

# NEW MASSES

MAY,  
1926

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# NEW MASSES :: MAY, 1926

## IS THIS IT?

Is this the magazine our prospectuses talked about? We are not so sure. This, however, is undoubtedly the editorial which, in all our prospectuses, we promised faithfully not to write.

As to the magazine, we regard it with almost complete detachment and a good deal of critical interest, because we didn't make it ourselves.

We merely "discovered" it.

We were confident that somewhere in America a NEW MASSES existed, if only as a frustrated desire.

To materialize it, all that was needed was to make a certain number of prosaic editorial motions.

We made the motions, material poured in, and we sent our first issue to the printer.

Next month we shall make, experimentally, slightly different motions, and a somewhat different NEW MASSES will blossom profanely on the news-stands in the midst of our respectable contemporaries, the whizbangs, the success-liturgies, the household aphrodisiacs, the snob-baedekkers and the department store catalogues.

It's an exciting game, and we'd like very much to draw you, our readers, into it. What would you like to see in the NEW MASSES? Do you want more cartoons? More labor stories? More satire—fiction—poetry? How about criticism of books, theatre, art, music, the movies?

How would you feel if the NEW MASSES went in for some confession articles? America is going through a queer period of stock-taking. Maybe we'll get some well-known tired radicals to tell what made them tired; or induce some quite unknown people, who are, however, rich both in experience and in honesty, to describe their experience in print.

We would like to fill a page with letters from all over the country telling of industries, occupations, changing social customs, the daily work and play of Americans everywhere. We see this as a possible feature—a monthly mosaic of American life, in which the tragedy and comedy, the hopes and dreams of the most obscure American mill town or cross-roads village will be chronicled with as much respect and sympathy by our correspondents as if they were reporting the political or artistic events of a European capital. Will you write us a letter of this sort? Will you send us ideas for other features?

## A PRIZE OF \$50

In order to add zest to this game of cooperative editing which we invite you to play, we offer a prize of \$50 for the best letter of 500 words or less submitted between now and July 1. The editors will judge the contest and announce the winner in the September issue, meanwhile publishing usable letters as they are received.

## OUR COMING-OUT PARTY

The NEW MASSES had a great coming-out party in March, with a huge debate at Manhattan Opera House between Scott Nearing and a speaker from the National Security League. About two thousand persons attended, and the discussion was broadcast over the radio. The subject of the debate was "Recognition of Soviet Russia."

About the second week in May there will be another party to greet our first issue. Representatives of all the big labor unions, the various radical parties and poets, musicians, playwrights and other artists will be present. There will be a concert of modern music, speeches, and then the audience will be invited to criticize the make-up of this issue.

Watch the radical press for an announcement of the place and time.



DRAWING BY A. RONNEBECK

## SIGNS OF SPRING

|            |           |
|------------|-----------|
| NEW MASSES | MAY, 1926 |
| Volume 1   | Number 1  |

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### EDITORS:

*Egmont Arens, Joseph Freeman, Hugo Gellert, Michael Gold, James Rorty and John Sloan.*

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## IN THIS ISSUE

### THE WRITERS

BABETTE DEUTSCH, winner of this year's "Nation" Poetry Prize, has published two volumes of poetry. She has recently visited Soviet Russia.

ROBERT DUNN is the author of "American Foreign Investments" and co-author with Sidney Howard of "The Labor Spy."

ROBINSON JEFFERS' "Roan Stallion, Tamar and Other Poems," published last year, established him as one of the important contemporary American poets. He lives in Carmel, Calif.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS is well known as physician, modernist, poet and story-writer, and is the author of "In the American Grain."

NATHAN ASCH is the author of a collection of vivid short stories published last year under the title, "The Office." He lives in Paris.

NORMAN STUDER is one of the editors of the "New Student."

M. H. HEDGES, editor of the official organ of the Electrical Workers' Union, is the author of several labor novels.

ART SHIELDS is on the staff of the Federated Press. He has covered scores of strikes in the industry of which he writes.

KAROL REMBOV is the pseudonym of a young student and writer in the field of labor.

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE is a member of the faculty of Yale University.

EDWIN SEAVER is a young poet and critic living in New York.

GEORGE STERLING is San Francisco's poet and First Citizen.

SCOTT NEARING, recently returned from Soviet Russia, is well known as a radical educator and author. He lectures to tens of thousands of American workmen yearly.

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS is a young poet, who recently left Columbia in protest against the censorship of the undergraduate literary magazine.

### THE ARTISTS

WILLIAM GROPPER, remembered for his drawings in the "Liberator" and "Dial," is now drawing regularly for the "Sunday World" and "Freiheit."

ADOLPH DEHN is a young Minnesota artist, who has been spending the past two years in Paris and Vienna.

STUART DAVIS is a painter and one of the first contributors of the old "Masses."

ART YOUNG was with the old "Masses" from the start. He was a contributing editor of the "Liberator" and is now embellishing the pages of "Life" and the "Saturday Evening Post."

I. KLEIN is a young artist of promise whose work was first seen in the "New Yorker."

BOARDMAN ROBINSON is known for his fine drawings in the old "Masses" and "Liberator." He accompanied John Reed on his first trip to Russia during the war.

WANDA GAG is a young painter who will hold an exhibition at Weyhe's Galleries in the fall.

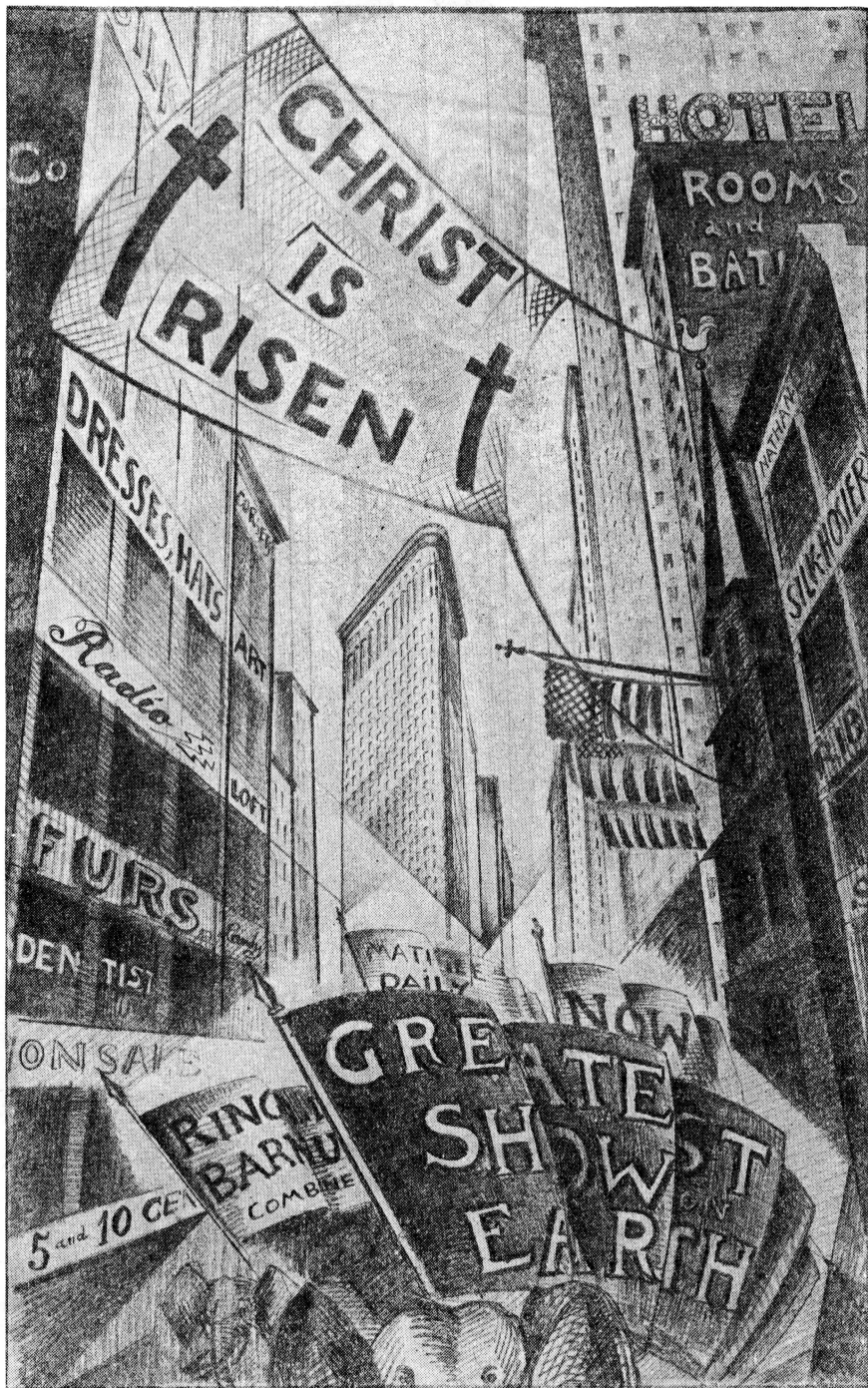
LOUIS LOZOWICK is a painter, and author of "Modern Russian Art." He designed the sets for "Gas," the mechanistic play recently presented in Chicago.

F. S. HYND is a student at the Art Student's League. The NEW MASSES presents his first published drawing.

OTTO SOGLOW was one of the younger contributors of the "Liberator."

HANS STENGEL, formerly one of the editors of "Simplicissimus," now contributes to many American magazines.

A. RONNEBECK is a sculptor whose exhibitions in New York and Europe have attracted wide attention.



DRAWING BY A. RONNEBECK

SIGNS OF SPRING



DRAWING BY WILLIAM GROPPER

THE GREAT AMERICAN MELODRAMA

CAPITALIST: I love you, sweetheart. Your lips are sweet as an injunction; your beautiful blue eyes remind me of arbitration.

LABOR FAKER: And I love you, my wonderful one. You are as strong and handsome as a set of brass knuckles. You'll always be good to me, won't you, darling?

AMERICAN LABOR (underneath): My God, it sounds like we've won another strike!

# A DIALOGUE IN LIMBO

By **BABETTE DEUTSCH**

PLACE. *A shady bower in the Spirit-World.*

TIME. *The present.*

ANATOLE FRANCE (*very much at ease in his monkish red dressing-gown, with a scarlet Florentine cap on his head, and slippers lined with episcopal purple on his feet,—leaning forward to place his fine long hand on his companion's knee*): You have no idea, my dear Vladimir Ilyich, what a relief it is for me to be out from under the thumb of the good Josephine. That most excellent of servants had an incorrigible habit of editing all my contacts with my fellow-men.

LENIN: Of course! I didn't lose my need of pressing,—*restlessly turning his cap around in his stubby fingers*): Really!

FRANCE (*with a sly smile*): You seem somewhat abstracted, my friend. Is it that you do not relish the freedom which is the portion of those who put off, in the curious Christian phrase, the burden of the flesh? Or are you perhaps subject to that ache which a man believes himself to suffer in an amputated limb?

LENIN: You know Homer,—didn't Achilles say he'd rather be a peasant's hired man than ruler over all the dead?

FRANCE: Yes,—no doubt,—after all. . . . For myself, however, after eighty years I found my capacity for pleasure somewhat warped. There was even a sense of luxury in this laying aside so poor an instrument as this aged body. But you, like Achilles, were not trained in the difficult art of leisure. What annoys you really is your immortal soul.

LENIN: Immortal tommyrot!

FRANCE: This is one of those cases when it is not the noun, but the adjective that is important. We would have done better, we two, had we followed Pascal's advice. You will recall that he said that it is better to have faith, because if there should be a Hereafter, you have the next world to gain, and if not, you have nothing to lose.

LENIN: There your Pascal talks like a shop-keeper. (*With a short laugh*): As a matter of fact, all these religious fellows have merchants' minds. Come to think of it, what was religion in the beginning but barter in kind: I'll give You an offering of roast meat, corn and wine, and in return You prosper my crops. By the time you get to Christianity, as understood by brokers and stockholders, you have in operation a credit-system, involving the practice of certain middle-class virtues, and an I. O. U. of a portion in Heaven.

FRANCE (*gently*): The ghost is still an economic materialist.

LENIN: Of course! I didn't lose my mind when I lost my body. (*His irritation suddenly breaking through*): "Ghost" indeed! You will be talking to me of demons and angels next, like a Russian monk.

FRANCE (*with unruffled urbanity*): Why not? The older residents here

tell me that this cholera of yours is, if I may misquote Shakespeare, a malady most incident to shades. Who are we but ghosts?

LENIN: My dear France, now I know that I am in Hell. Nowhere else would I be compelled to do nothing but engage in metaphysical arguments.

FRANCE: One is in Hell as soon as one grows old: then even love becomes metaphysical. But on occasion, I have found philosophers entertaining. It is the thinkers who have been most fertile in giving a fresh complexion to the face of the world. The thinkers, and of course, the artists, too.

LENIN: I knew that sooner or later you'd put in a word for your fellow-craftsmen. You gentlemen believe that the universe is nothing but mud for you to make pies with. Of course, I don't know anything about art—

FRANCE (*interrupting obligingly*): But you know what you like.

LENIN (*sharply*): No. I haven't had time to think about that. What I do know is what we need. And that's more important. We need good reporters,—men who will throw a searchlight into the dark corners of our life. We need satirists, to laugh at our stupidities. But what we need most, right now, is a brass band to hearten up the soldiers, so that they'll do a good job of fighting.

FRANCE: You forget yourself, *mon cher*. This is not a speakers' platform in Moscow: this is a retired bench in Limbo.

LENIN (*sighing*): And so I talk as I used to do in exile.

FRANCE (*maliciously*): Since they embalmed you like a Pharaoh, you dream, possibly, of resurrection? Happily, I was treated differently. Do you know, I was scarcely cold, when the young iconoclasts published a sheet about me, entitled, *Un Cadavre!* Confess,—that is the fate you would have preferred. You are consumed with envy of me!

LENIN: Much more sensible. However, it's all of no consequence.

FRANCE: That is how you deceive yourself. Me, they will safely bury in the text-books of literature. They will talk eloquently about my master, Renan, from whose hands I accepted the torch without a flicker of the flame,—about my style, so pure; my spirit, so tolerant; my mind, so Latin, so acute. They will forget completely everything that made me human: my cupidity, my egotism, my adorable little weaknesses—I do not refer to Madame—but to *helas*, I forget their names, I remember only their little ankles, their caresses—Unless Brousson speaks. He was my secretary: the valet to my books. I was not exactly a hero to

Brousson. But yes, I am certain of oblivion: I shall become a classic. You, however, will have no rest. Your dead hand will weigh like iron upon the generation that is growing up even within sight of your mausoleum. Your name will be taken in vain very time an orator opens his mouth, and my God, how you Russians can talk! You will be responsible for every crime committed against freedom of thought and of conscience. You will be helpless, because you will be canonized. You will be the father of your country, and of every taboo that is begotten by such a parent. Sublime paradox! (*Sinking into despondency*): What a subject for me, who can never use it!

LENIN: If I had blood, it would run cold listening to you. (*Comforting himself*): But after all, skepticism didn't die with you. And they can't take my word for Scripture, because I was not always consistent.

FRANCE: The Gospels are not always consistent. Yes, yes, I may become a bore, but you—you will become a bond!

LENIN (*facing France with a twinkle*): Why are you so anxious to make me uncomfortable? What do you have against me? You were a Communist, weren't you?

FRANCE: True. But I was also, as you have just reminded me, a sceptic. Both my Communism and my scepticism were rooted in pity for the race of men, those ridiculous and pathetic creatures, who, of all the animals, are the only ones to prey upon their kind, and who, being endowed with reason, employ it to torment each other and themselves. And pity, I take it, is not a virtue with you.

LENIN: A relic of bourgeois psychology. The young must be instructed not in sympathy, but in impatience, not in meekness, but in harshness, not in piety, but in courage, not in liberty, but in iron discipline. You know it yourself. The growing generation has a cruel, dirty, bloody job ahead of it, and must be fitted to perform its historic task.

FRANCE (*stroking his chin*): Ah, my dear Vladimir Ilyich, it is all very well for the young to be ruthless. They can tear down with impunity the bleak walls they had no hand in erecting. But when one has lived in the shadow of the Bastille of custom and tradition as I have lived,—even if one has spent one's days in lighting candles to disperse that darkness, one comes to feel that if the prison were down, one would miss the chiaroscuro that it made. Even I, who labored for enfranchisement with all the strength and skill that was in me, with how much expenditure of ink and excellent paper, and at what a sad loss of hours that should have been more pleasurably employed,—even I tremble at the thought of what liberation would actually involve. A man might raise his voice a



DRAWING BY ADOLPH DEHN

UNEMPLOYED

thousand times to call down fire from heaven upon the Sodom in which he passed his miserable days, but if it were his native city, he could not hear it crash behind him without pain.

LENIN (*who has been listening with his left eye screwed up, and his right eyebrow raised*): If everyone who felt as you do were to turn into a pillar of salt, like Madam Lot, you would at least be of some use in the world.

FRANCE: The notion of being the salt of the earth is not a little alluring. But come now, have you never felt compunction about throwing the whole past into the discard?

LENIN: Have you never felt compunction about preaching water and drinking wine?

FRANCE: Now that is unkind. You know I never spared myself when it came to working for the Cause. How many pretty women I have disappointed in order to keep my promise to speak in some dismal hall to a crowd of ill-smelling comrades! (*He sniffs reminiscently*). How many tender susceptibilities—housed in such charming frames, too,—have I not shocked, how many learned colleagues have I not alienated, how many exquisite moments have I not lost forever, simply to carry on the fight against privilege and to play the oculist a little to poor suffering astigmatic justice! I may have lived too elaborately for your taste, but for me, it was reasonable. I chose always the proper conditions for the creation of what the critics call my masterpieces. And you must admit that my writing was not calculated to please those in high places.

LENIN: I must admit I don't, to any degree, know your writing. Again, I had so little time for that sort of thing. But I'll tell you frankly that if you had come to me, while we were both alive, and asked for a job, I would have sent you away with empty hands. You're not one of us. You can't be. You belong to a decaying culture, and that smells worse in my nostrils than any unwashed proletarian ever did in yours.

FRANCE: Comrade, you are right. You think I talk like a philistine. And so I do. It is this vice of pity that is in me. I am sorry for everyone: I am even sorry for myself. After all, the bourgeois, as well as the workman, must suffer the aches and infirmities of life, of old age,—he too must become incapable of inspiring affection, and at last, for one grows colder with the years, even of feeling the divine passion. The bourgeois, like the workman, must change from a pretty, wicked, clever infant to an ugly, dull, good old man. The bourgeois, like the workman, like you, like me, must die and make an end. The class as a class is evil, but the individual is only pathetic. And I am still enough of an anarchist to be thoughtful of the individual.

LENIN: My dear France, you are neither a Communist nor an anarchist. You are an eloquent chameleon.

FRANCE: That is not true, for then I should be taking my color from you, which I do not.

LENIN (*glancing at France's clerical-*

*looking garments*): You seem to be taking your colors from the Church.

FRANCE: You mean that I show such ecclesiastical tastes? It has been considered a pity that the devil should have all the good things. I feel the same way about the Church. I have ever been devoted to its gorgeous pomp. I always feasted upon the splendor of its ritual. My library was like a chapel,

fortunately, for plain and aging ladies. The lovely ones, like the the stronger sex, have no leisure and patience for vicarious pleasure.

LENIN (*with a twinkle*): And that is how you played—what was the phrase?—the oculist to justice?

FRANCE (*with a shrug*): With me, writing was a necessity—a painful necessity. What could I do? At least,

your precious trinkets and historic curios, your wooden Madonnas and Tanagra dancers? Or is it a royal carcass to be buried in Westminster Abbey or in the tombs of the Medicis, for tourists to gape at, while ugliness and ignorance batten on the tenements and the canneries, the cotton-mills and the wheat-fields, wherever cities rise and earth is under the plow? We



DRAWING BY STUART DAVIS

## IN A FLORIDA AUTO CAMP

Don't cry, baby; popper'll sell the spare tire, and we'll look for a new boom somewhere else.

stained with the light from rich glass windows, crowded with religious objects. You cannot conceive the pleasure I took in sitting in that room, dressed in this monkish garb, dictating to some clever young man heresies as round as a priest's paunch.

LENIN: Yes, I can imagine that it amused you. It tickled me, occasionally, to sit in the Romanoff throne-room in the Kremlin, presiding over a meeting of farmers and factory-hands. But more often it just made me uncomfortable. Still (*reflectively*), it was no worse than most of the lodging-houses I had to live in, one time and another. But that's irrelevant. The point is, for whom did you write your beautiful heresies?

FRANCE: For whom is literature created? For women.

LENIN: You wrote for the kept classes.

FRANCE: I wrote for the middle class. The aristocracy, like the peasantry, is largely illiterate. After all, a man does not make pots for savages who eat their meat raw. I wrote for those who would buy my books: the ladies of the bourgeoisie. And, unfor-

I wrote as wisely, as wittily, and as beautifully as lay within my power.

LENIN: My dear France, you are a scholar. Tell me for how many centuries now have wisdom, wit, and beauty been cultivated by men of letters, by artists, by moralists and statesmen, by the whole tribe of those who were born with golden spoons in their mouths? And of what use has it been? Do you suppose the slaves in the silver mines of Laurium led more beautiful lives because Aeschylus was writing his plays in their neighborhood? Do you think that all the books in the British Museum, all the miles of canvases in the Louvre, have taken a jot of the burden from the men who got lead-poisoning making the paints, or from the rag-pickers who brought stuff for pulp to the rag-merchants supplying the paper factories? Do you find it possible to be finicky about the structure of your sentences, and anxious about the charm of your peroration, when you know that for an overwhelming proportion of the human race your efforts are worse than wasted? Is beauty a luxury reserved for the Villa Said, to hang about your chapel-like library, among

have had enough of wisdom in libraries and beauty in museums. If we cannot have beauty and wisdom in life itself, in the existence of those who do the work of the world, then civilization is as rotten as Aristotle and as mean as the worm that eats him.

FRANCE (*to himself*): Still harping on bodily death! How his embalming irks him!

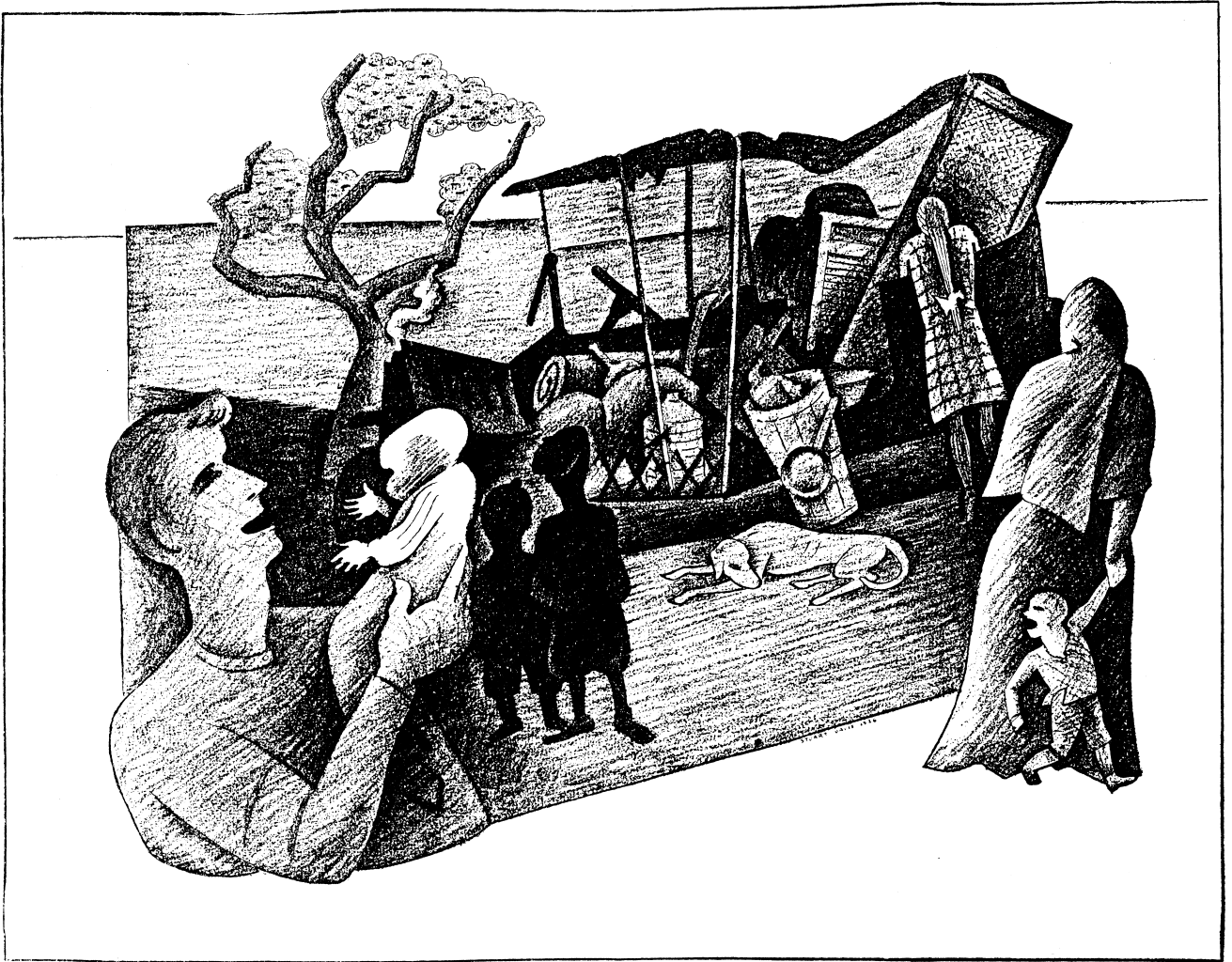
LENIN (*who has overheard*): Yes, I'm a plain man, and I like plain facts. It's an equivocal business, this being a mummy. (*With a rueful smile*): And you do rub it in, you know!

FRANCE: The irony is too exquisite. LENIN (*cheerfully*): But it is only a question of time. If only they make me tyrannize over them sufficiently, there'll surely be a generation of rebels to throw the idol down.

FRANCE: *Exoriet aliquis nostris ab ossibus ultor!* And so you still hope for death?

LENIN: If I may borrow some of your irony, it is, in more senses than one, the hope of mankind.

Curtain

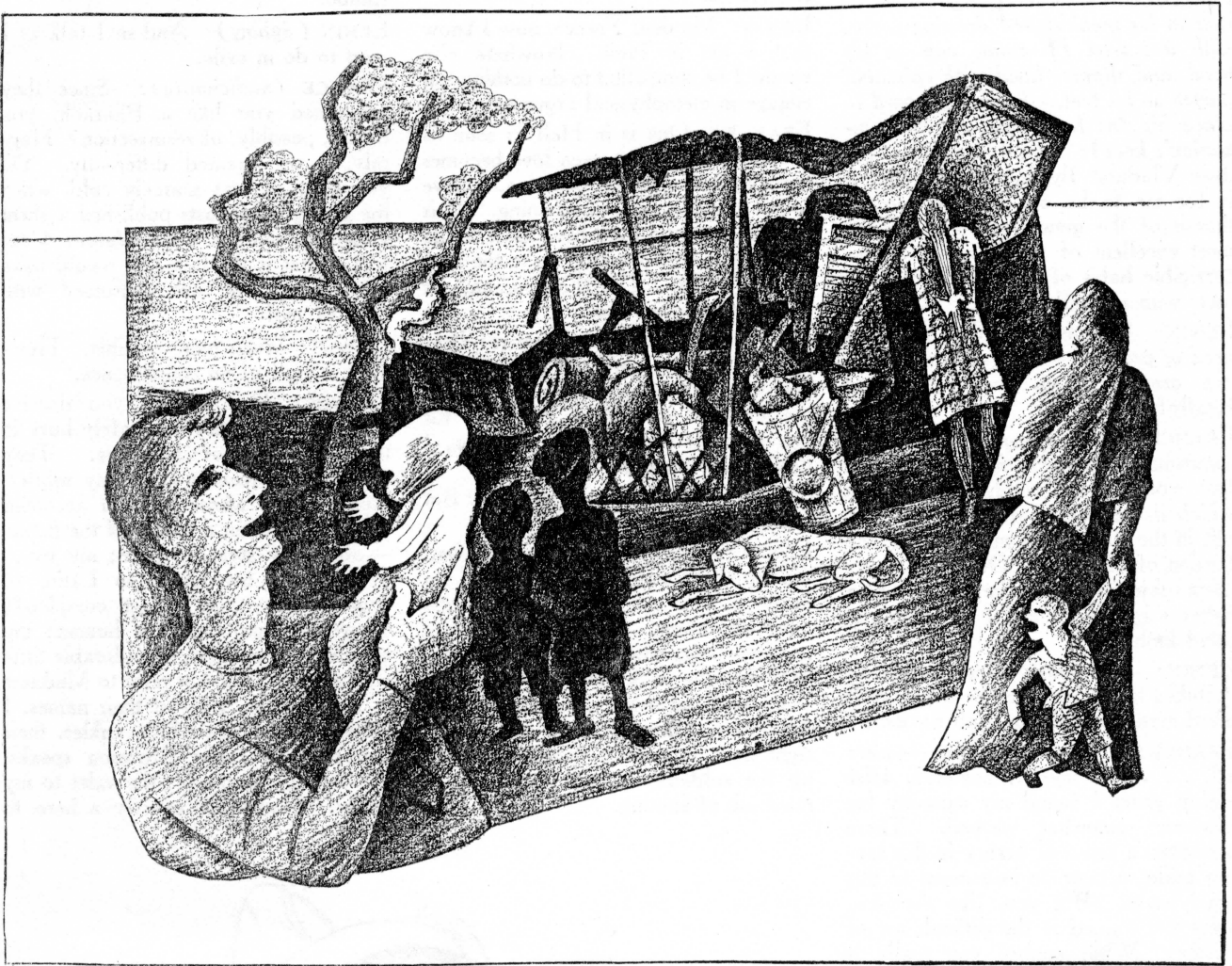


DRAWING BY STUART DAVIS

### IN A FLORIDA AUTO CAMP

Don't cry, baby; popper'll sell the spare tire, and we'll look for a new boom somewhere else.





DRAWING BY STUART DAVIS

IN A FLORIDA AUTO CAMP

Don't cry, baby; popper'll sell the spare tire, and we'll look for a new boom somewhere else.

# JOHN SHERMAN'S PROGRESS

By ROBERT DUNN

## CHAPTER I

The hero of this story is John Francis Sherman, king of American labor spies. He was born in Russia, with some other name; now he is a pillar of society in Brookline, Mass., and Metaphysician Extraordinary to Big Business. His career is one of the numerous examples of how a poor young foreigner may rise from a shoestring, a log cabin or some other convenient liability, to fame and fortune in this great country.

Our hero started his career with a debt of \$300. In 1910 he organized the Sherman Detective Agency, which furnished spies and strikebreakers to various corporations. As a result of this hard work, self-denial and patriotism, Mr. Sherman's income tax in 1918 was \$258,000.

His great fortune seemed to turn John's head. The Sherman Detective Agency became the Sherman Service, Incorporated, and from plain, ordinary labor-spying, our hero turned to prophecy, hypnotism, bombast and religiosity.

Several years of strikebreaking increased our hero's self-esteem. The Sherman Service, Incorporated, now calls itself the Sherman Corporation, Engineers. It has offices at 2 Rector Street, New York, and in the ten leading industrial centers of the United States and Canada. It has X-ray operatives (labor spies) in thirty-three states. The agency advertises that it renders service in man engineering, production engineering, and industrial counsel. It boasts in its advertisements and in its circulars that it has a million-dollar engineering staff. It calls itself the largest engineering organization of its kind in the world, although the advertisements do not specify the kind of engineering organization it really is. Despite the change in phraseology, it remains the same old labor-spy detective agency.

## CHAPTER II

Among other things, Sherman's operatives acted as strikebreakers during the 1919 steel strike; in Chicago the State's Attorney charged them with "the use of sluggers, breaking of windows, cutting of auto tires, burning of buildings and stirring up racial hatred and prejudice."

Such minor matters, however, are not mentioned in the agency's literature. Sherman's claim to the gratitude of his country lies in his gift for bringing about harmony between employers and workers through a species of mental healing. His great aim is to achieve "employee acceptance." Perhaps you are a little puzzled by this phrase. But do not despair. Mr. Sherman will explain to you that this mystic essence "pivots on individual desires, minds, wills, motives and ambitions of individual workers hired one at a time, paid one at a time and producing one at a time." To handle this thing "calls for vastly more than an adroit manipulation of printed matter; whatever method is

Being the adventures of a great constructivist, instructivist, educativist, and mental re-sanitacionist in humanizing the component parts of the mutual relationships of the man element in industry; showing among other things that quantity and quality production come from within human beings, or, in plain words, how labor spying has been raised to the same heights as New Thought, Christian Science and the Gurjief system.

adopted to build it, adequate provision should be made for the human adjustments to minds, feelings and attitudes."

Yet one must not judge from this that Mr. Sherman is a gross materialist. He is interested in the souls of the workers. He is all for the gospel of love and for crying out loud. He aims to "analyze and rebuild employee attitudes." To achieve "mental re-sanitacion;" the human factor, he says, should first be examined and inventoried for its psychological elements; "the dispassionate engineering point of view," he says, "is hard for an executive to gain in respect to his human element; a complete and accurate diagram of employee attitudes, viewpoints and states of mind is difficult to achieve," and since the employer lacks this necessary psychological insight, "there is a place in modern industry for a specialized science of man engineering—the analysis and measurement of the attitude and motive factor and the rebuilding of it along constructive lines." Thus a labor spy is promoted to the rank of labor hypnotist.

## CHAPTER III

Our hero's spy agency has issued a little booklet to business men for the purpose of drumming up trade. It bears one of those three-decked titles characteristic of mid-Victorian novels:

AN IMMENSE INSTITUTION  
THAT INSTILLS  
INDUSTRIAL COMMON SENSE  
IN  
EMPLOYERS, EMPLOYEES  
AND THE PUBLIC,  
ACCELERATING AND STABILIZING  
PLANT PRODUCTION THROUGH  
PERSONAL CONTACT AND THE  
POWER OF SUGGESTION

In this and other booklets, our hero, turned Messiah to Big Business, issues the following Sermon on the Mount:

1. The most effective way to give employees any such instrument (as the company union) is to bring it about that they will think of it first and then ask for it. It will thus be partly their child and not the management's alone.

2. If we find your ideas are wrong we correct you; we get into the plant and do the very same thing with your employees. We get you right and then sell you to your workers.

3. Invisibly we are opening the workers' eyes to reason and bringing them to realize that their future can only be improved through their own individual efforts.

4. We enter the environment and lay the constructive germ which catches and remains a fixture before the minds and in the actions of the workers therein for a long period after we have gone.

5. If you could, you would quickly divide yourself into as many pieces as there are departments in your plant. You would go to work in each one of these environments, go home with your employees each night; you would set the example, tell the truth and know every one of them. You'd show them the facts: Well, that's what the Sherman Service does—that's exactly what we are doing, every day and every night, in hundreds upon hundreds of plants and homes (the worker is spied upon not only at work but even at home).

6. Invisibly, through personal contact and suggestion, we sell one to the other in such a manner that there is no cause for complaint, disputes or strikes on the part of either, and satisfaction comes to stay (happiness in every box).

7. If the employer desires us, we will prove our value and remove the load of the labor problem from his shoulders. Our creed is as follows: Always give all that your work requires and then add a little to that. A smile to every demand. Show complete willingness to obey and unfailing courtesy under all conditions. Try to make money to live, not live merely to make money.

8. We try to show in as simple a manner as can be imagined that the foreign born came to a new field for the purpose of gaining a better livelihood than they formerly were privileged to enjoy; and through gaining their confidence convince them that such is an absolute fact, that they are getting more money than they used to for a lesser amount of energy expended, and we make them realize that their living conditions are much more to their liking than formerly.

9. We have for ten years been closely associated with the working people; we have lived with them, played with them and have done the same things that they have done. We know and have known what they think should be a just amount of earnings for your institution. We know what they think is a proper length of a working day—we know what they can stand.

10. Facts are assimilated by us, diagnosed by our Advisory Staff. Under our Director of Personnel is assembled information of an industrial nature or of a political type which is



DRAWING BY ART YOUNG

WHERE DO WE EAT?

used in the preparation of constructive propaganda bulletins. These are dispatched weekly to each individual throughout our entire organization, giving constructive policies that will allow them to offset radical tendencies in any industry whatsoever.

#### CHAPTER IV

Our hero longs to share in and profit by the current enthusiasm of Big Business for company unions, employees' stock ownership, group insurance, industrial pensions, suggestion systems, thrift bonuses, and other catch-as-catch-can welfare devices. He argues: "The ideas which workers entertain toward such vehicles, programs and methods are best developed from the bottom up as a part of a scientific plan and directed scheme."

Mr. Sherman has that scheme. He guarantees to sell any program or project from stock subscription schemes to speed-up devices, to any number of workers, provided the employer will be good enough to sign a contract for a sufficient number of undercover operatives—Mr. Sherman to suggest the sufficient number. Such operatives receive from \$5 to \$10 a day. They seek jobs at the factory door in the usual way. By previous arrangement between Mr. Sherman and the employer, these labor spies are given the jobs. They forthwith begin to send reports to Mr. Sherman's engineering office daily. The office digests these reports and submits them to the employer, who pays the bill. The employer is thus informed constantly of every pulse-beat and respiration count of his workers. He knows what they think, feel, do, wish and fear. This Mr. Sherman calls "the analysis and measurement of the attitude or motive factor and the rebuilding of it along constructive lines." In return, Mr. Sherman receives from the employer a monthly check for from \$400 to \$600 per operative.

#### CHAPTER V

An example of company union introduction may be taken from the history of the shopmen's strike on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. Mr. Sherman is called into consultation with the management. He advises a generous employment of his operatives and through them the installation of an "employee representation plan," industry's latest fad and labor union substitute. The details of Mr. Sherman's work are now the property of the International Association of Machinists. How? An unnamed chambermaid in an unnamed hotel daily emptied the contents of a wastebasket into the lap of the union. Some 2,000 pages were harvested before the story ended. The beginning of the correspondence finds the New Haven pelted daily by letters of advice giving the most minute suggestions concerning the "industrial democracy" scheme then in the process of introduction. The letters reek with the word "constructive," and with fine distinctions between the ordinary vulgar sort of company union and the transcendental "adjustment and co-operation" system advocated by the spy king. He urges the company "to keep in mind all factors that create and maintain enthusiasm in labor unions, and to meet these requirements in so far as possible by displac-

ing destructive thought and action by constructive action." This is sound "psychology" as Mr. Sherman would say.

The "yellow dog" or "individual" contract is advised by Sherman as the most effective way to prevent the company union from falling into the hands of a regular labor union. "It would be well," he advises the company, "to

"stick" by recounting the extraordinary advantages of working in the shops of the N. Y., N. H. & H. As soon as a new worker enters the shop he is pounced upon by Sherman emissaries who paint the glories of working for the New Haven, as compared with any other road.

2. To sell the company union to the workers.



DRAWING BY MAURICE BECKER

#### TEHUANTEPEC INDIAN

prepare an application whereby the member will, in consideration of employment and membership in the association, agree to observe its rules and regulations." Sample contracts are submitted binding the worker to the company and pledging him to non-membership in any outside labor organization. As a result of this advice, the strictest features of the Sherman plan were adopted by the railroad management and a body named the "Mechanical Department Association," composed of the strikebreakers—as the regular workers were still on strike—was instituted. It still exists.

Then follow the daily reports of the "service" to the railroad management recounting the doings of the "operatives" in their efforts to sell the M. D. A. to the workers. We read, for example, of operatives X13, Y59 and Z36, in their educational campaign to convince the human material on which they were paid to work, that the new association is "to the workers' interest" and not a "bosses' affair." An analysis of the spy reports reveals the spies engaged in attempts to accomplish the following objects:

1. To tell the strikebreakers to

3. To convince them that the labor union is always destructive—the company association always constructive.

4. To urge the workers—scabs are proverbially slow and incompetent—to speed up and improve their work. If they do this the union strikers will never be taken back to replace those now "loyal" to the company.

5. To remove forthwith from the shop anything resembling a radical, agitator or "kicker" or any person who questions the divine right of the New Haven to operate its property as it sees fit, or who believes in the 8-hour day.

#### CHAPTER VI

The treatment administered to the "human element" by the Sherman missionaries indicates the range and technique of this "man engineering." We find, for example, that worker No. 82 is "appreciative of the plan" and the spy reports that he will be encouraged to "co-operate in the effort to promote its membership." Any worker who takes to the company union is reported to be faithful or loyal, or if he is at first cool toward the plan and then warms a little he is said to be "responding favorably to constructive

treatment." Should he be only lukewarm, "further efforts will be made to correct him." When a new man appears in the shop we have this report:

"Herbert Hooker, recent employee, was promptly cultivated upon his commencing work. He was advised of the advantages of the M. D. A. and responded favorably. He will be given continued attention."

Another worker, brother L. Turner, "displays a very satisfactory attitude." Why? Because the company let him do light work after he had suffered a physical injury in the shop. But the company must not hide its light of mercy under a bushel. Therefore "this incident has been capitalized on to the fullest extent." The reports indicate that there is much of this "capitalizing on" every time the foremen happen to do something half-way human.

But more serious matters claim the spy's attention. For it appears that "Fred Gunn sometimes eats his lunch on the company's time. Efforts to correct him have had rather ineffective results thus far." Then the model workman is described, a certain No. 305. "He was formerly a member of the machinists union but severed his connection with it sometime before accepting employment at the plant." There is also Newbury, No. 269, whose "attitude seems to be proper." And R. Stone, No. 349, who is not doing so well. "Possibly his conduct while in former employment was a result of improper influence by labor union heads. He will be given further attention."

Worse still is a worker named Bauman who "judging from various remarks that he has made has a very strong radical tendency. Many of the other men feel his real purpose in the shop is to agitate and sow the seed of discontent." What's more: "He is totally unresponsive to constructive effort," and "it would seem he should be dismissed"—Bauman was "dismissed"—and so on for a thousand pages through the innumerable George Bents who "continue to render a good day's work" and "to speak well of the company" and "to otherwise display a constructive attitude."

Is Mr. Sherman's work detective work? Ah, no, indeed. Our hero explains the difference thus: detectives do destructive work, while his agency does instructive work; it tries to CORRECT conditions. "We do not suggest discharges unless there is no other resource. We try to correct, and at times we suggest a transfer from one department to another. I have an incident in mind, where a man, strong himself, but who had sex proclivities, was working in a department with females. It happened that there was a department in that plant, where there was no female labor, and we suggested his transfer to that department, and he seems to be doing his work carefully."

"Minds and feelings can be capitalized," says Mr. Sherman in an article in the *Manufacturers' Record*. He has been capitalizing business for 16 years now. A review of the record of his service since the day he opened shop under the franker title, Sherman Detective Agency, down to the days of "changing viewpoints" and the brother-

(Continued on page 25)

# AROUND THE MAY-POLE

By MICHAEL GOLD

## 1. ELECTRIC CHAIR

Not a hole opens to sun or sky in this room; there are no windows here. This room is queer as a damp, ratty cellar in a deserted farm-house. One from outside stifles here. Yes, there is a smell here; it is the smell of murder. A square room; iron room; murder room; coffin room. It is the room of the Electric Chair.

Under a fierce tungsten lamp two men are polishing the chair; one man is fat and the other thin.

They converse in low simple casual voices—electricians with union cards in their hip pockets.

"That left side fuse is almost wore out," said the fat man.

"Yop, I'll get to it later. Gimme a chew of your plug," said the thin man.

They are scientific valets to the Electric Chair, they are flunkys to King Murder, head of the Republic. Every week they must go over the chair, to see that it is in good working trim; it must be inspected every week, says the Law.

It must be ever perfect, it must be ready, it must be bright and flawless as an angel's sword, says the Law.

This Chair is the most important object in the Republic. It is the cornerstone of democracy. It defends private property and the home. Rent, interest and profit are its children. Without it John D. Rockefeller could not peacefully play golf every day, nor Mr. Morgan labor in his office conquering the mortgage-ridden world. Don't you see, there would be no State were it not for this chair? And how would club ladies work for feminism and ride in limousines and drink tea at the Ritz but for this chair? God needs this chair in His business; God and the churches, Tammany Hall needs it; it insures the freeman's ballot. Bishop Manning has blessed it; it is as sacred as a dollar bill. The school houses could not hoist the American flag and teach children of Washington but for the Chair. There would be no blushing young virgins but for the Chair.

I need it, you need it, all of us need it. Can't you understand this is the bulwark of the rich against the poor? Rich men never die in this chair. Polish and wire it well, fat man and thin man. It is needed.

Where is the next victim? The crime is not yet committed; he is to die six months from now, but the Chair must be ready.

He is roaming the streets now with his pals, the young workingman. He is singing, and full of beer and rough-house fun, the wild young workingman. He shouts lusty smut at taxi drivers, he leers comically at the pretty girls who pass. Ah, he breathes into his deep lungs the sharp sweet night air! It's good to be hot and young as a dog. One of the gang plays a harmonica, and he jigs for joy on the sidewalks—the young workingman.

This is his slum among the comets; here he was fashioned for joy and pas-

sion and murder and poverty; the lights, the traffic, the grime and roar, the huge grand purple sky overhead, this is his city! To hell with the cops, it's Saturday night, young workingman!

But it is he who will sit one day among the buckles, straps, wires of the sacred Electric Chair. Fat man and thin man will valet him scientifically, according to the union rules. Blue needle flames will scream in his ears, and he will scream and writhe in his last nightmare, young workingman.

"Them switches need a little oiling," said the thin man simply, as he shifted his chew of tobacco, and spat in the cuspidor.

"Yop, and I wonder whether the dinner bell's rung; I'm starved," said the fat man.

No, no, rich men are not allowed to die in the Electric Chair: it is meant for young workingmen.

## 2. SPIRIT OF MAY DAY

As those morbid Hamlets, the Cops, pound their melancholy beats day after day, they meditate upon the problems of Life and Eternity.

Once one of them saw the sky open, and heard a divine voice bellow, "Let there be no more May Days! That will solve the labor problem!"

And so then we were forbidden our May Days. Now we must not parade in New York with red flags be-

tween the skyscrapers, on the first of May. We may wear buttons with Lenin's face, and red neckties and blouses; we may hold meetings in stuffy smoky halls, and present red concert and theatre programs; we may write gay violent poetry, and sing subversive songs in our hall bedrooms; we may even walk with our sweethearts on Brooklyn Bridge, and orate of hope and revolution between kisses, but we must not assemble in masses and parade on the first of May.

This is the decree of the Cops.

This is the wisdom of the Cops.

Cops, O blundering mournful Cops, but you really have not found a solution for the labor problem in America! This is not the answer, no, no!

Can you prohibit the warmth that comes into the air on the first of May? The grass and trees in Union Square park feel it, and surge with rebellion; the robins and sparrows chirp impudently, and cockroaches come out in every East Side kitchen, beating their chests joyfully and waving red banners.

And what can you do?

Nothing, O Cops!

Flat dwellers feel the urge of pastoral Abraham in their thin veins, and migrate from Harlem to the Bronx with flocks, phonographs, babies and beds, changing a bad flat for a worse.

Taxi drivers race their cabs reck-

lessly and honk their horns; they are wild on this day of days.

Clerks in the upper floors of the Woolworth building look out to sea and hearing red propaganda, they sabotage in their book-keeping.

But you cannot stop them, Cops.

Messenger boys walk slowly, and dream of the wild west, and Indian fighting.

In the sugar factories on the Hudson the Polacks hum strange minor love songs as they watch the great machines, and the foreman curses their languor.

Ferry-boat pilots drowse. Boot-blacks give most dull and inadequate shines, thinking of Italy. Countermen in the one-arm lunches yell "coffee-and" not so fiercely; they are mad tigers softened by May Day.

The bootleggers suddenly become unbalanced, and drink their own hooch. Chorus girls spend the day reading the poems of Shelley. On the lawns of Riverside Drive fat Jewish clothing bosses play marbles with their wives. They give their diamond earrings and solitaires to passing nursemaids, forgetting these are Irish goys, and not good Zionists. But what does it matter on May Day?

Firemen discuss the theories of free love. Wall street brokers climb the flag-poles of the skyscrapers, and shout

(Continued on page 26)



DRAWING BY WILLIAM GROPPER

C O P S

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(Continued on page 26)



DRAWING BY WILLIAM GROPPER

C O P S

# APOLOGY FOR BAD DREAMS

## I

In the purple light, heavy with redwood, the slopes drop seaward,  
 Headlong convexities of forest, drawn in together to the steep ravine.  
 Below, on the sea-cliff  
 A lonely clearing; a little field of corn by the streamside; a roof under  
 spared trees. Then the ocean  
 Like a great stone someone has cut to a sharp edge and polished to  
 shining. Beyond it, the fountain  
 And furnace of incredible light flowing up from the sunk sun. In the  
 little clearing a woman  
 Was punishing a horse; she had tied the halter to a sapling at the edge  
 of the wood, but when the great whip  
 Coiled on the flanks the creature kicked so hard she feared he would  
 snap the halter, she called from the  
 house  
 The young man her son; who fetched a chain tie-rope, they working  
 together  
 Noosed the small rusty links round the horse's tongue  
 And tied him by the swollen tongue to the tree.  
 Seen from this height they are shrunk to insect size,  
 Out of all human relation. You cannot distinguish  
 The blood dripping from where the chain is fastened,  
 The beast shuddering; but the thrust neck and the legs  
 Far apart. You can see the whip fall on the flanks . . .  
 Or half imagine it. You cannot see the face of the woman.  
 The enormous light beats up out of the west across the cloud-bars of  
 the trade-wind. The ocean  
 Darkens, the high clouds brighten, the hills darken together. Un-  
 bridled and unbelievable beauty  
 Covers the evening world . . . not covers, grows apparent out of it,  
 as Venus down there grows out  
 From the lit sky. What said the prophet? "I create good: and I  
 create evil: I am the Lord."

## II

This coast crying out for tragedy like all beautiful places,  
 (The quiet ones ask for quieter suffering: but here the granite cliff the  
 gaunt cypresses crown  
 Demands what victim? The dykes of red lava and black what Titan?  
 The hills like pointed flames,  
 Beyond Soberanes, the terrible peaks of the bare hills under the sun,  
 what immolation?)  
 This coast crying out for tragedy like all beautiful places: and like the  
 passionate spirit of humanity  
 Pain for its bread: God's, many victims', the painful deaths, horrible  
 transfigurations: I said in my heart  
 "Better invent than suffer: imagine victims  
 Lest your own flesh be chosen the agonist, or you  
 Martyr some creature to the beauty of the place." And I said  
 "Burn sacrifices once a year to magic  
 Horror away from the house, this little house here  
 You have built over the ocean with your own hands  
 Beside the standing boulders: for what are we,  
 The beast that walks upright, with speaking lips  
 And little hair, to think we should always be fed,  
 Sheltered, intact, and self-controlled? We sooner more liable  
 Than the other animals. Pain and terror, the insanities of desire; not  
 accidents but essential,  
 And crowd up from the core," I imagined victims for those wolves,  
 I made them phantoms to follow,  
 They have hunted the phantoms and missed the house. It is not good  
 to forget over what gulfs the spirit  
 Of the beauty of humanity, the petal of a lost flower blown seaward by  
 the night-wind, floats to its quietness.

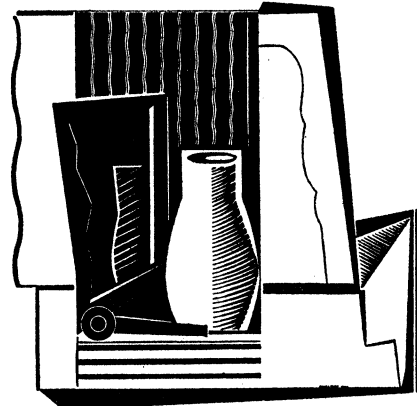
## III

Boulders blunted like an old bear's teeth break up from the headland;  
 below them  
 All the soil is thick with shells, the tide-rock feasts of a dead people.  
 Here the granite flanks are scarred with ancient fire, the ghosts of the  
 tribe  
 Crouch in the nights beside the ghost of a fire, they try to remember  
 the sunlight,  
 Light has died out of their skies. These have paid something for the  
 future  
 Luck of the country, while we living keep old griefs in memory:  
 though God's  
 Envy is not a likely fountain of ruin, to forget evil calls down  
 Sudden reminders from the cloud: remembered deaths be our  
 redeemers;  
 Imagined victims our salvation: white as the half moon at midnight  
 Someone flamelike passed me, saying "I am Tamar Cauldwell, I have  
 my desire,"  
 Then the voice of the sea returned, when she had gone by, the stars to  
 their towers.  
 . . . Beautiful country burn again, Point Pinos down to the Sur  
 Rivers  
 Burn as before with bitter wonders, land and ocean and the Carmel  
 water.

## IV

He brays humanity in a mortar to bring the savor  
 From the bruised root: a man having bad dreams, who invents vic-  
 tims, is only the ape of that God.  
 He washes it out with tears and many waters, calcines it with fire in the  
 red crucible,  
 Deforms it, makes it horrible to itself: the spirit flies out and stands  
 naked, he sees the spirit,  
 He takes it in the naked ecstasy; it breaks in his hand, the atom is  
 broken, the power that massed it  
 Cries to the power that moves the stars, "I have come home to myself,  
 behold me.  
 I bruised myself in the flint mortar and burnt me  
 In the red shell, I tortured myself, I flew forth,  
 Stood naked of myself and broke me in fragments,  
 And I was the mortar and I the pestle and this I  
 The fire under the shell I burned in,  
 And I the fleet force freed from me the fragments,  
 And here am I moving the stars that are me."  
 I have seen these ways of God: I know of no reason  
 For fire and change and torture and the old returnings.  
 He being sufficient might be still. I think they admit to reason; they  
 are the ways of my love.  
 Unmeasured power, incredible passion, enormous craft: no thought  
 apparent but burns darkly  
 Smothered with its own smoke in the human brain-vault: no thought  
 outside: a certain measure in phe-  
 nomena:  
 The fountains of the boiling stars, the flowers on the foreland, the  
 ever-returning roses of dawn.

*Robinson Jeffers*



DRAWING BY STUART DAVIS

# BISHOP BARES ALL!

By WILLIAM MONTGOMERY BROWN

AS I am an old preacher, I must have a subject and a text, even for an after dinner speech, else I do not feel at home. My subject on this occasion is, *The Masses*. My text is, "Ye must be born again."

But, though I am an old preacher, I am the youngest person at the dinner and can prove that I am. You all are old enough to remember the old *Masses*. I am too young to remember it.

The old *Masses* does not mean anything in my young life. When the old *Masses* was making its impression upon America, when it was inspiring you with its wit and wisdom, and with its appreciation of the new era into which the world was breaking, I was sitting complacently as a Bishop, utterly oblivious to all that was going on. So to all practical purposes, the old *Masses* lived and died before I was born. I was born while the war was on. Before that I was dead while living. I have had more of life within the nine years since the country went into the war, than during the whole of the two generations through which I passed before.

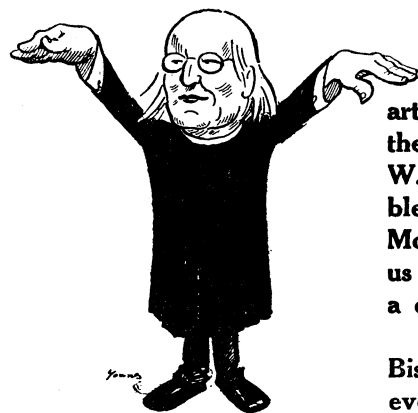
Being born means coming into the world that exists. No one can claim that he has been born if he is still sticking around in a world that does not exist. That is where I was. The world had moved into a new era, but I did not know anything about it. I was not supposed to know. I thought it was a sin to know anything that Moses and St. Paul did not know.

All the genuine knowledge in the world, all it needed for its salvation, I supposed, was tied up in a sacred bundle thousands of years ago and delivered, once for all, to the saints. And the saints, from that time on, when they wanted to deliver any knowledge to the sinners, had to untie that bundle and give the poor sinners what they found. It was poor picking all around.

I do not want to say a word against knowledge being handed down to us, or against our receiving revelations from the past. The point I am making is that we are not really alive unless our hearts are open to receive revelations from the present too. The moment we assume that any plan of salvation was revealed once for all in a perfected formula to anybody—to Moses, to Paul or even to Jesus—that moment we cease to live. No one is ever really born until he becomes a heretic.

And you, as young as you seem to be, were heretics long before I was. Oh how I envy you! I greet you as my seniors. I greet you as my superiors. I feel like sitting at your feet and having you expound to me the Gospel according to the old *Masses*.

But while I sit there please remember that I am young. I belong to the younger generation; and I will not permit anyone to tell me that the revolutionary truth was revealed once for all to Max Eastman and Art Young, or even to Karl Marx and Daniel De Leon. I am willing to worship these



**THE NEW MASSES** started under such financial handicaps that our artists and editors and poets felt the need of spiritual help. Charles W. Wood found us a Bishop to bless our labors. He is William Montgomery Brown, and he gave us his revolutionary blessing and a check for \$1,100.

This gallant and youthful Bishop must be known to nearly everyone in America by now.

He was for decades Bishop of Arkansas in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and was deposed for heresy last year at a trial that was like a remarkable echo of the middle ages. He is still Bishop in the old Catholic Church, however, and does his preaching at Communist and labor defense meetings throughout America. He is constantly active, despite his 71 years, and puts to shame the tired radicals who write and talk in liberal circles.

Bishop Brown's "Communism and Christianity," the book that provoked the heresy trial, has sold into the hundred thousands. It is a defence of Darwinism and Communism as basic spiritual ideals in the modern consciousness, and is well worth reading.

The Bishop's blessing on the NEW MASSES, delivered at a dinner in New York, is printed here for its fine wit and courage. It contains, we think, some of the most amazing confessions ever made by an American Bishop.

men as saints, and I do not want to break with their glorious old traditions; but if you had told me that you were going to duplicate the *Masses*, and get out exactly the sort of magazine the *Masses* was, I should not have been interested.

Instead, you told me in the prospectus that you were going to be different. You announced your intention to interpret life as you find it in America now; not binding yourselves even to the inspired interpretations in the *Masses* of ten years ago.

That means, as I see it, that you are genuinely religious, and that the NEW MASSES will be primarily a religious publication.

For religion does not consist of any special theory about life, either about the origin of life or about its destiny; religion is the urge of life itself—the desire for more life and the effort to get more life. If your magazine is impelled by that force, it is bound to live as a great exponent of religion.

It may be crucified, because of the reality of its religion, as the old *Masses* was. It may be that some solemn assemblage of bishops or post office officials will attempt to depose you from the sacred ministry. But that will not make any difference. For you will live abundantly while you do live—as the old *Masses* did, as Jesus did, as John Reed did. The only thing worth while in this world is life. The de-

sire for a more abundant life and the effort to attain it constitute all there is of Christianity, or any real religion.

I am not going to advise you as to how to realize your aims. I wish only to express the hope that you will not try to be consistent.

If you are really alive, you will go after the truth; and you will not worry as to whether any truth which you discover is pleasant or not, or whether or not it seems to quarrel with some pet theory which you have come to hold. If you follow life, wherever it leads you, you may go wrong; but, at least you will go. If you try to make life conform to anybody's theory, you will stop.

I want to write for the NEW MASSES if I can. I am not a magazine writer. I am a preacher. But I am young yet and I can learn. A while ago, I submitted an article to several magazines. It was an intimate story of my life; and it seemed to me that such stories were becoming popular. It was a true story, you know—one of those confessional things which does not hold anything back. I thought they might publish it under the title "A Bishop Bares All," or something like that.

But they did not. The editors all said it was a great story. They said it was well written too. I think they were right, for I got Mr. Charles W. Wood to collaborate with me so as to make sure that it was well written ac-

ording to the best style of magazine writing.

It was an article by Mr. Wood in the Hearst International Magazine which started the bishops after me on the heresy trail—one among the most fortunate events of my life, going far toward making it worth living.

But this fine magazine story which I told so well, with Mr. Wood's expert help, was never printed.

The editors said it was too thrilling—in fact, exciting; and they did not want their readers to become excited.

I took pains to read a number of magazine stories before I tried to write one. They were generally the story of some man who had achieved wealth, honor and success, who told how he did it all, how he made himself. It was always by the same method; by industry, honesty and thrift, combined of course with an accurate and comprehensive knowledge of one's work.

Well, I had achieved wealth, honor and success by another route. I had begun life as a slave on a farm, bound out as a war orphan when I was only six and a half years old; and I had become wealthy, and I had received the princely honor of Bishop of Arkansas and had met with such extraordinary success as a builder of churches and an organizer of congregations that they used to tell me I could make Episcopalians out of fence posts, which was true of Orthodox ones.

But I had achieved my wealth, I said in this article, because it was given to me; I had been made a Bishop because I had a pull, and I became successful in my ministry because I did not know anything about what I was doing.

If I had known that I was preaching a lot of lies, does anybody think that I could have succeeded? Of course not. I would have been an utter failure as Bishop of Arkansas if I had known anything at all. I was utterly ignorant. I even thought I was alive, though I was as dead as a door nail.

As for my early struggles, I had plenty of them, but they did not have anything to do with my achieving wealth. If I had not struggled so hard, in fact, I would have been much better off.

For I was bound out to an old German farmer, who did not love me so that I could notice it, but who did like to see me struggle. I struggled with the weeds, thistles and briars. I struggled with the hoe and the pitchfork, the axe, the cross cut saw, the maul and wedge, the wheat in the sheaf, the corn in the shock and the pumpkins on the vine and with the cows and the horses and the pigs; and the more I struggled with these things, the more he let me struggle; and he kept me working on that farm until I was sixteen, letting me get almost no schooling at all. If I had not been so industrious, I fancy he might have got rid of me sooner than he did. As it was, he

(Continued on page 28)



DRAWING BY I. KLEIN

**FIND GOD IN THIS PICTURE**

Our suggestion for the facade of the new Bryan Memorial University at Dayton, Tennessee, for which a million dollar campaign is being conducted by the fundamentalists.





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Our suggestion for the facade of the new Bryan Memorial University at Dayton, Tennessee, for which a million dollar campaign is being conducted by the fundamentalists.

# THE BUS-BOY by NATHAN ASCH

THE boy was tired, and sleepy, and the smell of the kitchen turned his head each time he entered, and he didn't know what to do with himself, didn't want to keep it up, and was afraid to quit; he might not find another place, and he was hungry. And sometimes he didn't give a damn what happened, so that he could stop for a minute, but didn't dare to. And he walked from table to table, the greasy, tin tray in his hands, picked up the dirty dishes, and the tray feeling heavier and heavier carried it into the kitchen.

He went on. Again he emptied the tray into the large hot boiler, again he walked out, gasped some air, went to the first table. A coffee cup, and a plate with half a cruller. Put it into the tray, wiped the table with a rag. Went on. The next table. More dishes. A man reading a paper, his head sunk in the paper, the spoon going up to his mouth, soup dripping

he wasn't hungry, and every time he walked out he was. Really, he didn't know what it was. Maybe he was only sleepy.

The hands were tired, and the stomach hurt, and the throat was dry, and the eyes wouldn't keep open.

And when he was in the kitchen he said, I don't give a good God damn. I'm going to quit this and sleep.

In the Park. Or maybe in Grand Central.

And when he went out into the lunch room and saw the counter, the oranges, the pineapples, the crullers, buns, the pickles, the great sleek containers of boiling coffee, he didn't say anything. He stayed.

There was a window. White tiles on white tiles. A great bouquet of fruit. And a notice lying face down. If he quit the notice would go up. "Bus boy wanted." And another guy like himself, hungry, would pass by,

"One hamburger!"

A guy at one of the tables was sleepily eating an egg sandwich, the egg oozing between his fingers.

The Greek at the cash counter arranged cigars.

The boy was hungry, and tired, and sleepy, and he didn't give a damn.

At two o'clock he had some food. At a quarter after he went back to work.

He wasn't hungry any more, but he felt more tired than before, could hardly hold up the tray, couldn't walk, and his eyes were closing so often that he bumped against the tables. He had eaten the ham sandwiches hurriedly, bits of them still remained in his mouth, tingeing of mustard.

People were coming in, yelling. Plate of beans and coffee. Egg sandwich and coffee. Apple pie and milk. Eating, leaving the dishes behind, going.

He was tired, and sleepy, and his stomach hurt.

For a while that night the lunch room was empty. The Greek sat over his cigar dozing, sometimes a loud snore escaped him, which woke him up, and he looked sleepily over the place, and then again closed his eyes. The counterman leaned on the milk container, and dropped his head. The red-eyed, red-skinned, blond dishwasher lit a new cigarette and stood dreamily over his boiler. The place was quiet. From time to time the elevated rumbled about.

The boy sat at one of the rear tables and tried to keep awake. This was his first night here, and he was afraid if he were caught sleeping, there would be no second meal for him, and no dollar in the morning. And he did want to sleep on the next day. He was tired, and he wanted to.

At four o'clock he was given a mop and a pail of hot water. He pushed all the tables against the wall, piled the chairs on top, swept the place, and then began to mop.

It was easier to mop. It felt like sleep. Slowly went the mop over the dirty floor, leaving it clean. Slowly it went over the next spot. Slowly and sloppily. The floor was glistening after the mop had left it.

He rinsed the mop in the pail and again set to work. He closed his eyes, and his hands went in a circle, and then opened his eyes and saw the spot clean, and moved forward, and again closed his eyes, and again his hands went in a circle.

His hands he did not feel. Nor the mop in them. The only thing he felt were his eyes, opening, looking, and closing. It was so hard to open his eyes, and so easy to close them.

He was so sleepy. The floor was so long. He was so sleepy. He wanted to quit it. He wanted to do anything. He wanted to sleep.

Suddenly, his head fell on his shoulders, and he started. He had dozed off, the mop had fallen out of his hands. He picked it up, forced his eyes open. His hands moved in a circle.

Then the tray. And the dishes. First table. Dishes in the tray. Wiped the table. Second table.

The place was darker. The shadow of the elevated fell on the floor. The sun was rising somewhere.

A chill came in each time the door opened. More people in the lunch room. The cash register rang oftener. The counterman yelled the order.

The people looked sleepy. Eyes tired. Faces washed, sometimes shaven.

A newsboy ran in, filled the place with a cry, ran out again. People sitting at the tables, eating, reading their papers. Some were looking into the classified columns. They tore out little bits of the paper and hurried out.

The boy walked from one table to the other, eyes closed, and picked up the dishes.

(Continued on page 27)



DRAWING BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

## AMERICAN HEROES

- Trouble this country they crazy about money!  
 —You said it!  
 —What'd I do with all 'at money? All I ast is a chanct to wok an' nuff to live on,—that's all I ast.  
 —Absolutely.

over the paper. Next table. Next table. More tables. More dishes. Again wiping.

The proprietor with a gold chain on his belly looked at him; the look didn't mean anything, the proprietor looked at him, and he went on. Put a dish on the tray, threw the fork in the middle, and went on.

The tray was getting heavy. He carried it into the kitchen, both hands around it, holding it, preciously, it might break. And he was hungry.

Every time he went into the kitchen

see, enter: "Want a bus boy?"

Outside the window, night. Opposite the corner fruit stand. And taxis were passing. Above the elevated rushed by. Noise. Shriek. Enough to drive out the hunger and the tiredness.

A policeman came in, looked back of him, hid behind the counter and gulped hot coffee.

A night taxi driver stopped his car, got out, entered, said hello to the Greek at the cash counter and ordered a hamburger. The counterman yelled:

He took up a dish. In the tray. A fork. In the tray. A lot of dishes left by a party of four, who drunk and kissing had eaten and left. In the tray. And then came the rag, wiping up. The table became white and polished.

Into the kitchen. The air was hot, greasy. Clank, clank went the dishes into the boiler. The red faced blond dishwasher looked at him.

Again outside. Again air that was fresher. Again dishes. Again wiping. Again into the kitchen. Again out. Again dishes.

# THE BATTLE OF PASSAIC

By MARY HEATON VORSE

THERE was a battle in Passaic the first week in March. The Chief of Police, Richard Zober, threw tear gas bombs at peaceable workers who were picketing the Botany Mills and turned the streams of five hose companies on them. So many extraordinary things happened in Passaic at that time, one could write a play in ten shocks, a thrill in every shock, called *Chief Zober and the Picket Line*. Chief of Police Richard O. Zober, and Commissioner of Public Safety Abram Preiskel, are the comedy characters of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. How large they loomed on March first and how ridiculous they were by the end of the week! Zober was abed sick with a warrant out for his arrest; sick and raving at the pretty pictures that had been printed of him and his police, gassing and clubbing women.

From the first, the strike in Passaic burned with a clear flame. The fuel it fed on was youth and hope. It had a leadership that had vision, and wisdom and daring. The organizer, Albert Weisbord, has a way of dealing with masses of workers that amounts to a genius for leadership. The workers in Passaic love him and trust him. They follow him. There was never a strike so well disciplined. That was why mass picketing was its feature and parades its habit. That was why picketing could go on at such a big scale. That was why thousands of people could stream down Passaic streets without disorder.

It was their orderly mass picketing and parading that swung the strike into public notice. No strike of this size ever had such parades. No strike of this size ever had such picket lines. They sweep out of the three strike halls two by two. They stream down the streets gathering volume as they go until there are thousands of people in the parade. As they go they sing and shout. Flags go with them. Women with children, young girls, old ladies, grandmothers, all shouting and singing together. Who will ever forget them who has seen them out on the picket line early in the morning in dark groups that look like swarming bees? The lines of pickets, the constant file of people was an exciting thing. It became contagious. Picketing became Passaic's favorite game. Children played at picketing. They picketed their schools. They picketed their homes. Children came out after school to go on the picket line.

The United Front Committee of Textile Workers started all this. They began organizing first in the Botany Mills after the 10% wage slash in October. On the 25th of January Botany walked out. Others followed. Mill joined mill. Hope was in the air. The workers began to feel their strength. By the end of the fourth week the Forstmann-Huffmann Mill, which hadn't as yet cut wages, came out with its four thousand workers. By March 1st there were over 10,000 out, and the picket line getting bigger all

the time and the flame of hope leaping higher.

Then Chief of Police Zober got sick of crowds. He and Commissioner of Public Safety Abram Preiskel, and Mayor John H. McGuire decided mass picketing must stop. In that remote period of March 1st these three comic jiggling little figures were august and terrifying officials. To stop the picketing, the Mayor and the Commissioner and the police had said they were going to get out three hundred mounted police and ride down the crowds. All Sunday the air of Passaic was tense with anxiety. It isn't very pleasant to turn out at five o'clock on the picket line and be ridden down.

Monday began quietly. Instead of three hundred horses, only a few sorry hacks were there. Shouting "Ride 'em cowboy," the picket line swept past cheering. The suspense of Sunday was over, everyone breathed easier.

Tuesday afternoon it happened. The workers paraded past the Passaic plant of the Botany Mills. The streets were lined with police. Mounted police were strung across the street. They allowed the strikers to pass two by two between the horses. Suddenly the gap was filled, the line stopped. It wavered and bulged and overflowed into the street. Police and strikers faced each other.

Then Zober went in for publicity. He wrote his name in history. He fished a shiny object from his pocket and threw it among the striking workers. It exploded with a mild report and the air was filled with smoke.

He had gassed the strikers.

Then the same Zober rang in a general call for the fire department, and presently up came the firemen and streams of water were turned upon the

crowd. Women and children, drenched and drowned, soaked to the skins, ran. The police ran after the strikers, clubbing them to the tune of the clicking of cameras. Every newspaper in New York had pictures of the Passaic policemen clubbing the women and children of Passaic. Everybody all over the country knew that the striking textile workers had been beaten, drenched, gassed and clubbed.

The next afternoon they went to the hall and listened to Albert Weisbord speak and they listened to Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and they streamed from the halls. For the strikers of Passaic are not afraid of police or fire or water or gas. Out they went again two by two, thousands of them, and then Zober had an inspiration. He did not at all like the pictures of him that appeared with his men at work. He did not at all like these pictures that are filled with gas or the fire hose playing on the crowds. He turned the police upon the camera men. They chased them, they smashed moving picture cameras. They beat up the press. It was a jolly lively party with the policemen jumping on the camera men and smashing clubs on the reporters' heads. What with tear gas and fire hose and beatings and clubbings, it was a merry little time in Passaic on the afternoon of Wednesday, March 4th.

Next day Passaic seemed like an embattled town. Passaic became a conflagration. The light in Passaic was seen all over the country. The strikers were busy. They went after the war veterans and got their gas masks and helmets and this time they had a procession of about 6,000, headed by people with gas masks. At their head there was a baby carriage. It was Barbara Miscolocsy who headed

the victorious procession and her aunt, Elizabeth Kovacs, who pushed it, and behind the baby carriage and the boys in their helmets and gas masks and in uniform walked the procession waving and shouting. Thousands upon thousands strode, headed by the baby. They swept past the Botany Mills, laughing and cheering. And the great battle of Passaic was won.

The newspaper men came in armored cars; they came in airplanes and tanks. If the *New York Times* had come riding up on an elephant, with hind quarters painted red, no one would have been surprised. That day there was a loud shout over Passaic—the gods on high Olympus were laughing. All the world got to know what the workers in Passaic were fighting about. These people in Passaic have nothing. Poverty inconceivable. Wretchedness incomparable. Their misery is doubled by the kind of houses they live in, if you can call them houses. You go into a hall black as a tunnel filled with stink. You open a door on to an equally black kitchen, back of which is still a blacker bedroom, all the light of which comes from the one front room. Here live women, the mothers of many children, who work all night. These women have never rested. They do not know what an unburdened hour is. Five nights a week for ten hours they work, with a quarter of an hour at midnight. That one cannot forget. This is the dark background of the strike, and of the great battle week. The week-end was a fitting one.

They went and got out a warrant against the Chief of Police for brutality. Exactly one week after they had been gassed, they marched on Lodi (Continued on page 24)



EVEN WORKERS RIDE IN AUTOS IN AMERICA

DRAWING BY I. KLEIN

# SONG OF NEW YORK

Oh we have fled the world's most splendid town,  
 Grey stone and iron rushing to the sky,  
 Firm-footed where the Hudson broadens down,  
 Fronting the world with steely majesty.  
 But we can not forget who have once seen  
 The sparkling eyes of New York from the bay,  
 Her naked body standing sheer and clean,  
 Pure grace like birches in the opening day.

We linger by a dim medieval wall  
 And hear a wrinkled guide repeat his story,  
 Now of a knight who, at a monarch's call,  
 Beat back the foe and filled this spot with glory.  
 But I would hear instead the raucous sound  
 Of an old "elevated" overhead,  
 Be hurrying to the station Harlem-bound,  
 Than hear dead talk of things completely dead.

Oh often all alone on dim wet nights,  
 From the rear platform of a fast "El" train,  
 I watched the city's undulating lights  
 And felt about my heart the antique pain  
 That man has always felt for beauty's signs.  
 And often I was wildly moved to test  
 Myself against the city's gleaming lines,  
 To feel their edges touch my bare brown breast!

I looked at Paris, like a lovely whore,  
 In jewelled dress attracting everyone,  
 And Berlin, like a raw and bleeding sore,  
 And London city shut out from the sun.  
 And vividly I realized New York,  
 A demon holding in his hand a whip,  
 Driving me through the cold straight streets to work  
 With a song frozen dead upon my lip.

Yet once you stand upon New Jersey's soil  
 With a child's attitude and turn your face  
 Toward the first citadel of modern toil,  
 A great rock jutting grandly out in space,  
 You'll never forget that marvel of these years,  
 Around which wash the world's increasing tides,  
 And, spurred by loves and hopes and stinging fears,  
 Six millions scrambling up her steel-ribbed sides.

Abroad we shall be moved by memories warm  
 Of the great city graceful like a birch,  
 And find more mystery in her perfect form  
 Than in the spirit of an ancient church.  
 Deep in our thoughts her burning lines will flow,  
 Our veins pulsating with the poignant ache  
 That men have always felt who strangely go  
 Like gypsies through the world for beauty's sake.

*Claude McKay*

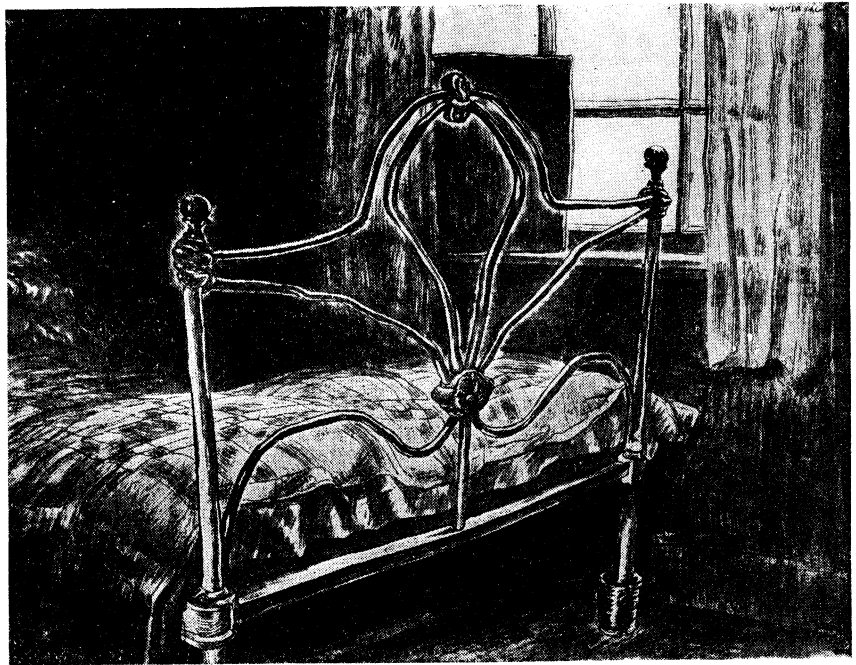
## MEMORIES

A child ran alone,  
 And nothing followed that he felt.  
 He never heard the sky moan  
 For old men. He never knelt  
 To call the hounds—that behind him ran alone  
 And searching smelt.

He did not hear their cries,  
 For there was curving earth between.  
 But he is taller now, and wise  
 Enough to listen as they lean  
 Upon the wind—that can turn and bring their cries  
 So clear and keen.

He still can look away  
 And do the business of his prime.  
 He has not foreseen the day  
 When he will sit and they will climb  
 And lick his face—that will never frown away  
 The tongues of time.

*Mark Van Doren*



DRAWING BY WANDA GAG

THE TIRED BED

# THAT'S ALL THERE IS

By KAROL REMBOV

"STEVE," says Mary Karzmuski, "now that you've drunk up all the gin there is, perhaps you'll go and fix all them boards there is loose on the fence." (Only she's a Polack and says it mostly in Polack.)

"Aw hell," says Steve Karzmuski, "loose boards is all the fence there is." (Only he's a furriner and doesn't say more than the first coupla words in English.)

Mary looks Steve over. "It's a damn good thing for you you're all the husband there is."

Steve only says, "Is this all the fried mush there is?"

Mary says, "It's all the breakfast there is."

Steve goes. Pretty soon he comes back and says, "Mary, I can't fix the bloody fence, 'cause this is all the nails there is." But pretty soon he is fixing it and thinking, "Mother of God, ain't it tough that Mary's all the wife there is."

Mike Grady is sitting in the next yard. He is reading a capitalist sheet, for it's all the paper there is. First he reads the murders, and that's all the news there is. Then he skips over all the want ads there is and he leans back in the rocker and says, "Steve, what are you fixing the fence for?"

Steve says, "That's all the work there is."

Mike says, "Yea, but the strike's all the vacation there is."

Inside the kitchen—and that's about all the house there is—Mary says, "Little Mary, you're all the help there is. Here, take all the money there is and buy a loaf of stale bread. It'll let Mister Davidson know how bad off we is, but he's all the store there is."

Little Mary goes along all the road there is. Here comes a man, showing all the signs there is. "Gimme all the money there is in your hand," he says.

"What fur?" says little Mary. "Run along, 'cause I ain't got all the time there is." (Only she says it in

English, because she ain't no furriner and she's had all the learnin' there is in the village school.)

The drunk says, "'Cause I want all the gravy there is sloppin' aroun' loose. I've run into all the sharp corners there is an' I been tanked up with all the hot air there is. . . ."

"Hey Jack, beat it for all the other places there is," says a Stately with a bran-new uniform. So he beat it.

"Jeez," says little Mary, "whadje do that fur?"

"I'm all the law and order there is," says the Stately.

"Jeez," says little Mary, "you must be all the nice Cossacks there is."

At the store Mister Davidson says, "That's all the stale bread there is, and it don't hardly pay to bake so much, all the children there is come in just only for stale bread."

On the way back little Mary thinks of fried pork and boiled potatoes and all the nice eats there is and doesn't nibble any of the bread. But when her mother is cutting it into pieces, just so, little Mary says, "Ma, does Pa get all the crumbs there is?"

Outside Steve is talking with Alfred Robinson. He is all the business agent there is. "Is that all the hope there is?" says Steve.

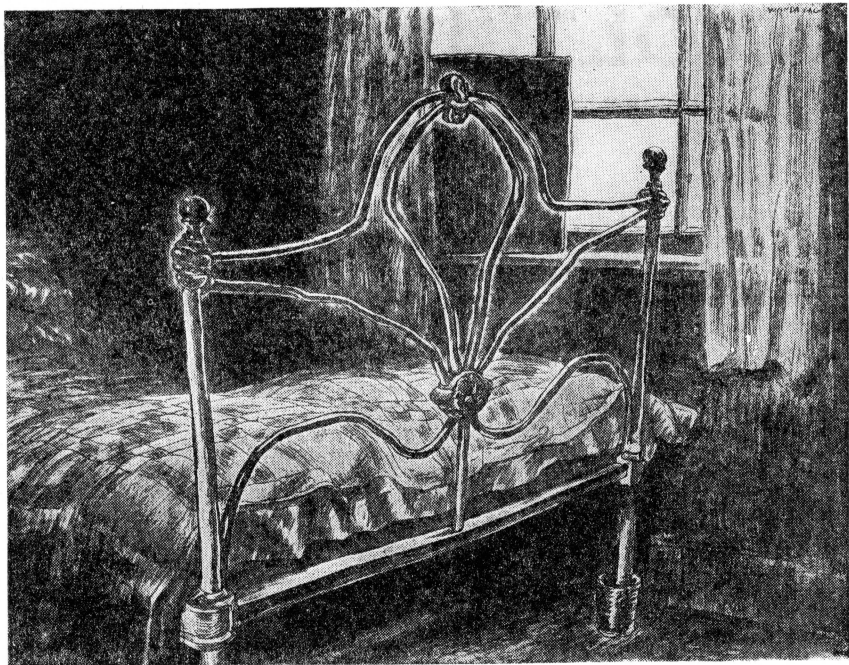
"Don't worry, you'll get all the strike benefits there is," says Mister Robinson, and he goes to hunt up all the rank and file there is.

Here comes walking along Vanya Weyoff. He is all the Left there is. Steve says to him, "There goes that (illegitimate) labor skate Robinson, the lousy (sexual invert)."

Says Vanya, "What you stick to the union for, when there's all the dirty-work there is?"

Says Steve, "It's all the union there is."

And that, O my Best Beloved, is all the philosophy of all the American Labor Movement there is.



DRAWING BY WANDA GAG

THE TIRED BED

# REVOLT IN THE AMERICAN COLLEGES

By NORMAN STUDER

COLLEGES in America exist for everyone except the learner. For him there is scarcely a niche in these gigantic and expensive mills of culture.

The president and his efficient corps of administrators cherish other interests than the learner's. Guardians of the time-clock, keepers of the roll call and plotters of grade curves, they function like traffic cops, keeping the hordes moving through the routine of getting degrees. With mentalities of congressmen and methods of drill masters, they often betray their faith in the goose step. Here is the advice the president of a large midwestern State University gave his freshmen: "The best thing to do is do what you are told . . . For an individual coming into the university and saying 'I want to do what I want to do' means starting endless trouble for himself and everyone else." Another, speaking of compulsory drill, said: "It is not very popular with the students but that is an indication of its usefulness."

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The colleges exist for Babbitt, for the Zenith Chamber of Commerce. Boost the university and you boost land values. Pull for a winning team and you bring business to town. Business men foster the Rah Rah spirit, another enemy of learners. "Every business man in town ought to get out and root for all he is worth for Teachers College teams," says the president of a Colorado Chamber of Commerce. "The College is the town's greatest asset . . . A winning team is an asset we cannot afford to overlook."

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(Continued on page 23)



DRAWING BY HUGO GELLERT

## THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

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No less dispiriting than the method is the content of most college teaching. The intellectual atmosphere of the college is a pale Shadowland peopled with abstractions. Currents of thought agitate it that stirred the outside world ten, twenty years ago. With notable exceptions the teachers are timid souls who would wither if removed from the rarified academic air. Or else they

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It cannot be denied that many other interests are using the colleges for their own purposes. No one has yet measured the social forces that tend to divert education from its course. I have merely enumerated the interests that directly conflict with the learner's purposes as he goes about the campus.

## PART II

Against the forces listed above many learners are in active revolt. Gradually they are coming to realize that they must look to their own interests, for no one else will.

First of all, they are becoming more critical of their teachers. The core of the problem of education is the relation between student and teacher. If the teacher has nothing to say; if he fails to stimulate a desire to seek knowledge, the whole system of education fails. So the problem of adequate teaching first gets the learner's atten-

# REVOLT IN THE AMERICAN COLLEGES

By NORMAN STUDER

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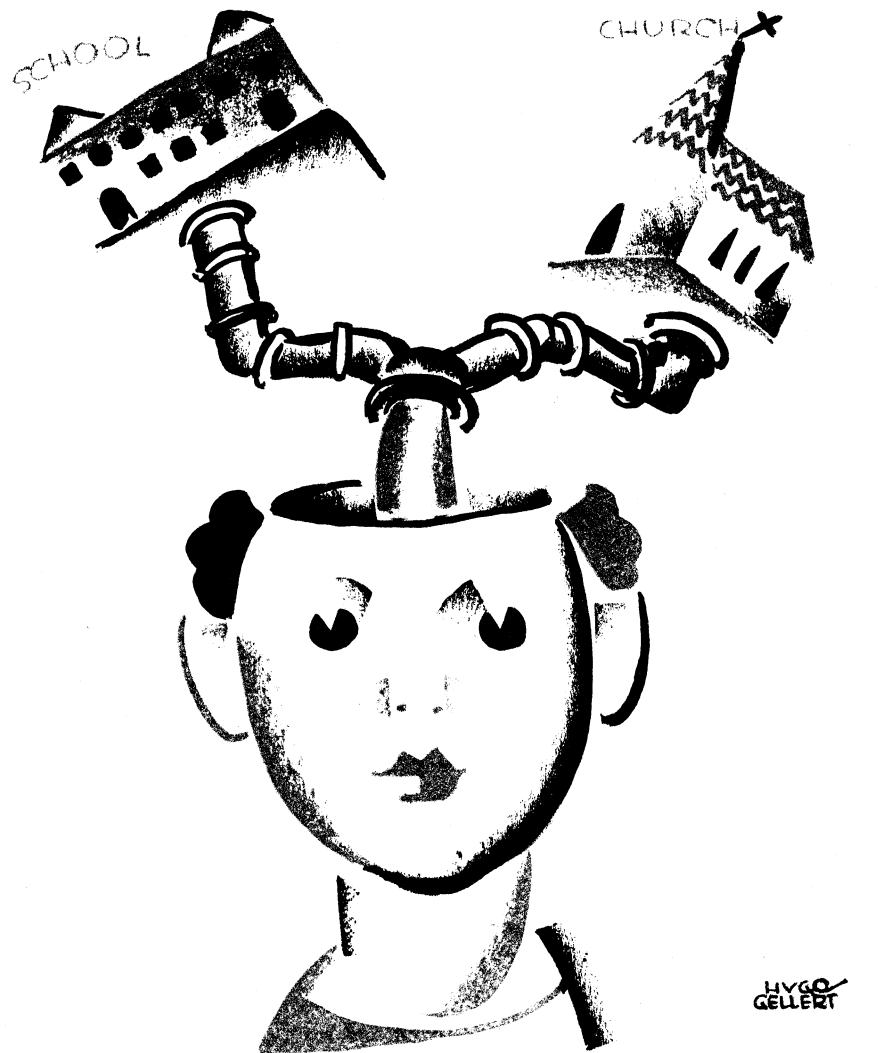
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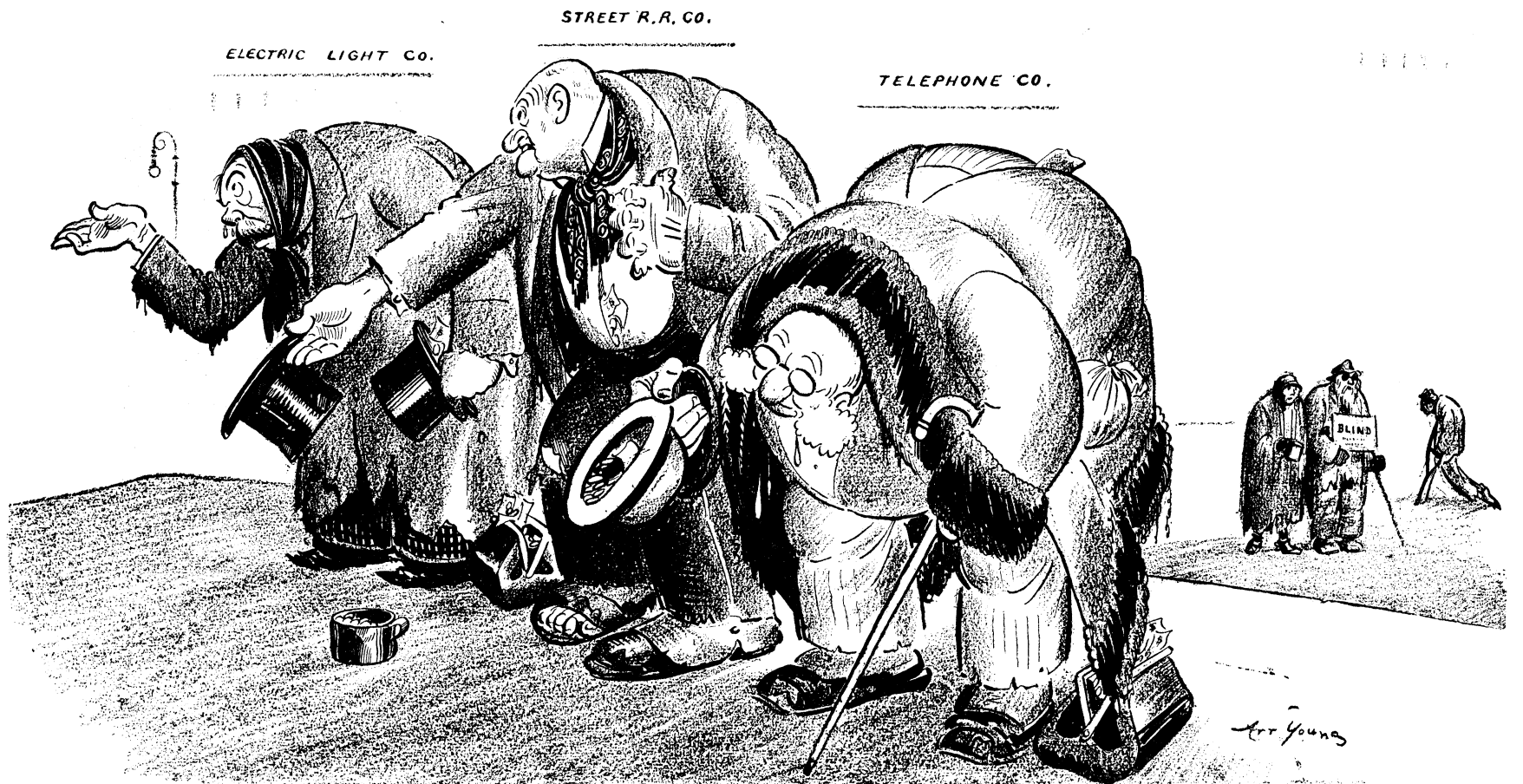
BOBRITSKY  
DRAWING BY BOBRITSKY

STEADY THERE!

MAN ALOFT: Gee! I feel dizzy!

SECOND MAN ALOFT: Me too, I nearly stepped off. This modern art's got me lookin' squintyed.





BEGGARS

DRAWING BY ART YOUNG

## RETURN of the NATIVE by SCOTT NEARING

AFTER two months in Moscow, Kharkov, Rostov, Tiflis, Baku and other cities and villages of Soviet Russia, I have just plunged back into Boston, Providence, New York, New Haven, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago. I am a little dazed. The difference between the two civilizations is profound; a brief taste of life in Soviet Russia has made it necessary for me to re-learn the art of living in my native land, "democratic" America.

Gradually I have been getting my bearings, partly assisted by the press, partly through contacts in various parts of the country. The stench of the Rhinelander case lingers here and there; the Stillmans sail for Europe, photographed, interviewed, described, quoted, and followed by a landslide of scandalous conjecture; the Salm baby sleeps at Palm Beach one day; on the morrow it obliges the tabloid press by crying a little; an enterprising reporter actually sees the tears in its semi-noble, 50 per-cent American eyes, and writes a whole column to commemorate the historic event. The entire country sits in judgment on Countess Cathcart's moral turpitude, waiting avidly for "close-up" details.

There's no place like home. I see that the Bernard Gimbels, American merchant princes with a sense of humor, give a private ball at the Miami Biltmore Country Club to nearly 500 people. The immense ball-room is turned into a Treasure Island, recalling Stevenson's novel in detail. On one side a pirate hut is erected, concealing the treasure chest; the room is decorated with tropical foliage and Spanish festoons; the buccaneers of American commerce, industry and finance indulge

in the luxury of wearing appropriate buccaneer costumes.

*Home, home, sweet, sweet home!*

Here are the Prince and Princess Oblensky sailing for Europe on the Aquitania, announcing plans to return next fall and build a palatial residence at Rhinebeck, Dutchess County, New York; their estate will extend over 99 acres. This Princess Oblensky was formerly Alice Muriel Astor, the daughter of the late John Jacob Astor and the present Lady Ribblesdale. Three years ago, on coming of age, Alice Muriel Astor Princess Oblensky secured complete possession of the five-million-dollar trust fund set aside for her by her father. This fund, by the normal processes of our wage-slave civilization has "greatly increased in value since his death." Mr. Alice Muriel Astor (to wit: the Prince Serge Platonovitch Oblensky Neledinsky Meletsky) is a descendant of one of the oldest families in Czarist Russia. His

first wife, whom he divorced in 1923, was a daughter of Czar Alexander III.

Descendants of New York real-estate sharks and Czarist landlords will build a summer palace on the Hudson. Why not on the Volga, the Dneiper, the Don? Impossible. That isn't done in Red Russia. I am more than home; I am home from the first workers' republic.

### II

The contrast persists. After a strike of six months, 158,000 miners are beaten back to work under an agreement giving the operators the "right" to reduce wages once a year, while the miners give up the right to strike. This agreement runs to 1930. Passaic policemen beat up textile strikers; New York policemen arrest striking furriers; a Massachusetts court sentences a Lithuanian editor for criticising the capitalist system. I am getting used to the fact that I am back in America;

not my America, but certainly the America of Prince and Princess Oblensky, of the anthracite operators, of the Passaic mill owners and the fur manufacturers of New York.

The legislature at Albany won't let me forget where I am. Democratic and Republican politicians view with alarm the 219 labor bills pending in the senate and assembly. The manufacturers of the state have been protesting against the proposed bills; they see "grave peril in the 48 hour law" for women and children in industry. If that bill is passed, the manufacturers (so they threaten) will move their business to the "free" state of Pennsylvania.

Meantime the American labor aristocracy dances behind the coat-tails of capital. It acquiesces in labor banks, labor housing, labor insurance, the B. & O. plan; it still believes in capitalist legislatures, and spends time and money lobbying at Albany and at other state capitals.

My country 'tis of thee; sweet land of a leisure class running treasure-island balls and throwing bathtub parties; of thee I sing, and thy skilled, organized, comfortable labor aristocracy defending the wage-slave system with all its might, while 6/7 of the workers—unorganized, underpaid, defenseless—are toiling in dirty factories, or pounding the streets looking for work, or striking for the right to exist among thy rocks and rills.

This is Judge Gary's America; Standard Oil America; Wall Street America; Florida-boom America; the land that Henry Ford would convert

(Continued on page 30)

### ADVICE TO HAMLETS

Do not answer, today or any day  
Hamlet's indecent stirring of that pool  
Of sense whereon we float and play.  
"To be or not to be?"—let any fool  
Who wishes chew these absolutes  
Which do not tempt the cleaner brutes.  
When I was young I greatly sinned  
By such-like swallowing of wind;  
Now I am simple as a rabbit,  
A creature of sagacious habit  
Who eats his cabbage leaf and doesn't bother  
Explaining why, but eats another.

James Rorty

STREET R.R. CO.

ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.

TELEPHONE CO.



BEGGARS

DRAWING BY ART YOUNG

# THE FIVE DOLLAR GUY—A STORY

By WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

ALL the forenoon I had been thinking, returning to it and having it submerged again as more pressing matters were thrown over it by the tide: To put down, to find and to put down some small, primary thing, to begin low down so that all the color and the smell should be in it—plainly seen and sensed,—solidly stated—with this we should begin to have a literature; but we must begin low. It is not to write intriguingly, to fabricate a fascinating tissue of words (so I had been thinking) but to get down to one word where that is fastened upon the object, and so to begin to write—some plain phase: that would be story enough. But I did not then know how strange the common object seems when it is stripped naked before eyes freed from that artifice of seeing which concern for a clever literature enforces. . . .

She was washing clothes in the sink. It was the second floor of one of these quick up, back street places, a home. There was a big middle room outside of which the stairs ran down to the street door. From this bare-floored center containing a coal range and a small oil stove for quick service, there branched out two bedrooms, a small laundry place containing tubs and the sink—before which the blond haired woman had stood—and a front parlor, closed in winter—where they had kept the fern for me one night. My goodness, is that you? she said. You always come at the wrong time. She wiped her hands on her apron. The baby has just had his bath and has gone to sleep. I suppose you want to look at his belly button.

Her elder daughter, three, who looked exactly like the husband with his half closed docile eyes, was standing at her side. The second daughter, clownish, always grinning like a half wit, but clever as a clown, was probably asleep in the closed bed room. We walked into the other bedroom—the scene of the confinement a week before. There she fished up the baby from the bundle it was in in the dark corner of the bed and began talking as she undid it. How are you getting on? I said. Oh, I'm all right except I get a little dizzy sometimes. But the old man is out of work again and Ma had to go home. I'm all right if I keep on working, but if I stop I get dizzy. Then breaking off, she said, I wish that sister of mine would have another. I hate to see only one kid in a family. It isn't right. She says if she could have them as easy as I do she wouldn't mind. The second one is usually easier, I told her. Sure it is, you don't have two the same. Well, maybe she'll have one whether she wants it or not, I interposed. You're right, she may,—if she keeps on fooling with those boarders they have in the house the way she does. The way she carries on with those two fellows, making up to them, makes me sick at my stomach. Good for her, I said. Yea?

Say, I'm going sporting myself pretty soon, she continued. What are you going to do with the kids? I asked

her. Oh, I'll get Ma to come down here some day and mind them. She knows I got a fella but she thinks I'm only fooling. I'm going out for a joy ride on one of those Mex Pet trucks. Say, you'd laugh yourself sick to see him. The house in which she lived was on a blind street near the railroad with a filling station for the Mex Pet Gas and Oil Co. at the end of it. There were several large tanks flanked by a row of old willows with a soccer field adjacent where the employees of the nearby Standard Bleachery Company—mostly Scotch—played football on Sundays and holidays. All the gas trucks passed her window—shaking the house heavily as they did so. Well, I said, it's a good thing to have a load of gas behind you when you go for a joy ride. What d'ye mean? she laughed raising her voice shrilly. You can take that two ways, she said. All right, I answered her, I mean it that way.

He's too old, she concluded, turning up her nose jokingly. (Clown is right, for that second youngster, from the mother's side.) How old is he? Thirty-two. Old! I said. Why he's not even ripe yet. Wait till he gets to forty. You're older than that, she corrected. Forty-two, I said. And your birthday is September 17, ain't that

right? I smiled and assented, pleased. She had given me a palm once on my birthday. Thirty-two is just a young man. She shook her head. No.

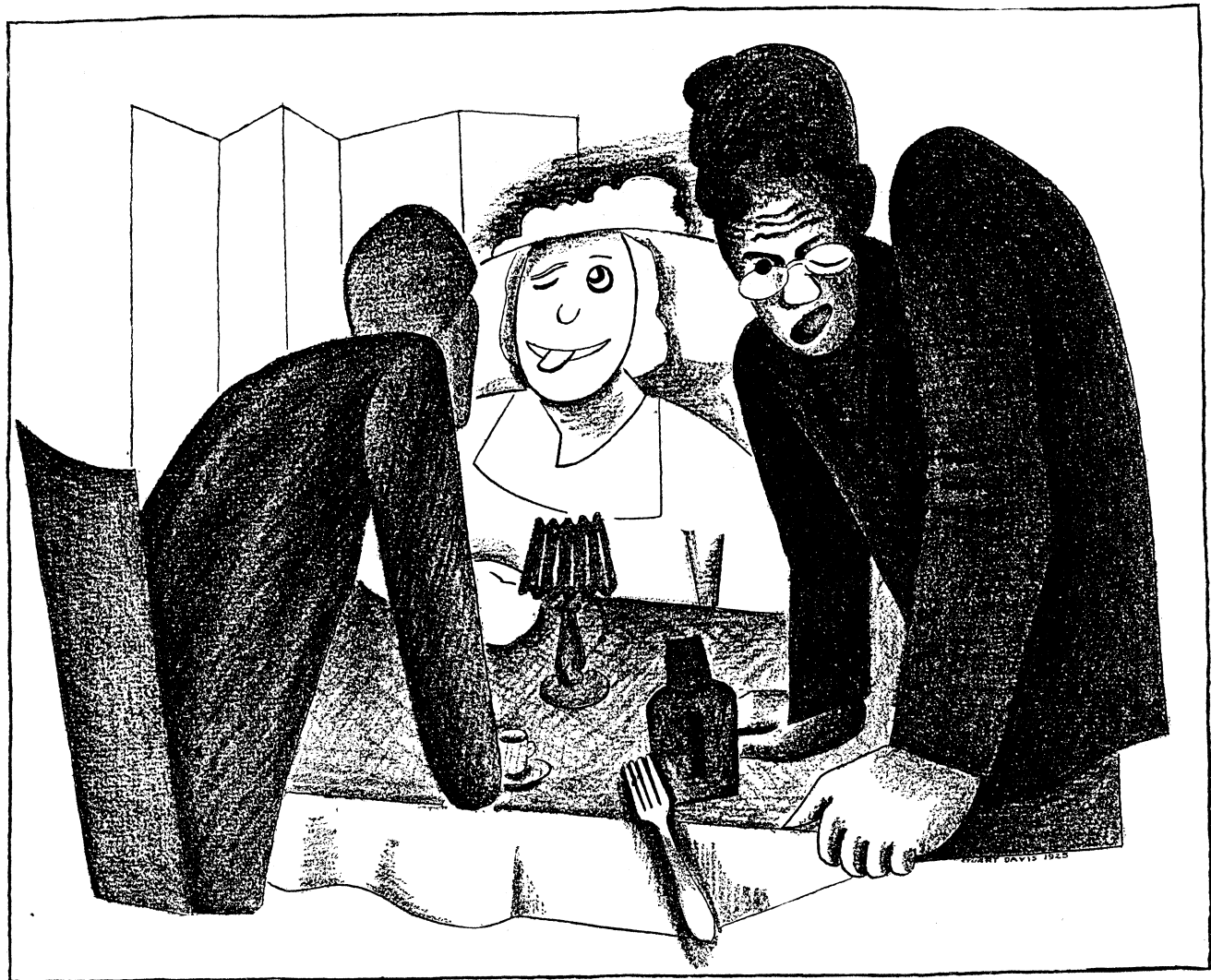
You should see him, she added laughing and doubling herself over in mockery, he's big, a big German fella. He's married—and she looked at me a moment—he's got a wife older than himself. She weighs 165 pounds: they haven't got any kids. He's the half brother, or something of the sort, to the Boss down there. I don't know what—they both have the same mother but different fathers. Henwood, that's the boss. But this guy. He's so bashful he blushes every time I talk to him. I sure will have to give him a good bringing up before I take him out. But he's nice though. So you think he's too old, I reverted pensively. But she was tricky. Try and find out if she means it.

I was standing looking out of the side window down on the yard below. It thrilled me to see it. Nothing seemed more common or more bizarre. It flashed across my mind, what I had been thinking all morning.

It flashed across my mind that here it was, the inexplicable, exquisite, vulgar thing—rarest of the rare in the imagination, the trodden and defeated atmosphere of perfection. All while

she continued to talk and to laugh and to blush with clownish pleasure and excitement, in her after-maternity-exaltation and release-to-enjoyment, I stood with overcoat and hat on in that uncarpeted room watching that yard unfold its grave and comical secrets: On a long slat-back yellow bench—exhalation of what atmosphere I could not guess—not even a nigger church—a bench fifteen feet long standing before a heap of weather-beaten boards, a bench of most exquisitely worn yellow in that colorless yard—upon this bench lay sleeping a large white mongrel covered with that curly, silky hair of a little poodle so prized by the poor. I say there lay upon this bench a large dog of that luxuriously long, silky hair loved by the poor, coat of their favorite dog since nowhere else in their experience is there to be found such another soft, delicate texture of richness—but a dog pure white only once or twice yearly, when washed. Upon this bench, leashed and sleeping was a large, soiled, silky-haired dog, mongrel breed of some waddling poodle and whatever he had found not too big for him in some field or alley nearby: the narrow yard of the ramshackle house next door.

All about the dog the ground was  
(Continued on page 29)



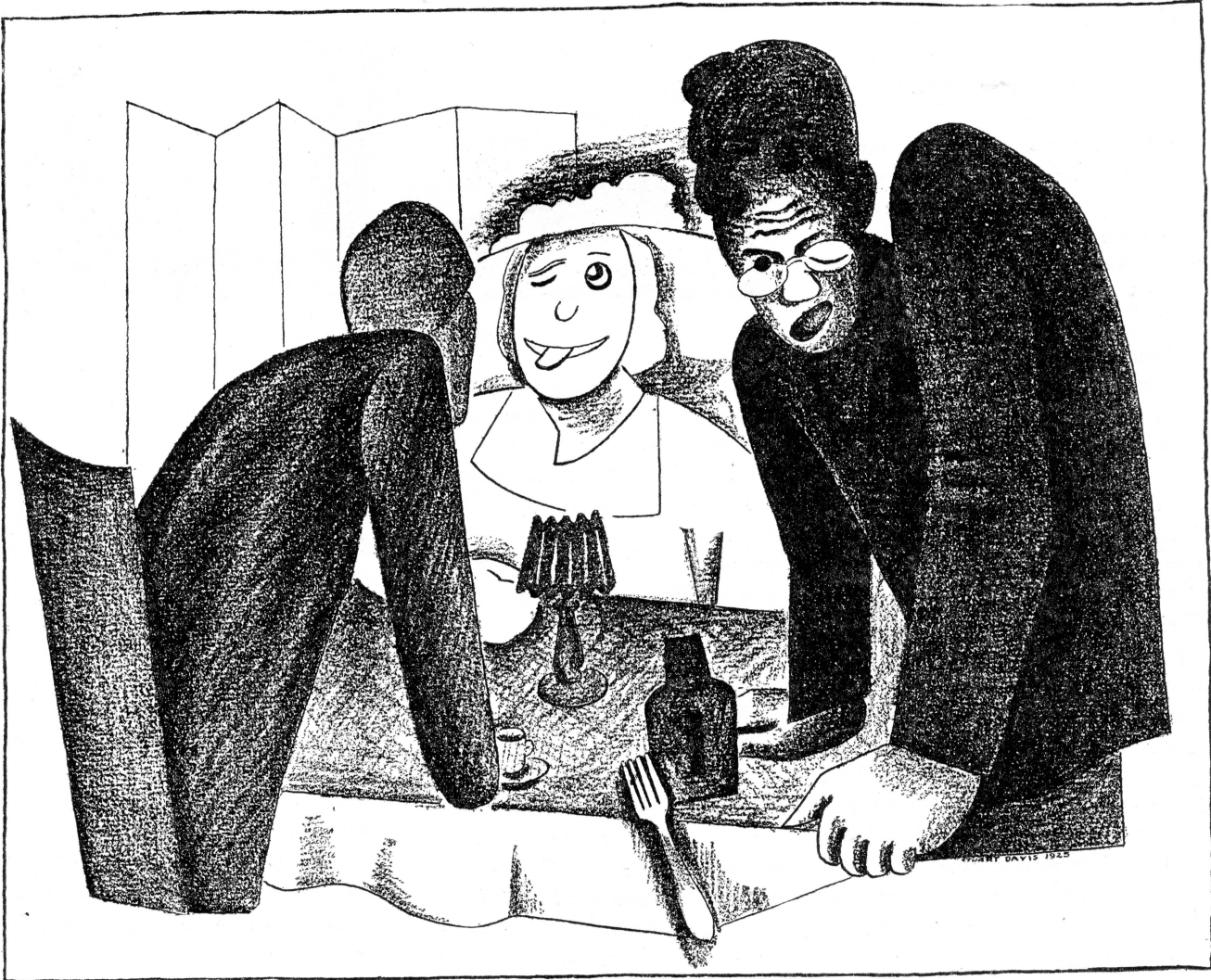
DRAWING BY STUART DAVIS

## SYNTHETIC REVOLUTIONISTS

FIRST INTELLECTUAL: What the radical moosh-ment needsh ish Inttell'g'nce!

SECOND INTELLECTUAL: Thash it! But ain't we intell'g'nt? What good's it do?

SHE-INTELLECTUAL: Gimme 'nuther drink!



DRAWING BY STUART DAVIS

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# THE WAR of CULTURES by M. H. HEDGES

AN EDITORIAL OFFICE.

AN EDITOR, *who derisively leans back in a swivel chair.*

A CONTRIBUTOR, *who sits on the edge of a straight-backed chair and clutches a rejected manuscript.*

EDITOR: My dear fellow, we must keep pace with the modern school, don't you know.

CONTRIBUTOR: I understand. Let one say, "Life has meaning," and you arise and remark, "Apple-sauce." Or let someone declare, "Art shall serve life," you take three turns about the room, and reply profoundly, "Apple-sauce." Or should one by chance assert, "We must have class-justice," you shout him down with "Apple-sauce." There's your modern school. Upon that foundation a magazine even greater than the American Mercury can be planted. And I confess you practice your capricious cynicism with a manner—I shall not say in the grand manner. Adhering to your school means, does it not, crying "pooh" at every sentiment and every generalization?

EDITOR: Oh, yes, convictions. You are right, we must have convictions, if we have to acquire them as we do new hats and new mistresses. By the way, I understand Mr. Coolidge has convictions—

CONTRIBUTOR: Which in one respect may differentiate him from the professional prostitutes of the press who write reviews; from members of the back-scratching coteries of Broadway; and yes, from some publishers.

EDITOR: And Mussolini? He too is reported to have convictions.

CONTRIBUTOR: And Debs, and John Reed, and Bertrand Russell. Convictions with a difference. They buy jail sentences with their convictions.

EDITOR: And Mr. Gary and General Atterbury.

CONTRIBUTOR: And Francisco Ferrer and Ralph Chaplin. Indeed, my dear mentor, it is convictions alone that create cultures and are creating them, though men without convictions may express them. The war of the classes is the war of cultures. And the hopeful thing about the situation is that the banker and industrialist are losing faith in their own culture. See how they seek to dress it up in the guise of the new: company unions simulate labor unions; customer ownership clowns as government ownership; and cynicism masks its own emptiness with a show of contempt for all ideas.

EDITOR: Hurrah for the new dogmatism—the new Presbyterianism.

CONTRIBUTOR: Hurrah for courage—for the will to believe—the will to live.

EDITOR: My dear fellow, you have graciously produced all the old Y. M. C. A. spell-binders, except ideals. Tell me, mustn't we have ideals, too?

CONTRIBUTOR: Yes, they are bet-

prosperity as you imply, my dear fellow, but dullness.

CONTRIBUTOR: Again I find myself in disagreement with you. The greatest foe of the artist is isolation and inbreeding. Greenwich Village is worse than Wall Street. The only hope of the artist—to bring him back

the memory of days of toil. As it is with O'Neill.

"The artist"—I quote Conrad from memory—"speaks to our capacity for delight and wonder, to the sense of mystery surrounding our lives; to our sense of pity and beauty and pain; to the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation—and to the subtle but invincible conviction of solidarity that knits together the loneliness of innumerable hearts in dreams, in joy, in sorrow, in aspirations, in illusions, in hope, in fear; which binds men to each other, which binds together all humanity—the dead to the living and the living to the unborn." "Which binds together all humanity"—Ah, there is a credo for you.

EDITOR: Is it so simple as that?

CONTRIBUTOR: Nothing is simple but flippancy, nor so difficult as sincerity.

EDITOR: And the moral?

CONTRIBUTOR: Of course, there is one. What passes for art in America is what has passed through the bored minds of unemployed young men, or through the jaded brains of the paid court-criers of our leisure class. Most of it is ashen to the taste, without hope or beauty, or dignity and restraint. It revolts those who sired it.

EDITOR: And so you are hymning paeans to a new art?

CONTRIBUTOR: I do not want to know what are the sensations of the pale, thin young man as he enters the bed-room of his mistress, but what are the sensations of the robust young man as he sees his strength sapped by the furnace's mouth. I do not want to know what are the sensations of the tired young man as he spends the millions left him by a noble duke of finance, but what are the sensations of the young rebel as he surveys the spectacle of human injustice. I do not want to know the sensations of the predatory individualist as he turns the screws of production up another notch, but what are the sensations of the defender of the common life as he painfully builds up the broken fabric of his labor union. I do not want to know the sensation of the romantic young parasite who has seen his illusions destroyed by his class. I want to know the sensations of the realistic young worker who has seen his destiny re-created by society.

EDITOR: In short, you want to exchange gayety for seriousness.

CONTRIBUTOR: No, like Bernard Shaw, I shall be gay because I am so dreadfully in earnest.



SATURDAY NIGHT

DRAWING BY WANDA GAG

ter than sneers. But you mistake me. I do not ask for artist-propagandists, but I demand artistic sincerity. Wait, perhaps we get it. Perhaps the Big-wigs of the literary world are like the drums of the Salvation Army: they give back their hollow music only when coins are tossed upon them. Perhaps they have nothing to say.

EDITOR: But oh if you propagandists had only their manner of saying it!

CONTRIBUTOR: Wrong again. You cannot treat verities cleverly. They admit of no such familiarity. I suppose men like Dreiser are condemned eternally to be less facile, less graceful than men like Nathan. Their material, their emotions, their vision of life—yes, their convictions lie heavy upon them, just as families harass and impede married men, and make them less interesting than bachelors.

EDITOR: Interesting—Ah, that is it. The only foe of the artist is not

from inanity and ineptitude—is contact with the masses. These feed his soul, and give him strength. Yes, these despised morons and yokels of Mr. Mencken, the swallows of flap-doodle—the unlightened 90 per cent. Oh, not because they seem morons, and yokels, and unlightened, but because of their manner of life. Their sweating travail is nearer reality than all the flashings of brilliant wit around ivory towers. Tolstoy heard their agony; and Rolland; and Hamsun. No artist worthy of the name has been a half day's journey removed from the people.

EDITOR: To recapitulate: Are you actually going to tell me that there is not only a proletarian art, but a proletarian style—

CONTRIBUTOR: I should rather say—a tempo. Proletarian art catches its rhythm from the ground-swell of the masses. Take Conrad, even Conrad. The substance of his art is

# THREE POEMS

BY HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

## YOU WELL MIGHT FORGET THE ARTS

You well might forget the arts—  
The singer his voluting aria;  
The painter his convenient pallet and easel;  
The poet his musical measuring apparatus,  
The strophe and whatever of spondees and dactyls . . .  
Whose voice shall induce the silence to answer you?  
Is your impatient pen slower or swifter than the tides or rivers in being true?

Measure! Let there be none of your contriving.  
The heights and depths you need not play with;  
They are as they were.  
And truth does not blink, or suffer arterial alteration  
Because you have invented a new technique in measuring your words.  
You might better forget that you are artists.  
The name's a power to poison.

Look up!  
Watch the little mountain rivers as they go—  
A falling silent thunder of white over invisible rocks. . . .  
Only as they must—with ease, with a grace unmeasured . . .  
Only as they must  
Because they have not willed to curve and flow into any measure of grace.

You might better forget to be artists, remembering these.

## ALIEN DESIRE

The sun speaks slow silence  
Communicating itself without effort  
To red apples and men.  
A direct eye-flash; pulses bound together  
In such words.  
Rather than speech, movement;  
Rather than movement, being, in change.  
This is the word of truth!  
Why will I be forever limiting what verily is,  
Interpreting with applied littlenesses?  
I am inclined to know this body and mind and soul—  
This undetachable self—  
Could read the riddling sun  
But for this alien desire for speech  
That strikes it dumb and blind  
Beneath the great unhurried circling silences.

## SOFT LITTLE WOMEN

Soft little unrebelling women  
Who wait your lords with meekly opening knees  
In the thronged littleness of four walls—  
One day, even you will know  
There are great winds over pine forests,  
And, what was never whispered till yesterday,  
Women grown great and liberal as these.

## COAL IS CHEAPER NOW

"MY mister was the best coal loader in the pit. Nobody could load coal like my mister," the blonde wife, mother of six children, said with pride. But now the doctor tells her that her mister's backbone is dislocated and rotten and that he may live one year, two years, three years, but he'll never load coal again.

The superintendent wants the house back—a company house. He's told them to move but they won't do it. Where will they go? Hadn't the mister worked four times for the company in the seven years past. And it wasn't his fault he got hurt.

The mister himself came in: the wreck of a tremendous man, not so tall but so broad shouldered. He came in walking stiffly. A little boy grabbed his arm. He winced with pain. He wears a steel jacket, fitting up to a band about his head.

It happened two years ago. He was a shot firer but the company didn't give him proper safety materials—the right powder. His life was endangered and he was violating the law. He complained so much that the company put him to digging coal—a much cheaper job.

Then the company gave him no



DRAWING BY LOUIS LOZOWICK

STEEL GIRDERS

timber man and hardly any timber. He was working in nine and a half foot coal with slatey roof. It took big strong timbers and two men to put them in, but he had to work with small pieces of timber and by himself.

He pleaded desperately. Timbers cost money, he was told by the assistant foreman.

"I'll be killed," he kept on pleading.

"I can get ten men to take your place," the assistant foreman answered.

The man talked slowly and seemed to be living over the fear and agony. He had been very much afraid. But he had no money to move his furniture and his children; so he took a chance.

The cross bar or timber overhead that he was trying to put up unaided came down. Another timber fell and so did slate. Everything went dark. When he came to, he had to drag himself for two hours to the shaft. No car was given him to ride up in. Finally the foreman stopped the coal loading long enough to take the injured worker up.

Then the company doctor, saying it was nothing much, telling him in a few days to go back to work.

After months his own doctor and an X-ray, and after a year \$48 a month compensation with back compensation, and some of this money going for rent! He pays no rent now but he has to pay the company for coal he burns.

The man seems to be no radical. He is telling the truth. He ponders at his own fate. He doesn't know the com-

penation law but he knows it's unjust, the whole treatment.

As he talked the old mother-in-law broke out shrilling. She was a ghastly-looking creature with rotting teeth. The companies, she says, don't care anything about you after they get the work out of you. Her man is in the hospital of the nearest large town and he may be dead in a few days.

He was a coke worker, stood in front of an oven for years and the heat cooked him. The doctors in the hospital stuck a knife into his hip and no blood came.

We went to another house down the street to see an injured Negro, the crippled mister telling us to watch out for the police.

The Negro was a beautifully built miner. He had had his left forearm crushed in a jam between two coal cars. He drew a diagram to show how it happened. His horse was pulling five or six cars and rounding a sharp curve, over flooded tracks. He lost control and his arm somehow got jammed between the cars and brake.

His wife is furious: "Makin' my man drive a horse! He don't know gee from haw. I'd like to tell that boss man what I think."

The miner has to haul out his own coal with horses, a new rule, eliminating the wage of the driver who used to stand by and wait. The company has to pay nothing for this work, the miner getting paid only for coal he actually loads; so his wages stop while he drives.

Art Shields



DRAWING BY LOUIS LOZOWICK

STEEL GIRDERS



DRAWING BY LOUIS LOZOWICK

STEEL GIRDERS



## THE MECHANICAL BALLET AND THE NEW ENCHANTMENT

THE girl on the swing is a pendulum oscillating perpendicularly to the audience. Her swinging strikes the key rhythm of something totally new in the art of the motion picture. So do whirling pots and pans, shuffling feet, dynamos in action, merry-go-rounds, casts of legs with pretty garters strung beneath the kneejoint, eyes, pie plates, straw hats, breasts, shoes, bottles, spinning disks and a triangle and circle who do an eccentric dance admirably. The percussion of a lonely drum and the wailing of a saxophone furnish a crude jazz and gamin accompaniment.

The film is the Ballet Mechanique, created by Dudley Murphy, a young American director, and Fernand Leger, founder of abstractionism with Picasso, Bracque, Gleizes and Metzinger, whose recent paintings were exhibited at the Anderson Galleries this season under the auspices of the Societe Anonyme.

There is no story. The actors can be found on most of Mr. Woolworth's counters, or in our stately pleasure parks, or in power houses, factories and city streets. There was not even a WORLD PREMIERE and the Swanson girl remained unglorified. The occasion was the first exhibition of experimental films under the auspices of a new organization, the Film Associates.

What we saw was the motion picture conceived as a separate and distinct art, an attempt to present a "pure" movie, whose drama should be the thrill of dynamics and which should at every moment acknowledge the mechanical nature of its origins. It is anomalous that the art of the motion picture, born of the cold logic of the machine and operating under its inhuman laws, should strive so desperately and absurdly to be human, to be illogical. For that, we have literature, we have the drama. Seeking to tell a story, to depict a drama, the art of the motion picture can but usurp poorly the provinces of other arts. Ideally considered, at any rate, it can have nothing to do with these provinces. It can develop only under the laws of mechanics which give it life.

There is the human drama of the ten thousand and one individuals who crowd the white way each night in quest of diverse annihilations. But there is also the mechanical drama of the white way itself, in which these ten thousand and one are but a single unit, whirling with the traffic, the dancing electric lights, the mounting skyscrapers within the swirl of the all embracing night.

Something of this was inferred in the Murphy-Leger film. It was not a work of art; it was a laboratory experiment, unintegrated, casual, suggestive of the vast and exciting future of the motion picture. It was—risking a broad parallel—a primitive *comedia del arte* of the motion picture. Seen, of course, without sentiment which cannot be an attribute of the mechanical. As when the female torso, revolving under double exposure, showed now the beautiful and proper breast, now—

presto changeo—the improper and disconcerting carbuncle on the shoulder, though it was the same human breast all the time, merely pure of the glow of sentiment.

But my dear, the good lady protested, are we still living in healthy old United States? We are, sweet chuck, and I think there is no fear of the mechanical ballet causing Adolph Zukor grave consternation or the Paramount Corporation to crash on Wall Street. At the best, we shall have compromise, which is the way of art with a public.

This compromise was offered on the same bill in *The New Enchantment*. It was proposed as "a striking example of what a synthesis of the arts can accomplish in the service of the modern cinema. The vision of an indigenous cinematographic art calling upon the efforts of France's modern artists has been realized for the first time. A modern musician, Darius Milhaud; a modern scene painter, Fernand Leger; a modern architect, Mallet-Stevens; a celebrated actress, Georgette LeBlanc-Maeterlinck; and the world-famous Paul Poiret have united to make a moving picture holiday for those who are weary of Hollywood."

But there was no synthesis and the holiday was incomplete. The story was the sorriest claptrap. If Darius Milhaud scored the music, does James Joyce read copy for the *Ladies' Home Journal*? What remained and what was after all of importance was some remarkable photography of a speeding automobile and some equally remarkable and dynamic sets by Leger. The new enchantment is science. It was, certainly, in the interior of the laboratory under the spell of Leger's imagination. But that was all. As a synthesis, the French film was at no point the equal of *The Last Laugh*. The holiday was afforded by the English translation of the French captions, which must have been done by an innocent Frenchman under the spell of a French-English dictionary.

If we are to have valid compromises, there must be no single counterfeit coin.

Edwin Seaver

### NEW MASSES SUSTAINING FUND

The launching of the NEW MASSES was delayed until sufficient funds were in hand to assure the publication of the magazine for at least a year. Our budget, however, is so small that both our business and our editorial staffs are unduly handicapped. We want to "prospect" actively for first-rate articles. This takes time and money. We want to staff adequately our circulation promotion department so that as soon as possible we may make the magazine self-sustaining. This takes more capital than we now have at our disposal. We are therefore undertaking to raise an additional sustaining fund of \$5,000 during the current year. Will you contribute to this small quota? Will you endeavor to interest your friends? Make checks payable to the NEW MASSES, 39 West 8th Street, New York City.



DRAWING BY HANS STENDEL

GO-GETTER'S HOLIDAY

## RAILROAD YARDS

(Long Island City)

They stand side by side in the cut,  
In the deep, grassy-sloped cut,—  
The electric-engines with their power shut.  
The sun pours down: no shadows jut  
Across the man-scooped hillside: no stones abut,  
And we see that none abut.

Stand side by side on the tracks,  
Like whales with black, water-gleamy backs,  
Waiting hands to touch off the leaping starts, the power-impacts.

The drivers lean in each door,  
In the front of each engine, and seem to store  
The autumnal wind; each a drawer—  
In of the wind as it laps each pore;—  
Breathing the wind to feed the central heat, his vital and consuming core.

One sprawls in the grass,  
His buttocks grass-buried; pressed on the grass  
With his arms and the small of his back; one thigh high, one laid  
along the grass;

Waiting for time to pass  
Around him and past him and over and thru the grass;—

Waiting to race  
Over the dark-gathering space,  
Thru diminishing space.  
Motion and space that abet  
Each one's power to forfeit all things met  
And known and left. Leaving life a pure jet  
Of power, an onset  
And swing of motion thru the darkness without stay or let:  
With only the delicate human hands set  
Motionless above the controls, as a threat.

Whittaker Chambers

## BLAME THE MUSE

*Words for the Chisel*, by Genevieve Taggard. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.00.

THE world asks of the poet what it asks of any other creator. It asks order. It asks victories. It cannot derive solace and sustenance from the obscure records of trial and error, the griefs and perplexities that go on in the laboratory of the poet's life, as in all lives. It demands that the poet issue from that laboratory with true and personal discoveries, with a powerfully ordered experience—a new world.

For some reason no new world emerges from the pages of Miss Taggard's new collection, although the genuineness of her talent is again manifest. Instead we have rather stagey parables made for the little theatre of provincial poetry societies in New York and points west. According to the standards of that theatre they are excellent, as for example:

### DOOMSDAY MORNING

*Deaf to God who calls and walks  
Until the earth aches with his tread,  
Summoning the sulky dead,  
We'll wedge and stiffen under rocks,  
Or be mistaken for a stone,  
And signal as children do, "Lie low",  
Wait and wait for God to go.*

*The risen will think we slumber on  
Like slug-a-beds. When they have gone,  
Trooped up before the Judgment throne—  
We in the vacant earth alone—  
Abandoned by ambitious souls,  
And deaf to God who calls and walks  
Like an engine overhead  
Driving the dishevelled dead,—  
We will rise and crack the ground  
Tear the roots and heave the rocks,  
And billow the new surface where God  
walks,*

*And God will listen to the sound  
And know that lovers are below  
Working havoc till they creep  
Together from their sundered sleep.  
Then end, world! Let your final darkness  
fall!  
And God may call, and call, and call.*

It is Miss Taggard's distinction, however, that she continually invites the application of higher standards. Why is it that she never quite measures up to these standards? May one perhaps blame that old offender, "The Muse"?

Probably nothing has done quite so much harm to poets as the romantic concepts of "poet" and "poetry." Once let a poet feel the itch of the laurel on his brow and he straightway turns perverse. Instead of loving the real world of earth, sky, animals and other human creatures and expressing his love in simple direct speech, he loves that grotesque papier-mache imposture

### NO TALLER THAN A CROSS

One who is really one is more than two . . .  
When the Jewish writer banished marriage from heaven,  
He answered as well for the kingdom of heaven on earth.  
If there is loneliness, how can it be undone  
By doubling it and putting it to bed  
For a little moment, or a month or year,  
Or as long as a lie can last happily told?  
O children, no longer than a bed, no taller than a cross,  
There is no such thing as marriage nor ever will be,  
Unless we are so enamoured of the grave  
As to smother ourselves with earth before we die.

Witter Bynner

"The Muse." What is this Muse anyway? It is a word, as sterile and lifeless as any other word. The poet, wrapped in his mystic singing robes, goes in unto that word. What transpires in the inner temple nobody knows except the Word and the poet. In due time, however, the poet comes forth leading by the hand a string of little words. They are far from robust, these children. In fact most of them are suspiciously pale and rickety. Yet these, we are told, are poetry.

They aren't. They can't be. They are just words. You may call them *Words for the Chisel* if you like, but they are words just the same, and all their swank and clatter avails comparatively little.

Genuine poetic form, including the sculptural form to which Miss Taggard aspires, flowers inevitably from the seed of genuine emotion which has been understood, surpassed, and objectivated. No external manipulation of the language can create it any more than science can achieve the miracle of physiological life.

"Poppy Juice", the long poem which gives the title to the first section, is one of Miss Taggard's few attempts at objective narrative. It is the story of a Kanaka hula dancer and opium peddler, married to a Swedish sailor, somewhat sentimentalized and mannered in the telling. Yet in many respects it is the best thing Miss Taggard has done. It is especially refreshing as a rest and change from the "Moods of Women" which fill most of the book. So many of these moods are either obscure or sentimental—one can't decide which. For example:

### TO ALMOST ANYONE

*You are too wise, too wise, I want  
A lover not so chill, so sure.  
I might make verses for a taunt  
To turn you bold and burn you pure—  
So sane you are, so faintly brave . . .*

*Go get yourself a cosy grave!*

From this one recoils hastily back to "Poppy Juice." Yes, it is better. Perhaps it marks a genuine departure. Maybe Miss Taggard is on her way to the world. One hopes so, and by way of being helpful one may be permitted to pray devoutly for the death of the Muse; for the abolition of poetry societies; for a social revolution that will effectively discourage precious "moods."

James Rorty

## \$ DIPLOMACY \$

By Scott Nearing and Joseph Freeman. Viking Press, N. Y. \$2.50.

Everytime I hear a Congressman or the President of a Central Trades and Labor Council talking about the Idealism of this he'ah Great Republic I snicker. I can't help it. I have read Joseph Freeman and Scott Nearing—and have verified some of their several thousand references. It's a cool and crisp exposure of the way our business concessionaires carry on overseas. And it is laid on a broad economic understanding of where this country is headed.

The congressmen and the labor flag-wavers who talk about the Palladium of our liberties will not read this book. They ought to. For it describes America as she is, the American Empire as it operates. And that phrase is no longer a phrase. The American Empire is a fact of major importance and dollar diplomacy is its *modus operandi*. With a billion dollars going abroad annually to bolster up republics and social democracies and

If you think the authors are stretching the story—and I assure you they are not—I assign as supplementary reading the following publication—170 pages and a big map—issued by the Government Printing Office in Washington—Title, "The United States Navy as an Industrial Asset," subtitle, "What the Navy Has Done for Industry and Commerce." If you don't believe what Nearing and Freeman have written on their pages 124-150, for example, read what the Office of the Naval Intelligence reports on page 8 of its serviceable booklet:

*"More recent examples of the Navy's breaking ground for American commerce are afforded by the diplomatic and other efforts of the Navy in Santo Domingo and Haiti. For many years, especially in Haiti, there had existed such an unstable government as to render profitable trade with these countries very precarious. Naval forces, including, of course, marines, finally landed and established law and order just before the outbreak of the Great War. At the present time a brigadier general of the Marine Corps is high commissioner to Haiti . . . With the establishment of political stability, American commerce has been established with these countries on a considerable scale and gives promise of being greatly expanded."*

How they serve the natives with "law and order" is the story told in Dollar Diplomacy. For those who talk vaguely of Wall Street here's a check-up source for your generalizations. And a graph marking the first rumblings of the next war to Save Civilization and Disseminate American Idealism.

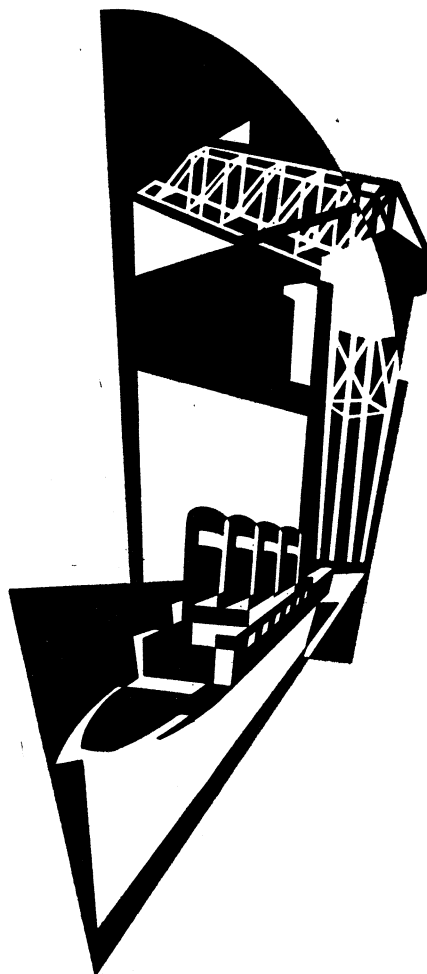
Robert Dunn

### REVOLT IN THE AMERICAN COLLEGES

(Continued from page 16)

enlarged success school." At Louisiana State University, *The Reveille* appeared recently with a blank editorial space in protest against "unjust, unreasonable" censorship by the president of the university.

What will the revolt of learners accomplish? Already it has done something towards freeing the academic atmosphere of unhealthy repression; towards establishing the right of youth to hold opinions and to learn to think by thinking. And it will have been eminently worth while if it succeeds in permanently capturing a portion of the college for the learners. Here they will pursue knowledge unbothered by petty rules, will publish an uncontrolled magazine of student opinion, will listen to professors who are pioneers in the arts and sciences. It will not matter so much, then, that the main business of the university is to turn out an ever-increasing yearly quota of polished morons.



DRAWING BY LOUIS LOZOWICK

naval and military dictatorships, with the bond houses placing their loans at from 7 to 8½—to yield even more, with the bonds secured by first mortgages on the very teeth fillings of the underlying population of these foreign provinces, imperialism with Wall Street at the apex, is no figure of speech. This volume tells us how far the flames have spread and suggests the next houses booked for the burning. The fire companies—where are they, you may ask. Squirting the conflagration with Standard Oil, with fire plugs in every port from Singapore to Sao Paulo.

# THEODORE DREISER AND THE AMERICAN NOVEL

*An American Tragedy*, by Theodore Dreiser. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$5.00.

For the convenience of classification it might be maintained that the bulk of contemporary American novels are the result of one of two processes: we have the novel of secretion and we have the novel of accretion. The former are in the majority. Most first novels are such, and perhaps the longer short stories of Sherwood Anderson are their prototype. Mr. Anderson is reported once to have said that he simply had to write or he should have gone crazy. Surely here we have as praiseworthy an incentive to authorship as may be found in our naughty world. The only trouble is that once sanity is insured by the catharsis of a book there is no further propulsion to write. The author must wait patiently until he is again on the brink of insanity before he can secrete another novel. The result can at best be only a refinement of the means of secretion—or rather, expression. There can be no real progression, no further revelation of form, no satisfactory approach to the totality of life.

The novel of accretion is a more difficult undertaking. It presupposes at least the existence of an objective world, confusing as that world may be in all its complexity, and implies a reality greater than the sum of its interpretations. The interpretation may be tragic or comic in accordance with the way the writer has marshalled his facts and in tune with the temper of his insight which informs these facts. But the very recognition that there is a complex objective reality to be grasped and synthesized in comprehensive form implies the function of the novelist as artist. So that the novel of accretion is at least the germinal of a work of art, whereas the novel of secretion, of self-expression is at best only a lyrical pattern, at worst a psychoanalyst's holiday.

The works of Theodore Dreiser are our splendid examples of the novel of accretion. Dreiser cannot, by any stretch of critical folly, be termed a complete creator, master of his medium and possessor of the full creative imagination. He belongs, we might rather say, to the glacial period of American literature. For not unlike a glacier he moves ponderously across the American scene, pulling up forests here, mountains there, digging deep gorges in a third place. And when he has withdrawn we can at least say: here is the impress of a powerful hand. The landscape is no longer the same. Dreiser has impressed upon it his rude passion.

That Dreiser has expressed at various intervals an incoherent philosophy in harmony with the religion of our great country is, I think, of comparatively little importance. Dreiser was and will always be in part that curious bird, the newspaper man. Such fauna are used to seeing life unsteadily and in pieces and there arises from their hurried observation a cynicism that is nine-tenths sentimentality. Even so, if Dreiser's newspaper philosophy were the measure of his novels, it would have

to be considered importantly. Such was certainly the case of *A Book About Myself* and the result was not particularly engrossing. But the fact is that Dreiser is sufficient artist to recognize life as greater than his ideas. Else there could be no pity and no terror. Else there could be no American tragedy.

To conceive life in terms of an American tragedy is in itself an achievement! Tragedy implies at least

close to the facts of the case, this is of course an oddity in contemporary fiction but it is not necessarily a literary crime. When a creator can regiment those facts as does Dreiser in a devastating chain of consequences and with the propulsion of poetic necessity, it becomes a magnificent achievement.

It is in Book III that we find the flaw in Dreiser's method, or rather his lack of complete method. Here the instinct of the good newspaper man

mate moment of his birth under the shadow of the electric chair.

*An American Tragedy* is a novel of significance for Theodore Dreiser and for contemporary American literature. For Dreiser it marks a definite advance over his previous novels, a firmer grasp of structure, a sense of omniscience above the hot conflicts of life, a recognition of the quickening value of tragedy. He has outgrown, though not entirely, the tendency to



NEW YORK STREETS

DRAWING BY OTTO SOGLOW

a conception of man as the unhappy victim of environment, of circumstances, of "a break . . . an original sin." There are tears for things. If life is conceived merely as the counterplay of blind forces, the crest and the slough of desire and again the crest, there can be no victory, no defeat, no real comedy, no real tragedy. Tragedy, in other words, implies the human approach to existence and, shelving the cold laws of inevitability, weeps for the cruel humiliation of disaster.

It has been pointed out that the story of Dreiser's new novel is the story of that crime which flooded our newspapers in the summer of 1906, when Chester Gillette murdered Grace Brown, that Dreiser has followed Gillette's history very closely and has even reproduced the original letters of Grace Brown almost to the word. This might at first seem quite distressing, for Book II of Dreiser's novel, containing those details leading up to the murder and the murder itself, and those terrible, broken letters of Roberta Alden, is surely the most deeply moving, the most passionately conceived and executed book of the three that make up the novel. I think we can credit Dreiser with recognizing these letters as literature in themselves and incapable of improvement. Certainly they jibe in no way with the created character of Roberta Alden. As for his holding

assumes the role of the bad novelist. The bloodhounds of justice and their infallible cunning in tracking the criminal, the political feud involved in the cynical travesty of an open trial, the feature story of the poor old mother's heroic fight to save her son from death—all this was too much for the professional news writer. Fortunately, Dreiser recovers in time to give us Clyde Griffiths once again in the moment of his disintegration under the torture of the death house and the ulti-

sacrifice the unity of legend for the complexity of life. The values of Dreiser's advance can in turn afford nourishment to our young novelists. Our American novel today stands still upon the painted sea of factualism or sprawls on the sands of self-expression. Dreiser alone of the older men has grown; he alone offers the novel as a living structure strong enough to support the reality of America and its people.

Edwin Seaver

## THE BATTLE OF PASSAIC

(Continued from page 14)

where the great dye works are. Quietly two by two they marched, through the country roads. The procession a mile long and the police of Lodi received them without clubs. They marched past the Lodi works and wound across the fields, along curving lines of singing men and women. There was quiet, strength and purpose about this great procession.

The light that was lighted in Passaic is spreading; it has gone to Lodi and tied up the dye works. It has gone to East Paterson. The great dyeing plants that dye the silk of the country are striking.

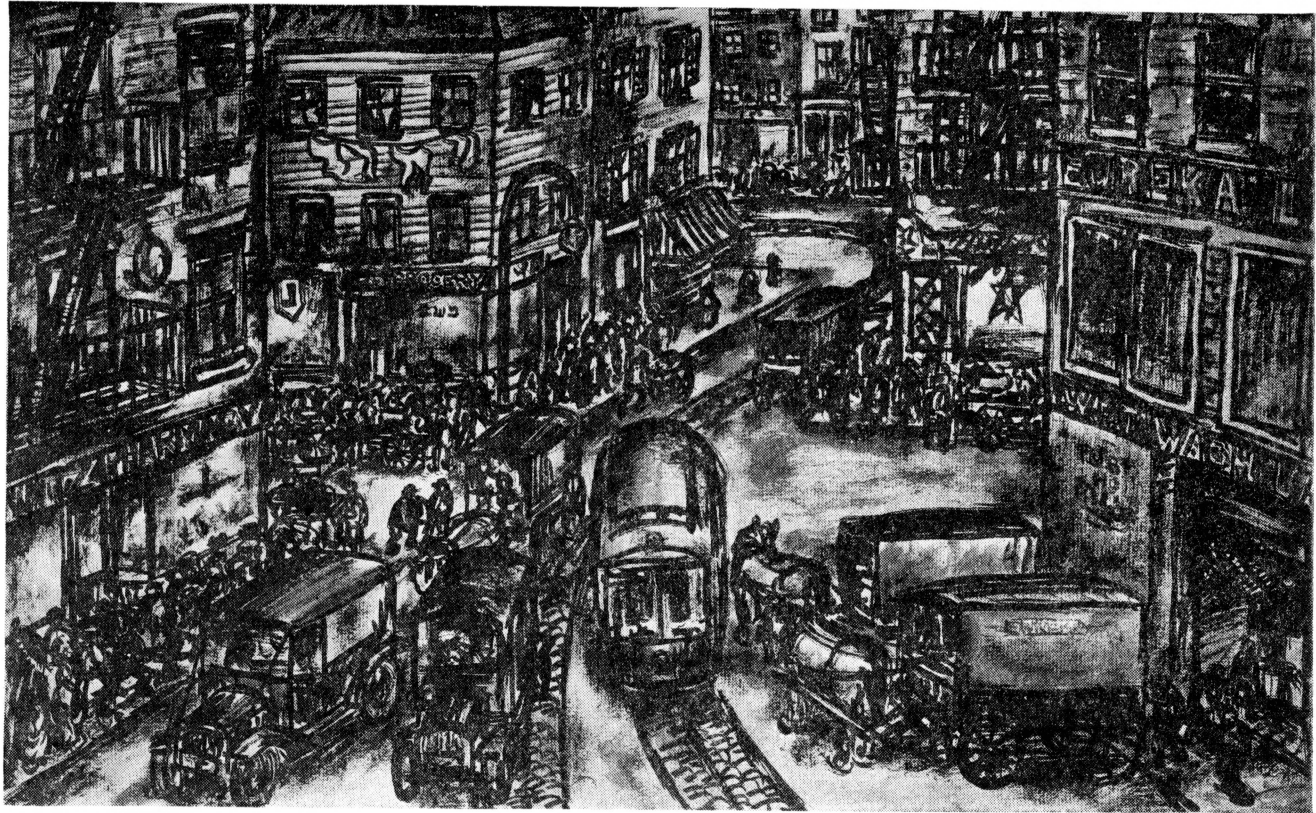
Then the Paterson strikers marched on Washington. Frank P. Walsh, Joint Chairman of the War Labor

Board, Chairman of the Industrial Relations Commission, is their counsel. They asked for a Congressional investigation of the textile industry. They went to the White House to ask for another industrial relations investigation, but the President would not see them. In the office of Secretary of Labor James J. Davis, they reiterated their willingness to settle the strike, and refused the terms offered by the mill owners, which meant breaking the strike, since the first step the mill owners demanded was that the workers return to work. Meantime, the workers in Paterson are stirring; the silk workers in Paterson demand wage increases. Lawrence and Providence, and the entire textile industry, look toward the flame that burns in Passaic.



NEW YORK STREETS

DRAWING BY OTTO SOGLOW



NEW YORK STREETS

DRAWING BY OTTO SOGLOW

# JOHN SHERMAN'S PROGRESS by ROBERT DUNN

(Continued from page 8)

in-industry propaganda, reveals it as a consistently anti-union, strikebreaking organization. The facts have been recorded partly in public documents. They may be summarized with a view to showing the true purposes of this agency and the dozens like it now operating against the organized workers in American industry:

A few years ago Sherman advertised a booklet bearing the title, "Industry, Society and the Human Element." We list the subdivisions of the chapter on the "Sherman Strike-breaking Service." "Plants shut down; Strikers affiliate; Enter Sherman Service; Method of Operation; Mill Opens; Workers Imported; Proper Protection; Housing the Workers; Conveying the Workers; No Change in Situation; Importation Continues; Inside Secret Service; Outside Secret Service; Some Strikers Return; Arrests Made; More Workers Return; Recruited Workers Remain; Conference Refused; Strike Declared Off; Result—After Strike Service; Harmonization; Organization Efforts; Disunionizing of Workers; Meeting Dates Extended; Finale."

What is the Finale? We read, "The strike is a thing of the past." So is the union.

This is probably the frankest manual of strike-breaking ever issued. And besides being extraordinary advertising copy, it is a true story of almost any strike in which Sherman participates. It is, in fact, an autobiography of the Service. But for some reason discretion proved the better part of advertising. This booklet was withdrawn from circulation and is no longer obtainable.

## CHAPTER VII

In the great Steel Strike of 1919, Sherman's invisible evangelists continued to "correct employee attitudes." One of the instructions to them ran as follows: "We want you to stir up as much bad feeling as you possibly can between the Serbians and Italians. Spread data among the Serbians that the Italians are going back to work. Call up every question that you can in reference to racial hatred between these two nationalities . . . Urge them to go back to work or the Italians will get their jobs."

"Man engineering" was illustrated also in the statement of a Sherman official instructing a prospective operative at the time: "There is enough ammunition in the plant of the Illinois Steel Company at South Chicago to shoot down every worker like a dog." For its pains in breaking this strike, the Chicago office of the Sherman Service was raided by the State's Attorney and its officers indicted, but the cases never came to trial.

Other emissaries of mental resanitation, harmonization and personnel service on the Sherman payroll have been caught and identified within recent years in strikes at Lawrence, Mass., Stafford Springs, Conn., Staten Island, Milwaukee, Philadelphia and Detroit. One of the "employee acceptance"

promoters suggested in the Lawrence strike of 1919 that "We ought to take the machine gun and turn it on the police."

Mr. Sherman boasts of many large and satisfied clients. The American Woolen Co., the Bell Telephone Co., the Kirschbaum Clothing Co., the S. S. White Dental Co., the Sperry Gyroscope Co., the New Bedford Cotton Manufacturers' Association, have used him at one time or another in connection with strikes and other situations demanding "conciliations, peace and harmony, good will, efficiency and mutual productivity," as well as "the stability of our national structure," to use the phrases of the copy writers of this prince of espionage. No matter what the situation may be the treatment is labelled "constructive." As a Sherman Vice President on the stand in a suit in Philadelphia put it:

"We send representatives into a plant (where there is trouble) and through us they endeavor to instruct the workers along constructive instead of destructive lines. They try to point out to them what the teaching of the radical agitator, bolshevik, socialist or whatever you may want to term them, will bring them to."

Right-thinking, new thought, positive thought and reconstructed thought—all are Sherman expressions. In hazy words this industrial hypnotist sketches what he is trying to get over to his prospective client. Such as the following: "The worth of the thing is what must be considered first and its *understandability* carefully taught is the Big Job." (Italics always his.)

## CHAPTER VIII

Yes, but the very best people employ him. Mr. Coolidge's intimate, Mr. Butler, Senator from Massachusetts, has been served very adequately at one time or another by Sherman. Some years ago when Mr. Butler was the president and active head of the New Bedford Cotton Manufacturers' Association, this Co-ordination and Rehabilitation Bureau did him quite a bit of work for a very handsome consideration, certainly not under \$50,000 a year. Indeed, the Sherman office in return for this piece of coin composed a very pretty speech which a labor official—a Sherman operative—one of the representatives of the New Bedford Textile Council, recited before the hearings on the Fordney-McCumber Tariff bill in Congress, stating to the legislators that the bill would be a boon to the textile workers of New Bedford. In addition, the agency served up various and sundry reports to Mr. Butler secured from the under-cover operations of some twenty-five members of textile unions who received their \$40 per week from Mr. Sherman. Mr. Butler was kept constantly informed as to who the active union leaders were, how large the "radical element" had become, and what the feelings of the workers would be were another wage cut proposed, and whether it could be

put over without causing a strike. The Sherman agency prepared a file of the "radicals" in the mills and on Mr. Butler's instructions turned these over to the local Department of Justice agents, during the days of the deportations delirium. A Sherman man also made a midnight visit, breaking and entering the office of the New Bedford local of the I. W. W. and destroying its property. The story released to the press, through another Sherman uplift agent, hinted that the American Legion, incensed at the presence of the wobblies, had done the work. Mr. Butler was well pleased with this job and the way it was handled. He at one time financed a two-months sales trip by a Sherman agent through the South to confer with millmen as to the advisability of installing the Sherman "attitude correction" service there.

Mr. Sherman being a millionaire does not fear exposure. Besides, his political connections, as the last paragraph would indicate, are of the best. His high-pressure, spat-wearing salesmen sell his SERVICE from one end of this country to the other. They consult with the personnel management fraternity and deliver speeches before seminary chapels, rotary clubs and schools of technology. The service issues a book entitled, "The Analysis of 439 Industrial Problems"—compiled by the industrial and technical research divisions of the company. Its advertising and contributed articles are spread over the pages of the fattest engineering and technical journals. The Service is ready, on a few hours' notice, to provide professional snoopers, overall-wearing stool pigeons, union-card-carrying *provocateurs* and an army of strike breakers from gutter and college classroom.

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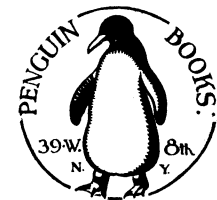
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30  
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## AROUND THE MAY-POLE

(Continued from page 9)

for the materialist conception of history. Trinity Church bells clang out the Internationale. Street cleaners and fat bourgeois ladies join arms and dance the Carmagnole.

In every factory the workers look out of the windows and long for strikes, picket-lines, excitement, sunlight and freedom.

What's the use, O Cops? All your prohibitions cannot lay the spirit of May Day. It's in the air; see the red Sun, how he thumbs his nose at you, and whistles a Bolshevik song between his fat lips.

And did you think by forbidding our parade you could prevent us from celebrating, too? When in our hearts every day is May Day, and every day we hear the bugles and drums, and see the red flags flying between the skyscrapers, and march with the tramp of the happy thousands, beholding the coal-grimed pinnacles of New York ablaze with the red flame of the world's emancipation?

Meditate on, O Hamlets of the pavement, O Cops, who alone are efficient on May Day. The labor problem has yet to be solved by you, Cops!

### 3. PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICAN

I know a man; he lives in the middle west, and he is a progressive Republican.

He is a good man. Fat and kind, he sits on his porch in a big rocking-chair, and fans himself comfortably, sniffing the morning-glories.

Nothing ruffles him; he is fat and sane. He is sad at times, but is practical, and a member of the Republican Party, where things get done.

Children love him; his wife worships him; his neighbors think he is the best neighbor in America.

He sees only the good in life.

Miners' women weep when their men are blown sky-high; when miners

are locked in death caves, to writhe in death like serpents, to wear their fingers down to bloody rags, clawing insanely through a 50-foot wall of coal-face.

Painters rot slow of lead cancer. Bakers cough into the dough at night, and burn with consumption.

Five million little American children work long hours in cotton mills and oyster sheds, are raped of life by the Republican party.

Textile workers earn twelve dollars a week and live with their wives and babies in lousy, filthy, stinking rat-holes.

The cruelest, hardest Republic yet riding the world, lassoed and put the brands on Haiti, Philippines, Cuba, Mexico and other small wild nations.

I remember that day when the Chamber of Commerce deliberately castrated, then hung and shot full of bullets the body of Wesley Everest, I. W. W. workingman and ex-soldier.

But he sits on his porch among the morning-glories, and is *just folks*.

He is sweet, ripe and cheerful; has a good word for everyone, a good man mellow as summer clover.

No enemy to anything. A neighbor. A man making enough money, with a calm, fat wife, who cooks for him fried chickens, biscuits, and gravy; mince pie, cheese rarebits, baked beans; and she knows, too, how to serve real coffee with real country cream.

He has never missed a meal in America, or needed a warm bed. A good man. Fat. Kind. American. Pink.

He means well. No enemy. A fog. A rocking-chair compromise.

Why do morning-glories give their sweetness to this gross, cowardly, middle-west Republican? He should be smelling prison-damp, or listening to the shrieks of dying miners.

Even though he has salved his fat conscience by being not a Republican, but PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICAN!

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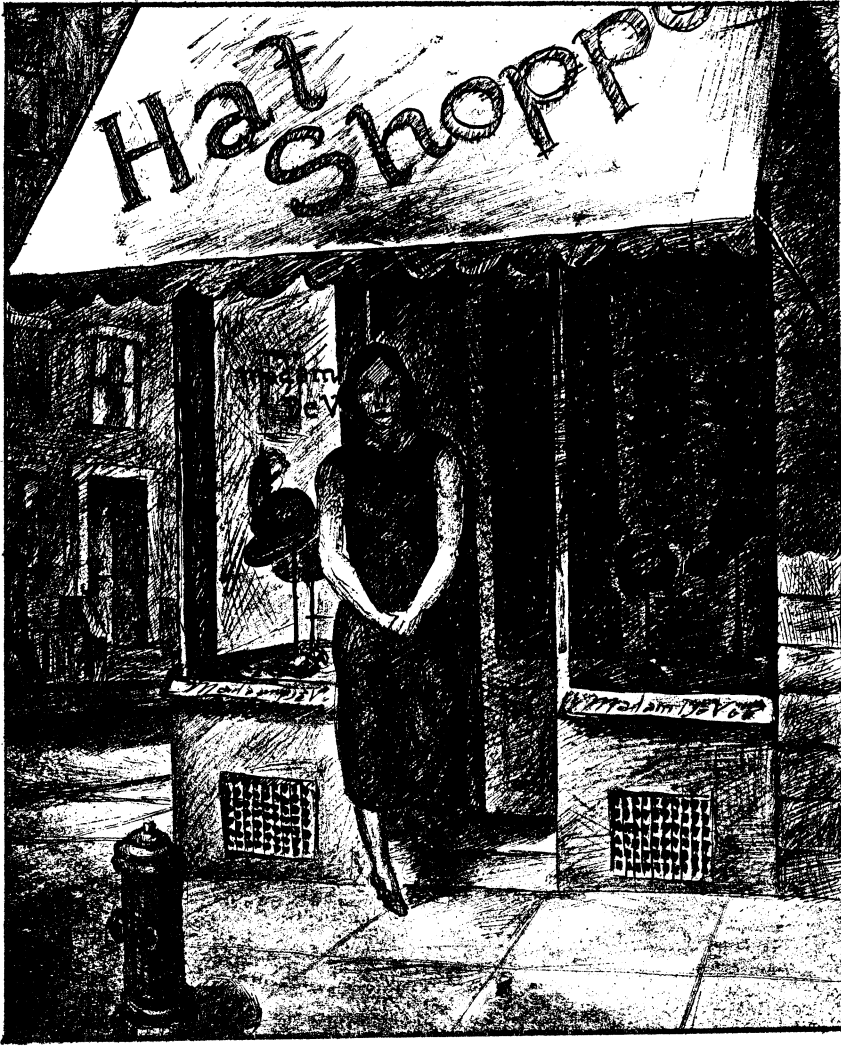
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MID-AFTERNOON

DRAWING BY F. S. HYND

## THE BUS-BOY

(Continued from page 13)

All lamps went out. It was day. The place was filled with office people. Office boys, and shipping clerks, and other clerks.

They ran in, hurriedly ordered, hurriedly ate, paid, and ran out again.

Grapefruit and oatmeal and coffee. Ham and eggs. Crullers and coffee.

There were more dishes in his tray. More trips to the kitchen. The dishwasher worked all the time, cigarette butt on his lower lip. The counter-man filled the order. The Greek rang up the cash.

Half past six. Another half an hour. In another half an hour he would sleep. Just time enough to find a hotel room. Then sleep.

The thought made him hurry a little. Picked up a dish, put it into the tray. Wiped the table. Next table.

He was hungry again too. But not as hungry as sleepy. He wanted sleep as much as . . . . He wanted sleep so . . . . Sleep.

Taking the dishes off the tables he thought about sleep. Slowly he would walk up the stairs. Slowly get into his room. Slowly to make it feel better. He would take his clothes off one by one.

Even fold them. Then . . . . He would push back the cover. One foot in. Another foot in.

Then he would get out of bed again and lower the shade to keep the day out.

In the darkness he would find the bed. Get in again. Put the cover high above his head. Close his eyes. And then . . . .

Ten to seven. It took so long. He would have to find a cheap room. Not more than forty cents. Not a bed but a room. It's good to sleep in a room. You sleep better.

Another dish. Another dish. A fork. A spoon. A knife. Into the tray. Wiped the table.

He was tired, but he didn't give a damn. He would sleep.

The Greek asked him if he wanted to eat. No, he didn't. His coat was on. The cap on his head. Here's a dollar. He ran out. The cold air struck him.

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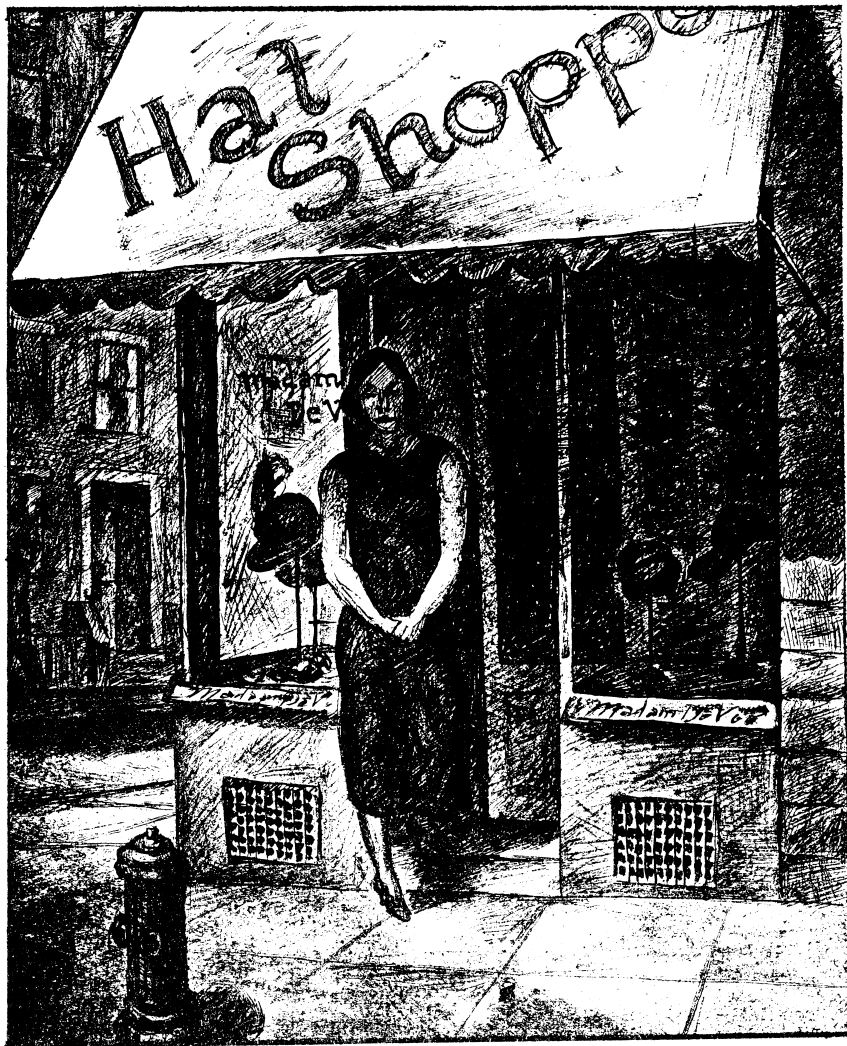
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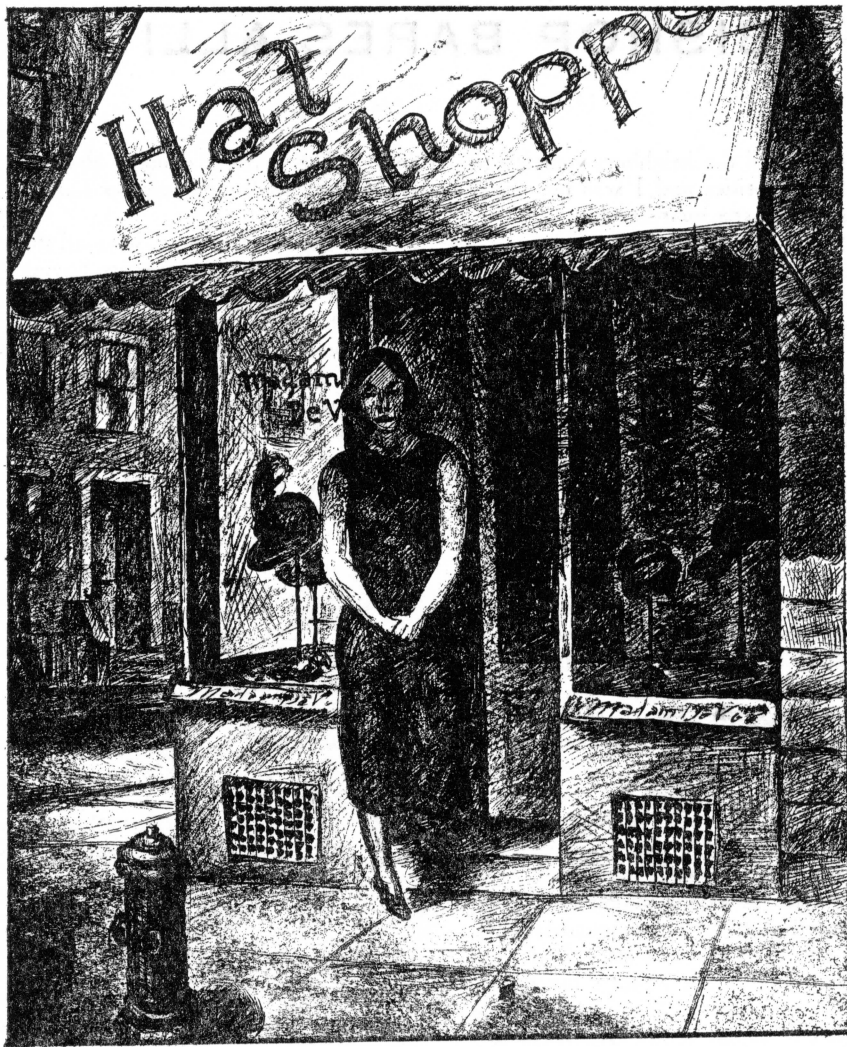
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**BISHOP BARES ALL!**

(Continued from page 11)

kept me until the neighbors complained to the authorities and I was put under a more humane guardianship.

And as for honesty leading to success, it was my honesty that got me into all this trouble with the church. They even tried me for it, and found me guilty. Guilty of honesty—the greatest of all crimes.

There is one thing in the magazine formula for success to which I am willing to agree. That is the matter of thrift. I could not have become wealthy, and I do not think any one could become wealthy, except for thrift.

But it was not my thrift which made me wealthy. It must have been the thrift of a couple of other fellows—a whole lot of other fellows, in fact. If anybody is going to pile up unearned wealth in the world as it is, it stands to reason that a lot of others must be going without it. So I gave due credit for thrift in this article of mine, but even then the magazines did not want it. That is one reason why I want to see a new magazine. I am disgusted with the old magazines; they will not take my articles. I do not expect to do much writing, but it will be great to know that there is one magazine which really wants to see things as they are, and knows a good thing when it sees it—as any article I submit is sure to be.

One thing in your prospectus especially appeals to me. You first declare that you will be nonpartisan and then you say you will take sides with labor as opposed to capital.

I like that. I like it because it sounds so inconsistent.

First, you set forth your honest theory about a magazine and then casually make the announcement that you do not intend to follow it.

That sounds so inconsistent that I suspect at once that you are stumbling on a great truth. It is a great truth. The great truth is that anyone who puts life ahead of every other consideration must take sides with labor. It is no accident that all the great artists are revolutionists. It is the law. It is the law of human nature. It is the law of life.

For labor is human life.

Capital, on the other hand, is just a thing.

A man may invest his capital in an enterprise, and then go away and leave it; but when a man invests his labor in an enterprise, he has to stay right there with it until the whistle blows.

That is the whole problem of the world today. It is the problem of society. It is the problem of industry. It is the problem of politics. And it is the problem of the church.

Shall human life dominate things, or shall things dominate human life?

Capital is a thing. Machines are things. Organized Government is a thing and the Church is a thing. The Creeds are things. Even the Bible is a thing.

The orthodox on all fronts demand that human life shall conform to these

things. The heretics demand that all these things shall conform to human life.

The orthodox, just now, have all the institutions; but the heretics are having all the fun. One of the funny things—one of the observations that I have found most amusing—is this:

When I was Bishop of Arkansas, and believed devoutly that human life should be made to conform to things, they called me spiritual. But when I once awoke to the idea that things should conform to human life, they called me a materialist.



JULIAN DE MISKEY

This should be a comfort to you. I called you religious and declared that you were going to get out a truly religious periodical. You did not like that, I know, but you need have no fear. If you really are religious in these days, there is little likelihood of the American public finding it out.

They will follow you in time, I am sure, for the American public is already beginning to hate the very name of religion.

Religious as I am, I am glad it is. For the name has been attached so long to dead ideas, dead institutions and dead creeds, that any outbreak of real religion is apt to call itself by some altogether different name.

It does not matter, of course, what we call it. It is not the name but the reality behind the name that counts. There is a magazine, I believe, called *Liberty*, and a Church which is called Christian and an America which is called free. But these are mere words. Only when we come to reverence realities, instead of words, can words have any meaning.

And if we do reverence realities instead of words, we shall of course be called irreverent.

I am looking forward fondly to a lot of this sort of irreverence on the part of the NEW MASSES. The more irreverent you are in that way, the better one bishop, at least, will like you. But he will not call it irreverence. He will recognize it as true reverence for the realities of life, only called irreverence by such blasphemous institutions as the Church and the State and the general run of our magazines are today. They blaspheme the divinest of all realities, human life, for they impiously want it to minister to institutions and to books and to things, instead of wanting them to minister to life.



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## THE FIVE DOLLAR GUY

(Continued from page 19)

trampled hard. It was bare. There were rows of broken and dead bean plants in the packed ground. At the back was a shack where one might shed chickens or, after them, a Ford. The Ford, flat-tired and written on the sides with witticisms half rubbed out, ROLLS ROUGH, the door hanging open, the hood of the engine flapping like a loose cap, the seat busted in and the stuffing showing—the Ford stood with the off wheels in the garden, sunken, abandoned. High in the air above, on a line, floated eight whitish squares of cloth, too small for sheets I thought, but sheets I suppose for all that; and there a wild cherry tree, with green and brown leaves, half stripped by the November wind. Rubbish had been pushed up to the sides against the low fences, if such they could be called; everything had been pushed sideways to the edges to make room in the center for—what? The ground was trampled. The dog was asleep.

Thirty-two is not old, I said. They're too quick when they're young, I said. She laughed out loud excitedly. I sure am going to take a ride some day soon, she said. Believe me, I'm going to get a truck myself, I answered her. Go on, she said. Who are you going to get to ride with you? I'll pick up someone, I said. Yea? You think that's easy, do you? It'll cost you something, if you've got the price. I thought she was going to ask me why I didn't use my own closed car, but she didn't. She only kept on saying: You think it's easy. They'll get to you right for it. I laughed and she did too. I've got to sit down, she said. I get dizzy. Then she went on, confidently but more for fun than anything:

I was walkin' down by the Mex Pet one night with this one, pointing to the silent child with its accusing eyes be-

side her—and he kept looking at her. Who do you mean? I said. The Boss. He lives in the old house back there. I knew what he was up to,—he kept making up to the kid but I knew he wanted to make up to me. Yea? I said. Pretty soon he says to her, Do you want to see the monkey? They got an ant-eater in a cage back there, they got from Mexico. Good night, I thought, with a thrill, An ant-eater! It's a pet. So he took us back of the garages where they keep the trucks. It was dark, imagine—he had to use a flashlight. He showed us everything. He showed us where they pump the oil in, all the valves, and all over the place. Then he says to me, Come on in the office, will you? What for? I says. I'll show you what for, he says. But I only laughed at him. What, I says, with the kid here? Aw, forget the kid a minute, he said. No, I got to go home and get supper for my old man, I says. Forget your old man, he says. Nothing doing, I said. I got another kid home now sleeping. Come on, he says. I'll give you five dollars if you'll come in. But I only laughed at him. We call him the five dollar guy. He wouldn't let me go. He kept on begging and pleading me to go in but I wouldn't do it. I tell Ma any time she wants five dollars to go down there and she can get it.

How old a man is he? I asked her.

He's forty-five, the old fool.

What does he say to you when you see him now, I said.

Oh, he don't say anything. I don't think he even knows who I am. If it had been a nigger he wouldn't have cared. It was so dark he couldn't even see me. He walks right by me and doesn't even notice me.

Attaboy, I laughed.

Go on home, she answered, shaking her apron at me and laughing.

### GRASSHOPPER

If a poor man go down a road singing,  
With pleasure in every note,  
There are many that would be wringing  
Such music away from his throat,

Thinking, what joy can he find,  
When we are all so sad  
For money-troubles, or those of another kind?  
Thinking, how dare he be glad?

It's a rank bad place to hold carouse  
To show what one's a-feeling,  
In the big house that isn't a house—  
The home with the blue ceiling.

For many there be to say that he's lazy—  
Old ones in carriages and cars;  
And the men in the fields will call him crazy,  
And wish he were behind bars.

It's a hard, hard time he'll have with his larking,  
If he gets out from under the yoke:  
Constables staring and dogs barking—  
The whole weight of a sad folk.

If a man from Mars were ever to stand  
Observing from each high steeple,  
He'd say this was a hell of a land,  
For this is a hell of a people.

George Sterling

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(Continued from page 18)

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People in Soviet Russia are not interested in your name or your family connections. They ask: **WHAT IS YOUR JOB?** They take it for granted that you belong to a union. They ask: *What is your trade? Where do you work? Whom do you represent? Are you a comrade?* These questions, and in that order, are repeated endlessly.

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### III

I recall a scene I saw in a teachers' club in central Russia. A dozen of the younger members were gathered in the social room. One group was making costumes for a pageant; another was preparing the next week's wall-newspaper, pasting, drawing and illuminating with excellent craftsmanship; a third group was gathered about the piano, where a lad of twenty played and sang a new ballad. The group joined in the choruses. The ballad told of a factory boy, fighting his way through the revolution and returning triumphant to marry his sweetheart. No individual wrote that ballad; words and music grew out of the mass revolutionary struggle.

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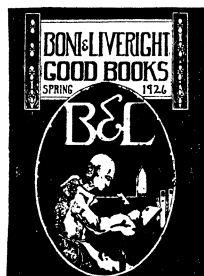
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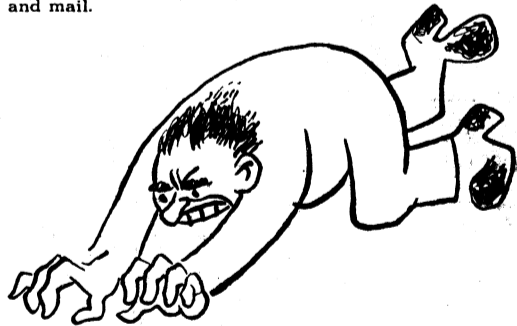
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