

Ertr Young's  
Inferno

Mr Young's  
Memo

ART YOUNG'S INFERNO



DELPHIC STUDIOS





Art Young's



*"Whence did Dante take the  
materials for his Hell but from  
this our actual world."*

—SCHOPENHAUER.



The Once Proud Lucifer, Now A Mere Figurehead in His Own Realm

ART YOUNG'S  
INFERNO

A Journey Through Hell  
Six Hundred Years  
After Dante

DELPHIC STUDIOS  
NEW YORK



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=====

## TO DON

With apologies for having a part in bringing you into this kind of world, but grateful that you were born with your eyes open. Still more grateful if you will continue to dream and give your aid to the making of a world fit for human habitation.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Seven pictures that were first published in *Life*, and one in *The New Masses*, are included in this volume by permission of the editors.



Portrait of Art Young by Jose Clemente Orozco

## ART YOUNG, AN AMERICAN

As a boy Art Young listened to Lincolniana from his father, who was a mounted usher during the Lincoln-Douglas debates. As a young man, he, like a great many of us in that period, followed the teachings of Bob Ingersoll and Henry George. He personally knew Eugene Field, O. Henry, Mark Twain, and P. T. Barnum. As an artist, he went to Paris and sat at the feet of Papa Bouguereau, and as a rebel he came to discover the writings of Karl Marx before reaching full intellectual ripeness.

It would not be difficult for the youth of today to find fault with Art Young's "political philosophy." Art Young himself would take exception to being accused of having a philosophy, for among his numerous epigrams he has this to say of certain philosophers:

They are wild-goose riders. It may not be willful quackery, but it is quackery of a sort.

The theory of dialectical materialism has now become commonly known, so that even a Congressman can understand. Two decades ago, however, the American followers of Marx were a handful of pioneers.

The quality of Art Young can easily be delineated from his autobiography, "On My Way." There, in his good-humored manner, he states:

I am with every ism, creed, thesis or scientific experiment that gives a reasonable hope of improving, however little, the happiness and character of human beings in the mass. I belong in all of them, and yet this spacious philosophy of mine is easy to criticise. I think myself it is of doubtful worth, compared to a divine zeal for "exact truth," whatever that is. I suppose to some doctrinaires my position is like that of one who is out in a vast sea of spilled milk that is worth crying over—unless I can churn it into one lump. But that is the trouble—so far it won't churn.

And this:

I never got weaned out of sentimentality—anything pertaining to the sadness of departed days or broken hearts, wistful longings of childhood, defeated old age, whether in ballad, play, or movie, has to be very badly done to divert my mind from the sadness of the theme and to keep me from weeping.

At a guess, I am about 51 per cent—sentiment.

The blood-and-thunder youngsters of the recent self-conscious age banned sentiment as one of the more formidable bourgeois misdemeanors. Our immediate past was all for introspection and formalism. The basic reason for that was the complete detachment of its exponents from social consciousness and trends. And for the moment Art Young found himself out of step with that overclamorous current. Art clung to sentiment. Not the sentiment of the self-pitying hearts-and-flowers variety. His was and still is one which is rooted in compassion with the downtrodden, and finds expression in rebellion against human stupidity and cruelty. And if Art was guided by his old teacher Bouguereau, it was merely in honest craftsmanship. It was, however, another Frenchman whose influence found a fertile response in

the young American's mind—Daumier. That certain brutality which characterizes Daumier sprang out of the same sentiment, the same resentment of injustice. Unlike our late formalists both Daumier and Young were unafraid to tell a story. Young acknowledges also his indebtedness to Doré and Cruikshank. But if we compare Doré's religious romanticism and Cruikshank's portrayals of bedraggled pathetic poverty with Art Young's strident protest we sense at once that Young belongs to us and our new age of art and artists—that art which is propaganda unabashed.

The definitive portrayal of Hell by Art Young is something that has been his lifetime dream. As a youth he was impressed by Doré's drawings, but dissatisfied with the conventional portrayals of Hell. In this book we have perhaps the first authentic modern trip to Hell since Dante.

My relation to Art has been that of friend, admirer, and attorney; and it may not be amiss for me, in my third capacity, to supplement Art Young's description of the *Masses* case, when he was "on trial for his life" (and fell sound asleep) by an episode which Art fails to mention in his autobiography. I do it in the hope that it may help to bring out a little more of his unusual personality.

Art was put on the witness-stand to explain his sin of sedition. In his inimitable way he stated that he did not think revolutions were such terrible things. He said he thought that the boys of Lexington and Concord had the right idea, and that the peasant uprisings of the Middle Ages were pretty well justified despite their lacking the benefit of clergy.

Shortly after that he was cross-examined by the United States Attorney:

Q. Now, Mr. Young, you have told us a good deal about your beliefs in revolution and that you believe that the American Revolution was justified, *but, Mr. Young, do you believe in the theory of the class-struggle?*

Art looked at him blankly, then, very quietly:

A. Mr. Barnes, do you believe in measles? (*Laughter. Pounding of the gavel by the Judge.*)

Art, *sotto voce*, added:

You don't have to believe in measles if you've got them.

After order was restored, the United States Attorney took the exhibits on which Art Young was indicted, and slowly continued:

Q. Now, Mr. Young, did you draw this, and this, and this? (*handing to Art five exhibits, for drawing which he was liable to twenty years' imprisonment*).

Art moved slightly in his chair, took out his pince-nez, cocked his eye, and looked at the exhibits very seriously. Then, turning sidewise to the Judge:

A. Honest, now, Judge, am I indicted for this? (*Laughter.*)

There were a number of other like incidents, the result of which was that the terrific tension broke and the ridiculousness of the pompous prosecution became obvious even to the jury. The summing-up followed. The defendants' side was impressive. In his address the prosecuting attorney, in commenting on the group of "criminals," said of Art Young: "For Mr. Art Young I feel genuinely sorry. Everybody likes Art Young." Then the Judge charged the jury, while Art Young kept drawing cartoons on manila paper. A part of the Court's instructions to the jury was that in order to convict the defendant of a crime the jury must find him guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. Said the Judge:

Now, a reasonable doubt, gentlemen, is a doubt that is reasonable.

Art immediately grasped the idea and drew a cartoon for me which is one of my souvenirs of that trial, as to what the jury would do *in camera* with the instruction that *a reasonable doubt is a doubt that is reasonable*. After the jury retired to deliberate the question whether the defendants were to be sent to their cells as enemies of the country, we, the attorneys, and Art Young repaired to the Judge's chambers, where Art was busily engaged in drawing cartoons for His Honor.

In his book Art Young explains his feelings during the trial: "*Go ahead and hang me, but stop pushing.*" Without bitterness Art suggests that our self-seeking age has granted him little of fame and practically no wealth.

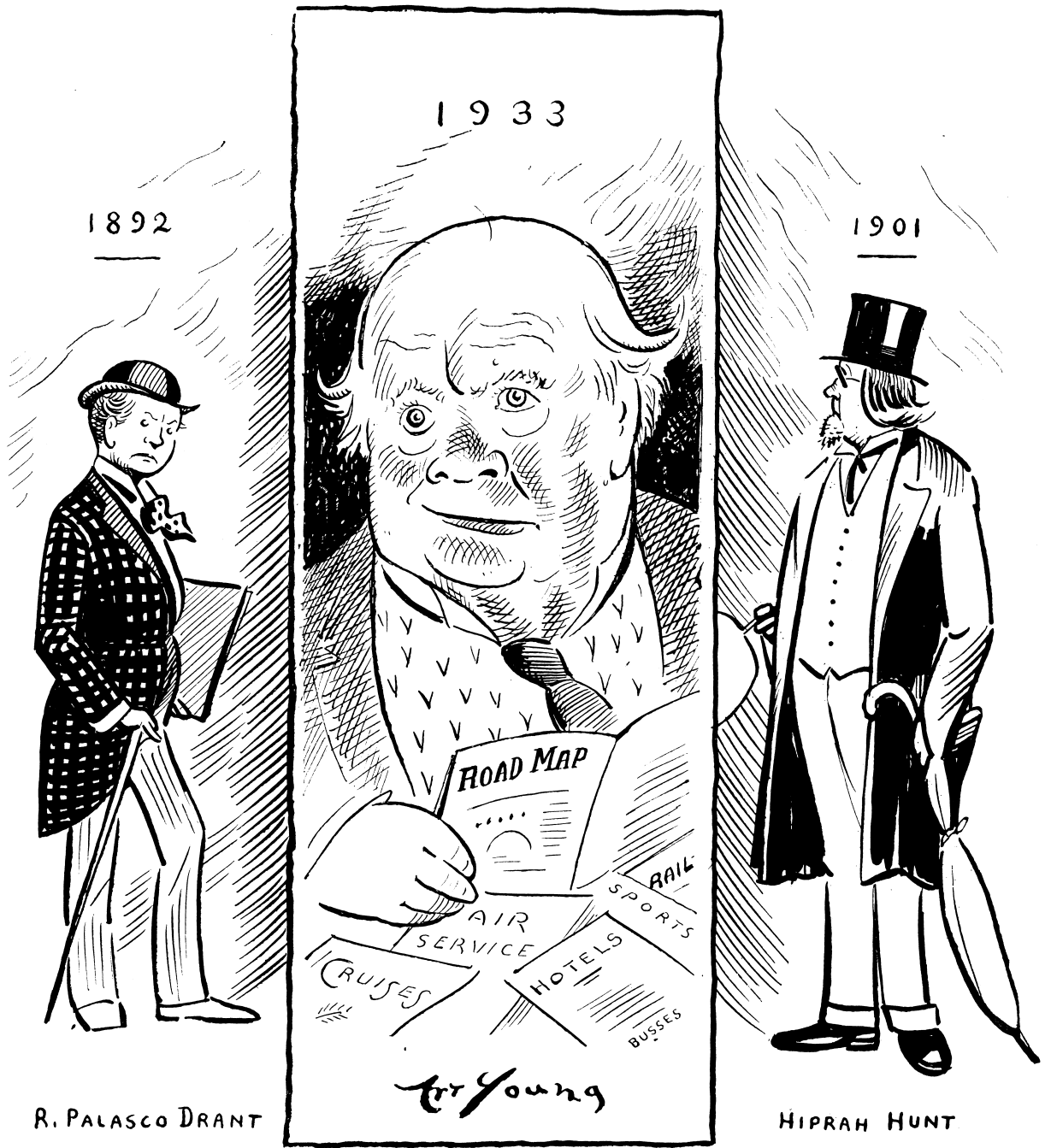
Well, Art, there is at least one fact on which your friends are in full agreement with the United States Attorney: everybody likes Art Young.

Europeans are sometimes at loss to discover the prototype of *Homo Americanus*. May I not end this introduction with:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I have the honor to present one fine specimen of the true *typus Americanus*: Henry Arthur Young."

CHARLES RECHT.





R. PALASCO DRANT

HIPRAH HUNT

A Career of Hell Exploration

## P R E F A C E

In the last half of the nineteenth century the old belief in Hell came near to extinction. The tradition of man's origin and his fate after death was being severely tested by Darwinism in science and "the higher criticism" in theology.

The threat of endless torture in the nether regions as a way to make people behave on earth, was modified, or not mentioned at all, by ministers who were influenced by the new thought; and Robert Ingersoll was ridiculing eternal damnation as a monstrous myth.

But the orthodox believers were not asleep. They jumped to the defense of their creeds, Hell and all, answering every criticism with reciprocal heat.

The air was filled with discussion, bitterness, and doubt. It was during this controversy that I grew up.

For four years of this period I was a cartoonist and an occasional writer for newspapers in Chicago, and I became obsessed with the idea that somebody ought to get the facts about Hell. If there was such a place and Dante had really explored it, why could it not be done again?

Being familiar with the region as described by Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, and the Hell-fire preachers, and having seen some of the drawings by artists who had illustrated Dante and the Hell milieu in general: Botticelli, Albrecht Dürer, Breughel, Callot, Flaxman, Blake and Doré, I felt fairly well equipped with the information needed for comprehending Hell.

With a zest for discovery I decided to find the Infernal Regions, confident that it would be good journalism, even if it proved of no other importance. I would note the changes, if any, since ancient times, and if possible, interview Satan: King of Pandemonium, Emperor of the Great Infernal Empire, sometimes called The Devil, Prince of Darkness, Lucifer, Pluto, Old Nick, Mephistopheles, Archfiend and Enemy of Mankind.

It was taken for granted among the informed in those days that only Dante knew a secret entrance to Hell, having stumbled on it while walking in "a gloomy wood astray" somewhere in Italy.

But I found the American entrance in Chicago—went all the way down, looked around, interviewed the King, and returned to tell all. On this journey I discovered that the ancient abyss was becoming industrialized. Slowly, the old King had managed to build a few railroads, coal chutes, elevators running from one circle down to another, and everywhere I saw machines for particular kinds of punishment.

The following is a brief portion of my interview with His Majesty as published over forty years ago:

"Satan," said I, "don't you ever worry over the thought that those Eastern Capitalists may band together when they get here, grab up all of your successful enterprises, form a trust, and crowd you to the wall?"

Satan dismissed the question as absurd. He said he could handle any emergency. Then he put his telephone to my ear and asked me to listen to the groanings and "that sizzling like the sound of frying liver" emanating from the department where he was punishing the monopolists.

No, there could be no threat to his power worth worrying about. He was Ruler of Hell in fact and by Divine Right.

My pseudonym on this journey was R. Palasco Drant, and my findings were subsequently set down quite crudely, be it said, in a book called "Hell Up-to-Date."

My next exploration of the region was undertaken eight years later (1900) under the auspices of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, then published and edited by John Brisben Walker.

This time I went disguised as an old-fashioned minister: Reverend Hiprah Hunt, "a descendant of the illustrious Hunts" who lent their aid to the extermination of witches in old New England. Mr. Hunt had no tolerance for preaching that did not stress the belief in a terrible Hell ruled over by a personal Devil. Despite the "higher criticism," he continually advocated the justice of endless punishment after death, and was known in the town where he lived as "Hell-Fire Hunt."

He read many books on the absolute certainty of Hell's terror and pain, and could quote whole pages from the Jonathan Edwards tracts and John Bunyan's "Sighs from Hell."

Much thinking on one subject, and that subject a hot one, is said to have overheated his brain. Infernal curiosity finally compelled him to see the place for himself. Although Mr. Hunt found more improvements than he thought necessary, he was gratified to discover Satan secure on his throne and the Region an even worse place than he had expected.

These geocentric excursions caused a good deal of popular interest in the subject, and I carried on by contributing diabolical pictures to *Life* and *Puck*. Emissaries of King Satan kept me informed about current events below.

Recently (1933) I made my third trip to the Inferno. Having found an entrance in New York City (this time going undisguised), I surveyed the scene from the shore of the Styx to the very bottom, traveling by bus, train, elevator, helicopter, and sauntering at times to talk with sinners of all classes. My scheduled time for seeing enough

was six weeks. As a veteran explorer I was prepared to note many changes, for I had received word that Hell was becoming much more than ever—up-to-date.

But I was amazed at the tremendous work of modern construction everywhere, especially in the cities.

The whole topography is now changed in many parts of the third, fourth, and sixth circles, also the ninth and last. However, one can still see some of the familiar properties of the old days. There is Cerberus to get by, there are classic landmarks (now maintained by popular tax), there are dilapidated bridges, towers, dungeons, morasses, and chasms that date back to medieval times.

I also saw a herd of Centaurs, a flock of Harpies, a few Pagan Giants and model 1900 automobiles that I had seen on my second exploration. But, for the most part, a new Hell greets the modern pilgrim who arrives on the shore of the Styx. What has happened? In a few words, my foreboding hint to Satan in that interview with him so long ago was correct.

In the early years of this century Big Business organizers and Bankers who had arrived in Hell not only were strong numerically but were of that most enterprising, ruthless and super-acquisitive clan (without mentioning names) and were dissatisfied with the reign of the old King. They accused him of being behind the times and said that he would ruin his own Hell eventually if something were not done about it. It was a backward country. Ultimatums were issued and polite warnings were sent him, written by veteran diplomats, announcing the good will and the moral support of the "best minds" from America and other countries; but, in the interests of investments, law and order, credit, progress—yes, civilization itself—a crisis could hardly be averted. What they demanded was the right to more comforts for themselves, the right to make money out of Hell, and armies to protect them in these rights. They had learned all about the natural resources and could see that there were millions of sinners and native demons easy to exploit.

Obviously there was a good chance for high-pressure progress, to make the place bearable (at least for a few of the most worthy) by the exercise of that honored right of self-assertion known in these later times as rugged individualism.

Sometime in the year 1904 the King was forced to abdicate. But, once stripped of his sovereign power, he was allowed to call the government a limited monarchy and himself Dictator, President, King, or any other title he preferred.

The Bankers and the newly organized Chambers of Commerce arrogated to themselves the right to rule under a constitution written by their corporation lawyers, a Supreme Court of their own selection and an All Hell Congress that represented their interests.

Satan is still called King by the simple natives, but the ruling financiers privately call him the bell-hop, the rubber-stamp, or just plain Sate. Thus has proud Lucifer fallen.

This book is intended to show the kind of progress that has been made since the old King was outwitted and reduced to a few prerogatives such as laying corner stones, talking over the radio, receiving committees, and shaking hands.

It is six centuries since Dante saw the horrors of the Ancient Hell. Whether they were more horrible than the horrors of this modern one is a question for the reader to decide as he studies the pictures and reads the report.

But before plunging in, I wonder if it is not a good idea to acquaint ourselves anew with the origin of Hell, also read about the present population—and my conclusions on demonology in general.

A. Y.



Young

**Super-Hellion**





## HELL AND ITS INHABITANTS

There are two important breeds of Devils in the Inferno. First, the natives: the descendants of those ancient tribes who, according to history (or legend, if you can't believe it is history), were once the Bad Angels of Heaven. Millions of years ago *all* angels dwelt together in a blissful trance of apparent harmony, far up in the sky, under the beneficent rule of God, Omnipotent King of all the Universe. But trouble started when God, reaching down and creating a man and woman on earth, told them to please replenish, but to be like good angels and avoid sex attraction—otherwise he would expel them from their Paradise. Then he issued a decree that man had been made in his image, and that man, and his woman, would be equal in status to the angels in Heaven. The spiritual domain would be extended to include the pendent world beneath. While man and his rib-born mate remained on their good behavior, they would be entrusted with earth's abundance.

There was an Archangel in Heaven by the name of Lucifer (afterwards called Satan), the most illustrious of all the Angels. He was proud, ambitious, and secretly envious of God's greatness. When he heard this divine edict trumpeted throughout Heaven and learned that man in his own earthly paradise was to be entrusted with all the good things of this world, he became jealous.

He envied God and wanted Adam's opportunities.



Lucifer had the foresight to see that man had a field for unlimited enjoyment, while Heaven was becoming monotonous. Lucifer's ideas were approved by the Angel Beëlzebub, who at that time was Privy Councillor of God's High Court." Beëlzebub sent an angel (Apollyon) down to earth with instructions to investigate the Garden of Eden, the state of man and his companion, and return with a report.

The garden was located in that part of the world later known as Mesopotamia. The report of Apollyon glowed with descriptions of the Earthly Paradise. For one thing, he found the food much better than celestial food. With a lush enthusiasm he praised the beauty of Eve and observed that this first man and woman enjoyed "a bliss divine beyond all Angel ken."

When Lucifer heard the report he adroitly began to plan an insurrection among the angels, and his banners of revolt were soon unfurled everywhere throughout the celestial Realm.

Angels in great numbers flocked to his cause and Beëlzebub continued as his secret adviser.

Lucifer's followers became bold, impudent, and amorous. They felt they had been tolerant, inhibited, and too good, about long enough. They complained of the food, the music, the gowns, halos, and everything.

No Good Angel was safe in any of the Celestial Cities, and Heaven was threatened with destruction so long as these Bad Angels were allowed to stir up discontent.

And so it came to pass that God, deciding to expel Lucifer before he could ruin Heaven, declared war.

When hostilities began the scene was one of spectacular magnificence: God at the head of his hosts of Good Angels all in white and gold array, with Gabriel master of the Trumpeters, and Michael the Field Marshal in command—lined up against the dark and sinister hosts of Lucifer. When the battle ended (as the story goes), God was victorious, and Lucifer with his entire army was hurled headlong from the plains of Heaven. But, wait a minute—just before they fell Lucifer out of revenge "caused" the man Adam, the beautiful Eve, and all of their descendants, to fall into sin. That is the familiar story—as the evangelical poets and pulpit propagandists have dramatized it from the original sources of theology. In the light of twentieth century investigations, however, in archaeology, biology, and advanced theology—it is not at all certain that God won the war. It is now taken to be quite as probable that Lucifer was victorious—that a peace conference took place and a treaty was signed, and that God ceded the subterranean region now generally known as Hell to the Rebel Chief. It should be noted that this place has had other names: Gehenna, Hades, Sheol, Tartarus, Tophet, and the Inferno. Under the conditions of the treaty as now interpreted from tablets that are being dug up in and around the Garden scene of Man's

fall, Lucifer had the right to establish a government of his own, if he would get out of Heaven forthwith and stay out.

A clause of great significance was also included: that souls not good enough to enter Heaven would be exported to Hell.

This, in brief, is the newer and more scientific account of the first and greatest contest between "virtue and sin."

A satisfactory treaty and a more or less orderly retreat of Lucifer and his Bad Angels seems not improbable. But the Bad Angels were a long time falling into their new dominions. It is the opinion of this writer that they must have steered their course into the mouth of a volcano, as they approached the earth, for they kept falling till they arrived at the world's fiery core, their legalized home by right of treaty.

The Good Angels that remained in Heaven are pictured to this day by Sculptors, Painters, and Poets as sexless, neutral, and beautifully resigned.

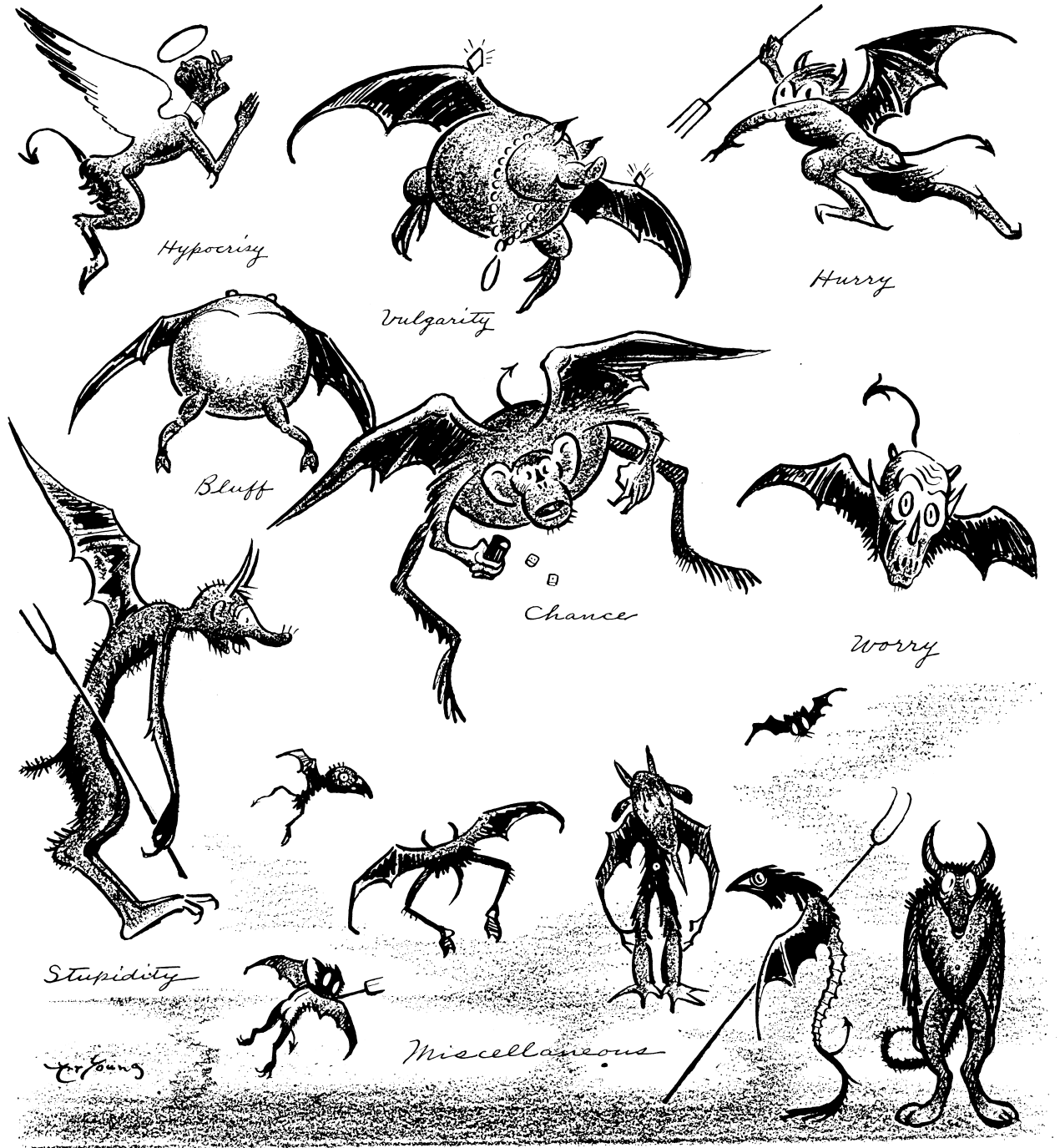
What is less controversial, in this attempt to be accurate, is the evidence that once Lucifer and his legions were settled in Hell, they were not long in establishing a great Empire of Punishment with Satan, the proud Lucifer, as King. By this time, according to the writings of Vondel, the once handsome Archangel was much changed. He looked like "a hideous medley of seven animals."

Some of the original Bad Angels that once inhabited Heaven still survive in this nether World. Others survived only a few thousand years before they were burned out. From statistics in the last census, these fighting tribes and their descendants constitute about one-third of the present population. The other, a more numerous breed known by the natives as the Foreign Devils, are sinners from the Upper World. All who failed to get judgment-proof visas to Heaven or Purgatory, or were thrown out of the former realm for bad behavior, make a majority of the inhabitants, or about two-thirds according to the census.

After a few years these Foreign Devils are so much affected by the climate and general environment that horns which were invisible during their former existence grow conspicuously on their foreheads, the skin becomes a dark heat-resisting hide, and they can barely be distinguished from the aborigines. But they are self-rated as superior and look down on the natives with a kind of tolerant dislike, as invaders who conquer backward races on earth are wont to do.

The native Demons in turn have an aristocracy and a pride of their own, dating their honor and distinction from the revolution when Lucifer and his Tribal Chiefs fought the big fight in Heaven.

As a result of the haphazard inbreeding between natives and sinners, and with Centaurs, Minotaurs, Harpies, Houndbats, Goatgumps, Klumpers, and many other



kinds of animals there was produced the variegated race of Devils, Fiends, Demons, Jinks, and Imps pictured in this book.

For many centuries it was quite generally believed that the Devil and his assistant Devils could leave Hell at will and go among the peoples of the earth. Not



only would they use their magic influence to lure people into wickedness, but they could get inside of the human body and raise Hell in this more intimate relation. Physicians known as Exorcisers had to be called in to shake the Devils out of those who were "possessed." A demoniac was detected by closely observing certain symptoms:

From a book printed in 1612 we note a few of the hundreds of rules for detecting one on whom a Devil had cast his curse: "if he is agitated by a continual restlessness, to such an extent that he runs hither and thither," "if he utters sad and pitiable sighs without cause," "if he looks asquint."



*AGED, AND RATHER MILD NATIVE DEVIL.*



*A NATIVE OF THE UPPER WORLD WHO  
BECAME ONE OF THE MOST PROMINENT  
DEVILS OF THE INFERNO.*

*for Young*

Breughel, the great Flemish artist, saw many Devils that looked like fish.

Why Devils should be aquatic, with the common conception of Hell as a place without water, is not apparent, but artists will have their way.

Doré pictured the Demons in Dante's Hell as terrible—but mostly human as to figure. The German artists, and Nordic races in general, saw hairy Devils with animal forms, in part goats or swine; but sometimes there appeared a well-groomed Mephisto.

In some Oriental countries mirrors were hung in homes to insure safety, in the belief that the Devil was so ugly he fled from his reflection.

Satan has been described, impersonated, painted, and sculptured so many times with such diverse ideas of his appearance that the author makes no apology for picturing him sometimes with a goat's leg on his left side and at other times, on his right. Any conception of "The Old Boy" may be true enough, for His Majesty has a way of changing his form as he pleases. Highly imaginative people have reported seeing him as a mere whirling cloud of smoke.

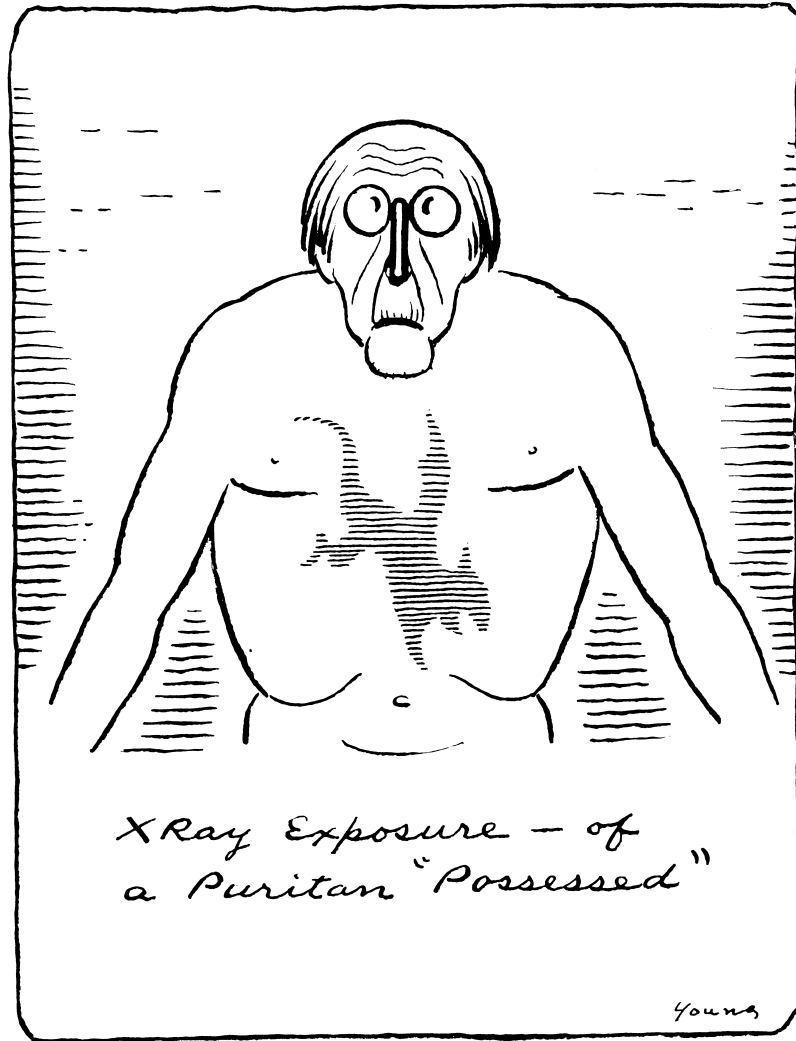
Once when the author talked with him, close enough to feel his hot sulphurous breath, he had big black wings, but a week later he was without them.

His cleft hoof has been known since ancient times to be a symbol of discord and strife.

When the Speculative Financiers gained control of affairs in his ancient Empire, Satan, for all his sagacity and genius for discord and cruelty, gradually lost his reputation. He found it impossible to qualify as the kind of ruler they wanted to make progress dynamic and money the motivating aim of his subjects. One look at the latest picture of His Majesty shows plainly the humiliation and disgrace he feels since his ideas of punishment have become outmoded and the Inferno policies have been initiated and enforced by the Money Power behind his throne.

My latest talk with the old Emperor will be found at the end of this book. Here he explains his side of the case, and in all fairness he should be heard.

But let us keep in mind that the medieval Hell has at last been made safe for Capitalism; the best brains of finance have gained another "Sphere of Influence," another "Corridor" to hold the necessary "balance of power" in a world that has of late years been wobbling wildly on its axis.



XRay Exposure - of  
a Puritan "Possessed"

Young

## PART ONE

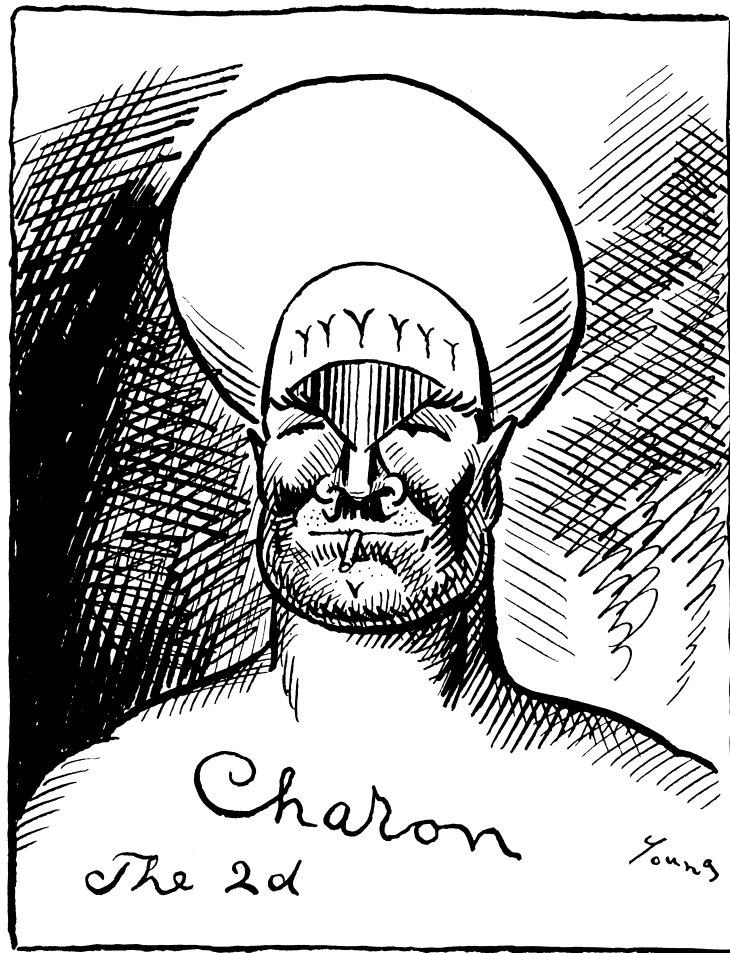
The author crosses the Styx, sees Charon, taxis through the Main Entrance, sees Cerberus, stops at a hotel, visits the retreat where Dante met Socrates and other wise sinners, then prepares to explore the nine circles of Hell.





ART YOUNG

STYX NAVIGATION CO



## CHARON

With the organization of the Styx Navigation Company soon after the Capitalist conquest, Charon, the famous Greek character who had been ferryman of the Styx since Pagan times, was forced into retirement. The company felt that he should make way for a younger captain—one who would look more up to date in the company's advertisements. A young sinner called Charon, the Second, nicknamed "the Snappy," is now captain of the handsomely equipped passenger boat that crosses the Styx. You can also cross by airplane—expensive, but enjoyed by those who want to get a bird's-eye view of the Inferno. The original Charon regards his retirement as unjust—he says he was good for many more centuries. Now, more "hoary white with

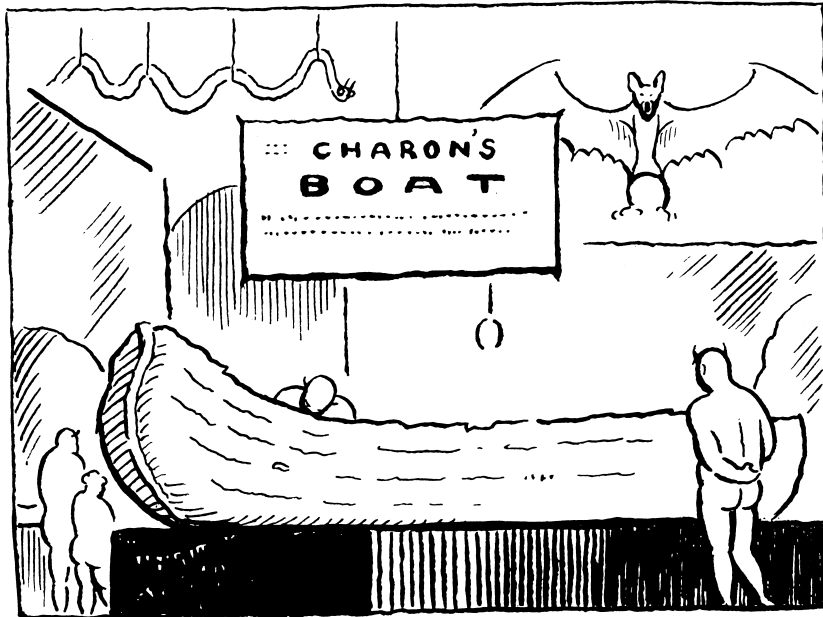


eld” and with eyes less luminous than described by Dante, the old Demon can be seen hanging around the docks, ill-tempered, but willing at times to chat about the great men and women who crossed on his boat.

Charon had a cruel way of driving sinners on and off of his boat by beating the recalcitrant souls with his oar. After some of the “best sinners” had complained of being brutally attacked, the charges were secretly investigated, and this may have been the main cause of the old skipper’s discharge. The new government insists on “discriminating” brutality. No doubt Charon was too old to follow the new rules.

Another institution of old Hell, the Court of Judge Minos, has been abolished. I could find no trace of this tribunal where the sinners were herded immediately on landing—and sentenced to that part of Hell which suited their transgression. The serious charges against all sinners are now known before their arrival. Though the court of Judge Minos is obsolete, the government officials, police, inspectors, detectives, board the Stygian boat, and all passengers are put through a rigid questionnaire

("Do you believe in Hell?" "Repeat three lines from the constitution," and so on). Photographs and thumb-prints are taken to be turned over to the police departments of the region, while reporters interview the notables and the notorious.





YOU ARE NOW ENTERING HELL  
WELCOME

NO  
PARKING

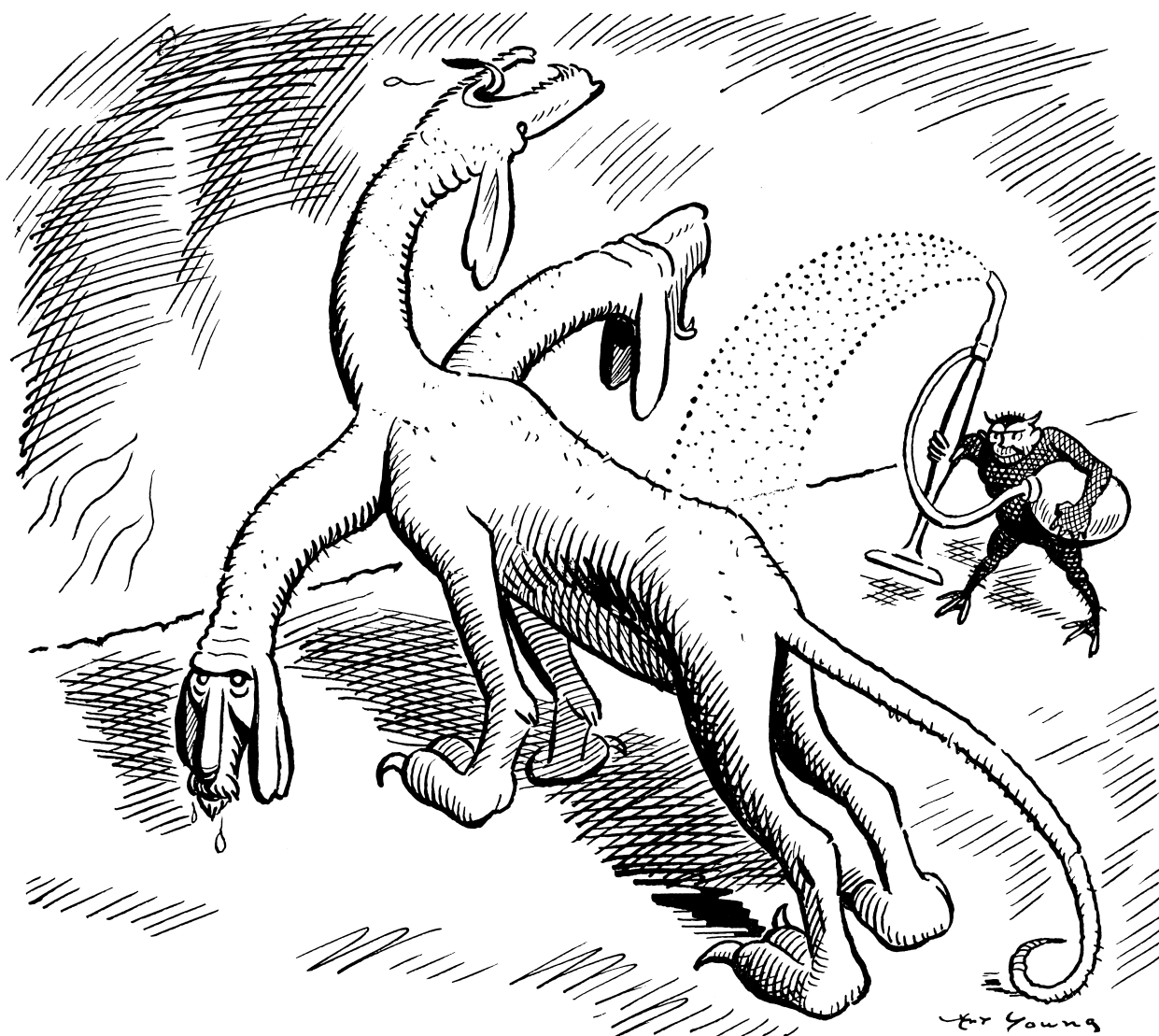


## THE MAIN ENTRANCE AND CERBERUS

Once the formalities at the pier are over, the passengers take taxis and busses up a smooth red iron road to the main entrance. Jutting high above the craggy walls, about five minutes' ride from the ferry, is the lofty portal to the nether-world. I looked for the sign, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here," but found it now changed to read: "You are now entering Hell. *Welcome.*"

Guards at the gate look over your passports again and ask you more questions. The stench emanating from the abyss is nauseating. The monoxide gas of the automobiles and the sulphur fumes of the region produce a punishment you can hardly bear—unless you are allowed to take your time and get accustomed to it. But I was assured that the odor used to be much worse. The new Hell tries to make everything inviting. This is especially noticeable around the main entrance, where I saw Demons with large atomizers fizzing the air with perfume.

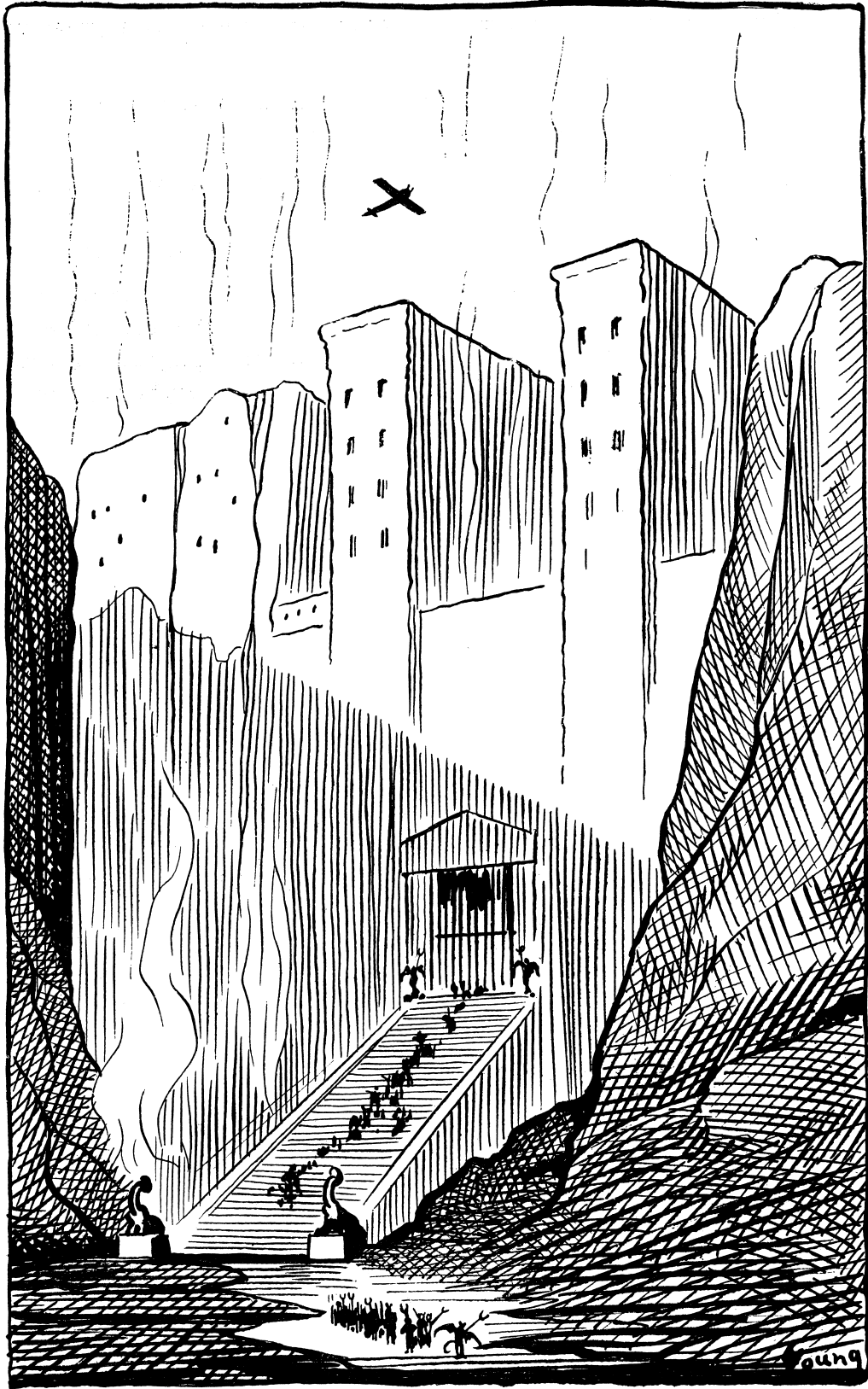
The government would change the smell of things but not the cause. I learned later that perfume production is one of the leading industries of the region. Inside the gate I saw Cerberus. The monster, triple-headed, foul-smelling dog with the "threefold throat" is still barking above the damned, just as in the time of Dante when



Virgil, the poet's escort, tossed a handful of dirt into his "ravenous maw." The same Cerberus—except that he is sprinkled daily with a synthetic essence of jasmine and asphodel.

As my taxi left the gate on its way toward Styx City, I was held up by Demons who asked me if I had secured a room at a good hotel, while thrusting cards at me and shouting about the accommodations—ice water, elevators, radios, and showers.

Fortunately, through the courtesy of a wealthy citizen from New York whom I met on the boat, I stopped a few days at the Grand View in Styx City before starting on my exploration.



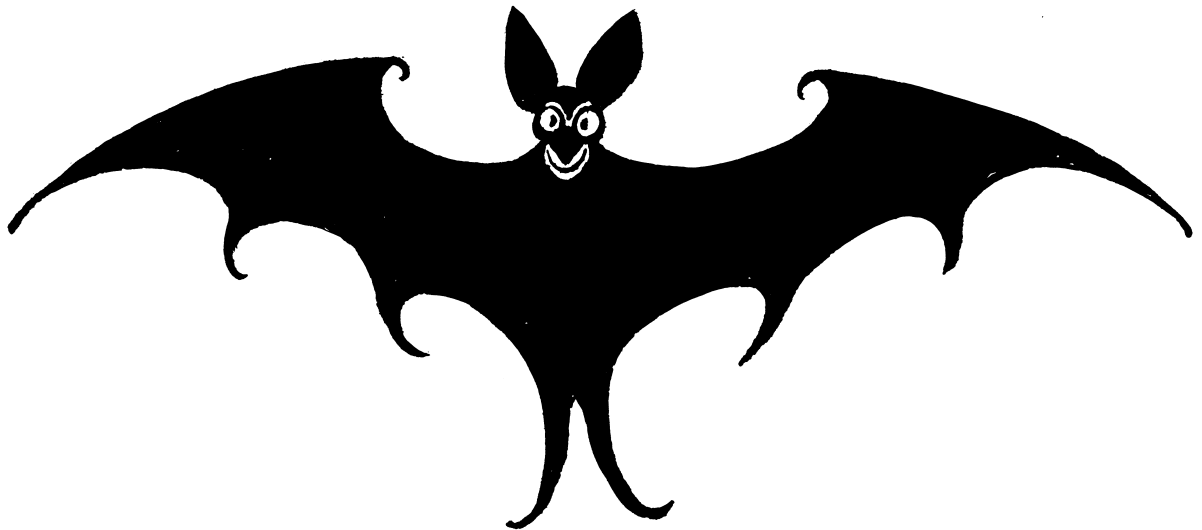


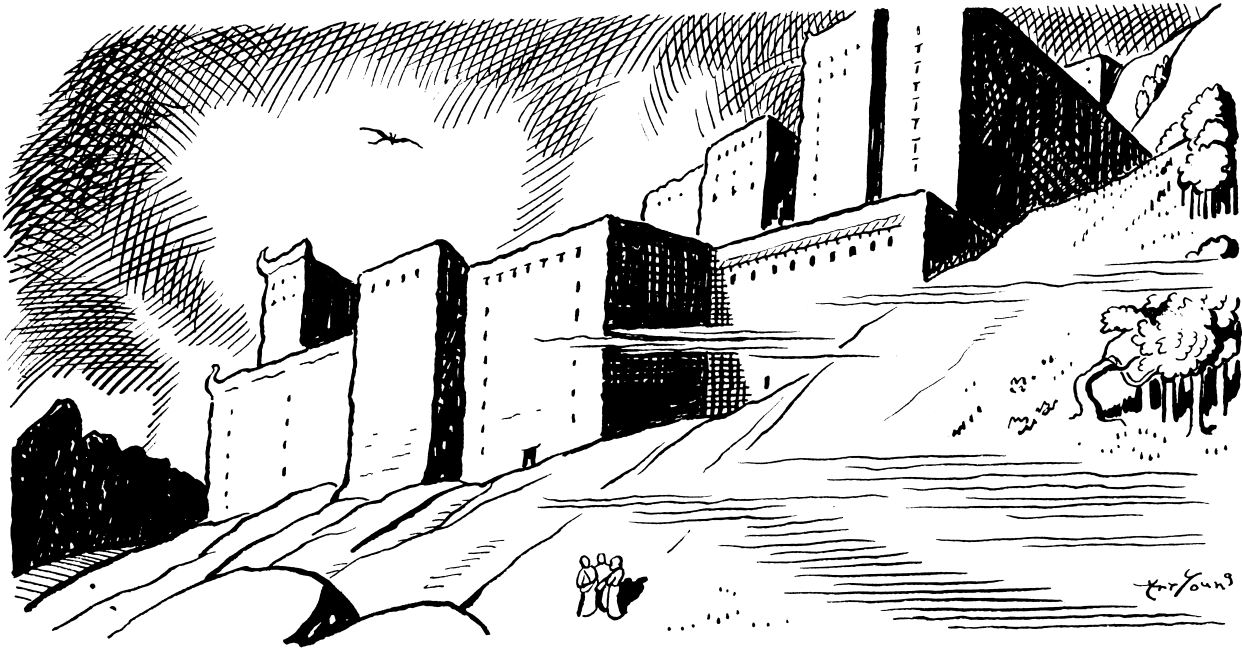
Being allowed to take a little time to acclimate oneself is a great privilege, granted only to a few.

Most sinners are immediately hurried into the heat and smell—to look for friends who will give them advice, and to hunt for jobs.

It is true, as the saying goes, you cannot take your money with you after death; but money is now manufactured in government plants (most of it printed on asbestos), and the game everywhere is to get money—no matter how, but get it.

A reputation for having a keen business sense is all that is necessary to prove that you will make a real Hellion; desired and favored by the authorities. This is the new Inferno. But it will be noted, as one follows this pilgrim's account, that, with all of the discrimination and favoritism, it is Hell for everybody; from the Too Rich in the upper circles to the Too Poor in the depths.





## THE SANITARIUM FOR THE QUEER

Dante describes the pleasant reception accorded him by a group of great philosophers, poets, and others, who though wicked and consigned to this eternal Hell still had "favor in Heaven." He found them in a forest reservation apart from other sinners. The scene is pictured in the beginning of his poetic journey: "These of sin were blameless; and if aught they merited, it profits not, since baptism was not theirs."

Here was Homer, "of all bards supreme," and Socrates and Plato; also Democritus, "who sets the world at chance." He saw Diogenes, Seneca, Euclid, Hippocrates, and others. "Of all to speak at full were vain attempt."

Then with pardonable pride he says:

"They made me of their tribe; and I was sixth amid so learn'd a band."

This same grim forest where Dante met his honorable dead, which I could see with a field glass from my hotel window, is now augmented to include hundreds of acres; and in one part of this area stands the Sanitarium for the Queer. In a guide-book I got some information about the institution before going out to see it. Not only are Socrates, Plato, Homer, and the rest of the group whom Dante met, inmates of this sanitarium, but many more of similar fame. Indeed, most sinners of intelligence, whether baptized or not, great or not so great, but with ideas advanced or original enough to be objectionable to the established authority of their day, can be seen somewhere in or around the grounds of this institution.

The segregation of these sinners is considered a necessary precaution against their upsetting or unduly disturbing the conventional thinking of the masses in this nether world. They are not allowed to participate in public affairs.

On rare occasions the Financial Rulers will consult with a genius about a project that requires a peculiar imagination or invention—but they are suspicious of him. What if the sociological theories of such a sinner as Aristotle, Plato, Karl Marx or Sir Thomas More, for example, with their peculiar ideas of government, should succeed! What would become of this “practical Hell”?

If you ask where the great personages of history can be found, almost any one in the streets will tell you the road to the Sanitarium for the Queer. This institution is about a mile in length, and looks like a Tibetan monastery, modernized in sections to resemble a high-class American hotel.

It is surrounded by high stone walls, and well guarded by Demon soldiers. The inmates have reading and writing rooms, laboratories, and studios, but are closely watched. They are often marched in lock-step through the defiles of the park—to teach them discipline. They also have a club with a forum where they hold debates, called the Limbo Club.



When it became known that I was registered at the Grand View, I received a telephone call from Tom Paine inviting me to visit the Sanitarium as a guest of the Limbo Club. Arriving at the appointed time, I was escorted, under guard, to a large reception room. A vast assemblage stood up and began to crowd around me. As I glanced over them, I recognized many distinguished sinners. Some I had known in life, but most of them only as portraits in books: Voltaire, Huxley, Daumier, Plato, Socrates, Fourier, Saint-Simon, De Foe, Hugo, Heine, Thoreau, Emerson, Karl Marx, Lenin, Jaurès, Rousseau, and Danton. I was introduced to many—including Enfantin, the Socialist dreamer who suggested the idea of the Suez Canal to De Lesseps. I saw Proudhon, Walt Whitman, Lassalle, Beethoven, Ruskin, William Morris, Shelley, Wendell Phillips, Bob Ingersoll, Byron, Louis Blanc, John Reed, Clara Zetkin, Isadora Duncan, Walter Crane, George Sand, Lester Ward, Eugene Debs, Louise Michel, Rosa Luxemburg, Anatole France, Jack London, and hundreds of the great and near-great—of all to speak were vain attempt. I had visited only an hour when a guard told me my time was up.

The next day I received a telegram stating that the committee on membership had made me a life-and-death member of the Limbo Club, and I was number 4748 amid such a distinguished company.





## READY TO PROCEED

Having crossed the Styx, rested at a hotel, and visited the retreat of the wise but lost souls, I am about ready to survey the funnel-shaped abyss—Hell-proper.

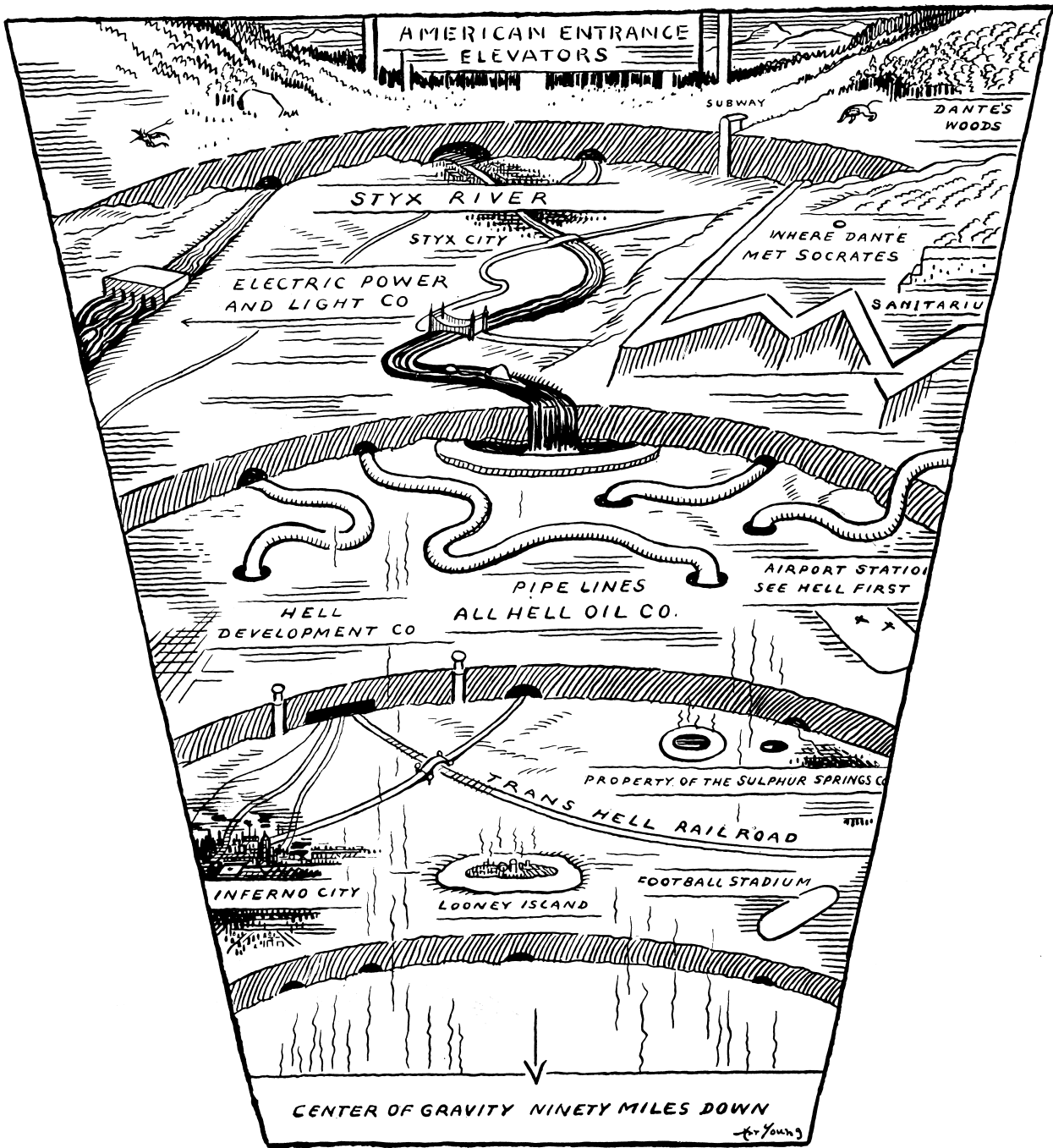
When one realizes the perpendicular, horizontal, and circular magnitude of the region—a few weeks is a ridiculously short time in which to make a survey that will be satisfactory in all particulars.

Obviously there is a lack of thoroughness in the descriptions that follow, and very few statistics for critics to doubt.

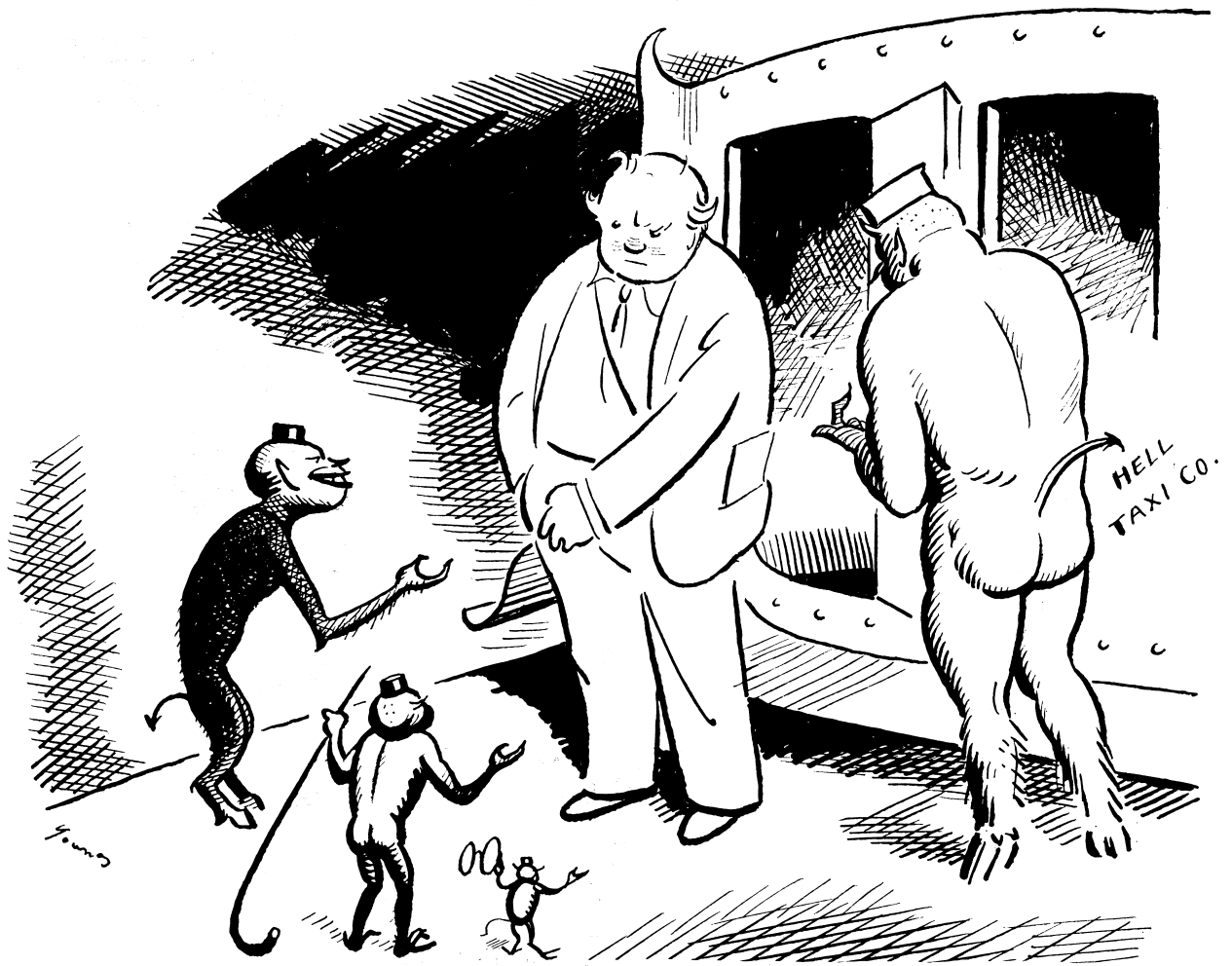
Some readers may wish that I had reported at length my impressions of the distinguished sinners at the Sanitarium—what Jean Jacques Rousseau said, and how he looks; also Daniel De Foe, and the sick Heine and the smiling Voltaire; what Cellini said, and how Karl Marx views the world situation; the questions they asked me, and my attempts to answer them. But I have decided to cut my writings to brief outlines of observation—with only a few conversations, and those mostly with the unknown sinners.

A word about my preparation: The style-experts and the clothing manufacturers are determined to introduce clothes, though most of the sinners favor nudism from the moment of their arrival.

Advertisements appear daily in the newspapers, announcing sales of smart apparel, and it is safe to predict that in time all Hellions will dress, and dress right, under penalty of the law. Feeling the impracticability of going any further in the worldly suit of clothes I had on, I bought one of thin asbestos weave, and in this



outfit, carrying road maps, notebooks and field glass, started from the Grand View Hotel in an automobile down a steep road, with instructions to the chauffeur to keep going.



## PART TWO

Observations the explorer wrote in his notebook, without date or sequence and mostly concerned with the conduct of the inhabitants condemned to this chaotic and hostile hole.



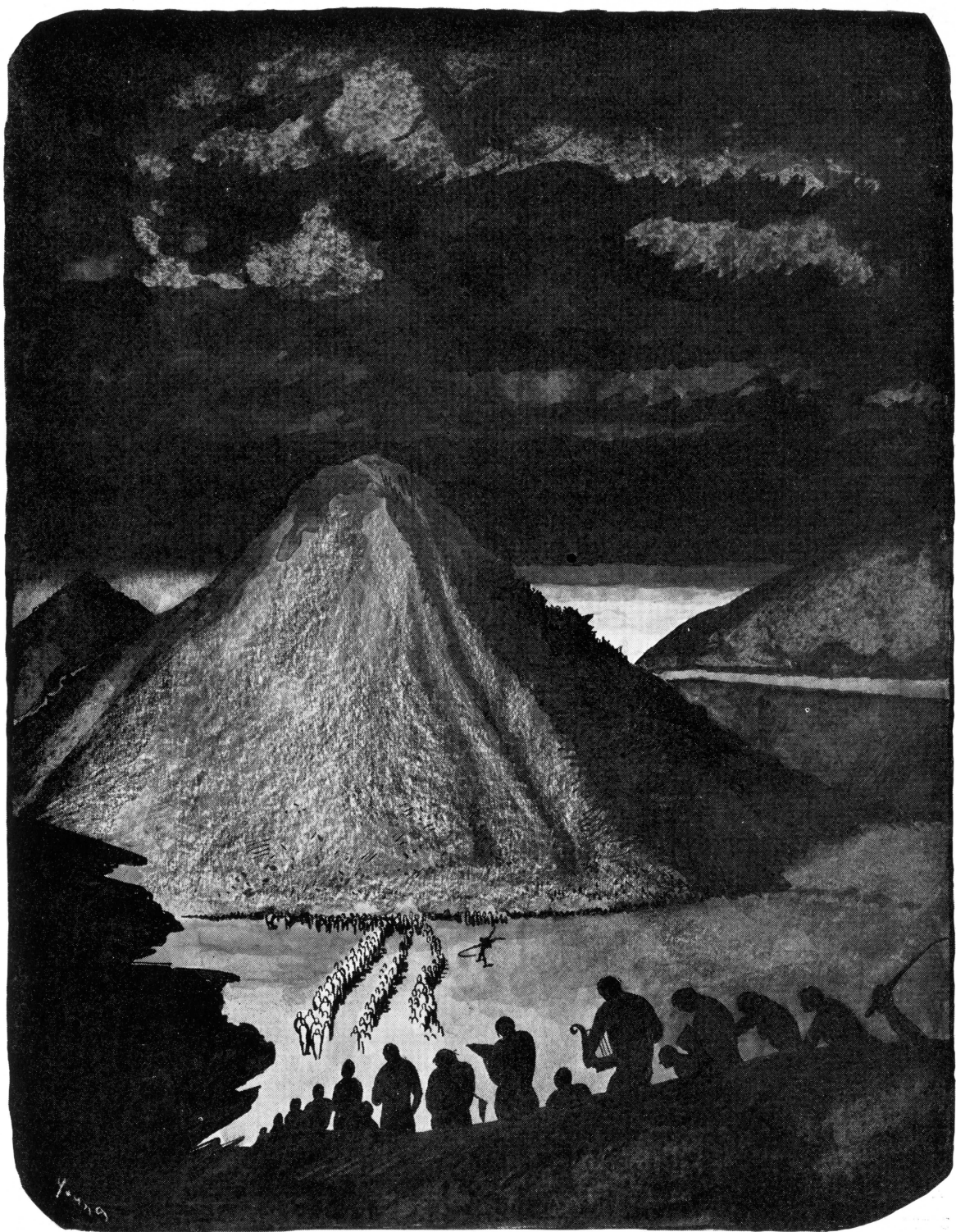
## JUNK

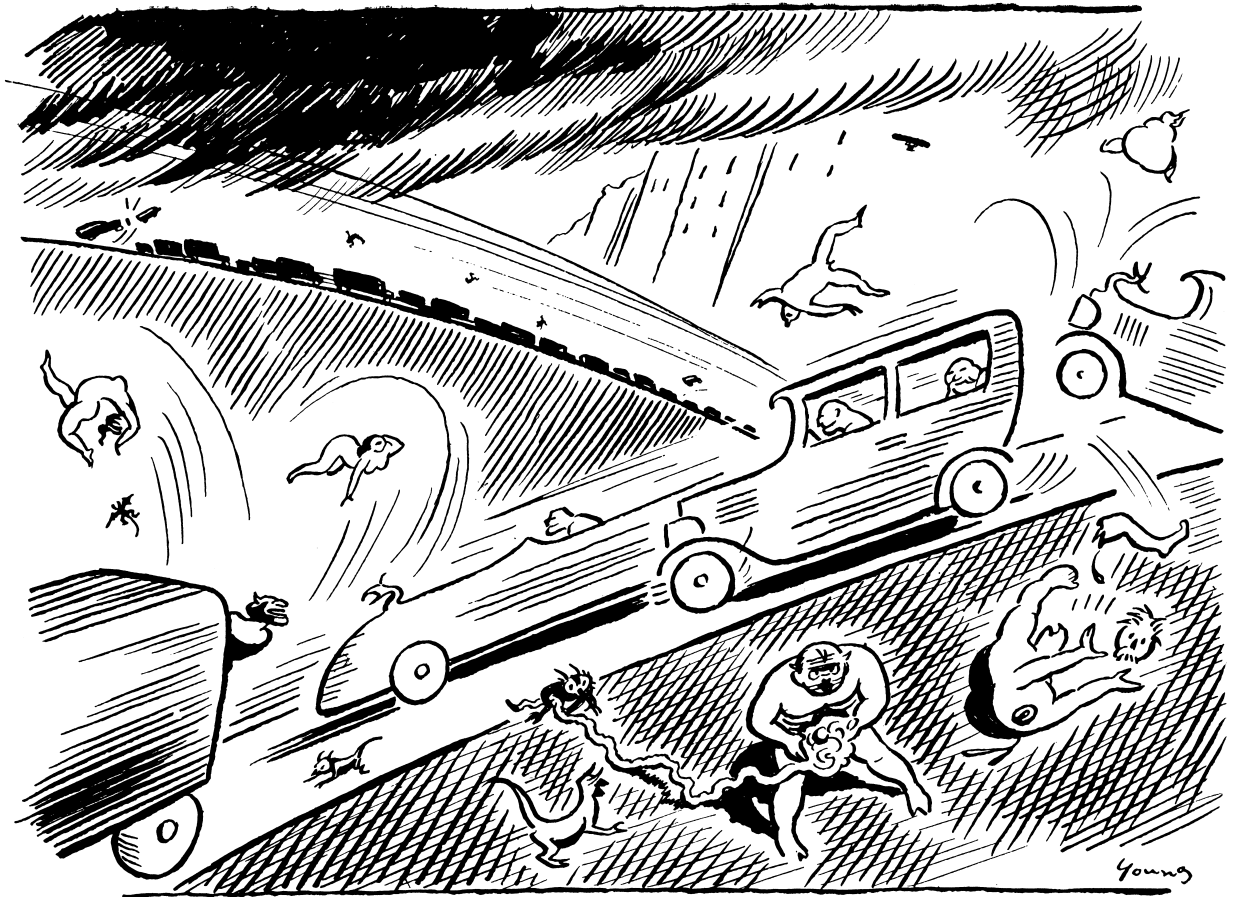
Along the highways I passed heap after heap of waste—discarded things known on earth as junk. Around one curve in the road, the highest pile I had yet seen loomed up in the distance. Devils were at work pitching and hoisting around the pyramidal pile.

I passed many sinners driven by the lash on their way to this mountainous heap. Then, as I drew nearer I saw each one hesitate as if he were loath to part with something he carried, but finally, with a despairing gesture, throw on his contribution. Looking closely at the mountain of uselessness as it might be called, I saw that it was composed of symbols, of each one's dream: books of philosophy, figures of justice, musical instruments, flags, and just simple tokens of faith, in being true to one's self. Their ideals and principles abandoned, that they might become Hellions.

From an automobile window it is obvious that those who once accepted the upper world as the best of all possible worlds, can't consistently do much complaining in this twentieth century Inferno.

Property rights above all rights. The human soul has no value at all.





## RUSH

Signals halt the traffic of cars on the city streets, giving the pedestrians a fighting chance to cross before the cars plunge forward again.

An opening anywhere is a welcome sight to the dizzy sinners trying to find their way around.

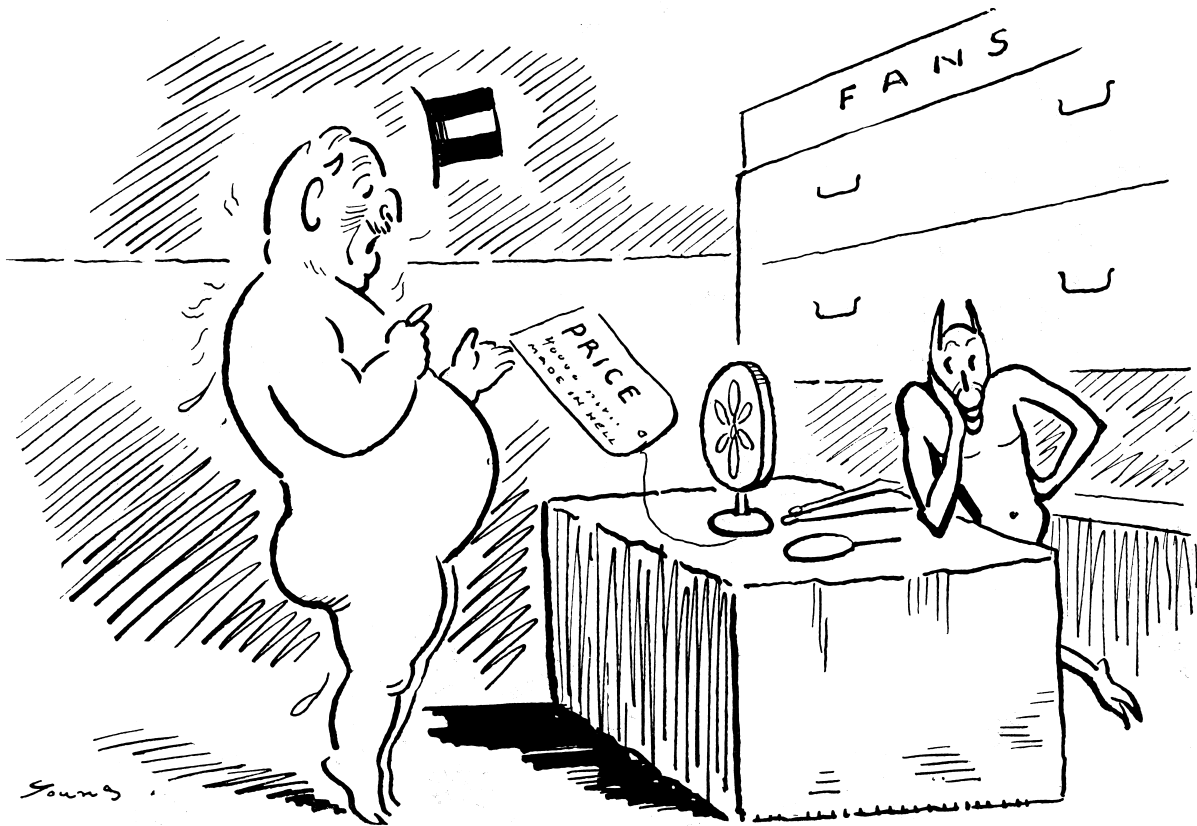
A place for your feet in the subway is another welcome surprise. Crowded, jostled, insulted, bumped, battered, and sometimes disemboweled, the sinner feels a dazed relief when he finds a little space, anywhere.



Caught in the savagery of this frightful furnace, you wonder how any one can be courteous, generous, kind, or just; and yet on rare occasions you hear of Hellions who try to practice some of these virtues.

## HIGH PRICES

When he has anything to sell, the Hellion tries to get a high price for it—just as high as he thinks the customer will pay. At the same time all Hellions complain incessantly about high prices—the high prices that *others* demand. It is always “others” who overcharge. Driven by the profit madness . . . every sinner is fighting in a war of survival that knows no standard of ethics other than “getting money,” and never selling cheaply unless forced to it by crushing necessity.







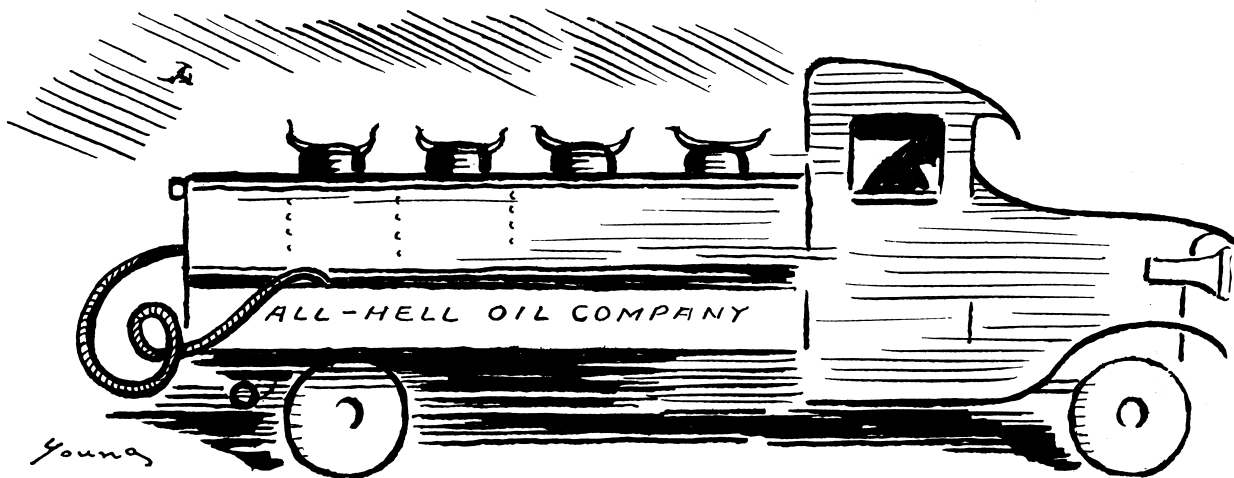
## THE SCIENTISTS

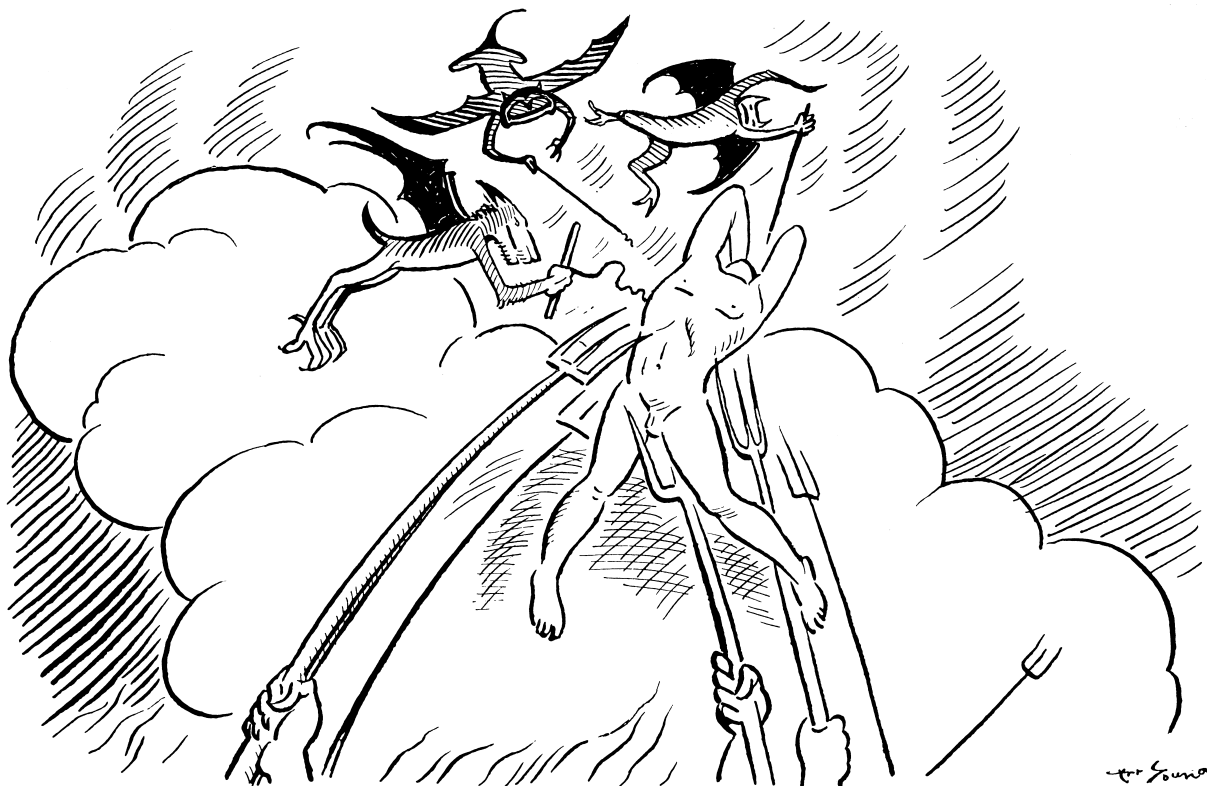
Who would belittle the achievements of the scientists? Certainly not the writer of this journal. The scientists thrust their telescopes up through Hell and tell us the cause and effect produced by the wheeling planets as they perform in the vast ethereal void. They are wise mathematicians. They can tell us to the exact minute when one star will jump over another. They have charted the cosmic sea of space, and most of their discoveries can be counted as great contributions to human knowledge.

Most amazing of them all are the results achieved in electromagnetic experiments and the discovery of tremendous power in the atom.

But, the Hell traveler naturally inquires, why don't these great intellects turn their penetrating wisdom in the direction of this seething abyss and try to figure out a way to abolish the pain and fear of poverty, or interest themselves in the problem of a fellow-sinner, denied the right to work and starving in the shadow of a warehouse full of sustenance?

Are such problems too much for them, or is it because the owners of the abyss want them to keep on looking at stars and atoms?



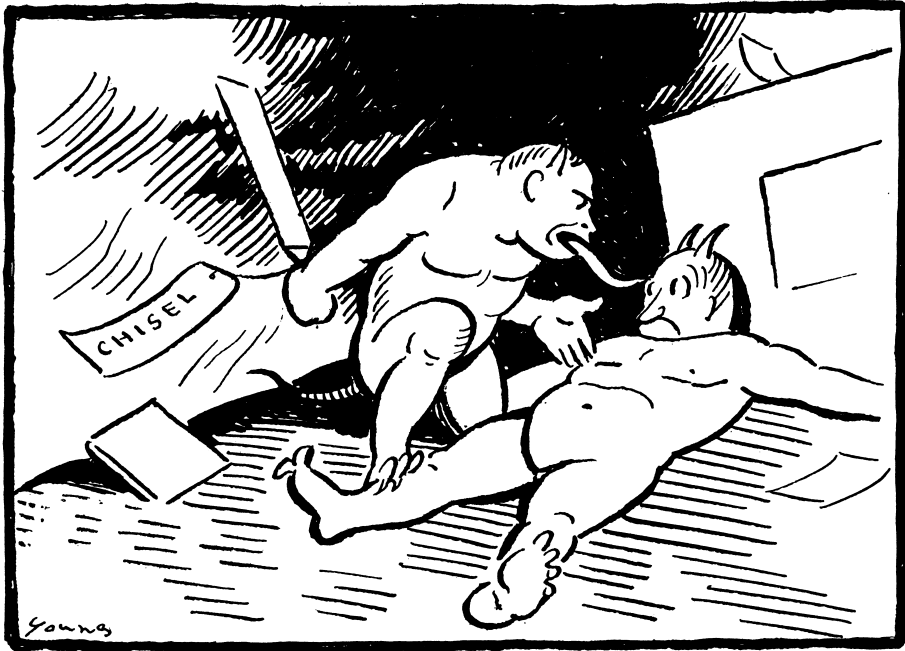


## IT'S GOOD FOR US

In spite of this overwhelming Hell that makes most inmates submissive and wretched beyond hope, there arise many hopeful dreamers: those who try to visualize a way to abolish it, and establish what their critics are pleased to call "Utopia."

The critics of these hopeful ones argue that their Utopia would be worse than Hell, that to grant work and wage security with more leisure to the miserable sinners would cause them to become mentally flaccid or mere regimented blockheads of no account whatsoever as individuals. As if the wildest Utopian of most fantastic dreaming could scheme a more servile or regimented society than he sees in this modern Inferno. These smart critics write with a brilliant wit. In a different class from the "Cheerupists," the "Inners," and other cults of thought, their philosophy can be reduced to this: to be continually worried, browbeaten, hounded, tortured, and stewed in the Infernal fires is good for the soul. And the more severe the punishment, the more beautiful will be the soul.





## SALESMANSHIP

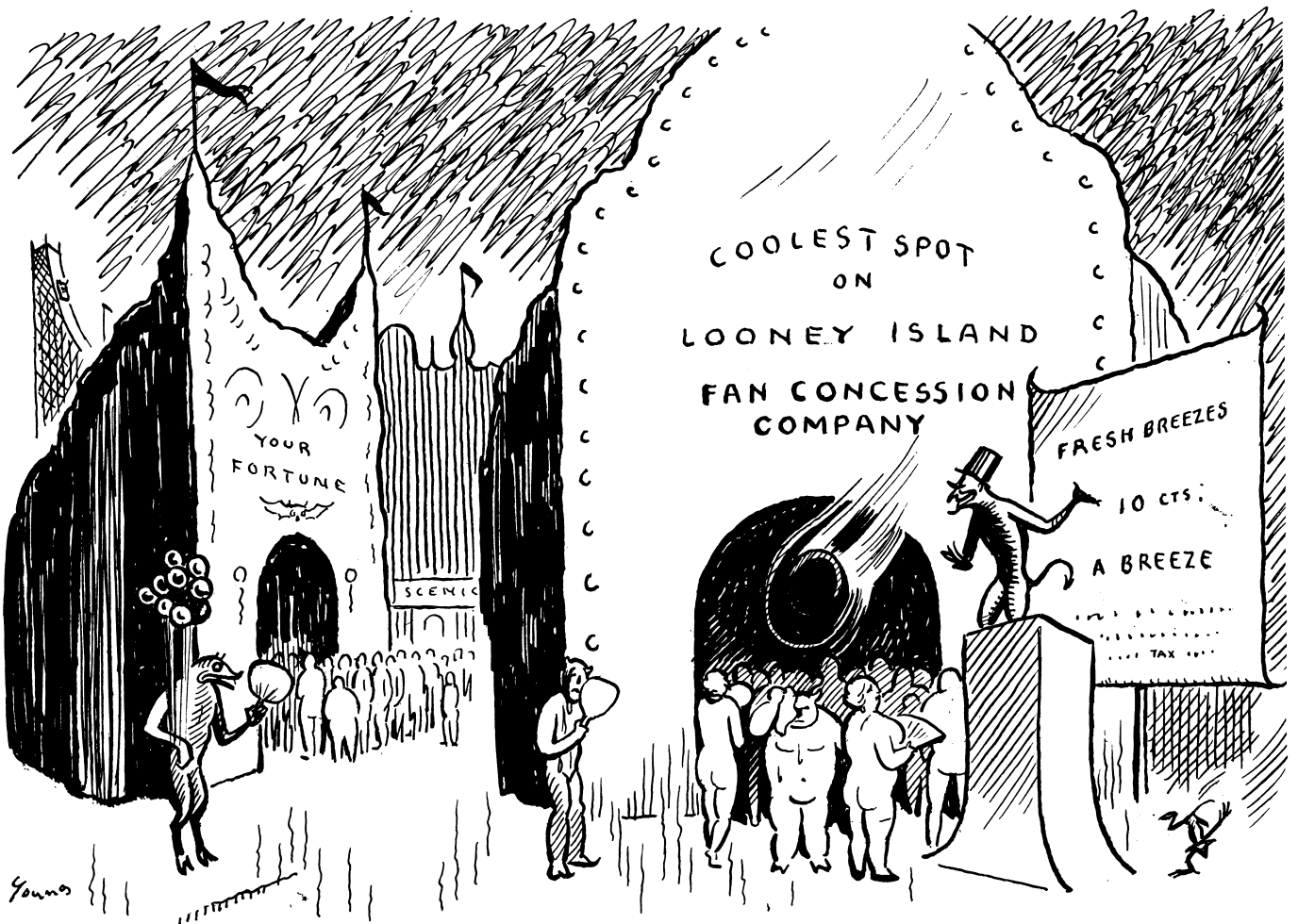
In the buffet car, behind the counters of the stores, in a corner of the country club, on the telephone . . . anxious to make an appointment, we find the salesman. Watch the technique: The price is going up . . . It's reduced from fifty to thirty-eight . . . It's an opportunity. Persuade and convince. Books and still more books on salesmanship. Lectures everywhere by high-powered persuaders: how to approach the buyer . . . careful now . . . note the resistance . . . strategy . . . find hobby . . . feel vanity spot . . . now close in on the victim . . . at last, triumph. Sell stock to the skeptical . . . sell mittens to the sinners in equatorial Hell . . . sell canned heat to those who don't want more heat. Salesmanship—vanguard of Hell's success. Sell and undersell. Better destroy than fail to sell. If the customer is rich, charge more; if poor, take what you think he will pay. Sometimes it's the other way round. Sell cheaply to the rich buyer, even less than cost just to say you have a rich customer; but charge heavily for small orders to the poor buyer. It's not the intrinsic value but what you can get that counts. Everything must be sold—everything, from hairpins to oil wells. And sell yourself—



## THE AMUSEMENT PARK

"You are all run down. What you need is amusement," says one sinner to another. "Come, let us go to Looney Island"—which Island is an up-jutting phantasmic play-place in the middle of the Styx River. There are other such joy-resorts in all parts of the region. Through the blar light on the way to Looney Island by boat one sees in the distance another popular stretch of amusement park "beside the woe-ful tide of Acheron," called Joyland.

Away with melancholy! Spit in the face of trouble. Shoot chutes! Splash! and get rolled in a huge barrel! Ponderous rumbling machinery stands you on your head, bumps your protruding parts and makes you laugh. This for a few hours, and then back to the Hell of reality: the offices, the factories, the clicking monotony of typewriting. Back to Bosses, figures, paper-shuffling. Back to discordant homes—debts and the Hell-Blues.





STATION  
WINCE  
PROGRAM  
THE WEATHER, SPORT NEWS, YOWL'S  
ORCH, CHEERIO CHATTER, YIP'S ORCH,  
FUNNY CRACKS BY CUTE DEVILS, BLUES  
ORCH, NERVES BY DR. TWITCH, -CRIME-  
CLUB, MARKET REPORT, BASE BALL  
FASHIONS, GOSH DINGIT QUARTET, -  
NEWS, WAILS ORCH. PRIZE FIGHT  
SKIT, HELL'S RISE TO POWER BY  
SENATOR WOO WOOF, YODEL HOUR  
STATION WINCE

C. P. Young

## THE RADIO

Many new inventions had possibilities for bringing some measure of comfort, pleasure, and enlightenment to the inhabitants. One of the most important was the radio. But of course such an instrument in a region devoted to irritation and pain had to be made consistent with the Hell motif, so the promoters commercialized the radio and soon corrupted it into a vulgar nuisance for advertising the Hell corporations, and propagating reactionary thought.

Hell corporations listed on the Exchange—and many of them Radio advertisers:

Inferno Gas Syndicate; Abyss Elevators; Hell Omnibus Company; Brimstone Cooking Corporation; Lower Hell Ice Company; Infernal Airplane Corporation; Serpent Subways; Sulphur Tooth Paste Corporation; O.K. Chemicals; Incubus Insurance Company; Vitriol Distilleries; Gehenna Gun Company; Juggernaut Trucks; Fire Utilities; Hell Aluminum; Nuisance Supply Company; Noise Amplifying Corporation; Pitchforks, Inc.; Smell Syndicate; Inferno Tank Company; Zinco Products; Demon Tool Company; Styx Motor Boats; Steam Shovel Company; Intestinal Gas Company; Belial Investment Company; Jitters Medicine Corporation; United Lava; Moloch Steel; Dragon Phosphorus; Gulf Petroleum; Magic Asbestos; Pluto Coal, Inc.; Python Stores; Cinders Cereals; Lucky Soot Cigarettes; Cut-off Electric Light Company; Allied Alarm Clocks; Pitch Chewing Gum.



Always dollars and cents. Without opportunity to get dollars and cents you are adrift in this relentless hole.



## HEROISM

The favorite of Sport is the football player. More than any other, he typifies the Hellion's idea of achievement, the two ways of reaching the goal-line of success: first, pushing aside or knocking down with ruthless force those who get in his way; —then, without sufficient strength to reach his objective in this way, turning, twisting, and dodging past all obstructions.

This is Heroism.



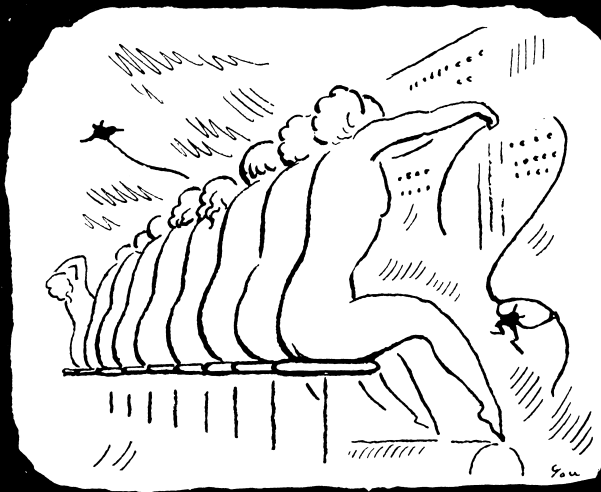
Most sinners would be exhibitionists. To startle Hell by a stunt performance and become somebody for a day at least, and see their portraits in the newspapers.

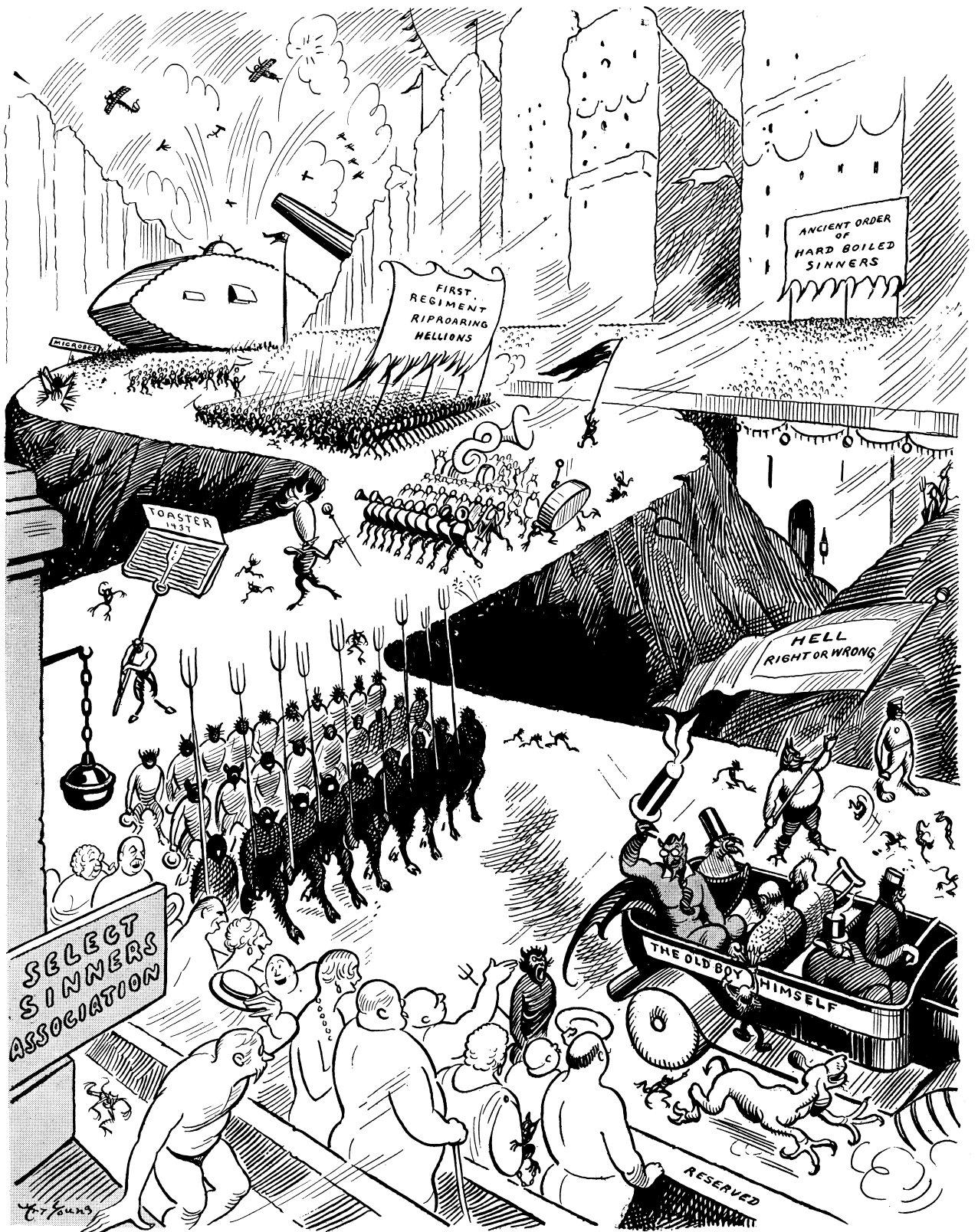


You recognize the successful Hellion by his vacuous look when cultural subjects are being discussed.

## ABOUT WOMEN

I revisited the place where the women were segregated forty years ago on my first exploration, and found it now used as the Department of Chemical Warfare. Since then the women have gained the right to vote. They are free. They associate with men on a near-parity of punishment, and equal favors politically, and are preferred in many industries because they will work cheaper. The lady-sinners support the reigning Plutocracy as loyally as the men.







## THE BIG PARADE

The largest and most impressive parade that I witnessed was the one advertising Hell's thirtieth anniversary of progress, meaning the progress since the capitalist invasion.

The King rode at the head in an automobile with three bank presidents and the president of the All-Hell Water Power Co. His Majesty looked very old and tired.

Following the royal car were his private guard of brave Fire Eaters, the direct descendants of the original bad angels. Then came the famous regiment "The Rip-Roaring Hellions," and picturesque floats, representing the progress that has been made since the capitalists took charge of Hell. Maneuvering above the line of march were scores of bombing planes called Royal Fusiliers of the Air.

The procession traversed the main highways, clattering ponderously to the blare of bands and the shouting of loyal sinners. On banners I read the familiar slogans: "Down with Pacifists," "Don't be a Mollycoddle," "Defend Your Honor," and "Preparedness is Peace."





## THE DEPRESSION

Prominent Hellions invariably told me it was unfortunate that I was investigating the region while business was still suffering from a slight depression—that I ought to see it in full-blast prosperity.

All were agreed, however, that Hell was fundamentally sound and confidence was being restored.

I will let a well-known business promoter explain the situation just as he explained it to me.

“Our depression was psychological—when we got the news from the upper world of the failures, suicides, revolutions in backward countries and all that, many of our leading Hellions became morbid and moped around fearing that this subterranean region might be next. But at its worst, it was a mere mental reaction, what you might call a mild repercussion of the economic collapse on the earth’s crust. Our bankers tightened credit, and it looked for a time as if our enthusiastic plans for development that got such a good start a few decades ago had been too optimistic, and as if we had been too eager for large profits.

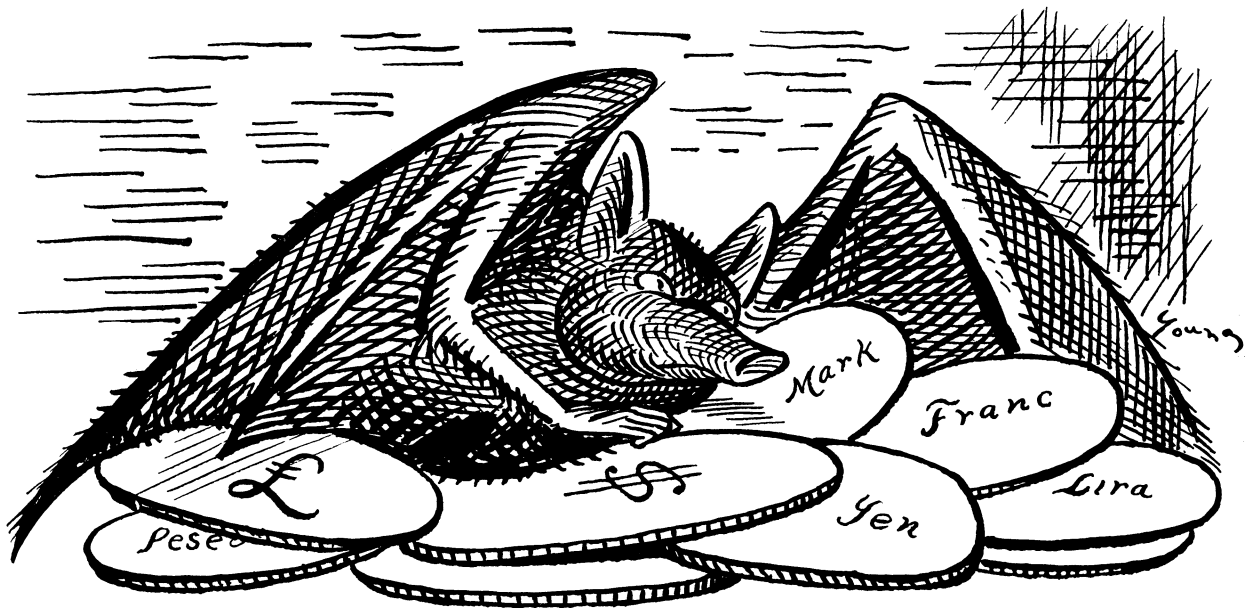
“But you would be surprised to know what revived our spirits and put most of us back to normalcy: It was the arrival here of hundreds of bankers, brokers, industrialists, and several real financial wizards who quit the upper world by committing suicide. Yes, sir, one would think that they could be of no use to the Inferno or

themselves, and had they arrived in the old Hell before we civilized it, all of them would have gone down to the suicide circle; but we took them in. Then, when they began to look around—and saw the chance for enterprise and wealth, saw greater opportunities than they had ever seen on earth—when they saw our Stock Exchanges, our Banks, our inexhaustible resources—it fired them with ambition all over again, and they shamed us for thinking we had a depression.

“It is these suicide Hellions, these splendid examples of the adage ‘You can’t keep a good man down,’ who are largely responsible for restoring confidence in our government. Three of these wizards of finance are now members of the Government’s Recovery Board. In their last report they emphasized the necessity of generous loans to Big Business and saw much hope in the willingness of the most miserable sinners to work for almost nothing, or even go without work till business improves.

“I feel that the best citizens of the Inferno are to be congratulated on keeping calm in the midst of much chaos and distress—and I predict a glorious future for Hell.”

And then he added: “If you can hang around here for a few years you will see what real prosperity looks like.”





## HEREDITARY WEALTH

Obsessed with the sweet pain of hoarding money—the shrewd Hellion piles up his wealth. As the pile gets higher and higher, those related to him (near or remote), look on with hope and satisfaction.

They congratulate him when he rakes in an unusual amount.

Most sinners nurse the hope that rich parents or uncles or aunts may think of them with special favoritism when they get through piling up money.

They also dream of an employer being especially considerate to them in his last will and testament.

As buzzards pounce on a bloated carcass, so do relatives urged on by lawyers pounce on a fortune when the originator drops from the scene.

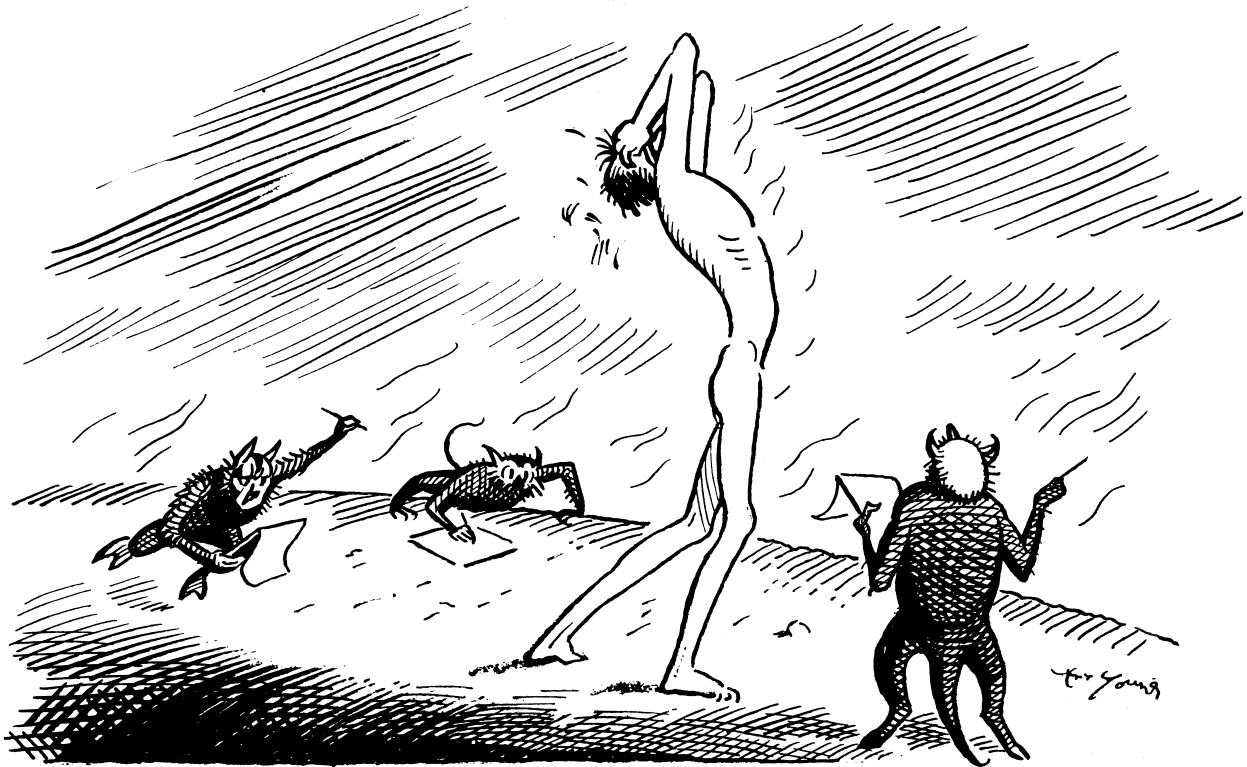
Clawing and crowding around the pile, each is determined to get his share. The sinners, individually, cannot be blamed for piling up money—nor others for the hope of inheritance. In Hell you will do as Hellions do.

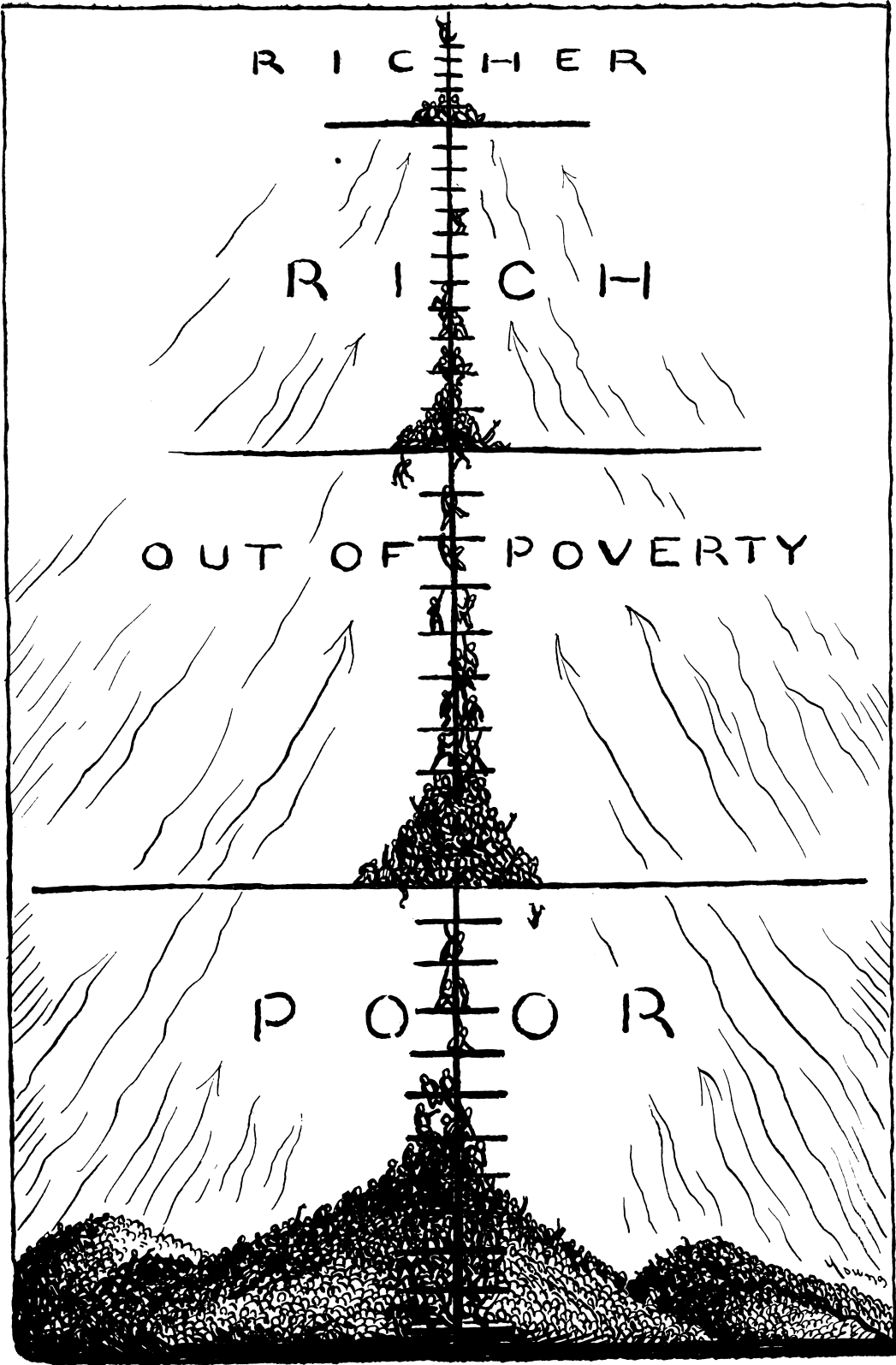
## INSURANCE

Though the inhabitants are legally dead, under this new Administration they are compelled to endure the same kind of extortion they submitted to during their lifetime. There is scarcely any difference between the two worlds—except that Hell has the worse climate. Habituated to the customs of their former existence, the sinners are easily induced to get insured. Policies are written as “protection” against every ill or disaster that may befall the wretched souls. Insurance against theft, bad weather, heat-strokes, obesity, and itch—also injuries, such as loss of one leg or both, one ear or both, loss of this and that including automobiles, jewelry, and precious junk kept in storage.

How the masses meet payments on their insurance policies is one of the miracles of Hell. They curse their daily debts, they bewail their low wages, and to have insurance bills falling due when their money is needed for something else is an added aggravation to their manifold miseries.

Insurance agents get a lucrative percentage for inducing the inhabitants to insure. Shrewdness to gather the hapless sinners in, amounts to a talent. The insurance companies invest the money of the people in a way that is satisfactory to their Boards of Directors, and what could be fairer than that?





R I C H E R

R I C H

O U T O F P O V E R T Y

P O O R

H. Brown

## GOOD AND BAD TIMES

When times are bad, the inhabitants criticize their government severely. The sinners of all classes grumble, and complain that there ought to be drastic reforms. Perhaps an amendment should be taken out of the Constitution and modified a little to make the government machinery work better, or maybe it's the tariff that should be overhauled.

Many things are the matter with their Hell when times are bad. But when good times come again, any proposed change is of no general interest. The rich get richer, the middle class is satisfied with its prospect for reaching the millionaire class, the plain workingman gets an increase in wages with nice little bonuses thrown in, and, again, Hell is on the up-and-up until the next depression.

On the opposite page is a chart showing the high quality of ambition that sinners acquire in the Upper World and are compelled to continue even more furiously in Hell.



The Hellion experiments to find out how to endure existence. With that end in view he tries marriage, clubs, secret societies, games, sport, and travel; but most satisfactory of all is worsting his fellow-man in a competitive business.



Get rich as soon as possible and recognize the sanctity of property. Let no other thoughts cross the path of your consciousness.

## THE FIRE DEPARTMENTS

On every hand the revolutionary changes made by the daring Usurpers amazed me, and none more than the fire-engines.

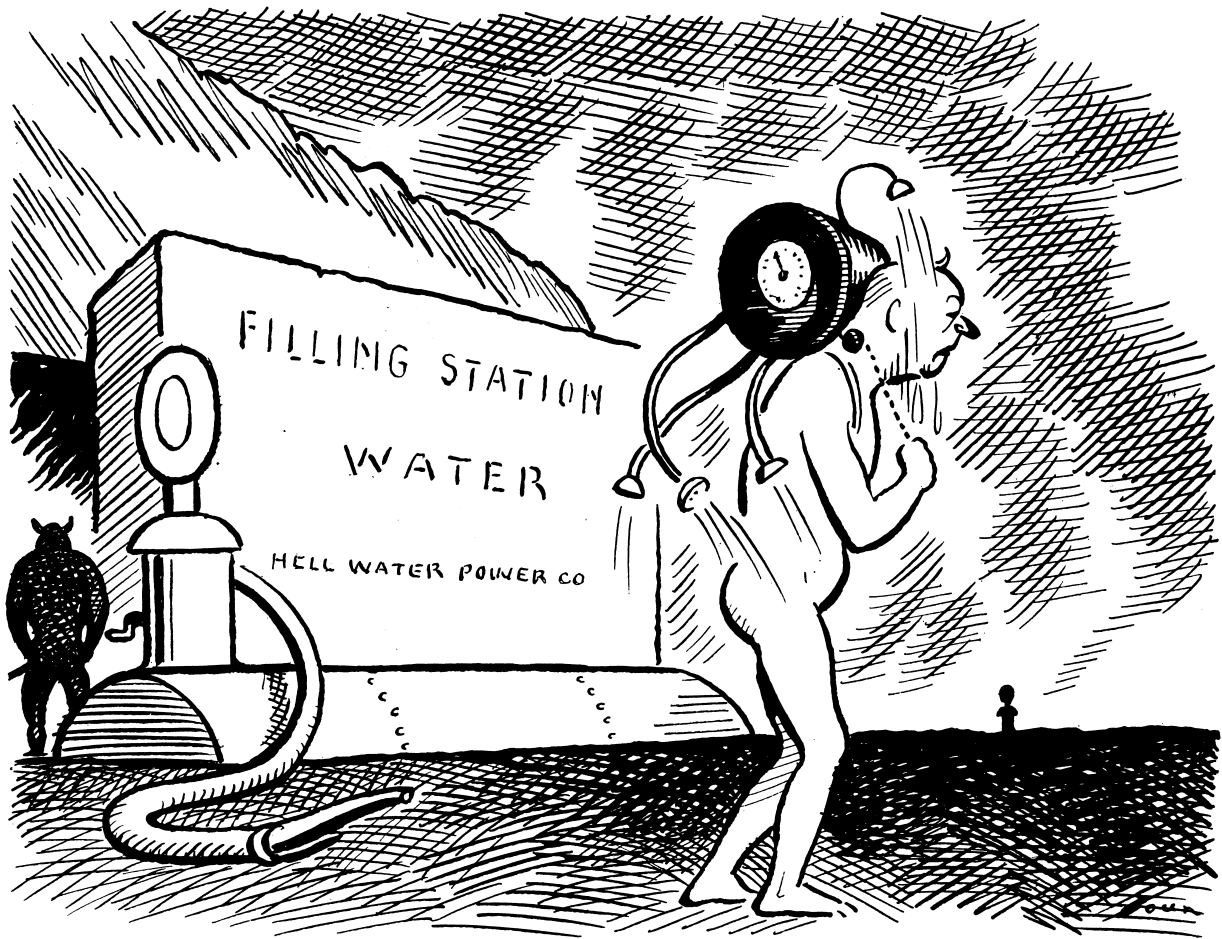
The clanging flight of these snorting monsters through the streets with their horns wailing above the din of other noises has created more hell than Dante could have imagined. I often wished that the poet could see the region now.

Fire departments were introduced soon after the capitalists took control of the government, and are privately owned corporations.

You can walk along the street and suddenly some one will shout at you: "Your ear is on fire!" At another time it may be your nose or your navel. Your feet burst into flame so easily most sinners get used to it. The one who discovers your fire may volunteer to help you put it out—but that is to violate the fire laws. The fire department has a franchise to put out all "undesirable conflagrations." Some of the rich sinners carry the new but expensive automatic showers, which are fastened at the back of one's neck. By pulling a chain this machine is supposed to put out a flame on any part of one's body. It can be bought outright or purchased by "easy payments" from







the fire department. I met a sinner who said he had tried to pay for one in installments. After two hundred years he had twenty-five more payments to make but had to quit—and they took it away from him.

Here it ought to be noted that the water monopoly of Hell is another powerful corporation—perhaps the most profitable—and is allied with the fire department. The latter is the greatest money-making utility that I investigated, except the All Hell Water Power Co.

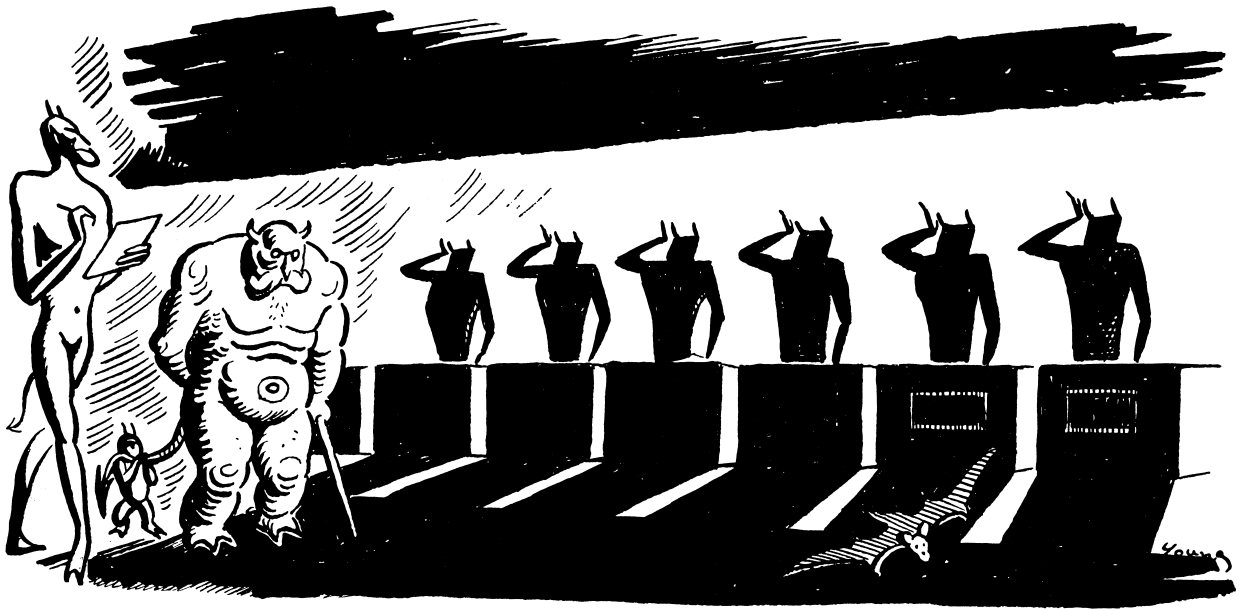
When a place of existence, or dwelling place as we say on earth, catches fire and an alarm is sent in, the fire company first investigates the financial rating of the resident to make sure that he can pay for the service. Once that is verified, the company sends a fire engine that registers the amount of water used “per squirt.”

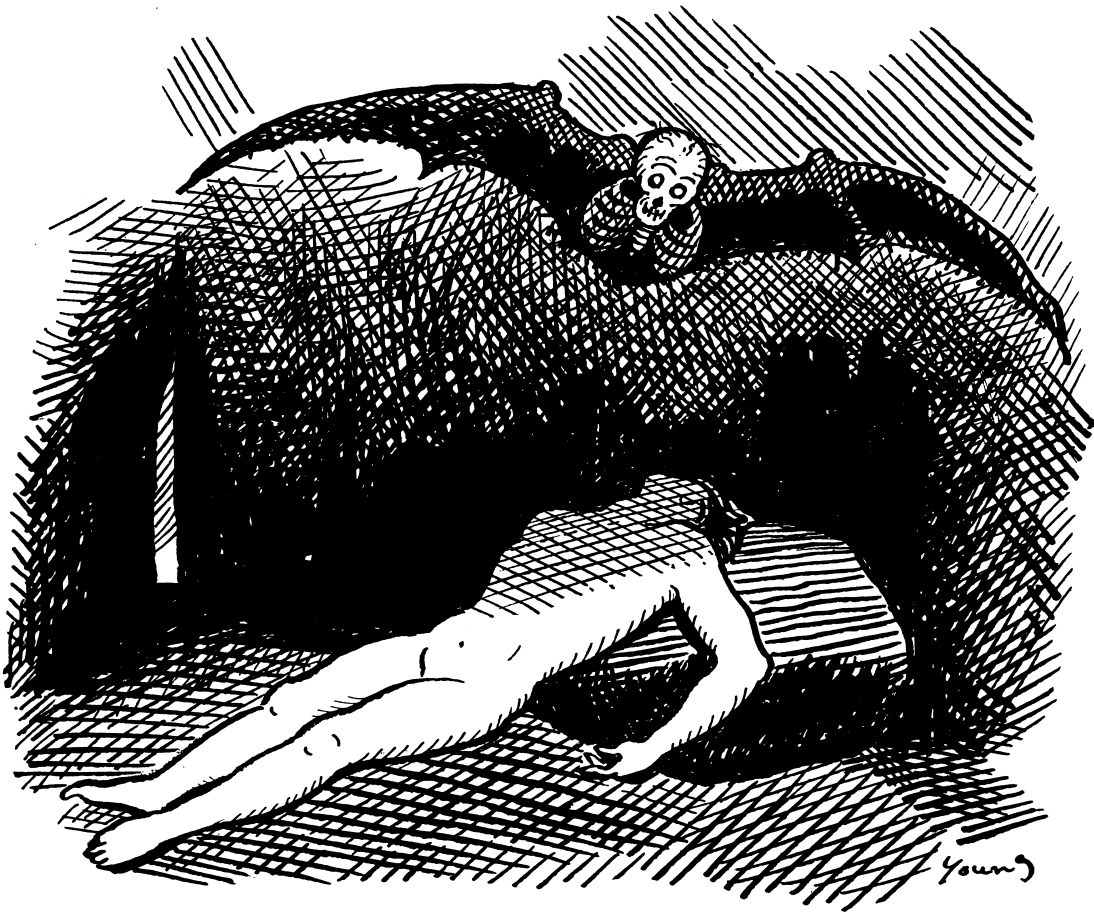
The price for each squirt through a quarter-inch hose is “one trick”—a trick is ten cents in Hell money. A squirt is “one minute of full flow.” Through a larger-sized hose a squirt costs one and one-half tricks.

There are various kinds of extra charges and rebates within certain zones.

If the home of a poor sinner who can't afford the service catches fire, it keeps on burning, sometimes for centuries, unless a purse is made up among his fellow-sinners to save it.

Much could be said in praise of the businesslike methods and especially the meticulous bookkeeping of the Hell Fire Departments. On the pay rolls there are twenty bookkeepers to one fireman.





## MISERABLE EXISTENCE

No one knows the extent of suffering and affliction all about. Something tragic may happen in one's neighborhood, even to a member of one's family, but each and every Hellion is so busy with his or her particular misery there is not much information or concern about the wretchedness of others.

Not until the chance light of publicity is focused on individuals in exceptional agony, do others act in their behalf. But for one sad case discovered by the police and noted in the Press there are thousands just as pathetic that remain secret.

"You can be dead in the next room and nobody cares," is the way the anti-social life of Hell was described to me by a sinner who still used the terse language he was accustomed to on earth.



## SUBWAYS

The Corporate Power of the Inferno is nowhere more insulting, merciless, and diabolical than in its management of the subways. Surging down these long tunnels, droves of sinners form in single file, drop a coin in a slot and hit a turnstile with the belly. This is the way to register, the right to enter the side of a hissing, screeching monster mechanism that carries them to their work or the places they call homes. They may not want to go home or go to work, but do so from force of habit and necessity. Male and female sinners are jammed into these subway trains in intimate contact, scarcely less intimate than being all together in bed. Mauled, mangled, and crowded like beasts—the passengers accept their fate without protest. It's a “public utility” and must be operated first of all for the profit of private owners.

Out on the streets you see these wan-faced Hellions scurrying in breathless fear of being late for work. Always the one thought in their minds of losing their only clutch on existence—the job.

Note that your narrator speaks of existence in this region of the “second death.” He found that Dante and all Hell explorers were right in depicting the damned as still corporeal and sentient. Though often referred to as souls, they retain their bodies and exist.

Note also that any reference to “annihilation” means the end of “feeling,” when the sinner for all practical purposes is extinct.

## HOW TO KEEP FIT

Avoid sudden shocks.

Be calm—take things easy.

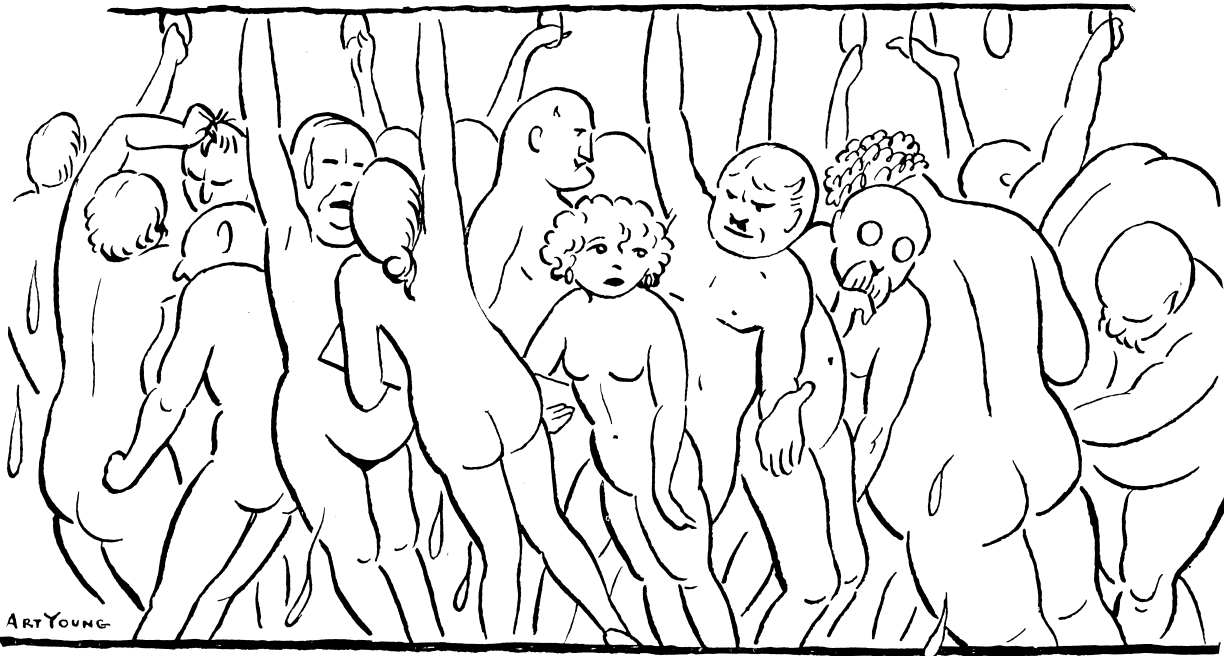
Don't hurry.

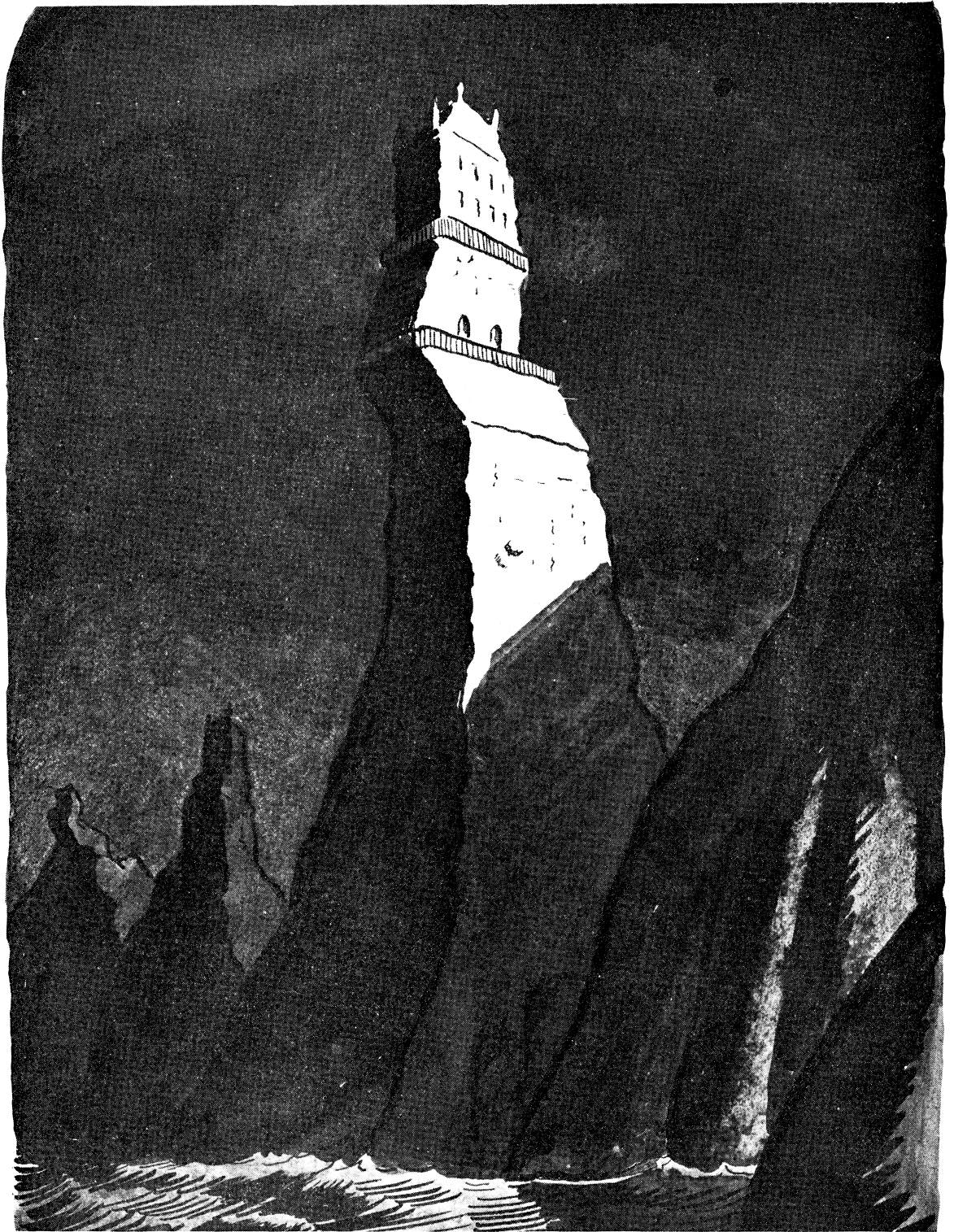
Go on long vacations.

Don't get angry. Anger poisons the system.

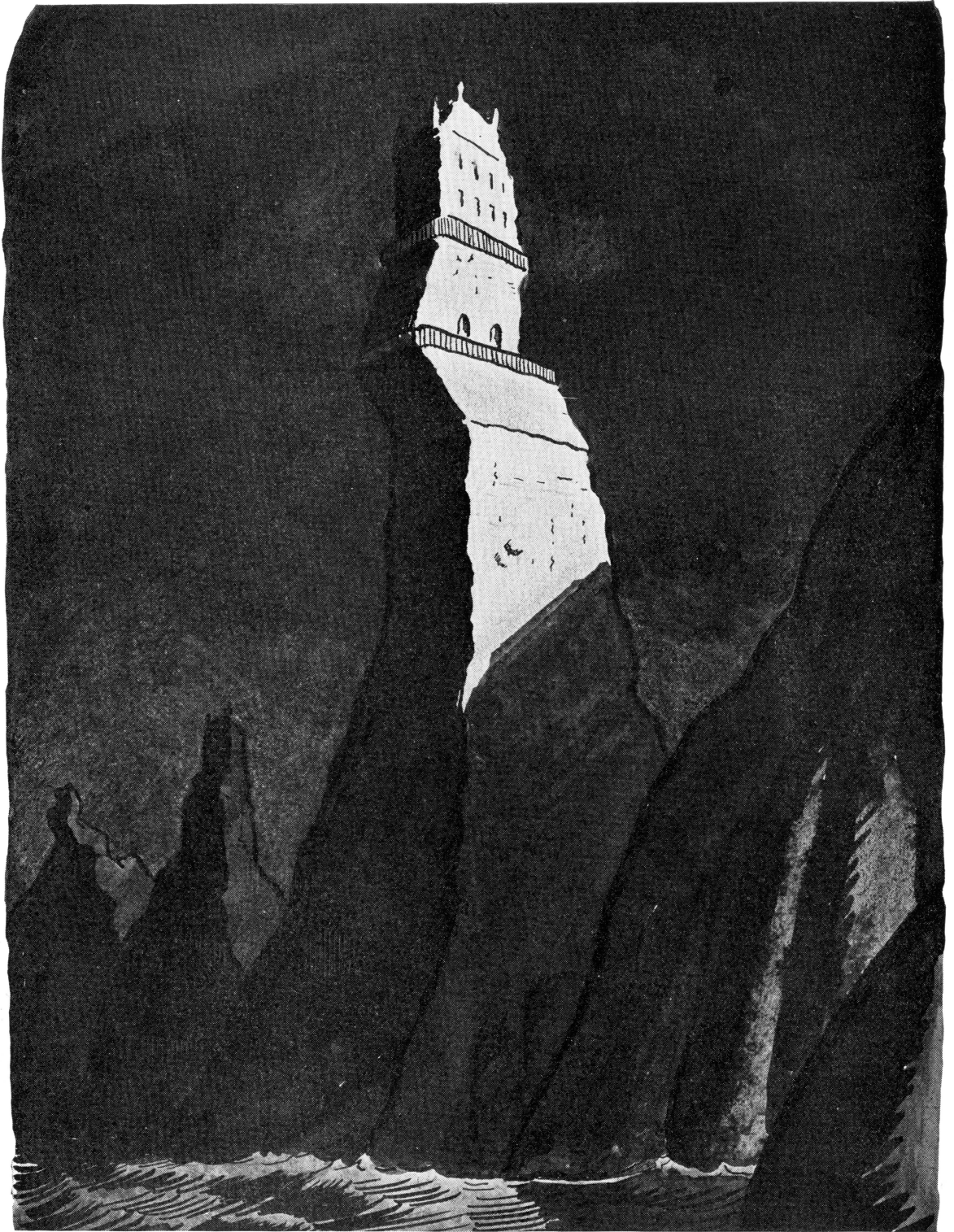


Look at the lovely side of Hell.





Satan's Summer Palace Now Owned by American Millionaire



**Satan's Summer Palace Now Owned by American Millionaire**

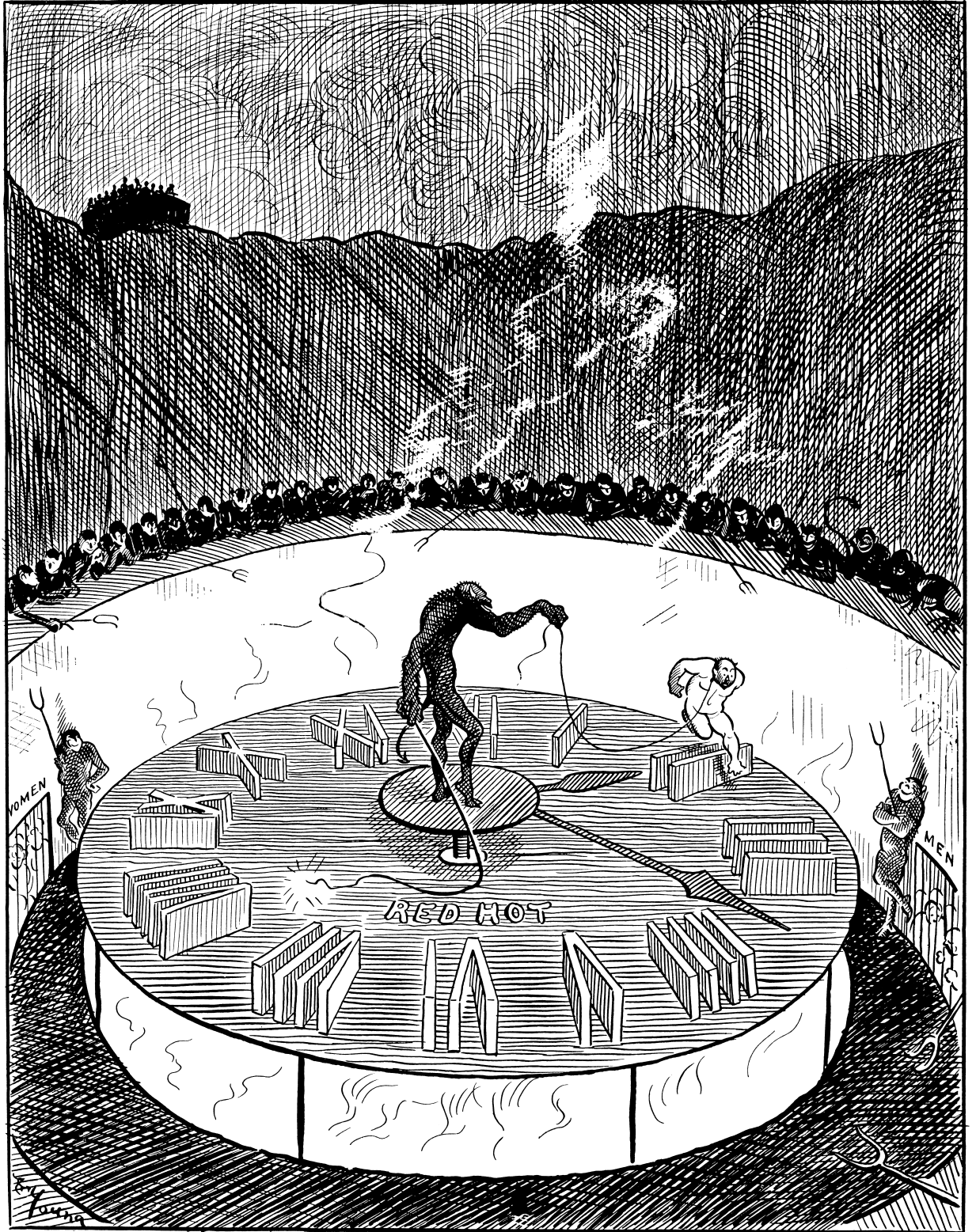


The Bankers





The Bankers

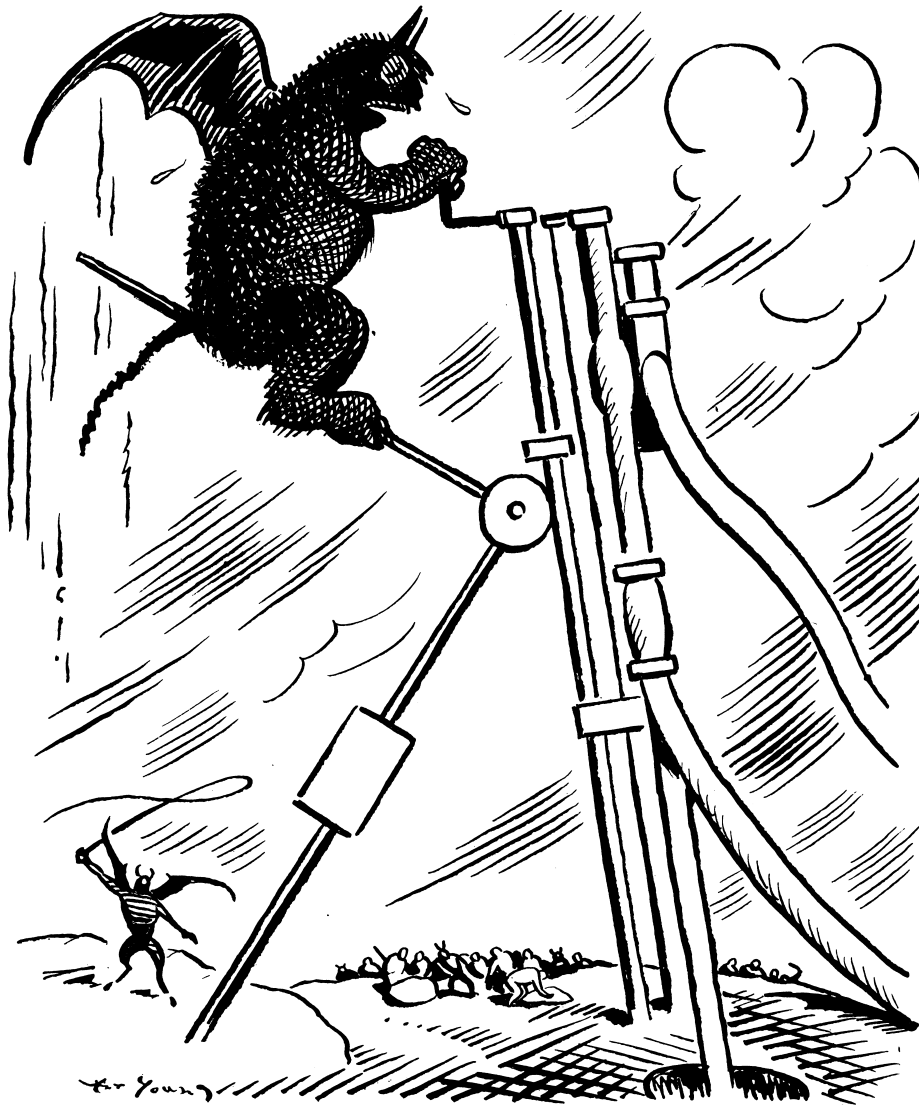


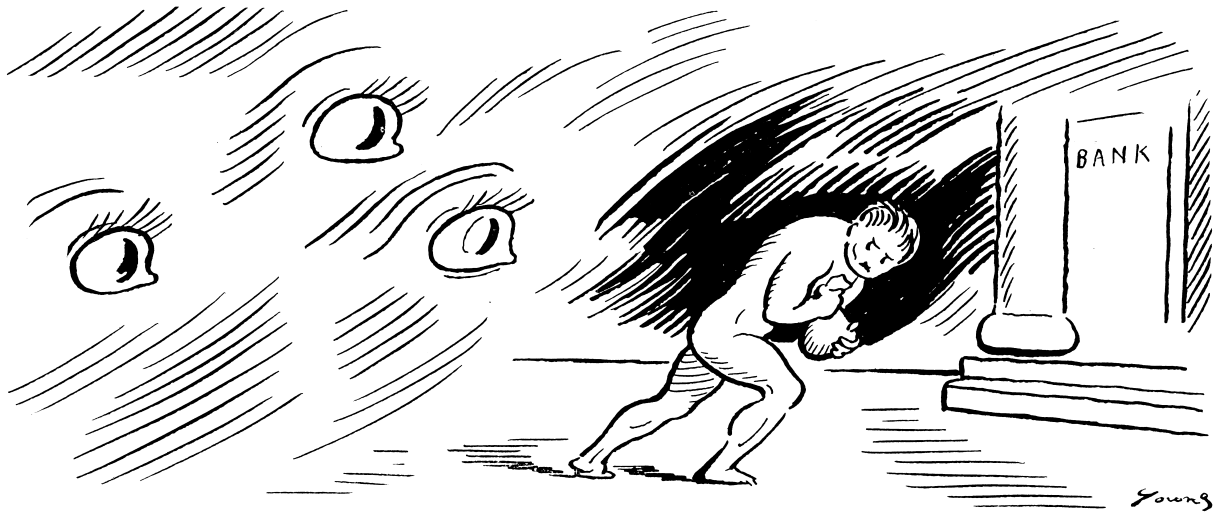
## CLOCK CONSCIOUS

A Hellion who is careless of time or has the vagabond spirit is fit only for Heaven, where time means nothing and rest is eternal. To be punctual and particular about the hour and the precise minute, is to catch the meaning of this modernized Inferno.

“Time is Money” and “No Loafing” signs are seen everywhere.

The large industrial plants have clock-training courses where those who are slow at their work are taught the swift gallop of muscle and mind and to click with the sound of machinery, all for the riches and glory of their masters.



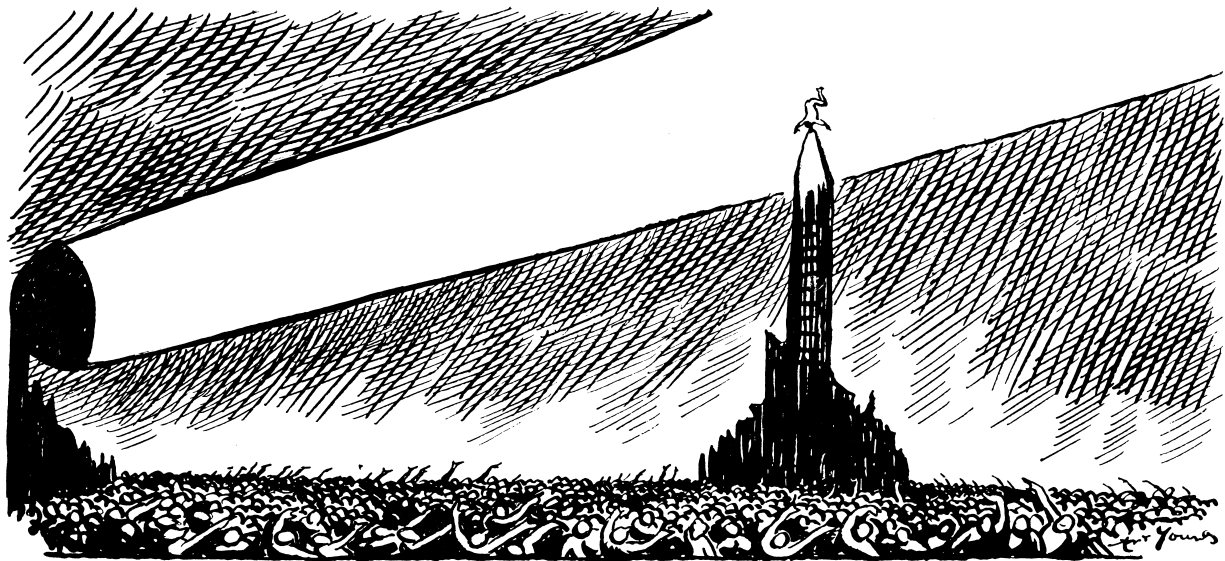


## SAVING MONEY

As a dog hides a bone in the ground and looks about him as if saying, "So much for security against starvation," so the Hellion who manages to save a little money hides his savings in a bank. So keen has the smell for money developed in all sinners, wherever its secret hiding place, it is sure to be located and coveted.

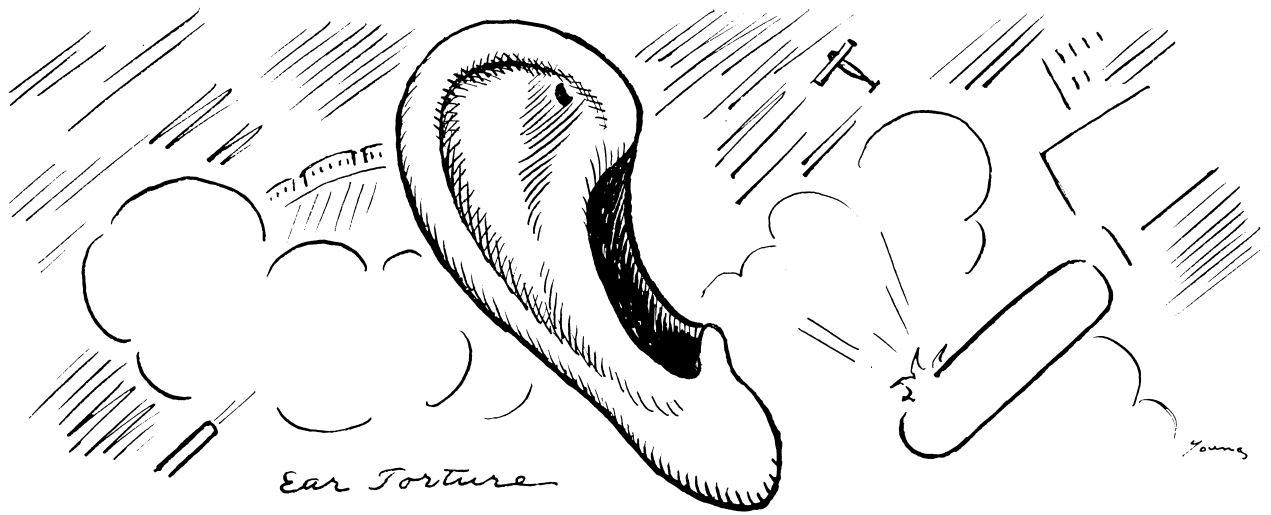
Once the Hellion begins to accumulate money, he is on the defensive. Relatives and friends who are tortured with debts and the lack of necessary things and strangers with schemes hope to get some of that money. He has the satisfaction, however, of having risen from a nobody to an important Hellion.





## PUBLICITY

To be a success, one must be eager for publicity. One needs to be noticed and talked about to make what is called "a clean-up," or "big money." This need has created the profession of publicity agent. Everybody in public life has to have an expert Horn Blower, from poor old Satan himself down to the humble artist trying to sell his "still-life" paintings. Talented people who would prefer that their talent answer for itself, sooner or later, have to succumb to the Publicity Devils. Once they start a sinner careering, they have placed him in front of public attention, where he must stay or soon be forgotten. Once a toehold has been grabbed on conspicuousness—one must not let go. From mediocrity to fame! From obscurity to popularity! Press agents and Bureaus of Public Relations keep pumping the puff-sheets into the pipe lines of publicity! Onward! Fame and fortune!



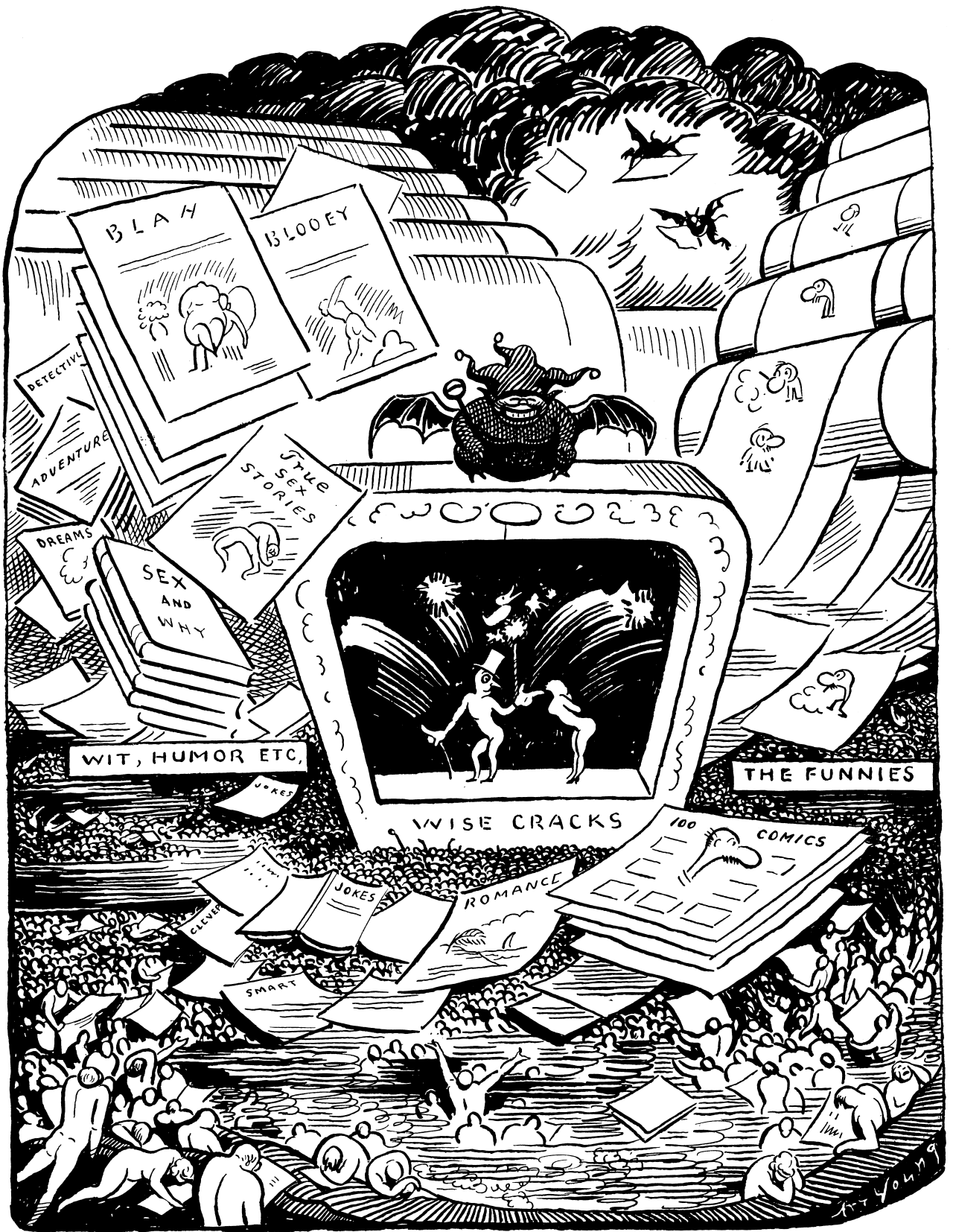
## THE MUSIC

Listen! Sighing and groaning of brass and gut-strings with tom-tom accompaniment!

It's the Demon musicians vying with their cohorts on earth for the most mournful and weird orchestration of sound—sound that interprets the anguish of the damned: crying, crooning, shrieking, and the hopeless call of terror, like night noises over the dead and dying of a battle field.

The Hell orchestras travel on movable platforms or escalators. These rumble along in grooves, conveying the bands through streets and passageways in and out of the large hotels. As I listened, of a sudden the moaning ceased, and the bands played: "Happy Days Are Here Again." As far as one could see, the sinners responded with breasts, jowls, lips, rumps, bellies, all jolting and flopping in an orgy of forced happiness.





BLAH

BLOOEY

DETECTIVE

ADVENTURE

DREAMS

SEX AND WHY

WIT, HUMOR ETC.

THE SEX STORIES



WISE CRACKS

THE FUNNIES

CLUES

JOKES

ROMANCE

100 COMICS

SMART

JOHN

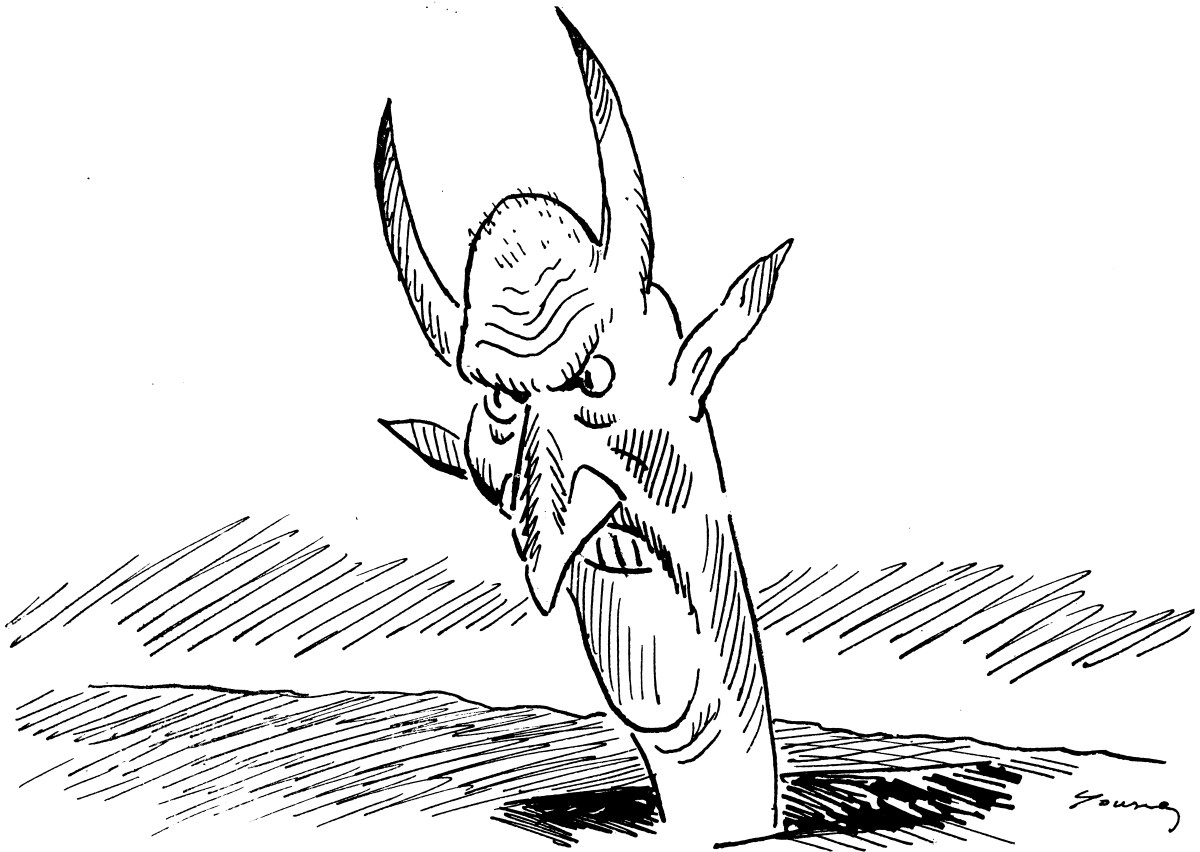


## MOMENTARY RELIEF

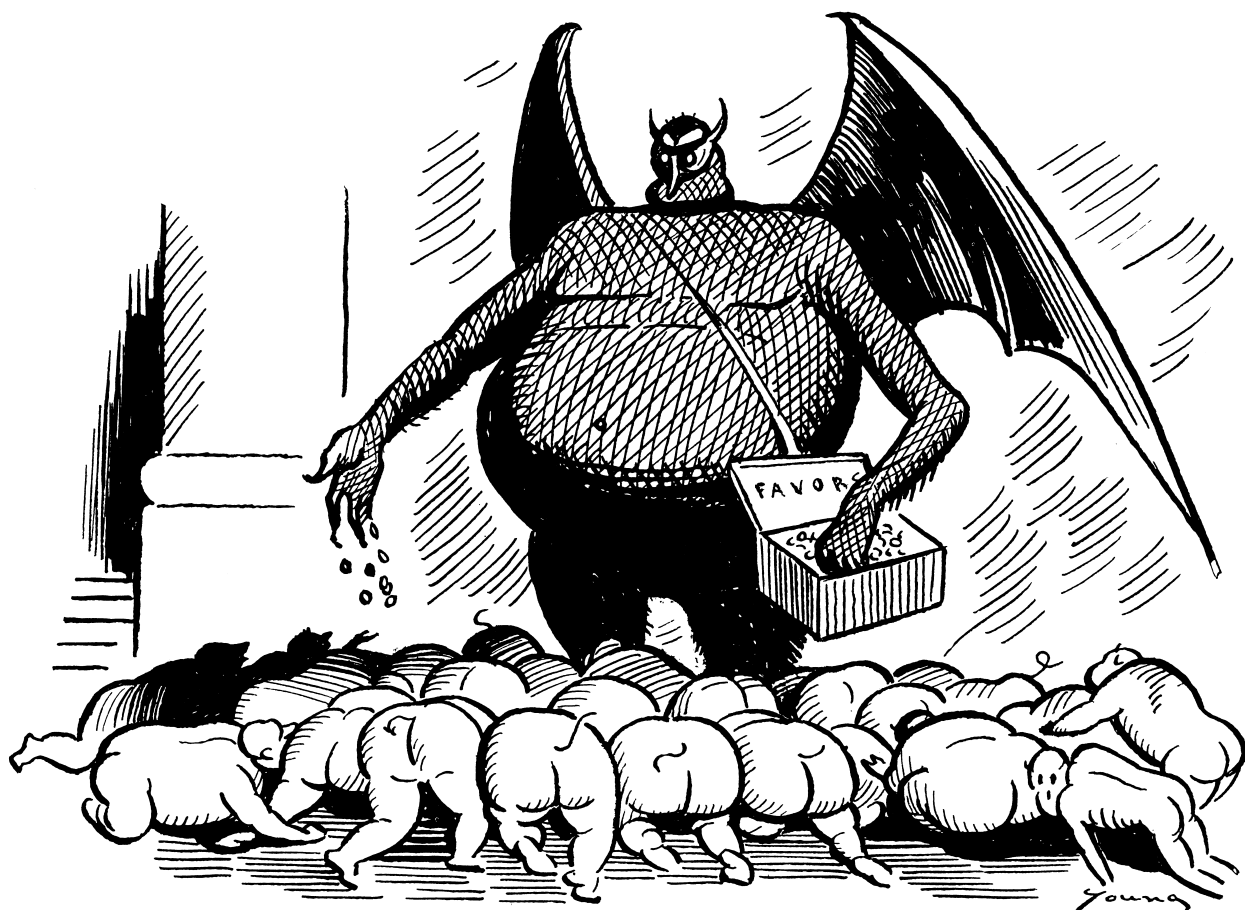
Out of this malignant and sorrowful pit, comes the continual fever-thirst for comic-relief. This relief pours in torrents from the printing presses, and the cry persists: "Louder, funnier, and more lunacy."

If "the funnies" fail to interest, there are the magazines of detective, romance, and murder stories.

The dope-interludes—for tortured souls.



In a party of Hellions talk must not become thoughtful. If it does, it is soon switched off by those who prefer the patter of whatthehell sophisticates.

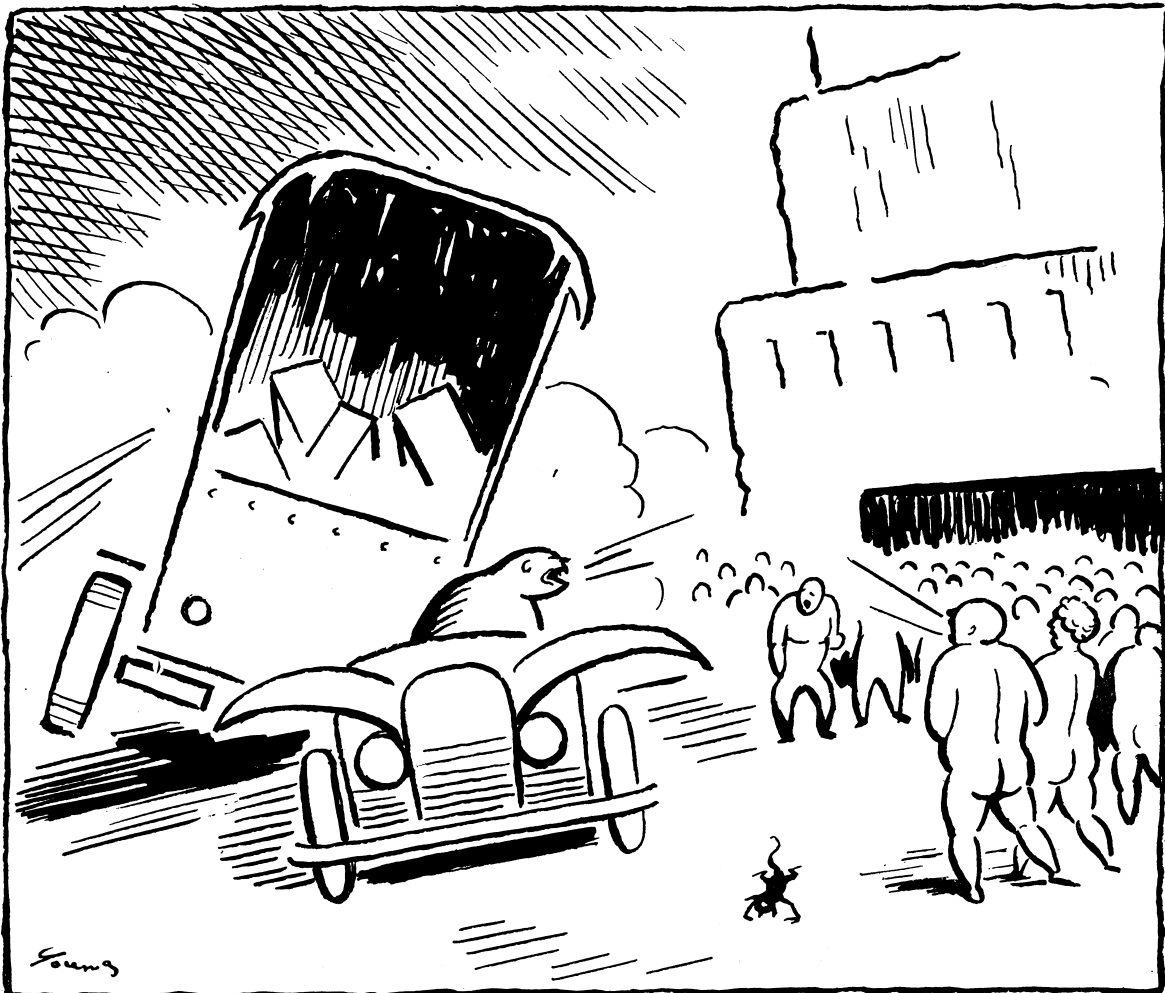


## G R A F T

In all cities and most towns the political insiders are receptive to bribes. These politicians may receive only a few thousand dollars a year as salaries, but neatly increase their incomes by secret gratuities. Brazenly superior because of their luck, they can be seen in their expensive cars, smugly satisfied that public office should be used for private gain. It is these Hellions who are groomed for the legislatures and Congress—the slick ones who know how to accept gifts or “loans” from those who represent the Big Corporations, loans that are not regarded as graft *per se*, but as mere “favours” between friends. One who tries to be honest in political circles is a weakling, whose public career must end before it fairly begins. Therefore, it is easier to play with corrupt politicians than to be honest. And who can refrain from taking the easiest way in Hell? Not many.

## SLANG

Slang expressions catch the fancy of Hellions and sweep up and down and over the entire region, becoming a part of common speech. They survive a few years, then new ones are heard. For a period the slang favorites were "Skidoo!" "So's your old man," "No foolin'," "Step on it." Now in this time of Hell it is, "No kidding," "You said it," "And how!" "Oh, yeah?" "O.K. for me," and everywhere you hear those terms of disgust: "Bunk!" and "Blah!" The latter spoken as if ready to vomit. As for really foul expletives, they are the same one hears in the streets of New York or London.





## MAKING LAWS

It is expected of the sinners that they continue to apply themselves to the kind of work they were familiar with on earth. Veteran Senators and Representatives from the United States are now members of the All Hell Congress.

There are over six million laws in the American Zone alone. At each session of Congress and other law-making bodies hundreds of new ones are added.

The various States (sometimes called Gulfs) have their own Parliaments. Laws are placed on the statute books which conflict with those passed just across the line, in another State—thus adding to the confusion and disrespect for law that prevail throughout the Infernal Realm.

In the Gulf of Aridzone in the seventh circle, love-making became so bold and annoying to respectable sinners they passed a law against kissing. In a territory lying next to Aridzone, called Blue Blazes, they have recently encouraged kissing by passing what is known as the "Everything Goes Act."



Demon Senator Pleading for Racial Integrity Before All-Hell Congress

## DIVORCE

If the sinners try to change their lawful mates, the Divorce laws put them through a torture of deceit, humiliation and agony more fiendish than any punishment in the Hell of antiquity.

A veteran sinner who recalls the Hell of the Greeks says: “‘Ixion tortured on his wheel’ had an easy time of it compared to those who try to get a divorce in this era of civilized Hell.”

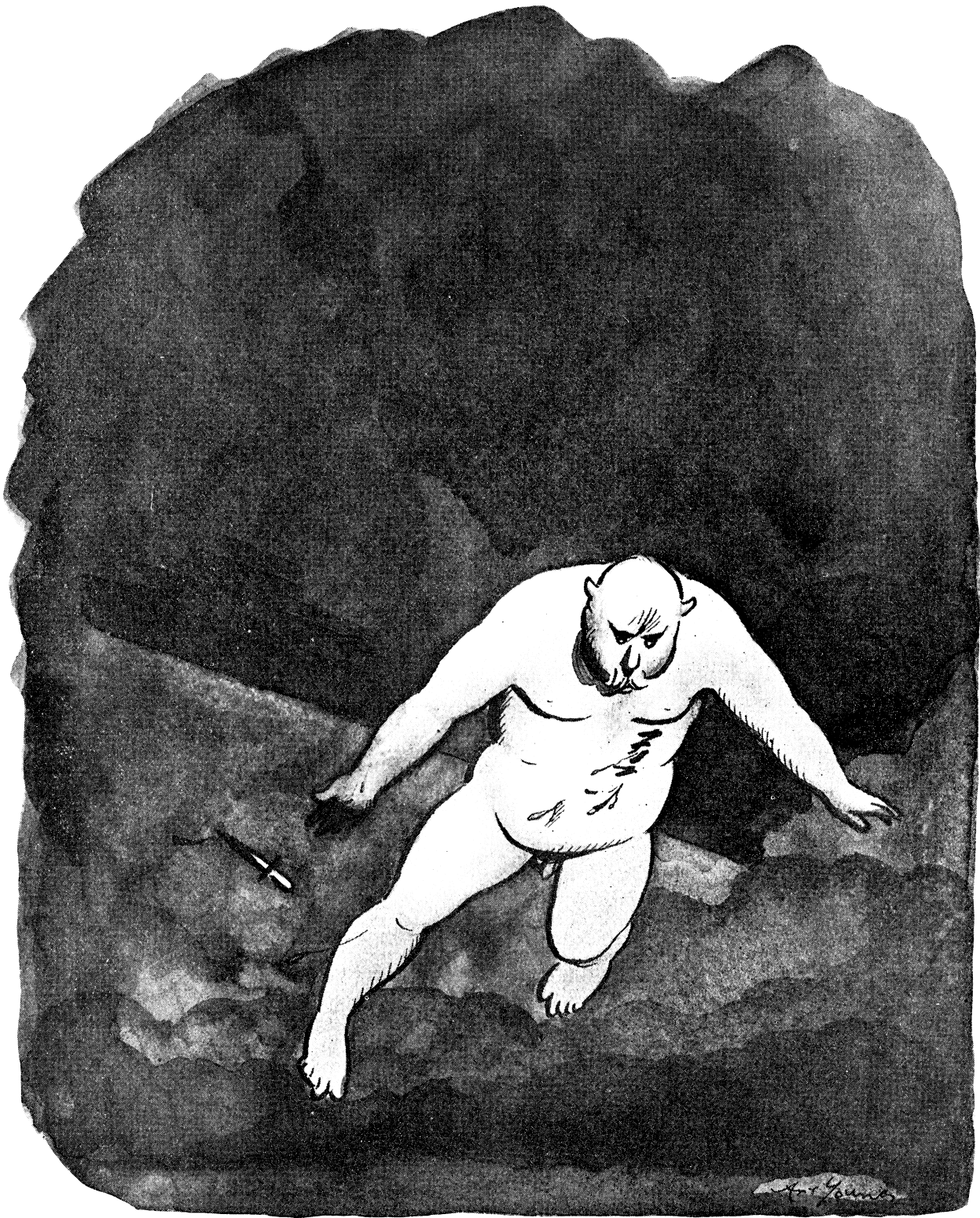


Most of the misery is caused by lack of money. This does not mean that the Hellions who are rich are content or happy: it means that they can come nearer to such a state than those who exist in poverty. To be armed with enough money is to have the only effective weapon with which to fight one's way through the Inferno.

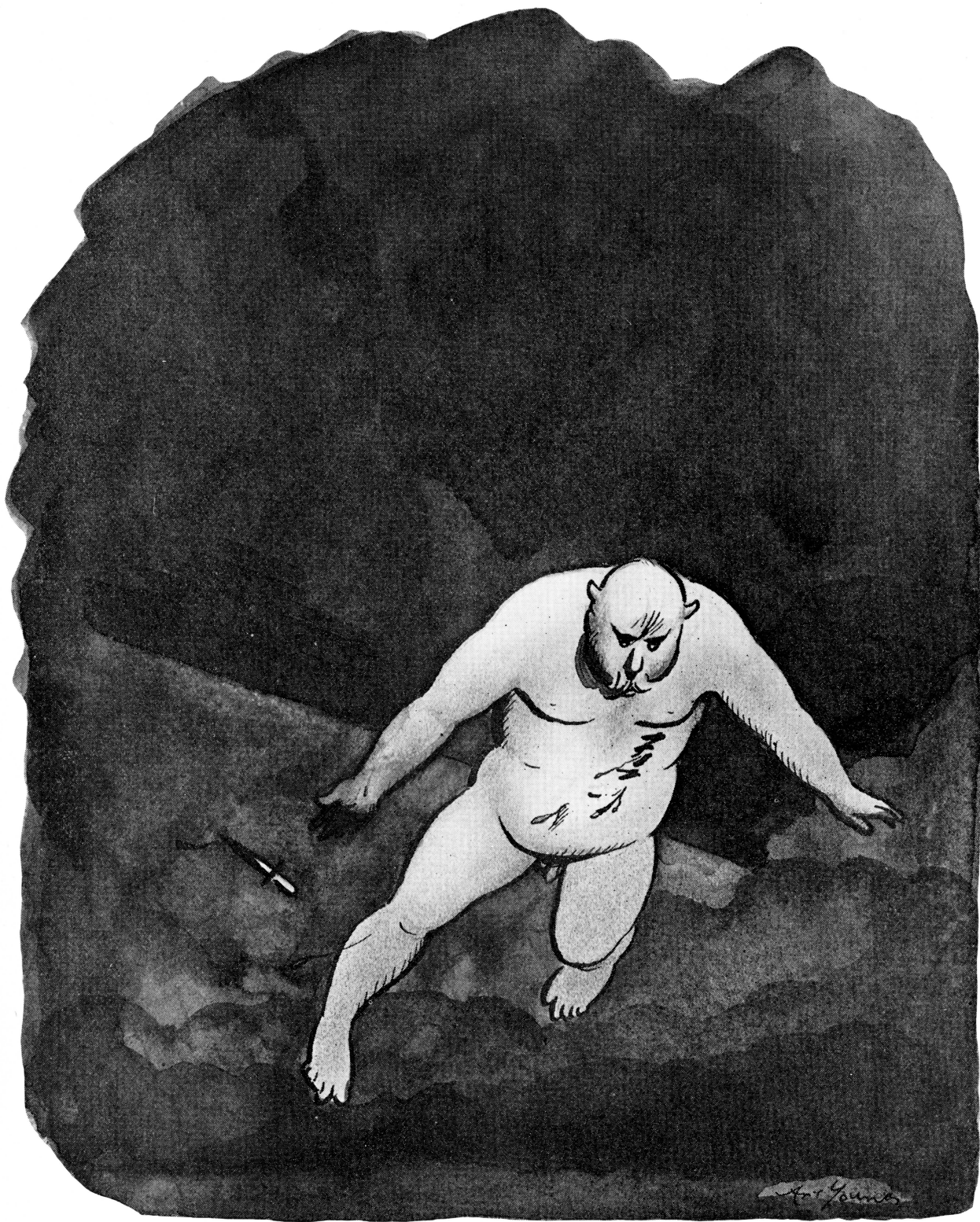


All laws have loopholes, and all business contracts have escapes that can be seen only by the sly. Lawyers thrive.



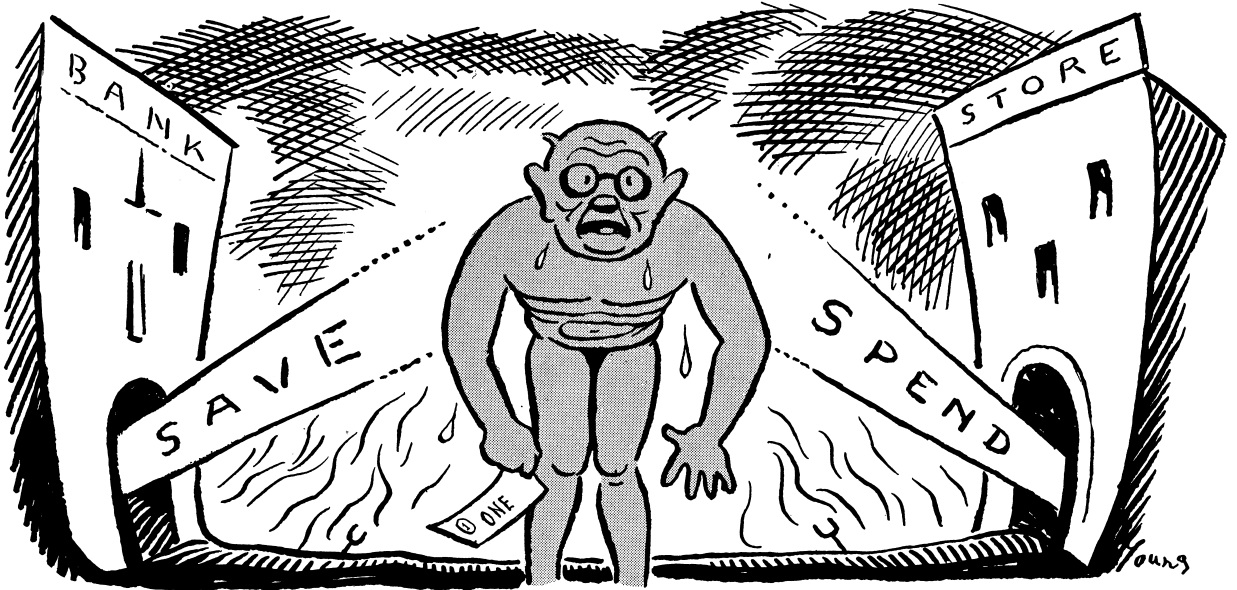


Trying To End It All



Trying To End It All





## THE BANK FAILURE

With many hindrances I was making my way through the streets and finding myself hedged in by a crowd of excited souls. I asked a trembling old woman: "What's the matter?"

"The Bank! It failed!" she shrieked.

The crowd was kept moving by the police, and across the street stood the bank fenced around with chains, and doors closed "till further notice." A big bat flew over this scene of massed anguish—fanning the air with its damp wings.

Yes, here was anguish—circulars were handed around; I read one: "Depositors should have patience and confidence. All accounts will be settled with equity." But such assurance had no effect.

I heard one depositor say: "Only last month I got a letter from the bank telling me 'What thrift does for you.' You see what it does."

These victims knew only that they had put their money into the bank for safe-keeping and now they could not get at it. There was one among them so crazed with fear and anger he burst into a bitter denunciation of banks and banking. He

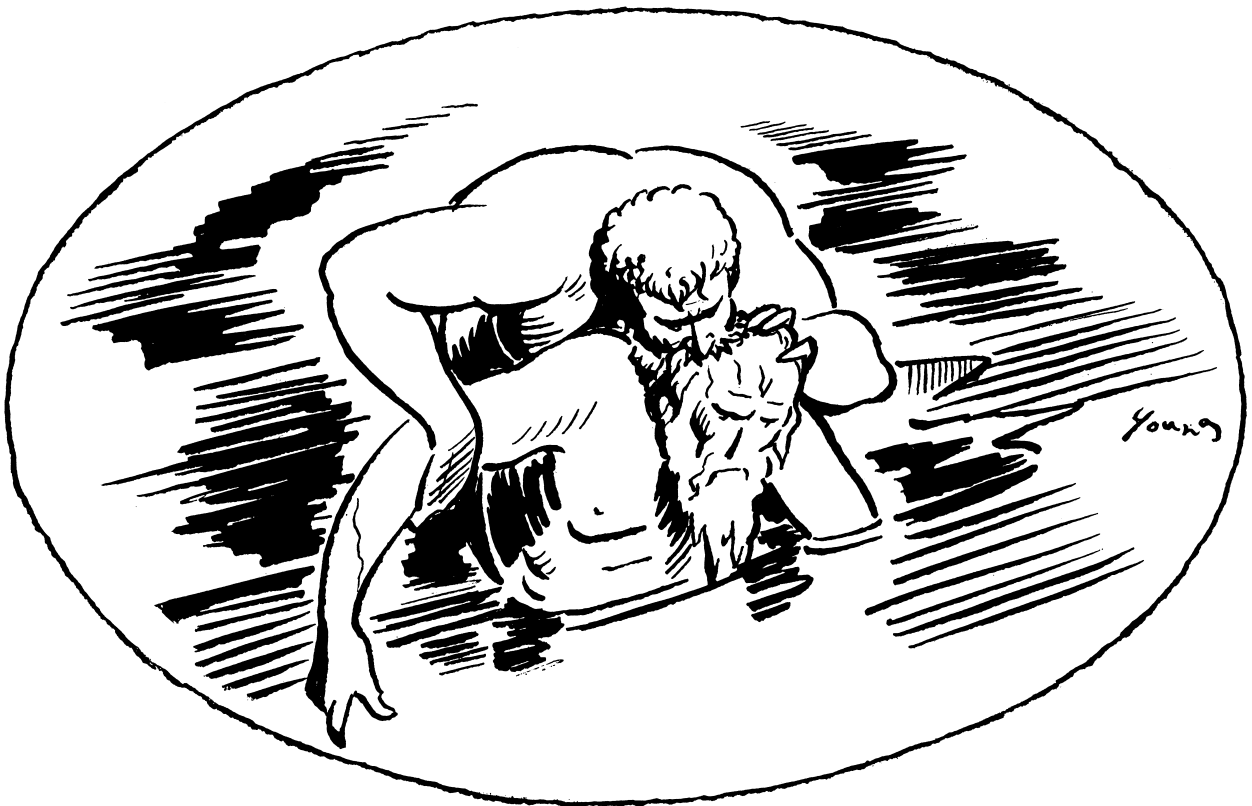


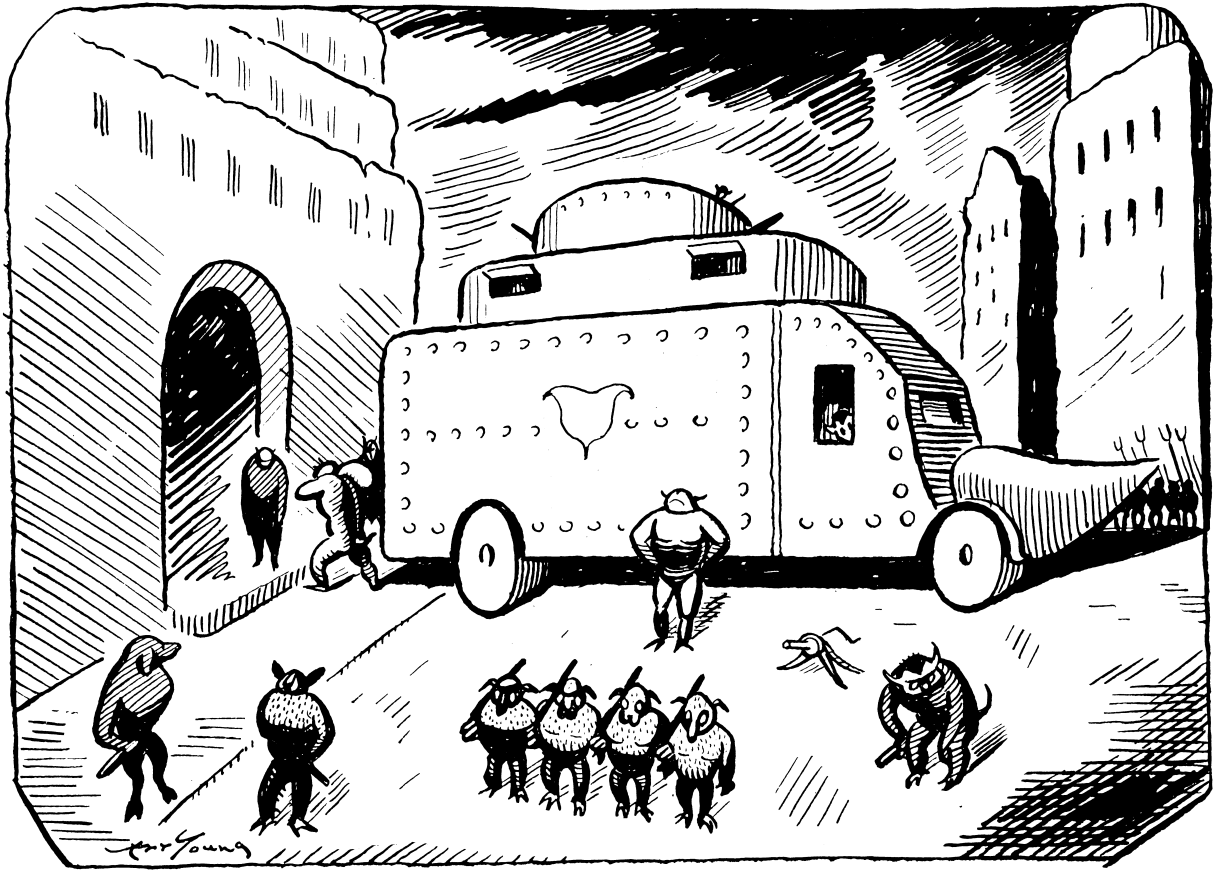
called for revenge on the responsible heads of the bank. As he grew more venomous and personal, I felt that nothing less than a revenge such as Count Ugolino took on the Archbishop Ruggieri as told by Dante in the thirty-second canto, would satisfy such a hate as his; to have the bank president's head to gnaw on forever.

... and as bread

Is ravened up through hunger, the uppermost  
Did so apply his fangs to the other's brain,  
Where the spine joins it. Not more furiously  
On Menalippus' temples Tydeus gnawed  
Than on that skull and on its garbage he.

Most Hellions get angry at individuals, not at Hell as a whole. It is always the individual who is cruel and crooked, not the conditions and circumstances of his anti-social surroundings.

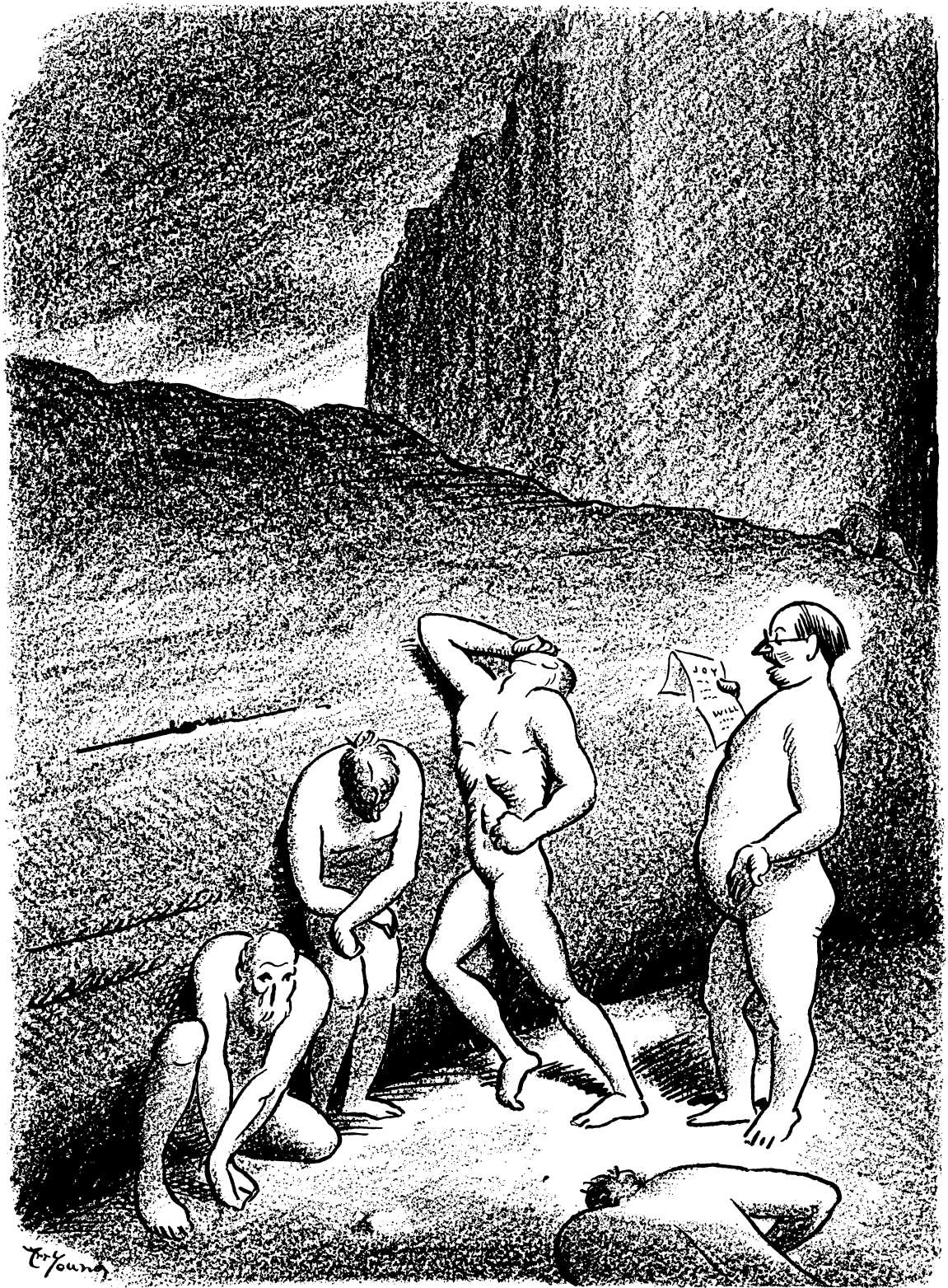




## ARMORED CAR

Money in large amounts is delivered in armored cars. Policemen with guns, knives, and tear-gas equipment guard the precious freight. In the old days before the usurpation, money was not known. Now it is prized beyond all else that Hellions desire, and bold risks are taken to seize large amounts of money. To accumulate money in weekly dribblets as a wage earner, is no longer possible. Gambling with cards, playing the races, and trying the luck of lottery tickets still have devotees, but to become a member of a predatory gang is all that invites millions of sinners who are tired of their "legitimate" ambitions. Gangs against legalism. Racketeers, in collusion with Big Business, politicians, Judges, and the police, rule the large cities.

"Armored car held up by gangsters. Driver overpowered. Get fifty thousand dollars. No clue."—Headlines from the *Hell Daily Whine*.



## CHEERUPISTS

Wherever I went I would meet those well-meaning sinners called by the natives "cheerupists." In some sections they call them the "sunbursts."

Like the "Inners" mentioned elsewhere, they minimize the power of the Hell environment to crush decent ambition and honest hope.

The cheerupist carries a scrapbook, and repeats the gems of thought he has collected. He likes to recite poems of optimism and the power of the will. He tells the miserable one he is never down and out; that he can always get up, no matter how terrific the blows that have felled him.

"Get up and go at it again," is the cheerupist's advice, as he voices the wisdom of heroics.

When you ask him "What for?" the cheerupist says, "To succeed."

Ask him what he calls success, and he doesn't quite know except that to make money and therefore to be envied by one's fellow-sinners, is worth all striving. That is the best he can do in defining the honorarium for which one is to get up and go at it again.

A cheerupist showed me his scrapbook. There, of course, was Henley's *Invictus*—"I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul"—besides many essays, newspaper editorials, and the "keep smiling" verse of the syndicated poets.

I learned that most cheerupists have incomes that protect them from the harshest impacts of these antagonistic surroundings.

I saw a defeated-looking old man listening while a cheerupist was reciting *Invictus* to a small group of fellow-sinners, and I asked him how he liked the poem.

He said: "Oh, there's something to that idea of determination. I used to believe in it—but I found that it takes more than determination to beat Hell."

On another occasion I saw the same cheerupist talking eloquently about the "unconquerable soul" when a troop of Demon-police in automobiles swooped down on him and his audience—and ran over them body and soul for "obstructing traffic."



Smile for the newspaper photographer. *Smile*—it means you are "happy."



## WHEN THE DISEASE SPREADS

I have written much about the terrible distress of the poor and especially those who had never at any time experienced the consolation of plenty or the support of property.

Then there are sinners who once possessed in abundance, but were suddenly reduced to destitution by the accidents and chances of speculative business. What of their distress? No doubt it is more painful to bear, but it would seem that in no other way can successful Hellions be awakened to the scourge of poverty than by being caught in the epidemic themselves.



As a dog snaps at his fleas, so the sinners snap at their worries, and chafe through the years of Hell. Everywhere you are advised not to worry—especially by those who worry most.

## KEEP THE HELL FIRES BURNING

Most Hellions believe that happiness can be found somewhere in this Pit: that pleasure and enjoyment may lie just ahead. The younger sinners hope to find in marriage the joy that flows like a melody. All their means are directed toward this end—marriage in a cottage just outside the heat of the cities. Once acquired, the happiness soon vanishes beneath the tension of keeping up with the neighbors, frigid air, radios, cars, reciprocal entertaining, and whatever else is considered correct. To keep the Hell Fires burning—get married.





## A RUGGED INDIVIDUAL SPEAKS

I had a few minutes' talk with an eminent business man of the Inferno in his office. He came from Philadelphia, is a director of four banks and six large corporations, besides being a heavy stockholder in a merger of fifty-nine fire departments.

He said: "We aim to develop along strict lines of Capitalism, but we do not intend to make the mistakes of the business pioneers up there where you and I come from. Granted, they have achieved wonderful results and amassed great fortunes—but they have made mistakes."

"What mistakes?" I asked.

"Well, it was a mistake in the beginning not to let business men own the public parks and highways. Eventually—down here—we intend to have parks everywhere. The Hell Park Corporation is already buying up good sites, and we will charge admission—the same with the highways. You have seen our smooth iron roads. One trick a mile would net a handsome profit to the owners of the roads—now wouldn't it?—with paying stations one mile apart. You know yourself that people never appreciate anything that they don't have to pay for."

I said, "Is that so?"

And this eminent Capitalist replied, "Yes, that's so."

"And how about the air? Will private corporations own the air roads of Hell?" I asked.

"They do now," he replied quickly. "Six companies own the air routes, but eventually they will have to combine to keep up the rates."

"Yes, we know all about the upper world and we emulate the zeal and ideals of its business promoters, especially the Americans, but we are working out our own problems in a way that will leave no cause for regret. We will have nothing to do with fool notions."

"What notions?" I inquired.

He turned on me and shrieked: "Oh, such notions as labor organizations, or social ownership of power plants, railroads, mines, and factories, or government meddling with working hours, wages, prices, and things like that." Then in a low confidential tone, he asked me not to mention his name and said: "Let me tell you something: Capitalism on earth is doomed. It spread over the world for hundreds of years, and now Hell is the only available place left—the last outpost, and believe me, we are going to make a good job of it—no fool notions. They say, 'We live and learn,' but we had to die to learn."





## RUINS OF ANCIENT HELL

For a good view of one of the few remaining sections of medieval Hell the author would suggest taking a bus that travels from the city of Flareup to a historic spot twenty miles distant called Janus Junction. Here is a picturesque region with mountains, moats, crumbling towers, and ancient castles, that loom solemnly against the thunderous glare of distant fires. These castles have survived the progress that has swept over most of the region. The old ruins are good for nothing, except to attract tourists and venders of postcards. In one of these castles dwelt the hypocrites described by Dante as he saw them pacing tardily in processions about the region wearing cowls—"their outside was overlaid with gold, dazzling to view, but leaden all within." That was six hundred years ago.

Hypocrisy is no longer the mortal sin that it was rated in Dante's time. Under the new policy a good hypocrite with ambition, education, and ready speech ranks high in public affairs.



RUINS OF ANCIENT HELL

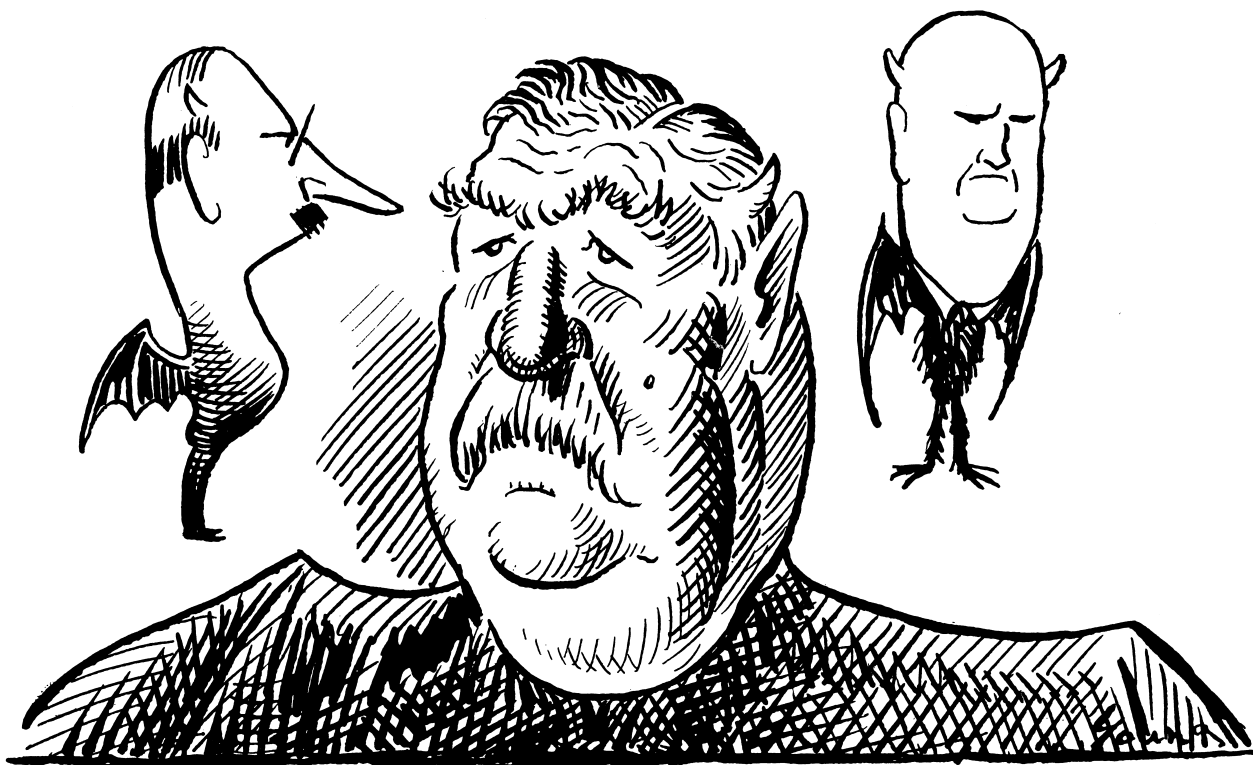


If Dante Could See It Now!

## SOOTY CITIES

The cities are permeated with the odor of gases. Soot, dust, and smoke settle on the sinners as they perspire and pant through the years of existence in the belching, mechanized centers of population. Hellions take pride in their bathtubs, but much washing of themselves is futile: they are still soiled within, for all are compelled to do "dirty work," no matter how much it violates their natures.

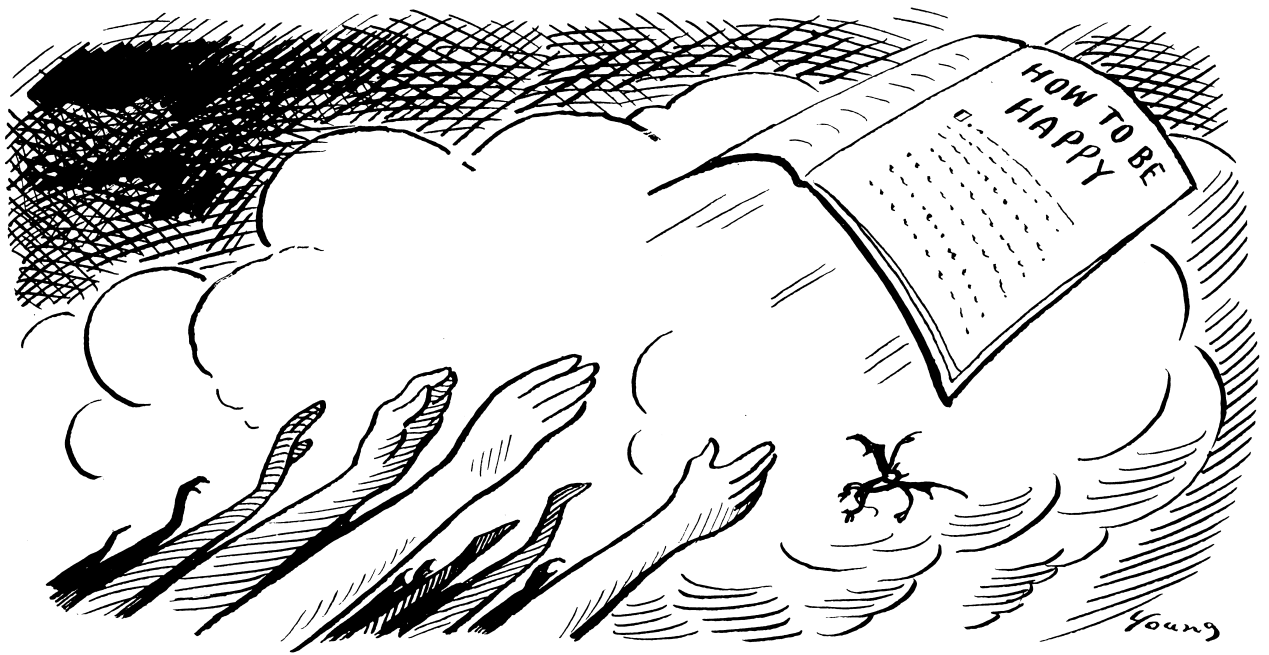




## POLITICS

With the rise of a fanatical mammon-worship that followed the capture of Hell by the Capitalists, the idea that rich sinners are better than poor ones began to be taken for granted, with the result that in general the wealthy Hellions are now immune from legal punishment. Their protection is not written in the law, but is understood. It is also understood that the dignitaries of office who function in the interest of wealth, the faithful, unfailing judges, the faithful, unfailing Senators, and other dutiful office holders, must be well kept. Generous contributions to campaign funds for the reëlection of these public officials assure the donors such favors as become a gentleman of wealth, and many of them are honored with appointments as Ambassadors.

There are two major political parties in the section called the United States of Hell. Accurately defined, they are rival groups of office seekers and are voted for with the same kind of concern with which Hellions follow the races. As for logic, the difference between them is the difference between Tweedledumb and Tweedledumber, and both are loathsome and corrupt.



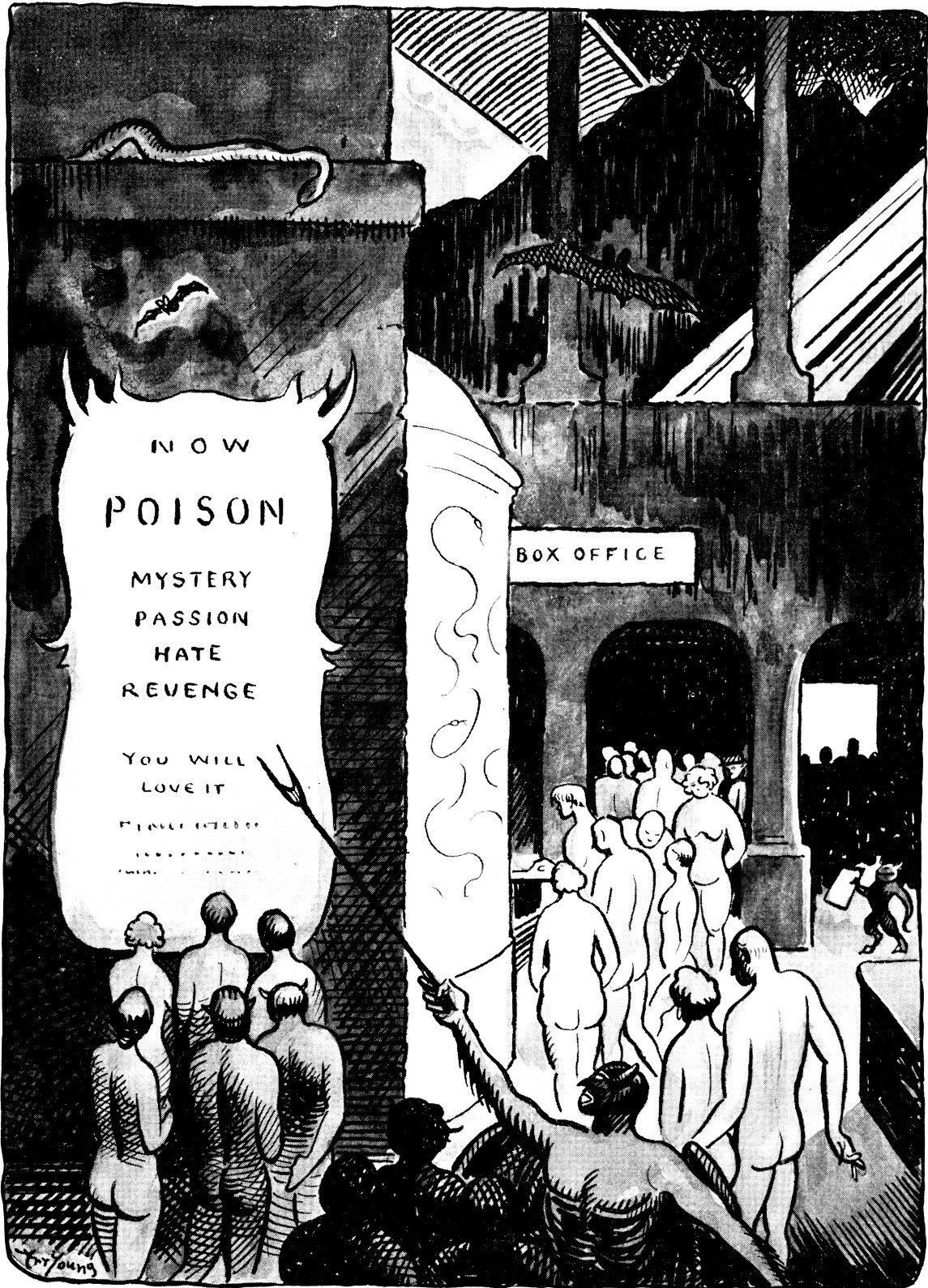
## THE HELL OF ROUTINE

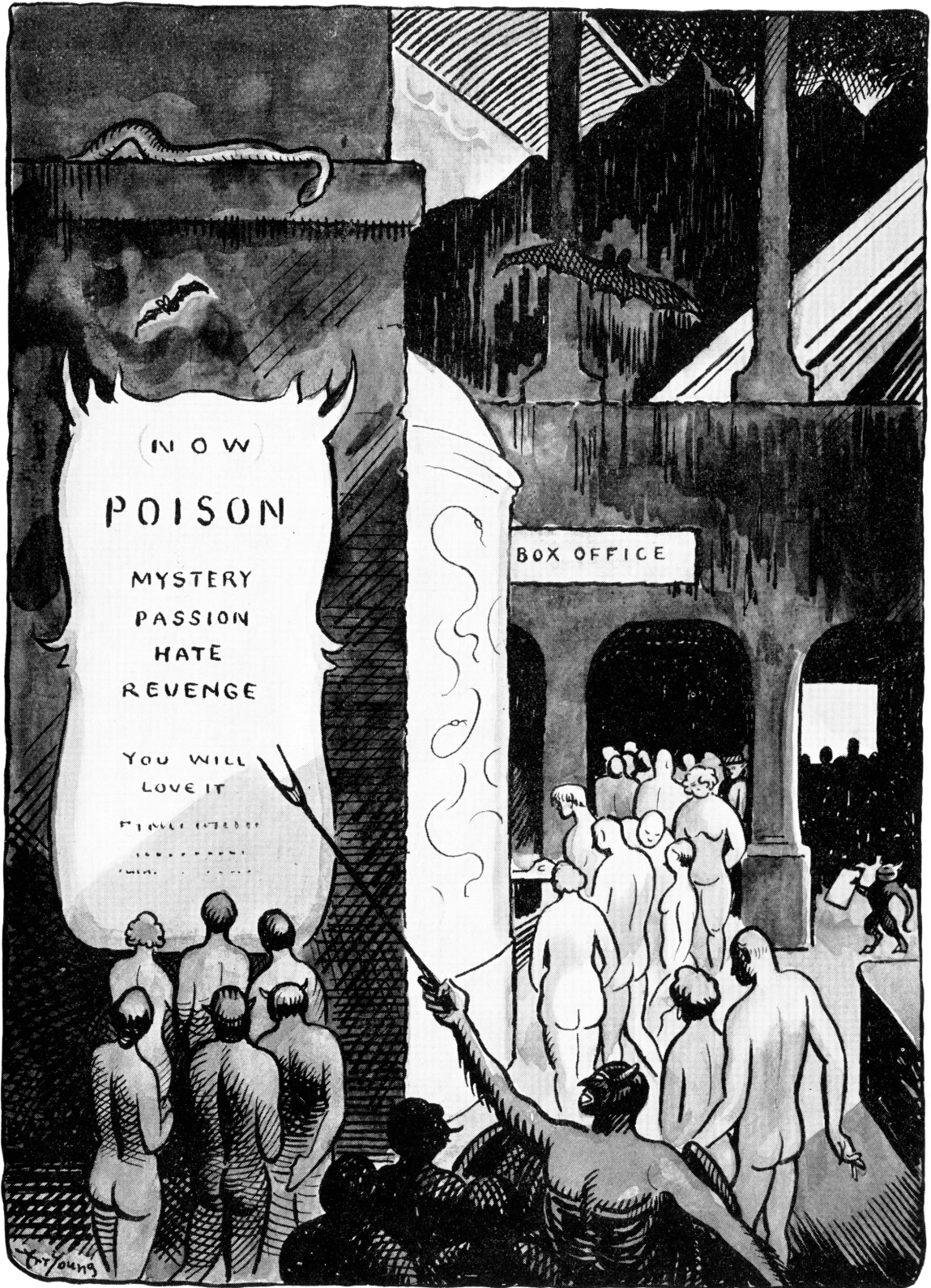
It is obvious that the members of what is known as the leisure class would not be so despondent if they had work to do, even routine work. A book called "How to Be Happy in Hell" is widely read, and writings in the magazines and newspapers on the subject of happiness are popular. The leisure Hellions are advised to do a little work (as a hobby) to occupy their minds. But most sinners want to know how to keep smiling while being routine slaves doomed to long hours of a particular kind of work every week-day except for one short vacation a year in which to heal the bruises of the routine harness and the whip of compulsion. Not to be free to respond to your own moods—to be watched, clocked, and ticketed—is to know the modern slavery; *but to be out of all work, not to be wanted, is to reach the depths in "this dread exuberance of woe."*

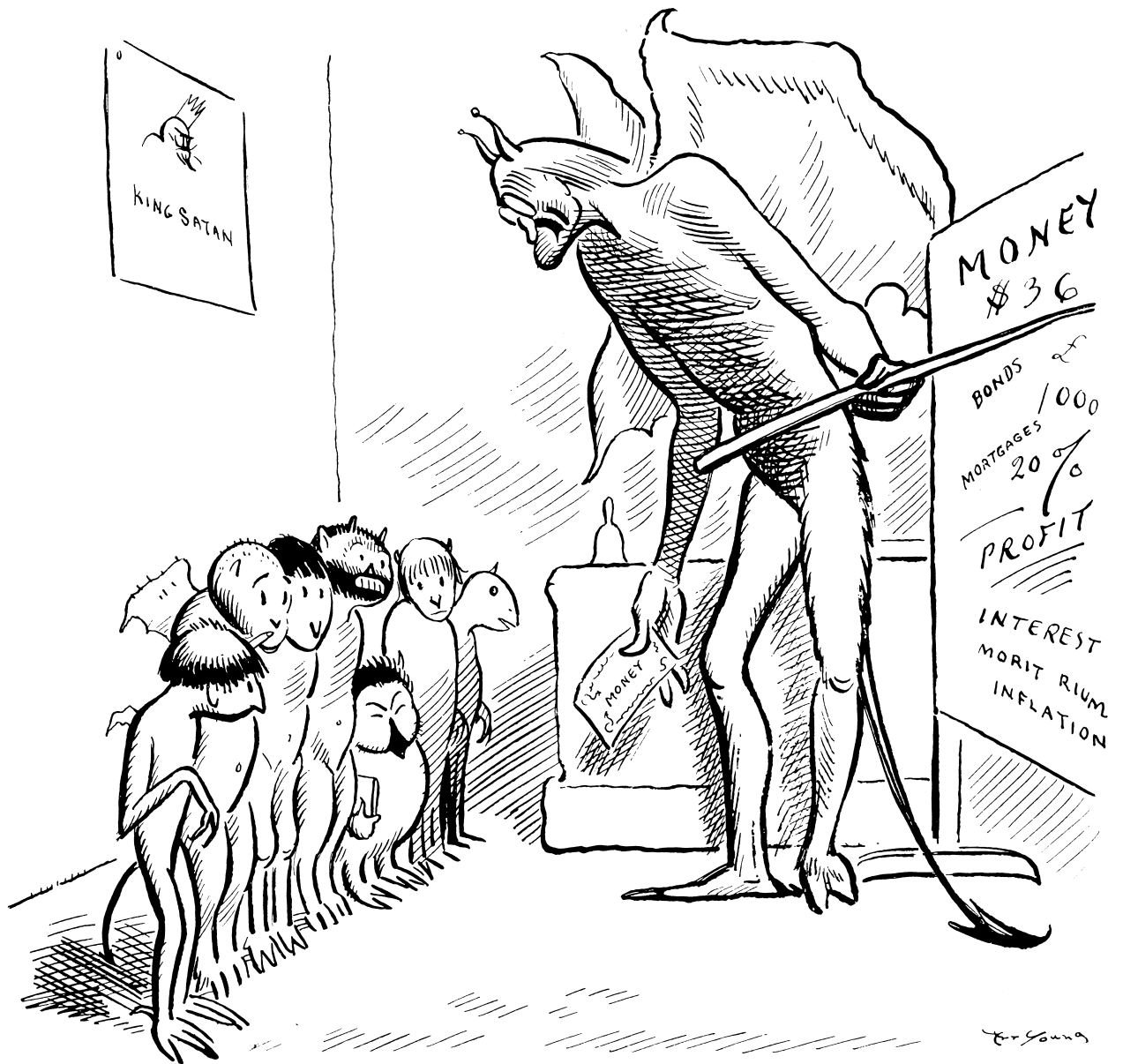


A glittering doorway on the night streets. It's a movie. Get an hour or two of forgetfulness—away from your cursed self.









## A NATIVE SCHOOL

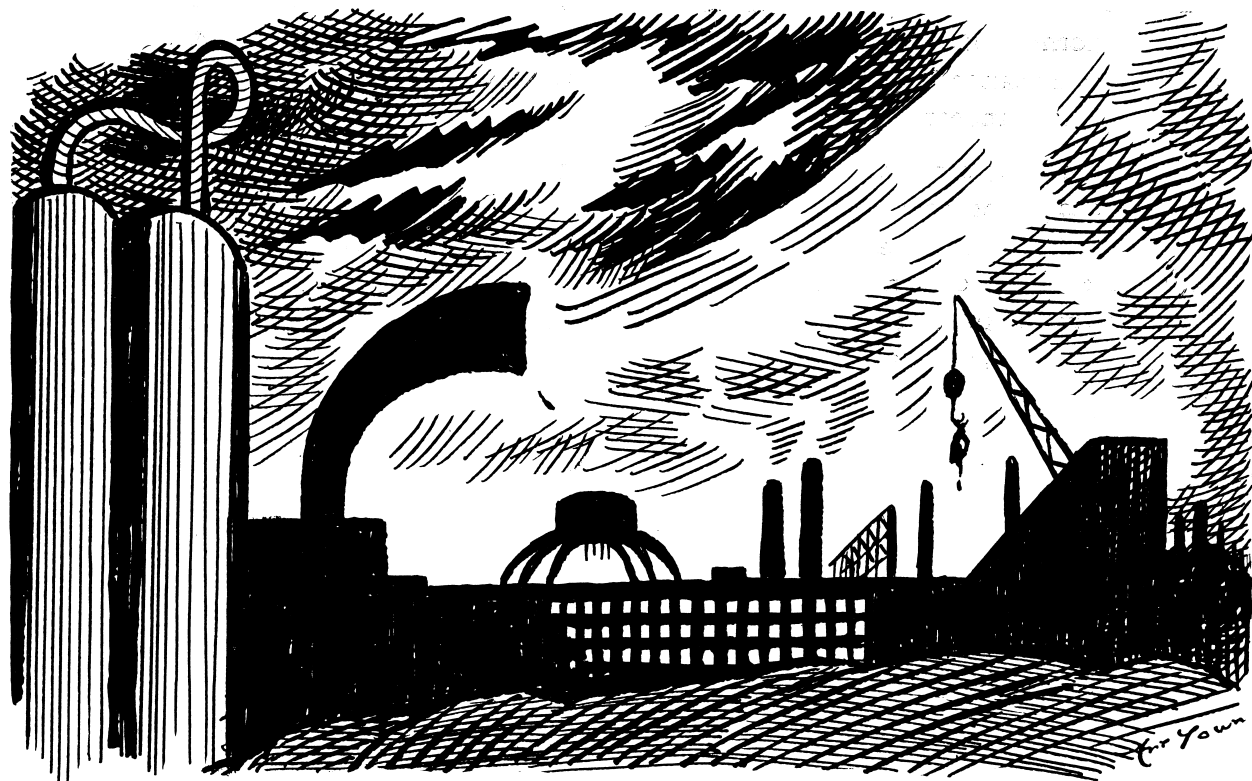
The schools are operated like factories to produce standard-size thought.

This “thought” is, first of all, a patriotic respect for the Inferno as a region of opportunity, justice, and high principles. But the teachers of the native schools find

it difficult to impress upon the minds of the young aborigines the ideology of profit, and the homage due the winning heroes in the game of making money. As between a King of Finance and their Old King Satan, their loyalty clings to the latter, the Devil of their ancestors.

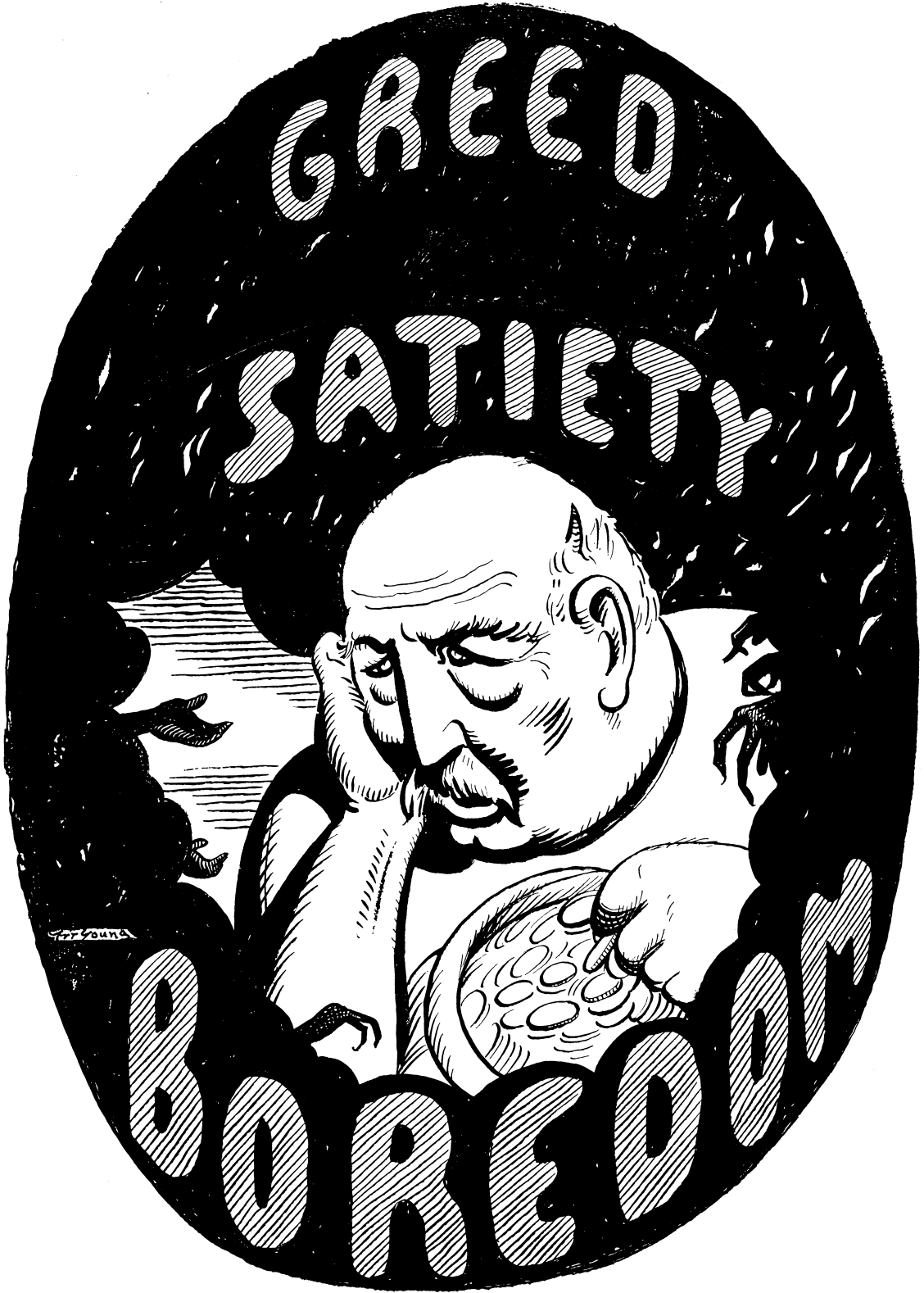
However, after the school has injected a shrewd young Demon with the idea, he sometimes becomes rich by keen watchfulness of the way it is done, if luck is with him. But those who cannot learn how to make money—upper world sinners and natives—are called common working stiffs, failures, bums, and other terms of derision, or synonymous but modified terms like dreamers, nuts, artists, poets, highbrows, misfits, teachers, inventors, unfortunates, and poor-earners.





## HELL FOR EVERYBODY

It takes only a few hours of travel and observation to learn that this ancient Inferno, which was founded on the belief that man is not punished for his sins during his lifetime and the principle of special privileges to none, is now a repetition of Plutocratic Governments as they function on earth. It is common knowledge that privileges, favors, exemptions, distinction, and even some measure of comfort can be bought by sinners who have the money to pay for them; and this causes much of the greed, envy, and despair found everywhere. But the money monarchs are also in misery peculiar to their caste hardly less poignant than that which burdens their slaves. Every move they make, private or public, is watched. They are in constant fear of exposure and disgrace by the politico-reform movements of Hell. They are suspicious that friends are mere money-friends, that love is money-love, that hands everywhere would snatch their money from them. Worst of all is the haunting fear that the plain Hellions may rise up and take their Government, money, and privileges away from them.





## INVESTIGATIONS

You read in the newspapers that some institution or bureau of the government is about to be investigated. There will be startling disclosures—and the probing will be thorough. These investigations are announced merely to placate the public with promises of a cleaner and better Hell. If one of them proceeds at all, it goes cautiously lest the evidence incriminate the biggest and most respectable Devils of the Inferno, and (terrible thought) end in ruining Hell. Sometimes out of the sensational findings, however, there emerges a scapegoat or two, and the public is satisfied.



All of the natural resources are owned by monopolists. Even the center of gravity located below the ninth circle has been purchased by a syndicate of speculators. They hold all rights to the discovery, and it is rumored they will try to move it to a more profitable location in Upper Hell.



## THE HOUR OF HOPE

When the business hours are over, the social life begins. Not knowing what else to do, the sinners telephone to friends. Talk-fragments overheard near a telephone booth: "I'm terribly depressed." "He's down to his last penny." "It's dirt-mean." "All right, bridge." "Be sure to come." "I'm terribly depressed."

Hour of anticipation—that some distraction may lighten the enervating despair!



Sinners become so used to being surrounded by others, that to be alone is the bitterest kind of punishment. And yet, everybody is lonely with or without companionship, lonely because Hell deprives him of a companionable self.



Many Hellions fill up their minds with more than they can understand, and then get psychoanalyzed in an effort to save themselves from madness.

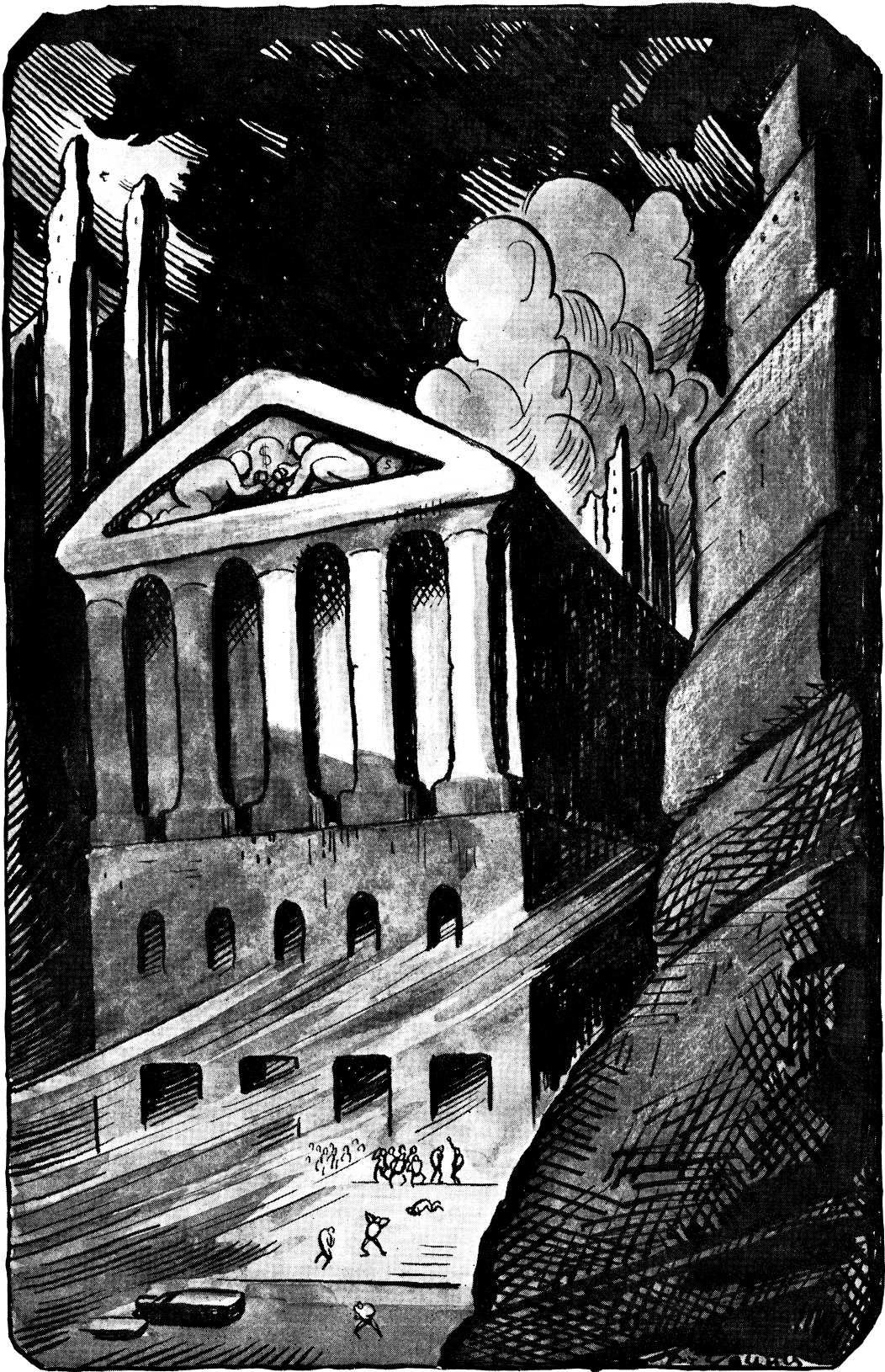


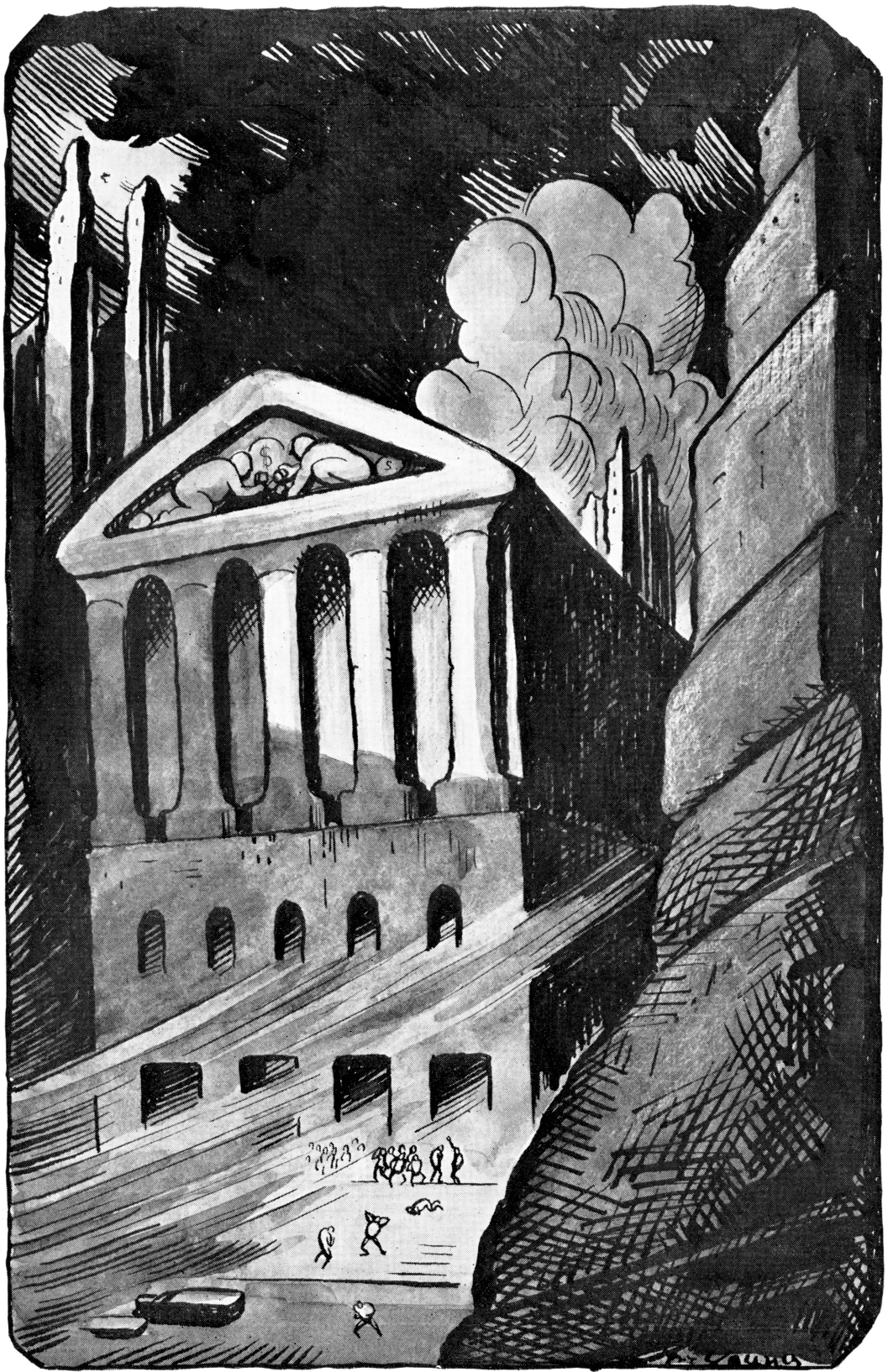


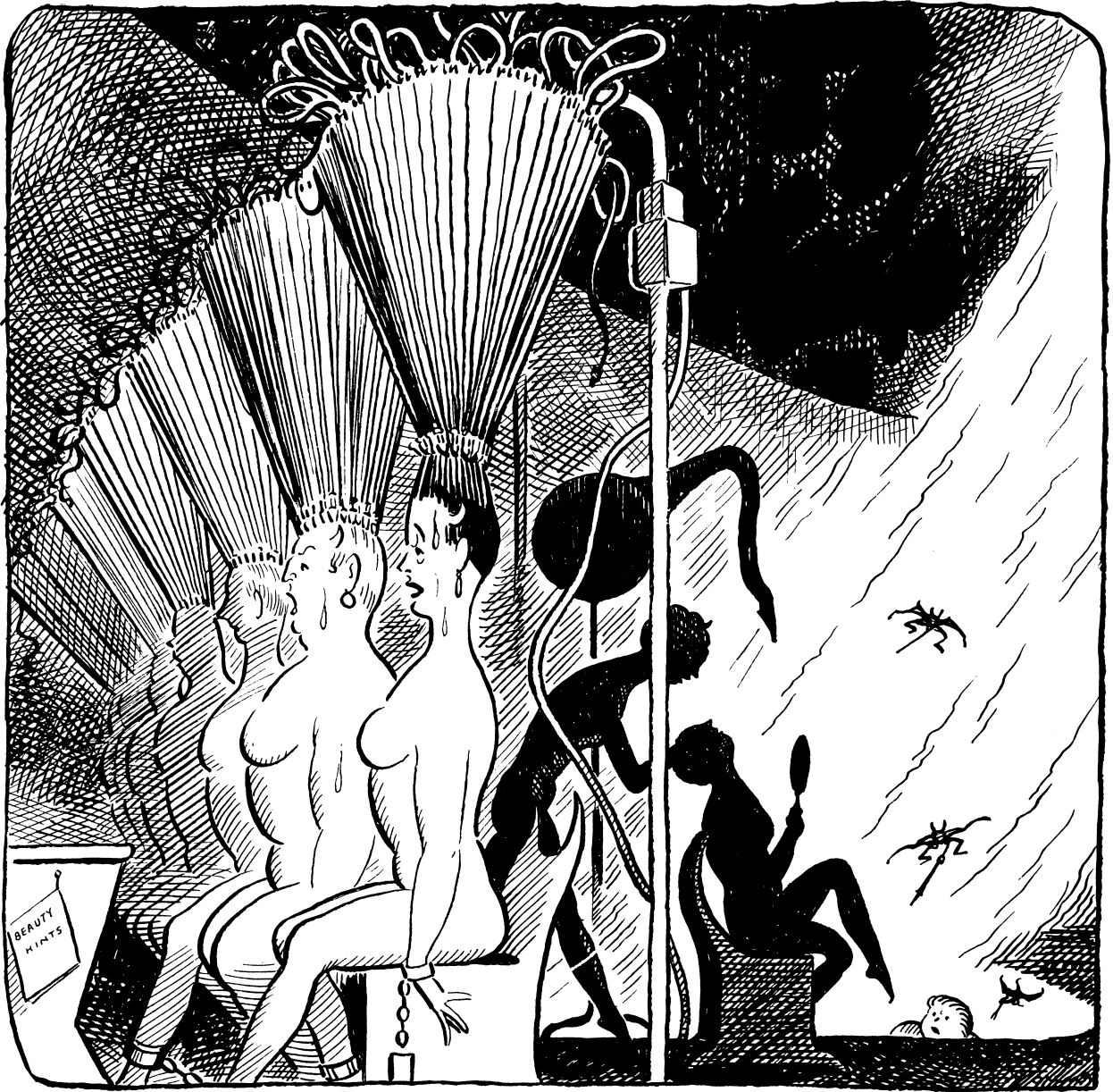
## STOCK EXCHANGE GAMBLING

During my first exploration forty years ago, I saw the pits where the Stock Exchange gamblers were punished. As has been pointed out before, the old Inferno showed no favoritism in its treatment of sinners. A few petty gamblers were then punished, but of more consequence were those who gambled on a large scale. The big stock speculators were hurled into suffocating pits where their writhings and shoutings made a tumult that cleft the air with continuous cursings against such a puritanical Hell. Today, not far from the site of these ancient pits is the Hell Stock Exchange and streets where brokerage firms operate. Big gambling is established and approved by the pillars of political and industrial Hell. Only those laws against petty offenders, like those against petty thievery, are now enforced.

From the Visitors' Gallery of the Stock Exchange one looks down on a scene that for vulgar lunacy cannot be equaled. Here you see hundreds of young sinners and those of sedate years screaming and capering like idiots in a wild bestial bedlam of betting. Insanity caused by the greed for money is taken for granted in Hell; it's a justifiable dementia. Seriously to oppose it and advocate the abolition of stock gambling—is to set yourself apart as an irresponsible theorist, "queer in the head," and an undesirable citizen. Thus does Hell regard those who don't believe in it.





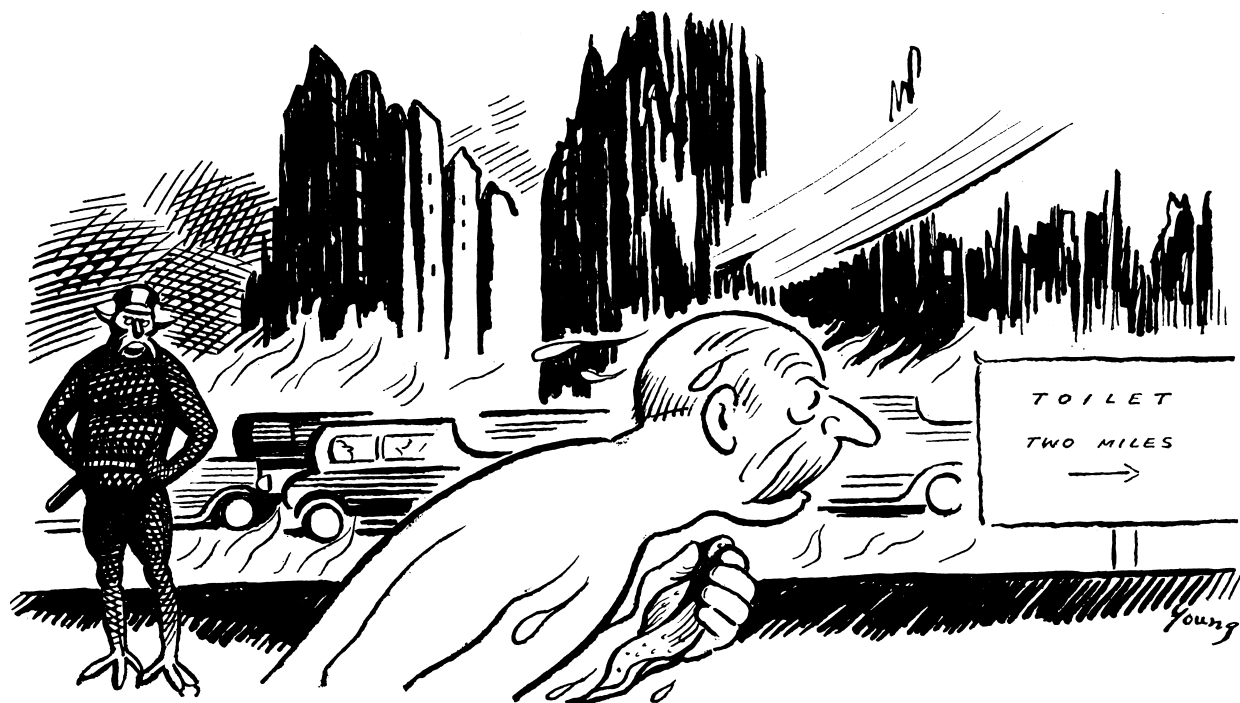


## WHEN WRINKLES COME

The fear and worry of the Inferno is translated on the cheeks and foreheads of women. To massage these wrinkles away is a never-ending task, and requires the help of specialists. But the imps of fear and worry are constantly on the watch to see that these truthful lines are not eliminated. Once they are massaged out they scratch them in again.

Typical advertisement: "Expert beauticians. Wrinkles eradicated. Look young and unperturbed. Keep your job!—Keep your husband!"

Beauty parlors everywhere. "Permanent" waving of the hair by infernal machinery—frizzled and sizzled, roasted and toasted, steamed, baked, plastered, plucked, and flayed! Minds occupied with thoughts of their looks—and the cost of it, all of the time! Late in years these desperate females try being lifted by the skin of their faces out of their wrinkled and tortured existence!



## COMFORT STATIONS

In spite of Hell's boasted progress, the newly arrived sinner in the large city of Dis notes first of all the lack of lavatories, quaintly called Comfort Stations. As it is in a metropolis of the Upper World of America, so is it in most of the cities of the lower region. When the stranger feverishly inquires the way, the guide tells him to follow the green arrow and keep going. Everything in Hell must be paid for: if you haven't any change to pay for the right to enter a comfort station, it's just too bad.



NEWSPAPERS  
DAILY BLISTER  
MORNING YELP  
EVENING SCREECH  
— JUST OUT —  
HELL GUIDE

EXCURSION  
SIZZLEVILLE  
AND RETURN

INFLAMMATION

TRAINS FOR  
SULPHUR CITY,  
SCORCHTOWN, FRY,  
FRETVILLE, HOT CENTER  
AND  
PROSTRATION POINT  
ALL ABOARD!

CAN I GET  
A STOP-OVER  
AT LETUP  
JUNCTION?

GET IN LINE  
THIS IS A  
SYSTEM  
D-Y-UNDERSTAND?

E. Young

## RAILROADS

Except for short distances the great mass of sinners cannot afford to travel on railroads. When there is a low-rate excursion, however, many take advantage of the cheapness, and there is no worse discomfort in the region than traveling on a crowded excursion train. The railroad stations of the large cities are imposing structures.

Next to the Stock Exchanges these stations on busy days are the most ludicrous scenes of anxiety and confusion one can witness. Here one sees the suburbanites rushing madly for their trains—many of them to play cards on the way to their destination, a pastime that helps them forget that they are in Hell. Travelers checking and unchecking baggage, agonizing over time-tables, tipping, telegraphing, and lunch-gulping.

The Terminal Station—where the sad “Good-by, dear” and the “So glad you came, dear” are jumbled together in a tragic confusion of sincerity and lying; where people who have no money to spend for extravagance, must help to pay for the graft, loot, watered stock, and wasteful overhead of the Hell Railroads.



To keep up the morale of the workers during strikes, lockouts, and all such clashes between employers and employed, King Satan, at the request of the Big Organizations of Capital, visits the scene of the trouble in his private car, and reads a speech that is kept on file for these emergencies. Synopsis of speech:

“The laborer is worthy of his hire. A strike is an injury to the public. You don’t have to organize to secure your rights because the interests of capital and labor are identical. . . . We promise a thorough investigation of your grievances.”

After the speech—three cheers! And back to slavery.



## TRAVELOGUE JITTERINGS

Incompetent but high-salaried officials in public office.

Those who will not undertake to do anything that is not the accepted thing to do.

Blackmailers, snobs, censors, and coin-biters, the native name for misers.

Distinguished sinners who will sell their names for advertising purposes, asking only, "How much is there in it?"

Those who never do favors for others without expecting equivalent favors in money value.



The hate-light Hellions who believe in the suppression of disagreeable truth.

The flatterers, the conceited, and the "holier than thou" sinners.

Sinners who court you while you are successful, but forget you in time of misfortune.

Sinners who can be bought to testify in court against their best friends.

The manufacturer who buys the invention of a poor man for a few dollars, makes a fortune out of it, and forgets the inventor.

The sinner who fawns on those who can be financially useful to him but is overbearing toward others.

Those with a little authority who like to show that they are important.

Sinners who belittle those they secretly envy.

Professional patriots, auto road hogs, poker and auction bridge addicts.

Hell is filled with stealers of ideas and notoriety seekers.

Then there are armament manufacturers, loan sharks, kidnappers, diplomats, gigolos, wealthy nitwits, race haters, introverts, extroverts, perverts, woofs, wows, whimps, saps, bilgelbelchers, snootshovers, pifflecacklers and the unclassified.





## HUNTING SINNERS

Sinners often try to escape from legal indictment by running away and hiding in remote regions, while others, already in prison, also try to escape. Once they are known to be at large, it is a signal for Hellions to hunt down their fellow-sinners. Policemen, reporters, and detectives pursue their prey like hunters of wild game. The telegraph, cars, and airplanes are put into swift operation to locate the one who would defeat "justice"—all of which proves exciting to newspaper readers. Rewards are offered. Even those in the desolate outskirts are on the lookout for the escaped prisoner. The whole social morale seems to depend on the discovery of the culprit trying to escape from constituted authority. The excitement over, every one continues to break laws and to pride himself on being shrewd enough to evade legal punishment.



Without veracity, wisdom, or heart, the courts prosecute and condemn only such sinners as they prefer to catch.



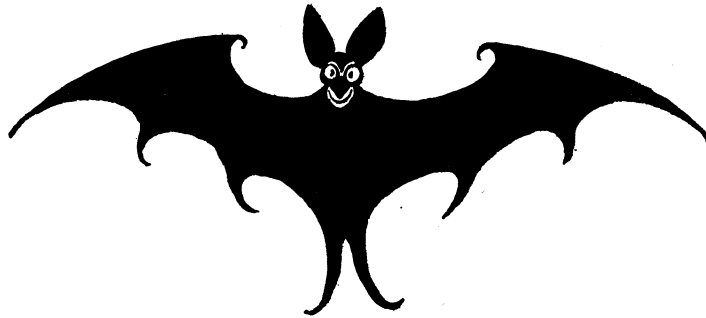
Can one hope that the ruling Hellions will have a change of heart when only a few are capable of a change of thought?



The prevailing greed is called "human nature," but it is not as bad as that; it is human nature denatured by Hell-fire.



Hell is an organization of sinners to punish sin.



## AN ART GALLERY

When the art dealers and art critics favor a change in the kind of art that they have promoted into a vogue, when they feel that it has run its course, the public will be treated to another vogue.

Like the promoters of style in dressing hair and things in general, what's on for a season must come off for the next.

To appreciate an art exhibition in the Inferno the visitor must try hard to like the vogue of the hour, though his sense of the verities as to what is art protests.

To arouse the curiosity for something impossible to understand, is one of the tricks of publicity.

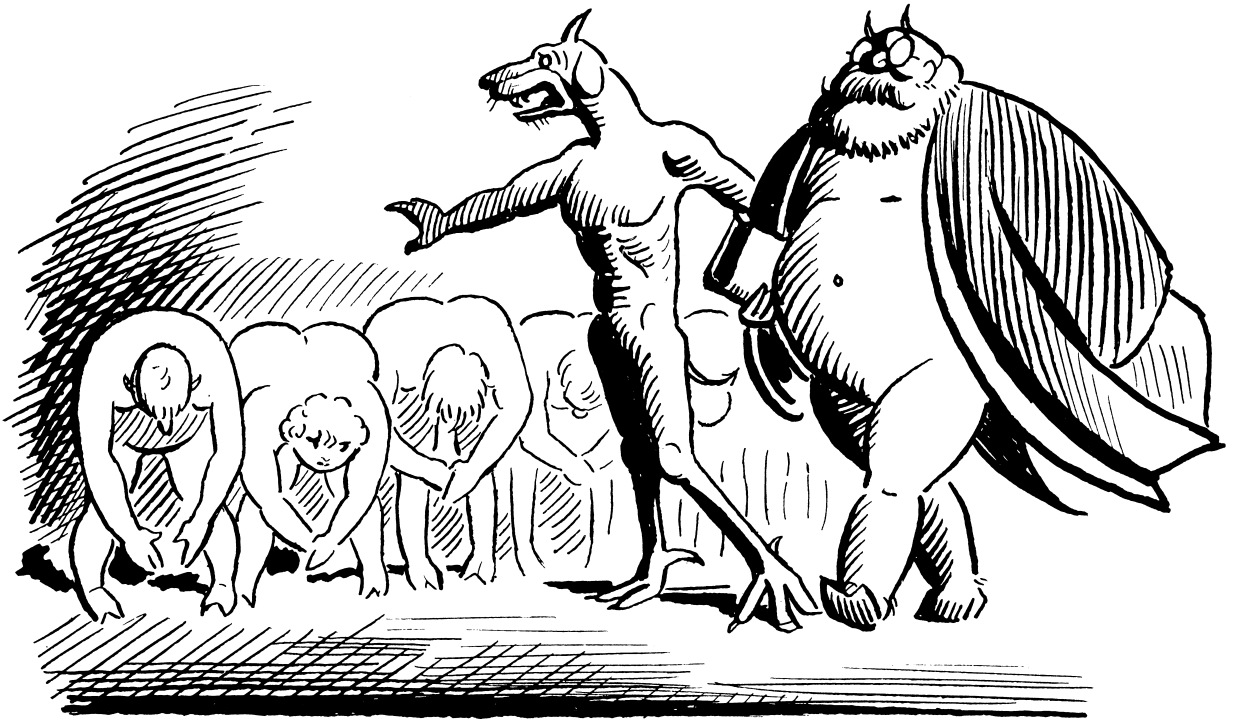
Create the mystery element, that fetching factor in the success of the artist and the dealer who sells his work. Pictures must be abstract, four-dimensional, cosmic, and too profound for the ordinary intelligence.

There was the prolonged debacle of cubistic puzzle-painting and the public is asking, "What next?"

During this insanity for the guess-what productions in art, the title of a painting might be "Horses," but instead you saw plumbing gadgets shot through with sharp angles and perhaps a clarinet or an Edam cheese to make it four-dimensional.

If a sculptured figure was called "Tranquillity," you looked for "the whirling square." It was pleasing to the artists of this movement to make the laymen and the artists of a previous period feel hopelessly dated.





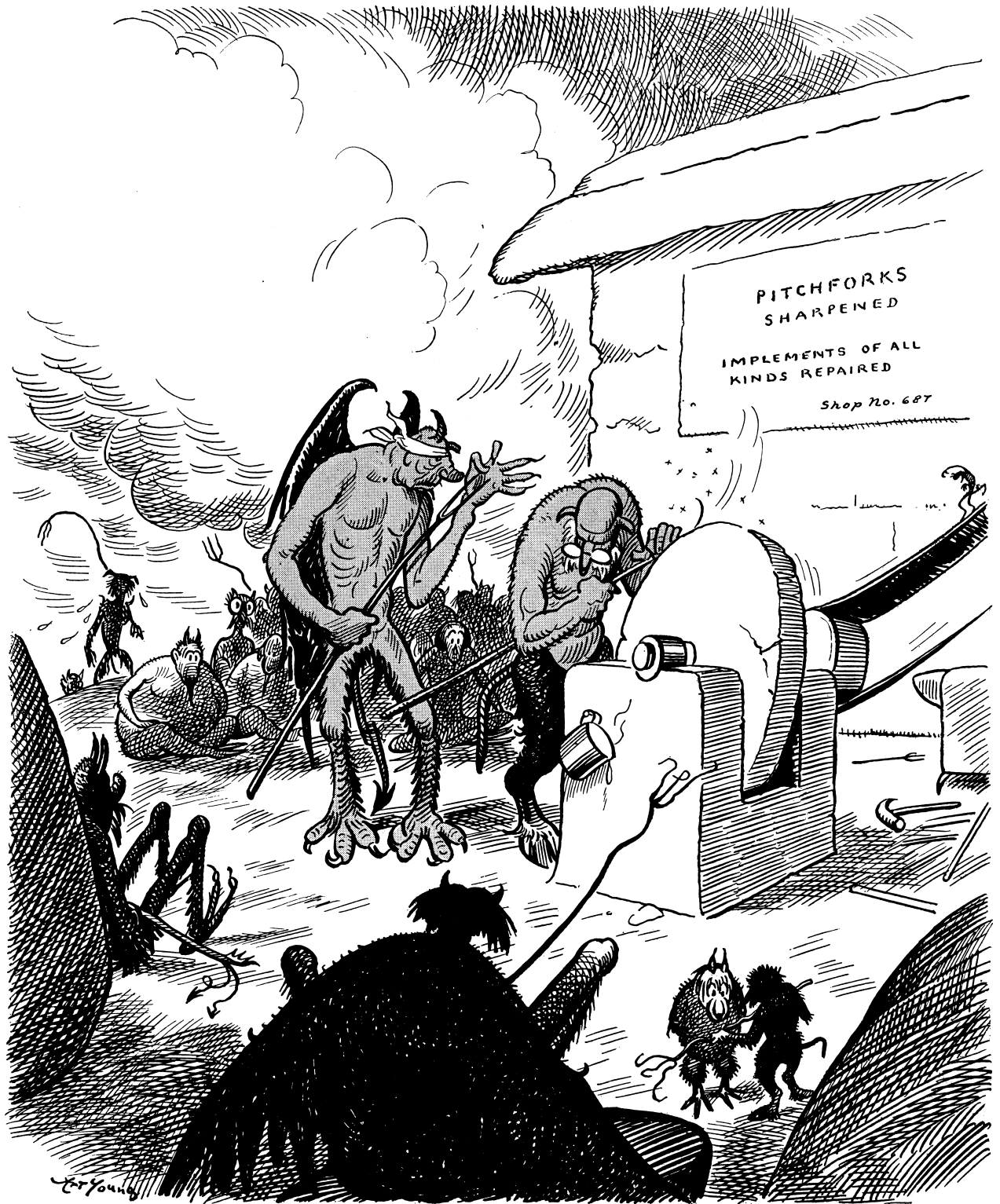
## COURTS

In the long corridors of the court buildings, crowds made up of the curious-minded, relatives, witnesses, and friends await the trials of those accused of breaking the Inferno laws. Down the corridor a bailiff cries: "Hats off! Judge Bulge!" The Judge, dressed in a black nightgown, is preceded by a bodyguard gesturing to the right and left for his honor's free and dignified approach. Between rows of fawning sinners the Judge advances to his throne and, mounting, cracks a vicious gavel to proclaim that Justice and Jurisprudence are in power.

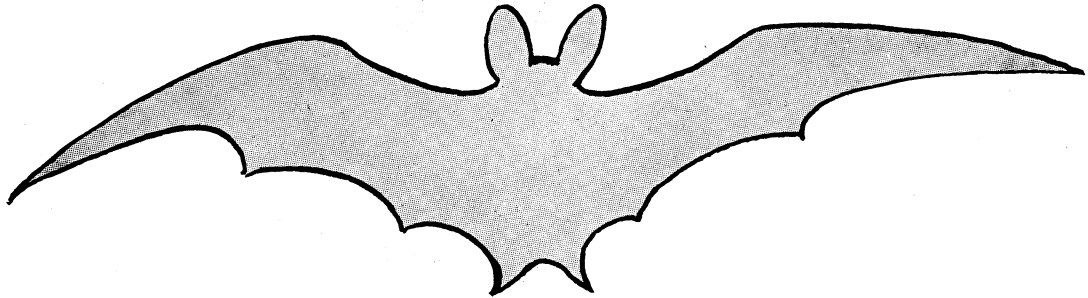
"Fiat justitia ruat coelum."



There are sinners who boast of their honesty, and believe that they are worthy of riches, leisure, distinction—and worthy of honor. As if one human unit in the environment of Hell could be decently honest—or worthy of anything to boast about.



**Demon Farmers Prepare to Resist Mortgagees**



## SEEKING QUIET

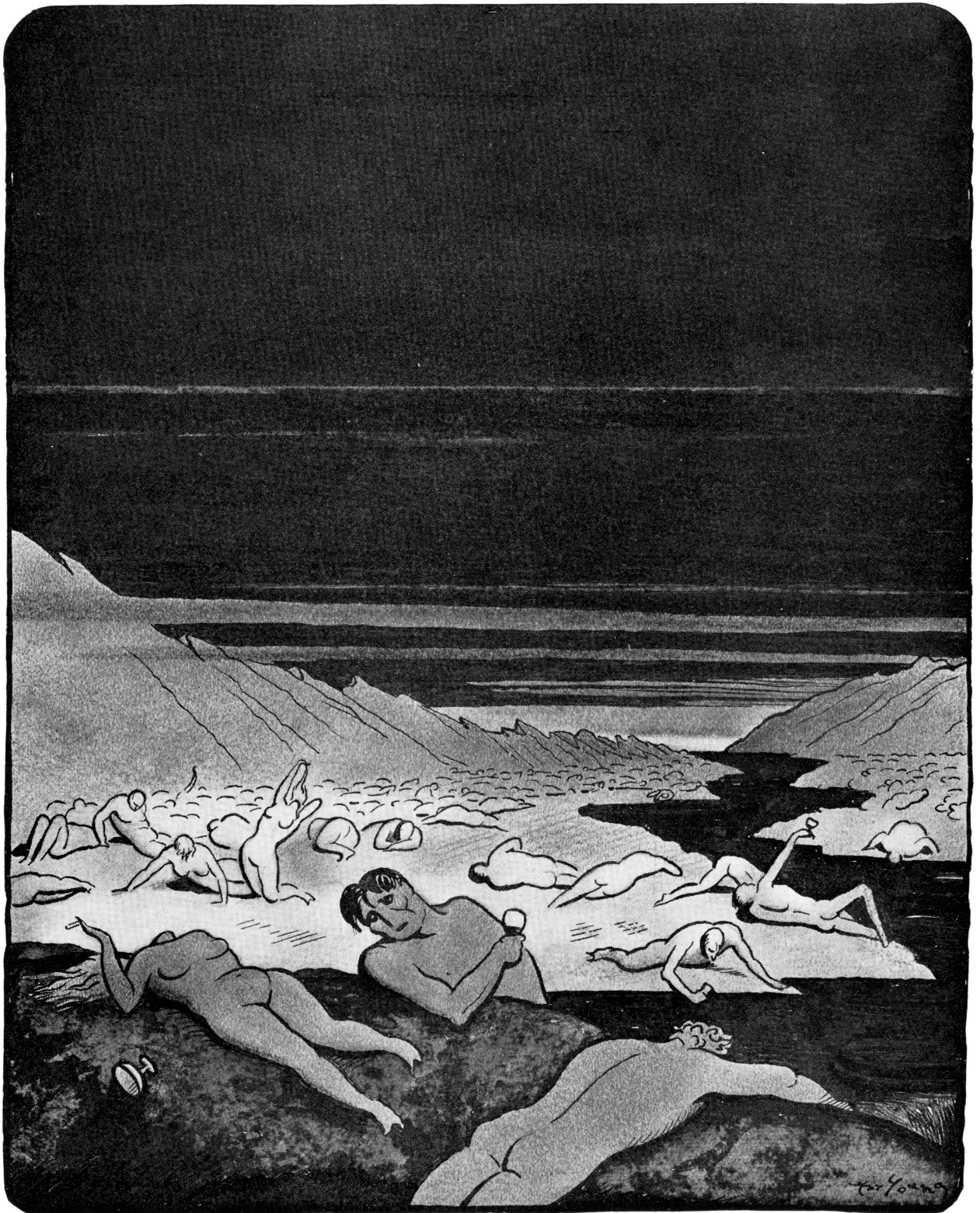
A Hellion hoped to find a way of escape from his wedged-in existence surrounded by the frantic confusion of Turmoil City. After years of suffering he found an opportunity to travel and look around for a peaceful place to locate. Every foot of territory that had once been isolated but cheap, was now staked off by speculating realtors and held at exorbitant prices.

He tried the Gub-Gub Desert, in Far Eastern Hell, but even there he found that surveys were being made for railroads, while radios disturbed the peace in the smallest settlements and the snarl of airplanes was becoming common.

Civilization had preceded him into every distant part of the Inferno. But here was a Hellion who decided to act. He would reform things. He went back to his city apartment and now, with the naïveté of the usual reformer, is writing letters to the Hell newspapers on the urgent necessity for relieving the congestion of cities and is an active member of the Noise Abatement Commission.

Owing to his activities one City Council passed an ordinance making it illegal to "blow automobile horns unreasonably long and loud," and another made it a misdemeanor to rivet steel with more noise than is required to make the job reasonably secure. In all Hell laws will be found such words as reasonably, adequately, maliciously, and seductively. This gives a splendid opportunity for lawyers to argue over the legal interpretation of adjectives.





While Writhing in This Inferno Millions of Sinners Choose the Shores of Lethe — The River of Alcohol, Cocaine and Forgetfulness



## SNATCHES OF CONVERSATION ALONG THE STREETS

"If it won't sell, what good is it?"

"Why should you worry? That's his affair."

"Got the inside dope."

"It's bound to go up."

"Take a chance."

"Throw a scare into him."

"Ought to get a big order."

"Expenses."

"What per cent?"

"Put up a holler."

"Deducted from his commission."

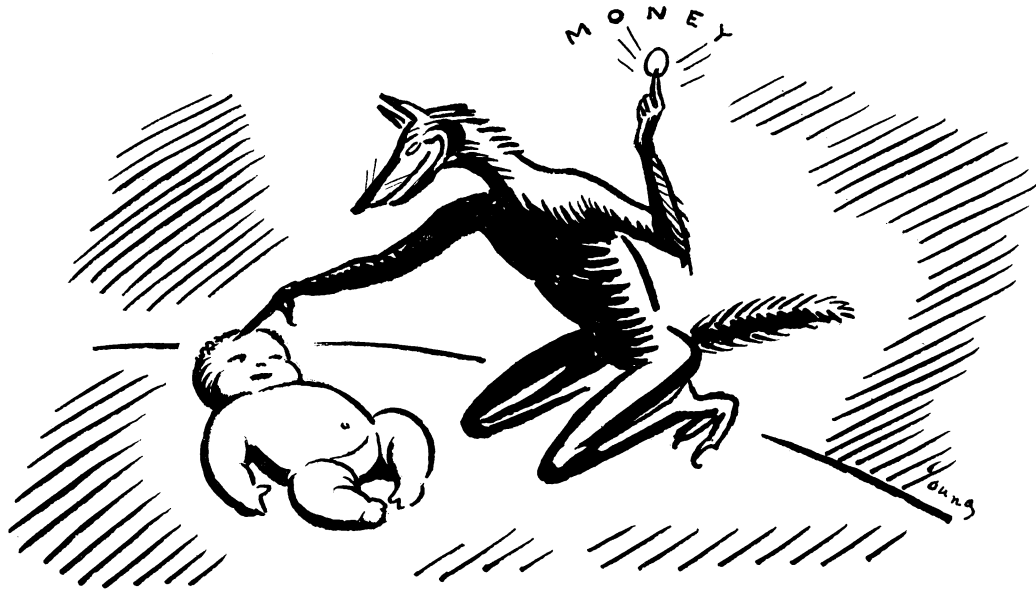
"My dear, I had to lie to him."

"Has to account for every cent she spends."

"I was up three times and went down three times."

“Absolutely.”  
“Scratched a little—damages.”  
“Must get job.”  
“Shook him down.”  
“He had only himself to blame.”  
“A gold mine in it if you can make connections.”  
“String him along.”  
“It runs into money.”  
“It’s a ten to one shot.”  
“I’ll get mine—don’t worry.”  
“Chisel it out of him.”  
“Get the bastard.”  
“I says: Go ahead, sue me.”  
“Bump him off.”  
“It’s a terrible hole.”  
“The hole’s all right, it’s the people in it.”





Children are reared in this nether region, and of course they learn to be little Devils and soon develop into real Hellions. But you read interviews in the press with wise magistrates about youthful criminals and are told that the home influence and particularly mothers are to blame for the wickedness of their children.



Greed (sometimes called Mammon-worship) is the compulsory religion in all parts of Hell. No other religion has a chance.



The "Who's Who" is filled with the biographies of the rich. Rich through inheritance, rich through robbery, rich through luck, rich through hard work and denying one's self leisure or mental development, rich through any and all ways of qualifying as a Big Devil.



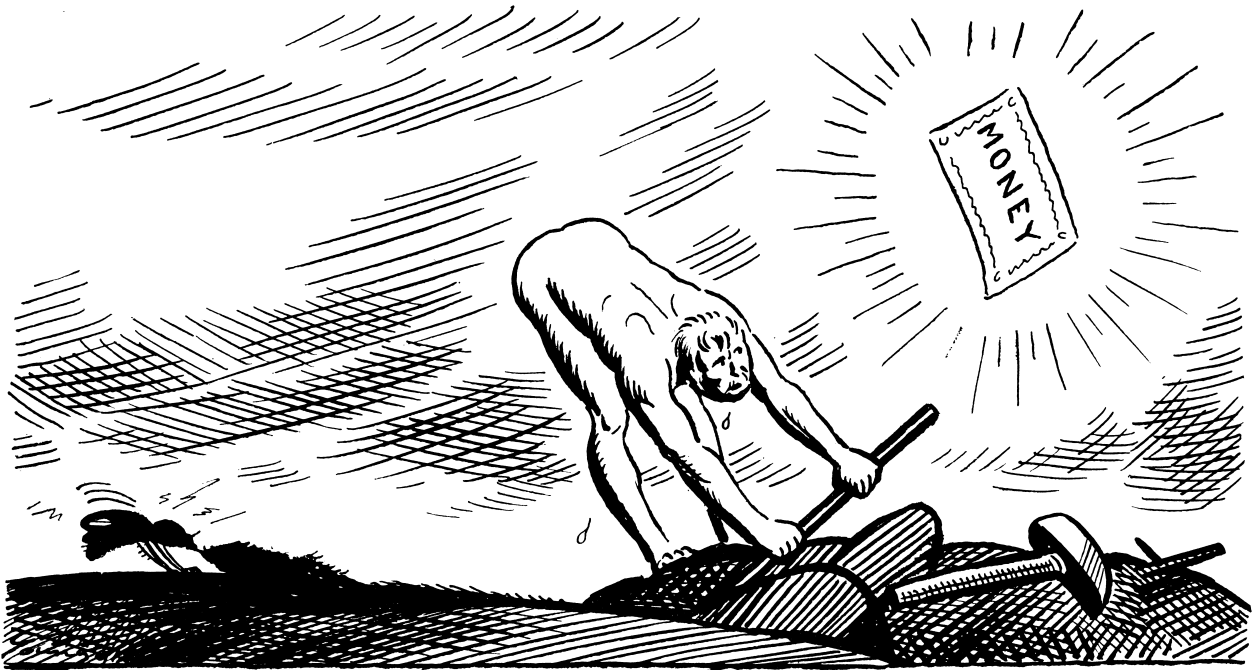
King Satan Receives A Delegation of Indignant Citizens

## MONEY INCENTIVE

The Inferno is now established on the old theory that no one would work who didn't have to—the theory that “the money incentive makes a sinner do his best work. Take away this money incentive—then follows the decline of human effort. Without the prod of financial need, no one would be stirred to engage in occupation of any kind. People would not even build homes for themselves.” A common workaday bug of the earth works for nothing but results, but a human being has to be stimulated to action by the prospect of money.

Most masters and their workers accept this “sociology” as truth, but new concepts of social relations are being discussed everywhere. The cause of this money-degraded mentality of both Bosses and Masses is undergoing a scientific analysis.

Whether this kind of Hell or any Hell at all is necessary, is a growing doubt.

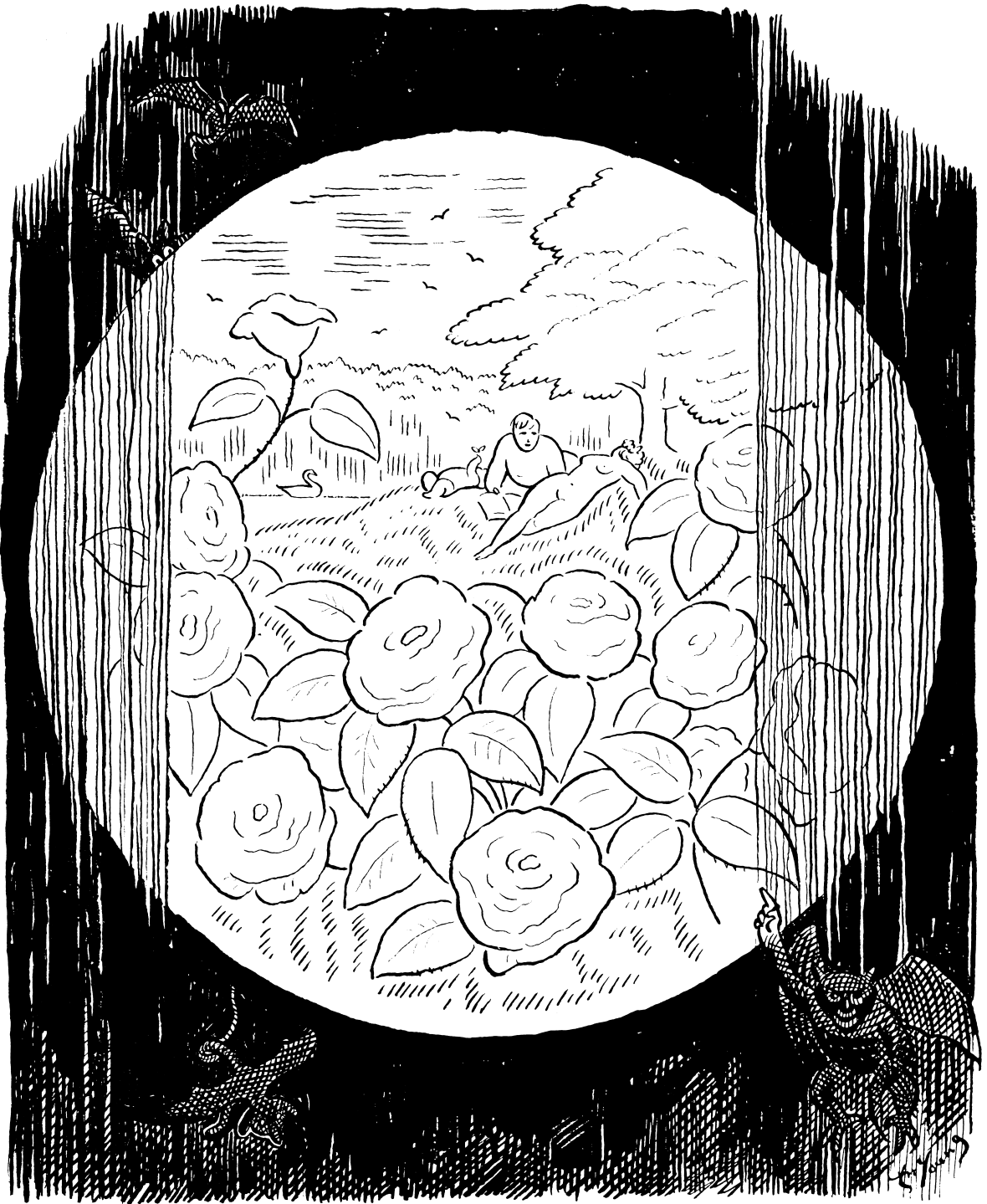




## THE SLUMS

Once a year the Hellions are asked to contribute money to the “neediest cases” of poverty. This over, the neediest go back to their dismal corners for more punishment.

In the mass, the people accept Hell in dumb resignation. Some among them, the favored but miserable rich, look on with pride of power. Others regard it with disgust and hopeless contempt, while a few are amused as if seeing a tragicomic show but admitting at the same time that a sane sinner ought to weep continuously for “Adam’s evil brood” that has come to such an end.





## ROSES IN HELL?

What's this! Are there roses and placid places for rest and reverie? Then perhaps Hell is not so bad after all. Alas! It could not be worse. To get the meaning of the picture opposite, the page should be turned quickly. Sinners are tortured with tantalizing glimpses, just dim myopic peeps at peace and happiness; but nothing justifies or satisfies—not even love. While they peer with a hopeful ecstasy, the curtain obliterates their dreams.

“What's the use?” “Nobody cares.” “Human nature can't be changed.” Such are the pitiful platitudes of frustration and resignation that are heard among the sinners of all classes everywhere.

From out the hopeless gloom of this Plutonian night a few timid whispers of joy, love, hope, and peace, and then—“Away! Down there with the other dogs.”





## DAILY DECISIONS

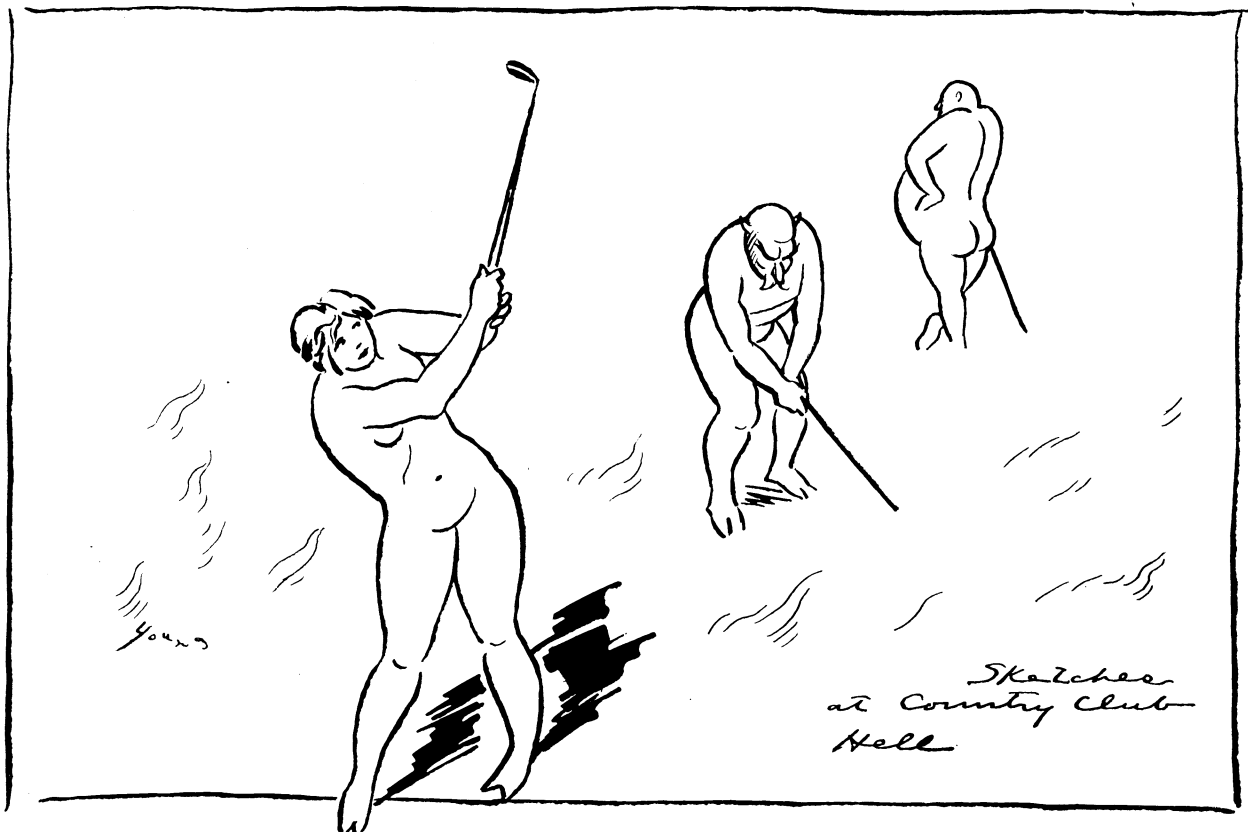
Daily decisions! Whether to do this, or that, and decide before it is too late. Where money is involved, to decide agitates the nervous system more than other problems.

Deciding money matters, while harassed by the ordinary but complex obligations of everyday existence, causes most sinners to have "shot nerves."

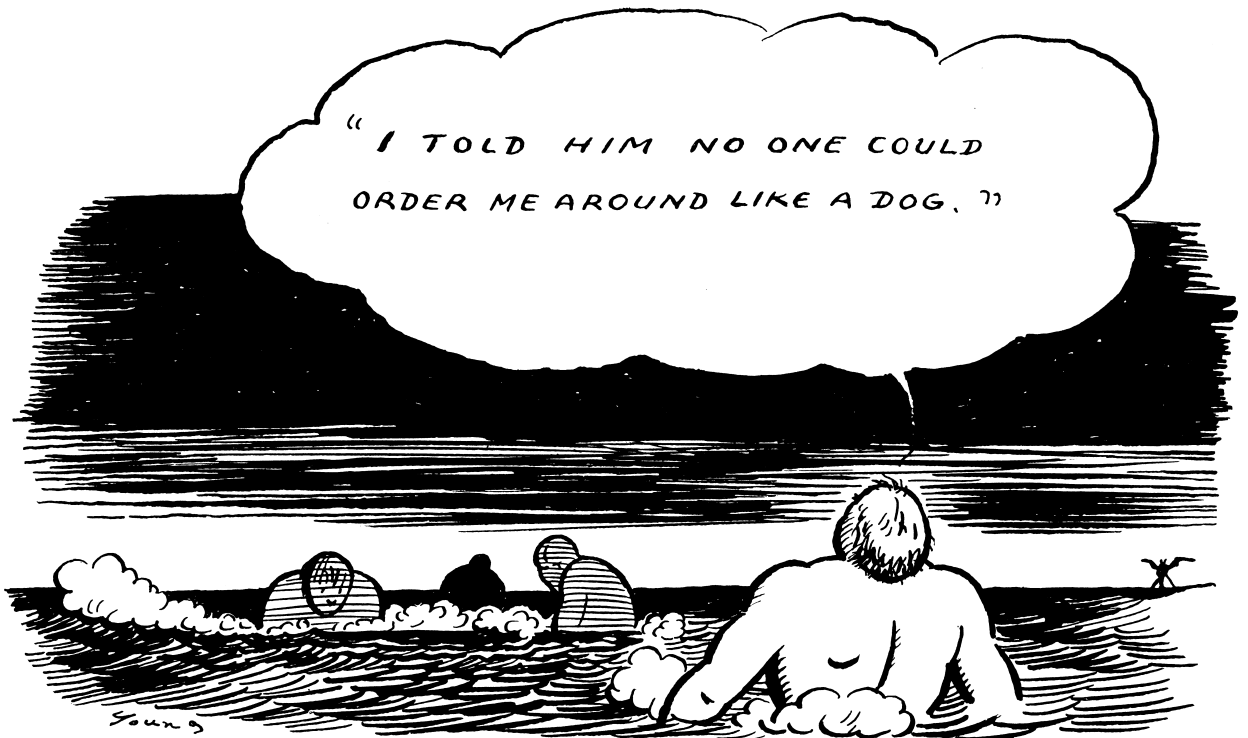
It is estimated by a noted Hell doctor that ninety per cent of the population are hopelessly neurotic, and he includes eighty per cent of the doctors in this estimate.

## THE COUNTRY CLUB

To join a select club is the height of a sinner's social ambition. Country clubs abound in every circle. To qualify for admission is largely a matter of one's financial rating. Golf is the game—if you don't play it, you do not belong in a country club, unless, of course, you are an all around good loser—meeting heavy drink checks and the heavier assessments stoically.



So far your narrator has neglected to mention a certain sign of culture among the "better class" of Hellions. He found many who had learned to use the word "sorry" while exerting their rights as He-Devils. A gentlemanly Hellion tears out the heart of his brother, spits on it and says, "I'm sorry."



## C O U R A G E

It is a common trait of the Hellions to boast of their independence. Listen in as they converse and you hear them voice their bravado: "No one can order me around like a dog!" "He's a slave driver!" "No white man would work in that hell-hole." "I'm through." But the next day you will find them back at their tasks, humbly resigned. Another says, "I'd like to see the government make me fight again in a war for the glory of Hell." When the drums roll again, however, you find him marching on to glory.

Their protests and curses sound earnest because they have had about all the Hell they can stand.

Not only is it characteristic of the submerged workers to be brave of speech, but the intellectuals are given to expressing themselves in bombastic pretensions of freedom. The professionals of music, writing, and painting have much dignity and self-respect to maintain, so you hear them say: "Why, I wouldn't belittle myself." "I'd starve first." "I told him my reputation was worth more than his money."

But proletarian and intellectual will be found doing the very things they abhor when the pressure of economic necessity becomes too much for them.

An observer of Hell-conduct soon learns that outbursts of courage or expressions of individual freedom mean nothing—and in truth as individuals they can do nothing but bow defeated to organized power.

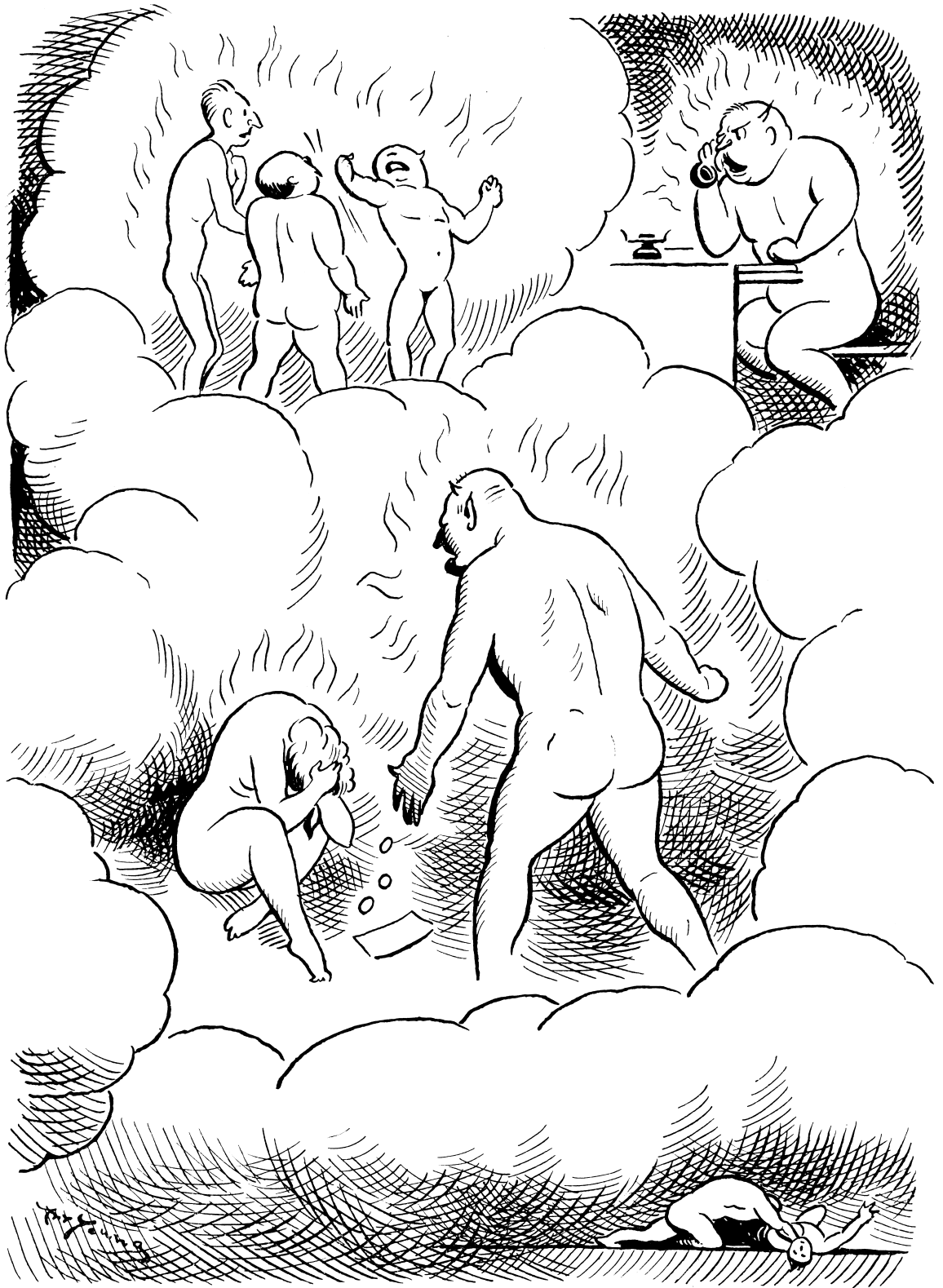


## TO THE VICTOR!

Frantic victories! Most sinners have a mania for winning games. They want to see an aviator, a native of their own geographic section, fly faster and further than any flyer from some other part of Hell. Frantic victories! In international contests to jump, run, dance, swim till endurance snaps, all to prove that the country of the victor is a superior nation. College sports! Fanatical whirlwinds of eagerness to win physical contests to establish the fame of a temple of learning.

As children spend themselves with overheated intensity during a sand-lot game of baseball, so nations of grown-ups follow the fortunes of the competitors in inter-Hell yacht races, golf, tennis, and other events.

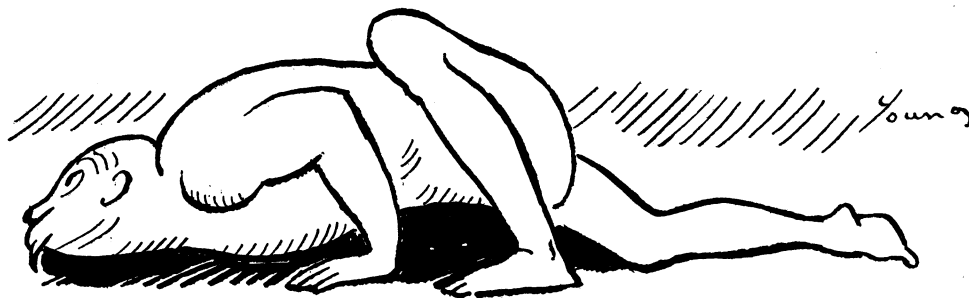
These sectional insanities for winning games—of a piece with the chauvinistic state and the bloody game of war, when yours deserves victory because it is yours.





## THE OVERTONE

The theme-sound of the region—the sound most heard in all parts of the Abyss, among all classes of sinners—is the sound of quarreling over money—not only in the sections of trade, but in homes everywhere. There are, of course, quarrels over love and politics, and trivial quarrels of many kinds, but the continual discord is the desperate, whining, and shameless wrangling about money. As one hears it everywhere on earth, so is it from the time one crosses the Styx through every circle of the Inferno.



## KEEP MOVING

Traveling in the Inferno by escalator, train, automobile, or airplane, you become a part of the pounding fretfulness of machinery. The tempo of the region is to keep going. To pause for thought or contemplation is to be out of key. No one has time to look for the cause of things, but only to glance at the effect.

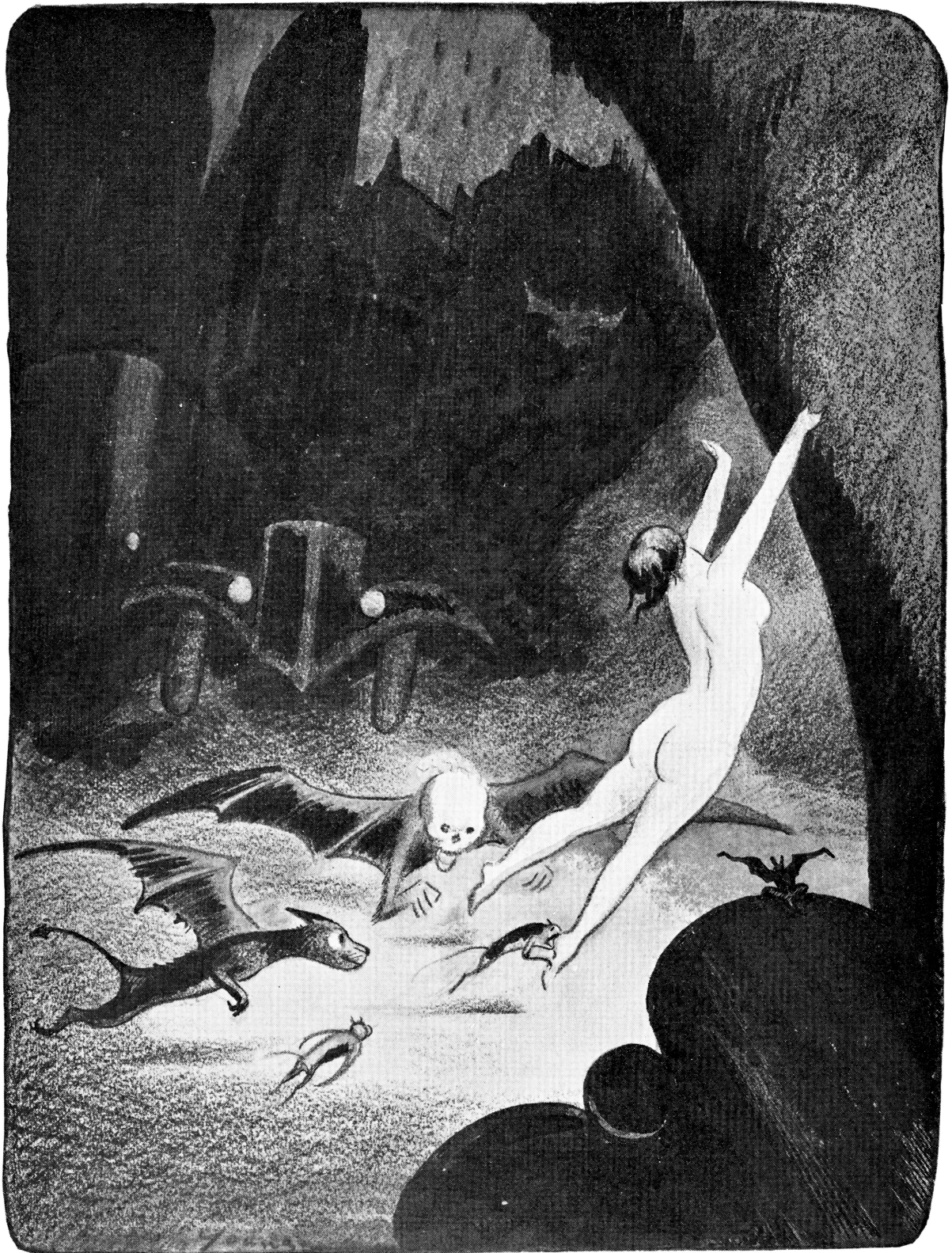
Under the strain of speed and worry, sinners are always blaming one another for wrongdoing. A collision of motor cars—and the occupants of each immediately begin a raucous chatter of accusation, insisting that they were not to blame. Sinners rush from one place to another, not knowing why. If you are riding, accuse those who walk of stupidity and carelessness. If you are walking, accuse those who ride of stupidity and carelessness. A taxi driver is promised a big tip if he gets a Hellion to his train on time. He drives as one with brain panic. Many risk crossing streets while the traffic moves because they are late for work.

All Hellions leap, scream, dodge, and curse while the devils of fear and worry are at their heels.



Cringe and crawl like a whipped hound—to prove your standing as an upright citizen.







## THAT INNER SANCTUARY: THE MIND

There is a movement for scientific healing in the Inferno with a large following called by the native devils the "Inners." The "Inners" will tell you it's "thinking" that makes existence hellish or heavenly. One must make a protective Heaven within one's mind, or of course the surroundings will be cruel and hellish.

To ignore encroachments on one's "inner consciousness," not to worry, not to care, is the way of safety from the countless frustrations, troubles, and sorrows that reduce most Hellions to a state of ghastly impotence and melancholy.

Get yourself right mentally, and nothing can harm that calm, invincible self within you. As you think, so is it. Indeed it is lovely to be in the Abyss when you train your mind to become oblivious to the material facts. As the intelligent turtle draws his head into his shell, so you can make your way with a beautiful indifference to all ruinous realities, once you have become a true "Inner."





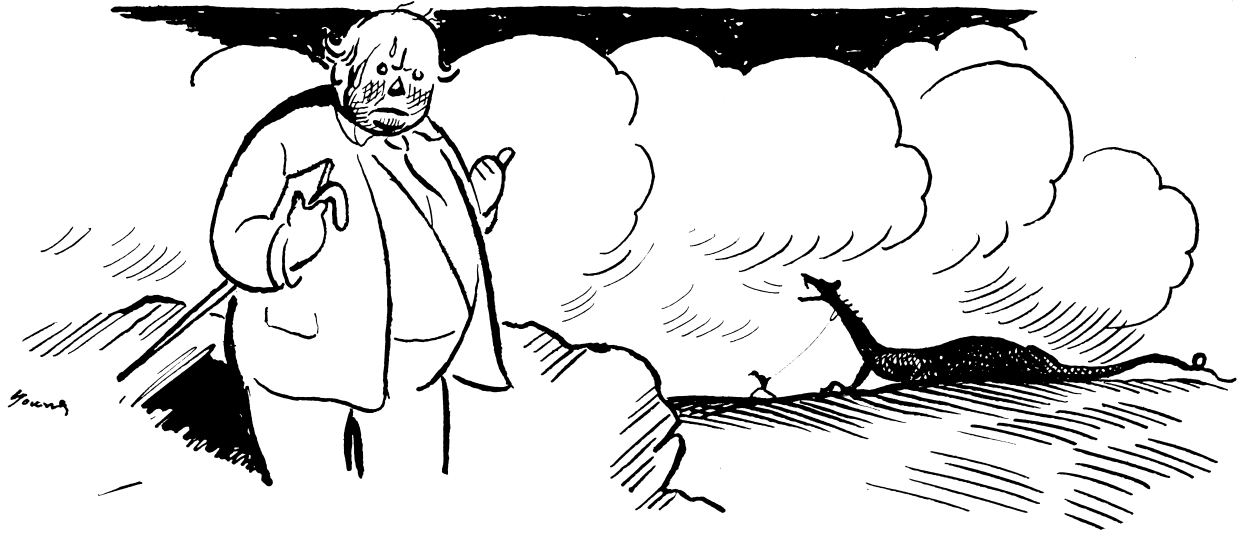
## HELL, YES!

So confused is the average sinner, his mental processes choked with so much anxiety and advice, he cries in despair: "I don't know which way to turn!" He finally becomes an easy victim to the hard, domineering, money-making Hellion who turns his mind for him. "Tell me what to do, and I'll do it," pleads the hopeless one. "You make the mistakes, you can afford it. I'm tired of making them and taking the blame and worry. Nothing I do makes money, so—everything I do is a mistake. Treat me as an imbecile if you want to, but relieve me of whatever initiative and enterprise I may have before it is too late."



Pay your rent, pay your telephone and light bills. Pay! or get shut off from these necessities. The owners have it all figured out just how much money you must pay and how much money they must keep for themselves.





## THE GIST OF IT!

To be an individual, not a slave, is a hope that dies away, the longer one exists in this Abyss.

“If I don’t do it, some one else will.” This is Hell-wisdom that helps to absolve the sinner’s conscience while he practices the vicious tricks of business.

That noise, like squeaking bats that would sing—it’s the sinners trying to sound as if they felt joyous.

To rate low in the estimate of Hellions is to lack earning power. Moron, pimp, or racket leader, earning power glorifies.

To win for yourself alone, to be a big, self-sufficient, sharp-horned Devil, letting others worry about the poor and exploited—this is the finished product of Inferno teaching—the super-Hellion.

Every sinner longs to experience a little mental and physical comfort, hoping he can find it in spite of Hell.

The call of the business Hellions is for workers that are “reliable.” “Work hard to make us rich, and we will treat you right. All we ask is reliability.”

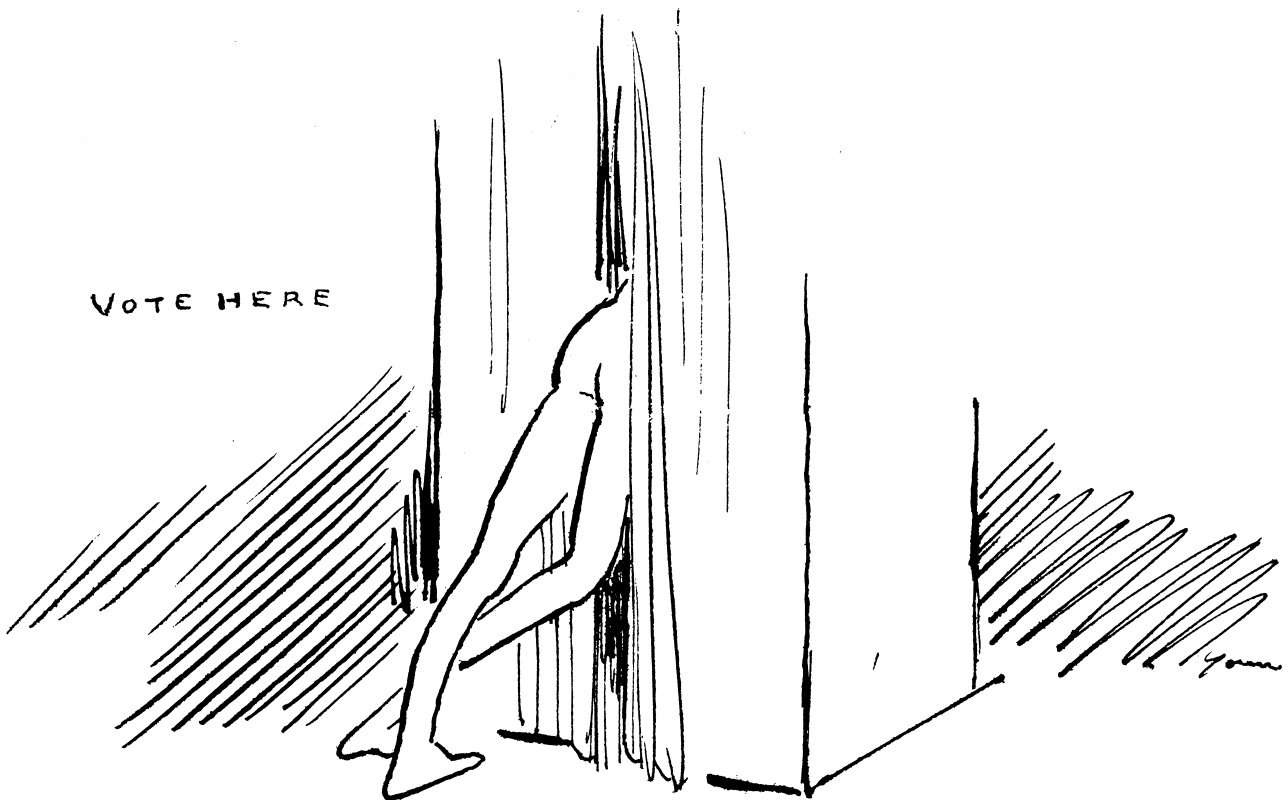
But the workers have learned that their reliability counts for nothing. However reliable they prove themselves to be, they are the first victims and suffer most from the economic cyclones that sweep over all parts of Hell.

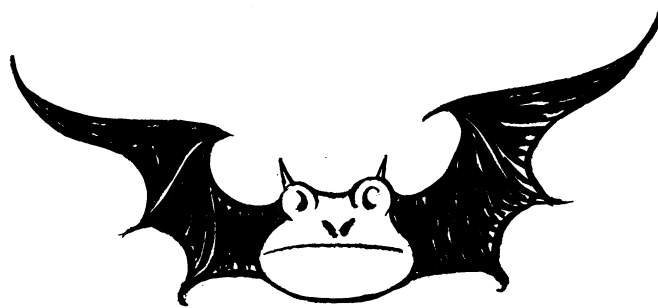
Settle to your work. No sooner settled than the imps of interruption break in—one after another and another—perforating your contemplative hours with shooting pains.

Under the compulsion of living on earth, human nature is made more fit to compete in the ways of trickery and torture of this Hell below.

No one really believes anything. Some there are who hold to a thought for a short while—then the bewildered brain abandons it for another thought.

At election time the poor and despised are called “sovereign citizens.”





## PUNISHMENT UP TO DATE

When the writer first investigated the Inferno, his Satanic Majesty still practiced the primitive punishments with crudely devised instruments, and retribution was made to seem a poetic justice—the punishment to fit the crime. These analogous reminders of the sinners' earthly offenses have passed. Hell is now a region of crowded jails. Only in the outlying districts did I see the old Dantesque penalties. All prisons are built for the punishment of the most helpless sinners. For one sinner in jail who is rich and influential, there are thousands who are convicted primarily because of their lack of influence and money. When, once in a decade, a wealthy Hellion is sent to jail, it is because he was obnoxious and irritating to a more powerful group of financiers than the one to which he belonged. His freedom may be curtailed, but behind the bars he is allowed special comforts. They will tell you in Hell that the purpose of jails is to “protect society, diminish crime, and cure criminals.”







# THE HELL DICTIONARY

*Unofficial and privately printed.*

For rich people to laugh at—for poor people to respect.

That's LAW.

About money and the way to acquire it.

That's CONVERSATION.

The joy of mating made miserable by fear of its money consequences.

That's LOVE.

A fortune made in a single fight by a prize-ring champion while a family of four—father, mother, and children—struggle all year round for a bare existence.

That's THAT.

Sitting with all the power of government behind him, he sentences sinners to confinement, debt, or annihilation, who may be no more sinful than he.

That's a JUDGE.

One who works at something he doesn't like because he must have a weekly wage.

That's TO BE SENSIBLE.

One who works at something he likes, but can't make money at it.

That's A POOR SIMP.

A man who gains some leisure, although too late to appreciate it—

He's a LUCKY DEVIL.

When the employed want higher wages, it's GREED—when the employer wants more profits, that's a JUST RETURN ON THE INVESTMENT.

Muddle the people's minds. Iterate and emphasize things of no importance until they become big issues.

That's STATESMANSHIP.

Spending millions annually to make people buy things they cannot afford or do not need, with competition between hundreds of brands, almost alike, but made to appear almost different by the skill of writers, artists, and radio coaxers, paid to work up enthusiasm over things that do not interest them—

That's **ADVERTISING**.

*Those who are the most greedy, the most cunning and have the thickest hide, whose natures embody the characteristics of pig, fox and rhinoceros to the exclusion of humane qualities—*

That's the **SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST**.

Romantic emphasis on the lowest instincts in human nature: fighting, revenge, luxurious ease, and narrow notions of honor and duty—

That's a **MOVING PICTURE**.

Ten per cent for the poor and ninety per cent for the overhead—

That's **CHARITY**.

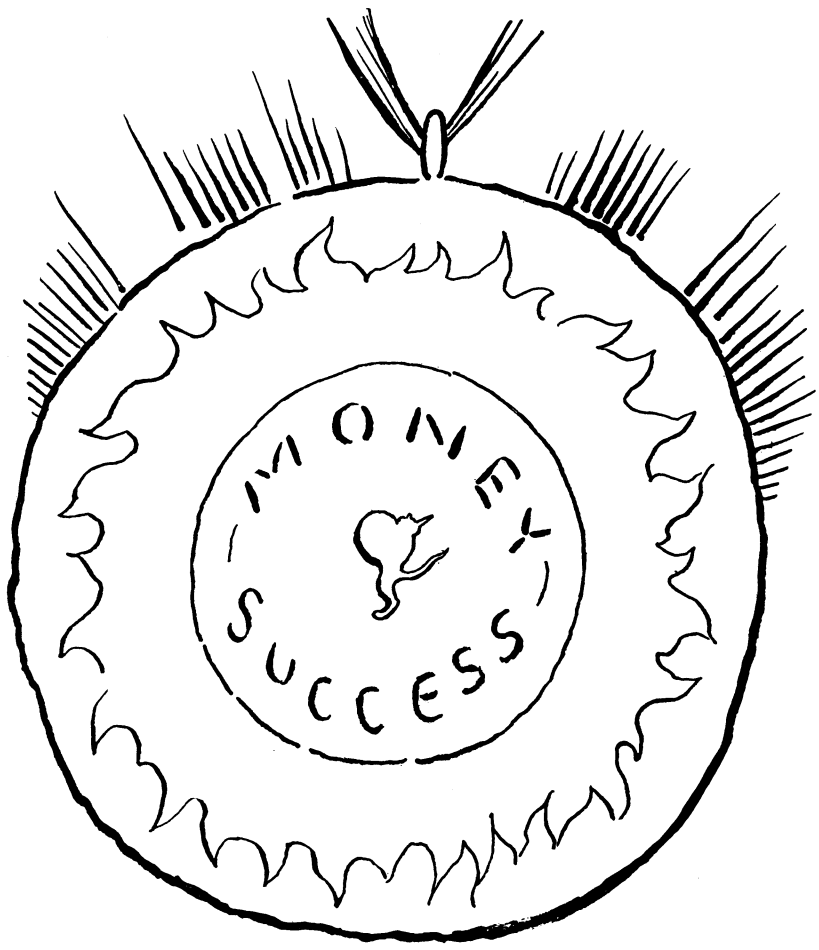
If a woman sells her body—

That's **DISGRACEFUL**.

If a man sells his mind—

That's **ALL RIGHT**.





## PART THREE

The explorer stands on a street corner and comments on the passing sinners.

He talks with a Worker.

He visits the Oldest Inhabitant. He learns that "eternal punishment" is no longer possible. He becomes ill and consults a Doctor.

After an interview with King Satan, who makes a confession, he returns to Earth.

## LOOKING AT THE SINNERS

On a street corner in the city of Dis, I stood a few minutes watching the procession of sinners.

That loving couple coming "which seem so light before the wind." No, it is not Francesca and her Paolo—but scandal has mouthed their names afar.

She thinks everything will be all right when he gets his divorce.

Another couple outwardly mated, for parade only. He has an overabundance of animal affection, and she is only mildly interested. And here comes a pair where the agony is reversed—she is sex-distraught, and he has more important matters to think about. Are they wise who make the best of it? Hell knows! There, looking down, almost a bum, is one who inherited an income and fooled himself thinking he would always have it. And that pitiable soul who just passed, hurrying toward nowhere. He struggled hard to get an education—graduated with honor. Now he just goes nowhere from force of habit. Because going somewhere never got him a job.

Who else? That woman talking to herself—what's on her crazy mind? Her children were taken from her. She was "not able to take care of them."

And so along the street come others who are insensitive—who take nothing seriously—light-minded, go-lucky sinners. In Hell but don't know it.

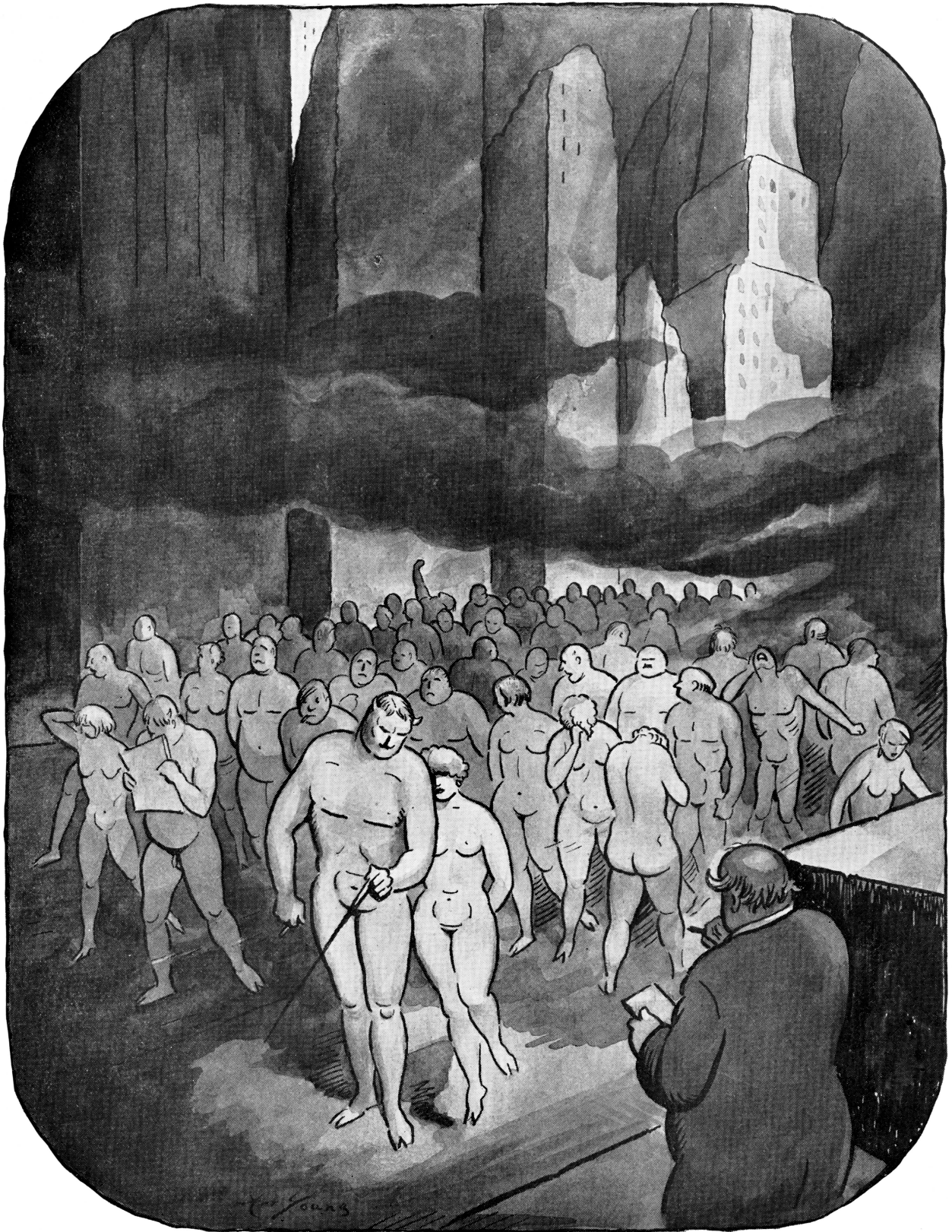
There are many passing who chose the wrong profession: it's too late—nothing can be done about it. And still others, who are envious—why should they not envy when they see so many succeed, by chance?

A business man sees me: "Hello, Young." He wants to talk. All right. He tells me his troubles with incompetent help, "Stupid and dishonest." His cares and responsibilities are driving him mad. Big overhead, but no sales. All I can say: "It's Hell."

That young man looking this way—he comes over, introduces himself, and recalls the time we met on earth. He says he walked over from his studio in Stink Street to take the air. I ask him how he is getting on. With that smile of mock-courage he says: "Oh, not so bad."

But I know. The artist, doomed to poverty and the chance of a little help from those who have some pity left. The artists of literature, the drama, sculpture, and music.

Then there are the artists of painting, with few exceptions, begging eventually to do hack-work advertisements, or anything to make enough money to meet the problems of shelter, mating, and other natural desires of existence.



Two actors, once distinguished and successful, now unknown and penniless, pass. “Their own fault—why didn’t they save their money?” says “a success” standing near me.

When sinners lose their hold on Hell, “it’s their own fault,” and the victims themselves believe it.

Hundreds pass who feel inferior. If they could only feel that they are wanted, that some one believes in their ability. The word Inferno means: below, under, *inferior*.





## A WORKER'S PROTEST

I talked with the plain working Hellions.

"How are things going on up there?" they would ask.

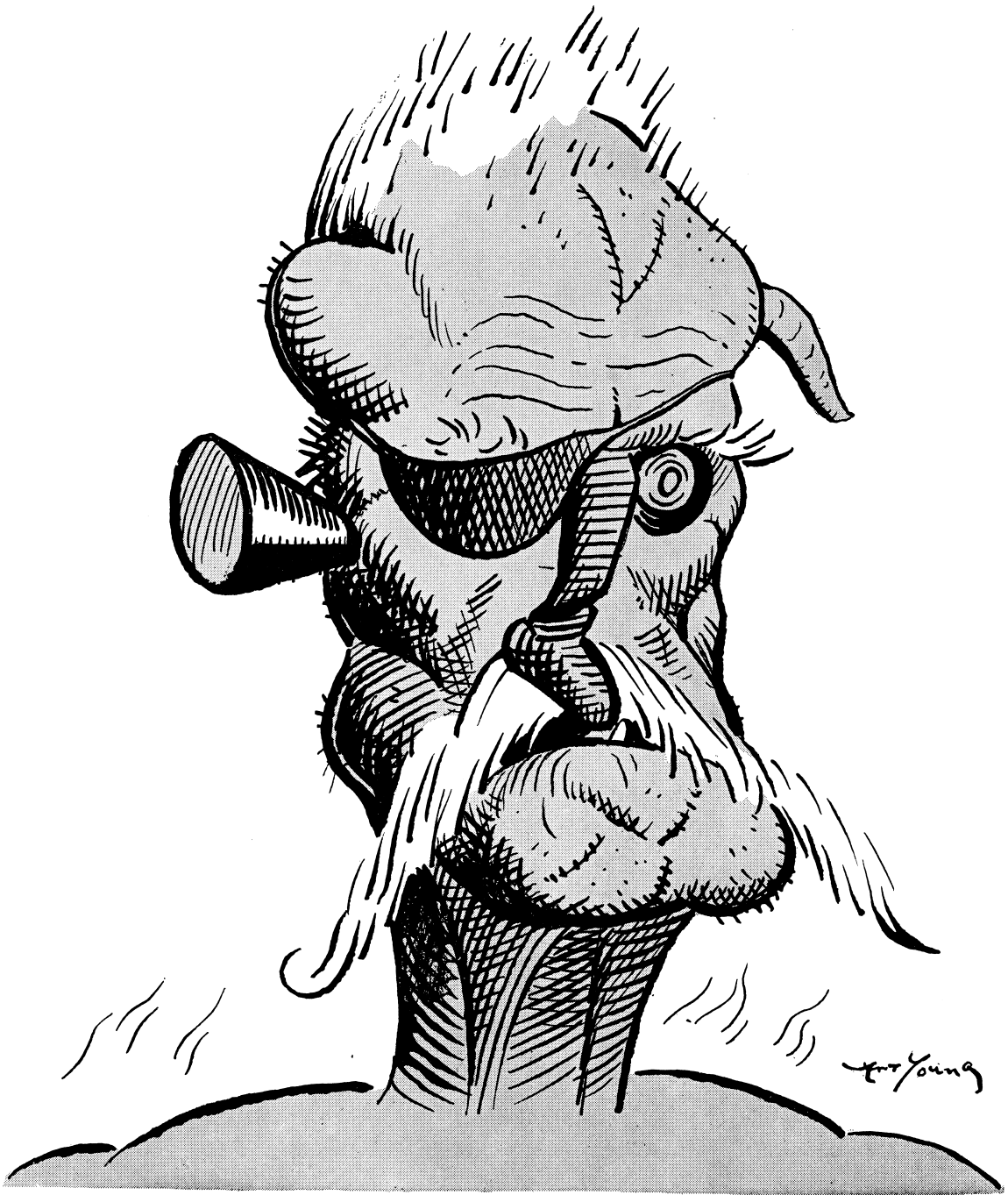
One who was bitter in life and more bitter in death (Nihilist Nick, we used to call him) said: "The world ought to be blown up." Then, as if eager for a listener, he continued: "I found nothing but Hell all over the surface of the earth. I fought in their wars. I stoked on steamers, dug in mines, and worked in factories where one year of it would finish you. I've tried to get on in New York, Glasgow, Singapore, Seattle, and Melbourne. Never had time or enough money to think of a home or a wife. I know what it means to be out of work and forced to steal and beg, and now I'm *here*."

"I say blow it up! Fill this hole with T.N.T. Run a fuse up to the Hell on Earth; then let those mighty ones of the world, the money kings and other kings and all people who can pay their fare, meet somewhere for a final celebration, a universal spree. Let the brass bands from all countries be there to play their national anthems all together and then—some King or President steps forward, makes a farewell speech and presses a button that lights the fuse."

"But," I replied, "don't you think that the working class with the help of socially conscious people—Economists, Socialists, Communists, Social Engineers and perhaps some intelligent Capitalists—will eventually put things right?"

He looked at me as if pained and disgusted that one of my age should entertain a hopeful thought. Then, in parting, I said: "Some such spectacle as you propose, the Rulers on top of this sphere seem to be preparing. Consciously or not, they are now equipped, if not ready, to blow up everything on the surface of the earth with bombs from the sky; and whatever the bombs can't destroy, a fusillade of poison gas will complete. We still hope that the upper world will be saved from suicide, and that you and your fellow-workers will learn how to abolish the Capitalist tyranny of the Terrestrial Hell and save yourselves from its duplicate down here."

As I left him, he called after me from the fiery ditch in which he was digging: "All right, Doc, keep on hoping!"



## THE OLDEST INHABITANT

As already stated, there are many Demons that have been in Hell since it was founded, but a veteran called "Old Blister" is generally referred to as holding the record for longevity as a condemned sinner.

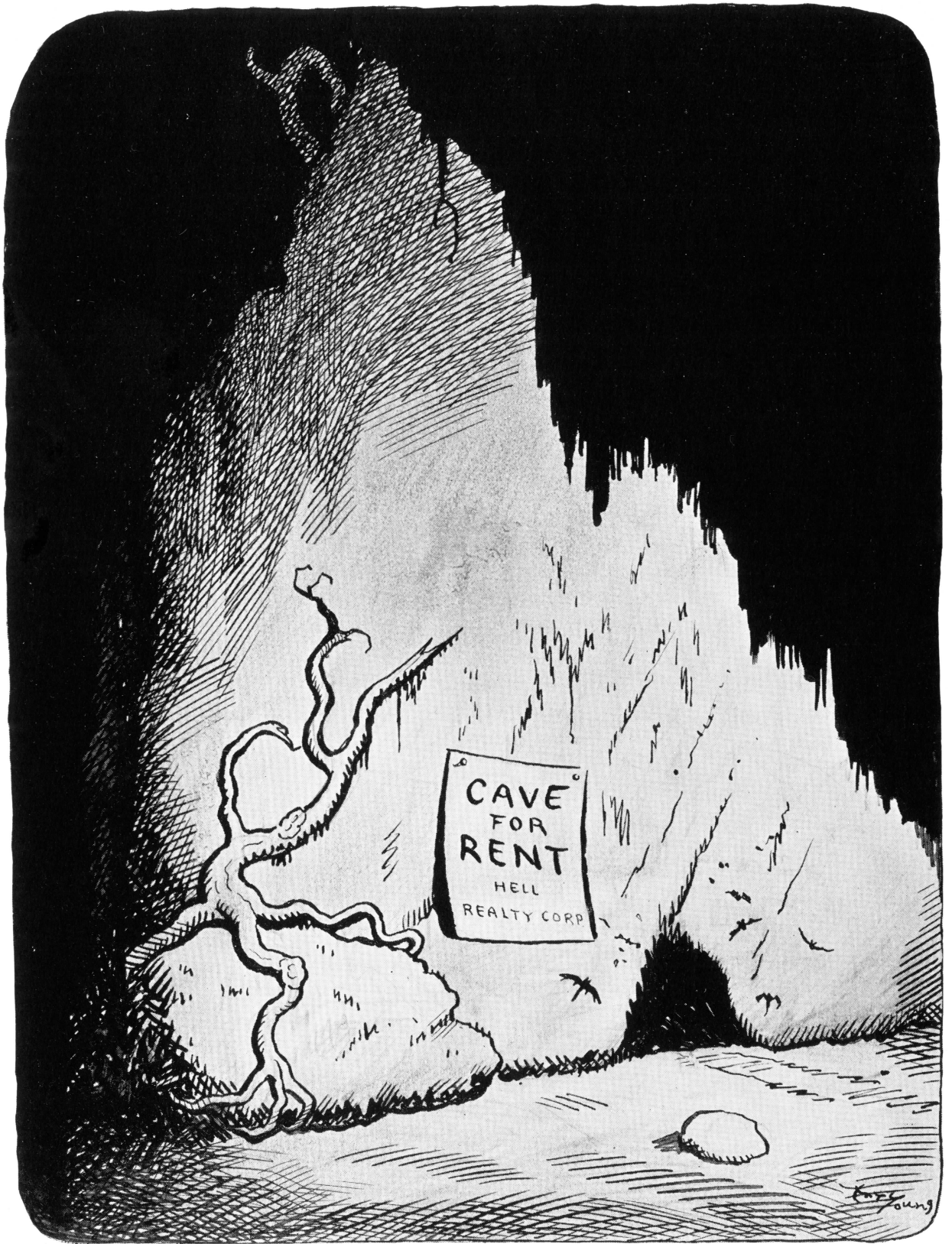
After a tiresome search I located Old Blister in a cave on the outskirts of the city of Dis. Here was a Hellion of remarkable physical endurance, with mind alert, observing, philosophical, and ready to talk if rightly approached.

He was born on the Island of Crete about 75 A.D.—“maybe before,” he said. He is sure of having been in Hell for more than eighteen centuries. He was boiled in pitch for three centuries, and has endured more kinds of punishment than would seem possible. This man’s story refutes the opinion of the Irishman who listened to the priest criticizing him for his bad conduct and warning him of the terrible pain he would have to suffer in Hell if he didn’t behave himself. As the priest finished describing the excruciating punishments that are meted out to the wicked, the Irishman dismissed all such ideas of retribution as impossible, saying, “No man could stand it.”

Old Blister recalls the ancient Hell vividly and the time Dante passed through the region. The poet stopped and talked with him. “I was then down in the seventh circle with the snakes,” he said. About Dante he had little to say except that he was “a tall thin fellow” who asked him questions about his native Crete and the crimes he had committed and told him he deserved more punishment than he was getting, then passed on.

Old Blister speaks several languages including fair English. For two centuries he was thrown much with English and American sinners. He has been punished in six or seven different circles. Dante makes no reference to the transfer of sinners from one department to another, but the Oldest Inhabitant verifies the Poet’s descriptions of the various circles and gulfs for specialized punishments in the ancient Inferno.





CAVE  
FOR  
RENT  
HELL  
REALTY CORP

Young

Old Blister said: "I was a heavy eater, so they first put me in with the Gluttons. I had a bad temper and did two hundred and fifty years in the wrathful department. I stole from a rich merchant in Crete when I was a young man, so they put me in the seventh circle with the thieves. That's where the snakes chase you. And because I was a Pagan and didn't think much of the Christians, I spent three centuries getting burned to a crisp with the Heretics. Then I was assigned to that stormy region where they put the Carnal sinners. That's where I met Casanova—maybe you have heard of him? We became good friends—both strong for the ladies." And the old sinner tried a wicked wink with the only eye he has left.

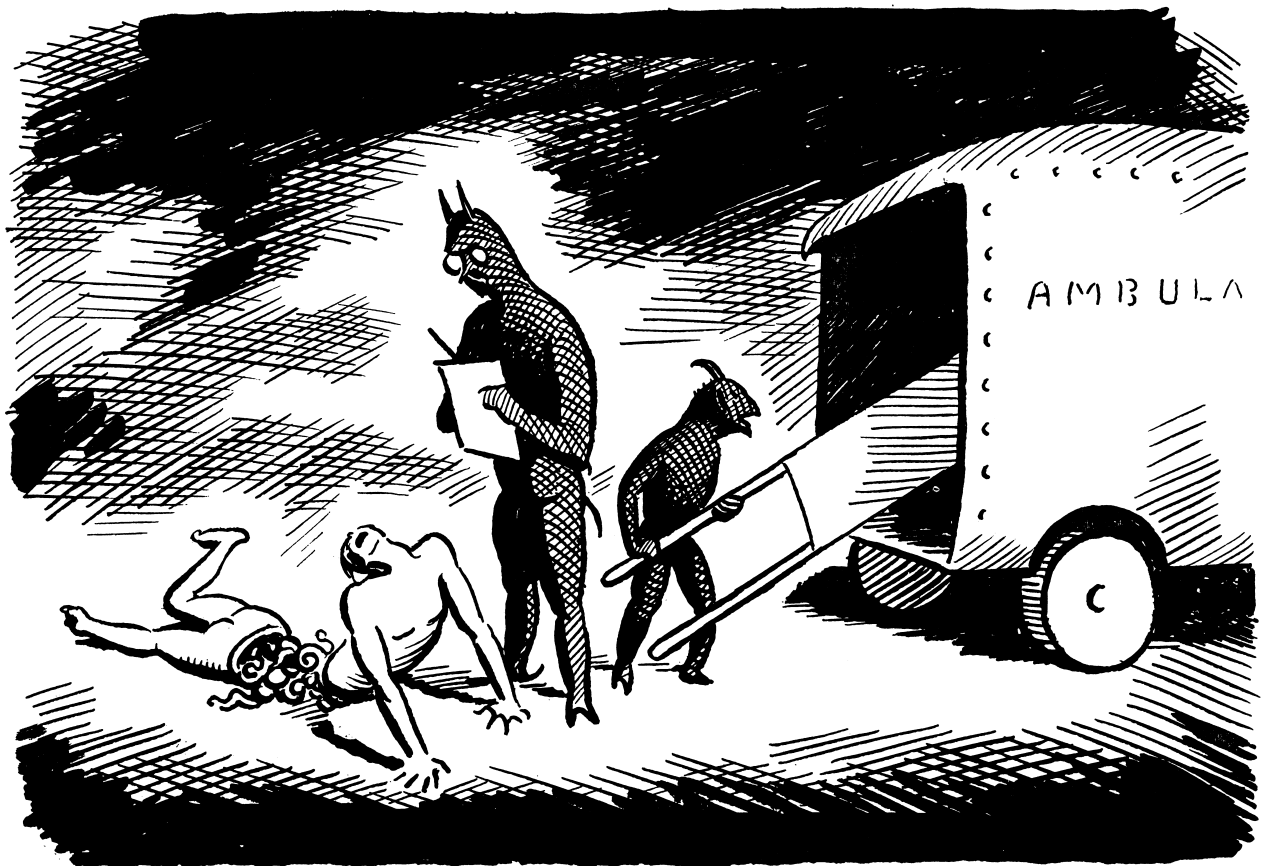
"What do you think of this place now?" I asked.

He pointed to a tin horn in his ear, and I shouted the question again through the horn.

"Almost lost my hearing from the blasting and riveting," he explained. He scratched his broken nose and said, "This has always been a terrible hole but now it's a crazy asylum besides. Everybody has the jumps. In the old Hell we took our medicine and had respect for the King. Since this new government, things are getting worse.

"I don't know what we are coming to. Money! Everything Money! Do you know what I have to pay for a cave to crawl into? Caves used to be free anywhere in Hell; now I have to pay four hundred tricks a month for a cave just big enough to curl up in, full of bats and Hell-hornets. In the last ten years I've been put out of a dozen caves because I couldn't pay the rent. Last year I tried to get on by bootlegging water. Lots of sinners make money at it; but you got to have a pull with a politician, and I didn't have no pull.

"I can stand wallowing in filth and boiling in oil, getting jabbed with red-hot pitchforks, fighting snakes and all of the old tortures—could go through it all again if I had to—but *this* kind of a Hell is getting me." He paused a moment, then said, "But maybe I don't understand it."



## HOSPITALS AND OTHER IMPROVEMENTS

Throughout this journey now nearing its end, the author has recorded what he saw with unqualified criticism. Doubtless the reader will find it hard to believe that he saw no good deeds, or cultural tendencies worthy of praise, now that this once-backward Hell has succumbed to modernization.

It is true that material progress since the Capitalist conquest has produced *some* favorable results. The introduction of modern machinery has, on the whole, improved the ancient pit, and much could be said in praise of the efficient plumbing. Radios bring some solace, insurance does *some* good, but not much, weighed against the harm it does. There are sports that are beneficial and hospitals that alleviate some of the suffering. But all of these and other improvements that could be pointed out become relatively ineffectual, for all are commercialized and related to that cancerous horror: the motive of profit. This has so debased the minds of all, and so hopelessly corrupted all institutions, that the human element which even Dante found in some parts of the region is now almost nil.

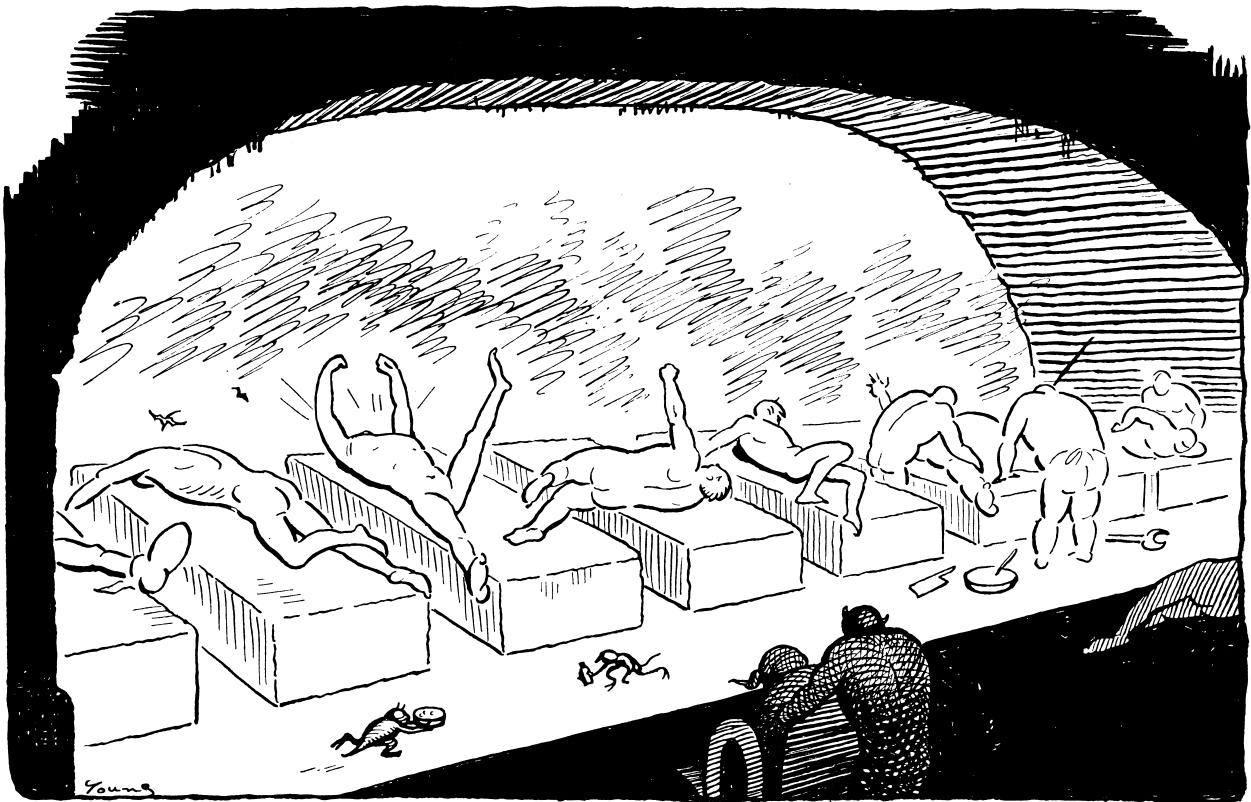
The government is something aloof and concerns itself with the masses only to get money out of them, except in a crisis of unemployment when it gives a little back as a dole.

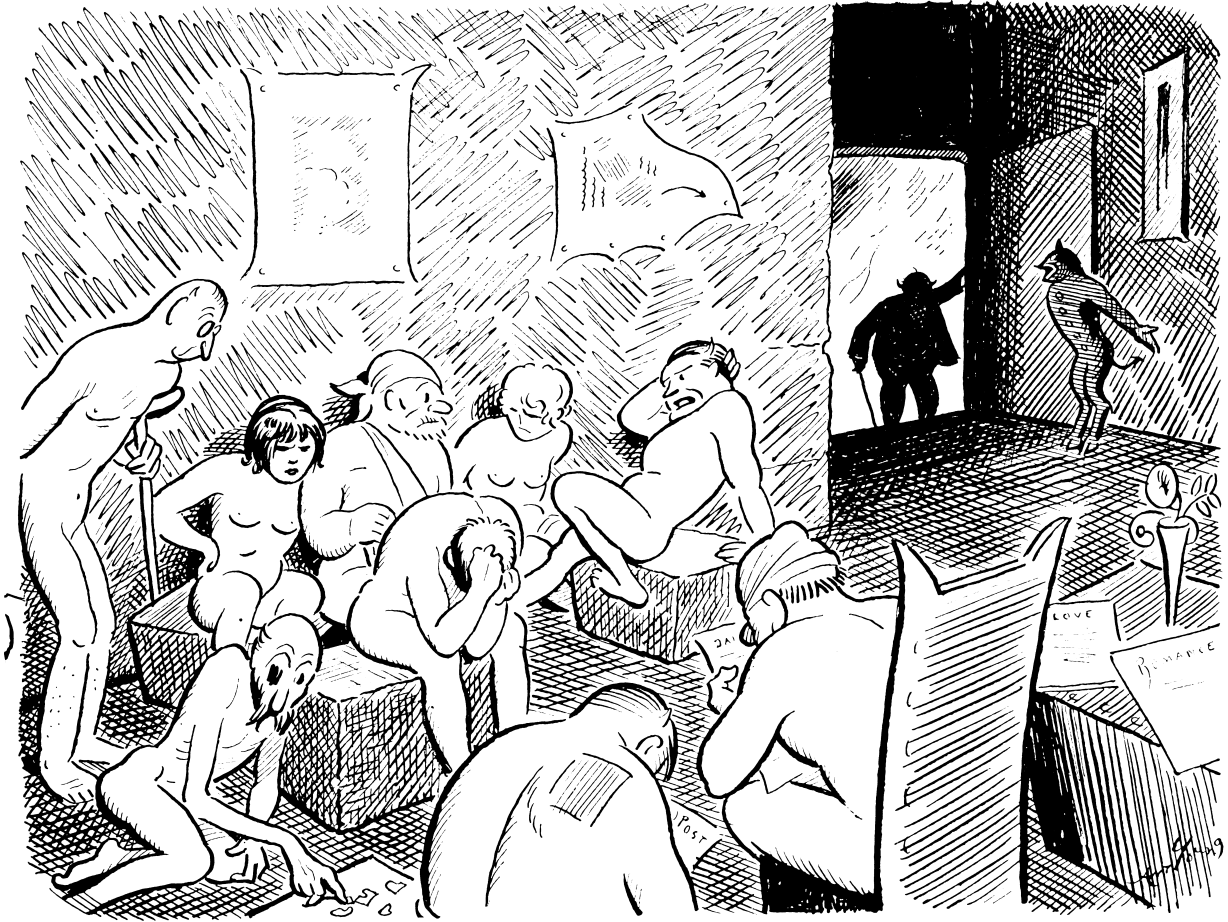
If you topple over in the street with a Hell sickness, an ambulance from a “free” hospital is called—but the interne must be convinced that you are sick enough for medical attention. Moreover, he must find out who you are, and your ability to pay the “incidental” expenses of free treatment in an overcrowded hospital.

In most zones of the region, sinners are identified by a number on a tag hung round the neck. If you have no money for tipping in a “free” hospital, you are not welcome, although poor sinners are sometimes grudgingly admitted. If you happen to be rich and willingly tip, you will receive the best treatment the hospital affords.

The war of business, man’s inhumanity to man, piles up its human wrecks, followed by that gesture of kindness to the wounded, the hospital—where the money-monarchs themselves have to go for expert treatment, for they are continually slugged, stabbed, or poisoned by crazed Hellions in desperate need of money.

There was not *one* hospital in the Hell of Dante, and we are pleased to note that these institutions lessen some of the suffering.





## THE EXPLORER IS UNDONE

Dante, on his pilgrimage, had Virgil for a guide. Virgil picked him up when he fell, worked over him when he fainted, and sometimes carried him in his arms. Once he rebuked the Florentine for hanging back and resting after they had climbed down a steep descent of rock. Resting, said Virgil, is no way to achieve fame. Then he tells him to “vanquish thy weariness by the mind’s effort.”

With all the advantage of modern methods of travel, many times I felt it was impossible to go any farther. Now, nearing the end of this scheduled six weeks’ journey, I was exhausted and sick—that pain in the neck where the nerves center, that melancholy, something wrong. With a dismal weariness and disgust, sick at heart, sick of hearing and seeing, I decided to consult a doctor.

Hailing a taxi, I told the driver to take me to one of those streets where doctors practice all in a row. I was put off at the fashionable Pus Avenue, and with scarcely a glance at the sign in the nearest window, rang a doorbell, and soon walked into a



large reception room. Sitting around this room were scores of wounded and diseased victims of the Inferno. I waited my turn, noticing the while that everything worked in nervous jerks as in moving pictures.

Not much time is given to a patient: "Next!" and in a few minutes you have had an examination or a treatment. My name was called by a pretty she-devil assistant and I was shown into the Doctor's office. Looking around me I saw the machines of this modern age of healing: the Blood Pressure Pump, the cardiograph, the fluoroscope, and that cylindrical apparatus for testing metabolism.

The Doctor said: "What seems to be the matter?"

I told him I had never died officially like the rest of the sinners, that I had been looking around for about six weeks getting material for a book. "Oh, yes," he broke in. "I read about you somewhere—you are the explorer. Well, there's a lot to see down here." Then I told him my symptoms: how nervous, tired, melancholy, and fretful I was becoming. I said: "Doctor, something is happening to me. I see so much suffering everywhere—the struggle of the poor to get money and the struggle of the rich to hold on to it after they get it. It's all so filthy—so terrible. I see ugliness where others seem to see nothing, or at least nothing that makes them want to do something about it. Maybe it's my eyesight. I try to help, but nothing helps except money; and that doesn't do any good to those who have enough already and is only a temporary favor to those who are down and out. Doctor, I'm all in—sometimes I think I'm going mad."

"How do you sleep?" said the Doctor.

"Maybe I average four or five hours in twenty-four, but the *noise!* My God! Radios continually stirring the sound waves! Explosions everywhere! Something always blowing up, or somebody gets shot! Piercing whistles! Wailing horns! Beast-like screams! Of course, I suppose I could put up with all the noise in time. But the fraud, hatred, insolence, brutality, superstition, malice, venality, the—"

Here the Doctor interrupted me.

"Man, what do you expect? You know where you are! But there's nothing to worry about. All you need is a change."

"A change? Where, for instance?" I asked.

"Well, if I were you I'd go right back to earth. You don't *have* to stay here, like the rest of us. I could recommend a resort here where the rich Hellions take the cure, but you'd better go back where you came from."

"Back to Earth! A *change?* Hell!"



“I think you will be all right,” he said, as he handed me a prescription, adding: “You are neurotic. Everybody has the same trouble—nerves can’t stand it.”

As I was leaving, his secretary gave me my bill: “Consultation fee, twenty-five dollars. Cash payment required” !!!

According to the last census, there are fifty thousand Doctors in the Inferno. There are Doctors called scrupulous and others called unscrupulous, but all are drawn to some degree into the fraternal racket of gouging the sick.

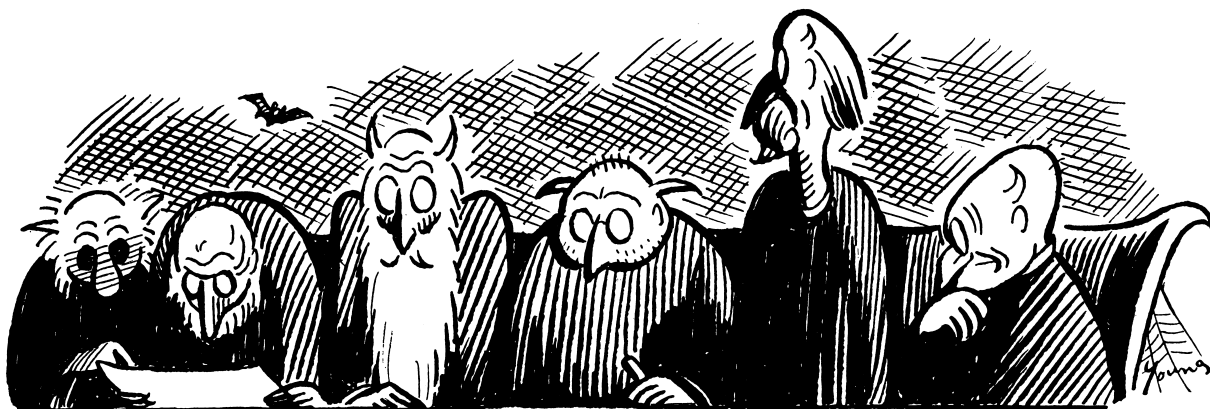
The experts of medicine and surgery pass patients along to one another and share in the profits, splitting fees, hospital rake-offs—all that goes on in the drugging and cutting profession on earth is practiced in the Lower Regions.

Many doctors frankly announce that they will not treat poor patients. There are general practitioners, and specialists who learn all about one particular gland and leave other glands to other specialists. But the greatest advance in therapeutics is along the line of “mental adjustment” to the Hell environment. Following is a random list of Doctors:

Applied Psychologists, Thought Healers, Physiotherapists, Depressive Psychoses Correctors, Electro Body Bumpers, Therapeutic Astrologists, Tissue Culturists, Gland Revisionists, Functional Feeders, Soul Surgeons, Dementia Physicists, Gymnologists, Generic Hellopaths, Nerve Revitalizers, Melancholy Chasers, Pituitary Probologists, and Specialists in High Frequency Hysterics.

Then there are Omnipotent Wows, Esoteric Elementalists, Affinity Occultists, Immaculate Symbologists, Spiritual Bone Setters, and Seers of Germinal Guidance.



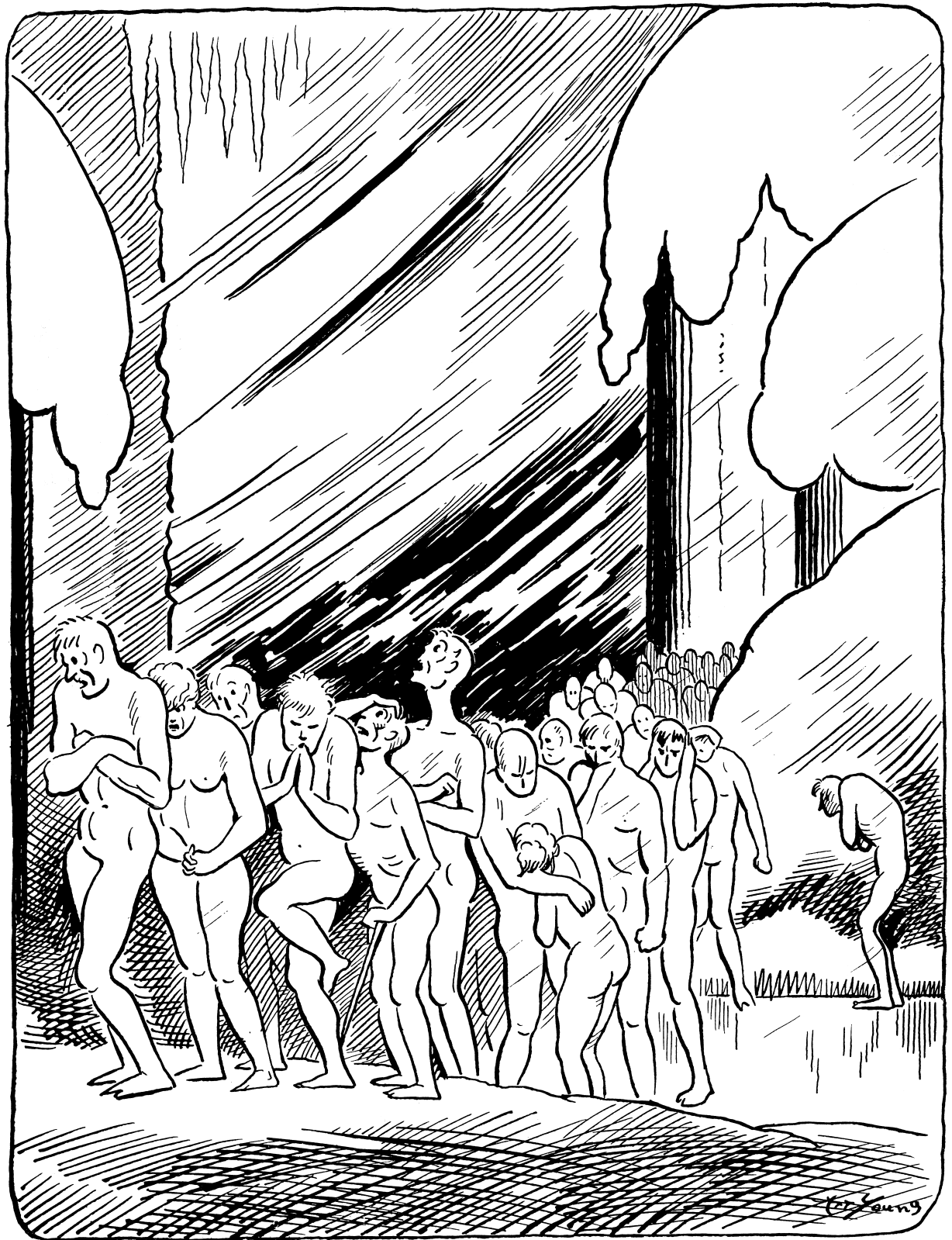


## ANNIHILATION

It may be something of a shock to theologians to learn that many liberal Hellions are beginning to see the impossibility of eternal punishment. They have found that there comes a time when most sinners can no longer endure Hell. There is now pending in the All-Hell Congress an "Annihilation Bill." After six or seven centuries, according to this proposed legislation, most sinners will be legally burned out or extinct. Should it become a law, the government anticipates another problem: what is to be done with the sinners who cannot be punished any longer? Homes for the Extinct and Pensions are predicted as the next logical step, for those who can prove beyond a reasonable doubt that they cannot endure another century of torture. The bill is violently opposed by conservative statesmen, who denounce it as an attempt to introduce "Communitistic Ideas" into the Infernal Regions.

Those who recall the fate of similar attempts to legislate for the benefit of the most helpless sinners, predict that the Annihilation Act, if passed, will be declared unconstitutional by the Hell Supreme Court.





## THE LAST CIRCLE

The ninth and last circle is the darkest, deepest, and most depressing. Here Dante counted four precipitous rounds narrowing toward the end of the funnel-shaped abyss. I counted six from an airplane, and saw the sea of ice at the bottom. Wandering around in this area are millions of unemployed—millions of drifting outcasts, not wanted in Hell proper. Their place is in the icy depths.

To have workers seeking jobs, who are willing and anxious to sell their labor at reduced rates, is a necessary part of Hell's profit system. The procedure in applying for work is to fill out a questionnaire:—

Where in Hell were you born?

Your age?

Parents, native or foreign?

Were you ever discharged? If so, what for?

If discharged, what were you doing 'till you found another job?

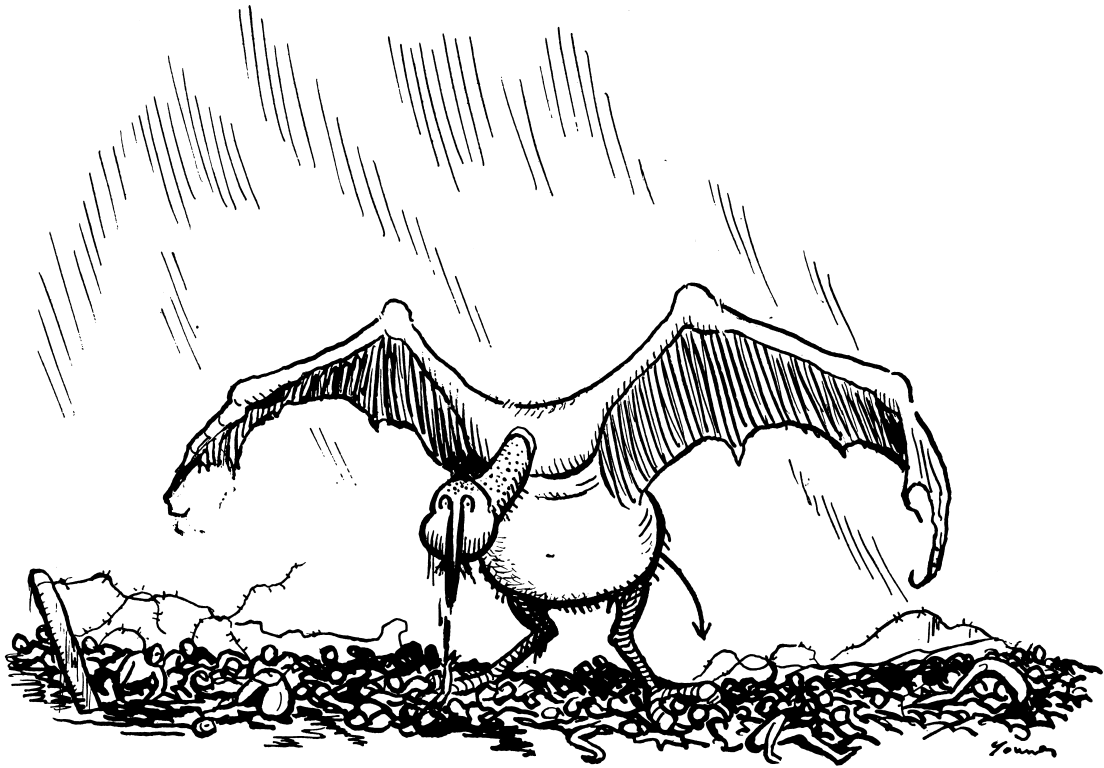
Do you agree to spy on your fellow workers?

Do you belong to any society, club, or organization of labor?

Have you any bad habits?

What is your religion?

But those who seek employment are not allowed to ask questions of those to whom they would sell their labor. Whether the employer is a member of the All-Hell Manufacturers' Association, Inferno Chamber of Commerce, the Loyal Order of Rotarians, or all of them, whether he has bad habits or worships any other God but Money, would be inquiries of extreme impertinence.



## MONSTERS

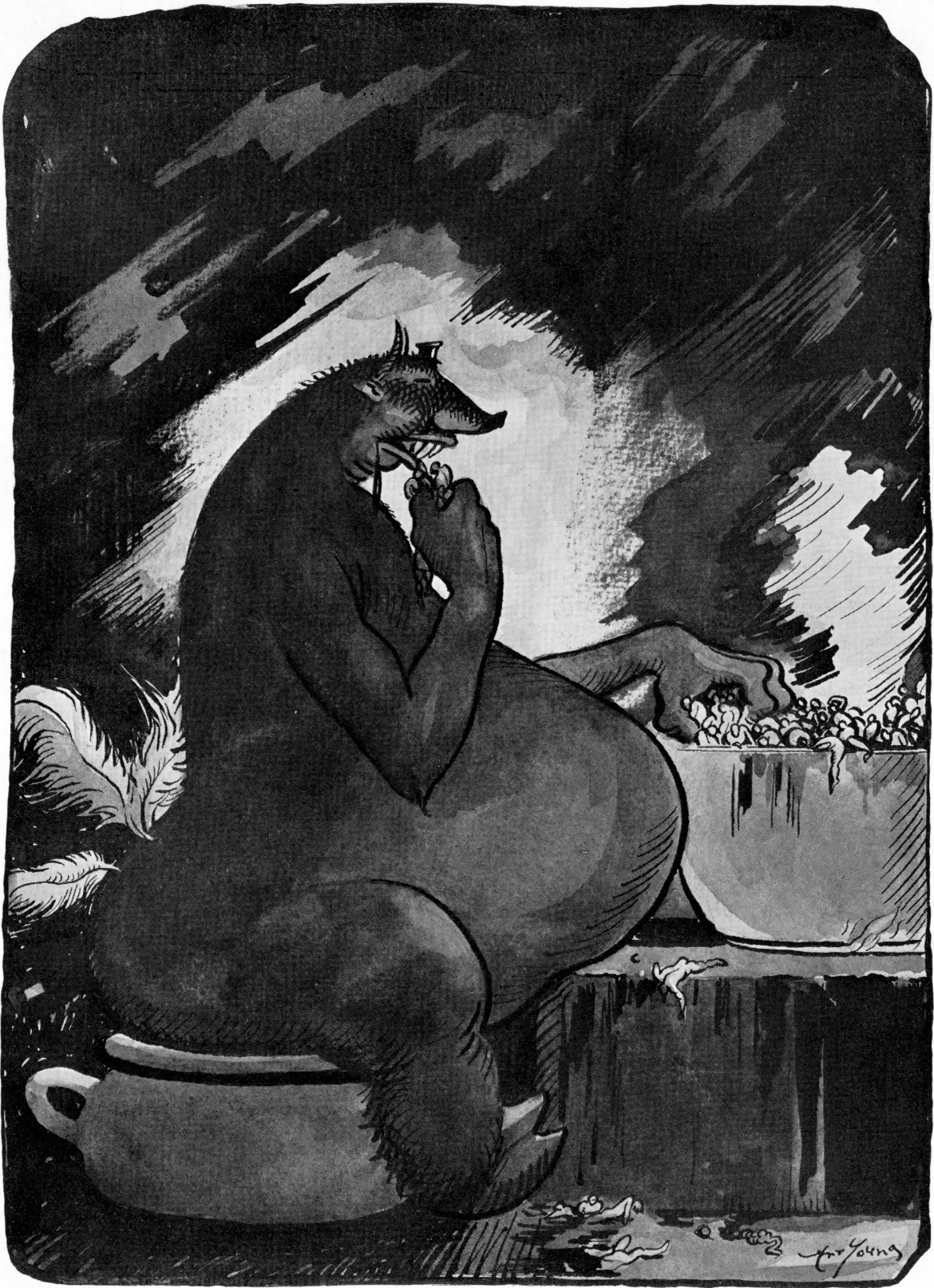
In the blackest hole of the last circle is the abode of the Ancient Giants. I saw three of the old monsters still here, in this twentieth century, allowed to roam wherever their heartless instincts lead—destroying all that is honorable, humane, and of spiritual quality in Mankind; the Giant of Exploitation, the Giant of Corruption and that blind Idiot Giant, War.

A maxim of the region is “War always has been and always will be.”

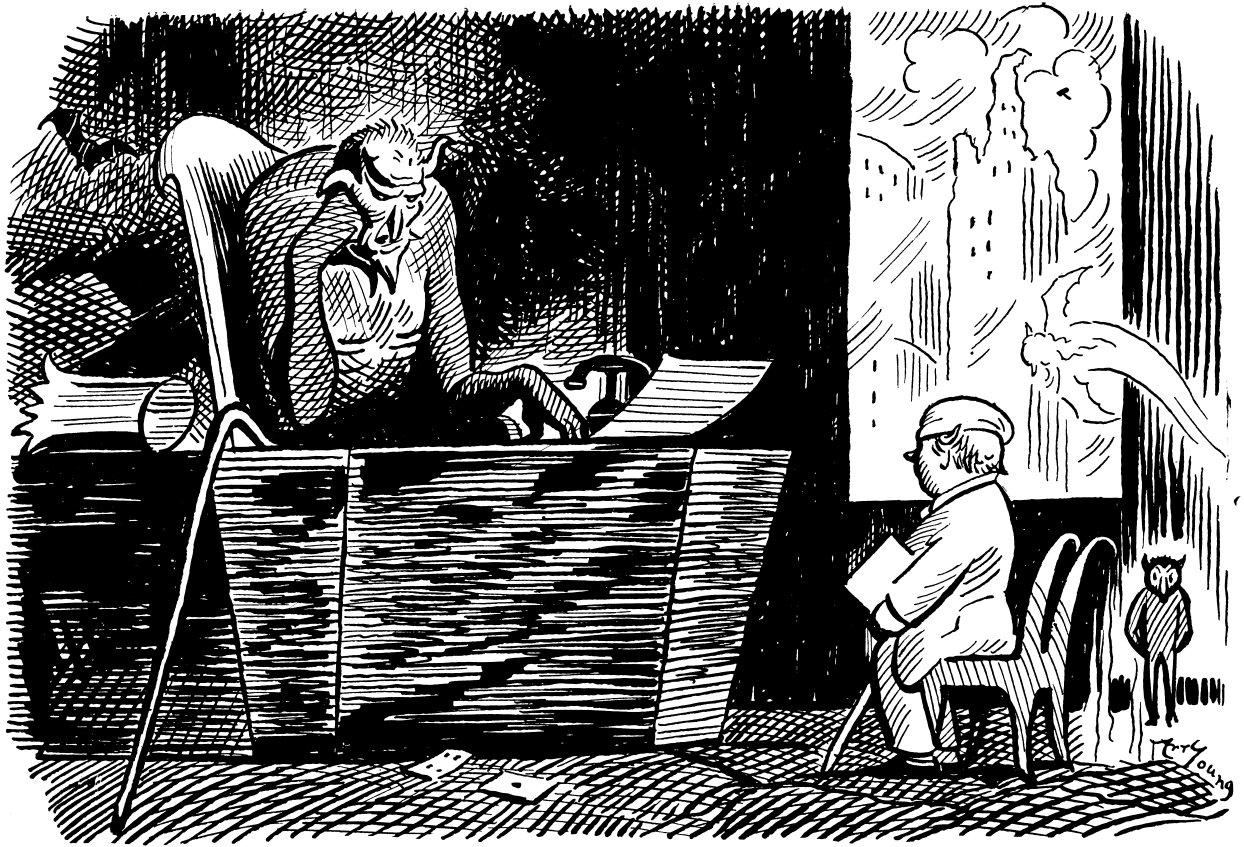
But to make the sinners fight like true Demons they must be told that the next is a “war to end war.”

Then once again:—the maniac profiteer picking profits among his fellow dead.





The Idiot Giant War



## SATAN'S LAMENT

My journey was now ended, but something unexpected happened. I had checked out at the Hotel Medusa and was ready to start back to Earth, when I received this message:

Art Young,

Would like a few minutes talk with you.

SATAN

I wondered what was on His Majesty's mind. As my taxi sped toward his palace in the ancient but greatly modernized city of Dis, I became curious to know if he remembered the interview I had had with him forty years ago.

King Satan was sitting with his secretary and a fat Demon who looked like a picture I had seen of old Beëlzebub, once Premier, now the King's public relations

adviser. They were grouped around a table on which were a telephone and playing cards. Satan dismissed his companions as I was ushered into his presence. Then he courteously waved me toward a chair.

“Well, Young,” he said as he stroked his goatee, which used to crackle with electric sparks when he touched it, but now seemed dead, “they tell me you are looking around Hell again. Can I do anything for you?”

I thanked him, and then asked if he could recall the interview he had given me back in 1892. He said he remembered the occasion and the interview.

“Do you remember I told you that sometime the Capitalists might try to crowd you out as a Ruler—form trusts and make Hell ‘a going concern,’ or words to that effect?”

He said he remembered that I had commented on such a possibility. Then he added with a feeble imitation of his once vigorous snarl:

“But I’m still King—don’t forget that!”

In spite of this caustic reply I knew that he was suffering from deep humiliation and a consciousness of defeat. But I said, “Yes, Your Majesty.” Then I went on: “There is something I have wanted to ask Your Majesty for a long time.” Wondering if he would answer my question, I continued: “In past centuries many people claimed to have seen you and your various kinds of Demons, Fiends, and Devilkins always up to mischief or inciting people to wickedness in all parts of the world. Do you go up to the earth nowadays?” I asked.

He slowly scraped a match on his hoof, lit a cigarette, then said: “In the old days, human beings had a sense of sin. There was a good deal of honesty and goodness in the world, and I used to find many people who tried to take their religion seriously. There was what they called integrity. Voluntary sinners were not plentiful. It often took a lot of money and persuasion to make some individuals act mean and contemptible. In all of the arts, Drama, Opera, Painting, Poetry, I have been portrayed standing in the shadow behind a hesitant human being, coaxing, intriguing, and lying about the fun of going to the Devil. Most of that is just poetic nonsense. Of course, as head of this region for punishment and to keep the demons busy I used to go up occasionally to do a little coaxing. But there has been no need for me or my co-workers to visit the upper world for over fifty years.”

“That’s what I wanted to know,” I replied, while writing down his words just as he spoke them.

Satan continued: “In this century, certainly, no one has to be urged into sin. You have to be a sinner or a nobody. There’s no inducement to act otherwise or time to count the cost. People step into sin because there is no other place to step. I used

to pay a million dollars for a good sinner; now they sell out for any price at all.” He paused. “Now understand, I don’t object to being a symbol of sin, but I don’t originate it—nor push people. Those days are gone.

“After the fall of Adam and Eve I had a pretty good Hell, if I do say it myself. For thousands of years I boiled the wicked in oil, I burned them in brimstone fires, I chucked them head down in suffocating heat. I built a Hell that most religions indorsed, and so far as I know the Hell idea is still printed in their creeds.

“Then they went to work and made a competing Hell on Earth. Civilization, you call it. The money insanity. The destruction of human beings wholesale by fire and poison. Hypocrisy and lying for profit. Jails and more jails for the poor and those who have the courage to revolt. Over all, a pretense of ethics and morals and a veneer of culture. Not satisfied with making the upper world a Hell for everybody including themselves, these brains of business came down here and—forced—*me*—out.

“Me! Lucifer! King! And my ironclad treaty with God to run this place—they said it was no good.”

Then right before my eyes the Old King’s face and all that I could see of his body above the table, turned ghastly green, and he was shaking as one with ague. After a few minutes of heavy breathing he slowly wheezed:

“Listen. I’m an anachronism—a failure—beaten at my own game!” With that, one of his horns fell off his forehead. Tremblingly he tried to adjust it in place.

I waited uneasily until he had recovered vitality enough to continue. Then he said painfully, “Tell the world what’s going on since these Usurpers came.” I told him I would do my best to give a true account of my journey. “Come again,” he said faintly.

The growling horns and low roar of traffic could be heard on the streets below. A radio in a corner of the room was announcing the closing prices of the stock market. I looked at my watch. “Time to go, Your Majesty.”

I held out my hand for a friendly shake. The Old King made a feeble effort to meet it, but his arm fell back limp.

“Beaten,” he repeated in a sad whisper.

My Muse, who had been hovering impatiently around me, said: “The express elevator to the upper world makes one more trip—you’ll have to hurry.” A loud clicking, the call “Going up!”—and I was catapulted back to Earth.





**Of the first edition of one thousand copies  
this book is number**







