that scientific discoveries, not acts of Congress, were the forces that were really bringing about social change. He develops especially the story of the war against yellow fever; a war which science fought almost singlehanded against not only the insect world but against statesmanship, business and public opinion. That story may not be worth five dollars: but if the book is worth five, it is worth something over four. This part of the book is neither bunk nor junk. It is realistic but it is inspiring because it is related to life.

Charles W. Wood.

TECHNIQUE OF HAPPINESS

Flecker's Magic, by Norman Matson. Boni & Liveright, New York. \$2.00.

Starting with the safe platitude that art is one of the highest manifestations of vitality, one hastens to add—so is humor. A book which contains genuine art and genuine humor must therefore be ranked several notches above the current run of the presses, and Norman Matson's first novel deserves this ranking.

The moment at which an artist becomes sufficiently aware of himself and his world to treat serious things with gay objectivity—that moment marks his maturity. For the true wisdom is the gay wisdom. If it isn't, it isn't vital. That is to say, it isn't wisdom. If Lenin and Trotsky had been wholly lacking in humor the chances are that we wouldn't have any Soviet Republic today.

All these syllogisms are a bit rough on Mr. Matson, who having served a considerable apprenticeship to life as a journalist, has quite innocently undertaken to write an entertaining fable about happiness. Not quite innocently, however, because he starts with an implied premise—that happiness consists in being energetically what you are and not muddying the clear stream of actuality with wishes or wish-fulfillment—and he ends with an implied q. e. d. In other words, he is writing a philosophic thesis, and consequently some of the things in the book don't happen with as much spontaneity as one would like. They are *made* to happen—not all of them, fortunately, but some of them. Consequently, if the reviewer is tempted into metaphysics, it is the author's own fault; the narrative sometimes labors, the irresponsibility of the fantasy is sometimes *too* controlled. These are technical faults, however, for which Mr. Matson abundantly compensates by writing for the most part

with exceptional grace and distinction.

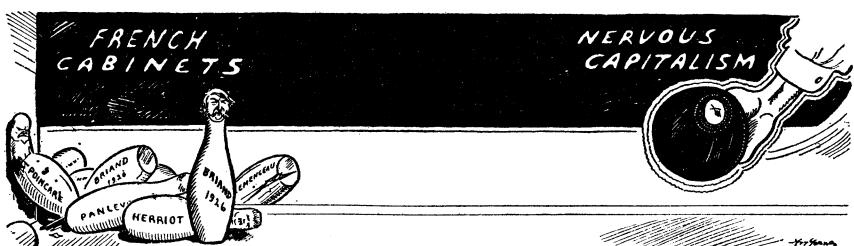
Spike Flecker, the red-headed artist from Minnesota, meets a young and beautiful witch in a Paris cafe who gives him a ring, telling him that if he turns it thrice and wishes for the thing he really wants most in the world, his wish will be granted. She has power, she says, and proves it by causing a five-ton bus to somersault gracefully and land safely on four wheels, to the consternation of the driver and the passengers.

Spike has a painful week trying to decide between immortality, a Rolls-Royce, turning the Eiffel Tower upside down and "happiness." Finally, in desperation, he rejects them all, and wishes to die. Nothing happens. He is young and cheerful, though indigent, and he doesn't really want to die. Meanwhile it turns out that the witch is not a witch at all but just a nice girl who got the ring from the real witch, a melancholy old woman who goes about the world trying to force her benefactions on struggling mortals to whose destinies such external power is quite irrelevant. Spike tosses the ring into the park, it explodes, and he runs off with the young woman. On the whole, he is a pretty good hero.

The book is an agreeable mixture of realism and fantasy. Some of the incidental characterization is expert and delicious—especially Spike's magnificent gift of daydreaming. He is a good boy, however, and dreams nothing improper—there is nothing in the book to worry the censor, except perhaps the jovial episode of Berthe which is funny enough to crack the thin lips of a Fundamentalist.

Mr. Matson has spared us a heavy autobiographic first novel and given us instead an entertaining story. The more, one hopes, the merrier.

James Rorty.



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PRIDE AND CIRCUMSTANCE

Not Poppy, by Virginia Moore.
New York. Harcourt, Brace & Com-
pany. \$2.00.

AT twenty-two Miss Moore has
published a collection of verse
which shares many of the defects as
well as most of the qualities of the
school of contemporary women poets to
which she belongs; the net effect of the
volume, however, is distinctly ingratiat-
ing. To begin with, she exhibits a
technical facility and a youthful verve
which are more than a little exhilarat-
ing. Hear, in the first poem of the
book, how she cries "To Horse!"

JOAN OF ARC 1926

I have no solid horse to share with Joan,
I have no wit to contradict a duke
If there were dukes; I dream my dreams
alone,

And cannot, in the face of Rome's rebuke,
Consider them divine. Rather I know
That nations are not worth the men they
break,

And tardy Joans are destined to forego
Danger, and the incentive of the stake.

But I shall ride—most surely I shall
ride—

Across a field more difficult than France,
Sternly, upon a horse that is my pride,
And make a sword of each foul circum-
stance

To conquer half the world disdainfully
Before a world, prescribed, can conquer
me!

An attitude, perhaps; even a fam-
iliar attitude. Yet the mood is in-
fectious and the revealed personality
is so engaging that irony falls prostrate
—the gods themselves in their celestial
galleries must break into cheers.

As one continues through the vol-
ume, one encounters plenty of senti-

mentalities, plenty of words loved not
wisely but too well. Yet one's initial
enthusiasm persists. Despite all the
parade of conscious griefs and raptures
in which she so successfully although
unconsciously parodies her stagiest con-
temporaries, Miss Moore reveals her-
self as honest, gallant, charming, and
a poet with something to say for her-
self.

Just what it is, we probably won't
know until she gets through working
the vein of *Pride and Circumstance*
with something more
deadly than battle cries. So far, *Cir-
cumstance* is chiefly represented in the
person of a shadowy Sultan to whom
Miss Moore writes seven sonnets, one of
which concludes:

You are, I see, only a little boy,
Still wearing freckles on your puerile soul,
Still shooting for your terror and your joy
With colored pewees swerving to a hole.
This child in you, where I half-sought a
lover,
Rouses the mother in me, welling over.

One's sympathies are overwhelmingly
with the Sultan.

The last section of the book entitled
"Black" is composed of poems written
in negro dialect which do not deserve
inclusion in the collection. With few
exceptions, whites and blacks rival each
other in writing nonsense about the
negro.

In general, the few objective poems
in the volume are not good. They will
probably be better as Miss Moore's
gallantly invoked *Circumstance* be-
comes better known and more carefully
worked.

James Rorty.

NON-INTOXICATING

A Casual Commentary, by Rose
Macaulay. Boni & Liveright. \$2.00.

Here and there among the outposts
of the British Empire, the dusty travel-
er who is too timorous or too poor to
trifle with headier vintages may slake
his thirst more thriftily on "minerals."
Now a "mineral", in case you have not
met it, is something like plain American
soda-pop, except that it is never by any
chance ice-cold, and it is considerably
flatter than the great drink of Coney
Island. It is tepid, mildly acidulous;
it has a fast-evanescent sparkle; it is
non-intoxicating.

Turning, not too abruptly, to another
British product, *A Casual Commentary*
is a collection of trivia served to the
clamoring public while Miss Macaulay,
no doubt, is busy about Higher Things.
The title is all modesty, the contents
all arrogance. Among the subjects un-
worthy of Miss Macaulay's serious
consideration are religion, the press,
marriage, politics and work. Two
subjects alone move her to good, vig-
orous, articulate exasperation: W. L.
George's views on woman's lot, and the
misuse of words by the uneducated.

"I, personally," as the author of *A
Casual Commentary* is too fond of say-
ing, am not among those moved to deli-
rium when Miss Macaulay, examining

closely a century of human life on a
planet which has bred human life for
250,000 years, discovers that change
and progress are a delusion, and that
only the ardors of each young genera-
tion distort the dreary repetitions of
human affairs into a semblance of im-
portance and novelty. From the intro-
ductory essay of this book, *New Years*,
to the concluding *Problems of a
Woman's Life*, we are treated over and
over again to the thesis of *Told By An
Idiot*.

It may be that Miss Macaulay was
over-sold on life, and, after paying
royally for it, found that it would not
wash. Whatever the cause, she finds
living a silly business, vastly over-rated,
and is like to go on telling us so in
her excellently written and constructed
novels for decades to come. And as
for selling these treatises on futility—
well, "I believe," she says, on page 36,
"that publishers could sell in thousands
every one of the volumes of nondescript
tosh that pour out from their houses if
they really gave their minds to it." So
here—although "nondescript tosh" is a
bit stronger than I should subscribe to
when even the weakest of Rose Macau-
lay's books is in question—is a job in-
deed for the advertising department of
Messrs. Boni and Liveright.

Dorothea Brande

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(Continued from page 7)

"Yeh! I'll bet you're writing some poetry. Let me give you some advice, boy. Don't you keep on writing poetry and that sort of stuff. First thing you know you'll be chucked. If you wanta get on in the world you've gotta work hard."

"Sure. Like you. Work here for twenty years more and after all get only thirty-five a week for almost fifty-two hours."

"Yeh. But you, writing poetry, 'll never get on in a practical world. You'll be flighty and you won't know the first thing about anything. I want you to quit this kind of foolin' here. We get too much of it from you. You lay down on the job and spoil the business."

"Take it easy, man, take it easy," I said. "The business here don't mean a darn to me. I look out for my health. Writing here is a whole lot better and it's good to be able to get away with it. I can't see what makes you so in love with the business yourself. What difference does it make to you how business is?"

"You're crazy now. I get the blame if it's bad here and the credit when it's good."

"G'wan. You could lay down on the job a little, too, without attracting any attention."

He subsided but after this he fumed. He roared at me, while I smiled back at him.

"Get on the bench and hurry up," he shouted.

"That's all right. I'll go there soon. Don't you think your business is gonna flop down a bit? You're not, strictly speaking, attending to it."

He looked at me with a face darker than a starless night and walked off. I tried to smile as sweetly as I could to pay him back.

I did not write more that day. I had, however, the book of poems. I carried it under my arm wherever I went. The manager told me several times not to take it out. I did not care and took it with me with each delivery.

Returning from a delivery I met the manager going home.

"Are you still carrying that book?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it?"

"C'mon. Hand it over. I'll put it away safe."

"Sorry sir. I can take care of it myself."

"Oh-h-h. Come on," he said and began to tear it from my hand. We walked down the hall, struggling for the book. He finally wrenched it from my hands and gave it to a man on the office force.

"Don't give it to him, Ben," were his orders. Turning to me he said, "Do you think this is a library, bringing books to study and read? You gotta cut this out. Don't you know how it looks to see a messenger boy with a book to read on his way?"

"Don't talk like you are crazy, Mr. Schneider. What can a guy get out of a poem reading while walking. I don't read on my routes. I just walk."

"Never mind. You don't get that book until you leave to-night. Good-bye." He left.

"Gimme the book, will you, Ben?" I asked after Mr. Schneider left.

"Nope. You can't get it. Orders are orders."

"Aw, forget it. Hand it. C'mon."

"Nothing doing."

I walked into the office but was stopped short by a tall man.

"Git right outa here again. You got no business in this office, so go straight out."

I felt my powerlessness and went out. I pleaded with Ben but he was obdurate. He would not listen to me.

"Well, you can at least give me some pieces of paper that are in front of the book."

"You make me sick," he replied, getting up for the book, "take it and stop being a pest."

"I'm not trying to be a pest. I only wanted the book."

11

Telegraph messenger boys are said to be slow. When going quickly results in getting more pay they go quickly but assured of the 30 cents an hour on Sundays they crawl.

What difference did it make to us to delay a telegram that tells of a certain rise or fall in stocks and bonds, that tells someone to back with money a certain man in getting an office of assemblyman or in getting some fat politician job because of some "faithful" service rendered, that tells of the best fields for the exploitation of labor, and so *ad infinitum*?

Why should we have cared? Did we even get a nickel tip from the managers of concerns which have most beautifully equipped office suites? No, not a cent from them. We met richness and, for the most part, we brought rich telegrams and our share of it, what was that? A skinny five cents, twelve cents, maybe twenty-six cents, but that meant much time. Our share—from eight and seven and six to ten and eleven dollars on an average. Eleven dollars meant a wonderful week.

None of us cared much for the business. We all looked out for our health. We didn't want our hard-muscled feet to give way. We did not want to make ourselves more tired by taking extra pains with our deliveries, we were tired enough at the end of the day. But we were young and we laughed and swore at the big fat ones.

Sabotage. That was our spirit, and we joked about how we managed to do this or that little trick. A laughing, fighting sabotage. We youngsters were all right.

We risked ourselves so only when it was for our good. Otherwise let the offices wait, it won't hurt them as it does us.

* * *

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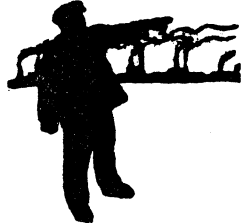


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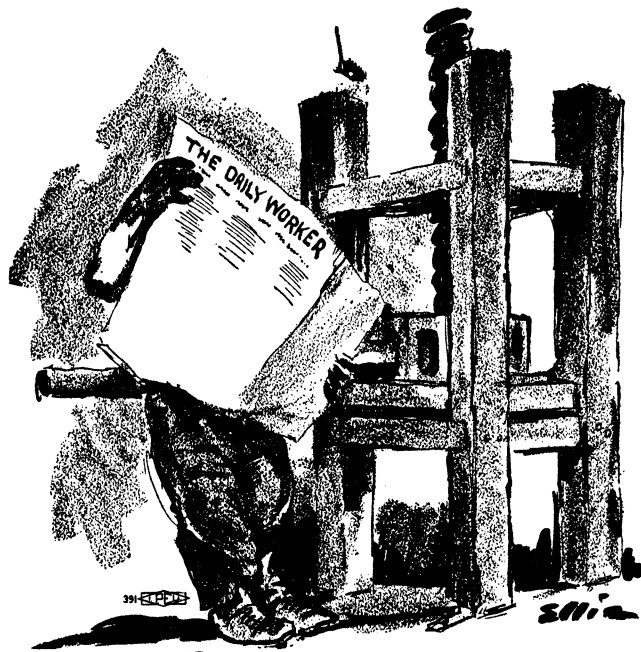
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THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM

(Continued from page 11)

been thrown with nativeborn Americans. They worry him, these nativeborn Americans. They are so hard and brittle. They don't fit into the bright clear heartfelt philosophy of Latin anarchism. These are the people who coolly want him to die in the electric chair. He can't understand them. When his head was cool he's never wanted anyone to die. Judge Thayer and the prosecution he thinks of as instruments of a machine.

The warden comes up to take down my name. "I hope your wife's better," says Sacco. "Pretty poorly," says the warden. Sacco shakes his head. "Maybe she'll get better soon, nice weather." I have shaken his hand, my feet have carried me to the door, past the baggy pearshaped man who is still collapsed half deflated in the chair, closed crinkled eyelids twitching. The warden looks into my face with a curious smile, "Leaving us?" he asks. Outside in the neat streets the new green leaves are swaying in the sunlight, birds sing, klaxons grunt, a trolley car screeches round a corner. Overhead the white June clouds wander in the unfenced sky.

Going to the Charlestown Penitentiary is more like going to Barnum and Baileys. There's a great scurry of guards, groups of people waiting outside; inside a brass band is playing "Home Sweet Home." When at length you get let into the Big Show, you find a great many things happening at once. There are rows of benches where pairs of people sit talking. Each pair is made up of a free man and a convict. In three directions there are grey bars and tiers of cells. The band inside plays bangingly "If Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot." A short broadshouldered man is sitting quiet through all the uproar, smiling a little under his big drooping mustache. He has a domed, pale forehead and black eyes surrounded by many little wrinkles. The serene modeling of his cheekbones and hollow cheeks makes you forget the prison look under his eyes. This is Vanzetti.

Bartolomeo Vanzetti was born in Villafalletto, in a remote mountain valley in Piedmont. At the age of thirteen his father apprenticed him to a pastrycook who worked him fifteen hours a day. After six years of grueling work in bakeries and restaurant kitchens he went back home to be nursed through pleurisy by his mother. Soon afterwards his mother died and in despair he set out for America. When after the usual kicking around by the Ellis Island officials he was dumped on the pavement of Battery Park, he had very little money, knew not a word of the language and found that he had arrived in a time of general unemployment. He washed dishes at Mouquins for five dollars a week and at last left for the country for fear he was getting consumption. At length he got work in a brick kiln near Springfield. After that he worked for two years in the stone pits at Meriden, Connecticut. Then he went back to New York and worked for a while as a pastrycook again, and at last settled in Plymouth

where he worked in various factories and at odd jobs, ditchdigging, clamdigging, icecutting, snowshovelling and a few months before his arrest, for the sake of being his own boss, bought a pushcart and peddled fish.

All this time he read a great deal of nights sitting under the gasjet when every one else was in bed, thought a great deal as he swung a pick or made caramels or stoked brick kilns, of the workmen he rubbed shoulders with, of their position in their world and his, of their hopes of happiness and of a less struggling animallike existence. As a boy he had been an ardent Catholic. In Turin he fell in with a bunch of socialists under the influence of De Amicis. Once in America he read St. Augustine, Kropotkin, Gorki, Malatesta, Renan and began to go under the label of anarchist-communist. His anarchism, though, is less a matter of labels than of feeling, of gentle philosophic brooding. He shares the hope that has grown up in Latin countries of the Mediterranean basin that somehow men's predatory instincts, incarnate in the capitalist system, can be canalized into other channels, leaving free communities of artisans and farmers and fishermen and cattlebreeders who would work for their livelihood with pleasure, because the work was itself enjoyable in the serene white light of a reasonable world.

Vanzetti has served six years of the fifteen year term. How many more of them will he live to serve? And the wrong set of words means the chair!

William G. Thompson, the Boston lawyer who is conducting the defence, who is making the moves in the law game that mean life or the Chair to these two men, is a very puzzled man. As a man rather than as a lawyer he knows that they did not commit the crimes of which they are accused. The refusal of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts to entertain his motion for a new trial, the attitude of his friends, of the press, of Governor Fuller try him sorely. He wishes he were well out of it. He wants to go on believing in the honesty of Massachusetts justice, in the humanity and fair mindedness of the average educated Harvard-bred Bostonian. The facts he handles daily compel him to think otherwise. He wishes he were well out of it. And the wrong set of words means the chair!

And for the last six years, three hundred and sixtyfive days a year, yesterday, today, tomorrow, Sacco and Vanzetti wake up on their prison pallets, eat prison food, have an hour of exercise and conversation a day, sit in their cells puzzling about this technicality and that technicality, pinning their hopes to their alibis, to the expert testimony about the character of the barrel of Sacco's gun, to Madeiros' confession and Weeks' corroboration, to action before the Supreme Court of the United States, and day by day the props are dashed from under their feet and they feel themselves being inexorably pushed towards the Chair by the blind hatred of thousands of wellmeaning citizens, by the superhuman involved stealthy soulless mechanism of the law.

DIG DOWN DEEP INTO YOUR POCKET!



You've heard about the BIG PASSAIC TEXTILE STRIKE of course. Well, IT'S STILL ON!

With squared shoulders and straightened backs the 16,000 strikers heroically enter each day's skirmish, their hope for victory forever on the increase.

They know, *and you should*, that Passaic and Bayonne, Bethlehem and Akron are all *one* problem—the organization of the millions of unorganized workers, the BUILDING OF THE AMERICAN LABOR MOVEMENT!

Rockefeller, Gary and Goodyear have joined the Passaic Textile Barons in prayer. Each day they take a squint at the textile strikers' battle front and whisper to god "It's thumbs down!"

They KNOW that a workers' victory in Passaic will spell farewell to their union-smashing, open-shop offensive, will turn the tide in favor of an aggressive, militant campaign to ORGANIZE THE UNORGANIZED.

We take it for granted that you do not share the prayer of the bosses. You've undoubtedly long ago voted for victory for the Textile Strikers. BUT HOW A

STRIKER'S VICTORY WITHOUT BREAD?

Now that the daily echo of the clubs of cops upon the heads of men, women, even children strikers, has reached your ears for nearly six months, we think it HIGH TIME that you reach for your purse and empty it for the undernourished Textile Strikers' Children, the thousands of strikers' families that need bread.

So dig down deep into your pocket! We'll take your last dollar unabashed! *Yes, even if you have given before!*

For, given the choice as to whether *you* shall eat, or the Textile Strikers' Children shall eat, we vote that *you* shall go hungry!

You've got to GET INTO this BIG STRIKE. You must help the Textile Strikers win a living wage, build a union.

50% of the Textile children are undernourished and under-sized.

Death from tuberculosis among married women in the card rooms of the textile mills is 323% greater than among women who do not work in mills.

Tuberculosis in N. J. Textile mills attacks 6 out of every 100 workers.

Heave Your Wallet Into Passaic!

*It's just the thing to do to make you
FEEL LIKE LIVING!*



GENERAL RELIEF COMMITTEE TEXTILE STRIKERS
743 MAIN AVENUE **PASSAIC, N. J.**

We take everything: Checks, Cash, Money Orders, Clothes, Shipments of Food. But if we are to *Take* then you must *Give*. Food will fan the flames of our strike and insure victory.

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