

BEAUTY & BRUTALITY

DEAR NEW MASSES:

Let me join the gang of converts. I, too, as one of the editors of the old *MASSES* looked with a mingling of suspicion and foreboding at the first few numbers of the NEW MASSES. This is just to say that (1) I was all wrong and (2) I know why. The NEW MASSES is a continual challenge to the youth that we greybeards of forty thought was dead and decently interred. The December number has actually more life-blood, more of that combination of "beauty and brutality" than any periodical today or, for that matter, (and here you must imagine me gulping hard), the last six or seven years.

Louis Untermeyer

A FARMER SPEAKS

Editor of the NEW MASSES:

I found your favor awaiting me on my arrival from Northern Michigan and since I would not trade my acquaintance with Scott Nearing for all the farms in the U. S. and Canada, I'll try to write down the situation as it appears to me.

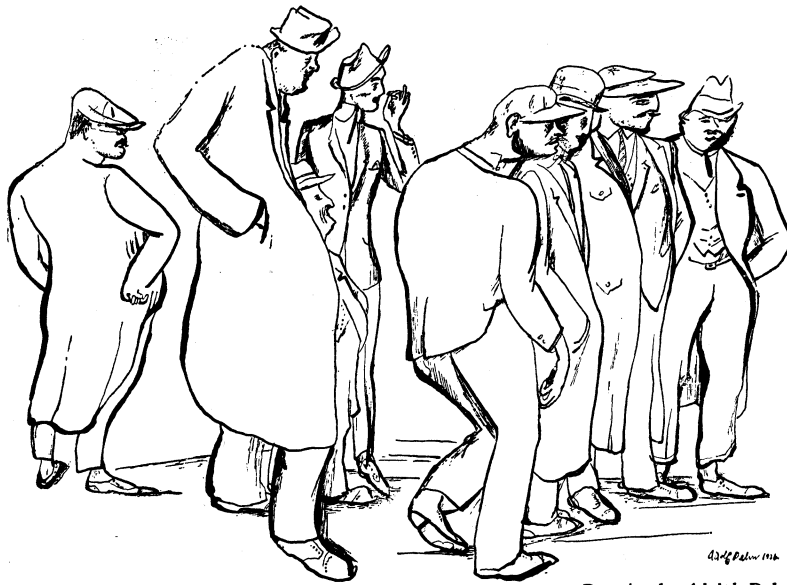
The fictitious values set on farm properties by the tax assessors and the fictitious prices paid for hogs, cattle, wheat, etc., are keeping the young farmers hard at work producing and driving the old "wise guys" to living off the youth whatever victims from the industrial centers they can catch.

Really, the whole situation reminds me of the lady who wanted to take a bath, but "on account of company present, she could only wash down as far as possible and up as far as possible." The economic situation around here never gets real cleaned up because the farmers don't dare look at it.

Five days after the death of our local fertilizer agent, a farmer 72 years old, the court declared him insolvent. Numbers of farmers are trading and selling machinery, shoes, insurance. Some farmers with two and three boys are using two and even three Fordson tractors—hiring out their labor and machinery to keep things going. . .

Industry has captured my two oldest boys, 17 and 19. They come home Saturdays with more money than Dad ever carried in his clothes and leave me a big pasture farm to handle with two little girls and an asthmatic boy of 14. Personally, I'm ready to take a gun and go help put over the English revolution—or any other. I'm completely disgusted, like all the rest of the farmers, that we don't put over our own revolution. I would gladly give my "time and talent," but don't ask a farmer for cash money! Wall Street's got all there is in the country.

George F. Feather



Drawing by Adolph Dehn

FOURTEENTH STREET LOHENGRINS

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 2 JANUARY, 1927 NUMBER 3

Subscription \$2 a year in U. S. and Colonies, Canada and Mexico. Foreign \$2.50. Single copy, 25 cents

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BUSINESS STAFF: Ruth Stout, Manager; Eva Ginn, Advertising Manager.

Published monthly by NEW MASSES, Inc. Office of Publication, 39 West Eighth Street, New York; Michael Gold, President; Egmont Arens, Vice-President; Ruth Stout, Secretary; James Rorty, Treasurer.

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Entered as second class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Subscribers are notified that no change of address can be effected in less than a month.

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A SURPRISE

EDITOR, NEW MASSES:

Ten years ago I was a boy living in the country and my literary education was confined mainly to the *Youth's Companion*, *The Farm Journal*, *The Market Grower's Journal*, and the *Christian Advocate*. I do not believe that anyone in the New England Village could have told me that such a magazine as *The MASSES* was in circulation. I first learned of the old *MASSES* while conversing in a Greenwich Village eating place. What was *The MASSES*? An attempt at sanity, I was told. And sincerity? Yes, that also.

The vague legend of the old *MASSES* did not at all prepare me for the surprise of THE NEW MASSES. Here is a magazine absolutely unique, rendering spontaneously a splendid sanity of effort. Here is a magazine answering to a high purpose, that of endowing life with a certain tangibility of manifestation. Yet it does not conform to a set of rules. The variety of expression is something that I have not found in any other magazine. And that is well; the naturalness of the pattern lends grace. And the energy of the NEW MASSES assures long life.

Charles Edward Smith

BETTER THAN] FOOD

EDITORS, NEW MASSES:

Every copy of THE NEW MASSES since its birth, and particularly the three recent editions have been of profound inspiration to me. As public director for the General Relief Committee of the Passaic Strikers, I have considered that, of the few really worth-while publications which stood arm and shoulder behind our cause. THE NEW MASSES was, and is the most prominent; the message it keeps delivering defies eloquence. It is a Godsend of the working class.

I have just finished reading your December, issue and to say that it is full to the brim with the bitter cry of the Worker, and that the awe-inspiring truth of modernity comes to light, in an age that terms itself civilized, is but putting the matter rather lightly, I believe.

I would far sooner miss my 12 o'clock meal than an issue of the NEW MASSES. I mean it.

Very truly yours,

Leon Blumenfeld

OUT OF THE FOG

TO THE EDITORS:

Great, new stuff. Throwing a little light on a situation that seems hopeless. It lifts me out of the fog of bewilderment and gives me new tools to work with.

Barbs Farrell

San Francisco

MOVING DAY

We are moving to more convenient quarters at 39 Union Square, West, near 16th Street. Our telephone number will remain the same—Stuyvesant 4445. Drop in and get a few back numbers of the magazine to distribute among those friends from whom you are trying get subscriptions. And placing the magazine in barber shops, restaurants and tea-rooms, in doctors' and dentists' waiting rooms is the best sort of propaganda. We will give you, free, all the magazines you can use for such purposes.

1927 SUSTAINING FUND

Our first year will be up on March 1st, and the drive is now on to raise the 1927 Sustaining Fund of \$16,500. Every five dollars, every ten dollars, every twenty-five dollars will help. Send what you can, and soon.

We will need to find some big donors, too, persons who will give a hundred, five hundred, a thousand dollars to the magazine. In every community in America there must be at least one person with money, who, if it were put up to him, or her, would be delighted to help perpetuate a magazine like the NEW MASSES. If you know of such a person, write and tell us how he, or she, might be approached.

Suggestions, pledges, donations should be sent to the NEW MASSES.

THE MARCH NUMBER

Sex and Revolution. Floyd Dell's question—What is the correct proletarian revolutionary attitude toward sex, (answered by Charlie Wood in this issue), has driven the radical philosophers to their typewriters. In the March issue, V. F. Calverton and Upton Sinclair will deal with this engrossing subject from quite opposite angles.

Art for Life's Sake. What is your attitude toward your art, your audience, the machine age and the revolutionary labor movement?—the editors of the NEW MASSES asked a number of artists, writers and critics. The controversy, begun in our January issue, still waxes hot. Some provocative answers will be printed next month.

The Mexican Revolutionary Artists. John Dos Passos tells us how Rivera and a group of rebel artists have put over the revolutionary idea to the Mexican people *visually* with their mural paintings in public buildings.

Prohibition. Charles Erskine Scott Wood, author of *Heavenly Discourses* which enlivened the pages of the old *Masses*, writes an article on the *Great American Farce* in his best satiric vein.

Other contributors to the March issue will be Michael Gold, Lola Ridge, James Rorty, Max Eastman, Scott Nearing, etc., etc. Come on you bad eggs! Subscribe!



Line of Rights Enrolling to Fight the Lefts.

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 2 FEBRUARY, 1927 NUMBER 4

Subscription \$2 a year in U. S. and Colonies, Canada and Mexico. Foreign \$2.50. Single copy, 25 cents

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"HOUSE COOLING"

WE ARE going to move. Instead of giving a house-warming in the new place, we're going to give a house-cooling in the old one. Instead of the usual bourgeois course dinner—50 cents worth of food for \$2.50 or \$3.00—we're going to serve chop suey, speeches, Mexican songs, Negro Spirituals, and if you will help—a *Sight Unseen Auction*—all for one dollar.

Perhaps you got something for Christmas that you don't like—a book you already had, perfume that you don't use, a muffler which doesn't suit your peculiar style of beauty. Or you may be clever enough to think of something screamingly funny to buy. Wrap it up and bring it to the party. This isn't compulsory, but please! The funniest of the NEW MASSES cartoonists will auction off the packages for the surprise and delight of the company. Friends of the NEW MASSES have donated some valuable prizes.

Our place will barely hold 150 people. At our last dinner there were 200. The first 150 reservations will be the lucky ones.

Saturday, January 29th at 6:30. Food and everything for \$1.00.

M. D. PRESCRIBES IT!!

Yesterday a man came into the office (name and address furnished on request) and gave us \$2.00 for a year's subscription. We asked him how he found out about us. He said, "My doctor's prescription calls for a subscription to the NEW MASSES."

So that is what is wrong with everybody! They're all sick. They need the tonic effects of the NEW MASSES.

Now, we want to put this good medicine into the hands of every doctor.

Send us your doctor's name on a post-card and we'll mail him sample copies of the NEW MASSES. We have found that magazines on doctors' tables are wonderful subscription getters.

SPRING FROLIC

The Workers' and Peasants' Costume Ball given by the New Masses in December was such a lot of fun that everybody who was there has been clamoring for another New Masses party. Our much overworked business department has finally yielded to the overwhelming demand. Therefor we announce with Huzzannas *New Masses Artists' Spring Frolic*, a costume ball, at Webster Hall, on Friday evening, March 18th. Tickets will be priced as last time—\$1.50 in advance and \$3.00 at the door. Absolutely no tickets will be sold at the reduced rate at the box office. Special prices to clubs and parties over ten.

NOTHING TO IT

HE HAS been in America seven years. Maybe he's Italian. Maybe Jewish. His English is halting—his attitude nonchalant to the nth degree. Black, piercing eyes. Black, crisp hair. Young.

He hates New York. He's going back to Pittsburg Sunday.

"When I get back," he says, with beautiful casualness, "I'll send you 100 subs a month for six months. Nothing to it. And workers! Every sub I send you will be a machinist or a coal miner!"

The man who introduced him to us says he *can* and will do it—says he stepped into the smoking car on his way here from Pittsburg the other day and got 12 subs on the train.

"What do you do—knock 'em down?" we ask curiously.

He shrugs his shoulders . . . "I get 'em."

He gets 'em. Do you get us? We want you to get subscribers for us—yourself and one other—two others—ten others. The sky's the limit.

We are in dead earnest about this. It is a serious matter. We *cannot* live without subscribers. Do you want us badly enough to keep us alive? It's up to you.

MUST NOT DIE

THE NEW MASSES must not die! I'm sending one hundred dollars to the 1927 Sustaining Fund" writes a good friend from California. Other contributions are coming in in every mail in fives, tens, twenty-fives and fifties. But we must get at least two thousand dollars in this office before March 15th. The time to help is right now. Help sweep the world clean of Mumbo Jumbo. Every dollar that you send is a straw in our broom.

ANTI-OBSCENITY BALL

TO PROVE that to the pure in heart all things are pure, we have decided to call our Spring Frolic the NEW MASSES ANTI-OBSCENITY BALL. (See Page 32)

AN APOLOGY

IN MY article last month on the fight for democracy in the trade unions, I made a mistake in stating that Joseph Schlossberg, secretary of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union, was a member of the heresy-hunting committee to expel left wingers and radicals from the union.

Brother Schlossberg is not on this committee; it is his brother Amalgamated official, Abe Beckerman, who is on it, and is doing most of the slugging, raving, flag-waving and lobbying.

I am glad that an apology is due Brother Schlossberg, and that he has not gone back on his honorable rebel past and joined the trade union Ku Klux Klan. **Michael Gold**



The White Peril

Drawing by William Siegel

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 2 MARCH, 1927 NUMBER 5
Subscription \$2 a year in U. S. and Colonies, Canada and Mexico. Foreign \$2.50.
Single copy, 25 cents

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APRIL NUMBER

Russia. Albert Rhys Williams writes about the extension of the revolution into the villages. He shows how the coming of the tractor into some remote village may be as exciting and significant as those "ten days that shook the world."

And Huntly Carter gives a first hand picture of the proletarianized theatre.

The Intellectuals. Henri Barbusse has issued a manifesto calling upon the Intellectuals to take a position on the side of the Proletarian Revolt. Translated for the NEW MASSES by Mary Reed.

Julian Gumperz tells the story of Georg Grosz, the German caricaturist, who saw all his gestures end in futility until he joined the revolutionary labor movement.

Xavier Guerrero, the Mexican painter, wants to see revolutionary paintings in every union hall, cooperative and workers' meeting place. He tells how they are putting them there in Mexico.

France. "Surrounding Paris like a blood-red necklace on the white throat of a woman is "Le Banlieu Rouge," the Red suburbs . . ."

Hyperion Le Bresco describes these radical communities which are "the shock troops of Communism."

Art and the Machine Age. Ezra Pound, as shown in the present issue, has accepted the revolution as grist for his mill. James Rorty in a brilliant review of Pound's *Collected Poems* shows that this aesthete and troubador is something more than a poseur. On the other hand, Whit Burnett writes a criticism of Pound's *Antheil, and the Treatise on Harmony*. Finally Max Eastman sends, (as his contribution to the controversy started by NEW MASSES *Questionnaire*) a satiric poem, spoofing the machine idolaters.

Other Features. Eli Siegel, author of "Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana" has written a poem for us entitled: "Let Fat Men in Plush Coats Do As They Please a Little" which promises to be the most parodied poem for 1927. Also another knock-out poem by Kenneth Fearing called *Angel Arms*. The usual exciting array of cartoons and drawings.

You Can't Lose! Here's a proposition for the most timid sports. Send us \$2. If you don't get your money's worth in the first issue, we'll refund your money.

MAY NUMBER

OUR first birthday will be marked by all kinds of special fire works, including an extra color There will be a few cheers from the sidelines. Tell us what the NEW MASSES means to you.

"GO SHE MUST"

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, the Kansas sage and prophet, was not quite half right when he said, a year ago: "By this time next year the NEW MASSES will be a memory. We give it six months—and costs!" As this, our twelfth issue, goes to press, the NEW MASSES rounds out its first year. It is true, that by all the known rules of magazine making this should be the end, for the money which we needed to keep the magazine going for its second year was not forthcoming. We discovered, when we tried to raise that money, that radicalism, the once popular parlor sport, has gone out of fashion in the salons of our wealthy liberals. Revolution, having become a reality in Russia and in China, has become more menacing and less amusing, so that now even very tolerant and broad-minded and cultured people, you know, consider genuine radicalism in *rather* bad taste. Frankly, the NEW MASSES hasn't made a very big hit with those people. Even the type of person who supported the old *Masses* and the *Freeman* is inclined to lift eyebrows at us. At any rate, we discovered no revolutionary ardor among wealthy liberals which could be translated into funds for this magazine's support. All of which is the best of reasons why the NEW MASSES should keep right on going.

And *Go She Must!* That's the decision of the artists and writers. That's the decision of hundreds of readers from all parts of the world who have written us sending what small contributions they could afford. On the opposite page the reader is asked to join this adventure of a free cooperative magazine. Every donation, no matter how little, every subscription, every letter of encouragement will add power to our enterprise.

TWO LETTERS

DEAR NEW MASSES:

At one time it was necessary for me to buy six magazines in the chance that I might find something good in at least one. Since the advent of the NEW MASSES all this is unnecessary. I don't read the other six any more. There is more bread, meat and wine in one issue of the NEW MASSES than a year of the other magazines combined. Good luck! Long life!

M. D. Kershner

DEAR NEW MASSES:

I finish reading the NEW MASSES in three or four days. Why don't you have a thousand pages instead of thirty-two so that we wage slaves won't have to read the daily papers or run to the library?

C. O. Nelson



PRIZE FIGHT

Drawing by Aladjalov

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 2 APRIL, 1927 NUMBER 6
 Subscription \$2 a year in U. S. and Colonies, Canada and Mexico. Foreign \$2.50.
 Single copy, 25 cents

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Published monthly by NEW MASSES, INC. Office of Publication, 39 Union Square, New York; Cable Address, NEWMASS, New York; Michael Gold, President; Egmont Arens, Vice-President; Ruth Stout, Secretary.

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BARRED BY CANADA

THE Minister of Customs of the Dominion of Canada has notified us that the NEW MASSES will henceforth be denied the privilege of circulation in Canada. We are informed that under the Canadian law the Minister of Excise and Customs has the authority to refuse entry to publications carrying matter of indecent, seditious or sacrilegious character, but no further particulars were given. We have written to George H. Taylor, Acting Minister of Customs for detailed information as to why the NEW MASSES was barred. In the meantime, we urge our Canadian subscribers to write letters to the Minister protesting against this high-handed censorship.

BARRED BY NEWARK

JOHN L. SMITH, Prosecutor of the Pleas in Newark, New Jersey, is another chap who doesn't like the NEW MASSES, and who proposes to keep people in Newark who *do* like the NEW MASSES from having it. He told our representative that if it were legally possible, he would keep the magazine out of New Jersey. To make a test case, Ruth Stout, our business manager, advised Mr. Smith that she intended to sell the NEW MASSES at a Scott Nearing lecture.

She sold over 100 copies, but no arrest was made. However, we have learned that newsdealers in Newark are intimidated by policemen, and warned against selling the NEW MASSES, and the local wholesaler has cancelled his order "for fear of getting in wrong with the authorities." Newark readers are urged to subscribe, as your Prosecutor of the Pleas will hesitate to go so far in his extra-legal censorship as to tamper with the United States mails.

ONE WAY TO HELP

THE revenue from our advertising helps pay for this magazine. If the advertisers in the NEW MASSES get a response from our readers, they will buy space again. You are urged to read the advertisements and to write to our advertisers regarding their wares, always mentioning the NEW MASSES.

PASSAIC

AFTER 14 heroic months the workers of Passaic have called off their strike. They will continue, inside the mills, their struggle for a union. But only a small percentage so far have been called back to work. Several thousand are still dependent upon relief and will be until they are re-employed. They are in desperate need. They must have help. Send your contribution NOW to the General Relief Committee, 743 Main Avenue, Passaic, New Jersey.

ON BEING RADICAL

It would be amusing to print, side by side, the letters of those who accuse the NEW MASSES of radical partisanship, and those who scorn it for its interest in many aspects of life which do not fit into any particular revolutionary formula. We are accused of being the organ of the Left Wing party, at the same time that paragraph writers on the *Daily Worker* unload columns of sarcasm against our discussion of such human problems as, for example, art and sex.

We may as well be frank. We are against dogma, hypocrisy, and rigidity wherever we find it. We are radical, revolutionary, dynamically for change and growth, and we are impatient with liberalism, compromise and reformism. We are as much against the Socialist puritan as we are against the capitalist puritan. We are as much against a labor-union bureaucrat as we are against Mussolini. Smug formulas and complacent institutions we will attack lustily wherever they seem to stand in the way of human freedom. That kind of a crusade is lots of fun. The writers and artists and readers of the NEW MASSES will not have such a dull time of it.

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS!

With this issue the NEW MASSES begins its second year. The crisis in its financial affairs having been met by the enthusiasm and generosity of its contributors, *already seconded by substantial help from its readers*, it looks like pretty fair sailing for another year.

Several thousand dollars have still to be raised. Yet, if we might count on a donation of only \$1 apiece from each of our subscribers, our deficit would disappear. Send your dollar today as a birthday present!

NEW ECONOMY

Newsstand distribution of the NEW MASSES has been curtailed considerably by our new "economy" policy. The magazine is now sold only on newsstands in the larger cities.

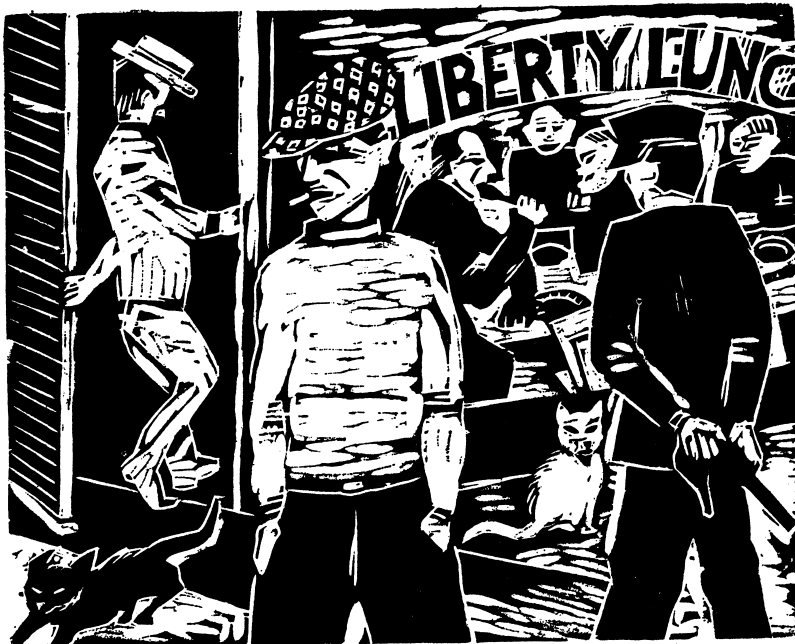
COLOR

The extra color on our cover for this, our anniversary number, has been made possible by a donation made especially for this purpose by an anonymous friend. It costs about \$100 for an extra color. Are there any more such friends?

CORRECTION

DEAR NEW MASSES:

In your issue of April, you stated that the workers of Passaic had called off their strike. This is true of the workers in four of the nine struck mills. In the other mills there was no calling off of the strike, for the mill owners had acceded to the demands of the strikers. *Mary B. Trask*



Woodcut by Hanns Skolle

VOLUME 3

MAY, 1927

NUMBER 1

Subscription \$2 a year in U. S. and Colonies, Canada and Mexico. Foreign \$2.50. Single copy, 25 cents

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HELL, AIN'T IT?

DEAR NEW MASSES:

How about the tenant farmer in the South?

Away from the shouting and weeping in the factory sections of the east where the workers are striving for their rights, are the croppers and the "half and halves," isolated, without leaders and without sympathy.

"Niggers and pore white trash, that's what they are." But they reek with the sweat of labor—true labor. Their shoes stink with the odor of dung. They go unwashed, ragged.

They have a capitalist boss—the landlord. He requires, before tenants are allowed to live on the rusty land, that they plant it all in cotton, and plant it they do for they have no alternative. In the planting season, when they are without money, they borrow from the landlord, at the price of cotton in the spring, enough for the necessities of life, a price which is usually much lower than at the time they pay it back, after the staple is picked.

Gone is the old country doctor. Children, often twenty of them to a family, work in the fields beside their elders, and go without medical attention. School is unknown to them. The extent of their knowledge is limited by the rustic fences which surround their existence.

There are twelve children in the Dawson family. The old man is the son of a tenant. His sons will be tenants; his daughters marry tenants. His wife is heavy with another child.

One of his little girls caught diphtheria from milking their half dry cow in a cold, driving rain. Medicine was scarce. Too far to town. Her cough grew worse.

"Give her some of Jim's corn licker. That's good for colds." The stuff burned. She died in a paroxysm of convulsions.

My NEW MASSES were thumbed and stained where old Dawson had been reading them. His entire reading consisted of what I let him have. I talked to him in his homely old house one night. The rain had washed the mud clinkers from the cracks and the cold wind whistled into the room.

He liked the NEW MASSES. It gave him a spirit. He felt that perhaps some day his conditions would be bettered by some leader who would discover his plight.

He read an article by Michael Gold. The workers in the city were organized. The workers in the country—the poor tenants who don't own the land which they give their labors and their lives to cultivate—are unorganized. And their landlords come in big automobiles to collect their shares.

"It's hell, ain't it?" he said.

Theodore Hutchinson

THANK YOU!

HAVING a birthday is lots of fun, even for a magazine. Particularly when there are so many birthday presents. Every mail is bringing checks from those of our readers and friends who want to join this adventure of publishing "the freest magazine in America."

NOISE WE LIKE

If the barrage of checks continues, our deficit will crumble before the beginning of summer. It is perhaps fitting that our biggest strength should lie in the drum-fire of one dollar bills that is steadily undermining the deficit. A revolutionary magazine ought to depend upon its small arms people. But very heartening, too, is the frequent bang of a five dollar bill landing on the manager's desk, the boom of a ten spot, the roar of a fifty dollar donation, and the positively deafening denotation of a hundred dollar big Bertha! (Quite candidly, we haven't been forced to wear cotton in our ears yet!) No. This war isn't won, by any means. That deficit still looms big. Get into action there, you Bangers, Boomers, Roarers!

TWO AND A QUARTER

THERE'S one other point about this money business that ought to be explained. The subsidy that is granted the NEW MASSES by the American Fund for Public Service is, in practice, conditioned upon our raising certain amounts from other sources, and the money is not released until we can show actual cash donations. The American Fund will match every dollar we can raise elsewhere with one dollar and a quarter. That means every dollar you send us, actually pours two dollars and a quarter into our treasury!

THE DOG DAYS

If we can outlive the summer we are on easy street, for in the fall we can count on some income from lectures and the NEW MASSES Ball in December. But the warm months are our bugaboo. Income from sales, subscriptions, advertising drops lowest during the dog days. So if you are going to help us, do it now!

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

HIDDEN down near the bottom of the middle column of this page is a statement about how to go about getting original drawings, etchings or lithographs which are reproduced in this magazine. It's very simple. Just write us. Many of the drawings reproduced in the NEW MASSES may be purchased at five, ten, twenty-five dollars—a good investment—for some of these artists will be asking and getting hundreds of dollars in a few years. Think what distinction an original Gellert, Gropper, or Gag, properly framed, would add to your library!



Drawing by Fred Gardner

THE ART SEASON OPENS IN WOODSTOCK

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 3 JUNE, 1927 NUMBER 2

Subscription \$2 a year in U. S. and Colonies, Canada and Mexico. Foreign \$2.50. Single copy, 25 cents

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IN THIS ISSUE

William Gropper is now engaged on a book, a novel without words—a story told entirely in pictures—to be called *Wotta Life*. The two drawings *My Uncle—Years Ago and Today* in this issue are sample pages from the book.

Jan Matulka exhibited some very fine canvasses and water colors at the Rehn Galleries during April. He is now engaged in transferring the drawing reproduced in this issue, to stone. Those desiring lithographic proofs should communicate with us.

Art Young is now busily engaged writing his auto-biography—a book we are all eagerly waiting to see. Art says he is going to give the real inside dope on the old *Masses*.

Wanda Gag has gone back to her chickens and her garden, of which you will see a glimpse in her drawing. The house she lives in is called *Tumble-Timbers*. Wanda says it really is a tumble-down house, and that's why she likes it.

Joseph Freeman is back from Russia, with a handbag full of notes and a head full of enthusiastic ideas. We hope he'll stay put among our editors this time.

"What the NEW MASSES needs is a *Max Eastman!*" say hosts of critics, who will be elated to know that Max Eastman has returned from abroad, that he is a member of the NEW MASSES executive board, and that he promises to be a frequent contributor to our pages.

Eugene Leviné, a German radical, was executed by the German Fascists during the revolution of 1923, shortly after he had written the story printed in this issue.

James Fuchs, whose scholarly book reviews have often graced our pages, is giving a few hours of each day to editorial work in this office.

BLACK AND WHITE

OUR regular budget does not allow for the use of an extra color on our covers, so we are back to black and white again, the bright red on the May number having been contributed by an anonymous friend. Our printer says he will print anybody's favorite color on the magazine for \$100. That includes the cost of the extra plates. We're thinking of starting a new list on our letterheads headed: *Contributing Pigmentarians*.

"GO SHE MUST!"

DEAR NEW MASSES:

In these days when almost every American magazine has degenerated to the popular white-washed story and article, it is a sincere pleasure and source of stimulation to read the NEW MASSES, and an honor in the name of free and original thinking to be a cooperator in the work you and your colleagues are doing. You may count upon my efforts, of whatever value they may be, to see you through.

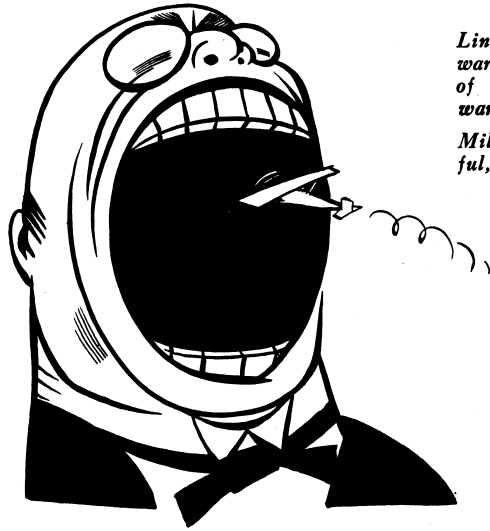
Joseph Vogel

LESE MAJESTE

ON THE complaint of a snooper for a patriotic society, two members of the *Daily Worker* staff were arrested, convicted and sentenced under the obscenity statute for publishing in their issue of March 12, a poem by David Gordon in which America is considerably vilified. It was an immature enough poem and the fatal metaphor of the disorderly house at the end seems to me to lack edge, but if it had appeared anywhere else but in a communist publication it would have caused (except possibly in Boston); no rumpus at all. Well, the editors of the *Daily Worker* can take their medicine; it's part of the game. But when a court convicts the author, a boy eighteen years old, and remands him for investigation by the Probation officer it is quite a different matter. It means that by the accident of being a minor David Gordon is in danger of being sent to Elmira for three years. Think what three years in a reformatory would have meant to you at that age. God knows those years from eighteen to twenty-one are difficult enough under any conditions, but in that factory for hopheads, criminals and perverts . . . David Gordon wrote an article on his life as messenger boy for the NEW MASSES last year. The writing showed vigor and talent. It's the duty of other writers to stick up for him. Are all you writers, whose work, if it has any reality and vigor, is probably in danger of attack from the same source, going to let this boy be sent up to three years of hell without a protest? According to the New York law a writer has a right to say what he pleases if he does not tend to excite obscene emotions in a minor "or other person." Obviously this poem will not excite obscene emotions in anybody. The author's crime is saying "Damn the United States" like the man in Edward Everett Hale's story. Is the majesty of America so feeble that a magistrate has to go out of his way to torture a boy he has caught venting his spleen in a poem?

The question is what can be done? The Civil Liberties Union, we hear, will not touch the case; writers as a class have no feeling of occupational solidarity. It seems to me that it is up at least to every writer who has ever printed the colloquial synonyms for bawd himself, to make it his business to find out about such a case, to write to newspapers about it, to bring whatever pressure is possible to bear on politicians and public officers. As someone remarked when they were drafting the Declaration of Independence, "If we don't hang together, assuredly we will all hang separately."

John Dos Passos



Lindbergh: We do not want war in this country, but one of the surest ways to avoid war is to be prepared for it.
Militarist: You said a mouthful, Lindy!

Drawing by William Gropper

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 3 JULY, 1927 NUMBER 3

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DON'T STOP SHOOTING

THE barrage of dollar bills mentioned in our last issue has suddenly dropped away. Does somebody think the crisis is over? Not by a long shot! It won't be over unless every subscriber comes across with that extra dollar for the Sustaining Fund. Come on, you Dollar Men, we are depending on you. If you fail us now, after all the fine things we said about you in our last issue, our faith in human nature will flop considerably.

TEN DOLLAR MEN

In fact, the Dollar Men have been giving ground to the Ten Dollar brigade during the last week. These fellow-adventurers who send in ten dollar checks seem to realize the gravity of our predicament, and are helping handsomely. We can cut our budget to the bone, and starve our contributors and our staff, but printers and engravers are hard-boiled. They will be paid. Remember, every dollar you send to us now means an extra dollar and a quarter from the American Fund subsidy. *We don't get their money unless we get yours.*

IN HOCK

One of our most brilliant contributors has been hard hit since we stopped paying for contributions. He promised us a story for the July issue. When we went around to see him about it, he told us: "Sorry to disappoint you, but my typewriter's been in hock!"

Let him get what satisfaction he may from this letter received today: "I insist that the quality of the NEW MASSES has gone up considerably since you put the artists and authors on a starvation diet. Is this a demonstration of the value of slow fasting?"

Please, however, let no one hesitate to send money to our Sustaining Fund on the theory that with a full treasury our literary standard would depreciate. We promise you, the artists and authors will be kept in the proper degree of starvation.

YOU BUY BOOKS

Our thrifty business manager has devised a new scheme to bring money into the treasury. "All our readers buy books," she tells us, "Why shouldn't they buy books from us, and so help the magazine?" See our ad on the back cover page.

ERRATA

Floyd Dell asks us to say that in his review of Robert Wolf's *Springboard* he wrote "literary comrade" and not "literary coward" as it was printed.

We also neglected to mention that the Walt Kuhn and Ernest Fiene lithographs in the June issue came to us through courtesy of *Our Gallery*.

Free Speech

Suppression of civil rights, especially the increasing curtailment of free speech in America, is becoming so much more and more a matter of unchallenged routine on the part of the authorities, that the NEW MASSES feels the time has come to make a protest.

The ban on Upton Sinclair's *Oil!* in Boston, the indictment of David Gordon and the *Daily Worker* editors, the censorship of Lindbergh's doings and utterances on board the U. S. S. Memphis, the recent suppression of the "Art" magazines and the police ban on certain plays in New York, are only outstanding illustrations of the growing audacity of those who have assumed to control what the American people shall see and read and think.

The NEW MASSES believes that there should be no limitation of free speech in any manner or form, and that the attempted censorship of the stage, radio, movies, magazines, books and art by the so-called patriots and moralists is not only illegal under the constitution, but decidedly inimicable to advancement of knowledge and of human freedom.

The NEW MASSES invites artists, writers, publishers, etc., to write us their stand on this important question.

Dollars Dwindle

The first enthusiasm of the Dollar Drive seems to have spent itself. We counted on a contribution of at least one dollar from every subscriber to carry us through the summer. Some of you people have hung back. Perhaps you thought we could get along without you. We can't. We need you to fulfill the quota. If you want to do your share to keep the NEW MASSES going, send that dollar bill now.

Wear Your Old Clothes

What is the correct proletarian attitude towards fun? This question will be decided at the NEW MASSES Artists' and Writers Midsummer Night Frolic, scheduled for Tuesday evening August 9th. The program includes a round trip bus ride to Luna Park, Coney Island, starting from our office on Union Square and a combination ticket to the best attractions in the park. The Scrambler, the Love Nest, Trip to the Moon, Mysterious House, The Dragons Gorge, the Witching Wave and the Black Pit are some of the thrillers. All these—and dancing on the wonderful Luna Park dance floor, included in the one big ticket for \$2.00. Accommodations limited to 300. Make your reservations now. See ad on page 27.



Drawing by Xavier Guerrero

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 3 AUGUST, 1927 NUMBER 4

Subscription \$2 a year in U. S. and Colonies, Canada and Mexico. Foreign \$2.50. Single copy, 25 cents.

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Entered as second class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Our First Book

"*Heavenly Discourse* was among the bright meteors that flamed through the pages of the old *MASSES* of which I had the honor to be an editor and the NEW MASSES could do nothing more appropriate, by way of showing its continuity with the old one, than to put *Heavenly Discourse* into a book for younger readers to delight in . . ." says Floyd Dell in the foreword to Charles Erskine Scott Wood's book which has been published by the NEW MASSES in cooperation with the Vanguard Press. This book marks our first venture into book publishing. So that every reader of the NEW MASSES may obtain a copy, and thus share our pride and delight in our first published opus, we are offering a copy free with every new subscription. (See page 2).

New Masses Bound

Paul Johnston, of Woodstock, N. Y., a young artist and book-binder, who undertook the job of making up our bound volumes of the NEW MASSES, has just delivered the first sets, and they are mighty handsome. Covered in flaming red boards, with black leather back, hand-sown, in fact done by hand throughout in the best craft style, the books are beautiful examples of book binding.

Volume I comprises the first six numbers May to October, 1926. Those were the issues printed in the larger size and in color. Volume II contains the November to April, 1926-7, numbers, in the present size and format. Each volume sold singly or together at \$2.50 per volume.

Put one of these books on your library table (where the old family bible used to lie) and watch the respect with which your conservative friends will look at its contents. And you yourself going back over these first numbers will be surprised that the excitement of the drawings and stories was not exhausted in the first perusal. There is something permanently alive in these pages.

Book Bargains

The NEW MASSES Book Service has already more than justified itself in the first month of its activities. Out-of-town readers particularly have been quick to avail themselves of the opportunity of securing books which their local bookstores do not handle. This month we have added to the list of books as special bargain prices. *Any book in print at shortest notice and at publisher's price, post-paid!* Whenever you see a review of a book you want to own, send us your check, and you will get the book by return mail.

Class War Still On

There are probably millions of people in this country who believe that justice has been at stake in the Sacco and Vanzetti case. Many of these people have sent ardent letters and telegrams to Governor Fuller and even to Cal Coolidge telling them so. But there doesn't seem to be a bit of evidence that Governor Fuller, and the dignified and cultured gentlemen who helped him to his decisions, were swayed in the slightest degree by a passion for justice. They didn't ask each other, when they got together behind the closed doors: Are these men guilty? It is much more probable that the question resolved itself in their minds something like this: "What can we, as gentlemen, do about this unpleasant affair?"

That attitude *seems* to include some elements of fairness. It gives the New York *World*, for instance, a fine chance to be self righteous. The *World* is very angry at the radicals who are fighting this thing out along class lines.

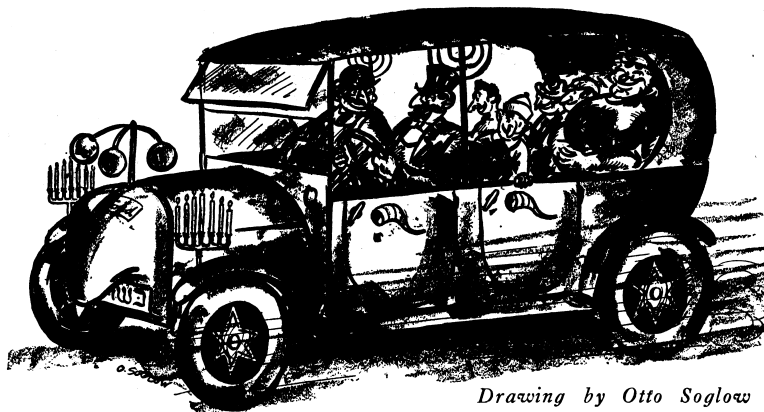
"There is no question about it that the activities of the Communists and Anarchists are the greatest of all obstacles now in the way of a calm reconsideration of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. . . . Annoying as the behavior of the Communists and Anarchists is, they can no more threaten the security of the state than they can fly to the moon. The American system is so firmly established that nothing can really undermine it except the unwisdom of its own rulers."

Exactly. Governor Fuller, and President Lowell of Harvard, and Judge Grant, and Ralph Pulitzer, of the *World*, — these and their class are the state. Fish-peddlers and cobblers and their like may come to them to beg for mercy, but it is preposterous and unthinkable that they should demand it. And it is to the shame of American labor that its protest was so feeble as to be scarcely heard in the Massachusetts capital. The supine attitude of the laboring masses in America regarding this case will strengthen the arrogance and contempt of the industrialists for their hirelings. While the workers, on one hand, are being herded into shop unions, big business is organizing a formidable army, directly under its own control, which will do its demands more unhesitatingly than the sometimes undependable troops of the political state.

"The American system is so firmly established that nothing can undermine it but the unwisdom of its own rulers."

An arrogant statement, but it will continue to be true until American labor is organized into active and militant bodies, who can demand justice, not beg it.

Egmont Arens.



Drawing by Otto Soglow

**THE NEW MODEL
Mr. Ford Apologizes to the Jews**

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 3 SEPTEMBER, 1927 NUMBER 5

Subscription \$2 a year in U. S. and Colonies, Canada and Mexico. Foreign \$2.50. Single copy, 25 cents.

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Entered as second class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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MARSTIN  438 PRESS

"Old Grey-Headed Cop"

In this issue we are printing an eye-witness's description of the Vienna riots, written by a boy of sixteen in a letter to his mother. It ought to make interesting reading for Governor Fuller and the Boston Brahmins, who have been having such a hard time deciding how much they could get away with without precipitating a riot. It ought to be interesting reading too, for any "old grey-headed cop" who happens to be on the Boston police force. The anger of the masses mounts slowly, but once it breaks the barriers it does not discriminate easily between its enemies. It is not soap box orators who provoke mobs to violence, it is black robed gentlemen who are too contemptuous.

New Masses Bound

A permanent file of the New MASSES will add distinction to your library. And the flaming red boards in which these hand-sewed volumes are bound will brighten any book shelf. Volume I comprises the first six issues, May to October, 1926. Volume II contains the November to April, 1926-7 numbers. Each volume sold singly or together at \$2.50 per volume.

Four Times Its Price

DEAR NEW MASSES:

In my copy of the July number was a notice to say that my subscription had expired. I sent a double subscription because NEW MASSES is clearly worth double its price.

To-day came the August number—and again a subscription reminder. (Doubtless my cheque crossed this issue in the post). I return the little green slip with another five dollars—because NEW MASSES is really worth not double but four times its price.

But go easy! Don't put that slip in again!

London. Francis X. Meynell.

Young and Impish

DEAR NEW MASSES:

I like the magazine very much. I can never be sated of Gropper's terrible macabre humor. Wanda Gag is splendid too. Always fresh and young and impish. It was I that first saw her work at her funny little studio flat and got her to contribute to the *Liberator*.

Paris. Claude McKay.

Go She Must!

DEAR NEW MASSES:

I should be only too glad to have you use my stuff without rewarding me financially. The joy of becoming articulate is sufficient recompense to anyone who has something, or even nothing, to say.

Burnham P. Beckwith.

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 3 OCTOBER, 1927 NUMBER 6

Subscription \$2 a year in U. S. and Colonies, Canada and Mexico. Foreign \$2.50. Single copy, 25 cents.

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MARSTIN 435 PRESS

army of people, from all walks of life, forgetting their animosities and making common cause to save the lives of a fish peddler and a shoe maker. Perhaps, for a moment, some of us believed that if all these enthusiasts could be held together for a little while, Sacco and Vanzetti might not have died in vain. Undoubtedly a majority of these people were animated by some variant of the ideal of human freedom. But the entrenched class was too well organized against the onslaught of this gallant and sincere rabble. The idealists were painfully vanquished, and now the army of liberation is dissolved. The philosophic anarchists have returned to their books, the "practical" anarchists to their infernal machines, the Italians have gone back to Mussolini and the Catholic church, the sentimental old ladies to their teacups, the socialists to their red-baiting, the Nation under the caption *Next Steps* says "there ought to be an investigation" of this and of that (what matter?) and the *New Republic* gently chides "the influential members of society" for letting this thing happen:

"They have encouraged foreign-born 'radicals' who believe in violence to hug the delusion. . . . Finally, they have forced liberals who recognize the existence and danger of class-consciousness to question the possibility of uprooting it without the purging calamity of a prolonged and bitter class conflict. . . . Of course, liberals who believe that the hope of mankind depends upon the creative power of human intelligence cannot allow this kind of doubt to paralyze their actions. They cannot join either of the blind and fanatical class conscious sections."

And so forth, and so forth! Only the Communists say: "Organize! Organize!"

Now unfortunately it is the fashion among American intellect-

uals to despise the Communists. "They are always starting a fight. We prefer to think things out." The Communists respond by despising the intellectuals, forgetting that the Russian revolution did not spring from unplowed soil. But they are pretty near right when they shout: "The intellectuals are soft, flabby, sentimental, unrealistic. They are not to be depended upon, betrayers, defeatists. They are afraid of action. Human freedom can only be won by organized struggle!" Guts and brains, in this country at least, have not yet learned to work together.

Sacco and Vanzetti had guts. What a dramatic, what a heroic episode! Two men, before our eyes, walk calmly to death for the sake of an idea. For the intellectuals what noble vicarious experience! No wonder preachers preached brave sermons over Sacco and Vanzetti, editors wrote brave editorials and poets wept and swore and turned out passionate sonnets against injustice.

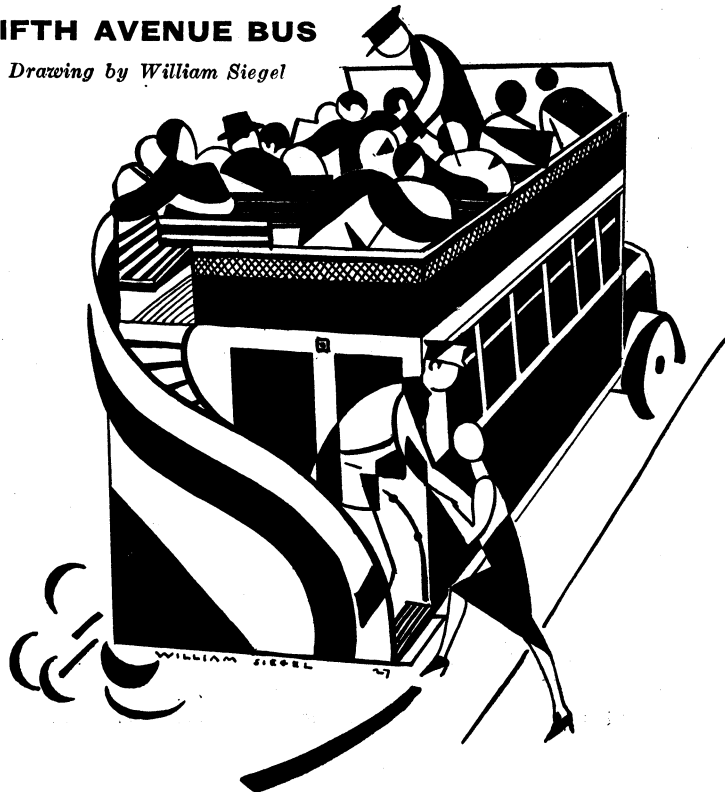
By all means, let's have more of this noble passion. That's what guts are made of. Make him real mad, and the sorriest pacifist looks more like a man. I wonder how many Thayers and Fullers it would take to make, let us say, Papa Villard go on from his inevitable "things are awfully rotten, they ought to be remedied" to "By God, they're going to be remedied if we have to organize and fight!"

The crying need, then, is for some skillful social surgeon who could graft some Truck Drivers' Union glands upon the impotent "creative intelligence" of our intellectual friends. Tough on the truck drivers, but what a rejuvenation!

Egmont Arens.

FIFTH AVENUE BUS

Drawing by William Siegel



ALREADY, no doubt, Governor Fuller's secretary has burned the thousands of telegrams, letters and petitions that piled up high on his desk over the Sacco and Vanzetti killing—and so, to all intents and purposes, the mighty storm of indignation over the execution has spent itself and to little purpose. The governor probably suspected all the time that the edifice of that great furor was held together by unstable cement and that it housed little which would be dangerous to himself and his like. It is true that the combined efforts of outraged liberals, philosophic anarchists and practical (bomb-throwing) anarchists, Christian idealists, anti-capital punishment sentimentalists, patriotic Italians, kind hearted old ladies, platform Socialists and "organize the unorganized" Communists had built up quite a sizeable tower of protest. But the governor con-

sulted some of the best minds of his community—the Lowell advisory committee—and they agreed that the tower would soon fall in a heap and hurt nobody. So Sacco and Vanzetti died.

No sooner were the death dealing juices turned into the bodies of those two martyrs than the great edifice of protest, which was to have awed the Governor, crumbled into dust. One can imagine the smirk on his honor's lips when he read the post execution editorials, not only in the let's-forget-it conservative papers, but also in the wasn't-it-dreadful and justice-must-be-preserved liberal weeklies. And less than a day after the event those ardent and high spirited idealists who had labored so faithfully in the great crusade were calling each other sordid names.

Now there was something very exciting and inspiring in that great

All Power to the Soviets!

As this number of the **NEW MASSES** goes on the newsstands, the celebration of the Tenth Anniversary of the Revolution will have begun in the Russian Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. The dreams of ten years ago are now splendid realities, to observe which great writers and artists and men of science from all parts of the world are now gathering in Moscow.

We shall be hearing from them later, but just now it is well to remember that only ten years ago Russia lay prostrate. She had been led into war by an arrogant, feudal nobility, and her workers and peasants, commanded by dissolute and inefficient officers, had been slaughtered by the hundreds of thousands. Immediately behind the rabble of her defeated armies came terrible visitations of famine and disease.

Upon the foundations of this death and desolation the work of building a worker's world was begun!

While millions of dollars were poured by bourgeois charity into the rehabilitation of devastated France, and millions more into other war areas, the Russian workers and their Bolshevik leaders had to do their job alone, without help; in fact, fighting for their lives against armies sent against them by their late allies; fighting off new visitations of famine and pestilence; fighting a battle of ideas with their critics—the anarchists, the mensheviks, the liberals and pacifists the world over—all that brood of idealists who were too soft to face the ordeal of uncompromising revolutionary struggle.

Now we shall be reading glowing accounts of those ten years' achievements. We shall be conning over statistics which show Russian industry and agriculture surpassing the "pre-war level". We shall hear of the great projects already under way—the great hydroelectric plants which will bring electricity at cost into every Russian home, the enormous factories for the production of tractors, automobiles. We shall learn that Russia has the most progressive educational system in the world; the greatest theatre, surpassing even that of Reinhardt in Germany; a cinema that is challenging Hollywood; a vital new literature; poetry; painting; music; already a cultural life more vigorous, more deeply fused into the bone and blood of its people than any on earth.

Those timid souls for whom the travail of revolution was too unthinkable, will now be coming out

of their shocked attitudes, and we shall hear salvos of applause for these great accomplishments on every hand. While we are listening to the pretty speeches and congratulations from talented representatives of the bourgeois world, let us not fail to do honor in our own hearts to the hard thinking, clear courage, resourcefulness, and *ruthless determination* of the revolutionary leaders. Had they wavered, had they compromised, had they been gentler with their enemies, Russia today would not stand as the hope of mankind.

Egmont Arens.



Drawing by William Siegel

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 3 NOVEMBER, 1927 NUMBER 7

Subscription \$2 a year in U. S. and Colonies, Canada and Mexico. Foreign \$2.50. Single copy, 25 cents.

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BUSINESS MANAGER: Eva Ginn.
Published monthly by NEW MASSES, Inc., Office of Publication, 39 Union Square, New York; Cable Address, NEWMASS, New York; Hugo Gellert, President; Egmont Arens, Vice-President and Treasurer; Ruth Stout, Secretary.

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Entered as second class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscribers are notified that no change of address can be effected in less than a month. The NEW MASSES is a cooperative venture. It does not pay for contributions.

MARSTIN 433 PRESS

The Belt

THE New Playwrights' Theatre has scored a knockout with its first production, *The Belt* by Paul Sifton. Edward Massey's stage direction of the mob scene is the most exciting theatre I've seen in a long day. It's got the attempt of the Theatre Guild to get the same effect in *Processional* pushed right off the boards. I want to add my voice unqualifiedly to Michael Gold's boost on page 23 of this issue. Mike appeals to your loyalty, but I appeal to your love of good theatre.

In view of the fact that highly organized industry, involving high pressure production is an inevitable step in the evolution of human society, Sifton's play raises some interesting questions. *The Belt* is something that has got to be faced even by advocates of a workers' state. Right now Russia is installing modern industrial plants of her own. Are the horrible things that *The Belt* does to minds and bodies of workers inevitable? Or is there a difference between high pressure production in Socialist Russia and in Henry Ford's Detroit? The NEW MASSES would like to hear from workers in some of these capitalistic "paradises." *E. A.*

Two Big Dates

ALL NEW MASSES boosters will mark these two dates in their calendars: *Monday Evening, November 21st*—Bertrand Russell vs. Max Eastman in the best debate of the year, Cooper Union; *Friday Evening, December 2nd*—Russian Anniversary Ball, Webster Hall.

Let's Hike

Dear NEW MASSES: Can't we radicals make use of an idea which is used with great success by churches, charitable and other organizations? These organizations have young folks' leagues, which carry on propaganda and also raise considerable money. Why can't we, friends and readers of the NEW MASSES, also arrange dances, theatre parties, excursions, etc. and in that way enjoy ourselves and raise money to spread propaganda for a new world?

In accordance with the idea of combining good times with serious work, our first meeting will take place on a hike. Those interested will kindly meet Sunday, Nov. 13th, 10 A. M., at the South Ferry Boat House, Battery Place. We take the ferry to Staten Island and hike to Clove Lake. Bring lunch, friends and your best spirits. Wear a red something to identify yourself and ask for the undersigned.

H. Jaffe.



Mexican Workman

From a Photograph by Tina Modotti

NOT since the strike of 1913-14 have the miners of Colorado risen in widespread revolt against the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. Thirteen years ago the strike was fought frankly with gunmen—not only ordinary gunmen, but organized gunmen subsidized by the state and otherwise known as the state militia. The bloody business reached its climax at Ludlow, where miners and their families—thrown out of the company houses—were living in a tent colony. On the morning of April 20, the state militia led by an officer who told his men to “shoot every God damned thing that moves” poured their soft-nosed bullets into the tent settlement. Estimates of the dead ran from 25 to 45—including two miners’ wives and 11 children found dead under a cellar floor.

After 1914 powerful forces combined to keep the miners in subjection. Rockefeller openly declared that he would rather lose all the millions invested in the coal fields than recognize the union there. A great philanthropic institution, the Rockefeller Foundation, entered the field and organized the most famous of the company unions—the Rockefeller Plan.

The only thing it lacked was the interest of the miners. There is a statue at Ludlow—a statue of of a miner’s wife with a child in

her arms—with this inscription:

To the memory of the men, women, and children who lost their lives in freedom’s cause at Ludlow, Colorado, April 20, 1914. Erected by the United Mine Workers of America.

The miners knew that the company union was planned by the same boss who stood behind the Ludlow massacre, that the schools and houses and bathtubs and clubs were the gentler part of the same plan to defeat their own union.

So again in 1927, in spite of the Rockefeller plan, the miners are on strike, 10,000 strong. Only this time it is not the United Mine Workers but the I.W.W. which is leading the fight for decent wages and the right to organize. So far the guns have not been called into action. The only violence recorded is several attacks on pickets, during one of which Matilda Sabilio, a girl picket of 19, was ridden down and seriously injured by a mounted mine guard. Since 1914 Colorado has passed laws designed to prevent or defeat strikes. Legal sabotage has been employed so far against the 1927 strike. The State Industrial Commission refused to listen to the pleas of the I.W.W. because “it is not a representative union”—even though the mines are idle. And Governor Adams, tool of the C. F. & I., has denounced them as “un-American.” A law passed since 1914, makes a

crime of “inciting to picket” and mass arrests are being made. A few days ago, 30 organizers of the I.W.W. including Kristen Svanum, who contributes our leading article, were arrested.

And the sabotage has not come entirely from the Rockefeller camp. The American Federation of Labor, which supported the miners so valiantly in 1914, has become since then less a labor organization than a red-baiting society. It was inevitable that when the strike was called, Earle Hoage, president of the Colorado Federation of Labor, should announce that his organization would not take part in the strike, *although they believed that the miners had a just grievance*, because the I.W.W., he said, are “renegades.”

But in spite of all this, the workers are still on strike, the mines are still idle. And C. F. & I. officials are saying ominously that

without the aid of the state militia they can do nothing but close down or capitulate. Once more the miners have been thrown out of the Rockefeller houses. Once more they are living in tent colonies. Will the statue of Ludlow keep the machine-guns silent? Or must there be another massacre—another statue—before the dime-giving Rockefellers find out that the miners prefer freedom even to bathtubs?

Dance! Dance! Dance!

Webster Hall will be the scene of a mad revel—color, joy, laughter—bright sashes, boots and kerchiefs—when the jazz band strikes up on the night of Friday, December 2nd. They’ll all be there with their dancing feet—Russians, Gypsies, Bohemians, Pirates and Buccaneers. Come and dance *your* cares away at the NEW MASSES Workers and Peasants Ball.

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 3 DECEMBER, 1927 NUMBER 8

Subscription \$2 a year in U. S. and Colonies, Canada and Mexico. Foreign \$2.50. Single copy, 25 cents.

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