LIBERATOR

APRIL 1922 20 CENTS

50,000 Are Dying Daily in Russia

Will You Answer?

The next two months will be the most crucial. Reports coming from Russia paint pitiful pictures. Here — the dying are eating their dead, there — mothers are drowning their children to silence their heart-rending cries for bread. The Russian steppes are literally covered with skeletons, the wasted bodies the prey of wolves. How many more shall die before YOU act?

Will You Sign the Roll Call?

Immense cargoes of food MUST be shipped AT ONCE to save the starving. If the powers of the world would grant Soviet Russia credit and re-establish trade with her, she could help herself in this awful crisis. Until credit is extended YOU MUST HELP, and if you have helped before, then you must help again, and still again! Those who help now will have aided Soviet Russia in her DIREST NEED.

It is in your hands whether from Russia shall come the cry of joy and laughter this Spring or the terrible silence of millions of graves.

Sign up! Prove your sympathy for Soviet Russia by helping to succor its starving millions! Prove that you stand for "Hands Off" — Except to Help! For this great workers' experiment may yet make the dream of all of us come true!

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Ghost of the dead "Hun": "Well, Buddy, they fixed us right, didn't they? You're out of a job, and I don't need one."

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. 5, No. 4 [Serial No. 49] April, 1922

The Hallucinations of Ivan Ivanovitch

By ex-Count A. B. Bobrischeff-Pushkin

(Translated from the Paris Edition of "Smyena Vyekha* (No. 11), by Tivel Ananda and E. Roy.)

"EXACTLY! Bravo!"

Ivan Ivanovitch sat up in bed, nearly upsetting the table beside him, so heartily did he agree with the editorial he was reading in his favorite newspaper. This editorial was an answer to the claim that those traitors and tyrants, the Bolsheviks, were governing in the name of the people, since after four years they had not yet been overthrown by the 150,000,000 of Russians.

"Yes, it is all easy to verify," wrote the editor as a dramatic climax. "Close your Cheka for only a half a year; give to every one the fullest freedom; allow the emigrants the right to return to Russia. Release all political prisoners and declare a general election. And then we will see where the Soviet Government will be after that. Then we would know whom the Russian masses want as their leaders."

"Bravo! That strikes the nail on the head," Ivan Ivanovitch cried excitedly. "They oppress the people by military force, and then give themselves the airs of representatives elected by universal suffrage to Parliament. Hypocrites!" He wanted to share with his wife more profound political philosophizings than these, but she was already sleeping, and——

Suddenly there was a delicate rap on the door. Before Ivan Ivanovitch could stop to conjecture as to who would disturb him at such a late hour in his modest room, for which he paid eighty marks a day, a delegation filed solemnly in. There were about thirty people altogether, and many of their faces were known to him from photographs. Ivan Ivanovitch quickly reached for his trousers hanging nearby, but one of the visitors, an amiable gentleman with a blonde moustache and a strong English accent, said hastily:

"Oh, don't bother, sir. We have the same esteem for you with or without your trousers."

"Yes, we are here on very urgent business, comrade," said a man with a black beard and eyeglasses, dressed in a French jacket and wearing a Red Star, "and we don't mind your legs at all. All these Misters, Messieurs, Herren, Señores, Pans, and whatever you call them, and we, the representatives of the workers and peasants of Soviet Russia, have come to an agreement on one point: to give to all the peoples on earth the right to decide their own fate without bloodshed. A truce for half a year; with neither the power of the capitalists, nor the power of the Cheka in force, and nothing but full democratic freedom all over the earth. To supervise the fulfillment of this compact, an Arbitration Court has been appointed. Representing on it all the bourgeois governments of the world will be this worthy gentleman, Joy Lorge, and from our side there will be Comrade Chichotkin. But we need a super-arbiter, and we have unanimously elected you to that office. That is why we are here."

"You've appointed me? Why, gentlemen, this honor is too much! I——"

"Tut, tut! There's no time for modesty! Do you accept, comrade?"

"Why, of course! Such an honor!" Ivan Ivanovitch bowed low, wrapped in a quilt though he was.

"Thank you, sir," said the business-like Englishman. "To avoid misunderstandings, I request you to repeat and summarize the conditions we have laid down."

"What is there to summarize?" replied Ivan Ivanovitch with a smile. "The matter is quite clear. Complete democratic freedom for all peoples; they are to do anything they please—of course, without revolution, without bloodshed, in a strictly democratic and peaceful manner. I belong to the old liberal nobility, gentlemen. I know what freedom means, indeed I do."

"All the rights enjoyed by the masses in the democracies we represent must also be accorded to the Russians," said a black-moustached member of the delegation, with impressive solemnity.

"And all the rights of the Russian people must also be accorded to the other nations."

"Absolute equality," said another. It was Comrade Chichotkin.

The Englishman shrugged his shoulders disdainfully. "What rights remain to your unhappy people?" he said to Chichotkin.

"We shall see about that later. Do you agree, gentlemen? Then, let's shake hands on it."

"Right-o!" All shook hands in agreement.

"Comrade Ivanov, if you agree, then say 'Aye!'"

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* "Smyena Vyekha" is the name of a magazine published by a group of Russian intellectuals living in exile since the Revolution of 1917, part of them in Prague, the rest in Paris. Some of Russia's most distinguished literary, poetical and philosophical talent are among them, and their influence upon contemporary intellectual life in and outside of Russia is profound. Forsaking Russia after the rise of the Bolsheviki, they maintained a hostile attitude towards the new regime until the beginning of 1921, when a complete change of heart and of front was inaugurated with the first edition of "Smyena Vyekha" (The New Path), which declared itself to be entirely in accord with the progress and events of the Russian Revolution. The conversion of such an intellectual force to its side in the battle against a hostile world, may be counted as one of the minor triumphs of the Bolsheviks. The skit printed here is from the pen of ex-Count Bobrischeff-Pushkin, one of the most notable among this group of talented intellectuals.

"Aye!" shouted Ivan Ivanovitch joyfully, and even cut some capers which were not at all in accordance with the dignity and dress of the super-arbiter. "Zina, Zina, get up. Here's an end to the Bolsheviks! Hurr——"

But he was interrupted by Satanic laughter which sounded in his ears like thunder, and he felt himself being lifted up into the air.

Outside the night was starry, and the Gothic roofs of the little old Bavarian town were brightly lit by the moon. On the right of Ivan Ivanovitch flew Joy Lorge, borne on white wings as beseemed the guardian angel of the cultured world. On the left, with black wings, flew Comrade Chichotkin. Both supported Ivan Ivanovitch and bore him along by a hand placed under each armpit. Suddenly a footman in livery opened before them a large Venetian window which projected from the balcony of a house, and they flew into a brightly-lighted cabinet, whose four walls were covered with buttons, black rubber tubes and cords.

"The latest invention of Edison," said Sir Lorge. "By pressing these buttons we can instantaneously issue our directions to the whole world, and by looking through these tubes we can become aware of all that is going on there. Let us sit down at this green table."

"Our show is beginning," sang Ivan Ivanovitch exultantly, from Pagliacci.

"Be so kind, Mr. Chichotkin," said Sir Lorge in a serious voice, "as to press this button and to order the immediate return of the emigrants to their homes, also that the prison doors of your terrible Cheka be opened."

"With pleasure, sir," the Bolshevik representative answered quietly. "Now, please release and return into Parliament the fifty-eight Communist deputies arrested in Serbia. Restore the rights of all Communists elected in the municipalities of Slovenia and Belgrade. Stop the White Terror in Hungary, and restore to the people their liberties. Release all political prisoners from jail in Berlin and Bavaria; set them free also in France, Italy, Poland and America. In a word, all of them, wherever they happen to be; you know the list better than I do."

"It is in the bargain," answered the Englishman coldly, and pressed a button. Comrade Chichotkin looked through a black tube fixed by a cord to a complex apparatus which hung on the wall.

"Thank you, sir. But what do I see! Belgrade in the hands of the Communists. There is not even a memory of Horthy in Hungary, and as for Germany—look! Ha, ha, ha!" He began to roar with Satanic laughter. Ivan Ivanovitch gazed at the agitated feathers of the wings which lay folded on his back.

"But that is not all, sir," Chichotkin continued. "Let us now restore liberty to your proud, free England——"

"God damn! What do you want there?"

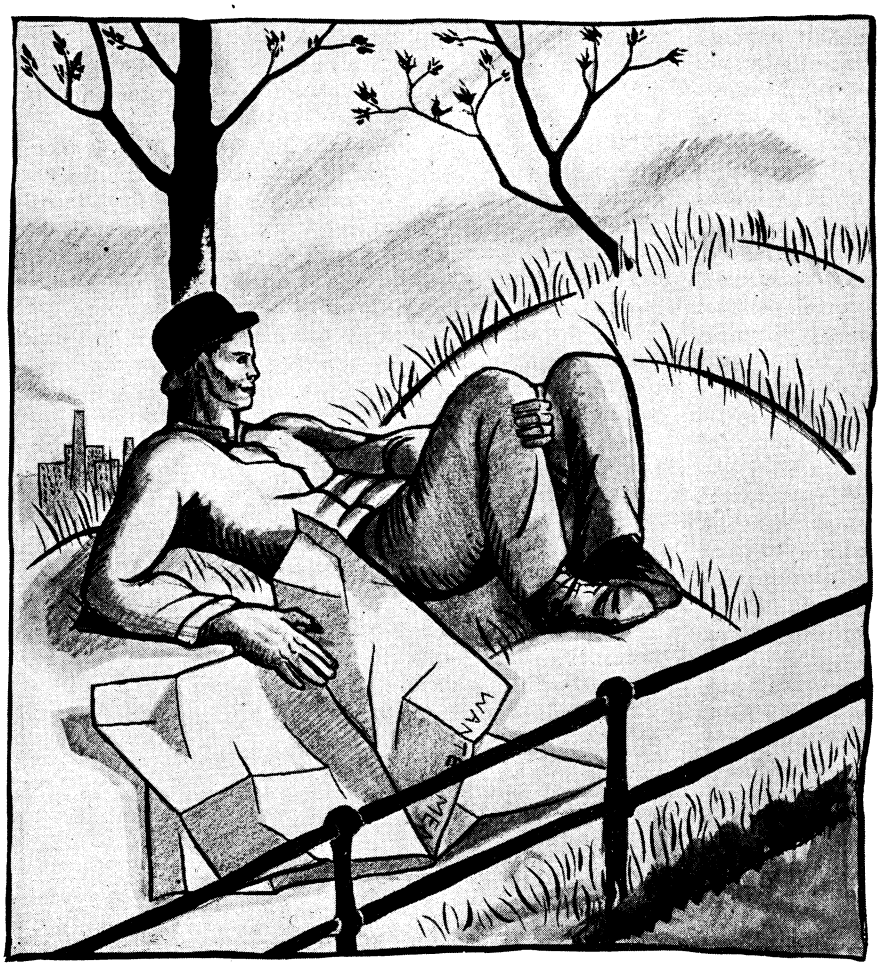
"First the colonies—India, Egypt——"

"But wait a bit!" Sir Lorge shouted in a quivering voice. "Is our cultured freedom suitable for those low, barbarous races? Will they be able to assimilate it? Only we Europeans are fit for civilization."

"Excuse me, sir," Comrade Chichotkin interrupted him quietly. "Have we made a contract or not? If we have, then all the hundreds of millions of Hindus must no longer suffer from famine; they must cease to serve as fertilizer for the proud Anglo-Saxon race. Oh, I understand perfectly. It is very easy to be free, provided there are plenty of serfs to make freedom agreeable for the ruling class. Who was more free than Patyomkin or Bosbanotka? To exploit others—is not that the highest form of freedom? But press the button, sir, press it. You are becoming paler. Then, Comrade Super-arbiter, you press it."

And Ivan Ivanovitch, obeying some irresistible force, pressed not only one, but many, many buttons, directed by the cool, steady voice of the implacable Comrade Chichotkin, saying:

"India, Egypt, South Africa, Ireland! Good! And now, Sir Lorge, your poor countrymen who have suffered ennui so long in the colonies, henceforth need not relieve their boredom by using the natives as targets for their Brownings, nor by setting up harems for themselves. The riotous Moplahs will not accidentally suffocate in railroad cars; and the arson and murders in Ireland instigated by your police will be things of the past. No more



Lydia Gibson

Spring Is Here!

Lydia Gibson

Spring Is Here!

MacSwineys will die under the rules of your High Court. For one thing only I extend to you my sincere condolences." He peered into the rubber tube again and shook his head sadly:

"The great British Empire exists no more!"

"Have you finished?" asked Ivan Ivanovitch, horror-struck. As for the Englishman, it seemed as though everything had ceased to exist for him. He looked as lifeless as a fish in a restaurant window display.

"Not at all; I am just beginning," answered Chichotkin to Ivan's question.

"What! more freedom?" groaned the wretched Super-arbiter.

"Sir," said Chichotkin, turning politely to Joy Lorge, whose face alternately flushed and paled, "we made the conditions thus: For half a year, neither the State power of the capitalist nor the State power of the proletariat. All the freedom of the Western peoples to be given to the Russians; all rights enjoyed by the Russian people to be given to yours as well. So, be good enough, sir, to press another button. Give to the toilers of Europe and America the land and the factories. You know also, as well as I do, that true democracy means freedom of speech and of the press, for every one without distinction. Distribute, therefore, all newspapers, printing presses, paper, type and public meeting-places equitably among the whole population. And then, also, I am very sorry to say, I must annul your dividends for stocks and bonds and other sources.

"What!" shouted Sir Lorge as though stung.

"Only for half a year, sir, only for half a year. You must agree that during election campaigns, they give you too many advantages over the common people. And all this has been done in barbarous Russia, you know. And, anyway, after half a year, the people will surely return you your land, factories and capital. You will be recalled, my lords, fear not, you will surely be recalled to all your old positions."

"But this is Social Revolution!"

"Right you are, sir, and I extend to you my Russian thanks for having given it to us yourself, peacefully, without bloodshed."

Sir Lorge, overwhelmed, pressed the button. He hardly knew what he was doing; he was in a daze.

There was borne to the ears of Ivan Ivanovitch a muffled roaring from the multitudes below, which swelled to a triumphant, harmonious chant—the Internationale. He screamed:

"But Russia! What has happened to Russia?"

Into the cabinet rushed a gasping, shuddering crowd; all the old, familiar faces, the "salt of the Russian earth" which had ceased to be salt, for it had been exposed to a long, cruel rain.

"You! What are you doing here? Why are you not in Russia?"

A little bent man with shifty eyes, the editor of that same newspaper whose article had so enchanted Ivan Ivanovitch, said dejectedly:

"Emigrants once more. Give us shelter; we are driven away again!"

And under the balcony the singing of the Internationale rose loud and clear. Ivan Ivanovitch could bear it no longer. A revolver dropped into his hand, apparently from nowhere. He leaped upon the detestable Chichotkin and——

Well, it is quite evident; he woke up. Dreams always end that way.

William Gropper

"A little suffering purifies the soul, don't you think?"

Again We Annoy You--

And take you by the lapel, and hold you as the Ancient Mariner held the wedding guest, to whisper the following glad news in your ear:

1. **THE LIBERATOR** is coming back with a bang.
2. Soon we may increase its size — that is, if our friends will help us get more advertising and subscriptions.
3. The great and only **BOB MINOR**, who writes like a lion and draws like a grizzly bear, is going to work regularly for the Liberator again. This means that all of the best labor cartoonists in the world (and this is no idle boast) are to be found in the pages of the Liberator hereafter.
4. **MAX EASTMAN** is to send us a monthly letter on the movement in Europe and anything else that hits his poetic fancy. He will be at the Geneva Conference, and later he is to go to Russia. Is there any one in America whose letters on Europe could be more clarifying and interesting than Max Eastman's?
5. And another feature — **MIKE GOLD** is to be freed from some of his onerous editorial duties and is to report for the Liberator again some of the big things going on in America — strikes, conferences, conventions and other matters.
6. And, of course, there will be the Liberator crowd—that bright, brilliant galaxy of artists and writers to whom the capitalist press would have to pay a combined yearly salary of $849,453, but who give their best work to the Liberator because it is the magazine in which they can express the fact that they are revolutionists as well as artists.

CORNELIA BARNS, MAURICE BECKER, HOWARD BRUBAKER, HUGO GELLERT, ARTURO GIOVANNITTI, WILLIAM GROPPER, BOARDMAN ROBINSON, CLIVE WEED, ART YOUNG, FLOYD DELL, CLAUDE McKAY, LYDIA GIBSON.

Is there a magazine in this country, including the million-dollar ones, that can boast of as fine a group as this? No; because the best things in men and women cannot be bought for money.

7. Send in your subscription; get others to subscribe; help us get ads; help us get some donations; come to our ball at Bryant Hall, April 29th, 1922 (see ad on page 26); help us make the Liberator the best and biggest working-class organ in America.

William Gropper

"A little suffering purifies the soul, don't you think?"

Garvey As a Negro Moses

By Claude McKay

GARVEYISM is a well-worn word in Negro New York. And it is known among all the Negroes of America, and throughout the world, wherever there are race-conscious Negro groups. But while Garvey is a sort of magic name to the ignorant black masses, the Negro intelligentsia thinks that by his spectacular antics—words big with bombast, colorful robes, Anglo-Saxon titles of nobility (Sir William Ferris, K. C. O. N., for instance, his editor and Lady Henrietta Vinton Davis, his international organizer), his steam-roller-like mass meetings and parades and lamentable business ventures — Garvey has muddied the waters of the Negro movement for freedom and put the race back for many years. But the followers of Marcus Garvey, who are legion and noisy as a tambourine yard party, give him the crown of Negro leadership. Garvey, they assert, with his Universal Negro Improvement Association and the Black Star Line, has given the Negro problem a universal advertisement and made it as popular as Negro minstrelsy. Where men like Booker T. Washington, Dr. DuBois of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and William Monroe Trotter of the Equal Rights League had but little success, Garvey succeeded in bringing the Associated Press to his knees every time he bellowed. And his words were trumpeted round the degenerate pale-face world trembling with fear of the new Negro.

To those who know Jamaica, the homeland of Marcus Garvey, Garveyism inevitably suggests the name of Bedwardism. Bedwardism is the name of a religious sect there, purely native in its emotional and external features and patterned after the Baptists. It is the true religion of thousands of natives, calling themselves Bedwardites. It was founded by an illiterate black giant named Bedward about 25 years ago, who claimed medicinal and healing properties for a sandy little hole beside a quiet river that flowed calmly to the sea through the eastern part of Jamaica. In the beginning prophet Bedward was a stock newspaper joke; but when thousands began flocking to hear the gigantic white-robed servant of God at his quarterly baptism, and the police were hard put to handle the crowds, the British Government in Jamaica became irritated. Bedward was warned and threatened and even persecuted a little, but his thousands of followers stood more firmly by him and made him rich with great presents of food, clothing, jewelry and money. So Bedward waxed fat in body and spirit. He began a great building of stone to the God of Bedwardism which he declared could not be finished until the Second Coming of Christ. And in the plenitude of his powers he sat in his large yard under an orange tree, his wife and grown children, all good Bedwardites, around him, and gave out words of wisdom on his religion and upon topical questions to the pilgrims who went daily to worship and to obtain a bottle of water from the holy hole. The most recent news of the prophet was his arrest by the government for causing hundreds of his followers to sell all their possessions and come together at his home in August Town to witness his annunciation; for on a certain day at noon, he had said, he would ascend into heaven upon a crescent moon. The devout sold and gave away all their property and flocked to August Town, and the hour of the certain day came and passed with Bedward waiting in his robes, and days followed and weeks after. Then his flock of sheep, now turned into a hungry, destitute, despairing mob, howled like hyenas and fought each other until the Government interfered.

Onorio Ruotolo

An Old Worker

It may be that the notorious career of Bedward, the prophet, worked unconsciously upon Marcus Garvey's mind and made him work out his plans along similar spectacular lines. But between the mentality of both men there is no comparison. While Bedward was a huge inflated bag of bombast loaded with ignorance and superstition, Garvey's is beyond doubt a very energetic and quick-witted mind, barb-wired by the imperial traditions of nineteenth-century England. His spirit is revolutionary, but his intellect does not understand the significance of modern revolutionary developments. Maybe he chose not to understand, he may have realized that a resolute facing of facts would make puerile his beautiful schemes for the redemption of the continent of Africa.

It is rather strange that Garvey's political ideas should be so curiously bourgeois-obsolete and fantastically utopian. For he is not of the school of Negro leader that has existed solely on the pecuniary crumbs of Republican politics and democratic philanthropy, and who is absolutely incapable of understanding the Negro-proletarian point of view and the philosophy of the working class movement. On the contrary, Garvey's background is very industrial, for in the West In-

Onorio Ruotolo

An Old Worker

dies the Negro problem is peculiarly economic, and prejudice is, English-wise, more of class than of race. The flame of revolt must have stirred in Garvey in his early youth when he found the doors to higher education barred against him through economic pressure. For when he became a printer by trade in Kingston he was active in organizing the compositors, and he was the leader of the printers' strike there, 10 years ago, during which time he brought out a special propaganda sheet for the strikers. The strike failed and Garvey went to Europe, returning to Jamaica after a few months' stay abroad, to start his Universal Negro Society. He failed at this in Jamaica, where a tropical laziness settles like a warm fog over the island. Coming to New York in 1917, he struck the black belt like a cyclone, and there lay the foundation of the Universal Negro Improvement Association and the Black Star Line.

At that time the World War had opened up a new field for colored workers. There was less race discrimination in the ranks of labor and the factory gates swung open to the Negro worker. There was plenty of money to spare. Garvey began his "Back to Africa" propaganda in the streets of Harlem, and in a few months he had made his organ "The Negro World," the best edited colored weekly in New York. The launching of the Black Star Line project was the grand event of the movement among all Garveyites, and it had an electrifying effect upon all the Negro peoples of the world—even the black intelligentsia. It landed on the front page of the white press and made good copy for the liberal weeklies and the incorruptible monthlies. The "Negro World" circulated 60,000 copies, and a perusal of its correspondence page showed letters breathing an intense love for Africa from the farthest ends of the world. The movement for African redemption had taken definite form in the minds of Western Negroes, and the respectable Negro uplift organizations were shaken up to realize the significance of "Back to Africa." The money for shares of the Black Star Line poured in in hundreds and thousands of dollars, some brilliant Negro leaders were drawn to the organization, and the little Negro press barked at Garvey from every part of the country, questioning his integrity and impugning his motives. And Garvey, Hearst-like, thundered back his threats at the critics through the "Negro World" and was soon involved in a net of law suits.

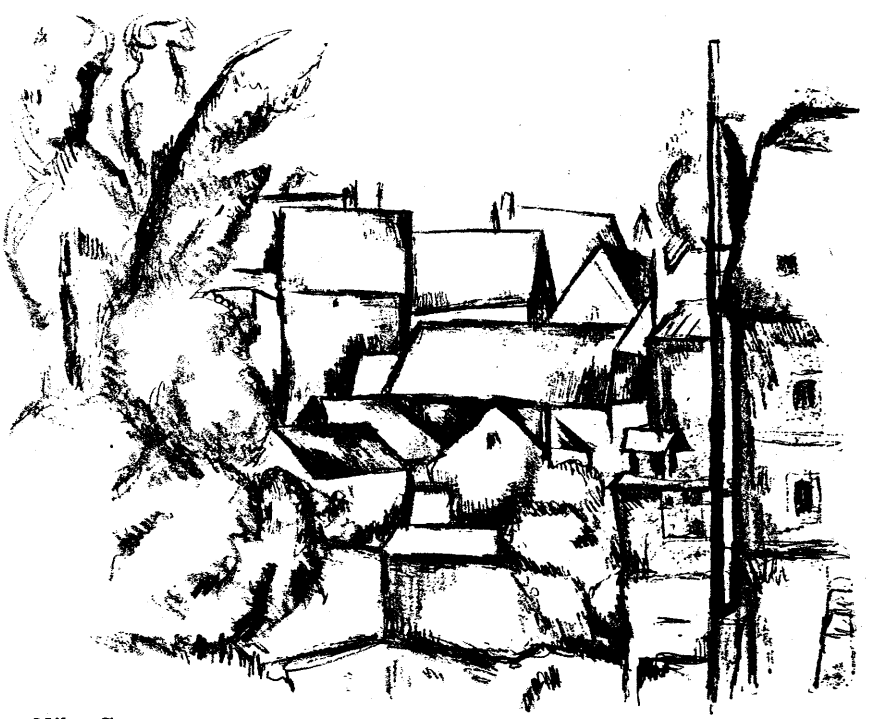
The most puzzling thing about the "Back to Africa" propaganda is the leader's repudiation of all the fundamentals of the black worker's economic struggle. No intelligent Negro dare deny the almost miraculous effect and the world-wide breadth and sweep of Garvey's propaganda methods. But all those who think broadly on social conditions are amazed at Garvey's ignorance and his intolerance of modern social ideas. To him Queen Victoria and Lincoln are the greatest figures in history because they both freed the slaves, and the Negro race will never reach the heights of greatness until it has produced such types. He talks of Africa as if it were a little island in the Caribbean Sea. Ignoring all geographical and political divisions, he gives his followers the idea that that vast continent of diverse tribes consists of a large homogenous nation of natives struggling for freedom and waiting for the Western Negroes to come and help them drive out the European exploiters. He has never urged Negroes to organize in industrial unions.

He only exhorted them to get money, buy shares in his African steamship line, and join his Universal Association. And thousands of American and West Indian Negroes responded with eagerness.

He denounced the Socialists and Bolshevists for plotting to demoralize the Negro workers and bring them under the control of white labor. And in the same breath he attacked the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and its founder, Dr. DuBois, for including white leaders and members. In the face of his very capable mulatto and octoroon colleagues, he advocated an all-sable nation of Negroes to be governed strictly after the English plan with Marcus Garvey as supreme head.

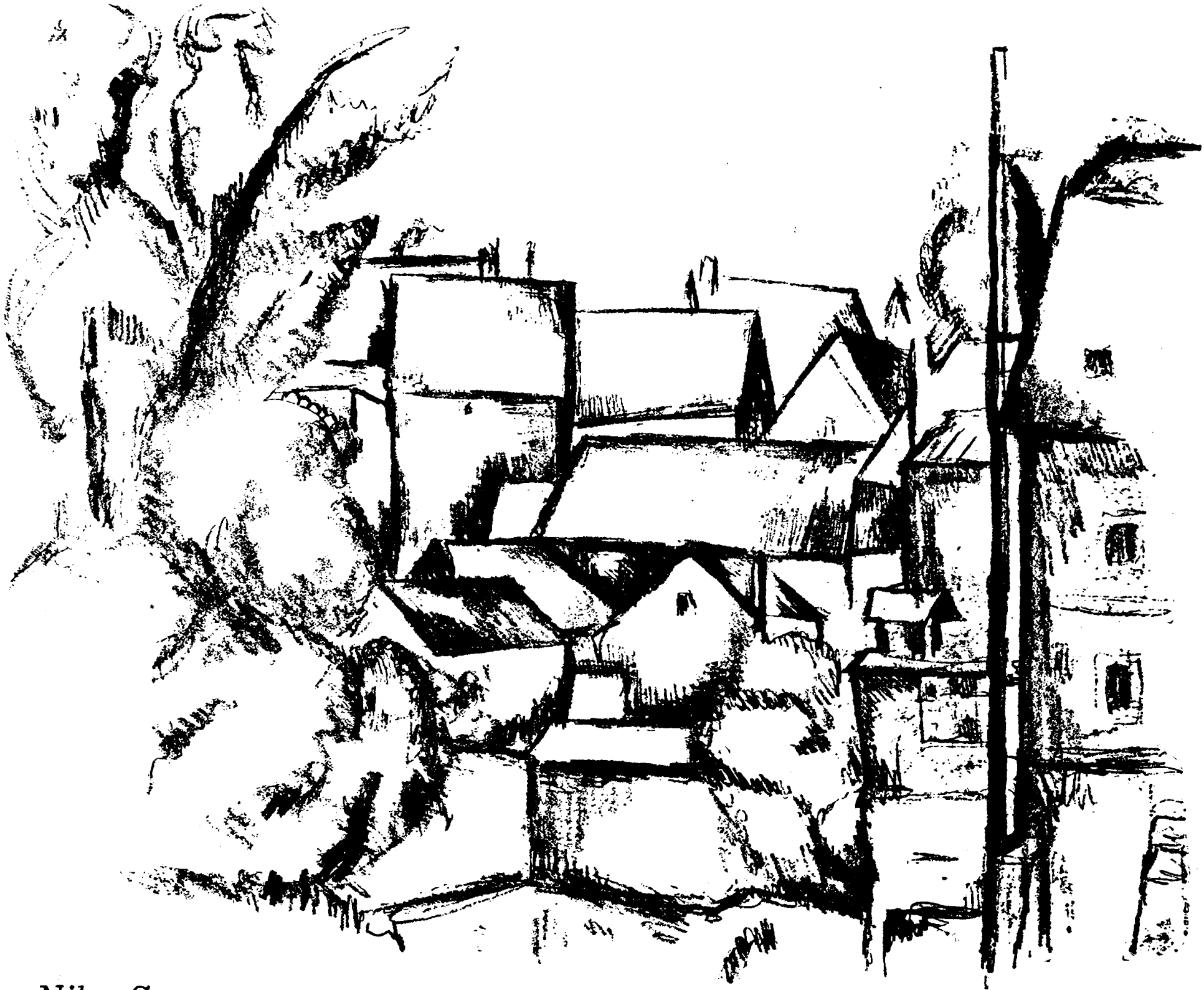
He organized a Negro Legion and a Negro Red Cross in the heart of Harlem. The Black Star line consisted of two unseaworthy boats and the Negro Factories Corporation was mainly existent on paper. But it seems that Garvey's sole satisfaction in his business venture was the presenting of grandiose visions to his crowd.

Garvey's arrest by the Federal authorities after five years of stupendous vaudeville is a fitting climax. He should feel now an ultimate satisfaction in the fact that he was a universal advertising manager. He was the biggest popularizer of the Negro problem, especially among Negroes, since "Uncle Tom's Cabin." He attained the sublime. During the last days he waxed more falsely eloquent in his tall talks on the Negro Conquest of Africa, and when the clansmen yelled their approval and clamored for more, in his gorgeous robes, he lifted his hands to the low ceiling in a weird pose, his huge ugly bulk cowing the crowd, and told how the mysteries of African magic had been revealed to him, and how he would use them to put the white man to confusion and drive him out of Africa.



Niles Spencer

Houses



Niles Spencer

Houses

Hugo Gellert

Will There Be a Resurrection This Easter?

Theosophy on the High Seas

A Letter En Route From Max Eastman

ON BOARD S. S. OLYMPIC

DEAR CLAUDE: I felt a pang of disappointment when you told me on the pier that you were going to "feature my correspondence" from Europe. I would like to write simple spontaneous letters to the Liberator, as though to my friends, and that is not easy when I know I am going to be advertised as a performer.

Next to commercialism itself, the artificial advertising of an author's ego, the worst crime of modern journalism against literary art is the tendency to measure everything by extent and quantity. It would be better, if we had the endowment, to keep the Liberator small. Let it be a little natural group or parish of people who happen to have a like interest in truth and the expression of feeling. At least it would seem better to me. I feel sometimes as though the whole modern world, capitalism and communism and all, were rushing toward some enormous nervous efficient machine-made doom of the true values of life.

A very counter-revolutionary feeling! But the drift of it is that I am not going to play up to your advertising. I am simply going to write an occasional letter of impressions as I go along, and what you and Mike Gold do with it will be on your own heads. You can not spoil my reputation as a foreign correspondent, because I haven't any.

My first impression was that a big chunk of Manhattan Island had broken off and drifted out to sea with me on it and my friends on the other half. I still feel that I am riding on a city. An ugly one, too. There is not a thing beautiful here but the machinery—not a gracious knob or panel in the whole inside of this ship. It is only when they are unconscious of the purpose that ordinary people make things beautiful—and real artists are extraordinary people.

To-day is Sunday in the Gulf Stream, with a warm wind blowing dreams from your sacred isle of Jamaica.

"O something must be happening there this minute!"

And something happened here. A gong sounded in the midst of my sad soft reveries, and a business-like voice announced "Divine services in the Lounge!"

It was enough to precipitate my intention to seek out Comrade Whitehead of the British Communist Party and have a talk about the revolution. I found him lying flat in the sunshine at the tip-top of the back end of the ship.

Whitehead is traveling second-class—and a little priggish about it, too—but we are neither of us in the steerage with the proletariat.

He is a long, lank, easy-going Britisher of very fine and very self-confident intelligence, who spent two years in Dartmoor prison as a conscientious objector, was elected president of the prison—a self-governing institution—and has since worked regularly as an official of the revolution in England.

I had a delightful talk with Comrade Whitehead, but as an antidote to the mysteries of revealed religion as purveyed in the "Lounge," he was a distinct surprise and disappointment.

He began by broaching the hypothesis that in the last few years "an unusual number of other-regarding spirits have been thrown down into the physical sphere." From this he inferred that the revolutionary propaganda ought to lay more stress upon the communist ideal, while not obscuring the method of struggle by which it is to be attained. I agreed entirely with his inference—although I had not myself felt encumbered with these other-regarding spirits—and so we passed with a certain amount of mental harmony into the inner mysteries of theosophy.

It appears that there are seven planes of existence, the three uppermost being unattainable to us for millions of years and so negligible for practical purposes, but the rest clearly distinguishable to the clairvoyant. They are the upper mental, the lower mental, the astral, and the physical. Life is a rhythmical passing of souls down and upward again through these spheres of years—with some ultimate goal of rest and mersion with the universal in the higher spheres. Some souls move away very slowly after death, lingering a long time in their "astral bodies" because of their passionate interest in things here. Comrade Whitehead told me that Queen Elizabeth had only just departed—a few days ago, I gathered—from the astral plane. She is gone now, and communication with her is no longer possible.

He also told me that ghosts are not the spirits they pretend to be, but they are funny little astral animals and "elementals" dressed up in the astral corpses left by those who have departed to the purely mental spheres. Thus if you should happen to see Queen Elizabeth on some dim night flitting over the roofs of Greenwich Village, it would not be, properly speaking, either the royal person or the royal corpse. It would be—to quote Comrade Whitehead accurately—a joke. For the motive of these little intermediary wags and nixies who dress up in other people's corpses is a purely humorous one.

I have probably given a somewhat false impression of Comrade Whitehead's conversation. For he began, and also concluded, by assuring me that he was himself an agnostic, and merely inclined to believe these things are more likely to be true than not. He remembered that of eleven hundred Conscientious Objectors representing some thirty or forty different faiths, both religious and political, who spent two years in Dartmoor prison in one steady, unrelieved and uninterrupted argument, not one was ever converted to anything, or moved from his original position by the breadth of a hair.

Comrade Whitehead is entirely intelligent, and realizes that his propositions rest for verification solely upon the testimony of three or four clairvoyants, who have been in these different spheres and come back. They have seen the thing and they know—that is the whole story. And his conversation was so simple and tentative and unconcerned about it all, that I was almost rapt away myself from my too sensuous conception of the meaning of the verb *to be*. If the waves of the Gulf Stream had not been so opaque a blue, like water in a tub where the linen has been washed—if the wind had not been so wet and warmly caressing—I might be preaching a little theosophical sermon here, too, and suggesting that the American Communists solve their problem of perfection by organizing a party on the astral plane to control the one which now controls the visible manifestation,

and then another in the lower mental to control that, and another in the higher mental, and so on until they arrive at that abstract but serene attitude where all motion ceases, and all the gross errors of mortal and material enterprise are dropped away and lost in the eternal intellectual self-contemplation of the Absolute Bolshevik.

Friday, Feb. 23. We caught sight of England to-day as we passed by. She seemed almost as large as the Olympic. I had quite a feeling of pride that I had not been permitted to land there—also a feeling that there must be a pleasant lot of trouble brewing, if His Majesty's government is afraid of so mild and meek and seasick a character as I.

We land to-night at Cherbourg, and I must mail this back so you will have it for the April number if you want it. I give you *carte blanche* to cut, correct, alter, improve, damage, delete, destroy, or commit any of the other sins and depredations which make an editor's life endurable.

MAX EASTMAN.

A Letter from Mexico

Maurice Becker

DEAR MIKE:

At last I am back in gentle, sunny, peaceful Zapataland, thank the Lord. I repeat the word peaceful, not because Yucatan, where I have just returned from, isn't chronically so, but because the excitement and entertaining and festivities that attended the inauguration of Felipe Carrillo as Socialist Governor was too much for my stolid Anglo-Saxon nature.

Gosh, what a glorious celebration! It lasted five weeks, as far as I was concerned, for I travelled with Felipe into the interior on his inaugural tour. The people throughout the state are henequen workers, and are solidly organized, almost 100 per cent, in Red Ligas de Resistencia, the fighting Socialist locals, where every member has, in addition to his red card, a Mauser and a machete that he uses when the bosses get too fresh. We would be greeted by whole communities, men and women and children, carrying red flags and huge red banners like the Russians', stating that they were the Maximo Gorky branch, or the branch Carlos Marx or Francisco Madero or Emiliano Zapata.

Bob Haberman, I guess, has talked enough about Yucatan on his visits to the States to leave every one within a radius of fifty miles of New York thoroughly informed as to the great events taking place here. I wish I were a writer; I would tell you more about it. I can only say, it's grand; it's bigger than anything I've ever seen; and it fills me with hope and courage. Felipe Carrillo is a great, great man; a strong, big, honest Maya peasant with brains, heart, imagination and a personal and simple love for his Indians such as I've never seen anywhere except in a man like Debs. Felipe knows how to put things over. They are going to do here all that is possible to do now to make a real worker's republic. What more can you ask of any one?

The drawing I enclose shows a Maya Indian couple executing the Vaqueria, a native dance. We attended many such festivals on our trip. The people in every small town and village would declare a holiday on the occasion of the visit of the Governor-elect and his accompanentes. At Uman, where I drew this picture, there was a double reason for celebrating, for on the day of our visit 35,000 acres of land once owned by the wealthy hacendadoes, were returned to the people. Each head of a family was the recipient of more than forty acres. This is land which private enterprise has failed to keep productive. The process of confiscation has been going on in Yucatan for over eight months; payment for such property

Maurice Becker

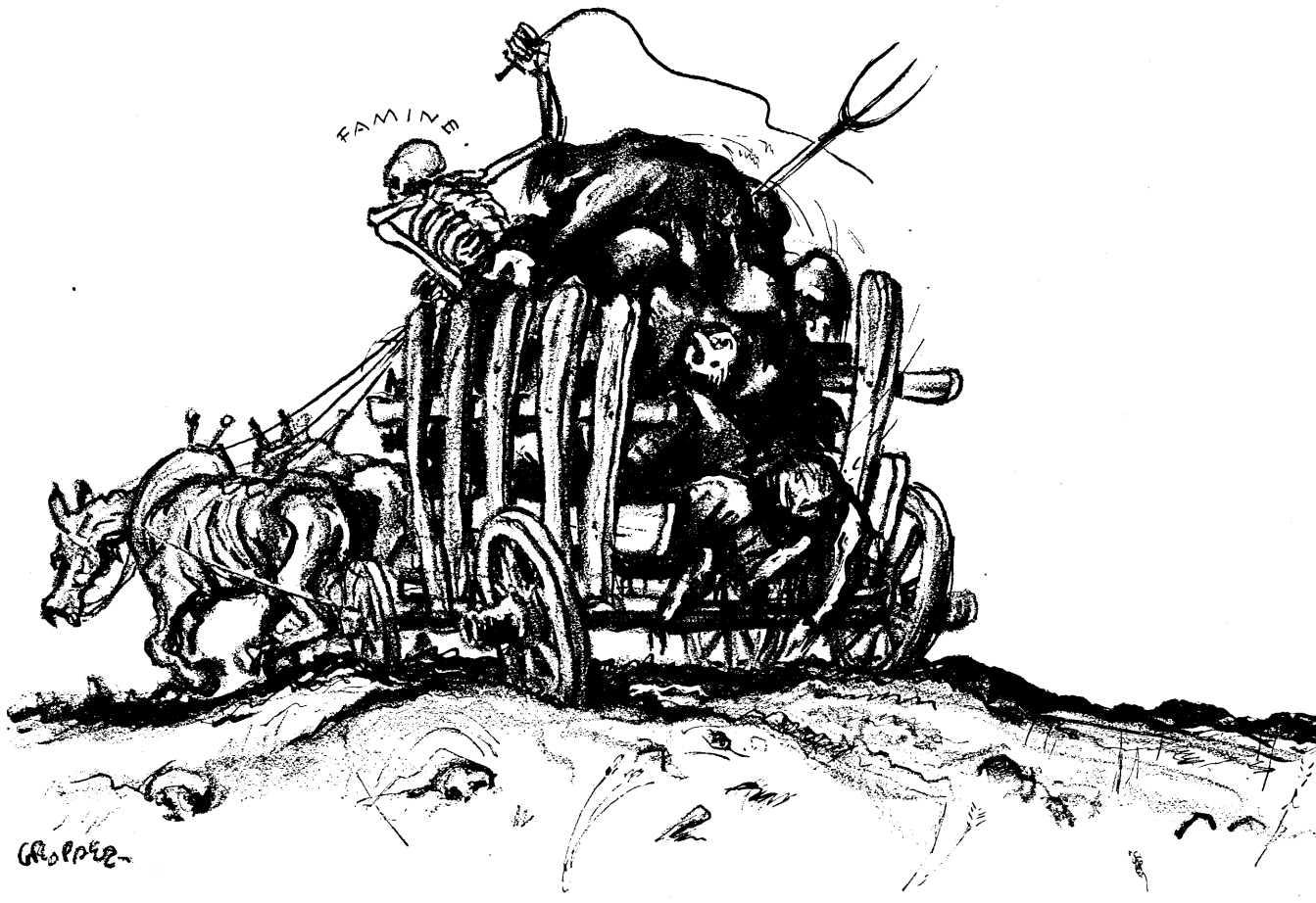
At a Socialist Dance in Yucatan

Maurice Becker

At a Socialist Dance in Yucatan

Maurice Becker

At a Socialist Dance in Yucatan



William Gropper

The Fruits of Wilson's Russian Policy

being made in bonds redeemable *quien sabe cuando?* (who knows when?).

Most of the Indians work three days for some hacendado at 90 centavos, 45 cents U. S., per day. This is much less than they received in the good old days; it was something like two and one-half pesos then, yet they are far better off now at the low wage because it is almost clear gain, since they get more than their needs from their own land.

Felipe is thinking of installing radio-phones in all the small places of the State, some of which even a railroad does not reach, let alone a telegraph line. He wants to send out music and Socialist propaganda speeches every night to the city halls. He's as up-to-date, is Felipe, in the midst of a medieval background, as is Lenin.

Gawd, that celebration was a five-week round of riot and revelry! I felt at the end of two weeks as if someone had put me on a merry-go-round which was wound up to go forever, and me unable to get off! And to top it all they sent us home coastwise on the Tamaulipas, a tub which I later learned had been in the British fishing trade over 23 years ago, and had been condemned by the British Admiralty. One day we were anchored off the coast of Campeche, caught in a norther! Can you imagine being cooped up in a vigorous smelling East Side tenement (your own, for instance,) which had become the plaything of the waves and wind? Unable to eat or sleep or take your clothes off or do anything but lie in a wildly whirling hammock in the midst of a lot of cold and seasick mothers and babies and fat Syrian merchants, you lay there and dreamed of the Utopian days of Communism, when there will be no storm or weather troubles of any kind. And you longed for steam yachts and Greenwich Village and the Liberator office and the gang at John's of a wet Saturday night, and everything else jolly and far-away.

But it's all in a life-time. Viva Felipe Carrillo!

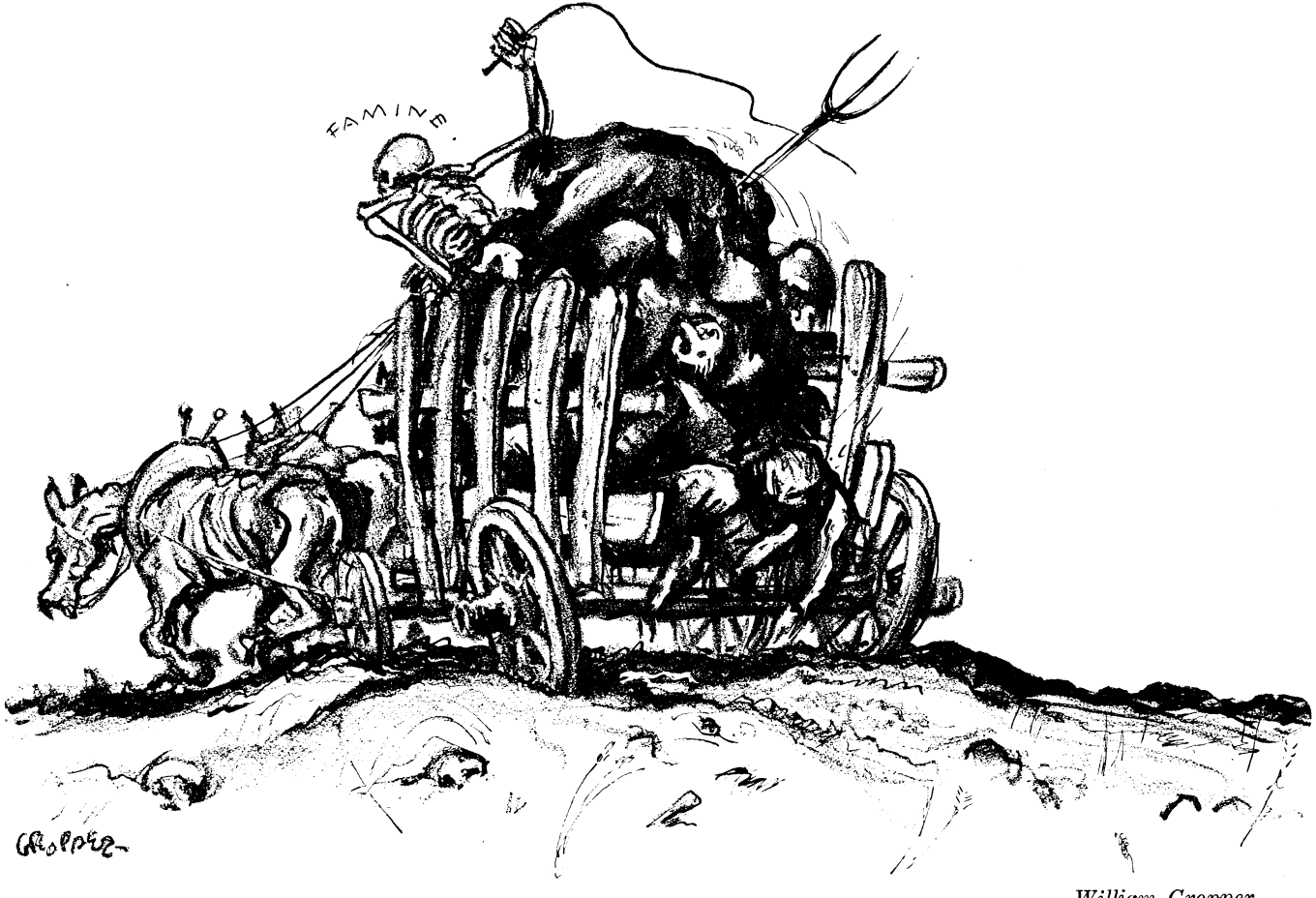
Your ancient bierbruder,

Mauricio Becker.

Futility

THIS is the pain that each one strives to bear—
The ancient goading of futility.
Yet for a while I hold to hope, and wear
The marks of pain upon me pridefully;
For these make very honorable scars
Gained in a war with stronger things than death;
So I shall pass erect beneath the stars,
Strong though unseen, and breathe my heavy breath.
And I shall be like every other man,
Hiding my darkest secret through the night,
Alone since this new loneliness began,
Smiling a little at my losing fight,
And wondering what work I may complete.
Before the dark comes down on my defeat.

Bernice Lesbia Kenyon.



William Gropper

The Fruits of Wilson's Russian Policy

Enigma

A Play by Floyd Dell

SCENE—A man and woman are sitting at a table, talking in bitter tones.

SHE. So that is what you think.

He. Yes. For us to live together any longer would be an obscene joke. Let's end it while we still have some sanity and decency left.

She. Is that the best you can do in the way of sanity and decency—to talk like that?

He. You'd like to cover it up with pretty words, wouldn't you? Well, we've had enough of that. I feel as though my face were covered with spider webs. I want to brush them off and get clean again.

She. It's not my fault you've got weak nerves. Why don't you try to behave like a gentleman, instead of a hysterical minor poet?

He. A gentleman, Helen, would have strangled you years ago. It takes a man with crazy notions of freedom and generosity to be the fool that I've been.

She. I suppose you blame me for your ideas!

He. I'm past blaming anybody, even myself. Helen, don't you realize that this has got to stop? We are cutting each other to pieces with knives.

She. You want me to go. . . .

He. Or I'll go—it makes no difference. Only we've got to separate, definitely and forever.

She. You really think there is no possibility—of our finding some way. . .. We might be able—to find some way.

He. We found some way, Helen—twice before. And this is what it comes to. . . . There are limits to my capacity for self-delusion. This is the end.

She. Yes. Only——

He. Only what?

She. It—it seems . . . such a pity . . .

He. Pity! The pity is this—that we should sit here and haggle about our hatred. That's all there's left between us.

She (standing up). I won't haggle, Paul. If you think we should part, we will this very night. But I don't want to part this way, Paul. I know I've hurt you. I want to be forgiven before I go.

He (standing up to face her). Can't we finish without another sentimental lie? I'm in no mood to act out a pretty scene with you.

She. That was unjust, Paul. You know I don't mean that. What I want is to make you understand, so you won't hate me.

He. More explanations. I thought we had both got tired of them. I used to think it possible to heal a wound by words. But we ought to know better. They're like acid in it.

She. Please don't, Paul. This is the last time we shall ever hurt each other. Won't you listen to me?

He. Go on. (He sits down wearily.)

She. I know you hate me. You have a right to. I have treated you as no human being has a right to treat another. I don't want to excuse myself—but I didn't know what I was doing. I didn't realize I was being cruel.

He. We've gone over that a thousand times.

She. Yes. I've said that before. And you've answered me that that excuse might hold for the first time, but not for the second and the third. You've convicted me of deliberate cruelty on that. And I've never had anything to say. I couldn't say anything, because the truth was too preposterous. It wasn't any use telling it before. But now I want you to know the real reason.

He. A new reason, eh?

She. Something I've never confessed to you. Yes. It is true that I was cruel to you—deliberately. I did want to hurt you. And do you know why? I wanted to shatter that Olympian serenity of yours. You were too strong, too self-confident. You had the air of a being that nothing could hurt. You were like a god.

He. That was a long time ago. Was I ever Olympian? I had forgotten it. You succeeded very well—you shattered it in me.

She. You are still Olympian. And I still hate you for it. I wish I could make you suffer now. But I have lost my power to do that.

He. Aren't you contented with what you have done? It seems to me that I have suffered enough recently to satisfy even your ambitions.

She. No—or you couldn't talk like that. You sit there—making phrases. Oh, I have hurt you a little; but you will recover. You always recovered quickly. You are not human. If you were human, you would remember that we once were happy, and be a little sorry that all that is over. But you can't be sorry. You have made up your mind, and can think of nothing but that.

He. That's an interesting—and novel—explanation.

She. I wonder if I can't make you understand. Paul—do you remember when we fell in love?

He. Something of that sort must have happened to us.

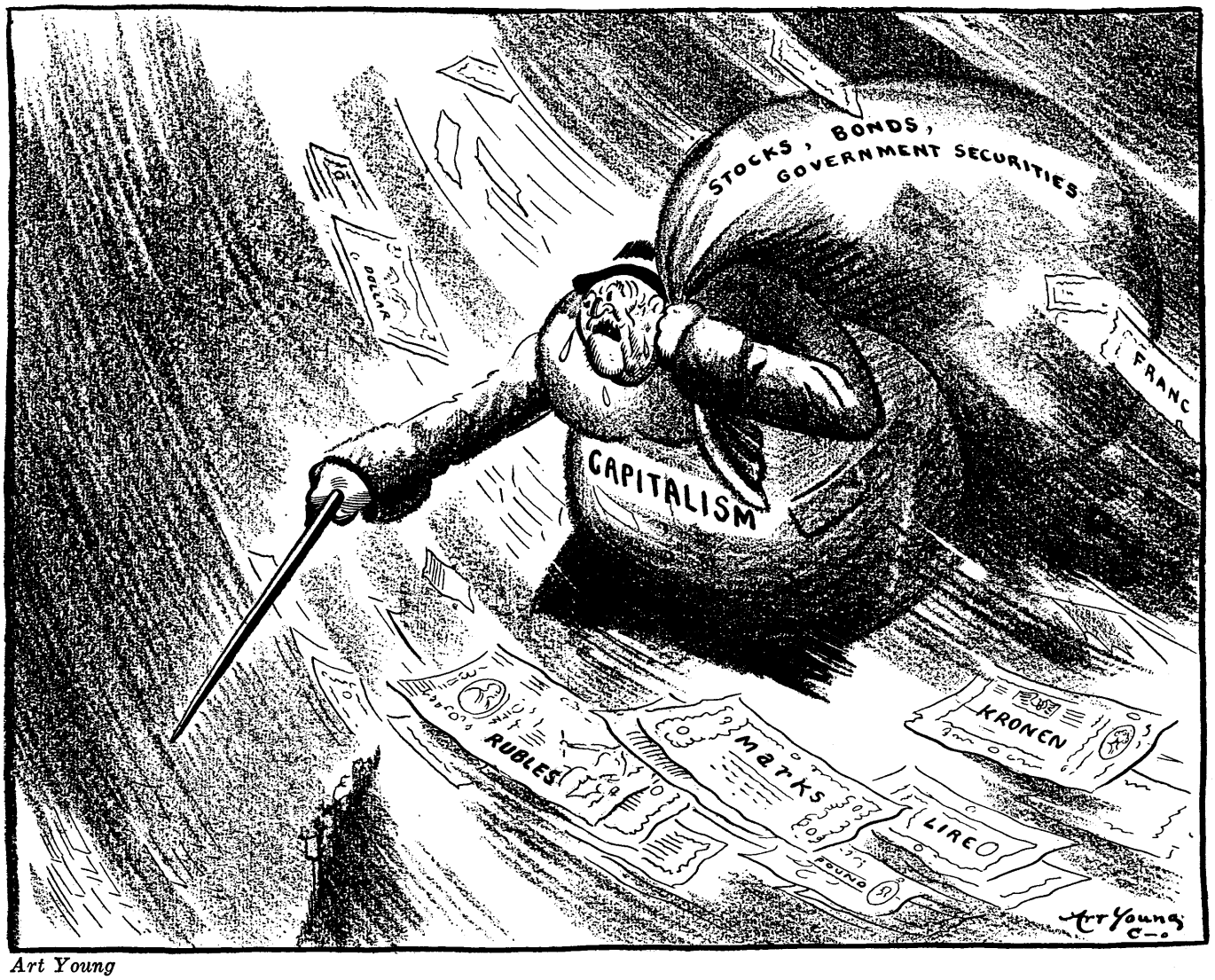
She. No—it happened to me. It didn't happen to you. You made up your mind and walked in, with the air of a god on a holiday. It was I who fell—headlong, dizzy, blind. I didn't want to love you. It was a force too strong for me. It swept me into your arms. I prayed against it. I had to give myself to you, even though I knew you hardly cared. I had to—for my heart was no longer in my own breast. It was in your hands, to do what you liked with. You could have thrown it in the dust.

He. This is all very romantic and exciting, but tell me—did I throw it in the dust?

She. It pleased you not to. You put it in your pocket. But don't you realize what it is to feel that another person has absolute power over you? No, for you have never felt that way. You have never been utterly dependent on another person for happiness. I was utterly dependent on you. It humiliated me, angered me. I rebelled against it, but it was no use. You see, my dear, I was in love with you. And you were free, and your heart was your own, and nobody could hurt you.

He. Very fine—only it wasn't true, as you soon found out.

She. When I found it out, I could hardly believe it. It



Art Young

Lost in the Storm

wasn't possible. Why, you had said a thousand times that you would not be jealous if I were in love with some one else, too. It was you who put the idea in my head. It seemed a part of your superhumanness.

He. I did talk that way. But I wasn't a superman. I was only a damn fool.

She. And Paul, when I first realized that it might be hurting you—that you were human after all—I stopped. You know I stopped.

He. Yes—that time.

She. Can't you understand? I stopped because I thought you were a person like myself, suffering like myself. It wasn't easy to stop. It tore me to pieces. But I suffered rather than let you suffer. But when I saw you recover your serenity in a day while the love that I had struck down in my heart for your sake cried out in a death agony for months, I felt again that you were superior, inhuman—and I hated you for it.

He. Did I deceive you so well as that?

She. And when the next time came, I wanted to see if it was real, this godlike serenity of yours. I wanted to tear off the mask. I wanted to see you suffer as I had suffered. And that is why I was cruel to you the second time.

He. And the third time—what about that?

(She burst into tears, and sinks to the floor, with her head on the chair, sheltered by her arms. Then she looks up.)

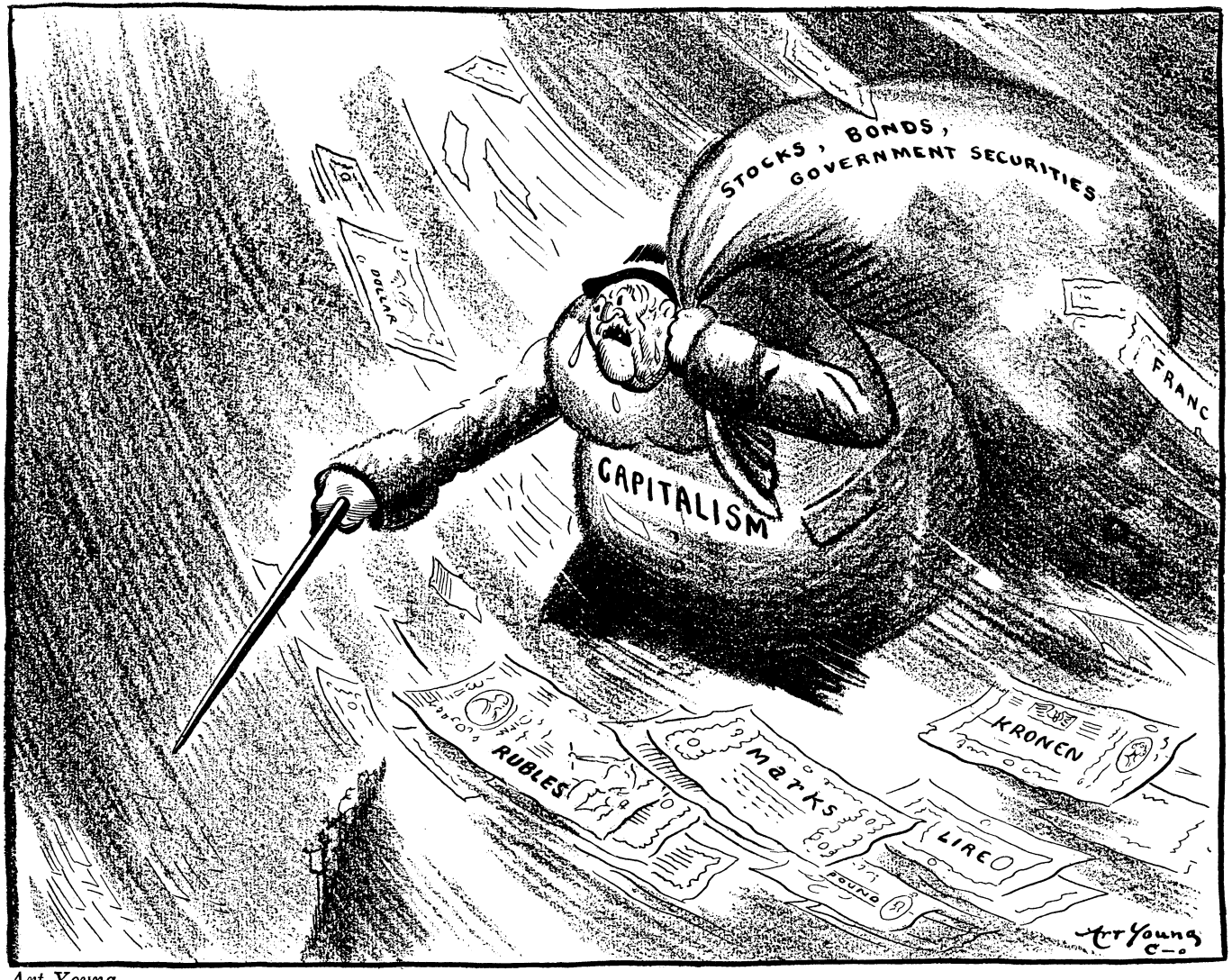
She. Oh, I can't talk about that—I can't. It's too near.

He. I beg your pardon. I don't wish to show an unseemly curiosity about your private affairs.

She. If you were human, you would know that there is a difference between one's last love and all that have gone before. I can talk about the others—but this one still hurts.

He. I see. Should we chance to meet next year, you will tell me about it then. The joys of new love will have healed the pains of the old.

She. There will be no more joy or pain of love for me. You do not believe that. But that part of me which loves is dead. Do you think I have come through all this unhurt? No. I cannot hope any more, I cannot believe. There is nothing left for me. All I have left is regret for the happiness that you and I have spoiled between us. . . . Oh, Paul, why did you ever teach me your Olympian philosophy? Why did you make me think that we were gods and could do whatever we chose? If we had realized that we were only weak



Art Young

Lost in the Storm

human beings, we might have saved our happiness!

He (shaken). We tried to reckon with facts—I cannot blame myself for that. The facts of human nature: people do have love affairs within love affairs. I was not faithful to you. . . .

She (rising to her feet). But you had the decency to be dishonest about it. You did not tell me the truth, in spite of all your theories. I might never have found out. You knew better than to shake my belief in our love. But I trusted your philosophy, and flaunted my lovers before you. I never realized——

He. Be careful, my dear. You are contradicting yourself!

She. I know I am. I don't care. I no longer know what the truth is. I only know that I am filled with remorse for what has happened. Why did it happen? Why did we let it happen? Why didn't you stop me? . . . I want it back!

He. But, Helen!

She. Yes—our old happiness. . . . Don't you remember, Paul, how beautiful everything was before. (She covers her face with her hands, and then looks up again.) Give it back to me, Paul!

He (torn with conflicting wishes). Do you really believe, Helen?

She. I know we can be happy again. It was all ours, and we must have it once more, just as it was. (She holds out her hands.) Paul! Paul!

He (desperately). Let me think!

She (scornfully). Oh, your thinking! I know! Think, then—think of all the times I have been cruel to you. Think of them hard, and save yourself! But no—you're in no danger. . . .

He. What do you mean?

She (laughing hysterically). You haven't believed what I've been saying all this while, have you?

He. Almost.

She. Then don't. I've been lying.

He. Again?

She. Again, yes.

He. I suspected it.

She (mockingly). Wise man!

He. You don't love me, then?

She. Why should I? Do you want me to?

He. I make no demands upon you. You know that.

She. You can get along without me?

He (coldly). Why not?

She. Good. Then I'll tell you the truth!

He. That *would* be interesting!

She. I was afraid you *did* want me! And—I was sorry for you, Paul—I thought if you did, I would try to make things up to you, by starting over again—if you wanted to.

He. So that was it. . . .

She. Yes, that was it. And so——

He (harshly). You needn't say any more. Will you go, or shall I?

She (lightly). I'm going, Paul. But I think—since we may not meet this time next year—that I'd better tell you the secret of that third time. When you asked me a while ago, I cried, and said I couldn't talk about it. But I can now.

He. You mean——

She. Yes. My last cruelty. I had a special reason for being cruel to you. Shan't I tell you?

He. Just as you please.

She. My reason was this: I had learned what it is to love—and I knew that I had never loved you—never. I wanted to hurt you so much that you would leave me. I wanted to hurt you in such a way as to keep you from ever coming near me again. I was afraid that if you did forgive me and take me in your arms, you would feel me shudder, and see the terror and loathing in my eyes. I wanted—for even then I cared for you a little—to spare you that.

He (speaking with difficulty). Are you going?

She (lifting from the table a desk calendar, and tearing a leaf from it, which she holds in front of him. Her voice is tender with an inexplicable regret). Did you notice the date? It is the eighth of June. Do you remember what day that is? We used to celebrate it once a year. It is the day——

(The leaf flutters to the table in front of him)—the day of our first kiss.

(He sits looking at her. For a moment it seems clear to him that they still love each other, and that a single word from him, a mere gesture, the holding out of his arms to her, will reunite them. And then he doubts. . . . She is watching him; she turns at last toward the door, hesitates, and then walks slowly out. When she has gone he takes up the torn leaf from the calendar, and holds it in his hands, looking at it with the air of a man confronted by an unsolvable enigma.)

CURTAIN

Clive Weed

"Gee, if I only get my hands on the guy who said two can live cheaper than one!"

Clive Weed

"Gee, if I only get my hands on the guy who said two can live cheaper than one!"

The Cannes-Cannes Conference

IN the white yachting club, over the chic window displays of Suzanne, Georgette and Lucile, the modistes; above the proud mannequins, and the elegant Parisian models, sit the capitalist Premiers, oboe-players in the white-waistcoated orchestra of the oligarchs; trombonists of the triumph of the hard head over the hard heart.

Drumming on the table when he is not dropping cigarette ash over his crumpled clothes, or orating in the hard, metallic, electrical voice of the ex-Socialist, sits Briand, the untidy lion, the man of seven ministries and seventy-seven reputations (all lost).

Then Bonomi liberal and bland, as an ex-Socialist can afford to be, plausible and watchful, with the memories alight of predecessors overthrown—

Giolitti, the peasant, who hated the big industrials (who nevertheless got him in the end).

And Nitti and Sforza, the Liberals, who were not liberal enough, or too liberal, as it may have been, for their masters—

(Marionettes all.)

And, over them, debonair, deliberate, and delicately superior; master of the art of Machiavelli, and the jugglery of Cinquevalli, smiles Lloyd George, the little wizard, the trombonist par excellence, the drum-player in delirium, the Welsh harpist in excelsis, the corner-man and conductor

Of the syncopating,
Gyrating,
Intoxicated and intoxicating
Capitalist
Jazz.

An Italian orchestra in the gilded Casino plays a languid air; and over the deep carpets costly gowns trail up and down; and at the green tables in the baccarat rooms the heaped-up bank-notes rustle maddeningly.

This is the life of the very rich.

And proud-faced perfumed women, and their owners, cheerful, red-faced Englishmen with the accent of the conquering race, drift through the gambling salons, and halt before the green tables of the gambling statesmen who have come down after dinner from their palm-shaded villas.

And outside is the indigo starlit night, and the languid Mediterranean, caressing the sand with little sighs, moving on the beach with sharp hissing splash and murmuring.

And very far away, indistinct and uncomprehended, but menacing like a great storm, rises the tumult of another music.

Not the jazz of the statesmen, nor the Italian orchestra's soft strains, nor the murmur of the sea.

But the wild scraping of violins, and the groaning of bass-viols, a great blowing through brass and the march of millions of feet.

Blow, trumpets, blow! The Bolshevik battle-music that must be heard over the world, the rude challenge of the proletariat to these statesmen-gamblers in human lives and human happiness, to these parasite devourers of the flesh of the babies of the poor, of the love and hope of the women of the poor, of the work and dreams of the millions of men who are poor.

GEORGE SLOCOMBE.

End of the Week

I COULD not rest, though all the wheels ceased their roaring,
Though the great guns of the mill had halted their war,
In me was fire and rage, the week's yeasty storing,
On, on, a demon cried, rave, shout, pay off the score,
All of this week, drudge, you have been dead as a stone,
Now leap to life; and I heard not the other voice,
Go to the quiet woman; she is your own.

So like a man among men I swept through the town,
My pay in my pockets burned like an angry sore,
From the huge, solemn sky Saturday night came down,
But I saw the festival lights in each city door,
And in the fatherless world where I was alone,
My heart seemed to break; I heard not the other voice,
Go to the quiet woman; she is your own.

I ranted and roared; I stood in each reeking cafe,
And threw out my cash to buy the red, drunken peace,
Red was this night, for all of my week had been gray,
I roamed like a tiger, wild for the heart's release.
I fought Dennis Carty, I cut his nose to the bone,
I boasted and frothed, and no one heard all the while,
The sad cry, quiet woman, I am your own.

The mirrors flared bright, a piano banged like a drum,
And fifty men shouted like mad in the blue smoke haze,
Reckless and vile like me, for our hearts were numb,
And a cruel old harlot kissed me into a blaze,
So I kissed her, too, but she heard no undertone,
A small voice crying, through all the loud, dirty night,
Wait for me, quiet woman, I am your own.

Gorged like a scavenger, heavy with lust and disgrace,
Staggering homeward I came where she lay so still,
Sleeping, my saint; the tears on her pale, dear face,
Yet patient as truth; oh, now I have had my fill!
Oh, suddenly now I must kneel in this spot and moan,
Knowing at last the sins of my sad, cruel heart,
Wake, wake, oh quiet woman, here is your own!

Here is your husband, your father and loyal friend,
And here is your child, lost in the terrible dark,
The world of the poor, slavery and hate without end,
Oh, how can I bear it, heartless, hopeless and stark!
Let us bring riot and blood its griefs to atone,
But now she has kissed me, now at last I am still,
Love me, oh quiet woman, I am your own!

Michael Gold.

The Peasant

AMID the rituals of this stately place,
The studied gestures and the velvet phrase,
Luxuriant bric-a-brac and costly rugs,
The scent of subtle perfume and of drugs—
He walks about the rooms, perplexed and triste,
Dream-haunted, slow, like a somnambulist,
Pities himself and only longs to run
Boy-like into the street to find the sun.

Eugene Jolas.

William Gropper

The Wage Cut Drive

Man, X His Mark

(Comment On An Exhibit of Drawings by Boardman Robinson)

By Robert Minor

THE human species draws. All men together, at one stroke, put their hand on a piece of paper. Thus we draw. We put a voice into a piece of paper, so that it is the speech of all of us forever after. From the race come the growls, the cries, the agony, the hope, the libido and laugh; all poured into a piece of paper.

In Paris you pass by a dinky store, and you see in the window a piece of paper, torn and turning yellow, bearing the name: Daumier. The piece of paper shouts to you, and laughs, and tells you to go after that woman that works at the other bench across the way from your bench; or it tells you some terrifying thing that's terrible because you knew it all the time. It tells you to love and hope—yes, and to hate them that don't love, and to kill 'em, too. Yes, it tells you to live and breed and fight; and, maybe, to die. Oh, that picture invades your ears and your lungs and your loins and biceps and plays with your meat as it wills; and it walks into your heart without asking, and picks up the muscles in the most disconcerting way, and pulls and stretches them around the heart till the blood pumps and surges and you can hardly get your breath, as though you'd been fighting or loving. That picture in the window was the germ of man, laid out. "Daumier." That means: "Man, His (X) Mark." Around it is the smell of man-animal. It is the trace, the spoor of man, the good, reeking odor of the camp of Man, in the trodden-down spot in the forest.

All Mankind draws all pictures. What does the name "Daumier" mean in the corner of that piece of paper? Why, that's just the name of the *hand* with which mankind drew.

Daumier is dead.

The hand of mankind withers. New hands sprout out of mankind, and we draw. Mankind keeps on making His Mark, rich and holy. Mankind always knows His Mark.

Mankind is sick now.

Withered, stunted hands are marking up pieces of paper that spoil, ruin, demoralize, devastate the eyes that look upon the false and feeble scratches. Prostitution is on. Sick hands are forging the Signature of Man. False and sickly pictures stare and leer and mock at us, out of the windows. But they don't crawl into our hearts—they *can't*—they only screech and mock from the outside of us, and never come in. The forgeries of the Signature of Man stare at us from all sides and make us shudder and wither and fail to love and take and make, and fail to hate and fight and kill and see and smell and feed. Prostitution is on. The body of Mankind is sluggish, sick with the torpor of the loss of the sight of Life.

The pictures that we see are the fake Mark of Man. Broadway is crowded with the vendors of diseased art-meat. Look at these pictures in the Daily Lie, in the Weekly Smirk, in the Monthly Cash—they are printed with the pus from the sores of Job. They make us sick and helpless, and *ignorant of ourselves and sightless to the Mark of Man.* Here, in the Daily Lie, is a picture of a dress with a mask on top and shoes below, connected by stockings, and no meat in it, and it's called a woman. There is a suit of pants and coat, which you must imagine is a man, but it couldn't move on the paper at all, and there are no legs inside the pants; but it's called a man, and the hawkers insist it's a man when they sell it to you; and you are sick and torpid and can't remember what a man is any more. Who can respect pants and a vest?—with holy, sweating bones and muscles gone from out of them. What conception forewent the birth of these pictorial abortions? What thoughts stirred the feeble cervex that conceived these still-born pictures? $185 per week. A Buick. A flat on Riverside. A cabaret. That chicken. Or that hen with a license.

Those pictures are conceived in and born out of fat. The art loins of men are paralyzed.

Amidst the fever-delirium haze of fake pictures, screeching from the walls, or lying in ambush to trap you in the folds of a printed paper——

The great, naive-artful drawing hand of man slows up and wavers, and does not draw much more; confused, perplexed, half-paralyzed itself by the sight and sound of forgery. Then it is driven again by the bubbling blood of its heart, and it starts to drawing true again—*nearly* true. It

From a lithograph by Boardman Robinson

In the Street-Car

From a lithograph by Boardman Robinson

In the Street-Car

gathers its strength and swings its crayon across the paper; and the paper speaks—and howls. It roars. It growls its anger and yells its love. Mankind is drawing again.

Look at THESE pictures here. Here again is the Mark of Man. Again we smell sweat and blood, steaming from a piece of paper. Again muscles stretch and pull, and backbones bend, loins ache and feel, on morsels of paper that grip into your heart. Mankind makes His (X) Mark again. He signs:

B. Robinson.

What does mankind say in this array of pictures that are signed "B. Robinson"? He says:

Spots of black placed holily in spaces. He says, gray fields of beautiful proportion. He says, soft gray; bleak white and desperate black, struggling in a frame as man struggles on the world.

I can't remember what Boardman Robinson's pictures are *about*, exactly. Or, at least, they are all about the same thing: each frame is a miniature of the world, with all that men have hoped and thought in all of time. That's what any real picture is. Here is Winter, proven guilty of the murder of Summer, here's hope balanced against despair, life struggling with death. These blacks pretend artfully to be black coats of Clemenceau and a little man named Wilson, but that's only an artist's art. This black is a Spot, I tell you, balanced against that white, artfully, to tell you the feel of life, to make the precious scrap of paper move.

You may think this is a picture of a one-legged soldier sitting on a bench, telling a little boy that he needn't be a "hero"; but you're mistaken. You may think here's a picture of Clemenceau lying about "peace," you may think that's Lloyd George smirking to hide lusty crime-intent, but it's not. No; here is the theme of Robinson's pictures:

There was a man. He went into the woods. He met a bear. They fought. Oh, they struggled mightily. The man killed the bear. (Or the bear killed the man.)

That's all that any real picture is about. The fight of forces. That is the only theme an artist ever knew. No picture was ever painted to any other theme, no poem was ever written to another, no music ever came from any other inspiration. That black spot is a bear. That black spot, that poetic phrase, that terrific music chord—is a bear. That white splotch there is a man, and the gray is the woods. Watch them fight in the woods! God, how the motion of them tears your heart! Man is writing his history and his life in these squares of paper. And he signs with his mark, "B. Robinson."

B. Robinson is just the hand of us—our drawing hand. *We* did those pictures. All of us know it, when we look at them and they look back at us. We are faulty, for our hand is stiff and wavers a little, and the screaming forgeries on all sides confuse us; and our valid drawing hand unconsciously slips and is influenced a little toward imitation of the forgeries about us. The drawing hand of Mankind cannot draw full true without the whole body of Mankind behind it. Even B. Robinson cannot draw alone.

From the Baltimore Sun

Dr. Conference—"I'll give him this anaesthetic, then he won't suffer so."

But this strong drawing hand strikes boldly and puts down beauty upon paper the best that it can be done in the midst of a debauched life. Later on we will do better. When B. Robinson is soaked into the earth again, and I am dead and you, too, are rotting, in the earth where Daumier is, young kids will draw better. That will be when Mankind's body is cured and all a-throbbing again, and $185 a week, and Broadway, and Park Row, and cravenness, and the stink of art-stores, are gone into history.

For the present, B. Robinson is the best we can do. A sight of the pieces of paper that he has touched will inspire the young kids who will be the fathers of the generation that will draw better than he. Ah, it is physical exercise to look on this exhibit of B. Robinson's drawings.

I think that when the race draws as a whole, individuals' names will no longer be signed to pictures.

In general it is because men trade with their art that they put their trade-marks upon it. The prostitute must mark his door for further business. Out of this, I think—this life of copyrights and hold-backs—the habit of—and necessity for—individual signatures comes into art. The world is full of aesthetic misers who *sup*-press things, to canker in their souls while they wait to dole their stuff out to the market, instead of *ex*-pressing what attempts to pass through them from Life to Voice. "Plagiarism"—infringement of patents—stealing the art-miser's gold.

An artist must sing out all that is in him. Only by flowing fast through him, without thought of waiting, can the art-flood of Mankind's expression keep fresh and holily true.

Past all of the impediments, the flood flows through this, our drawing hand, B. Robinson. Even the polluted bow in awe before the living bodies that struggle in these pictures. Mankind draws, and perhaps to set off its true work from the false, it signs its mark: B. Robinson. We must love this strong, beauty-making hand of ours.

From the Baltimore Sun

Dr. Conference—"I'll give him this anaesthetic, then he won't suffer so."

Poems by Joseph Freeman

The Dancers

FAR from the turmoil and the dust of trade
From daily slaveries, the dancers spin:
Dear jeweled ladies, are you not afraid
Of all those pallid faces looking in?
Some night the rhythm of the dance may crack,
The lights may vanish and the music halt,
And all these revelries may falter back
Like echoes dying in a hollow vault.
Then darkness will rush over you and cry
With voices full of agony and death;
The halt, the lame, the blind will stumble by
And you will feel the anger in their breath;
There will be torches and a trail of fire
And free hearts singing of a new desire.

Fantasia

I CAN'T remember how, or when, or where;
But once a quiet woman came to me,
With round blue eyes alight with witchery,
And fragrant fingers, and illumined hair,
Who led me through the curtains of the air
Beyond the rims of an enchanted sea
To a warm garden, rich with greenery
And drowsy with the blended scents. And there
We lay like children, felt all time undone,
And lost all wisdom, and forgot all shame,
And listened to a bird with wings of flame
Twirl melodies like ripples in a flute,
And watched a tiger blinking in the sun,
And tasted luscious and forbidden fruit.

Pastoral

I HAVE seen you gliding among the villagers
Like a slender Indian barque,
Or like a golden planet sailing
Along the dark.

Your shoulders must be like fragrant apples,
And your breasts like tiny birds;
There must be warm red wine in your lips
And violins in your words.

Have you a lover, child, who loiters
At sunset in your street;
Or do you wander among the grasses
On solitary feet?

When the night is creeping over the hills,
Naked out of the sea,
I shall be waiting against the moon—
Will you come to me? . . .

Revolutionary Prelude

SUNSET wraps the west in a bloody sheet
And stains the windows ominously red,
And dusk moves silently along the street
With a dark veil of grief about her head.
The silver cross of Christ upon the steeple
Burns with an alien crimson in the gloom.
Strange white masks are the faces of the people,
Who walk as on the edges of a doom.
There is a marble palace in the town
Rich with the careless shouts of carnival,
With painted ladies kissing gilded lords;
But there are beggars marching up and down
Before its doors in grim processional,
And underneath their rags gleam naked swords.

Love at Dawn

MORNING unfolds its light upon the bed
Where close beside me lies my love asleep
Still as a meditation; her dear head
Lost in the dark releases of her hair;
Her palms translucent, and her breathing deep,
Her face suffused with dawn; one gradual breast
Revealed to the cool graces of the air,
And all her tinted casual limbs at rest.

Peace to the world, peace to the heart I love;
And to the imprisoned fury of desire,
The sacred bond, the holy seal of fire
That sets the soul and the wide night aflame,
Makes the blood leap with joy, and the heart swift,
Beating with terror and delicious shame.

To all these peace. Enough to see her lift
Illumined eyelids and part happy lips;
To hear her measured voice recall my name
As from a dream; to feel her finger-tips
Flatter my arm or to my shoulder curled,
Seeking a refuge from the sudden world.

De Profundis

I KNEW you long, but knew you not at all;
Your ways are written in an ancient tongue,
Older than love, whose syllables recall
What all the poets of the race have sung
And all the prophets of the race have said.
I found your ways were darker than the night;
And, since I sought not wisdom but delight,
I walked away from you and shook my head.
But now that death, in silent mockery,
Has touched me on the shoulder and passed on,
Your face emerges clearer than the dawn;
Your ways come back to me, your eyes of blue;
I know you, and I want to be with you;
I want to cry, my head upon your knee.

Thoughts of a Great Thinker

By Michael Gold

WHAT a vertiginous place this Liberator office is! What a harassed and important man is an Editor! I am sitting here on this wet, sunny March day, and out of my window I can see the street below, the beautiful street where life flows like blood in the body of a young tiger. The heavy motor trucks thunder by, horses jingle their harness, the people walk by so thoughtfully in their overcoats (they are all on tremendous errands) and a vegetable man, with a green and blue cargo, is shouting in a high falsetto. Opposite my window is a stately low white church with Doric columns, and it is brilliantly shining in the light of the same sun that shone on Pericles and the Parthenon. How fresh and blue is the same old sky!

(*Ah! the telephone! Excuse me a moment. Yes, this is Michael Gold. No, we have not sent out checks for the December poetry. Yes, it is because we are broke, you have guessed it. No, we aren't always broke; don't believe all they tell you. What, you haven't eaten for thirty-six hours? Good-by, poor poet!*)

As I was saying, I am sitting here on this lovely spring-like day, and I am about to review seven or eight books for the April Liberator. I am a very wise man. I know a great deal. I am an intellectual, and people read what I have to say. It was not always thus. From the tender age of twelve until the tougher period of twenty-two I practised what is known as manual labor as a means of livelihood. I was verging on twenty-three, and night porter for the Adams Express Company, I remember, when the turn for the better took place in my affairs. I got a job as cub reporter on a newspaper then. Five years have passed since I deserted manual labor, and everything has gone wonderfully for me. I am successful. I have never had to work again. I think. I am an intellectual.

(*What's that, the postman? With a package for me? Eight cents due? Yes, I think I have it—here!*)

The book, after I unwrap it, proves to be a massive, swollen, portentous tome, called Civilization in the United States, an inquiry by Thirty Americans.* It has 577 pages, including bibliography and index. What a startling coincidence! How fortunate! I was about to write on Civilization in the United States, and here is a book that disposes of the problem.

If only I had a few weeks in which to read this book! When I worked as porter I had so much more time to read. There was an hour and a half at midnight when things were dull at the West 47th street depot. I ate my sandwiches then lying on the straw of an express van, and read great books, and studied French, and dreamed and thought. Now I am too busy for such things. I have to *review* books and read manuscripts and earn a living and—

(*Comrade Slifsky to see me? Come in, Comrade. Sit down. Have a cigar. You want to know my views on the class struggle? I will tell them to you. I think the class struggle is hell. What do I think of the Workers' Party, free verse, Mahatma Gandhi, Art Young, Upton Sinclair, Bluebeard Landru, Jacob P. Adler, the great Jewish tragedian, and Turkish baths as a cure for colds? I agree with you on all these subjects. You have been out of work for three months? I'm damned sorry, Comrade, damned sorry. So long; come again!*)

That book on civilization!

Nothing seems to have been neglected by it. Every conceivable intellectual phase of My Country has been treated by an authority—The City, Politics, Journalism, The Law, Education, Scholarship and Criticism, School and College Life, The Intellectual Life, Science, Philosophy, The Literary Life—

(*Another phone ring! Curses! Hugo Gellert, who leads the Life of Art, wants to borrow five dollars from me. No, Hugo, sorry; I lead The Literary Life, as you know. Maybe I will have the five payday; come around then. Good-by!*)

Music, Poetry, Art, The Theater—there is a lot more. It looks great. Max Eastman must be made to review this book next month. I think I am not competent to review such a book, anyway; I am too prejudiced. I turn over these pages carelessly, and the faint, acrid aroma of intellectual irony, cool as pine-needles, breathes from them. I will wager a baked apple at Child's, with cream, that fully one-half of the writers call for a spiritual aristocracy in America, that will hold itself aloof from the sordid life of the nation, and create a great, free, cosmic Art and Culture, antiseptic and above the battle. That is all that most American intellectuals have discovered about America. I have discovered other things. There are millions of poor people in this nation, who work too hard, and are slaves to the pay-roll. They are the vast majority here—they are the nation. They have no time to think or lead full-orbed lives. The trouble with the poor is their poverty. And the trouble with the intellectuals is that they are Bourgeois.

(*Ah, the Baroness Else Von Freytag-Loringhoven, with huge rings on her ten fingers, and her dog Sophie in her lap, is reciting her Dada poetry to Claude McKay in another*

Art Young

The Mailed Fist Wins Temporarily

* Civilization in the United States, by Thirty Americans, Harcourt, Brace and Company, publishers.

Art Young

The Mailed Fist Wins Temporarily

Mammy Harding Doesn't Want Taxes on Capital

room. The walls shake, the ceiling rocks, life is real and life is earnest! I see I will never get around to that review!)

But Here Are Some Thoughts on The Saturday Evening Post

Two and a half million copies of this magazine are sold weekly. Hundreds of lumberjacks live in lousy bunk-houses and stand knee-high in icy water to send the logs down for the pulp. Hundreds of workers sweat over the vats where the pulp is boiled for the paper. Hundreds of printers set up the type, and worry over the make-up, and sit at linotype machines under an electric light to make this magazine. And there are hundreds of office-girls round-shouldered at typewriters, and hundreds of clerks and salesmen and bookkeepers; and hundreds of pale, nervous authors who plough their brains for this magazine.

Oh! the filthy lackey rag, so fat, shiny, gorged with advertisements, putrid with prosperity like the bulky, diamonded duenna of a bawdy-house!

This magazine takes hundreds of the young creative artists of America and bribes them, in their poverty, to write stories of "Success." And these stories have become the American parallel of that spiritual opium that is fed the poor, groping peasants of the Catholic lands. They corrupt the writers, they corrupt the readers, and thousands of men and women throw their lives away to print and distribute the stories.

The magazine sells for five cents. The Editors say they are giving the people what they want. Pimps, dope peddlers and gold brick merchants have the same apology for their professions.

A Labor Leader

I can't forget Big John Avila. He is in Leavenworth now; has been there for four years; and he is my friend.

John Avila is a tall, sinuous young Portuguese I. W. W., with a handsome Latin face, blue-black hair and a graceful, eager, naive manner that makes people like him. John is like a child, and yet he never failed in his part as a man. I knew him in Boston five years ago, when he was organizing the longshore workers and sailors. We had many great nights in Boston together, I remember. Once we went down to Providence to take charge of a strike of about 1,000 Portuguese Negro longshoremen, tall, splendid-looking men, descendants of the Moors, and I remember that period best of all.

How the men loved John and how their eyes followed him as he bustled around the hall; how they listened to his words, as if he were the Messiah! They were in a tight hole, and did not know how to get out; there was not one man in the thousand who could read and write well enough to take care of the union books; they depended on John for everything, as upon a father.

He was busy every moment of the day and night; but he was always laughing, always joking, never despondent or hurried; this was his life, his pleasure and vocation. All the girls liked him, and fooled with him; and the married men invited us to their houses, and John took their children on his lap, and we danced, and drank, and laughed and sang through that long, anxious, bitter strike, because John was around.

He was twenty-six when I knew him, but had been a labor organizer for ten years. At sixteen he had got together a local of weavers, in the city of Lowell, and though a boy among 500 grown men and women, he was made the secretary. He also went through the first Lawrence strike. He married at seventeen, and had five children when I knew him. He sent most of his pay home regularly to his wife, and never thought the responsibility hard or discouraging. Once he wrote a pamphlet in Portuguese, and translated parts of it for me. It was a beautiful, naive thing; the thoughts of the factory worker as the whistles blow in the morning, the harsh, mournful factory whistles that are like the voice of the world's despair. The worker answers the command of the whistles, and leaves the sun and sky behind, but all day

Mammy Harding Doesn't Want Taxes on Capital

at his loom he dreams of freedom, of organization, of solidarity and the struggle for the wonderful day when all men will live together like brothers. The pamphlet was written for practical ends, but it was poetry, too, the poetry of this young proletarian who had spent every day in the labor movement since his sixteenth year.

John grew very tired of things during the war, threw up his job as organizer, and went back to one of his trades, barbering, in a little mining town in New Jersey. There was no money in the I. W. W. treasury then, and he had to earn some to support his family. But he could not be quiet; he talked industrial unionism to the miners who sat in his chair, and one night a mob of respectable citizens came and kidnapped him from his room. They took him out in the woods and hung him four times, letting him down each time just before he was unconscious. They were Americans, citizens of the land of the free and the home of the brave; and he was a dangerous alien.

Two weeks later John was recovering at the home of a friend in Paterson when he was mobbed again, this time legally. He was arrested on the blanket charge against all the I. W. W. officials, and was one of the big group tried in Chicago. John was given ten years. He has served nearly four now, without a chance at bail. I hear he still laughs and jokes, and makes the best of things, and even flirts with the girls through the bars on visiting day. John was always brave, and he will stand anything "for the cause," as he calls it, but I wish he were free now. I'd like to knock about the streets of New York for a week with him, I'd like to take him to dances, and shoot pool with him, and take him to theatres and Italian restaurants where there is red wine to be found, and good fellows to talk to; and I'd like to introduce him to all the pretty New York girls. How happy, after his season in hell, these simple things would make him; how John would laugh if he could walk down Sixth avenue with three or four of us, a few dollars in our jeans, the night before us, hopeful and jolly and free as men were intended to be.

And Here, Ladies, Is a Spring Poem

My love, my fragrant, blue-eyed sweetheart, child of the morning, and of the sun and the moon;

Laughter of my dark days, fragile darling, friend of my deep heart, listen! the spring is here, the sky is shining like a butterfly's blue wing; the tropics are flowing to our dreary north; it will be summer soon;

And soon, dear, I hope, the coal miners will call their nation-wide strike; they will raise a black hard fist under the noses of the arrogant bosses, and shake it there, beloved.

Last night we lay under the rich, red, opiate moon, and ah! the stars were the signal fires of God, and I felt the strange delirium of Eternity in your heart-beat;

But this morning the papers are filled with news of the Genoa conference and the South African revolt,

And Gandhi has been arrested, and Jim Larkin may go free, and Emma Goldman has converted the New York World to anarchism,

And I must hammer out an editorial, or make a speech, for I have forgotten the great music of your body to mine, Beloved.

Shall we be young forever; shall we lie here forever in the silent, growing, young grass, while a robin sings, and the river wakes its waters to meet the Spring?

Shall we forget all that has been or will be, and dwell forever in the purple airs of Eden, forever beautiful and free?

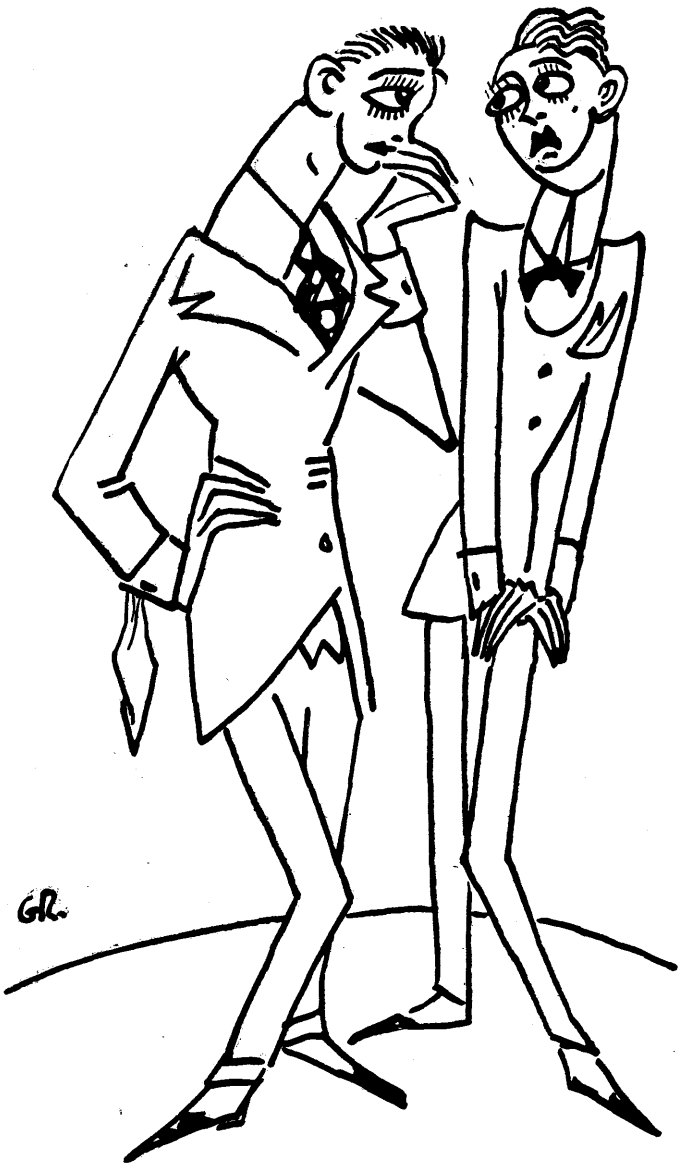
Maybe; but next week I am planning to go to Pawtucket to cover the textile strike for the Liberator,

And in six months, Beloved, it is possible that I may travel to Siberia with H. S. Calvert and his 6,000 wobbly pioneers.

Kiss me, my wild beauty; the sap of the fresh spring world is rising in my veins; I am mad as a swallow with springtime and with love,

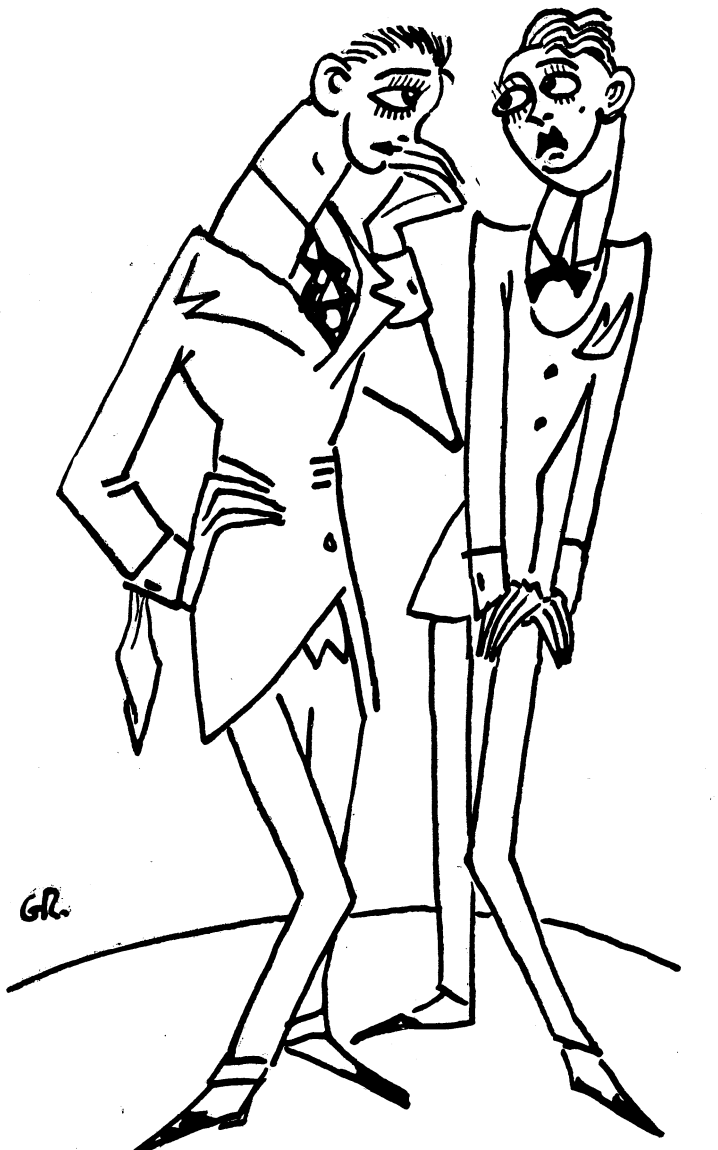
Take my hand; to-night we will go to a meeting under the auspices of the Workers' Party,

At which Bob Minor is to speak on "The Lessons of the Paris Commune," my little darling.



William Gropper

"Paul, isn't it horrifying that the perfume makers' strike is still on?"



William Gropper

"Paul, isn't it horrifying that the perfume makers' strike is still on?"

A Laughter-Dinner Speaker

WE have with us to-night a man who needs no introduction at my hands. My remarks will be brief because nobody can stand long speeches in these Volsteady days. (Smiles.)

SPEAKING of Volstead, reminds me of the story of Jones. It seems that Jones came home one night a little the worse for wear.

"Where have you been?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"I have been spending a lit'r'y evening (hic) with Brown."

"Is that so," said Mrs. Jones. "I didn't know Mr. Brown was literary."

"Oh, yes, m' dear. Brown has one of the (hic) six best cellars." (Laughter.)

THE man who is to address us to-night is one of the ablest men I ever knew. I honestly believe that he can even understand an income tax blank.

SPEAKING of income tax, reminds me of my friend, Smith, who had been struggling for a week trying to fill out the pesky thing.

"How are you getting along with your tax blank?" I asked.

"All right," he replied cheerfully. "The way I figure it, the government owes me four dollars and sixty cents."

"Didn't it go well last year?" I asked. "I thought you could get blood out of a turnip."

"I thought it was blood, but it was only red ink." (Laughter.)

THE speaker of the evening, if report can be trusted, does not have to write his ledger in red ink. (Applause.) He could not only get blood out of a turnip; he could get money out of a bucket shop! (Voice from an after-diner.) "Whose money?" (Prolonged laughter.)

SERIOUSLY I doubt whether the good old A. M. L. C. ever had the opportunity of listening to such an all-around man. He is not only a manufacturer and an orator, but also a writer. We are all familiar with his charming book (consulting memorandum): "With Rod and Gun Through the Ozarks." One critic—if our guest will pardon me—found the work a little dry. He wrote:

"Some books have to be taken with a grain of salt, but this one should be taken with a drink of water."

OF course this was before the Eighteenth Amendment when water was sometimes taken internally. Perhaps in the Ozarks they drink it still. (Voice of unmitigated nuisance): 'Whaddya mean, still?" (Loud laughter.)

JOKING aside, we are to listen to-night to a discussion of the vital issues of the hour by a man than whom none has greater breadth of view or clarity of judgment.

A MAN who believes in disarmament without weakening our national defense, in international agreements without one inch of concessions by good old Uncle Sam.

A MAN who believes in generosity to the returned soldier, in decreased taxes, in adequate wages, high profits and low cost of living.

WHO believes that we should open our doors in hospitality to the world's buyers, but when the pauper peoples of the old world come here hawking their cheap wares we should answer firmly, "Not at home." (Applause.)

A SELF-MADE man, a rugged, sterling democrat, yet he is just back from England, where he sat among dukes and earls in the sixteenth row at Princess Mary's wedding. (Applause in the ladies' gallery.)

HE is all things to all men—even at the risk of being misunderstood. Did not a misguided newspaper fellow once say of him (consulting memorandum): "He is a terror with the proletariate and a boor with the bourgeoisie"?

HE is a man who believes in free speech for all, yet he would tolerate no attack upon the political, social and economic system of the freest country upon God's footstool. (Cheers.)

THREE thousand men are dependent upon him for their daily bread. (No laughter).

HE has the fine patriotic fervor of a Coolidge, and yet withal a certain lofty Hardingian calm, the impulsive generosity of a Hoover, but the sober second thought of a Rockefeller. He is—I say it with all due reverence—a Schwablike man. (Sensation.)

HE may be the "corrugated iron king," but his heart is not corrugated iron.

MANUFACTURER—author—practical idealist—I take pleasure in introducing (consults program) Colonel William J. Applejohn. (Prolonged applause.)

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

Never Enslaved

YOU are beautiful and you are free,
  Never enslaved by sorrow as am I;
Poised in complete and gay security,
  Laughing you watch the laughing hours go by.

Suffering throws no shadow on your heart—
  Yet you would wear mine for a masquerade;
It fits you ill; it is a thing apart
  From the bright joy of which your life is made.

Then do not, do not love me; me who learned
  Too young and too perversely to love pain!
You shall be free, beautiful, when you have turned
  Back to your laughing wisdom once again.

Lydia Gibson

French Leave

NO servile little fear shall daunt my will
  This morning, I have courage steeled to say
I will be lazy, conqueringly still,
  I will not lose the hours in toil this day.

The roaring world without, careless of souls,
  Shall leave me to my placid dream of rest,
My four walls shield me from its shouting ghouls,
  And all its hates have fled my quiet breast.

And I will loll here resting, wide awake,
  Dead to the world of work, the world of love,
I laze contented just for dreaming's sake,
  With not the slightest urge to think or move.

How tired unto death, how tired I was!
  Now for a day I put my burdens by,
And like a child amidst the meadow grass
  Under the southern sun, I languid lie,

And feel the bed about me kindly deep,
  My strength ooze gently from my hollow bones,
My worried brain drift aimlessly to sleep,
  Life soften to a song of tuneful tones.

Claude McKay.

Portrait

SHE has no need to fear the fall
  Of harvest from the laddered reach
Of orchards, nor the tide gone ebbing
  From the steep beach.

Nor to hold to pain's effrontery
  Her body's bulwark, stern and savage.
Nor be a glass, where to foresee
  Another's ravage.

What she has gathered and what lost
  She will not hold to lose again.
She is possessed by time, who once
  Was loved by men.

Louise Bogan.

C. Bertram Hartman

A Happy Poet

HE does not dream whence he was born,
  Or what is hidden by the hills
Of death. The seasons that adorn
  This valley, give him daffodils

With golden trumpetings, and fruit
  That ripens and is harvested,
And winds that tune their winter flute
  Where crumpled leaves are hanging, dead.

All that is tangible and near
  The valley gives him; and his voice
Rewards the gift, and those who hear
  His lovely gratitude, rejoice.

Far overhead, a mystic flight
  That clouds the valley, calls to him;
But he is deafened with delight,
  Singing his way from rim to rim.

Dorine Elsmie.

I Was a Ship

I WAS a splendid ship that sailed the night
  Somewhere, somewhere—beyond the world's wide dip,
With great sails spread for everlasting flight;
  I was a splendid and a buoyant ship
Trailing a coiling wake of phosphor bright
  Against a far horizon. Lip on lip
The dark sea holds the sky, beneath a light
  Of little flaming stars that burn and drip
Like windy candles . . . How your dark eyes shine!
  I am your lover, warm against your breast;
I am your lover who has found his rest . . .
  But where the sky and sea make one dim line,
I was a ship, mysterious, divine,
  Sailing the silent waters of the blest.

Francis B. Biddle.

C. Bertram Hartman

BOOKS

A Young Girl's Diary

A Young Girl's Diary, Prefaced by Sigmund Freud. New York. Thomas Seltzer.

THE mere title of this book, without the additional sexual piquancy which has begun to trail behind Freud's name, is enough to stir the repressed curiosities of most people. But, if I remember well, British censorship held out an extra magnet to pruriency by restricting the sale of the book to the "recognized professions."

I myself, who should have known better, having just arrived from a country where something as banal as "Magdalen" was suppressed by a kindred Anglo-Saxon censorship, used to look at the diary in shop windows along Charing Cross Road, and conjured up visions of maidenly confessions of scarlet sins, black complexes, and purple remorses.

But instead, I find in this book something more commonplace — and more beautiful. This little Viennese girl, who records her experiences from her eleventh to her fourteenth year, does so with a lucidity of expression that many writers ought to envy. The lucidity proceeds from a mind that is not only supple with youth, but honest in its perceptions and fearless in its speech.

It is almost startling to see the unconscious accuracy with which Rita reveals herself and her reactions to a strange unfolding world—a world that is innocent, sheltered, and comfortable. The comfort impresses me more than anything else.

What enticed Freud to write a prefatory letter to the diary was, in his own words, that, "above all, we are shown how the mystery of the sexual life first prsses itself vaguely on the attention, and then takes entire possession of the growing intelligence, so that the child suffers under the load of secret knowledge, but gradually becomes enabled to shoulder the burden."

And yet this intelligence, having no psychic-analytic theories, sees father, mother, sister, brother, teacher, friends, vacations, and bon-bons with no less interest and enthusiasm than sex; and the child, living in the carefully guarded and well-provided home of a prosperous judge, bears her load of secret knowledge with a poise which would save boys and girls in the slums many hours of the most terrible misery.

If some little East Side girl could sit down to write her impressions from day to day, there would be in the matter of sex much darker and much more primitive things to tell. She could record lessons learned on the corners of dirty streets, in the dank hallways of tenements, and on high roofs on summer nights.

Yet the essence of Rita's experiences in Vienna are universal. All younger sisters will attest that older brothers are arrogant and older sisters selfish. Rita complains against her older sister's sarcasms. Young girls from poor homes might add that older sisters are inclined to monopolize a hat or a dress which, in the interest of domestic economy, has been assigned to both. But conflicts between growing girls must shake the walls of palaces and hovels alike. If King George looks so well at his age, it's undoubtedly because Princess Mary is his only daughter. It would increase the happiness of many families if they could manage to have daughters at least ten years apart in age.

Rita's discoveries in the realm of sex will be a revelation to those who have forgotten their own childhood adventures. Most men and women retain such sentimental memories of their early years that a child's interest in the mechanics of life comes to them as a shock.

But to the modern youngster Rita would appear rather naive. We may still be a long distance away from Shaw's four-year-old creator of synthetic couples, but, thanks in part to Freud himself, a lot of young people of Rita's age are as skeptical about the stork as about Santa Claus.

In fact, it was my original intention to have a "Young Girl's Diary" reviewed for this magazine by a thirteen-year-old girl of my acquaintance. Though she is studying biology in high school, I decided, on advice of counsel, not to lay the Liberator and myself open to the charge of corrupting the young.

But I'm sure that if my friend had read the diary she would have adopted toward Rita that supercilious attitude of superior knowledge which only the adolescent can attain to its fullest degree. Because I remember that when her mother once accused her of being lazy she replied:

"Well, if I'm lazy I know whose fault it is. It's the fault of your chromosomes."

JOSEPH FREEMAN.

Charlie Chaplin Writes

My Trip Abroad, Charlie Chaplin. Harper & Brothers.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has made his cinema and all of himself over into the most brilliant fireworks of words, and his audience is held to wonder at the variety of rapid-shooting colors. Charlie successfully puts into words a kaleidoscopic reel picture of his trip to Europe and back. All the amazing glances, gestures, attitudes and terrific antic-energy that attest his subtle artistry, buck-dance undisciplined throughout his story.

Charlie goes to London at a moment of supreme triumph, when "The Kid" is being produced there. The movie world is at his feet. He sets all London agog. London is his toy. How he loves it with all its smoke and fog and grime! How beautifully he reacts to the slums of his days of harsh struggle, and the pathetic people and children that a sensitive stranger is inclined to shut out of his sight! London for him is the city of romance realized in its highest form. He had left it poor and unknown, and returns in a decade to be wel-

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comed like a perfect prince. His emotions overwhelm him, and he hides none of them from the public. He meets all the literary and theatrical folk of the spotlight. But he gets his greatest joy in revisiting and ruminating over old haunts.

There is little doubt that a man of Charlie Chaplin's calibre has very decided opinions on standard subjects like religion, philosophy, literature and art, and politics. The list of people that are really interesting to him is proof sufficient. Lloyd George's confidential secretary, Lady Diana Manners, Lady Astor, Iris Tree, Bernard Shaw, Barrie, Tom Burke, Jim Larkin, H. G. Wells, Carl Sandburg, Waldo Frank, Heywood Broun, Pola Negri, Eva Le Galliene, Dudley Field Malone, Max Eastman and the Liberator fellows. But Charlie gives no hint of his own opinions here. Yet it is not much of a disappointment, they may not have fitted in with such a story.

Enough! We know that Charlie loves beautiful things and that poverty and ugliness are abhorent to him. And we realize too that he is frightfully afraid of old age. He is tediously reminiscential of his teens, and he is also afraid of losing his slapstick artistry. But he need not fear. If he follows his instinct unerringly regardless of the "what-the-public-wants" prompters, if he gives himself to sentiment-moving comedy always as utterly as he does in "The Kid," he may live until his hair turns to fleece and his impish body is twisted on the stage, but he will forever wear the crown of the child-comedian of the age.

CLAUDE MCKAY.

Let's Be Friends

Working With the Working Woman, Cornelia Straton Parker. Harper & Brothers.

MRS. Parker went to work in various factories to learn just what the working woman thought of her job, and has come away with the impression that the factory girls with whom she worked were, after all, "just folks." But then she sounds so wholesome that one suspects that she had the same idea when she started on her quest. She conceives the problems of women in industry to be part of not the "labor problem," but part of the larger "social problem." There is no hint that anything is necessary to remedy the evils of modern industry, rasher than a little adjustment here, and a bit of tinkering there.

Of course Mrs. Parker didn't stay very long at any one job. She wanted variety in her experience. The jobs she tried were various, candy packing, working in a brass factory, ironing in a laundry, working as pantry girl, etc. Her pictures of the factories are full of "local color" and "human interest." We have her assurance that the factory girl whose conversation is studded with double negatives, references to Hell and the name of our Savior, and the proper New England lady who was brought up by school teachers are the same in the sight of God. "The six industrial experiences in this book have made me feel that the heart of the world is even warmer than I thought."

Her conclusions are all colored by this "warm human sympathy." How she could have avoided it, it is hard to imagine. Her final summary begins on the following note: "Here I sit in all the peace and stillness of the Cape Cod coast, days filled with only such work as I love, and play aplenty, healthy youngsters frolicking about me, the warmest of friends close by. The larder is stocked with good food, good books are on the shelves, each day starts and ends with a joyous feeling about the heart."

Is it any wonder that the only solution we get from her for the "labor problem" is a closer understanding between the worker and employer and the "public"? According to Mrs. Parker, workers must be taught to take an interest in their jobs. This is to be accomplished by employers giving to labor an increased part in management and control. That would settle everything and make everyone as happy as she is.

As a whole the book reconfirms us in the belief that little can be expected in the way of hard thinking from even "radical liberals" such as Mrs. Parker. We still have a notion that now, as in the past, the proletariat will have to do most of its thinking for itself.

KARL PRETSHOLD.

The Negro as Poet

The Book of American Negro Poetry. By James Weldon Johnson. Harcourt, Brace & Company.

THE first woman poet in America, with one exception, was a Negro, born in Africa. More than one hundred Negroes in the United States have published volumes of poetry, and among that hundred are more than one of real distinction.

Many Americans know of the weirdly beautiful "spirituals," perhaps the only genuine contribution to music that America has made. Some know of the dialect poetry of Dunbar; some of the prose of DuBois and the poetry of Johnson and Claude McKay. Many Americans dance nightly to the invigorating, exhilarating music of jazz bands, which is

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wholly Negro in origin and largely Negro in development. But most white Americans have little idea of the many contributions, aside from his physical labor, that the Negro has made to American civilization.

As a means towards acquainting Americans with this considerable part of American cultural achievement, James Weldon Johnson has given us an interesting anthology. Here he presents a large number of Negro poets of unusual, and sometimes startling, merit. Prefaced to this is an essay on The Creative Genius of the American Negro. Mr. Johnson believes that the Negro can and will produce poetry, prose and music which will be equal to that produced by any other race.

Upon what sort of poetry does Mr. Johnson base his assertion of hopes of poetic achievement by the Negro? Here is a fragment of a poem by Anne Spencer, a woman whose work deserves far greater notice than it is receiving:

"Before the Feast of Shushan"

Garden of Shushan!
After Eden, all terrace, pool, and flower recollect thee:
Ye weavers in saffron and haze and Tyrian purple,
Tell yet what range in color wakes the eye;
Sorcerer, release the dreams born here when
Drowsy, shifting palm-shade enspells the brain;
And sound! ye with harp and flute ne'er essay
Before these star-noted birds escaped from paradise awhile to
Stir all dark, and dear, and passionate desire, till mine
Arms go out to be mocked by the softly kissing body of the wind—
Slave, send Vashti to her King!

. . . . . .

Cushioned at the Queen's feet and upon her knee
Finding glory for mine head,—still, nearly shamed
Am I, the King, to bend and kiss with sharp
Breath the olive-pink of sandaled toes between;
Or lift me high to the magnet of a gaze, dusky,
Like the pool when but the moon-ray strikes to its depth;
Or closer press to crush a grape 'gainst lips redder
Than the grape, a rose in the night of her hair;
Then Sharon's Rose in my arms.

Any who may be interested in this hitherto neglected field of American art, or in poetry in general, will find both enjoyment and surprise in an excursion through Mr. Johnson's Book of American Negro Poetry.

WALTER F. WHITE.

Booklovers Guide

WHEN LABOUR RULES. By J. H. Thomas. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) — The Right Honorable J. H. Thomas, Secretary of the British Railwaymen Unions and Privy Councillor to His Majesty King George the Fifth, defines the function of the future labor government and the status of the everlasting British Empire under a benevolent monarchy.

WHAT WE WANT AND WHERE WE ARE. By W. D. Appleton. (Doran) — A defense of craft unionism by an English labor leader who is more "Right" than Gompers.

THE MYTH OF A GUILTY NATION. By Albert J. Nock. (B. W. Huebsch, Inc.) — A study of Allied and Teutonic cross-currents of the Great War which the New York Tribune may label "pro-German."

THE LABOR MOVEMENT AND THE CHURCH. By John M. C. Wilson. (The Stratford Co., Boston) — A plea to class-conscious labor to return to the leadership of "the forces of organized Christianity."

CRUCIFIXION. By Stanley Kimmel. (Gothic Publishing Co., 176 Second Ave., New York) — Well-written thoughts on the World War by a private of the A. E. F.

(Continued on Page 32. second column)

"A bit of bread, little uncle, a bit of bread"

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LABOR—THE GIANT WITH THE FEET OF CLAY. By Shaw Desmond. (Scribner's Sons) — Enthusiastically praised by the powerful English press. Review later.

MODERN MEN AND MUMMERS. By Hesketh Pearson. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) — Flashlights on well-known people, chiefly literary, among them Frank Harris.

BENDETTO CROCE. By Raffaello Piccoli. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) — An introduction to the life and work of the Italian philosopher-critic. Review later.

MY TRIP ABROAD. By Charlie Chaplin. (Harpers) — See review.

PUBLIC OPINION. By Walter Lippman. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) — Review later.

THE CHILD AND THE HOME. By Benzoin Liber. (Rational Living, New York) — An up-to-date book on the bringing-up of children.

TWENTY-NINE TALES OF FRENCH AUTHORS OF TODAY. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) — With an introduction by Robert Herrick. Review later.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. (Scribner's Sons).

EMMETT LAWLER. By Jim Tully. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) — A prize fighter turns novelist. Review later.

VAN ZANTEN'S HAPPY DAYS. By Laurids Bruun. (Alfred A. Knopf) — A story of tropical islands which the publisher says is not "just another one of those South Sea stories.' May be reviewed later.

THE DOOM TRAIL. By Arthur Howden Smith. (Brentano's) —A novel of the pioneering times of pre-revolutionary New England.

WHITE AND BLACK. By H. A. Shands. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) — A novel. Review later.

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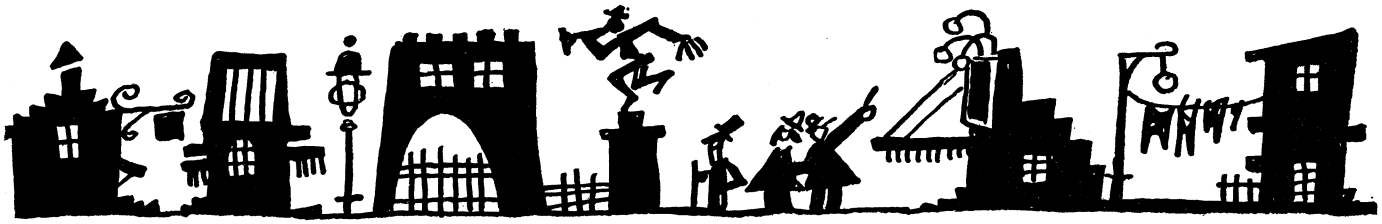
HEAVENS. By Louis Untermeyer. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) — A collection of the best recent work of America's greatest parodist. Review later.

IRELAND, BROADWAY AND OTHER LOVES. By Mary Fleming — Verses.

LEGENDS OF LIFE AND OTHER POEMS. By Bertha Oppenheim. (The Stratford Co., Boston).

FROM FRANK SHAY'S BOOKSHOP: The Lamp and the Bell. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. A Few Figs from Thistles. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. An Engineer's Note Book. By William McFee. Mr. Faust. By Arthur Davison Ficke.



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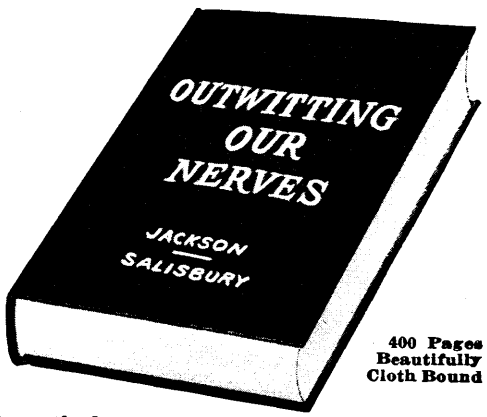
PSYCHO-ANALYSIS, the new "miracle" science, proves that most people live only half-power lives because of repressed sex instincts. "Outwitting Our Nerves," the clearest, simplest, most daringly candid book ever written on the subject, is freeing hundreds from life-long handicaps and showing the way to Health, Happiness and SUCCESS.



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Are you a slave to disatisfaction, lack of confidence, doubt, anxiety, fear, worry, self-depreciation, lack of interest in outside affairs, pessimism, a fixed belief in your own powerlessness along whatever lines it may be?

These and hundreds of similar complaints are generally a matter of "nerves." Seventy-five per cent. of all cases of ill health and mental inefficiency are due to disjointed thinking. The trouble is not physical but psychic. It is caused not by lack of energy but by misdirected energy; not by overwork or nerve depletion but by *MISCONCEPTION, EMOTIONAL CONFLICT, REPRESSED INSTINCTS and BURIED MEMORIES.*

Science has discovered that our subconscious mind — the submerged nine-tenths of the human mind— frequently behaves like a very devil within us. On the other hand, when rightly used it can become our greatest asset. An understanding of our inner self not only eradicates the difficulties that hold us back but reveals new sources of power that are almost superhuman.

The world is indebted to Sigmund Freud, a Vienese psychologist, for a remarkable discovery, which overshadows the discovery of radium or even electricity. In 1882 Freud began a series of experiments which led him into paths hitherto forbidden. When he reported to the world that out of hundreds of nervous patients he was unable, after a most careful analysis, to find one whose illness did not have *some relation to their love life*, he was met by a storm of protest from all quarters. People had been taught to look askance at the reproductive instinct and to shrink from realizing the vital place which sex holds in human life. But despite public disapproval, the scorn of other scientists and the resistance of his own inner prejudices, Freud kept on.

Today the scientific world admits his theories were correct and that his methods will free people from obsessions, fears and physical symptoms *before which other methods are powerless!*

Until recently this wonderful discovery has been cloaked in mystery. Literature on the subject was so technical and involved that it could only be understood by the professional reader.

But a most remarkable new book, "*Outwitting Our Nerves*," has just been published, based upon the personal practice of Dr. Josephine A. Jackson, one of the foremost exponents of Psycho-Analysis in America. This book explains just what Psycho-Analysis is. It is written in such a simple, interesting way that Dr. Jackson's methods can be understood and practiced by any one, anywhere.

"Outwitting Our Nerves," is probably the clearest explanation that can be made of the recent startling revelations of Psycho-Analysis. Dr. Jackson during the past ten years has removed so many burdens of pain, fear and disability through Psycho-Analysis that her patients speak of her in terms of the miraculous.

A study of **"Outwitting Our Nerves"** will teach YOU how to think deeply and continuously without brain fag. You will learn how to concentrate ALL your powers on the work in hand without wasting time or energy on unnecessary aches and pains. Here is a book for the sick and well—for those who have broken nervously and those who would guarantee against the possibility of a nervous breakdown. Psycho-Analysis as explained in **"Outwitting Our Nerves"** has a stimulating message for every man and woman. You owe it to yourself and to society to use all the powers with which nature has richly endowed you. The world has no place for weaklings. **Free yourself from the shackles of suppressed pr itive instincts. Learn for yourself of these marvelous discoveries. Get a copy of this wonderful book today!**

What Critics Say

"There is not a glimmer of a doubt that one-half the people in the United States could read this volume with profit." — **N. Y. Evening Post.**

"A boon to many readers of this nerve-wracked generation." — **N. Y. Evening World.**

"The book is clear and detailed in its explanations and cannot fail to be of intellectual, spiritual and physical stimulus." — **Baltimore Evening Sun.**

Simply fill in and mail the coupon below. It will bring you your copy of the 400-page, handsomely bound book, **"Outwitting Our Nerves."** Pay the postman $3.00 upon delivery of the book, with the understanding that, if not more than satisfied, you may return i within five days and have your money instantly refunded. Mail the coupon today—NOW. **THE PERSONALITY PRESS, Suite 154, 2 Broadway, New York.**

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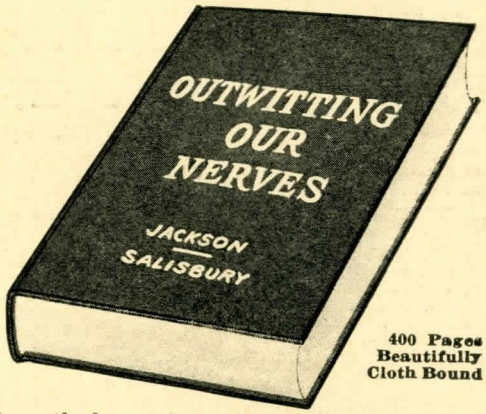

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You, Too, Can Be Free

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