

NEW MASSAGES

**JUNE
25c**

In This Issue

**GZARDOM OR
DEMOCRACY
IN THE UNIONS**
By
EUGENE LYONS

*Articles and
Book Reviews by*

**JOSEPH FREEMAN
MAX EASTMAN
SCOTT NEARING
FLOYD DELL
ROBERT DUNN
CHARLES W. WOOD
PAXTON HIBBEN
JIM TULLY
GENEVIEVE
TAGGARD
KENNETH FEARING
JAMES FUCHS**

*Drawings and
Cartoons by*

**HUGO GELLERT
ART YOUNG
WM. GROPPER
WANDA GAG
JAN MATULKA
WM. SIEGEL
ETC.**



GROPPER

SAILOR SAM: "NO YELLOW CHINESE RED CAN BULLY ME!"

THE FREEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD IT DOES NOT EVEN PAY FOR CONTRIBUTIONS

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One Dollar From Each

of our subscribers would wipe out the *New Masses* deficit for the coming year. That we are now able to announce this fact marks an achievement of which we are very proud. We cut our budget almost in half. They told us it couldn't be done. "The artists and writers won't cooperate," they told us, "and you can't run an office efficiently on volunteer help!"

The Artists and Writers

came across in grand style. "Writing for the *New Masses* without pay," said one of our contributors the other day, "becomes a sort of game and it's a game I like to play." "I think the magazine is much better since you stopped paying for contributions," writes another contributor. "But please keep it quiet. The idea might spread, and then what would we poor writers do?"

Our Wonderful Office

staff is the envy of all liberal and radical organizations. Last February Stuart Chase audited our books for the Garland Fund. He wrote in his report: "*The New Masses is being run with a staff which is neither too large for the work in hand, nor overpaid from the standpoint of salary rates in other liberal magazines. Arrangements for printing the magazine are now on an economical basis. Space is adequate, but the monthly rent is not exorbitant. I found no evidence of waste or excessive costs of production as the magazine is now operated. . . . Finally, I should like to point out that never in my rambles among the books of radical and liberal organizations have I found a better bookkeeping system, in better order, than that which distinguishes the New Masses.*"

Since then we have cut office expenses almost in half. Some of our most efficient helpers donate all or part of their time.

And our circulation is growing! That's what makes it so exciting.

Our Gallant Readers

will want to play this game of publishing the freest magazine in the world with us. The writers and artists are contributing about \$600 worth of material each issue. (Figure it out—at \$20 a page. Most magazines pay five times that.)

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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

HERE'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

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Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope.

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



Drawing by Fred Gardner

THE ART SEASON OPENS IN WOODSTOCK

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 3

JUNE, 1927

NUMBER 2



NICARAGUA



WALL STREET

HUGO GELLERT

Drawing by Hugo Gellert

BRINGING HOME THE BACON



Drawing by Hugo Gellert

BRINGING HOME THE BACON

CZARDOM OR DEMOCRACY?

NEEDLE TRADES CONFLICT ONLY ONE PHASE OF THE LIFE-AND-DEATH STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE A. F. OF L. BUREAUCRACY AND THE RANK-AND-FILE

By EUGENE LYONS

At first the trouble in the needle trades seemed confusing. There were charges and counter-charges, allusions to past struggles, bewildering alliances between socialists and professional red-baiters, fraternizing of bosses and walking delegates in the best Civic Federation manner, a loud smacking of lips in the editorial columns of the big dailies. But since then the situation has been simplified. A composite picture has emerged which any child can grasp. It is approximately this:

Those Communist Gangsters!

A bunch of communist scoundrels and gangsters acting upon orders from Moscow forced 35,000 cloakmakers into an illegal strike. The strike was expensive, mismanaged, violent, and threatened to disrupt the union. Whereupon the long-suffering national officials of the union rose in righteous wrath to avenge the wrongs endured by the workers. They were instantly joined by other forces of righteousness—the highest authorities in the American Federation of Labor, the leaders of the Socialist Party and even the organized employers. Headed by Matthew Woll, they marched upon Moscow's scoundrels and cast them out, as the brass band of editorial writers struck up *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

Such is the picture as presented, let us say, by the *New York Times*, the *Jewish Daily Forward* or the *American Federationist*, merely allowing for differences in style and shading. Even the *Nation* generously gives its limited space to a reproduction of substantially the same picture, done by an "impartial" observer—by the same Benjamin Stolberg who in August of 1925 "exposed" the communists in the *New York Times*, told their real names, their wicked underground plottings, the amounts of gold received from Moscow and the rest of the Fred Marvin effects.

Enter the A. F. of L. Heroes

What's wrong with the picture? That it is badly out of focus, distorting the story of the strike itself, is easily demonstrated. But after all that is detail: in the larger panorama of events the strike loses significance. Far more serious is the deliberate foreshortening which has obscured the deep background of events. Efforts to expel the left-wing opposition leaders were made repeat-

edly before the strike. The expulsion included a local which did not take part in the strike at all—dressmakers' local 22, the largest in the union. Moreover, the furriers' leaders shared the fate of their comrades in the ladies' garment union, although the furriers' strike was admittedly successful.

The cloakmakers' strike is brought far into the foreground to hide the real issues involved, issues which predate the strike and concern not alone the needle trades but the whole labor movement. For many years, particularly since the war, officials of the American Federation of Labor have been suppressing rebellion in their ranks, showing on the surface in outlaw strikes, organized opposition minorities and an ominous grumbling. Officials in the needle trades unions likewise have been contending with rank-and-file rebellion. What has happened in the last six months is that the natural alliance between the two sets of officials, until then tacit, has become open. The needle trades have become the focal point in a united fight against the whole progressive wing of the labor movement, with the A. F. of L. directing operations.

To understand the alliance and its purposes it is necessary to trace back briefly the parallel struggles—in the A. F. of L. and in the needle trades—leading up to it.

God Help the Poor Workingman!

Those who are now crying "communists!" in chorus with Green, Woll, Frayne and the bourgeois press can scarcely deny that the A. F. of L. is controlled by a machine deeply entrenched and chiefly interested in its own perpetuation. They, and among them the right-wing leaders of the needle trades unions, have too often in the past complained against the trade-union oligarchy, have indeed too often themselves challenged the reactionary domination of the old-line bureaucrats.

Before the war, rank-and-file discontent with the machine usually resulted in dual organizations. The non-conformists expelled themselves. But after the war the tendency more and more was to remain within the union, to organize against the machine and often to act in defiance of the machine.

Outlaw strikes became frequent. In 1919 the railroad shopmen met President Wilson's refusal to grant wage increases with an unauthorized strike. In 1920 the anthracite miners

began their "vacation-strikes" in protest against the award of the coal commission. In the same year the outlaw strike of railway men took place. Insurgent movements appeared in the bituminous coalfields of Illinois and Kansas, in the shoe towns of Massachusetts, even in the conservative ranks of the Typographical Union, whose New York members conducted the dramatic outlaw strike which deprived New York of its newspapers.

At the same time progressive minorities in many unions came out openly in opposition to the ruling officials. Generally they demanded a more militant attitude towards employers, more democratic control of union policies and official activities. The Trade Union Educational League was organized under the leadership of William Z. Foster in an effort to give the opposition cohesion and direction.*

Immaculate Priesthood Casts Out Red Devils

The manner in which the officials proceeded to stamp out this growing opposition is a much-told tale. The socialists now aligned with the A. F. of L. bureaucrats did much of the telling. Outlaw strikes were suppressed ruthlessly. Because he spiked the pressmen's strike in New York in 1923, Major Berry became the hero of the A. F. of L.—nearly received the Democratic nomination for Vice-President for his exploit. Organized minorities who attempted to "bore from within" were expelled. Various Internationals threw out obstreperous members. Usually the ground for such action was alleged membership in a dual union—the T. U. E. L. being classed as "dual" for this purpose. Members and sympathizers of the communist party were summarily expelled, but the technical excuse was generally some alleged breach of union rules or discipline. The A. F. of L. endorsed these expulsions.

Finally the policy was carried a step further. All pretense of constitutionality was dropped. The holding of communist views was made in itself sufficient ground for expulsion. The last convention of the United Mine Workers of America amended its constitution to put communists in the same class with bootleggers and members of the Civic Federation as ineligible to membership. It was left

* Sylvia Kopald tells the story of the opposition and its suppression fully and interestingly in *Rebellion in Labor Unions, Boni and Liveright, 1924.*

to the union officials to decide who and what is a communist.

This important step, making political opinion a criterion for eligibility to a labor union, has not been duplicated as yet by the A. F. of L. But in practice President Green and his associates have endorsed the new policy. "There is only one way to handle a communist," says William Green in the *American Federationist*: "Make public his affiliation and expel him."

When Socialism Fought Tyranny

The socialists, including most of the leaders of the needle trades organizations, opposed the high-handed methods of the A. F. of L. in suppressing minority movements. The names of Gompers, Woll, of most of the leaders of the New York Central Trades and Labor Council, were anathema to the socialist. And the A. F. of L. bureaucrats repaid this dislike in ample measure.

Not only did the official organ of the Socialist Party, the *New York Leader*, which was unofficially the organ of the needle trades unions too, recognize the outlaw pressmen's strike in 1923, but it fairly ran over with denunciation of "Czar" Berry and the A. F. of L. machine behind him. Likewise the *Jewish Daily Forward*. And as recently as last year the *New Leader* came out for Brophy's progressive wing against the Lewis machine in the miners' union.

Rank-and-File Rebellion

Nevertheless the needle trades were simultaneously confronted with dissension in their own ranks. As early as 1912 officials of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union forced out Dr. Isaac Hourwich over the protest of the membership expressed in a referendum vote. Incidents of this type multiplied. Usually they were the result of rank-and-file demands for a more direct voice in the conduct of union affairs—protests against the tendency of the office-holding family to become rigid and distant from the mass of workers. After the war these demands and protests assumed the proportions of mass rebellions.

I shall summarize the course of events in the I. L. G. W. U. because there the struggle was most intense and the stake of the A. F. of L., with which it is affiliated, most evident. The chief grievance was occasioned by an antiquated system of represen-

tation at conventions and Joint Boards, the bodies governing groups of locals in given cities. The constitution provides that charters creating new locals may be granted to seven members; and that two of these may then go to conventions as delegates. Locals containing thousands of members receive only one delegate for each thousand. This arrangement, intended theoretically to protect small locals against the tyranny of large ones, in time became a means of nullifying the will of the vast majority.

It's Easy If You Know How!

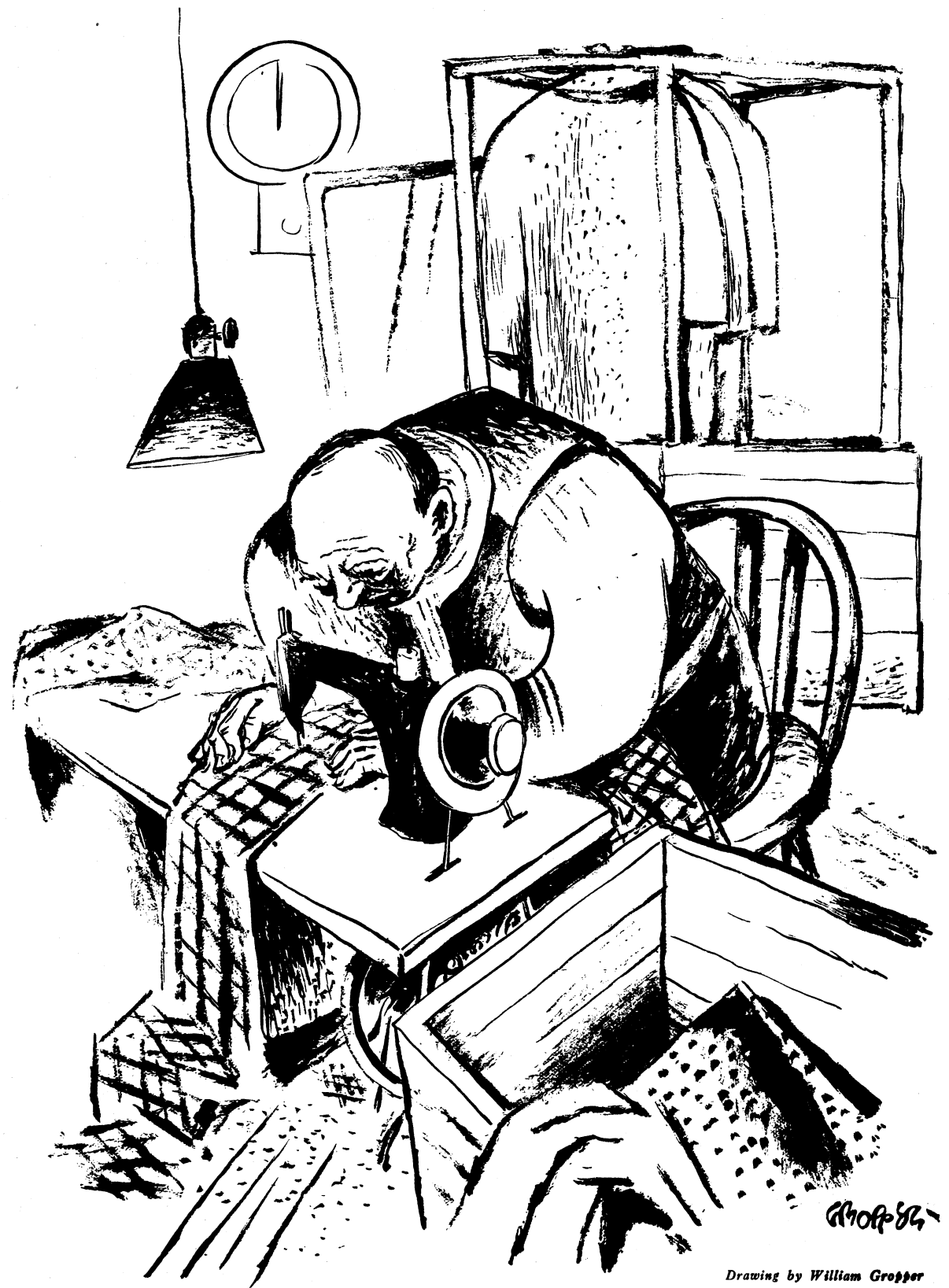
As the national officials are elected by the convention, a coalition of small locals with a negligible total membership may easily outvote the great majority on all questions, elect the officials and dominate the organization. Representation on Joint Boards is similarly by locals rather than membership. There is no question that many small locals come miraculously into being just before conventions to vote with and for those who issued the charters; and that others are kept alive by treasury subsidies although they have ceased to function in the industry.

Under these circumstances the national officials have a permanent stranglehold on the union. Rank-and-file opinion has no outlet. The obvious corrections for this situation are proportional representation and direct election of officials. And these were the chief demands of insurgent groups from the beginning. They are the chief demands to-day. The cry of "communism" and the hysterical accusations centered around the conduct of the strike have blurred this issue—which is exactly what they were intended to do.

Roll On! Steam Roller—Roll!

The rift between the membership and the national officialdom was sharpened by the difficulties in the garment industry as a whole. Simplification of styles caused unemployment. Employers moved their shops out of town to evade union conditions. An ever larger number of workers felt that the old leadership was unable to cope with these difficulties, that it was too content to rest on its laurels. They did not deny that the laurels were hard-earned and well-deserved. But they clamored against what they considered inertia and collaboration. They asked for some action against the bosses. They asked for amalgamation of the various needle trades unions as a means of strengthening their organization and curbing the bosses.

Whatever the merits of the grievances, the fact is that the workers found no ready channel for their



Drawing by William Gropper

MY UNCLE — YEARS AGO

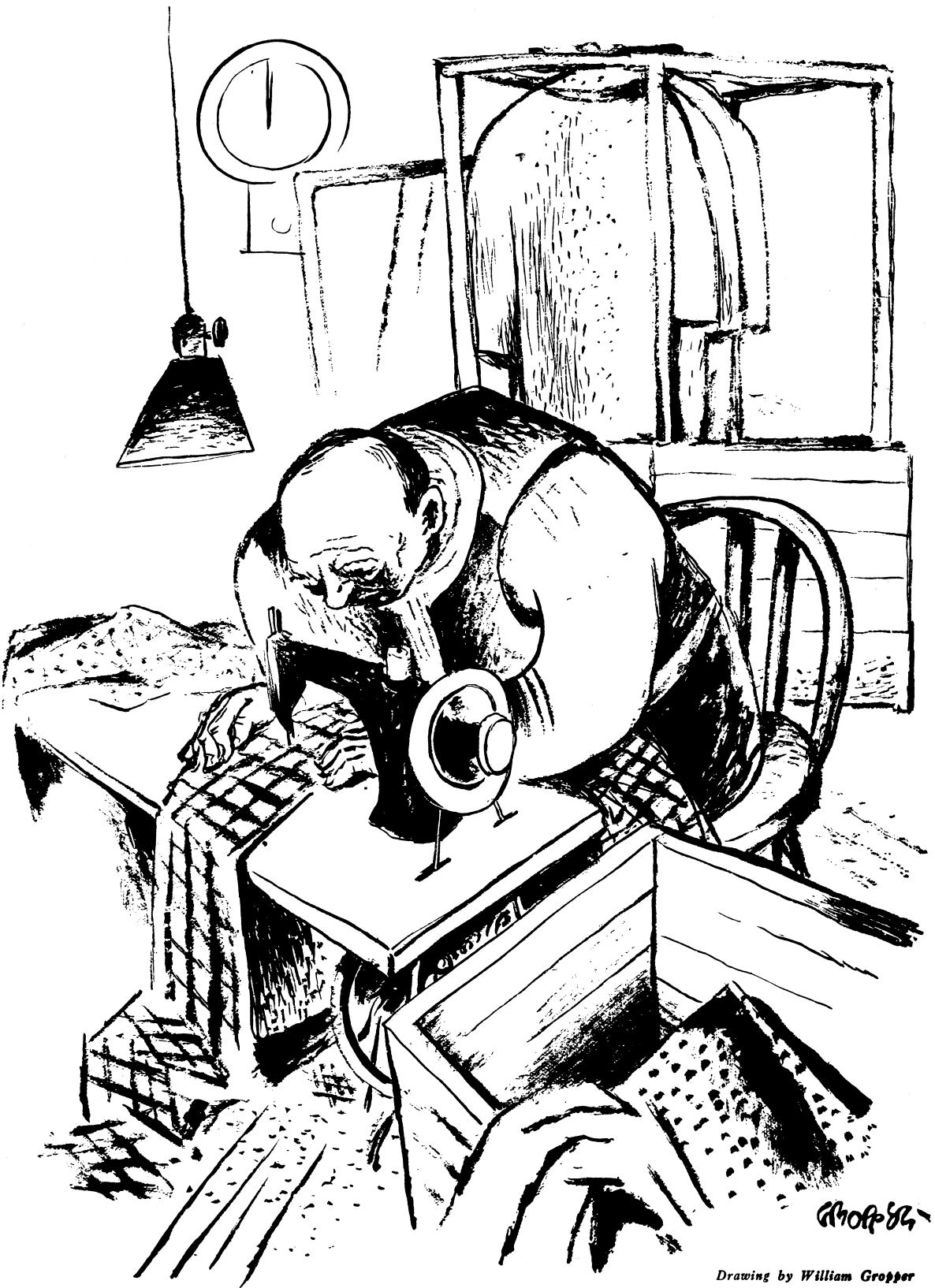
protest. Their spokesmen were expelled. Their delegates were deprived of votes. Their locals were broken up as soon as they waxed too strong. Seeking some form of direct control, garment workers eagerly seized upon the "shop delegate plan," under which shop chairmen met to discuss union affairs—supplementing though not superseding the established union machinery. In 1922 local 25 adopted this plan, whereupon it was quickly dissolved and "reorganized" by the national officials. The leading

advocates of the plan were attacked as disrupters, gangsters, etc., and expelled singly and in groups. Delegates who came to the convention that year prepared to protest the "reorganization" of local 25 were unseated on absurd pretexts. When one of the "reorganized" locals, 22, again went red the following year, 19 of its officials were expelled.

Soon thereafter the Trade Union Educational League was formed, rousing the officials to even fiercer suppressionist tactics. The bugaboo

of communism emerged; the T. U. E. L. was declared a dual union; expulsions multiplied. At the 1924 convention delegates of the largest locals were unseated on the charge of League membership. The immediate effect of these suppressions was the strengthening of opposition sentiment.

Left-wing leaders, a few of them communists, were voted into control of locals 2, 9 and 22 on a program calling for proportional representation, amalgamation of all needle



Drawing by William Gropper

MY UNCLE — YEARS AGO

trades unions, the ending of the expulsion policy, elimination of corruption, election of officials by direct vote. These three locals with an aggregate membership of 29,000, however, were outvoted in the New York Joint Board by the delegates of ten small locals whose total membership was only 21,000. Their victory did not disturb the control of the industry.

But these locals, conscious of their numerical strength, took the lead in the fight against the national bureaucracy. They pressed for practical measures for amalgamation, to which the union was pledged in theory. They also pressed for action against the employers. The workers wanted greater control of the jobbers, increased wages, the 40-hour week, etc. The left-wing believed that a strike to enforce such demands was inevitable and that delay would merely make the strike when it did come more difficult and hazardous. The action of the union in submitting the demands to a State commission was denounced as futile temporizing.

Out Damned Spot!

The upshot of the conflict was the expulsion of the insurgent locals in 1925. The technical pretext was a charge that the left-wing officials had conducted communist demonstrations under guise of union May Day celebrations. No one took this charge seriously. The basic conflict which led to the expulsions was too well known. The locals were ordered to hand over their funds, books, buildings. When they refused to recognize the expulsions, the headquarters of locals 2 and 9 were seized by force. Local 22 defended its building to prevent a similar seizure. Day and night union men and women guarded their headquarters. The press played up this dramatic struggle, huge mass meetings of workers denounced the Sigman group, and the International got small enough satisfaction out of its exploit. A "trial" of the 77 left-wing officials, staged by the same men who first expelled them without trial, of course found them "guilty."

A sixteen weeks' struggle ensued. The expulsion had proved an empty gesture. The three locals remained intact. Through a "Joint Action Committee" they fought for reinstatement. The International, crippled by the non-payment of dues by the expelled locals, capitulated. In September it signed a "peace treaty" with the insurgents. The locals and their officials were restored to their place in the union. The right-wing agreed to abolish the expulsion policy, to cease discrimination against members on account of political beliefs or affiliations—and most important, to arrange for a referendum on the question of proportional representation. A new election was held. Not

only were all the "guilty" officials re-elected, but pressers' local 35 joined the ranks of the left-wing. Louis Hyman became manager of the New York Joint Board.

A special convention took place in Philadelphia in December to enact the "peace treaty" into law. But the ancient methods of machine control were again invoked. Sigman and his supporters sought to evade the enactment of proportional representation. The left-wing delegates thereupon abandoned the convention. They did not return until a compromise was evolved by which the union undertook to submit the question of proportional representation to a referendum within six months after the convention.

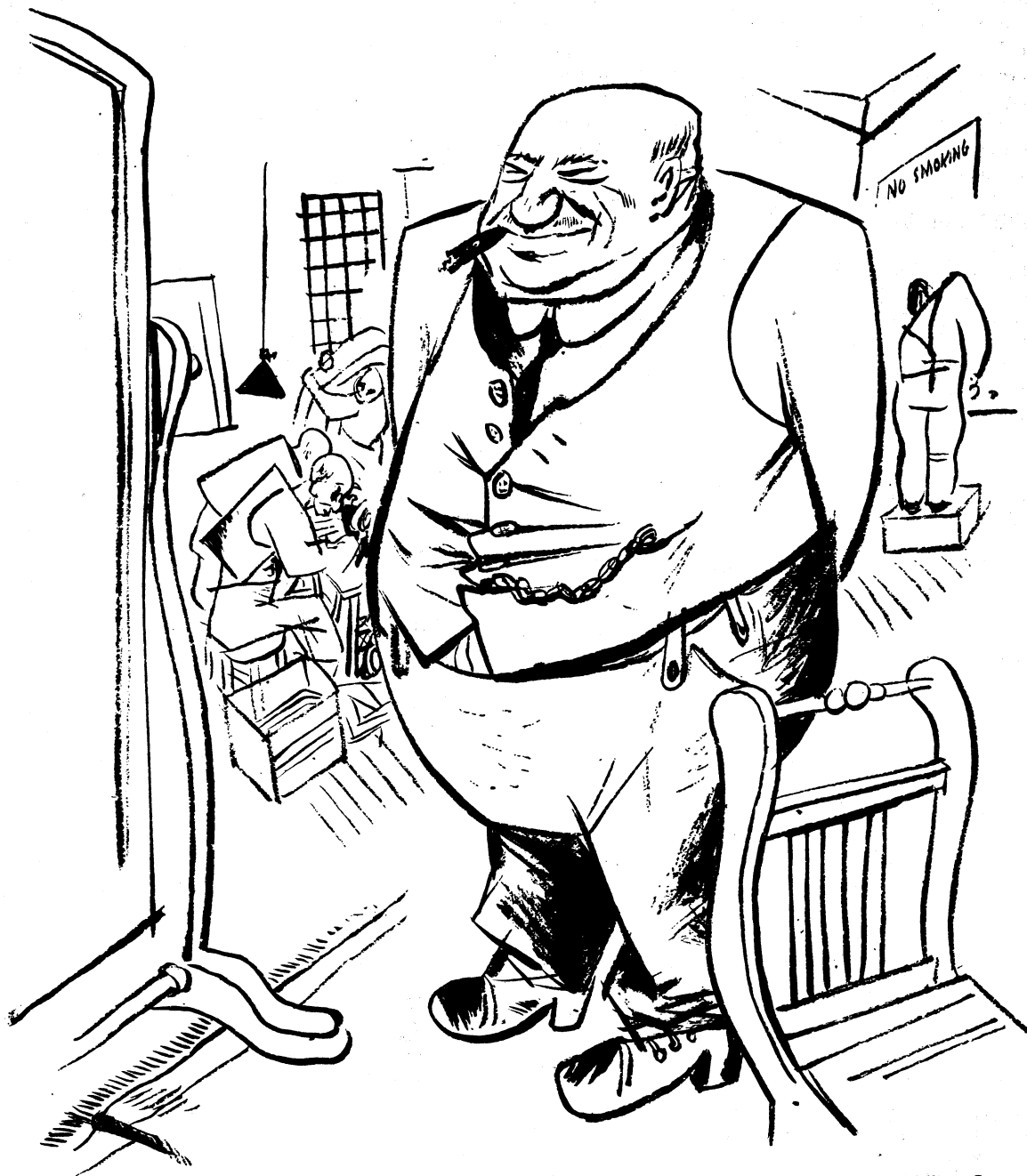
The vote on this crucial issue has never taken place. The cloakmakers' strike was given as an explanation for postponement. Now the need for

"eliminating the communists" is given as an excuse for further delay. It is safe to prophesy that the issue will not be submitted to a vote unless the controlling officials have assured themselves first that the result will be to their liking.

How A Good Right Wing Strike—*

As to the cloakmakers' strike: The demands for which it was fought were formulated by right-wing International officials in 1924 and approved by a referendum of the members. The two-years' delay occasioned by leaving the matter in the hands of the governor's commission proved useless. The commission's report was unsatisfactory to the workers. The one point on which the union was sustained—limitation of the number of contractors working for any one

* See next page, column one.



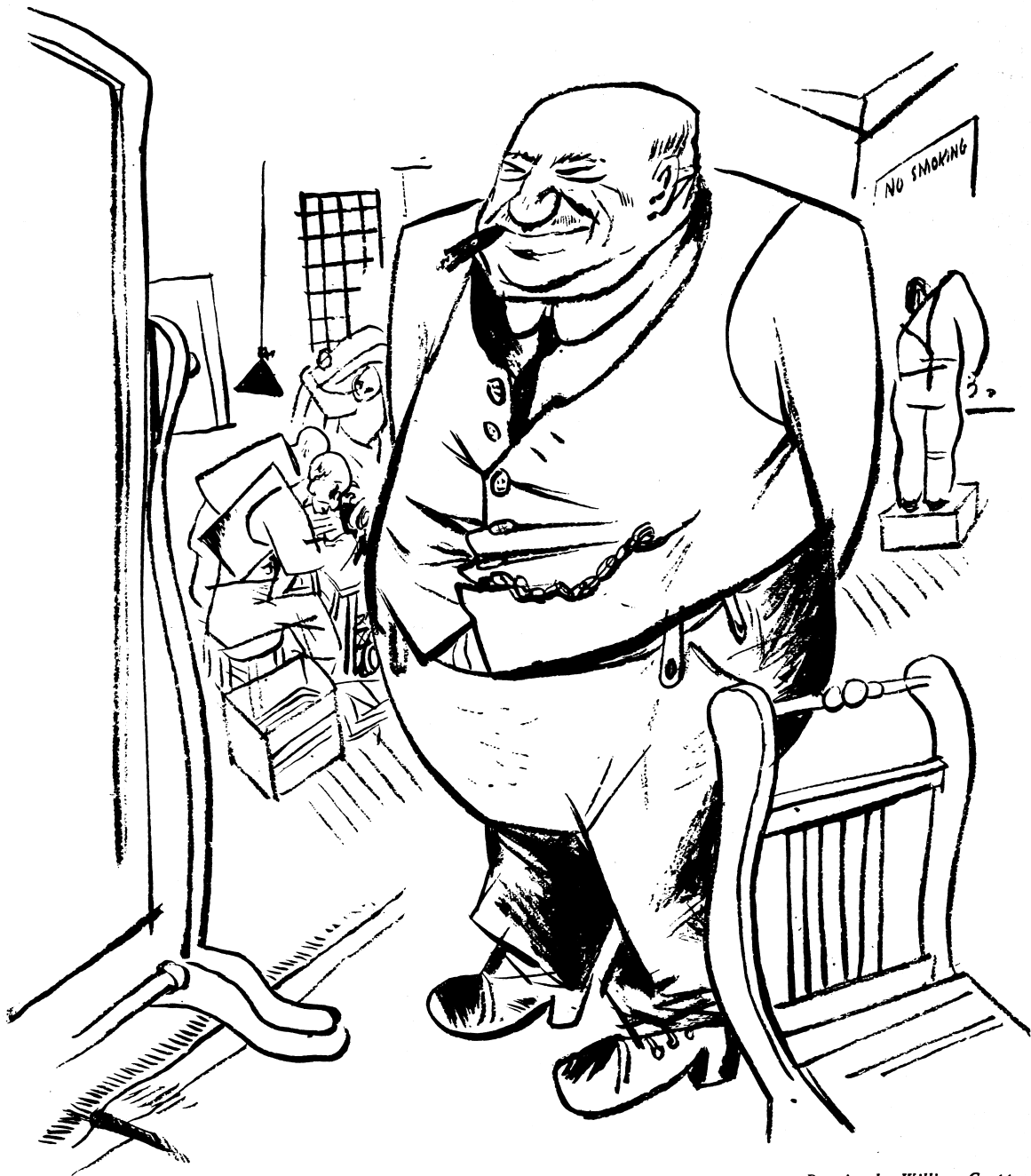
Drawing by William Gropper

MY UNCLE — TODAY

jobber—was rejected by the jobbers, representing 75 per cent. of the industry. The strike was not to be avoided. Certainly the workers involved were unanimous in supporting it.

On June 29, 1926, a mass meeting of members at Madison Square Garden considered the situation. President Sigman himself urged a strike and pledged his all to make it victorious. Telegrams from President Green of the A. F. of L. and other conservative leaders promised support. None of the objections now advanced against the strike was made then. They were invented later.

On July 1 the strike was begun. Ostensibly the right-wing was cooperating. Its officials were placed at the head of strategic committees, among them the Finance, Law, Out-of-Town and Settlement Committees. Every dollar spent during the strike



MY UNCLE — TODAY

Drawing by William Gropper

went through the hands of a right-wing treasurer. Later charges of excessive expenditures, bribery, etc., have manifestly not been made in good faith. The strike was fought against tremendous odds. Despite its outward co-operation the right-wing was anxious to discredit the left leaders; it was still smarting from the humiliation of the 1925 expulsions and reinstatements. And the bosses, aware of powerful forces inside the union to which they could appeal, played the "communist" bugaboo strong. Employers' advertisements charging control by Moscow, etc., read curiously like the statements being issued daily by Woll and Sigman at present.

Sigman himself filed a sworn statement which gives the lie to most of his present accusations of illegality and mismanagement. In connection proceedings for an injunction he swore in part under date of September 20—ten weeks after the strike began—as follows:

"I hereby deny all allegations to the effect that the general strike now pending in the cloak and suit industry in the City of New York is an unlawful strike. . . . On the contrary, I aver that the said strike was forced upon the workers in the industry; that it is being conducted by them for the protection of their vital economic interests, and that their struggle is not only legitimate but highly meritorious and one that should commend itself to all right-thinking men. . . ."

Referring to charges that the strike was a "communist plot," Sigman swore:

"The moving papers seek to represent the strike as something different from the ordinary labor struggle; a sort of sinister movement against law and order led by communists for political purposes. I absolutely deny the said statements. . . . Whatever the individual political persuasions of any union official may be, they do not and cannot enter into the present controversy or influence the conduct of the workers in any way. The pending strike is solely and exclusively an economic trade union struggle."

Became a "Communist Plot"

The accusations of illegality, communist plotting, etc., made by the same Sigman soon thereafter are contradicted by his own testimony. The courts issued injunctions. The employers stirred up public ill-will by the usual red-scare methods. Relief funds grew ever scarcer; despite promises of help from the A. F. of L. none was forthcoming. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, in the past so generous in its contributions, came across with a paltry \$25,000; the reason for this miserliness is perfectly evident in the present participation of the Amalgamated in the general onslaught against the communists. A lot of New York work, moreover, was being done out of town and the right-wing national officials were notoriously slack in preventing it.

At the end of twenty-two weeks a settlement covering a portion of the

strikers was concluded. It granted the demands only in part. It was extremely disappointing as a whole—the best that could be obtained after a heroic fight against a combination of adverse conditions, including internal sabotage. Negotiations for the remaining strikers were in progress.

Suddenly these negotiations collapsed. The employers declared a lockout. While the lockout never went into effect, it served as signal for seizure of control of the strike by the right-wing. Belatedly the national officials discovered that the strike was illegal, mismanaged, violent—in



Drawing by John Reehill

"I'm a nice girl, I am!"

short, merely a "communist adventure." Many of their charges reflected directly upon committees headed by their own trusted lieutenants. But the public was given no chance to sift charges or notice contradictions. Shouts of "Communists! Moscow! Gangsters!" drowned out everything else.

Again officials were expelled. The three locals involved in the strike as well as the dressmakers' local were declared "dissolved" and steps were taken to "reorganize" them. There is no need to detail the routine of these expulsions and dissolutions, since no one pretends that they were legal. The locals continued to function, embarrassed not so much by the action of the International as by the readiness of the employers to take advantage of the International's tactics.

A committee of A. F. of L. dignitaries, headed by the arch-enemy of "reds" and "bolsheviks," Matthew Woll, established itself in New York;

the capitalist press rallied to support this outfit. A meeting of conservative union officials declared "war to the finish" on "communists." That war is on.

Those Naughty Fur Workers!

Space does not permit a detailed account of the course of events in the International Fur Workers' Union. Suffice it to say that the left-wing, in a general election, obtained control of the New York Joint Board, representing about 80 per cent. of the industry. A strike was called, fought courageously, and won. The A. F. of L. itself described the strike as "successful." During the strike President Schachtman of the furriers' union and President Green had tried to take over control, so that the left-wing might not get the credit of the victory. Going over the heads of the strike committee, they secretly negotiated a tentative settlement compromising on the demands. But a strikers' meeting which they called to ratify the settlement turned into a thundering protest against their interference. The right-wing laid off.

When the strike was over, however, the A. F. of L., acting at the behest of the right-wing furriers' officials, "investigated" the conduct of the strike. The result was a long report charging Ben Gold and the other strike leaders with all manner of wickedness. The only phase of the charges which attracted any attention was the allegation that the strike leaders had bribed the New York police. The New York section of the A. F. of L., being closely related to Tammany Hall, rushed to the defense of the police. The A. F. of L. recognized that in its anxiety to hurt the lefts it had blundered by offending Tammany. It is still trying to extricate itself from its own report.

Nevertheless the result of the investigation was an expulsion order against all the New York locals of the furriers' union—substantially, that is, against the entire membership. The A. F. of L. leaders who cooperated in "reorganizing" the I. L. G. W. U. took on the welcome job of "reorganizing" the furriers as well.

The right-wing in both unions has refused to permit any election or referendum under impartial auspices to determine the will of the rank and file in the struggle. It meets all such suggestions with hysterical yells of "communism."

Thus the two struggles, within the A. F. of L. and within the needle trades, have converged. The needle trades have become the battleground for the entire labor movement. And the A. F. of L. feels that it dare not lose, even though it means the destruction of the unions involved. The bureaucracy must perpetuate itself. At first the A. F. of L. only

"participated" in the fight against "communists" in the needle unions, but its participation quickly became outright control. The Sigmans and Schachtmans have retreated ever further into the background. The Wolls and McGradys have come forward. They have turned the trade-union fight into another holy crusade against "reds."

There is nothing unusual in the announcement of a new witch-hunting campaign. The only thing to distinguish it from past campaigns is that a large number who were formerly fair prey for the hunters now run with the pack. The socialists have forgotten their past cleavage with the A. F. of L. bureaucracy, their past support of the outlaw strikes, their so-recent support of Brophy against Lewis.

In 1925 the I. L. G. W. U. passed a resolution condemning the National Civil Federation as "an organization tending to perpetuate the slavery of the working class." Now the acting chairman of that Federation, Woll, is directing anti-communist raids for that union! William Green is featured in the columns of the Jewish Daily Forward and the New Leader. Kerensky speaks under auspices of the Jewish Socialist Federation, then under auspices of Matthew Woll. . . .

Unhappy Marriage

It is purely a marriage of convenience, neither party to which is very happy. Only the desire to crush internal union opposition unites them. This opposition is called "communist"—a generic term, like "anarchists" before the war and "bolshevik" in the Palmer days. Woll has announced the formation of a committee of "representatives of the Church, the legal profession, of business organizations, of educational institutions, of associated employers and organized labor." This group will "clean the unions of communists." The needle union heads, most of them socialists, feel ill at ease in such company. Beckerman warns that, while obliged to work with this motley crew, the right-wing must not forget its socialist upbringing. Ship-lacoff warns to the same effect. Norman Thomas is pathetically worried by the unholy alliance.

The Wages of Sin

Their misgivings are exceedingly well founded. Whatever happens to the unions, these right-wing needle trades leaders are finished. Rather than permit proportional representation, new elections or any other form of rank-and-file expression, they have placed themselves under the protection of the most reactionary element in the country. They cannot use the A. F. of L. without paying the price. The A. F. of L. is too



Drawing by John Reehill

"I'm a nice girl, I am!"



Drawing by John Reehill

"I'm a nice girl, I am!"



Drawing by William Siegel

THE MINERS — WHO WILL LEAD THEM ?

canny to be used. These former socialists will be swallowed, reduced to the uniformity of craft unionism under bureaucratic domination which is the A. F. of L. standard.

The Same Old Story

Every important phase of the day-to-day labor struggle is affected by the general reaction which for the moment shows itself most clearly in the needle trades. Consider the lock-out of some 10,000 plumbers and helpers in greater New York more closely and you discover that the fight is blurred and the strength of the workers sapped by the same reactionary coalition as in the needle trades. Otto Eidlitz, one of the building trades employers who declared the lockout, is at the same time a director of Woll's witch-hunting Civic Federation and presumably therefore one of the committee being formed to "clean the communists out of the unions."

Or consider the strike of 150,000 bituminous miners. No amount of sophistry will hide the fact that Lewis is an intrinsic part of the reactionary

united front now active in the whole field of American labor. Years of fraternizing with the coal barons prevent the miners' union from functioning as a powerful unit. Its strike is partial, weak, ineffective, dictated from above; the mass combativeness which might have drawn out non-union workers, prevented the accumulation of coal stocks, etc., is squelched. In short, the labor "leaders" of our most powerful unions are not leaders in any sense of the word. They have given up their position as a vanguard. They have bartered their socialist birthright for safety in their jobs, for comfort in the rut of quiescence and compromise.

If the right-wing under the generalship of Matthew Woll succeeds in crushing the left-wing opposition in the needle trades, the militant advance guard of American unionism will be dead. The controlling oligarchy will proceed with its plans for turning trade unions into efficiency agencies for the bosses, for blotting out any glimmer of social vision in union aims, for substituting arbitration and compromise for strikes.

Fortunately the fight is still on and the chances of a victory for the progressive wing are still good.

The Tower of Babel

Perhaps a snapshot of a single incident, a minor incident, in the needle trades fight may help to show the temper of the whole matter:

A small group of liberals and radicals, writers and artists mostly, meeting in a room at the Civic Club. Organizing to help raise funds for the wives and children of cloakmakers and furriers serving brutal terms in connection with strike activities. Let's not get messed up in the details of this union fight, friends, just let's help the families a little. Surely no one can object. . . .

The hell they can't! Already they're at the door clamoring for admission. All right, we'll let them in, friends. They'll see quickly enough that we have no ulterior motives. And so in they troop, crowding the little room—a smirking, chip-on-the-shoulder assortment. Reporters from the big dailies, the trade papers, the socialist press. Abe Beckerman of

the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. Julius Hochman bringing a long message from Sigman. A fat cigar-smoking delegation of high moguls from the A. F. of L. and the Central Trades and Labor Council, looking like Bill Gropper's cartoons of Tammany Hall worthies.

Objections? Pages of them from Sigman: the prisoners aren't union men at all. Just gangsters, strong-arm guys, coffee-and-cake boys. The proof of it is that they haven't registered with the "reorganized" locals, didn't turn on their left-wing comrades like some others. Beckerman drives the point home. Beckerman is big, burly, and talks through a turned-down corner of his mouth; which isn't his fault of course, but it makes him look like an illustration of what he says about the prisoners.

You folks butt out of it, says he. Mind your own business, says he, if you know what's good for you. Take that down, boys, he tells the reporters and the reporters bend diligently over their copy paper. The reporters are for the most part ex-socialists or

(Continued on Page 31)



THE MINERS — WHO WILL LEAD THEM ?

Drawing by William Siegel



THE MINERS — WHO WILL LEAD THEM ?

Drawing by William Siegel



Drawing by Jan Matulka

“ ALL IS FAIR — ”



Drawing by Jan Matulka

“ ALL IS FAIR — ”

KIND OF FIERCE & PROUD

By KENNETH FEARING

(The following are excerpts from the correspondence of Mr. and Mrs. Harriman-Bluepoint senior and Alfred Harriman-Bluepoint junior. These letters have immense historical value. They trace, better than any history could do it, the birth and development of a modern metropolis. They also show that indomitable do-or-die spirit which characterizes American business. Finally, the letters are invaluable in that they show the loftiness of purpose, the breadth of vision, of Alfred Harriman-Bluepoint junior, the man who founded New Alfred.)

DEAR FATHER:

I am having a fine time shooting bears in Tibet. The steambote you gave me for a graduation present from college I regret was cruising along and hit a stone in the water and broke. Too bad. It was probably not much good anyway.

Now I am having a fine time hear shooting bears except that it is kind of lonely here. Could you manage to send me a city for another graduation present from college? Instead of the steambote.

Your affec. son, Alfred.

DEAR SON:

I'm sorry to hear about the yacht. It cost quite a bit of money, you know. No, you cannot have a city. What did you do with that Lithuanian Republic I gave you last summer? You must learn the value of the dollar and take care of your things.

Have a good time,

Father.

DEAR MAMA:

I am having a fine time out hear in Tibet shooting bears. It is lonely though with no place to go at night. I have already written to father asking for a city for amusement in my spare hours, which he refused to send. Make father send me a city and I also need more underwear.

Hoping you are well. You're affec. son,

Alfred.

DEAR ALFRED:

I have spoken to your father about the city and he has promised to send it. You must keep after him though, and see that he keeps his word. He has promised to send the best that money can buy. You must take good care of it, though, and especially you must watch out for the slums, should your father send any with the city.

I am sending you some underwear your father's size which I hope will fit. Also some Gubbet's liniment which is said to be good for mosquito bites and tonsilitis, should there be any in Tibet.

Love, and Minna sends hers too,
Mama.

DEAR SON:

Your mother has been hounding me about that city; there was no peace till I promised to send it. When I was a boy I had to be content with Philadelphia. But things seem to act differently nowadays.

I sent you today 1,000,000,000 factory whistles, sirens, bells, and clackers, and with them three men who know how they should be used. In building a city it is always best

to lay a good foundation, to consider the essentials and leave out the superficial items, and I thought beginning it this way would be best. If you want more noise, you can have it.

Your Affec. Father.

DEAR SON:

Your mother has been hounding me about that city again, but I have been too busy to attend to it till now. This afternoon I sent you 5,000,000 drums of the grittiest Pittsburgh smoke, also a great number of the most hideous bill-posters and advertising signs my artists could find. Your city ought to be well under way, by now.

Your Affec. Father.

DEAR FATHER:

Thanks for the dirt and noise and things. It is terrible. The city is certainly a fine one and I will certainly try my best to take care of it. All I want now is some subways and elevated and street-cars and automobiles, and a few million rules and regulations.

We have been having fine weather, shooting bears. The bears are scarcer now. I hope the city will not interfere with the bears any.

Your Affec. Alfred.

P. S.—And I would like some people in my city.

DEAR SON:

Be reasonable. What do you want with subways and street-cars and automobiles? Take only what is essential, as I said before. I am sending a battalion of thugs, bank-bandits, real-estate promoters, ministers, the lay-out for a tabloid newspaper, and five thousand readers of the *American Mercury*. Take care of them all.

Don't forget to feed the *American Mercury* readers once a month.

Made the Fairway course in 112 today. My form is much better.

Your Affec.

Father.

DEAR MAMA:

The city is coming along fine except that father will not send any subways or automobiles or elevateds or street-cars. Please make him send a few. Otherwise the city is all right, not the best there is, but pretty good.

The underwear was to times to big.

Don't forget to make father send the subways and elevateds and street-cars and automobiles. Yesterday there was a person here from Chicago stood in front of the new hotel and laughed his head off. I cannot have persons from Chicago laughing at my city.

Your Affec. Son, Alfred.

P. S.—Don't forget to make father send me some street-cars and elevateds and subways and automobiles. I cannot explain, but this is really important.

DEAR ALFRED:

I spoke to your father about the subways and elevateds and street-cars and automobiles and he is frightfully unreasonable. I am afraid nothing can be done about it at this time. You must learn to put up and be satisfied with a little. Your father is so unreasonable.

Alfred, I must speak to you about the slums and conditions in your city. The Missionary Society reports that slums and conditions in New Alfred Junior are simply indescribable. Something must be done about them.

At the same time, if you have slums, I don't think you should be greedy and ask for elevateds and sub-



THESE ARE MY CHICKENS

Drawing by Wanda Gag



THESE ARE MY CHICKENS

Drawing by Wanda Gag

ways and things. The slums and conditions are enough.

I am sending you more underwear a smaller size. Did you get the Gubbet's liniment? Minna had a bad cold but is better now.

Your loving,
Mother.

DEAR FATHER:

All right, never mind about the street-cars and subways and elevateds and automobiles. After all, I don't think I want the city. It has frightened all the bears away. Please take it back or blow it up or something.

Your Affec.
Alfred.

DEAR SON:

I have given you a city and you are going to take a city. See? I have just found out that there are rubber resources near it. So cut out the monkey business; this looks serious. The President is loaning me half a dozen battleships, which I send on to you. See? And take care of them. Also I am enclosing a little booklet called *Foreign Disturbances*. Notice the slogans. Personally, I like the one about AMERICA FIRST. But use your own judgment. Alfred, this is your opportunity to make Good. Capital "G."

As a finishing touch I sent this

morning 200 reformers and 200 bootleggers.

You stay there now and forget about the bears and have a good time. If you take down the city then where will you be? Just leave it where it is and you are already a great man.

Your birthday is on the 23d isn't it? I forgot to say the reformers are a birthday present from Aunt Clara, and the bootleggers are a birthday present from Uncle Joe and myself. Have a good time.

Your affec.
Father.

DEAR FATHER:

All right. I will leave the city where it is, unless you might think it

advisable to move it about 300 miles farther inland where I understand bear shooting is better. However, I suppose you would object to that.

The city is a fine one and a good war is going on hear. Already there are hundreds of radicals who say the city is no good and I ought to be hung. Thank you for the booklet and bootleggers and gunmen.

Can you send me a statue of myself? The Thanatopsis Club and the New Alfred Chimes want to unveil one on the city's first anniversary. Make me on horseback, looking into the distance, kind of fierce and proud.

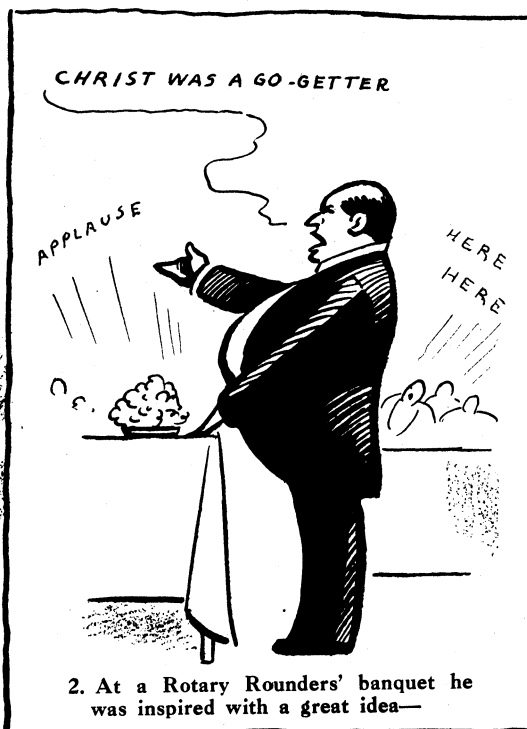
Your Loving,
Alfred.

THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH

By ART YOUNG



1. This poor but honest fish used to worry his head off trying to meet the next installment on his wife's vacuum cleaner.

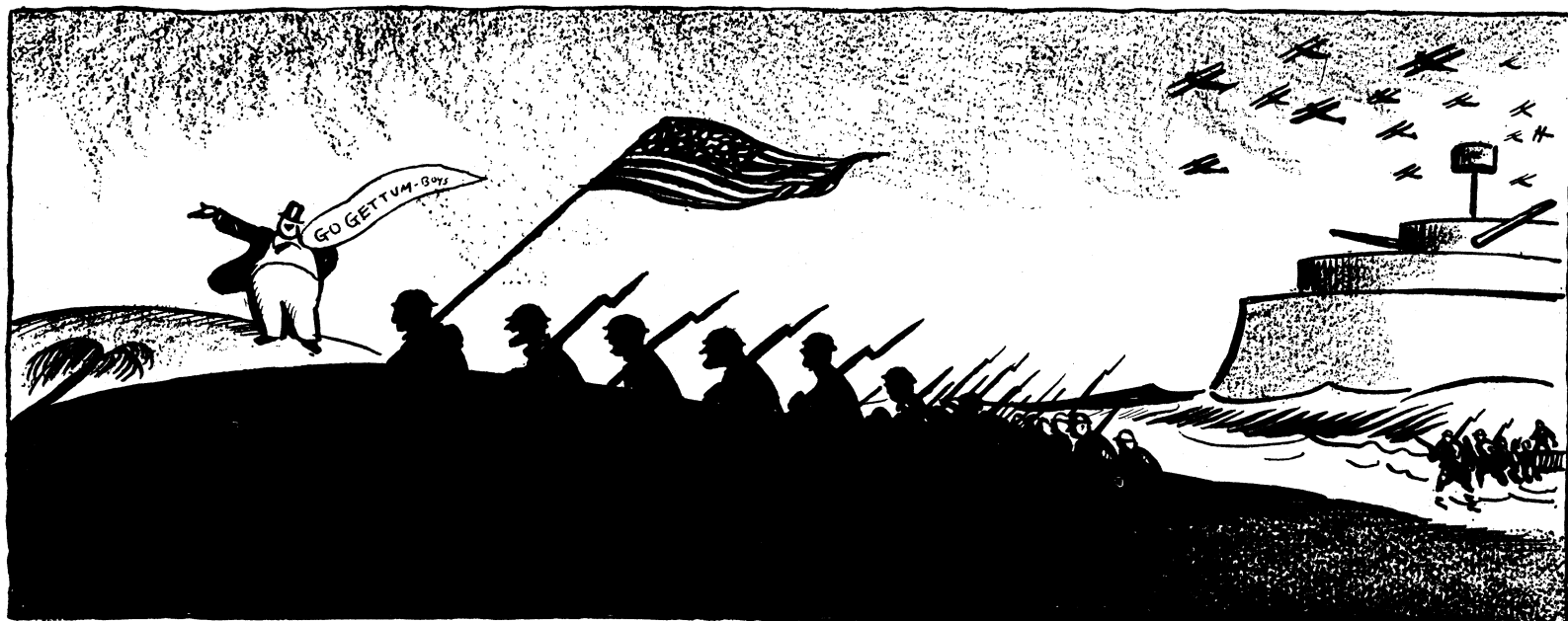


2. At a Rotary Rounders' banquet he was inspired with a great idea—



3. Starting with only a shoestring, he strangled his rich old uncle—

4. Today he is carrying his gospel to the most backward countries of the earth.

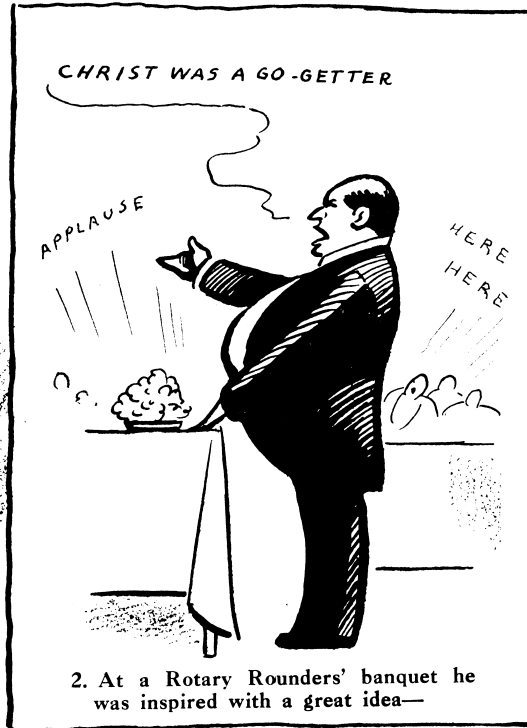


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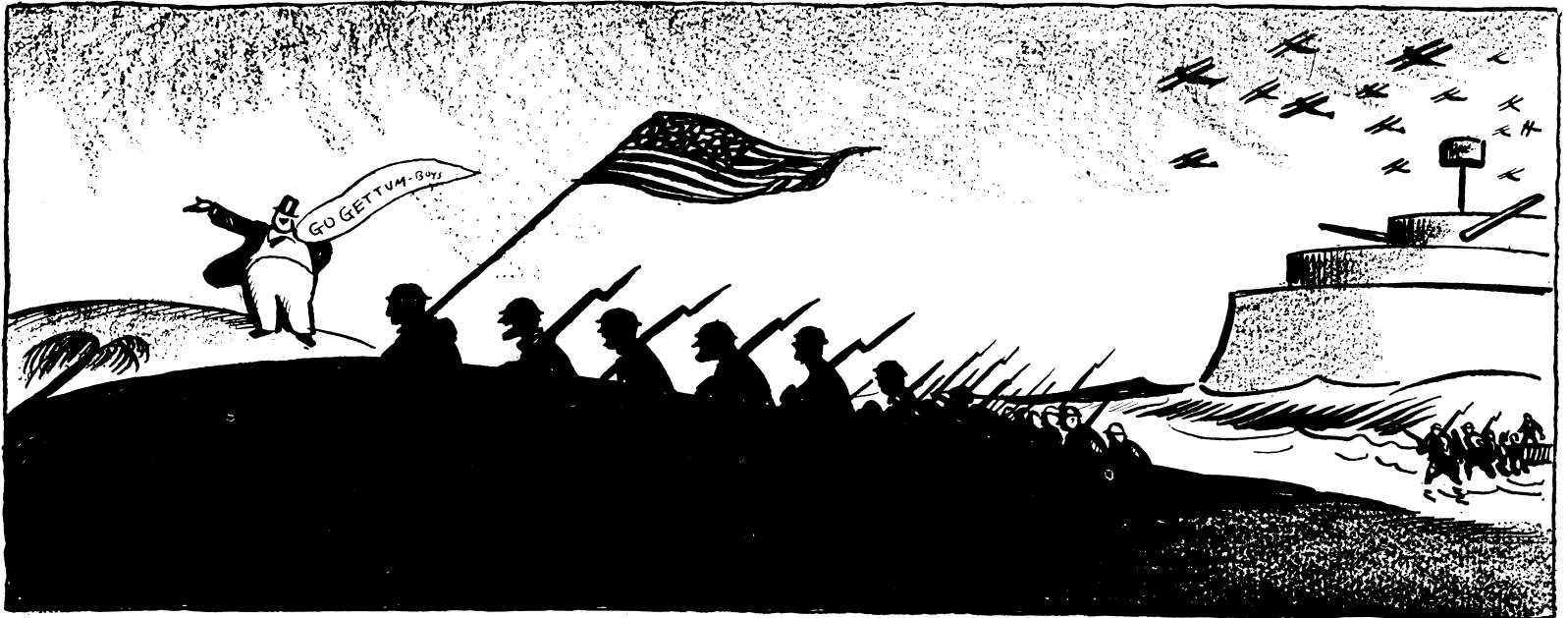


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THE RED CHAUFFEURS OF PARIS

By IDA TREAT

FORTY years a militant. The union, the old socialist party,—I never believed in 'pure syndicalism and no politics'—and now I'm with the communists and the C. G. T. U. Always kept in line. Forty years—that's before you were born, Marcel."

The big restaurant-keeper grinned, patted his uncle affectionately on the shoulder.

"A great old boy, he's got the faith all right," he announced to the group of Paris chauffeurs. "And he's made his way too, in the world—"

"One of the best grocery houses in Corrèze," the old man agreed, with pride. "And before I left Paris, five cabs of my own. But I've always stood by the Revolution. . . ."

It was dinner hour at the *Rendez-vous des Cochers et Chauffeurs*. Out in the Circle, a close-packed file of taxis lined the curb beneath the agitated hoofs of an equestrian Roi-Soleil. Overhead not a window glowed in the dark facade of 18th Century houses. Concierges' children played *marelle* on the empty sidewalk and an occasional autobus, tracing a noisy semi-circle across the asphalt, furnished the last reminder of the day's traffic.

Within the restaurant, a narrow L-shaped room wedged between the walls of two wholesale houses, not a seat at the three long tables remained empty. Fifty chauffeurs, a constant number, though from time to time individual customers, with a parting "Bon Soir, tout le monde," pushed through the crowded chairs towards the doorway, their departure followed by the cough of a starting motor and the rack and grind of gears. Fifty chauffeurs in compact noisy rows between the zinc bar, its red and green *apéritifs*, its heaped *produits d'Auvergne*—sausages, hams, and goat-cheese—and the tiny kitchen where Big Marcel's wife and his two plump sisters—the restaurant is a family affair—moved in a haze of savory smoke.

At the far end of the room, Big Marcel the proprietor—until six months ago he was a chauffeur like the rest—bent above the table where a stout old man with bristling white mustache in a round red face spoke earnestly to an interested group.

"I learned my lesson back in the eighties," he told his hearers. "You young fellows never drove a horse, but it's all the same. Cochers yesterday and chauffeurs to-day, there's not much we don't know about the rottenness of the class on top."

"You're right we do," agreed one of the younger men. "By the time

you've toted drunks, driven senators to bawdy-houses, and other respectable citizens to parties in the Bois . . . Pah!" he spat noisily over the table rim.

"And the women," remarked his neighbor. "Just now I'm driving a dame from one of those grand apartments up on the Avenue d'Jena. She's afraid her own chauffeur might tell her husband. Every night at a quarter past ten . . ."

"Rotten crew," nodded a third. "Only it pays." He grinned cynically across the steaming plate of soup.

"Oh, yes; it pays! That's a fine bourgeois point of view! An extra

taxi companies to offset the influence of the 8,500 revolutionaries. A year ago an attempt was made—at the instigation of the same taxi companies—to create a "patriotic" organization, *les chauffeurs français*, which was to group the exclusively French elements among the non-union chauffeurs. The attempt proved unsuccessful; within a few weeks every tri-colored badge of the new organization had disappeared as if by magic from the Paris streets.

The red taxi-drivers form one of the best organized and disciplined unions of the C. G. T. U. Often they play an important role in mass-

Nearly all taxi-drivers come from the country. They are peasant boys from the mountain regions of the center—Corrèze, Creuse, Aveyron, and Lot—a tradition that dates from the days of the horse cabs. These "immigrants" form a transient population who live during their stay in the capital in the suburb of Levallois, a veritable city of chauffeurs. Few of them settle definitively in Paris. Like the postmen from Ariège, the policemen from Corsica, and the coal-and-wine merchants from Auvergne, their ambition is always to return to the *pays* after ten or fifteen years on the "box." In the old days, the ex-cab driver generally passed from the transports into the *alimentation* and put his savings into a country store. But the chauffeur on his return to the village is more inclined to set up shop as a mechanic and spends his days tinkering with farm machinery, bicycles, occasional autos, and more recently, radio apparatus.

To the village and its outlying farms, he represents the city, and what is more important still from a revolutionary point of view, the organized workers of the city. He becomes the hyphen, the connecting link, between the peasant and the factory. He reads *l'Humanité* and his shop is a center for the discussion of radical politics. Generally he is a mortal enemy of the *curé*. In many an instance he and he alone furnishes the initiative for organizing agricultural workers and tenants, or creating a local "cell" of the Communist party.

The red chauffeurs of Paris are propagandists of the Revolution throughout the region of central France.

* * * * *
"Tiens, voilà Paul! Bonjour! Bonjour!"

A familiar figure, the editor of the communist daily, pushed his way between the crowded tables. The chauffeurs greeted him with noisy affection.

"Sit down with us, *vieux!* And what'll you have?"

"Sorry comrades. No time for dinner. Just a bouillon, Marcel. I've got a meeting at Ivry."

"Ivry? Then comrade, take your time." A big chauffeur leaned across the table towards the newcomer. "Got to go to Ivry myself. I'll take you along."

"On your way home?"

"That's my affair."

"But your evening—your work?"

"Dis donc, tu veux m'insulser? There's work—and work. To-night I'm going to work—for the propaganda!"

NEWS ITEM

PARIS, May 1, 1927—Communist labor leaders today presented the French capital with a delightful vision of what Paris was like thirty years ago, for the leaders called out every taxicab driver in Paris and not a single hired car was on the streets. The strike of taxicab drivers was the only manifestation of this May Day, a day usually fraught with revolutionary menace.

ten *balles* for slipping a drunk past his concierge, or lending a . . . hand in a *partouze* at the Bois—and the devil take the rest!"

"Look here, I'm no professional night-hawk. Only I don't see why all the profits should line the pockets of a lot of Russians—"

"Careful, you talk like a *chauffeur français*."

"The hell I do! I'm every bit as good a *unitaire* as you. But I'm not going to let a crowd of princes and White colonels spoil the profession."

"*Mais oui, mais oui,*" the old man at the head of the table broke in impatiently. "There are *jaunes* in every trade. And we all have to earn a living. Only stand by the union, boys, and don't lose sight of the Revolution. That's the essential. Look at me; for forty years . . ."

The "uncle" was off again. This time no one interrupted, for Big Marcel's wife had just set down a steaming plate of *cassoulet* in the middle of the table.

* * * * *

One of the most interesting groups of French transport workers is formed by the "red" taxi-drivers of Paris. They represent sixty per cent of the fourteen thousand Paris chauffeurs—sixty percent who are members of the red union, the *Syndicat Unitaire*, C. G. T. U. Of the non-union taxi-drivers, many are "white" Russians, debris of the Wrangel army, recruited by the big

meetings and political demonstrations. Many a clash with the police has been avoided because at the strategic moment, the union chauffeurs interposed a barricade of taxis between the crowd and the charging agents. At the recent funeral of a red driver killed in a collision with a "bourgeois" auto, several thousand taxis took part in the funeral procession, tying up traffic for several hours in one of the busiest quarters of Paris. During the last elections, every night dozens of taxis carried Communist speakers to all districts of the departments of Seine and Seine et Oise. The Communist Party paid for the gas, but the drivers offered their services—from seven o'clock until often two or three in the morning—after their day's work.

For the average Paris chauffeur the eight-hour day does not exist. Generally he spends from ten to fourteen hours in the streets. He pays for his gas at the union rate, ten francs for five litres. The taxi companies generally allow him a rebate of three francs on every five litres after the first ten. His percentage of the receipts varies progressively from 27 to 42 per cent. His day's earnings vary between fifty and a hundred francs. Certain of the smaller companies pay their night drivers a fixed rate, from 35 to 45 francs. A few chauffeurs own their taxis; there is also a co-operative—the *Syndicale Taxis*—with several hundred cabs.

I CANNOT TAKE THE LETTER

By EUGENE LEVINÉ

Translated by Sabo

THE storm is howling. In the little oil lamp flickers the flame, like a small tongue it goes hither and thither, bends itself up and down. The shadow of the samovar dances fantastically on the round walls of the tower cell. I lie upon the hard mattress, covered with my fur, and listen to the song of the wind. The window creaks and moans in its rusted hinges. The little rat, which, gracefully running over the table, usually keeps me company, does not dare to leave its hole tonight. Quiet, alone I am, looking up to the ceiling and, tiring, down again to the walls. Everything looks so familiar: the names on the wall and the remarks of those who came after them: ". . . gone to the penitentiary of Smolensk . . .", ". . . executed in Wilna . . ." and beside it always again and again: "Long live the fight!", "Long live the revolution!"

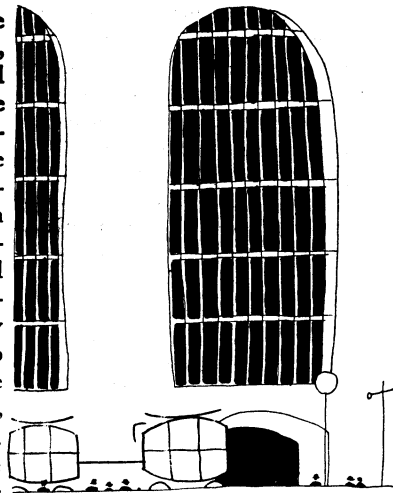
The wind howls and again the light flickers, in the oil lamp, again the fantastic shadows are dancing. Tighter I cover myself with my fur which they left me—it is cold in that tower cell. Already my eyes are weary and slowly I close them. Suddenly I start up again. Outside on the iron stairway I hear steps and the clanging of chains, voices and commanding words. They approach in the direction of my cell. Underneath me all becomes quiet again, the iron door falls into its locks, trembling hollow.

Only the wind is howling, the window creaks, the flame flickers and fantastically dance the shadows.

I listen intently. Into the cell beneath me they have brought "a new one." Who might it be? a stranger? a friend? a comrade or a criminal? what threatens him? the gallows or merely prison? I listen . . . will he not knock, not say his name? No—all is quiet, only the storm is howling its song.

I put my ear close to the wall. Everything is silent—no sound. Perhaps he does not know that somebody is above him. I take the metal beaker and knock lightly on the wall: ta-ta tatatatata—tatatata—tatata—quietly, rhythmically.

"Kto wui?" "Who are you?" But I cannot finish. I hear a slurring and sneaking sound near the door. Quickly I hide the beaker. I am lying on my back, with folded arms, an indifferent expression on my face. I look at the spy hole on the door and see an inflamed eye casting its glance in my direction. I give back that look and feel that against my will enmity speaks out of my eyes. The spy hole is closed again and instead of the eye I see only the dark metal



Drawing by Frank Walts

GRAND CENTRAL STATION

plate behind the opening.

Again I am alone. But tonight it is over with knocking, otherwise I shall be reprimanded. Besides, the new one does not seem to understand the knocking. Tomorrow I will try to give him the knock alphabet. But through whom? I am thinking of the diverse criminals who are allowed to go into the lower hall. The simplest thing would be to let down the letter with a cord through the window. But that is dangerous. The guards have orders to fire as soon as somebody shows himself at the window. I will speak to Butkewitsch. He is a cleaner and he can go to every cell in the hall. Perhaps he can help me. Besides, there is no hurry. Possibly I will find a way tomorrow. I close my eyes and try to sleep.

But for a long time yet I hear the creaking of the window, the howling wind . . . slowly a leaden weariness lays itself like an iron ring around my forehead and I fall to sleep. . . .

Slowly the key turns in the lock. Once. Twice. Creaking, the door opens. A disgusting smell of dozens of pails comes from the hall into the cell. I open my eyes. The day is just dawning. The guard stands in the doorway, yawns, fingers his belt, sticks the revolver in position. "Good morning." "Good morning." His wooden shoes clattering on the stony floor, iron chains clanging, Butkewitsch, the hall cleaner, runs up and down. "Good morning."—He runs to the window, opens it and the cool morning breeze is moistening my face. I turn my head towards the window, breathing in full drafts of fresh air, and notice in the pale morning light a white speck on the window sill, a small piece of paper. Hastily I look back, that the guard might not follow the direction of my eyes. But he has not noticed anything. Still yawning he occupies himself with his revolver. Again the chains clink and the shoes clatter—Butkewitsch brings back the empty pail. Quickly we exchange knowing looks. He takes the empty oil lamp from the table and the door closes trembling. Twice the key turns. I am alone again.

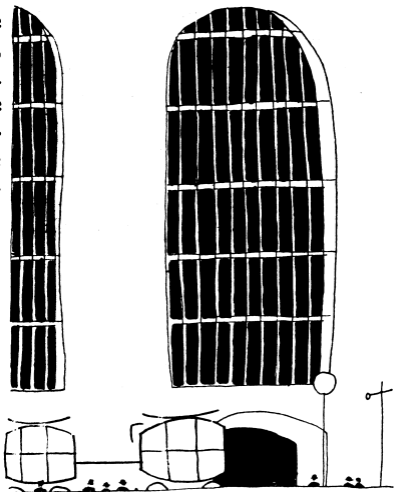
One look towards the spy hole in the door: no—there is nobody. I take the piece of paper from the window. I know the hand writing. A comrade from the lower hall writes me: "Comrade, last night they brought a new one. You do not know him. He sits underneath you in the tower cell. Tomorrow he will be executed. In our cell his friends

are sitting. They want to send him a last greeting, but every connection with his cell is cut off. Try to give him the enclosed letter, our last greetings. Thank you beforehand."

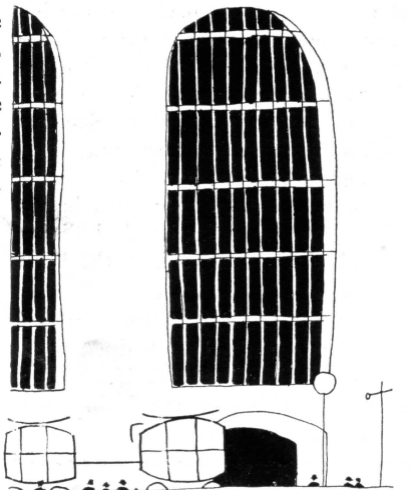
The whole of the forenoon I wander up and down my cell and think it over. Below, every connection is cut off; there is only one way left; I must give him the letter through the window. . . . Butkewitsch brings my dinner at twelve and, I whisper to him: "the telephone." He nods. Half an hour later he brings me hot water for tea. The guard stands in the door. Butkewitsch is busy on the table. "Well, are you ready?" Two criminals in the hall start a fight, intentionally, to divert the attention of the guard. Loudly they call each other names; the guard leaves the door: "Will you keep quiet!!!" Butkewitsch in this moment draws from under his jacket a bundle, casts it quickly below the mattress and leaves the hall. The guard comes back, his eyes wander searchingly over my cell and he leaves. The door closes. Again the key turns twice and again I am alone. The "telephone" lies beneath the mattress, a long rope made of pieces of blankets put together. The paper is hidden in a split in the wall. I must wait. A threefold ring goes around the prison. In the yard are prison guards and field shooters, outside the wall policemen. Right across from my window stands a field shooter; he must see me when I let down the "telephone." But luck is with me. Tonight a field shooter will be on guard who is a secret sympathizer. Perhaps he will close one eye on me, and the outer guards will not notice it so quickly. Everything is ready for the night. A knock-alphabet is written down with explanations, so that he can speak with me this last night. Perhaps he has to transmit some last wishes, last greetings. . . .

The night is falling. I sit upon the window sill. In the prison director's garden, outside the wall, the guards are stretching themselves. Within the yard, before my window, stands the field shooter. Does he see me? Will he not see me?

I put my hand through the iron bars and slowly the "telephone" goes down. At the end of it dangles the letter. I calculate that it should be before his window now. I knock at the wall to get his attention—no answer. The telephone dangles in the wind. Perhaps he cannot grasp it because it does not hang still. I pull it up again, fasten to it the metal beaker and let it down again.



Drawing by Frank Walts
GRAND CENTRAL STATION



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GRAND CENTRAL STATION

WILD BILL

From a Lithograph
by Walt Kuhn

Now it hangs straight. I knock with my foot on the floor, knock with the heavy wooden stool. Loudly. He must hear it—but down below everything remains quiet. No hand is grasping for the letter.

The field shooter becomes restive. He is winking at me and making signs: I must stop. I do not take notice. But now the policeman on the outer wall has noticed it also; loud his voice shouts: "You son of a dog—go away from that window!" It must be now. I cannot remain any longer; all have seen me already. I press my face to the bars and call down: "Comrade, Comrade, why don't you take the letter?" "You son of a dog! Go away there! We shoot!" And they grasp their arms. I listen—just a moment—otherwise it is too late. And now I hear a voice from below, stammering and moaning, very weak: "Comrade—I can—not take—the letter—during—the trial—they have—broken me—both arms—Comrade—good-bye. . . ."

Still weak and moaning the voice—and suddenly it breaks.

The fieldshooter winks furiously, the policeman outside the wall points his gun. I pull up the telephone, slide down from the window-sill, hide everything in my mattress.

It was in the nick of time. Wakened by the noise, the guard makes his round. His eye looks through the spy hole. But I am lying on my mattress with folded arms and the guard walks on, satisfied. . .

In the night while everything is quiet and only the sound of snoring is heard before the door, I get up and burn everything: the knock-alphabet, the explaining remarks and the last greetings. . .

Out of the lamp the little tongue of flame reaches, grasps the paper and licks it greedily. A little heap of ashes falls upon the table. The wind howls. Through the window comes a draft and the ashes fly all over the cell: the alphabet, the remarks and the last greetings.

And below he is sitting. In the night before his execution. With broken arms. And nobody who can say a last word to him.

The wind howls. The flame flickers restlessly. Fantastically the shadows dance. The ashes flutter to the floor.

Again I am lying upon my mattress. I cover myself tightly with the fur. And yet I am freezing. I close my eyes as if in pain, grit my teeth. But still I hear a stammering voice moaning: "Comrade, I cannot take the letter. Goodbye. . . ."

DEAR NEW MASSES:

You and I know the NEW MASSES is good stuff; I want to see it continue publication as much as you do, and shall contribute to the best of my ability.

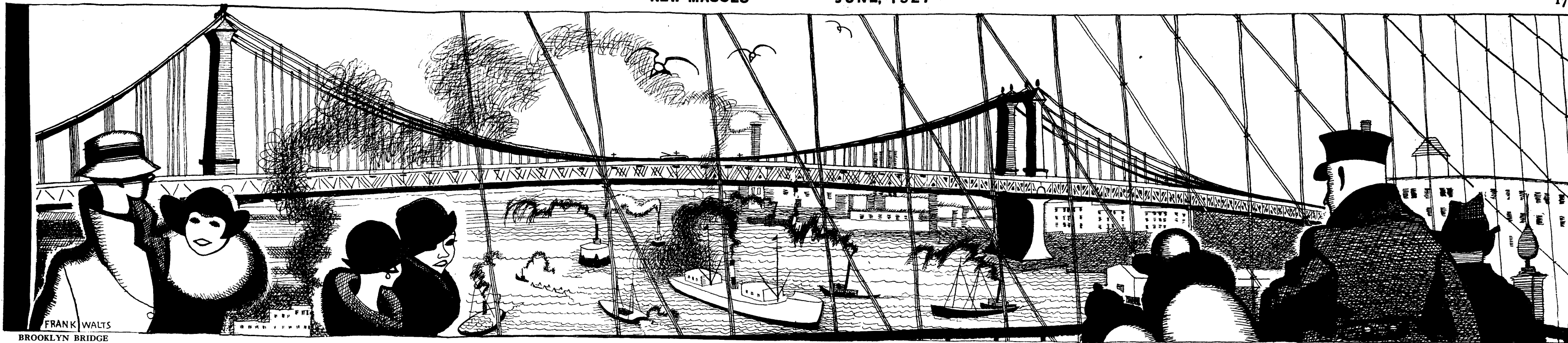
K. Eastham



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THE DANTE STATUE
A STORY--By MARIE LUHRS

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"Ice-cream, steak, fixins', spaghet-

ti, tomato salad, demitasse, an' make it snappy."

She ate without regarding "Billy," as he was pleased to call himself, and eyed any man that came in coquet-tishly.

A kind of frenzy rose in her. She had been a fool once, but that experience had taught her how she might get out of that hole of a laundry. It was all very well for nuns in a convent with trees all around it to talk about chaste bodies and climbing to the stars, but no nun had to work all day in a laundry or sleep all night in a bed with a girl who had a cough. She looked at Billy; he was "class." She wondered how much money she could wheedle out of him. Savagely she ate her salad. Why couldn't she feel happy about doing what she wanted?

"Pretty nice ring you got—did your sweetie give it to you?" He shook the table with his laughter.

"My sweetie—? No, my mother." He pushed back his chair so as to have more room to laugh.

"Chee what a good line. Chee, you're funny."

Amelia clutched the table. He must be crazy—that fat, wobbling, hideous man! Her mother had sewed nights for weeks to buy her that ring.

She pushed her ice-cream and coffee away and stood up.

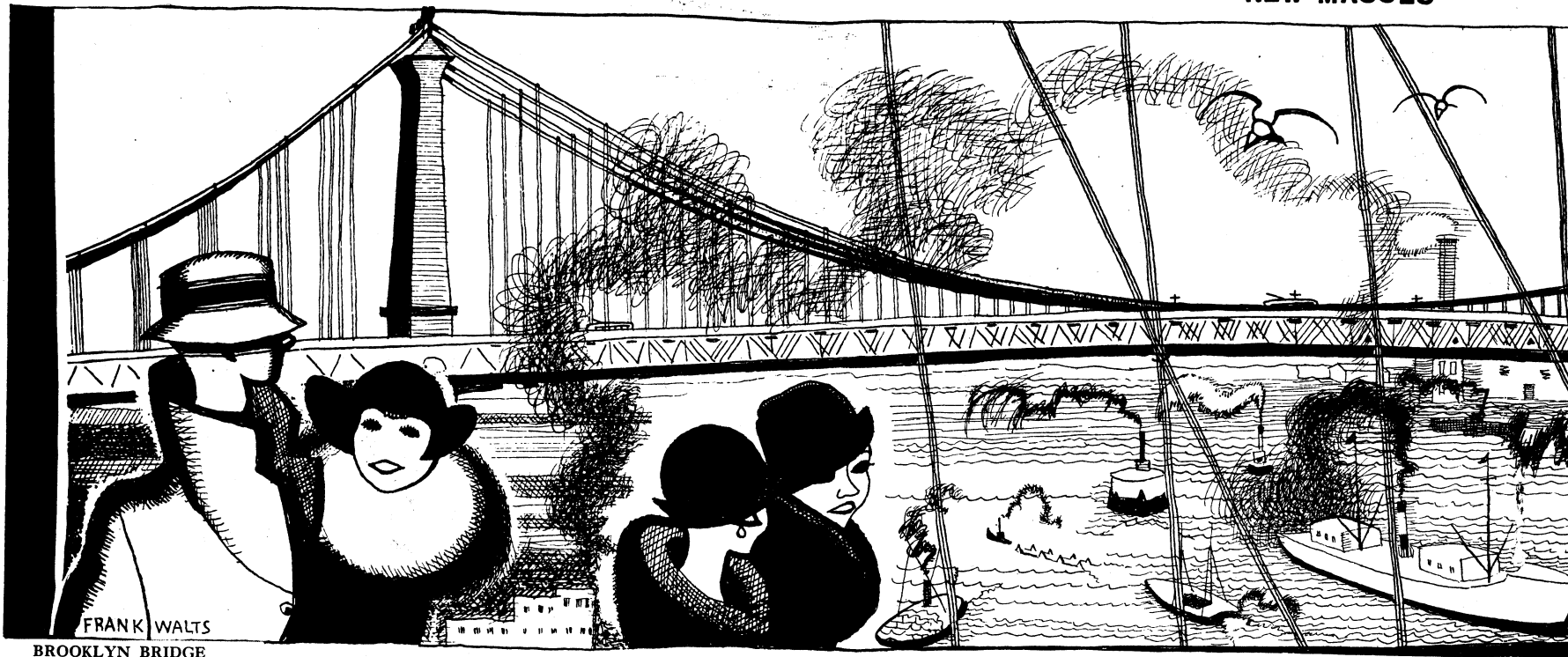
"I'm goin' to fix my hair."

"Oh, you're goin' to fix your hair." He pinched her shoulder and shoved her back into her seat. "I've had them before what wanted a free meal. You stay where you are! Why—" with a spurt of laughter—"you didn't finish your ice-cream."

Amelia laughed too. There was something fluttering about her laughter. "Billy—look at my hair. I gotta fix it. I'll be right back."

(Continued on Page 31)

Drawing by Frank Walters



FRANK WALTS

BROOKLYN BRIDGE

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"Ice-cream, steak, fixins', spaghet-

ti, tomato salad, *demitasse*, an' make it snappy."

She ate without regarding "Billy," as he was pleased to call himself, and eyed any man that came in coquetishly.

A kind of frenzy rose in her. She had been a fool once, but that experience had taught her how she might get out of that hole of a laundry. It was all very well for nuns in a convent with trees all around it to talk about chaste bodies and climbing to the stars, but no nun had to work all day in a laundry or sleep all night in a bed with a girl who had a cough. She looked at Billy; he was "class." She wondered how much money she could wheedle out of him. Savagely she ate her salad. Why couldn't she feel happy about doing what she wanted?

"Pretty nice ring you got—did your sweetie give it to you?" He shook the table with his laughter.

"My sweetie—? No, my mother."

He pushed back his chair so as to have more room to laugh.

"Chee what a good line. Chee, you're funny."

Amelia clutched the table. He must be crazy—that fat, wobbling, hideous man! Her mother had sewed nights for weeks to buy her that ring.

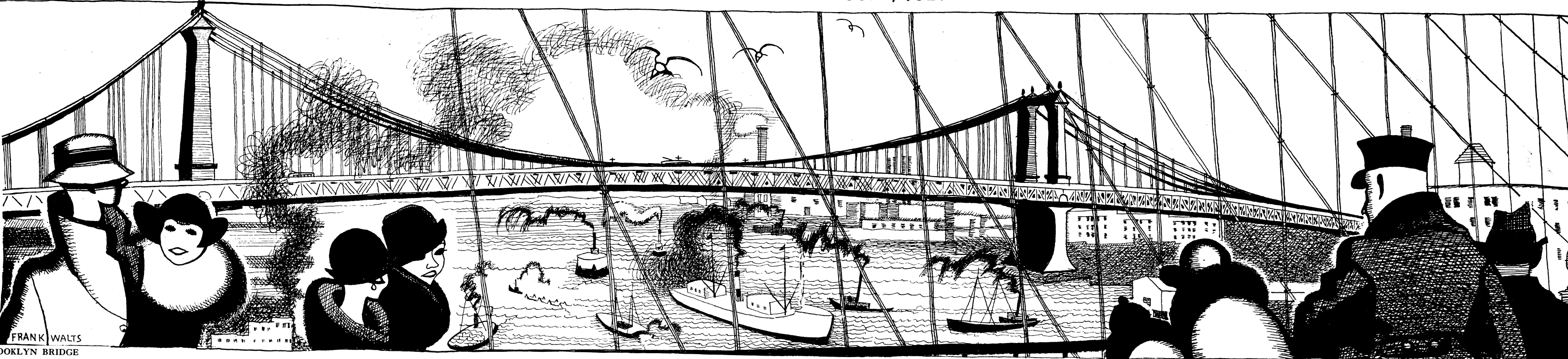
She pushed her ice-cream and coffee away and stood up.

"I'm goin' to fix my hair."

"Oh, you're goin' to fix your hair." He pinched her shoulder and shoved her back into her seat. "I've had them before what wanted a free meal. You stay where you are! Why—" with a spurt of laughter—"you didn't finish your ice-cream."

Amelia laughed too. There was something fluttering about her laughter. "Billy—look at my hair. I gotta fix it. I'll be right back."

(Continued on Page 31)

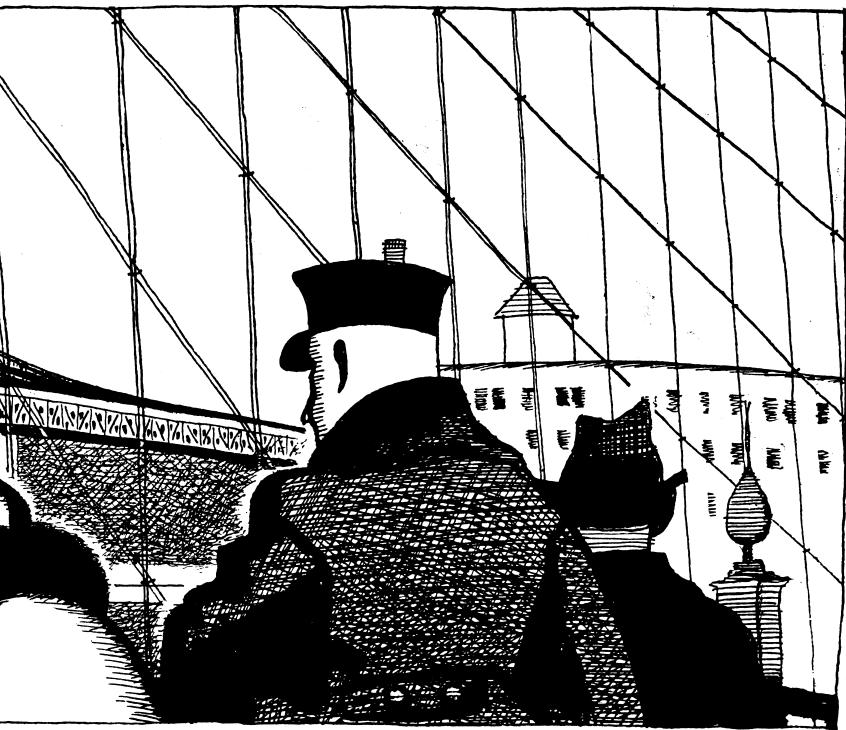


FRANK WALTS
BROOKLYN BRIDGE



FRANK WALTERS

BROOKLYN BRIDGE



Drawing by Frank Walts



Drawing by Harry Sternberg

NOTES FOR A POEM—BY JOSEPH FREEMAN

Troubadours, sonnet-spinners
cobblers of roundelays
have kidded the world
believing their own jingles.

Out of regard for expert testimony
I grant beauty has made men crazy.
O red mouths of all time
setting poets' tongues aflame:

"the fragrance of her hair
pursues me through the night
like a rich dream; the light
of her quiet eyes fills the star
of evening with glory
for the resemblance;
there lingers the remembrance
of her body's song; the story
of her white breasts like fruit
from a far exotic land,
the slender fingers of her hand,
her voice like a lyric on a flute:
Keep crown and throne
the crowd's applause, the splendor
of arms,
I shall walk with her alone,
the world well bartered for her charms."

2

I charge you
suspect even the captains
of the poetry industry
believe Helen's beauty—
doubt her face was the incendiary
that burned the topless towers.

When bows twang and cannons boom

official excuses smile like salesmen;
Iliad's profound roll is flavored
with foreign office publicity;
Paris' girl friend was sister
to the Duke of Sarajevo.

3

The baron's daughter beamed
because her baby
knocked two knights for a goal;
bumped them off their chargers
shield and all;
the bleachers' applause
is music to her ears;
the court's smile
approves her secret kisses.

the lovely Heloise
fluttered in a net of theses;
was eventually deflowered
by a theologian's dogmas.

Mary Martin of Leland Stanford
intrigued against two sororities
for the all-American quarterback—
bed was sweet
after licking Harvard 15-3.
"Dear Jenny," wrote Comrade Marx,
"you are a legend in your home town,
damned pleasant for a man
to have a wife approved by society."

4

If you would have my love, dear boy,
go build a bridge or run a factory
lead a strike
outwit the police
write theses without deviations

the times are out of joint
go fix them
only the brave
only the brave
only the brave
deserve the fair

5

dearest, not for your eyes alone
nor your mouth envied by roses
nor the electric secret of your thighs—

but for your more essential beauty:
your hand touched life, your lips uttered
thought
being the world's darling you are mine

6

The professors say the world is old
yesterday (as time goes)
we crawled on our bellies, ate our foes
blood dripped from our speechless mouths

we have groped through a million black
aeons
blind children of blind chance
the trumpets blow for the advance
over the crumbling walls of history

man's true joy, wisdom, power
true love of woman, child, friend
shall first begin when false things end
when yesterday's monsters are safely
dead

we have learned to walk on our hind legs
exchange ideas across the seas
the smoke-stacks loom above the trees
China beholds the banners of Moscow



Drawing by Harry Sternberg



Drawing by Harry Sternberg

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE UNITED STATES

By MAX EASTMAN

George Washington, by W. E. Woodward. Boni and Liveright. \$4.00.

ONE thing that I derived from Woodward's *George Washington* is a sincere and real understanding admiration for the old man. His force of will, his fortitude in tremendous and tragic responsibility, stand somehow nobler when his rather narrow abilities and total lack of vision are plainly told. With that sad iron steadfastness in him, he was nevertheless not stubborn or small-hearted. He was magnanimous. He could not keep a grudge, and wiser than many who can not, he did not try to. He took life in a large tranquil way that might have been called philosophic, if he had had some large thoughts in his head. He had none, or almost unbelievably few, considering the times he lived through. But he had character. He had so much more force of character than some of the thinking men around him that his great magnetic and quieting presence did not seem hollow or padded out.

My morning paper is painfully exercised about this book of Woodward's. It seems to feel that a crime has been committed. The Father of

His Country has been assassinated. It is treason, at least, to deny that Washington was the greatest of all men and generals—egotism and smart-Aleckness carried to the point of treason. So far as I go, Woodward has destroyed a ghost, a vague, ineffectual, meaningless white blurr in history—a kind of enlarged and faded-out half-tone reproduction of a two-cent stamp—and put a big and real man in its place. It makes me want to be more of a man myself to read about a real George Washington. Why, then, is the morning paper so worried about this book?

Perhaps it is because Washington was not, according to Woodward's true story, a Puritan and a hypocrite. He was not in that respect quite exactly the father of his country. He loved sexual adventures. He loved the theatre, loved to act himself, loved to gamble, loved to kill animals, loved to drink, loved to dance—loved above all things to dance—dance all night and make love in the morning. He didn't pray and he didn't bother about God. He accepted the general opinion of free-thinkers in his day that God exists, but hasn't anything to do with what is going on

in this world—doesn't give a damn, to put it in theological language. In short, George Washington was a Virginia "gentleman" and not a New England "divine," and he was certainly not the father of the cultural and moral tone of the editorial pages of certain morning newspapers of his country.

But he *was* the father of his country in a far more profound sense than that. He was the father of the hard-headed, cold, honest, unilluminated captains of industry of his country. He was the father of the Oil Magnates, the Steel Magnates, the Bankers, the "super-business men" who still dominate his country and command its real admiration. He died the richest man in the United States, and he was the true spiritual forebear and predecessor of those who have since competed for that heroic position. He had no social or political passion for an ideal. He had no interest in human liberty. He was entirely undemocratic. He despised the mob. He flogged the common soldiers. He permitted only what he called "gentlemen" to become officers in his army. He was probably the biggest single wet blanket ever thrown over a revolutionary conflagration in the character of leader. As commander-in-chief of the army he made the revolutionary cause so unpopular among the em-

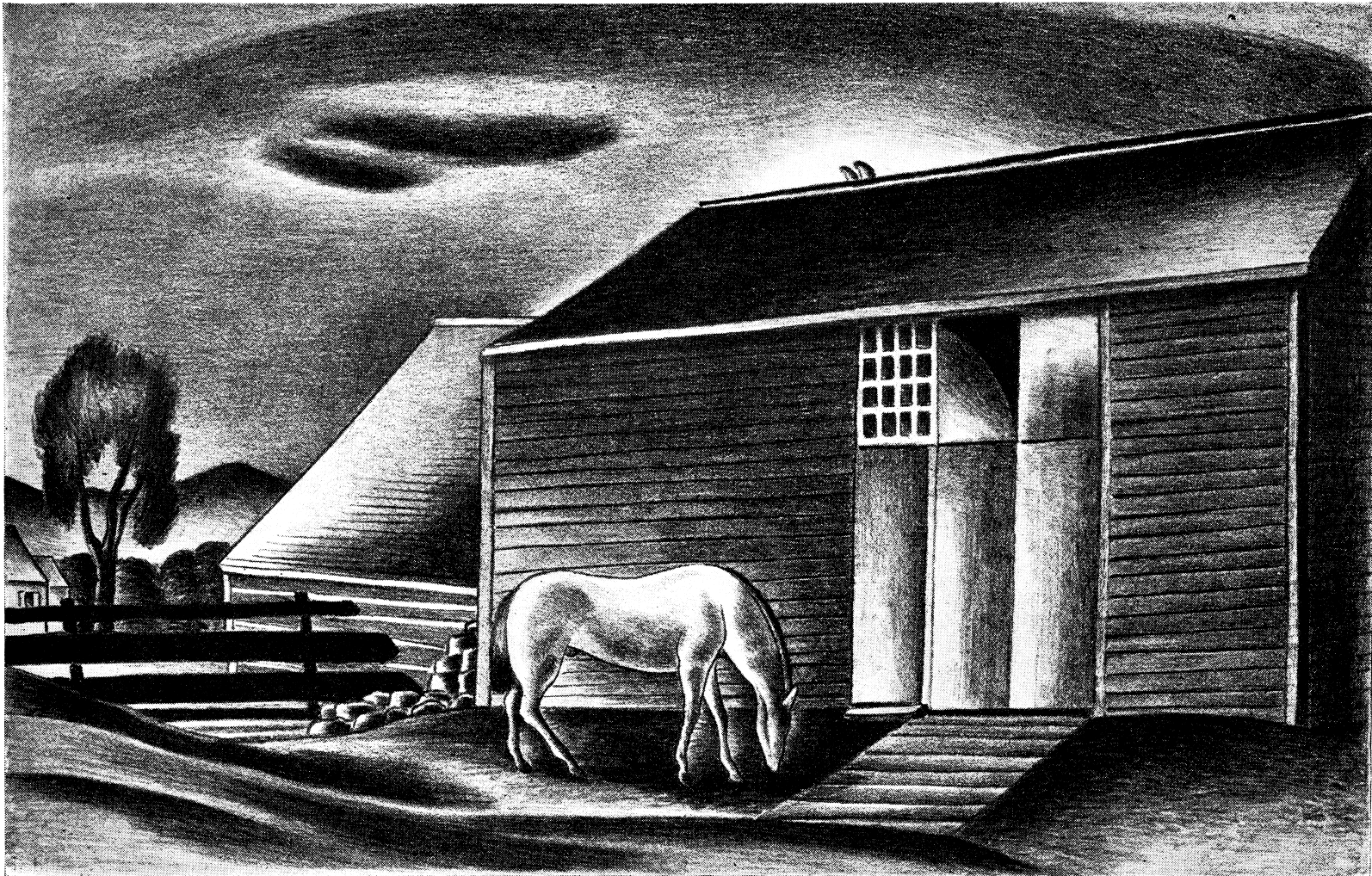
battled farmers that it was practically impossible to win it. And then he went ahead sorrowful and pessimistic and perpetually discouraged—went ahead, with his great immovable courage and determination, and won it. That is the kind of a man he was. He married for money, and he didn't love his wife, and he had only a very dim flow of feeling, but what feeling he had was rather sad, and growing sadder all his life long.

If this man was the father of our country, it is obvious that our country was not founded upon the principles of liberty, equality and democracy. And Woodward makes this still more obvious by embedding his portrait of Washington in a swift, clear, brilliant history of the manner in which the country actually was founded. That makes his book very much bigger than its title. He really gives you a true account of the conception and birth of this republic—the whole story from the date of Washington's birth to the date of his death—and not only true, either, but witty and shrewd and charming in a crude, bold unacademic and very American way. Woodward is not afraid to make statements. He is not afraid of the professors. That is a great thing, and in one who knows as much as he does, it is a rare thing. His book ought to be a required course in all American schools and families.



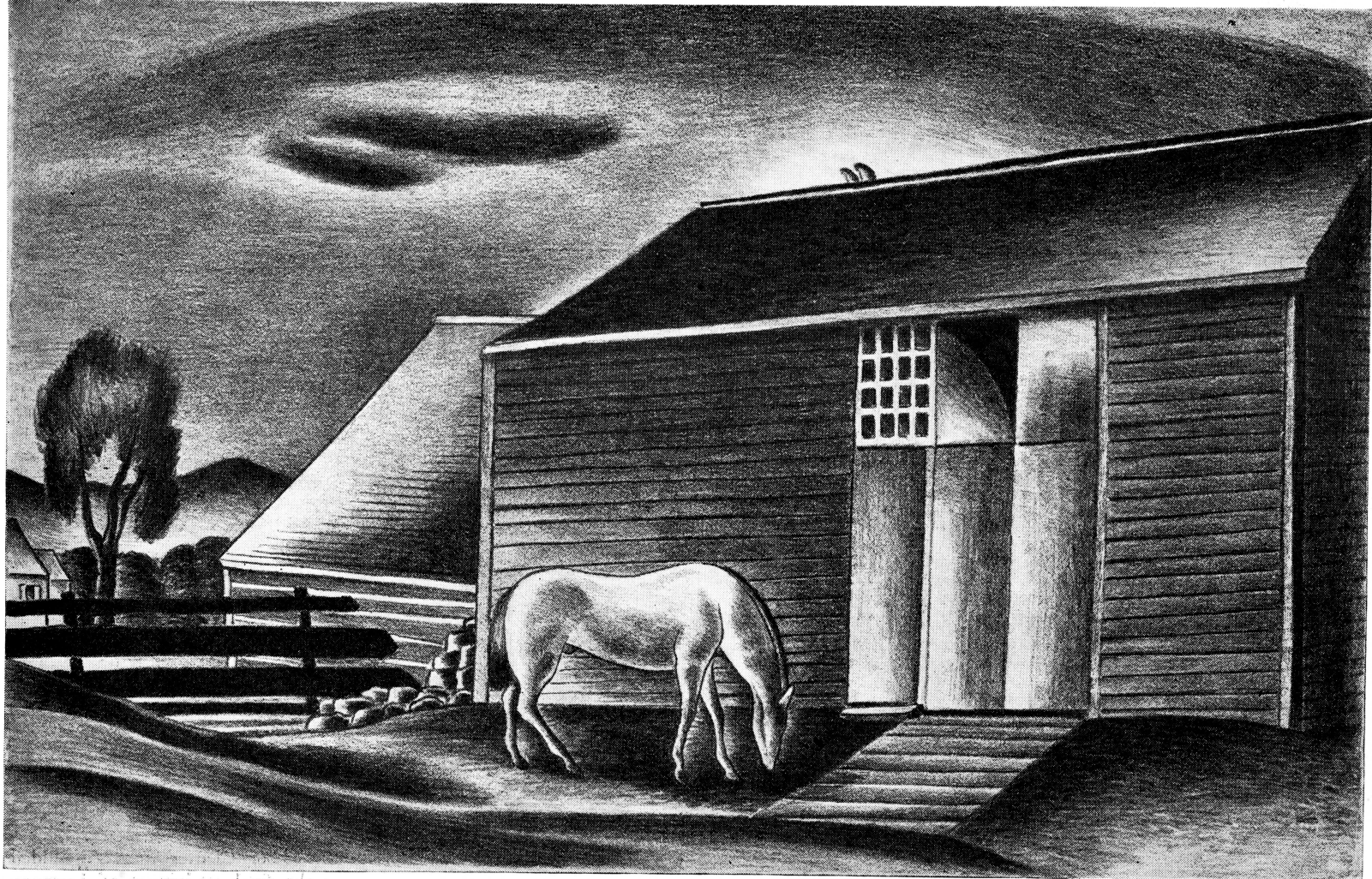
B A R N S

From a Lithograph by Ernest Fiene



From a Lithograph by Ernest Fiene

B A R N S



B A R N S

From a Lithograph by Ernest Fiene

CLASS WAR STILL GOING STRONG

In the Philippines

President Coolidge has vetoed the Act of the Philippine Legislature providing for a plebiscite on the question of independence. In his message announcing the decision, the President says: "Independence is an intangible ideal which has often brought disillusionment and disaster in its train."

In Cuba

President Machado comes to the United States. He is feted at the Hotel Biltmore by the New York

bankers, and goes to Washington to bootlick President Coolidge. Behind him, in Havana harbor, he leaves *Maximo Gomez*, a floating dungeon filled with the half live bodies of workers who took part in the railroad strike, or who were active in organizing their fellow workers employed by the American Sugar Refining Co., the American Tobacco Co., the General Electric and other American corporations. Other labor leaders, who were less, or perhaps more lucky, have been assassinated. Chester M. Wright, of

the Pan American Federation of Labor, who recently returned from the island puts the number of these murdered workers at 200. Under Machado the sale of lottery tickets by the government is so managed that each member of the legislature gets a bonus of at least \$18,000 a year, senators getting about \$36,000. This legislature has shown its appreciation by passing decrees during the past year that make Machado virtual dictator. As yet there have been no rumors of American intervention to

uphold democratic principles.

In England

During the general strike and miners' lockout, 7,316 workers were prosecuted by the government. Nine hundred were sentenced to jail, ten to the penitentiary, 3,488 were fined, and 1,067 were placed on probation. Difficulty was experienced by the Government, however, through the fact that only a relatively small proportion of strikers would make themselves guilty of any charges whatsoever. Hence the new Trade Union Bill, which multiplies the grounds for prosecution by declaring picketing to be illegal unless it conforms to certain standards to be interpreted by the judge, and which, in addition to declaring a general or sympathetic strike illegal in itself, lists as illegal any number of activities connected therewith, including financial contributions.

In France

Wage-cuts continue in the face of unemployment. Reductions in the metal works shops of Citroen, "the Eiffel Tower man," resulted in a lock-out of 10,000 workers. Twenty-five thousand textile workers in the district of Roanne, threatened with a 15 per cent cut, have decided to strike. Threats of drastic wage cuts among the miners have put them in an ugly mood, and preparations for a general strike in some districts have led to negotiation.

Protests against the draft law have been made by labor organizations and intellectuals.

Eight years after the Frenchifying of the University of Strasbourg in the heat of the victory's revenge, Poincaré says in his anniversary message: "Neither France nor Alsace has had a change of heart since then."

In Italy

Beluzzo, Minister of Public Economy, recently announced that reduction of wages was inevitable, owing to the rise in the lira and the drop in the home and export trades. Only by lowering the cost of production, he said, could the state revive the trade in the future. In this statement lies the true meaning of the new Labor Charter—capital and labor are asked to make sacrifices for the sake of Italian industry. It sounds very fair. Capital is asked to sacrifice some of its profits, and labor is asked to sacrifice its right to a livelihood. Strikes and lockouts are declared illegal. But if the government enforces wage reductions, lockouts become unnecessary, and strikes all the more necessary. This is the Labor Charter that is heralded as the final attainment of harmony



WILLIAM
SIEGEL

VIVA CRISTO REY!

Drawing by William Siegel



VIVA CRISTO REY !

Drawing by William Siegel



VIVA CRISTO REY !

Drawing by William Siegel

between capital and labor. It was promulgated on April 21st. On May 4th comes the Associated Press report from Brescia that twenty thousand farm laborers with a working day of ten hours have accepted a 10 per cent wage cut.

In Denmark

Owing to the rise of Danish money to par value, 85,000 workers are unemployed in this small country. This situation is being used to break down the social legislation for which this country is famous. The power of the trade unions is threatened with a bill similar to the one in England to secure "freedom of labor."

In Poland

The Independent Party of peasants and the White Russian Peasants' and Workers' party, the *Hromada*, have been declared illegal. A drastic anti-Communist Bill is aimed at the remaining workers' and peasants' organizations. Its provisions fetter them to such an extent that they will be able to carry on only the mildest and most ineffective form of activities. Meanwhile, prison sentences with hard labor have been handed down to some workers for participating in a demonstration, and to others for distributing Communist literature.

The recent strike of 200,000 textile workers resulted in the granting of a 5 to 12 per cent wage increase by the Court of Arbitration. This brings the earning power of the majority of families up to less than 80 cents a day.

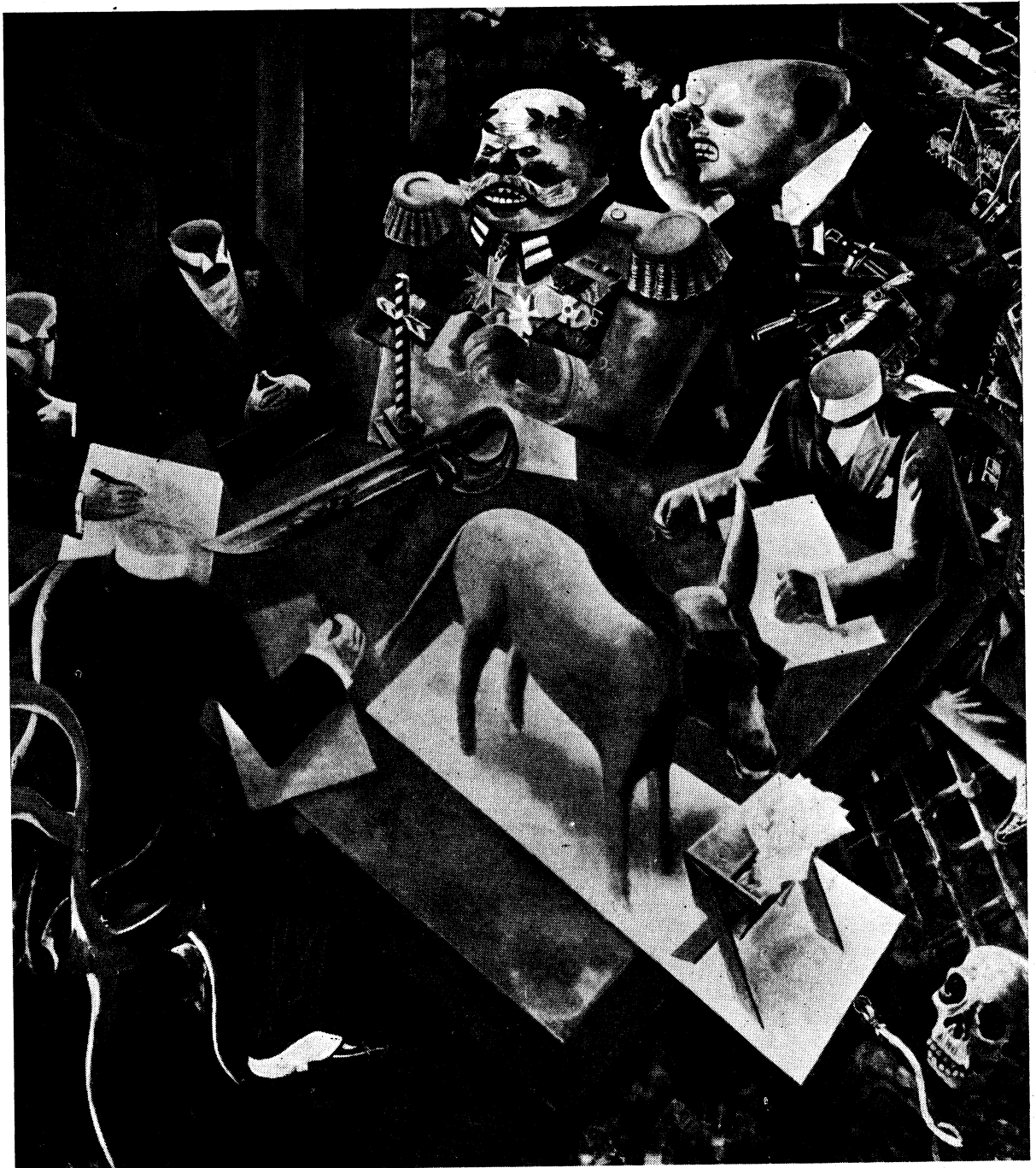
Workers' newspapers such as the *Robotnik* and *Kurjet Poranny* are prohibited by the new censorship law. We quote from the *New York Times*: "Marshal Pilsudski adjourned Parliament before the new censorship law was enacted, knowing that a Presidential enactment could be issued hemming the publishers into tighter channels than the legislators would countenance. . . . The owner of a paper is also subject to fine and imprisonment should his responsible editor allow an incorrect statement to appear. Papers must print in each edition such denials as the Government gives out in official communications."

5. General improvement of conditions.

In Yugoslavia

Word comes of a two weeks hunger strike of political prisoners, mostly non-partisan, in the Mitrovitza prison at Belgrade. The following are their demands:

1. Separation of political prisoners from common criminals.
2. Admission of Steitch and Raitch to the hospital. (These two unfortunates became insane, one of them having been five years and the other three years under the drastic cell regime.)
3. Removal of chains.
4. Abolition of prolonged confinement in cells (the famous vertical cement tombs).



From a Painting by George Grosz

Munition Magnate: "About time to feed the donkey some more pap."

In Bulgaria

A Bulgarian literary paper lists 35 leading professional men who have been assassinated by agents of the Bulgarian Government. The list includes well-known doctors, lawyers, deputies and editors of opposition papers.

The hunger strike mentioned in our last issue resulted in brutal reprisals against the prisoners, who were subsequently crowded in narrow cells, four or five to a cell, so that they could scarcely move.

A group of prominent Bulgarian men and women, among them the chairman of the Bulgarian Women's Union, as well as the Bulgarian League for Human Rights, have sought national and international assistance for victims of the White Terror. But the government through

its organ, the *Demokratitscheski Sgovor*, replied that: "Any assistance given to those who have fought against us means the strengthening of the opponents of the State."

Protests have been sent in from all over Europe, among them a personal letter of indignation to Liaptchef from George Lansbury, British Labor M. P. But Austen Chamberlain considering British interest in Bulgaria, says of the suggestion to the League of Nations that the Bulgarian Government should issue a general amnesty: "The League should not interfere with the domestic affairs of its members."

In Hungary

When Premier Count Stephen Bethlen de Bethlen of Hungary returned from two weeks spent visiting Signor Mussolini at Rome he said: "My Government will undertake in the immediate future a

thorough study of the Fascist system, especially its social aspects. . . . We shall then adopt those Fascist reforms which have been tested and found practicable. . . .

"Naturally we do not intend slavishly to copy Fascism; but I must express now my warmest admiration for Signor Mussolini as a man and a statesman, and for his great accomplishments as the *Duce of Fascismo*. . . ."

In Australia

The ban on labor and radical literature imposed by the anti-Labor federal government is the most drastic since the world war. Among the many books on the censor's index are Bishop Brown's *Communism and Christianity*.

Premier Laing of New South Wales has been ousted from office because of his friendliness with the Communists. **Mary Reed**



From a Painting by George Grosz
Munition Magnate: "About time to feed the donkey some more pap."

TRAVELING HARD

FROM Tiflis to Baku we travelled "hard", i.e., third class. Our carriage was crowded with workers bound for the oil fields. The top benches in each compartment were loaded with baggage; the two lower benches were occupied by men, women, and children sprawling under the broiling Caucasian sun that poured in through the narrow windows.

Inside the carriage all the windows were closed, although it was the middle of June. The heat was oppressive. Two small windows on the platform were open, each filled with the body of a man leaning out to breathe the wind that swept by the rushing train.

Early in the morning the passengers began to undo their straw baskets and paper bundles. They laid out huge slabs of black bread, long sticks of sausage, and bottles of wine, beer and soda, and began to eat and drink. Every time I looked up someone was eating black bread and sausage and drinking. Usually the beverage was tea. People might have much baggage or little baggage, but they always carried a tea-kettle. Almost every railway station in Russia serves boiling water free of charge, and whenever the train stopped there was a rush for the *kipsitok*. The passengers would come back with their kettles steaming, and with arms full of cheese, fruit, roast chicken, and radishes purchased at the buffet.

Many passengers had their own bedding, rolled up in circular wooden boxes. After breakfast they spread out their thin blankets and lay down to sleep. Faces and hands began to grow red under the heat. Several peasants in heavy black boots, crinkled at the ankles, tossed on the hard benches. A young worker, with his shirt open at the throat, read a newspaper and chased flies with his blue handkerchief. He was sitting next to me, and opened a conversation:

—Excuse me, you are a foreigner?

—How did you know?

—Your shoes. Are you German?

When I told him I was American, he began firing questions at me: How do people live in America? what wages do workers get? are they organized in trade unions? in what kind of houses do they live? how much does bread cost? and milk? and meat? Is there a Communist Party in America?

A little blond girl of about thirteen, seated on the opposite bench at the feet of her sleeping mother, looked up from her book and listened to the talk. She shook her mother:

—Mama, are you asleep?

—What is it, Shura?

—What do you think, Mama, bread costs eight cents a pound in America, and they are having a textile strike.

Shura told me something about herself. Her father is an oil worker. Of course, he is a member of the trade union, though not a Party member. Her mother was a peasant; she is still illiterate, but is going to learn when they get to Baku.

—I can't read and write yet, said her mother, but Shura goes to school and is learning all about the world.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

Is America imperialistic?

We love our neighbors. We are trying, in a humble way, to serve them, to sacrifice for them and to advance their interests. We are maintaining moral standards that all the world may follow. But not as imperialists. We are doing these things because they lie "in the genius of America."

So says Mr. Coolidge.

This time it is not the White House Spokesman but the President himself who has been talking to the newspaper boys, and to the delegates at a Pan-American conference. And such a line of talk! You might think that Cautious Cal was describing the actions of a New England Sunday-School teacher on the First Day of each week.

The President has been a little worried of late about this matter of imperialism. He and Kellogg plunged pretty deep in Nicaragua, and they are still covered with the muck that stuck them around Nanking. It is evident that the Administration wants to make clear to the whole world that its intentions are one hundred per cent altruistic. Hence the speeches, with honey dripping from almost every paragraph.

SWEETNESS

1. "The Pan-American movement rests on the principle of mutual helpfulness."

2. It is "an ardent and sincere desire to do good, one to another. Our associates in the Pan-American Union all stand on an absolute equality with us. It is the often declared and established policy of this Government to use its resources not to burden them but to assist them; not to control them but to cooperate with them."

3. "The world knows that the whole genius of America always calls it to the support of the universal rights of humanity."

4. "We support the demands of right and justice, but we are equally solicitous to observe the requirements of mercy and compassion. In the attempt of your Government to meet these great obligations by which alone an enlightened, civilized society can be maintained, a united America must constantly respond with service and sacrifice."

Come on, Cal. Let the Sunday School stuff alone! With your marines in Nicaragua and the blood of Nanking fresh on your hands, cut out the bunk and face the facts. The U. S. A. has an annual surplus of about 17,000 million dollars. Some of this can be spread around at home. About two billion goes abroad each year. At the present moment we are investing more money abroad, year by year, than all of the other investing nations of the world combined. The whole of Europe is paying us tribute (Soviet Union excepted). We dominate Latin America just as a big police dog dominates the back yard in which he lives. The Caribbean countries are being forced, at the point of the bayonet, to turn over to the U.S.A. the control of their customs and their finances; the policing of their respective home territories and the direction of their foreign policy.

What is imperialism? Finding a chance, outside of your own country, to exploit resources or labor, and then holding a gun while your nationals get away with the swag. Judged on that basis, the United States is the leading empire of the world at the present moment.

Lay off on the comedy, and get on to the real picture.

Scott Nearing

LIGHT

1. United States investments in Mexico: Oil, 500 million; mines and smelters, 400 million; railways, 250 million, etc.

2. American investments in Latin America: in 1900, about 300 million, of which about two-thirds was in Mexico; in 1927, 4,500 million, distributed from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn.

3. United States trade with Latin America: in 1900, about 300 million, or one-seventh of the total of foreign trade; in 1926, 2,000, or one-fifth of the total foreign trade.

4. As early as 1918, American histories appeared in which Cuba, Santo Domingo, Haiti, Panama and Nicaragua were listed as "protectorates" of the United States.

5. The battle fleet now in the Hudson, 116 vessels, is larger, twice over, than the combined fleets of all the Latin American countries.

THE STUDENT

Baku in June is hotter than hell. I walked into the soda shop facing the boulevard along the Caspian Sea, and sat down at one of the small white tables, and ordered a lemonade. The pretty Jewish blonde who brought it wore a large wedding ring on the middle finger of her right hand.

—Excuse me, she said, the proprietor would like to speak to you.

The old Turk was sitting on a little bench in back of the store, mending a pair of pants. His face was like crumpled brown leather, and the gray mustache straggled down to his unshaven chin. He must have been at least fifty.

—Is it true, he asked, that everybody in America has lots of money?

—No, I said, only the capitalists have lots of money.

—Is it true that every American worker has an automobile?

—In America, I said, there are people who think that every Russian wears a beard.

The young man in back of the counter laughed. He was tall, thin, curly-headed. His eyes were dark and merry. He was listening to the conversation and making ice-cream.

—These old people, he said to me in German, they have the most childish fantasies.

—Do you work for the old Turk regularly? I asked.

—No, only in the summer. The rest of the year I'm a student. I am studying chemistry at the Adgerbajian University, and in the summer time I make ice cream to earn a little extra money. They say it's the best ice cream in Baku.

People in Russia are free with their autobiographies. He went on:

—My family really comes from Kiev; we have been in Baku only a year. When I've finished chemistry, I'm going in for engineering. Student life is not at all bad. We get free tuition, free books, reduced rates for food, and in addition we get pocket money.

—Are you a Party member, I asked.

—No, but I'm a Communist at heart. He offered me some ice cream and said earnestly: Don't judge things by Baku. It's all new here. Bolshevism has been here only a couple of years. When you get into Russia proper you will see even more progress. Talk to the people in the streets here; you will see they are all in favor of the Soviet government. All we need now is technique, machinery.

I started to go; when I was passing through the doorway, he called after me:

—You must come back here five years from now. You won't recognize the country.

Joseph Freeman

TROT OUT YOUR PAY-TRIOTS

By ROBERT W. DUNN

THESE are probably more patriotic societies to be found in the United States of America than anywhere else on this planet. Although there are a number of secret orders devoted to upholding the Republic, most of the current societies are comparatively above board. They break into the news their due quota of times. In fact they lust after the limelight. The substantial salaries of their secretaries depend upon it.

They have thrust themselves forward with such abandon, with such conspicuous vulgarity, that they have finally disturbed our good liberals. These liberals—under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson's own apostle, Mr. Norman Hapgood—have decided to make a raid on these upstart and lowdown flag wavers. A book, *Professional Patriots*, is the first gun in the offensive. We hope it will not be the last. For behind the smoke created by this verbal electrocution of the loyalists we discern a fairly large slice of factual material. Had the liberal espionage service been more effective we might have had more. But we ought to be satisfied with this beginning from Mr. Hapgood, a former minister to Denmark, Mr. Howard, the playwright, who likes to take an occasional fling in the world of "menaces," and Mr. Hearley, a journalist and researcher of parts.

First they inform us that there are various kinds of Professionals. Some, indeed, are not so professional, in that they appear to give their time to Old Glory "as a public service" without compensation except newspaper headlines. Among these are the drawing room Ladies of the Flag of the brand of Mrs. Noble Newport Potts—there is a red plush name to conjure with! They are quite exclusive. Nothing less than a Major General, preferably one versed in gas warfare, may speak at their meetings. . . . No one of their rank than a direct descendant—

on both sides—of the Revolution (1776) may join the gang. A Daughter of 1812 might possibly get by if she has money and social appeal.

Mr. Dwight Braman, president of the Law and Order Union of New York, is to be numbered among this same school of war babies. A retired member of the New York Stock Exchange, his passion has been like so many others—to act "as a clearing house of information" on his subversive fellow citizens, and to list on his letterhead such miscellaneous defenders of the faith as the American



Drawing by William Gropper

THREE A. M.

Speakeasy Host: "C'mon! Closing time. Gotta obey the law."

Legion, the Bowery Mission, the Mayflower Descendants and the Military Order of the World War—America's own Steel Helmets League. As a matter of fact brother Braman once federated "over fifty patriotic organizations with a membership of seven millions" into his Allied Patriotic Societies. If he could get a soldier on his committee he listed the War Department as affiliated. If he landed a "gob" he simply added the United States Navy to his list of affiliated bunting flutterers.

There are many of the same type. Mr. Jacob Cash and his vest pocket United States Patriotic Society which heads off immigrants from Bolshevism and passes out *What American Means to Mean*—a Cash contribution—to workers on the picket line; Harry F. Atwood with his mouth-filling Constitutional Anniversary Association; Frank Comerford and Joseph T. Cashman with their presumptuous Civil Legion; Mrs. William Cummings Story with her apprehensive Women Builders of America (an old friend of the NEW MASSES—see *Professional Patriots*, page 189); and finally the snappy Mrs. Geo. E. Owens, who has money,

and who marshalled the gentlemen patriots at Albany in an effort to drive the Civil Liberties Union out of the public schools of New York State. All the above-named are volunteer fanatics of the cause, equally zealous in their assaults on liberals and others in the pay of Moscow. The salaried managers, directors and secretaries are no less devoted—Freddie Marvin, for example, of the late New York *Commercial*, who now heads the Key-men of America and writes for the *National Republic*. Freddie has been cashing in on open shop *pay*triotism for years. Alarmed old men and women of means are his meat. With their financial aid he claims to have driven back the Hunnish hordes of La Folletteism in 1924.

But the so-called "national organizations" easily eclipse the one-man, hand-organ societies. In this class we find the once rich and ably managed National Security League; the less stuff-shirted, but no less hysterical, American Defense Society, headed by Major R. A. Charles, who plays with the Pinkerton Agency and contends that the growth of the goitre is the basis of American radicalism; and finally the first class-collabora-

tionist society founded in this hemisphere—the setecmed National Civic Federation. All these hang out in New York. In Chicago, the American Citizenship Foundation, a banker-backed aggregation, considers Miss Jane Addams the third most dangerous woman in America (Mr. Easley of the Civic Federation chose Mrs. Willard Straight for the first honors in this popularity contest some years ago. For second place expert opinion runs to Carrie Chapman Cattle. Also in Chicago one finds the National Clay Products Industries Association, an industrial open-shop association with a superpatriot named Jung for secretary. Jung is another "clearing house" of information, the accuracy of which may be estimated by his belief that Lenin was once an East Side pantsmaker associated with Emma Goldman. Then there are about five of these societies with offices in Washington and several others raising an anti-liberal stench all the way from Boston (the Industrial Defence Association, thirsting for the blood of Sacco and Vanzetti) to Los Angeles, where the Better America Federation directs the raiding of wobbly halls and the distribution of literature against the municipal ownership of waterworks.

It must not be taken for granted that a complete united front exists between these various societies with their annual budgets aggregating more than \$250,000. In fact there are known to be many rivalries and jealous backbitings among them. Especially when one of them arrives first at the scene of some Red Eruption such as Passaic and gives the mill owners' legs a twist for five thousand berries, the others—at least those who have Minute Men always ready for strike duty—are quite naturally jealous. But no matter what the job, be it strike-smashing, liberal-baiting, college-cleansing, speaker-censoring, the Law and the Prophets are the same. And the greatest Prophet was, and is, Clayton R. Lusk, and his high priest is Archibald Stevenson of the Union League Club. And the Gospel handed down to the two of them is in the four heavy volumes of the New York State Joint Legislative Committee investigating Seditious Activities. If your name is not written there, or in the late R. M. Whitney's *Reds in America*, or in Marvin's Key Man file, or in the Spider Web Chart—product of the Chemical Warfare Service—or in the private correspondence of T. Ralston Welsh, a wealthy red-sniffer of Philadelphia—if your name is not on one of these lists, well, you are simply not going to be attacked by the Professionals. For

Professional Patriots, Edited by Norman Hapgood. Material assembled by Sidney Howard and John Hearley. Albert and Charles Boni. \$1.50.



Gropper

Drawing by William Gropper

THREE A. M.

Speakeasy Host: "C'mon! Closing time. Gotta obey the law."

their Blacklists and Redlists all derive from these fountains of expensively accumulated and thoroughly inaccurate information.

Let some bible-peddling student pacifist rise in a meeting of Dunkards in a jerkwater college and express a humble objection to compulsory military training, and one or another of the Professionals will land on his head with a whoop. A \$200 a week secretary wires the nearest post of the R. O. T. C. that treason is abroad on the campus. "Complete details follow by air mail." The local Legion is given a similar prodding. The "details" arrive and the student—or it may be a professor—is duly squelched. Some First Lieutenant in charge of hammering Prussian drills into the college youth will be the intermediary. He will issue a broadside in the campus newspaper proving, by citations from the "details," taken from the aforementioned Gospels, that said pacifist student, or professor, is a member of the local liberal club which is tied up with the Quakers, who are in turn friendly to the *Christian Century* which traitorous sheet is a first cousin to the League for Industrial Democracy which is interlocked with the Garland Fund which, as is well known to all sniffers, is subsidized by the free love and license advocating Civil Liberties Union which in turn is nothing but a piece of window garnishing for the Communist Internationale (always add the "e"; it sounds dreadfully foreign) which is run by Trotsky who, it appears, is "the world's wildest anarchist" (. . . or words to that effect.)

The broadside delivered, the student—or prof.—will pull in his neck. Or he may pack his brief case and move elsewhere, followed by the ripe eggs and decayed onions of the local post of the Legion or the Improved and Beneficent Military Order of the World War.

To radicals the parts of the book dealing with Mr. Ralph Easley, dean of sniffers, will prove most interesting and confirmatory. Here is a gentleman who has dedicated his life to the theory that "there ain't no class struggle" and that the A. F. of L. should be kept *vosher* for imperialism. The socialists used to be the objects of Easley's venomous attacks, but the liberals and various schools of in-betweeners bore their share too. Latterly the Communists have been the focus and Easley's dashing labor lieutenants now devote 89 per cent of their waking hours to driving Reds and alleged Reds out of trade unions.

The tie-up between Mr. Easley, Mr. William J. Burns, late of the United States Bureau of Investigation, and Mr. Samuel Gompers, the book tells us, was close enough to constitute a protective league against Bolshevism. They worked hand in hand in their war on "extremists." It was

apparently on Easley's inspiration that Gompers entered into his lengthy controversy with Rev. Harry F. Ward and the Civil Liberties Union. Lord, how these patriots—labor as well as labor-hating—love to rail at the A. C. L. U. "When other calls to patriotic duty run short," we are told on page 185, most of the Professionals "put in their spare time 'exposing' the Civil Liberties Union." When the name of this organization is mentioned to Easley he ceases to be artic-

ulate. He simply chokes and tries corporation with the Soul, Elon H. Hooker, whose interests unite in war chemicals and chauvinism, together with a Gould or two, and other names known along Wall Street and Park Avenue. The liberal researchers, however, didn't get very far in producing the full list of money bags behind the Easley outfit or any of the others. For none of the societies, with two exceptions, permit the National Information Bu-

reau or any other social agency to inattention not only to pushing criminal syndicalist and anti-radical legislation, but to fighting labor and social legislation generally. "The National Civic Federation, for example, represents conservative business in its opposition to minimum wage laws, child labor laws, old age pensions and welfare legislation." And Mr. Woll not only lends his name to these attacks but pretends to be hurt when Jim Maurer and other labor progressives send him "how come?" letters after some particularly vicious Easlian outburst against state old age pensions.

To be sure I can hear some of our smart Aleck liberals explaining this situation by blaming it all on the Reds. It was they, it is alleged, who made Mr. Woll and his kind go wrong. (You know the line of argument: The Reds are red. They scare the good people in the labor movement who rush in panic to the bosom of the business agent reactionaries. The latter might be persuaded to fight the employers and agitate, say, for the old age pension laws, but they are only looking for an excuse to fight some one else. So they turn round and smear the Reds at the first opportunity. This, you see, would be impossible if the Reds were not so red, and if they would only be sweet and reasonable and not annoy the business agent reactionaries.) But they will have a difficult time blaming the Civic Federation antics on the post-war Reds. For Gompers and Woll and the other labor executives were eating star spangled banquets with Easley long before there were such things as left wing splits and soviets in this world.

The appendix to *Professional Patriots* contains a list of those who have been doing most of the sniffing in recent years—secretaries, editors, army and navy officers, private zealots and retired brokers. After this comes the list of those attacked, from Ben Gitlow and Gurley Flynn to Bishop Brent and Raymond Fosdick, together with scores of harmless professors and pacifists. The list alone is worth the price of the book and it's probably the best list prepared since Archie Stevenson handed in his catalogue of sixty-two persons "holding dangerous, destructive and anarchist sentiments" to the Senate subcommittee investigating Bolshevism in 1919.

Finally, the book contains bits of charming poetry, some of which we are glad to see embalmed for the historians of this decade. One example issued by the Security League, is entitled *Bolshe Viki*. Its concluding refrain follows:

"For they're done with Bolshe Viki, an' his serpent breed must go,
The People, they are thinkin' hard—but thinkin' very slow!
Ho! America must arm herself to fight an unclean foe,
An' be shippin' Bolshe Viki EVERY mornin'!"

AFTERNOON OF COLONEL BRADY

He, forty-five years old,

One time religious,

Colonel of marines in the Argonne,

One time in Chicago salesman of motor cars,

Seducer of a Swiss chambermaid in Detroit, years ago,

Pouring whiskey now, drinking it,

Warm, gay,

Feeling simple, alone, thinking of nothing,

Considering the night's amusement,

Staring at slow, white clouds beyond the window,

Thinking of the air that snapped with invisible fingers in the Argonne,

Pouring whiskey, drinking it,

Heard: "Ha! Ha! You wicked man!"

When? Detroit. Where? Detroit. A chambermaid.

"Ha! Ha! You wicked man!" Detroit.

Who? What wicked man?

He, forty-five, ex-Colonel of marines,

Red-haired boy playing with a kite,

Boy in the tall trees by the still river,

Sun on the trees,

Boy sailing a kite in the blue sky,

Religious one time, afraid to die,

Young, curious, in love,

Young man with an idea for a new kind of fountain-pen,

Young man who knocked out two men in a bar-room brawl,

Afraid to die,

He, forty-five years old,

"Ha! Ha! You wicked man!"

Once in Chicago, a salesman of motor cars,

Too good for that,

Snap. Commanded the battalion advance. Snap. Snap-snap.

Died there?

Drank whiskey now.

Considered the night's amusement.

Thought he would go for a short walk.

Chose a revue to see that night.

Looked out of the window.

Looked at the slow, white clouds.

Felt gay. Warm.

Wise. Strong. Secure.

Felt small. Strange. Forgetful.

R. stless. Thin. Confused.

Kenneth Fearing

to swallow. Matt Woll, Edward F. McGrady, the florid Hugh Frayne and other self-appointed fumigators of fur unions seem to share this Easlian complex.

It goes without saying that the supporters of Mr. Easley and his Acting President Woll and the various subcommittees to study and report on and bewail revolutionary movements, are such loyal natives as the late August Belmont, open-shop traction magnate, Elbert Gary, head of the

spect their books. So we get nothing more than an occasional peep behind the curtain—a note from Judge Gary enclosing \$5,000 for the American Constitutional Association, a government record showing the piles of Wall Street money behind the Security League, and the big power interests in California backing the Better America boosters, and so on.

Most of the societies, being financed by the big—and little—business interests; devote much of their

THE BOOK OF MARRIAGE

By CHARLES W. WOOD

MARRIAGE seems to have more or less to do with sex.

It is hard to say whether it is more or less. In some quarters, it seems to be getting less: but taking modern civilization as a whole, the sex emphasis in marriage is obviously far stronger than it was in the ancient societies.

The ancients had sex, no doubt. Even the married folks: at least, the married men. The women may have had it too; but if so, they couldn't do anything about it, so what's the use of discussing that?

In our modern industrial civilization, the woman seems able to do something about it occasionally, and that makes a big difference. They can bear children too. What sex they have *The Book of Marriage*, by Count Hermann Keyserling. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$5.00.

does not seem to interfere prohibitively with that: but what to do with the sex they have left over seems to be one of their most distressing problems in these modern days.

Social change has freed them to dispose of this surplus. But education has not kept pace with social change: and when they go to the problem of what to do with their sex, they get the problem all mixed up with the problem of marriage.

That wasn't so in the old days. In the old days, marriage was one thing and sex was another. That is, to the man. To the woman, marriage was one thing and there wasn't any other. That is, if she were married. If, for any reason, she muffed marriage, she could toy with sex and, in some societies, make quite a profession of it. But marriage, to both men and women, was a social matter, and

neither sex attraction nor the art of sex expression had much to do with it.

Thanks to Count Hermann Keyserling, all this is likely to be understood now much better than it has been understood of late. His really great work *The Book of Marriage* makes it very plain. To be sure, Keyserling himself does not say it in so many words. He says so many words, in fact, that it is often difficult to trace what he is saying. He is a profound philosopher; which is, being interpreted, a dealer in profound blah. But he is much more than that. He is a magnificent editor: and when he set out to compile a Book of Marriage, he drew to the task about as capable a lot of collaborators as could have been selected. If there is a finer, keener, more enlightening discussion of the marriage problem between the covers of any other book, I have never heard of it.

For those who already know all there is to know about marriage, this book may not amount to much. But

for those who are willing to concede that they may have something to learn, it will prove a treasure. It is not a mere book of the month. It is a book to live with, for a good many years yet. There is lots in it with which everybody must disagree: for marriage is discussed at times from religious and mystical angles for which a good many moderns must have considerable contempt. But it is analyzed from many modern angles too, with analysis which would not be anywhere near as valuable as they are if the book were devoted strictly to them.

For marriage is, by and large, rather an ancient institution. One great factor in the present confusion is that we so frequently lose sight of the ancient theories concerning it. Some so-called radicals are prone to assume that it is an institution for the expression of sex desire: and while they may have worth-while theories as to the expression of sex desire, they only confuse themselves and



"'S funny, every time I'm in a subway crowd I feel an itch."
"Yeah, conditions are lousy."

OTTO SOGLOW
Drawing by Otto Soglow



"S funny, every time I'm in a subway crowd I feel an itch."
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"S funny, every time I'm in a subway crowd I feel an itch."
"Yeah, conditions are lousy."

everybody else by musing it all up with this unfounded assumption.

The chapter by Tagore on *The Hindu Conception of Marriage* is especially commended to their attention. Not that it contains anything new. The beauty of it is that it contains so much that is old: and if we don't keep old truths in mind, it is hard to tell what to do with our new ones. Improving a spark-plug is a worthy endeavor: but a spark-plug, to do good service, ought to have an automobile or something like that to go along with it. If we forget the automobile and concentrate only on the improvement, the improvement isn't likely to get us very far.

One thing I will say for Keyserling. Never, throughout the book, does he let us forget that it is a Book of Marriage. Since sex has more or less to do with marriage, the book also has more or less to do with sex. But marriage, not sex, is the theme.

Keyserling himself does not occupy an unforgivably large fraction of the book. What he says may bore you: but not any more, everything considered, than the speeches of a pedantic chairman of a brilliant debate.

As was to be expected, many reviewers were so profoundly impressed with Keyserling's heavy phrases that they eulogized the book because of them. How much damage they did I do not know: but I wish to notify alsoever that the book is great in spite of Keyserling's contribution.

Keyserling sets out to prove that individual happiness is not the aim of marriage, and he invents a high-sounding phrase to describe what the relationship of marriage actually is. Hold your breath for the revelation. Marriage, he proclaims, is a *state of balanced tension*.

Now, this happens to be undeniable. Marriage is a state of balanced tension, but I don't know what anybody is going to do about it. For so are all other human relations. If balanced tension is the key to the understanding of the marriage relation, everybody is likely to discover that he is married to everybody else.

One might write a thesis to prove that the happiness of the earth is not the purpose of interplanetary attraction. So it ain't, but what of it? If the earth had any choice in the matter, it would doubtless choose happiness and try to worm itself into the particular set of cosmic tensions which it found least distressing. Human beings likewise will choose happiness to unhappiness in marriage, so long as they think they have a chance.

But marriage is a sort of tragic tension, according to Keyserling. So is your old bachelorhood. So is life. There is tension everywhere, tragedy and comedy being mere phases of it.

That it is futile to look for individual happiness in marriage may be admitted. But what of that? If

true, it doesn't happen to be a truth that will affect human life. The most that one could hope, from the standpoint of Keyserling's thesis, is that we should abandon the pursuit of happiness and begin pursuing balanced tension instead.



Drawing by Lewis Daniel

"Now fer that I'll take yer number!"
"Here Oi am. Take me photigraft!"

One could surely find balanced tension, if he devoted himself to the task. In that sense, the pursuit would not be futile. But he could also find it, and he will also find it, without devoting himself to anything. Looking for balanced tension in human relations is like trying to find a wet spot in the ocean. A philosopher might do it, but nobody but a philosopher would think he had to.

I don't know Keyserling. He seems to love tragedy: and if he does, he is welcome to it, as far as I am concerned. He may be a poverty-stricken nobleman who loves his poverty, and maybe he inserted those chapters to keep the book from selling extensively and making the author rich. If so, I submit, that is Keyserling's business and not the business of those who like good books. They should observe the laws of balanced tension and buy the book anyway, regardless of how it may make Keyserling squirm.

The chapter by Havelock Ellis on *The Art of Love* is worth the price of the whole volume. The one by Jung will be especially appreciated by those who like Jung. Three lines

by Bernard Shaw deserve to be quoted.

"No man," wrote Shaw, "dare write the truth about marriage while his wife lives. Unless, that is, he hates her, like Strindberg; and I don't. I shall read the volume with

mits readers to see a number of the important tributaries which other discoverers have mistaken for the river as a whole.

As to what marriage will be, I cannot get the answer from this book. Nevertheless, I assume that my readers expect me to tell. So here goes.

Marriage in the future will be very much the same as it was in the long ago. That is, it will not be an individual pleasure excursion, nor a mere legalized love affair. It will be an acceptance of our mature responsibilities, not merely toward a woman and her progeny but toward society as a whole. One who accepts those responsibilities will be as good as married, and the sex relations which he or she subsequently engages in will depend largely upon his or her desires and opportunities: both these desires and these opportunities being conditioned from time to time by the changing relations in the great flow of human life.

In the old days, the family was human society: therefore accepting family responsibilities meant the acceptance of about all the social responsibilities there were. In these days, the family is functioning less and less. As a social institution, it has almost gone out of existence. One may be utterly devoted to his wife and children and count for just nothing in the social scheme. In the old days, entering the family relation was the largest escape from individualism that it was possible to achieve. But since then, social evolution has been busy, until at last the main objectives of a human society comprising the whole world are now becoming apparent. As that evolution has proceeded, the family has counted for less and less: and only our foolish habit of still looking to the individual father for the economic support of the wife and kiddies has kept the institution going at all.

Of course, we must break from that habit soon. Everybody must see how foolish it is to expect an individual to support individuals in a collective society. Even now we have given up the notion that the individual parents are responsible for the education of their children. In a few years we shall be laughing at the idea that they are responsible for their support.

Then what? My guess is that there will still be marriage. It may not be called that: but there will be that acceptance at some period during adolescence, of our full social responsibilities, without which society cannot go on.

And in all probability, there will still be sex. As in the old days, however, the two ideas can again be kept apart. It is only in the period of transition between a little old society and this big new one that people have got to thinking of marriage as primarily a matter of sex relations.



Lewis Daniel

Drawing by Lewis Daniel

"Now fer that I'll take yer number!"
"Here Oi am. Take me photigraft!"

BOB TAKES A HIGH DIVE

By FLOYD DELL

Springboard, by Robert Wolf, Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.00.

It is often a mistake to try to review a book by someone you know—there are things you have no business to say in print, and in the effort to put them out of your mind you become self-conscious—as I am now. For a review of a book should deal, naturally, with the book, and not with the author's private life—unless he is dead and famous. I believe devoutly in respecting the privacy of writers—though I cannot say that reviewers have been any too careful about respecting mine! Thus the fact that Bob Wolf is on his way to Russia, having got as far as the Boulevard St. Michel, though a fact that naturally interests his friends, has nothing whatever to do with the subject in hand, which is a novel called *Springboard*. It would be impertinent to discuss the Freudian whys and wherefores of Bob's Russian pilgrimage—at least until he puts it in the fifth or seventh volume of the work whose first volume is now under discussion. Then it will be literary criticism to talk about it; but now it would be mere gossip. Let us, dear friends, do nothing so undignified. Let us return to our literary mutons, in the spirit of St. Beuve, Benedetto Croce, and Allen Tate. Let us discuss Mr. Wolf's style, form, rhythms, tendencies, and all that sort of thing.

Well, I was rather surprised to find that so ardent an admirer of James Joyce and D. H. Lawrence should have exercised so much self-control as not to imitate any of their mannerisms—surprised and gratified. It is a good sign. The book is clear, simple, straightforward. It tells with admirable candor the rather ridiculous and pitiful story of a young man brought up in an idealistic, kind, high-minded, practical, prosperous and interfering Puritanical family. The Puritanical family happens to be Jewish. They are often the worst, Puritans of all. But in this case one fails to see—or the novel fails to make clear—just why this environment should have exerted such disastrously repressive influences upon the boy. At college after going on his first petting party, and making a date with the girls for another, he has to go and write a long letter to his parents, telling them all about it! Of course, he gets an alarmed parental telegram, and the second date is never pulled off. The whole story, of which this volume is only the beginning, is that of a sensitive and neurotic youth who has to invent a high-falutin intellectual and ideal-

istic cosmic philosophy in order to feel that his natural sexual impulses are not "sinful"; and who not only crucifies everybody within reach upon his philosophic system, but manages to defeat his own unconscious purposes as well. His preposterous, neurotic philosophy excuses sex as the means by which the strong and powerful populate, in a somewhat Mormon fashion, the earth. And it is

when he comes back it ought to be with nothing less than a new gospel for mankind. Just a good first novel won't serve. I doubt if anybody could have written a novel that would satisfy me as the issue of all that sweat and strain. Anyway, this one doesn't. I keep thinking of all those years. I don't find them in the book. They seem to have gone into the waste basket. . . . But these things

GREEN FRUIT

Now at the coming of summer—

Quite unimpassioned.

And usual—the thunderous

Daisy is fashioned.

The magnificent corn is hurled

Forth from its green stem,

And down under the boasting earth

Hump-backed roots strain them

With terrible and mighty groans . . .

The old dog looks up

And barks at a beetle asleep

In his water cup.

S. Bert Cooksley

characteristic of him that he should pick out, as his wife, a neurotic girl who believes that sexual relations should be strictly confined to reproductive purposes! The book ends with their engagement. The rest, one hopes, is to come.

That is the theme, stated as impersonally and Benedetto St. Tatishly as I can. But the fact is that Bob told me this story six or seven years ago, and, as he told it, it seemed frightfully funny—a perfect satire on the young intellectual, the neurotic "radical." But in the writing the joke has disappeared somehow. The story is rather sad. Well, Bob has a right to write his story any way he likes—but I can't help being rather disappointed. The ruthless, joyous, Rabelaisian exposé of neurotic young idealism that I had hoped for is not here. There is something else perhaps quite as good, or for certain tastes doubtless even better. But I am not in a position to do justice to it. (That is why reviews should be written by strangers.)

Another thing, which has nothing to do with literary criticism, and which Benedetto St. Tate would dismiss at once from his Olympian mind, corrupts the purity of my judgment here. I know how long it took Bob to write this book. It is bourgeois of me, I know, but I can't help feeling that when a young man throws up a good job and quarrels with his family and refuses to accept any of life's ordinary obligations and goes off into the desert of California and Connecticut and stays six or seven years and lives on locusts and wild honey,

have nothing to do with literary criticism. So let us not mention them.

I hope Bob sells a hundred thousand copies of his book. But that is not literary criticism, either. It is a merely personal wish, with a dash of malice in it. I should prefer Bob helplessly rich and famous, rather than wilfully poor, quarrelsome and martyred. I liked him better when he held down a good job and wore a splendid fur overcoat. The loin-cloth of the martyr is not nearly so becoming to him. I wish him Hispano-Suizes, steam yachts, rolling acres in Westchester County—all the things that I, by the way, have just discovered that I am supposed to have by the comrades who cannot otherwise explain my frivolous neglect to deal with the serious realities of the class struggle in my novels. . . . Bob doesn't either, I notice. Fie upon you, Bob! You picketed with the strikers in Passaic, and got arrested, but that shall not be held in your favor by stern Communist critics who catch you writing about such "futile middle-class themes" as the psycho-sexual career of an individual. Worse yet, you do not propose a proletarian revolution as the perfect and obvious solution of your hero's difficulties! But perhaps I am wrong. Your hero may end up, in the ninth or tenth volume, as a member of the Workers' Party—and then, to be sure, all his neurotic difficulties will come to an end, beautifully, just like that. We shall wait and see. (But not so long, Robert! Not seven years for each volume!)

I seem to digress. I had better stop. . . . But before I stop, I should like to raise a question which may be even more amazing than the innocent one about "what is the correct proletarian revolutionary attitude toward sex?" with which I caused the serene Marxian pages of the *New Masses* to be troubled for a while. I should like to ask: *Is Freudian science counter-revolutionary?*

I ask, because I find it so frequently jibed at and spat upon by Communist critics.

The implications of these Communist criticisms might be expanded into the following statements. It is said that the recent wave of interest in psycho-analysis is actually diverting the interest and energies of rebellious and intelligent youth from revolutionary mass-movements of a political and economic nature to mere individual psychic and sexual readjustments. It is said that the Freudian slant on life is such that the doctrine of the class struggle no longer seems the key to all human problems, the proletarian revolution no longer the solution of all human maladjustments. It is said, moreover, that when a literary coward begins to perceive the unconscious neurotic motivations of human conduct, he ceases to portray life as a struggle between miserable wage-slaves and their greedy and cruel oppressors—and, ceasing thus to carry the torch of hope for class-conscious proletarian readers, is henceforth condemned to be enjoyed only by fat and comfortable middle-class dames. . . . Yet, even if these things be true, more or less, must Freudian science be denounced by the critical watchdogs of the Revolution as a pernicious bourgeois fad?—or on the other hand (and simply on the ground that it happens to be a true science), should it be studied by revolutionists, and made use of, like any other kind of knowledge . . . mathematics, for instance?

I should like to hear from Upton Sinclair, Michael Gold, Scott Nearing, Max Eastman, and Joseph Freeman, who is just back from Russia, on this troublesome little matter. Moreover, if they all agree, I promise to abide by their decision and write just the kind of books they say. . . . Unfortunately, the advisers upon whom I called a few months ago in these pages for similar guidance in another matter were unable to agree, so I really do not know whether my sexual behavior is correct by proletarian and revolutionary standards or not. It worries me a lot, too.

LETTER TO DOS PASSOS

Orient Express, by John Dos Passos.
Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

TO JOHN DOS PASSOS.
Dear John:

You remember that narrow, badly paved street across from the Tokatlion that ran sharply down toward Top Kaneh? There was a mud wall on one side, like a wall in Ronda or Cuernavaca. Only in Turkey no *bougainvillea* comes tumbling over such walls. At the bottom of the street, through an arched gate, was a long, narrow garden with little tables under the trees and Russian princesses in transparent cotton frocks who were supposed to be waitresses. They sat about and drank tea and gossiped and chilled with their ringed fingers the hot lips of Allied officers.

I found you there, and through a long twilight we sat with a bottle of *maurodaphne* (or was it a bowl of *crushon*?) between us, looking out over the twin minarets of Mahmud Jami and the square, white clock-tower, and the steel-colored water of the Bosphorus to the great hulking form of Biyuk Chamlija dotted with white villas set in jade gardens, to the cemetery of Biyuk Mezaristan, its gravestones like jewels pendent to the tall cypresses.

That was Asia to us. A dead place of the dead. . . .

After a while, we went there, and it was I who sat grinning in the front row of that theatre in the Grusinski Garden of Tiflis, while you, a proper Amerikanski Poait, recited *Oh Sunflower weary of time*—

Later, with a bottle of Kahetian wine and a cucumber apiece, we watched the youths and virgins of this new Asia, this flaming, curious, tragic, eager Asia, striding along with unshackled thighs and spirits stripped of shame, like Astarte reborn. . . .

Where could we have parted more appropriately than under the shadow of Ararat—you to go south to Bagdad and Damascus, I north to Kazan and Moscow—like the two King's sons of the fairy tale in quest of the apple that grows on the tree of life? For Ararat is not in Asia any more—it is in Dedham, Massachusetts, or Dayton, Tennessee, or Detroit, or Indianapolis.

It was you who found the apple, John—and not Lawrence of Arabia nor anyone else in our day. For you, Moslem ladies unpinned their veils and the Bedaween squatting about smoking fires of camel's dung in the Arabian desert spoke what was in their hearts, and you came away with it—with the secret of the new Asia, that no one of us in this Western

World will ever learn until he is indeed as a little child. For Jonah to the sophisticated is much more credible than Jesus. Any grown man can understand a one room and kitchenette apartment in the belly of a whale—but only a child can believe in the free and joyous unity of the toilers of the earth. As your Persian friend put it:

"First we liked the British because they were better than the Russians, but now there is no pressure from Russia, and the British have changed. And there is not so much resignation in Islam as there used to be. Europe is teaching us, giving us weapons. And among the Turks it is the same, and among the Arabs it is the same, and among the Afghans it is the same."

And he might have added: Among the Chinese it is the same, had he known what we are learning now.

And why, after all? Is not the West the world of Henry Ford and "Leviathans" and cocktails and open plumbing and Christian Science—the world of those who don't give a hoot whether a camel can pass through the eye of a needle or not? Your Persian answers:

"The European Powers. . . . do not realize that there are little people, like med doctors, mollahs, small merchants, and that even the peasants talk politik in the tea-houses along the roadside. They know they can bribe and threaten the great personages and they think they have the country in the palm of their hands. But they cannot bribe us, the little people, because we are too many. If they buy me over and get me killed there will be hundreds of others who think just like me to take my place. What good will it do them?"

And it is not only of the East that this is profoundly true. It is so also in Indiana and Mexico and Ireland and along the banks of the Clyde.

That is what is so fine about your book, John. You call the East an "intricate arabesque scrawled carelessly on a ground of sheer pain." But you know that it is not just the East that this description fits. It is this whole insane, improbable world, where nations solemnly pray to God to help them slaughter their fellows, where men lie and betray and torture and electrocute folk who pity them, where women rent out their

naked bodies for the price of furs to clothe their nakedness, and male and female conspire to commit murder for a few lousy dollars—and go bewildered and screaming to the gallows, clutching bonds and mortgages and insurance policies that they cannot take with them even as far as the cemetery.

*These things, Ulysses,
The wise bards also
Behold and sing.*

And so you, John, munching the

BREWED INSIDE THE CUP

Poorhouse Sweeney—Life in a Country Poorhouse, by Ed Sweeney. Introduction by Theodore Dreiser. Boni & Liveright. \$2.50.

So far as I am aware this is the first book of its kind ever published in a materialistic nation which believes in charity for the poor . . . and which herds them in beggars' institutions all for the glory of God. To say too much of the book would be like plowing over ground that has already been well plowed by Theodore Dreiser, who says of it: "Set over against the dead weight of silly romance and superficial interpretations of life which come daily and weekly and monthly, a human document such as this proves not only interesting but refreshing. Fumbling, and one might almost say, inarticulate, it is still gripping, and although the author does not seem to sense it, self-revealing."

But perhaps as one who spent six years of a beggary boyhood in an orphan asylum, I can, if possible, approach the inner quality of this book even more than Dreiser. It is written by an embryo Irish Voltaire become articulate. He does not, as a Gorky or a Dostoevsky would, go into horrific details of the misery, the filth and the agony of institutional charity in the wealthiest nation in the world.

Voltaire was Voltaire—and Sweeney takes you through a poorhouse and makes you smell the odor of old stewed beef and burnt mush . . . and codfish on Friday. It is, so far

Apple of Knowledge you have fetched back from the Red Caucasus, from Persia, from the Stony Desert of Damascus—or just from your own bosom. Not since Matthew Arnold has one so marshalled English words to paint pictures—nor has the turbid ebb and flow of human misery made such sharp erosions in the copperplate of an artist's mind.

Zdarovaya!

Paxton Hibben

as I am concerned, worth all the chatter of sociologists who are always conducted through such joints by the chaplain or superintendent on "benefactors' day." Such people are the eternal washers of the outside of the cup . . . they know what has caused the brew on the inside to be what it is, but they dare not write about it in journals controlled by wealth.

Ed Sweeney has been for many years an inmate of a county poorhouse somewhere in our heaven-ruled nation. In his book he tells of the snitches and the whining parasites of his world. He paints a damn good picture of an institution for economic failures. The book has the genuine ring of truth in it—and sardonic observation. For example:

"It was pretty soft for those in charge, but the rest of the inmates aside of these three were getting a raw deal on the grub line. The cook on the manager's side would bring their garbage over for the inmates to eat and dump their coffee grounds in the inmates' coffee can. That habit is still in vogue. I get a dish of their garbage every evening for supper, but of course I don't have to eat it. This garbage is stuff left from their table and food that has stood around a few days that they don't want. I have seen scraps of eggs, pieces of spaghetti, chicken bones, scraps of meat and potatoes in a dish sent to me. I speak my mind about sending this garbage to me so every one in earshot can hear, but it comes right along more through spite than kindness. Along with these garbage scraps we get a bowl almost full of peas, couple slices of bread and moco with olio. I eat part of the peas, slice of bread and the moco. The next night will be tomatoes, the next rice, then corn and bread pudding. It takes very little of that stuff to do the majority of these inmates. Over half of it goes to the hogs. The old bum that does the cooking makes a thickening with flour that resembles starch and puts it in everything he cooks.

"The most of us live on air and bull-headed indifference brought on by a heartless missus that enjoys rubbing it in on a bunch of weaklings. . . ."

Ed Sweeney is that rare thing among people who try to write. He does not imitate other writers who know all there is to know about writing and have not a thing to say. Sweeney has something to say and says it, in his own original manner, very convincingly.

Jim Tully

CORLISS ENGINE

As diamonds
Translate and seal
Earth's arrogance within their planes
That leap like bayonets
Beneath the sun,—

So the trampling of oceans,
The labors of soil,
The swift and meaningless designs
Of power scattered through a universe,
Are crystal here—
Are trapped in steel, and held,
Remote and changed and beautiful.

MacKnight Black

BOLSHEVIK SWEETHEARTS

Red Love, by Alexandra Kollontay. Seven Arts Publishing Co. \$2.50.

THIS book starts well, in a simple, graphic style, to tell a story we all want to read . . . the story we write ourselves daily while we observe wives, husbands and children, with the oblique angles of secondary attachments, and the dissolving wall of the work everybody must do. It tells an uncomplicated story of a factory girl who first reads Tolstoy and then becomes a Communist during the war; of her fascinating and discouraging work as an organizer:

Vassilissa was very intelligent in '18. She knew what she wanted; and she didn't compromise. The others relaxed a bit in the last few years, lagged behind and stayed at home. But Vassilissa carried on. Always fighting, always organizing something, always insisting on a definite point.

She was tireless. Where did she get her energy? She was delicate, with not a drop of blood in her face—only eyes. Sympathetic eyes, intelligent and observant.

This, with her worn leather belt and her shirt-waist, make a good Vassilissa for a story that has little more shading than a morality play. I am sure life during the stormy years was more complicated and had more paradoxes and counter-distinctions for Kollontay than she gives her plain girl heroine, but one of the attractive and releasing things about such a life is that it does to some extent resemble this book—a great simplicity outlines a struggle when it is reduced to a primary level.

It is possible, then, under the title of *Red Love* to trace a girl's story, first while she is happy with her handsome time-serving, somewhat anarchistic, and when advisable, Bolshevik lover. They see each other at a meeting where Vasya's hair comes down, where she was making a speech to try to attract the strange young man's notice. But after falling in love, in a tangle of more meetings and disputes, Vladimir goes off to the Red Front and gets into trouble. His sweetheart follows and when she is about to go to bed with him, finds that another woman has just been there. At this point our heroine doesn't act with any actuality what-

soever, although we are told that she is very unhappy. There is no suggestion that she turns back the bed clothes to read them like a book; a stormier sweetheart would be relished by the reader as well as the hero, we suspect. Kollontay makes her good and noble, and slow to wrath; she tells the story of the girl's desire to pet and cook for, and feed her man, and at the same time wage the Party battle she is waging. She tells, with a little less than fairness, the story of how hard he makes it to do both. In the next stage, the husband is a manager, with his pink lamp-shades, his silk quilts and pure linen napkins. And a weeping, perfumed lady, much nearer his tastes, enters. Vasya returns to her work, discovers that she is going to have a baby—(the translator makes the doctor say, "You are in the family way.")—and in a truly Slavic fashion, we end with pages of ecstatic forgiveness—for the other woman.

I like Kollontay's doctrines so much, that I am prejudiced in favor of the book's theme. I believe in endowment of motherhood, taxation of men by the state, and babies born any nine months their mothers desire. But Kollontay is a little hipped as all feminists are, in thinking that what we want is woman's freedom from men, rather than freedom with them. Men need endowment of motherhood as much as women and children do; the need is a social one, not a sex affair all alone in a vacuum.

Of course, this cannot be called a novel, in our individualistic sense at all. Anything as simple as this, I think, needs the power of mass action, like Potemkin. A hundred thousand Vasya's would be impressive, the simpler the better. One Vasya, unless we go into the fathomless world of one, is not significant; she remains that scrappy and lonely person, just Kollontay's little heroine.

Much that seems flat and theoretical here would convince if the translation were better.

Genevieve Taggard

SNEERINGLY INDIFFERENT

Ninth Avenue, by Maxwell Bodenheim. Boni and Liveright. \$2.00.

ONE might have doubted, at times, the sincerity of Max Bodenheim's novels, but one never questioned his technical ability. If nothing else, at least he sustained the illusion of perfect writing. Too much has been said of his "verbal wizardry" and "verbal ingenuity." He was more than a mere trickster. Distorted, sentimentalized words became meaningful as he crystallized their content. Pale phrases were

transfigured into blinding visual images as he colored them with the sensuous appreciation of a poet. He brought the poetic method to prose, and brought infinite joy to those who looked with regret at the dull, commonplace writing characteristic of most of our "important" novels. Unfortunately, even that satisfaction is no longer left to the admirers of his sparkling verse. His latest novel, *Ninth Avenue*, not only lacks content, but the brilliant prose expected from him as well. It is more

than merely devoid of brilliance; it is incompetent.

This brief sketch of a girl's escape from her sordid environment, despite a theme that readily lends itself to treatment, is as unconvincing and artificial as a lurid cinema melodrama. Even the attempts at reality in his detailed descriptions of dance-halls and night-clubs are embarrassing failures. Bodenheim has manifestly no true understanding of the people with whom he deals. He has no comprehension of their problems and conflicts, beyond a merely superficial impression evidently derived from flirtations with wise-cracking telephone girls.

However, it may well be that Bodenheim did not care particularly whether or not he succeeded in writ-

ing a great novel. His intentions were not primarily literary, but combative. A generous portion of *Ninth Avenue* is given over to a far from flattering portrayal of Ben Hecht. Hecht, it will be remembered, mercilessly caricatured Bodenheim in *Count Bruga*, and this is the outraged Bodenheim's revenge.

The third act of the charming drama is over. Here are two men who are more than commonly gifted. Both might have become significant literary figures. Instead, we are presented with two shallow cynics, one tickling "sophisticated" palates, the other sneeringly indifferent to anything vital. Intellectual vacuity seems to be the mode.

Bernard Smith

A MILITANT POET

Lost Eden, by E. Merrill Root. Unicorn Press. \$2.00.

In England's green and pleasant land" chanted William Blake, that good old visionary of an Eden regained. E. Merrill Root, turning his eyes on our star-spangled country, sees Jerusalem—of a sort. Here we have

STILL THE CROSS

Calvary is a continent
Today, America
Is but a vast and terrible
New Golgotha.

.....
"Give us Barabbas!" So they cried
Once in Jerusalem:
In Alcatraz and Leavenworth
We copy them.

This poem is from Part Two of *Lost Eden*—a terrain reserved for revolutionists only. The best poems of this section made their first appearance in the old *Masses*, or *The Liberator*. No other poem, for instance is as horribly apt as the familiar *Southern Holiday*, although a like indignation seethes in *Sleep Walkers*, or barks at *Il Duce*, and *R. O. T. C.* The cynic humor of *Antiquities*—neat as old whiskey—has a watered chaser in *War and Compensation*. The gorgeous imagery of *Gods of Anahuac* and *The Mountain of Skeletons* is, for me at least, symbolism less effective than the restraint and deadly accuracy of

SLEEPERS

It takes a crew of fifteen men
To keep the section tight,
To bed the sleepers down again
That shake loose overnight—
The oak ties sleep so light.

You'd think six feet buried wood
Must lie still in despair;
You'd say that they were caught for good
Spiked tightly to the pair
Of manacles they wear.
They're corpses, almost in a grave—
Coffined with stones and dirt.
What is there for such prisoners, save—
Too dull to feel their hurt—
To rot and rot, inert!

Perhaps it is the leaping train

That tortures them awake;
Perhaps his freedom makes them strain
To raise themselves and shake
Bars that they cannot break.
'It takes our crew of fifteen men
To bury them from sight:
One round made, we must start again.
It keeps our shovels bright
To hold them locked down tight)

Mr. Root is concerned with more than what is politic in revolution, and his poetry is rich in variety. We are given the *Labrador* of the rebel soul, as well as its *Resurrection*. Nor is this mere dilettante aimlessness; the figures of speech clothe a hard common sense. It is sad and mean that "Training to slit a human belly Can supplement a course in Shelley."—but the answer is no pale pacificism. It takes more than mental fight to attain the new Jerusalem:

"Not by the grape or wheaten bread
Can we partake the Eucharist:
Communion is to give to God
Our blood and bodies, like the Christ."

Finally I commend to the fathers of the revolution the deep abiding wisdom of the poem *Growth*.

"Thus I shall grow: power must come to me
As to a tree.

"Long, long ago the seed . . . the sprout
. . . and now
Slowly the bough.

"Few leaves for many years; for years no
fruit—

Just growth of root:

"Dumb reaching down for depth and
breadth of hold
On dark and cold.

"I must not dream of more till I have room
and sap for bloom.

"Cyclones and suns, lightning and ache
of snow—

To these I go.

"I must not be the earth's green scaling-
tower

Till I have power,

"Apples hung five feet off my boughs in air
Till I come there—

Not thus, not this the rugged fountains
grow

Whence apples flow!

Rolfe Humphries

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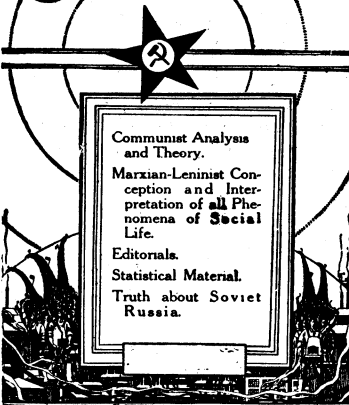
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BOOK NOTES

THE *post bellum* rage for biographical revisionism in the United States is too patent a fact to be overlooked. Biographies proving that certain representative men of affairs and of letters were not what they were, according to the older convention, but something else again, find an absorbent national market. They are read and discussed even in those awful solitudes seldom trodden by the foot of man—such as the Alkali Desert of Arizona and the Reading Room of the Rand School Library.

* * *

It seems to me that this biographical revisionism is a psychological compensation of our petty bourgeoisie for their inability to devise any schemes for revising society. Their repressed subversive instincts turn backward—instead of overturning actualities, they subvert historical concepts. *Trumpets of Jubilee*, by Constance Rourke (Harcourt, Brace \$5.00), doesn't do much subverting, at that. It is a well-typed, finely illustrated volume, amusing the reader with a number of little-known details (and a much larger number of well-known ones), regarding the lives and reputations of the Beechers, Horace Greeley, Barnum—heroes and heroines, in short, of the fateful Fifties, the schismatic Sixties, and the savory Seventies. The volume is rather too hefty for hammock-reading, but as a gift-volume for lovers of biographical gossip it will do as well as any.

* * *

Perhaps the most affecting of the many tragedies incidental to and inseparable from the birth and rearing of the Soviet Union is the hostile front it is constrained to make against the heroes and heroines of an older generation—for the most dangerous foe of the social revolution in Soviet Russia is its own past as represented by many of the middle-aged and elderly prisoners liberated by the two revolutions of 1917.

Some of these male and female Rip Van Winkles of Schlusselfburg and other celebrated prisons are now publishing their autobiographies. One of them is Vera Figner, a woman in her seventies, who spent twenty years in a cell in Schlusselfburg. (*Memoirs of a Revolutionist*, by Vera Figner. International Publishers, \$3.00). In her book she turns her back resolutely upon the present and a speculative future—it is entirely a book—a very interesting and instructive one—of the Czaric past, of far-off unhappy things and battles long ago. The story of the assassination of Alexander II is told with such a red-hot animation, such minute detail, as to make it certain that the clock of Vera's life stopped just then and

Barnum's Own Story (Viking Press, \$3.00) is an old-timer put into beautiful new type—a classic of the older ideals of swindling, set forth by the author with manly, engaging dishonesty. I first read the book as a little schoolboy, in a German edition, thirty-five years ago. It is seemingly indestructible. A new edition will be welcomed in our degenerate days, when Washington's Nurse and the scaly Mermaid of our friend Phineas have been supplanted by far more noxious and complicated swindles. The fine exterior of the volume is up to Viking Press standards.

* * *

The Vanguard Press, these days, is picking out a good many winners. As for instance: *The War Myth in U. S. History*, by C. H. Hamilton, 50 cents.

It gives the true Why and Wherefore of the seven major wars fought by the Republic since 1776. Algeron Lee, returning to his form of earlier years, has done good work. His volume *The Essentials of Marx*, by Karl Marx, 50 cents, is a fairly good compilation. *Is Conscience a Crime*, by Norman Thomas, 50 cents, is a badly needed cheap reprint of a volume which seems to have suffered, at the time of its first appearance, from a temporary surfeit of the public in the matter of war-books. On the whole, we are inclined to join Professor H. E. Barnes in his felicitation to the Vanguard Press. "Your enterprise will do more than anything else in recent years to increase information and intelligent thinking."

* * *

Philosophers maintain that there is no such thing as an absolutely empty space. They do not even make exceptions for the interior of the skulls of certain notabilities of the American labor movement—I should think because they never met them. Be that as it may, such apparently simple concepts as space, matter, force, atom, are full of mantraps and dialectic antinomies. Some of them are beautifully elucidated, in non-technical language, in *The Romance of the Atom*, by Benjamin Harrow (Boni and Liveright, \$1.50). I know, it is against the established conventions of lecturing—but you had better get a copy, before lecturing on the atom.

* * *

Every revolution produces, in the shape of a particularly colorful but not necessarily first-rate personality, a convenient *bête noire* for the reaction—a clothes-hook for atrocities, real or fancied. Marat, among the protagonists of the Great French Revolution, was found eligible for that rôle, first, because he was cast into the outer darkness and persecuted

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by the salons and clubs of the well-to-do radicals—the coteries grouping around Lafayette and the Rolands. The H. G. Wellses of his own race and generation rejected him as an outcast lacking revolutionary *bong tong*; and the Wellses of subsequent generations, jointly with their Tory connections, fastened upon him every crime under the sun. But there was, secondly, his indisputably hysterical temperament, which loudly cried for a deluge of blood, though he scarcely ever shed any. That delivered him into the hands of the pseudo-historians, as the Nero of the Revolution. He was in reality a good deal of a sentimentalist, a megalomaniac, a wonderfully diligent Watchdog of the Revolution, living in honorable poverty, the Beloved of the Parisian Faubourgs because of his sufferings heroically undergone. Louis R. Gottschalk, in *Jean Paul Marat* (Greenberg, \$3.00), has little to tell about him that is strictly new, but he marshals the evidence restoring the true

Marat in a masterly way. A concise bibliography in the back of the volume is a model of useful, sensible arrangement. * * *

Thomas More and His Utopia, by Karl Kautsky (International Publishers, \$2.50), performs a good deal more, in the way of instruction, than the title promises. It is not only an illuminating account of the great Chancellor's life and an analysis of his dreamland from the angle of historical materialism, but a brilliant sketch of the entire economics and politics of the Age of Reformation—a shorter and more lucid one than any other known to me. These synoptic Marxian statements are an urgent need of the education of our workers. Their margin of leisure available for reading is so small, that it must be handled with care. Once more Tovarish Trachtenberg and those about him have done a genuine service to the cause of spreading sound historical information.

James Fuchs

CZARDOM OR DEMOCRACY?

(Continued from Page 9)

ex-sympathizers. So they forget themselves and heckle the chairman and the liberals. They forget themselves and prompt the right-wing speakers.

Then the A. F. of L. moguls take the floor. The others knew the people they were talking to. Once most of them were comrades. But the moguls are entirely out of their element. It was much easier in the old days, they think. Then they were all goddam bolsheviki. You slammed them all, from Jane Addams to William Z. Foster. But now you gotta step easy. Some's friends and some ain't.

McGrady has the floor. Big ornate Edward McGrady, with a July Fourth voice and a Mitchell Palmer vocabulary. The issue, he roars, is between Americanism and Commun-

ism. We must clear out the bolsheviki and the communists. If they don't like this country they can get the hell out of here. Yes, sir, the issue is between Americanism and Communism. Mr. McGrady gets intoxicated by his own repetitions. He forgets his audience and his purpose in speaking.

Yes, sir, he roars, *the issue is between Americanism and Socialism!*

The socialists, Beckerman and Hochman and the reporters, squirm. You can read their thoughts on their faces. Not socialism, communism, you dumbbell! McGrady tries to correct himself. There is a difference though he doesn't quite see what it is. Yeh, you gotta knock the communists and lay off the socialists. It's hard on McGrady.

THE DANTE STATUE

(Continued from Page 17)

He kept hold of her shoulder. "Why Billy—!" She took a swallowing breath. "Look! Here's my ring so you'll know I'll be back sure for my ice-cream."

It was a pretty ring—pale and pretty. He shoved it half way down his little finger.

"Aw-right. But hurry back."

Amelia reached the street by a roundabout way and ran. She felt happy and relieved. She was still a good girl, her sins were still as white as snow. Tonight she had met the devil and sent him back to hell. She wanted her life to be a beautiful climb to the stars as the nuns had told her it should be. When she reached the Dante statue she was breathless. There it stood—shadowed, lonely, unchanged. And tomorrow she would go back to the laundry. Well—she lifted her head a little—

she had never taken money from a man. She had even paid for her supper tonight. Tomorrow she would go back to the laundry with the summer coming on.

She had scarcely turned the key in the latch when her mother was upon her.

"Say—where you been all this time? You ain't been meetin' this Gott verdamme sailor again?"

"No—no! It was warm tonight, mama. I just forgot how late it was gettin'. Really, mama!"

"I've been waitin' for you for over an hour. The doctor has been here again. He says Elsie ought to have a coupla weeks on a farm."

"Yeh—" Listlessly Amelia hung her coat on the hook screwed to the door.

"An' I guess Papa better take your amethyst ring out an' hock it."

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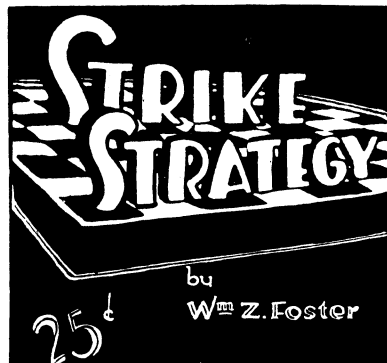
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