NEW MASSES

MARCH
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DEBATE

FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 8:15 P. M.

Scott Nearing

vs.

Norman Thomas

SUBJECT:

"COMMUNISM vs. SOCIALISM IN AMERICA"

Community Church

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NICARAGUA

THE NEW MASSES does not print long articles. This has been a steadfast rule with us until receipt of the article by Walter W. Liggett, which occupies several pages of the present issue. "The Truth About Nicaragua" is of such quality that we immediately decided that it must be made available to the readers of the NEW MASSES, no matter what rules had to be sacrificed.

No one will be sorry for this break in precedent. Liggett's story bristles with facts. Brutal facts. Startling facts. Illuminating facts. It is packed full of material the existence of which has been merely hinted at up to now. It bares the whole sordid tale of United States profit-imperialism in Nicaragua.

The author is a well known publicist and magazine writer who participated actively in the Non-Partisan League movement. While in the northwest he formed associations which led to close friendship with a number of the so-called progressive senators who have been active in the United States Senate investigating committees appointed to head off popular protest in connection with the 1911-1925 intervention in Nicaragua. Last summer he accompanied Senator Frazier and Brookhart on a speaking tour exposing marine rule in Nicaragua. He has been storing up facts, which are supplemented by independent investigations of his own.

Liggett's article sets forth the chronological sequence of crime and outrage in Nicaragua. If the character of the article were different it would give much more prominence to the Bryan-Chamorro treaty of 1914, which, far more than the inroads of private bankers, represents the essential key to the Nicaraguan situation. The Bryan-Chamorro treaty and the canal which is to be built across the territory of Nicaragua are the starting points for a proper appreciation of what American imperialism proposes to do in Nicaragua, and from Nicaragua southward, eastward, westward and northward.

"The pious platitudes" of President Coolidge at the Havana Conference do not fool any one in Latin America, though they may have their effect in the United States. Latin America knows through bitter experience that behind the piety are the bayonets, bombing planes and warships which have wrought havoc not only in Nicaragua but also in Haiti, Santo Domingo, Panama, etc., etc.

American liberals are accustomed to base their half-hearted attacks against the intervention in Nicaragua upon the circumstance that it is being carried on without a declaration of war by Congress. Our point of view is that of the revolutionary section of American labor, which unlike that of the liberals, cuts through the superficialities to the realities.

We do not believe that it is merely a private war of his own that Coolidge is putting over in Nicaragua, behind the back of Congress. The United States Senate adjourned abruptly for three days, by agreement of both the Democratic and Republican leaders, in order to prevent discussion on resolutions criticizing the President's policy in Nicaragua.

And now at Havana the central point of American policy is proved to be determined insistence, in the face of all Latin America, upon the right of United States intervention and police power in the western world. American Imperialism is not the accidental result of "blunders" or private scheming by this or that individual. It is the logical outcome of the rise to power of a financial oligarchy in the United States, with the government functioning as its military arm.

We do not share Liggett's worry over the "national dishonor" which the wanton assault upon Nicaragua has brought American imperialism. Let us not forget that the guns of authority have spoken in Colorado as well as in Nicaragua, and that the road to human progress in America lies not in the direction of the mirage of "national interests," but toward the mobilization of the workers and farmers against the dominant ruling class. That is the way to help Nicaragua, and to overthrow American imperialism.

Drawing by William Gropper

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 3 MARCH, 1928 NUMBER 11

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MARSTIN 438 PRESS

Not so Clever!

Dear NEW MASSES:

Have read Bob Dunn's review of my book. It is very good and should let considerable light in on this general subject. But I think it might be possible for some people to get the impression from the first paragraphs of the review that these skates are more clever than they are in reality. Some of them, such as Woll, Frey, Lewis, etc., are really quite clever, but most of them are insufferably stupid. I estimate that 98 per cent never read a book, except perhaps some trashy novel. All they possess is a sort of superficial trade knowledge picked up mostly in hobnobbing with the employers and the middle class with whom they fraternize.

I know that Bob is not trying to create this impression, but it is possible that some may get it. What do you think?

Fraternally yours,

William Z. Foster.

Drawing by William Gropper

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PROSPERITY AND THE BREADLINE

PROSPERITY AND THE BREADLINE

HAM AND YEGGS

THE TRUTH ABOUT NICARAGUA

By WALTER W. LIGGETT

Calvin Coolidge, opening the sixth session of the Pan-American Conference at Havana, declared that in its relations with neighboring Latin-American republics the United States was actuated only by the Golden Rule.

When he implied that for the past twenty years the United States government in its dealings with Cuba, Panama, Santo Domingo, Guatemala, Haiti and Nicaragua has followed the precepts of the gentle Nazarene, the mean faced little manikin from Massachusetts displayed a brazen, almost blasphemous, cynicism and revealed anew his appalling lack of moral and mental honesty.

The press of South and Central America refuted his words by citing case after case of unwarranted aggression on the part of the United States, while among the more intelligent journals of Europe Coolidge's sophomoric utterances were received with scarcely concealed scorn. And, even as Coolidge was dispensing pious platitudes at Havana and paying hypocritical lip service to the memories of George Washington and Simon Bolivar, American bombing planes were scattering death and terror over defenseless Nicaraguan villages; and American marines, in overwhelming numbers, were hunting down a pitiful handful of gallant Nicaraguan Liberals under Sandino who are fighting for the same principles of liberty and free government that our revolutionary forefathers fought for in 1776.

The Killers

For more than a year now, United States battleships have thronged every harbor in Nicaragua, and United States marines have fought pitched battles, devastated villages, destroyed agriculture, paralyzed commerce and ruthlessly thrust aside all guarantees of civil government in many parts of Nicaragua. The press agents of the Marine Corps "'boast" that more than 700 Nicaraguans have been slain.

It has been war—a hideously unequal conflict waged by "hard boiled" marines against a puzzled, peace loving population—a war prosecuted privately by Coolidge in defiance of the Constitution without consent of Congress or the approval of the American people. And if there were enough courageous members of Congress, or if the American people, apathetic, duped by the systematic lies of their press, had not lost every memory of true American tradition, Calvin Coolidge would be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors. Probably Coolidge will not be impeached, but he is morally guilty of unjustifiable murder and when the history of our times is written truthfully he will be called to account for his criminal conduct which has been actuated and carried on solely for the benefit of three wealthy Wall Street banking firms.

I shall name these firms presently; show in detail how in the past sixteen years they have reduced the tiny but once sovereign republic of Nicaragua to the status of a Wall Street protectorate; looted its public funds; instigated revolution after revolution which in the aggregate have taken a heavy toll of human life; and exploited unhappy Nicaragua in much the same manner that Imperial Rome ruled its conquered provinces.

Started by Taft

It is a long, sordid story of greed, intrigue, treachery and unrestrained violence. United States consuls have not only encouraged but actually aided revolutions to further the financial interests of certain Wall Street banks. One former Secretary of State had huge financial interests at stake. The United States Government has acted not only as a debt collector but as a bond broker, and influential officials in the State Department, after conducting these dirty deals, on at least two occasions have then resigned and found employment with the bankers they benefited. And our President—the sanctimonious Calvin—has sacrificed at least seven hundred lives, squandered countless millions from our public treasury, and cost our country the goodwill of all South and Central America merely so that certain of his Wall Street backers may finally fasten their financial tentacles about the unfortunate Nicaraguan nation and suck it dry. We have dealt harshly enough with Haiti, Santo Domingo and other Caribbean republics, but our treatment of Nicaragua is the most disgraceful chapter of our long course of "dollar diplomacy" and every real American who knows the whole ghastly history of this crime must hang his head in shame over the new depths of national dishonor to which we have been dragged by this wretched little Oliver Twist who was boosted into the back window of the White House to open the door to the burglars of Big Business.

The United States began its present cycle of interference in Nicaragua in 1909, when Philander C. Knox was Secretary of State under Taft, and it is very illuminating to know that Knox was the largest stockholder in the La Luz and Los Angeles Mining Company which held the mineral concessions over an area of 6,000 square miles. Henry Fletcher, now Ambassador to Italy, and then a minor official in the State Department, also was a heavy stockholder.

Drawing by William Gropper

This company had a dispute with the Nicaraguan government over the amount of royalties it was to pay. The merits of the dispute are obscure, but it is known that President Zelaya of Nicaragua—the stormy petrel of Central America—was considering cancelling the concession. There also had been a strike in the Nicaraguan banana fields which Zelaya did not suppress with sufficient vigor to please American fruit interests. Word was soon whispered around that Zelaya must go.

According to the sworn statements of Thomas P. Moffat, then U. S. Consul in Nicaragua, testifying before a subcommittee of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the United States Senate on January 26th, 1927, both American investors and United States naval officers stationed in Nicaragua played an active part in promoting the revolution started by General Estrada which unseated Zelaya. Mr. Moffat admits he had advance information that the revolution would take place and so informed the State Department by cable a day before hostilities broke out.

Advance News

Let us quote Mr. Moffat. On page 34 of the hearings on Senate Resolution 15, of the Sixty-Ninth Congress, he says:

"Now, it had been rumored in Bluefields—Estrada and Diaz told me that some of our naval officers had said 'Now some of the Americans up home are not satisfied with some of the concessions that are being interfered with, and Zelaya, they think, ought to be put out. They would be very glad to see him go out.'

"And Estrada said he asked, 'Well, what would be the attitude of the American government? Would the revolution be supported or not?'

"And they told him to go ahead: 'You will get support'."

The revolution which broke out promptly on the schedule announced by Consul Moffat, did not make much headway. Zelaya defeated Estrada's rebels and was on the point of capturing Bluefields. Estrada then appealed for the landing of United States marines on the alleged ground that he could not protect foreign interests—which were not threatened—and when Moffat cabled to the State Department 400 marines were promptly landed and established a neutral zone about Bluefields. Later President Taft sent Consul Moffat $40,000 to feed the soldiers of Estrada's defeated army. The United States also withdrew recognition from Zelaya.

Zelaya, evidently feeling it useless to buck the United States, retired and Dr. Jose Madriz, a jurist who had headed the Central American Court of Justice, was elected by Congress as his successor. Whatever valid objections the United States may have had against Zelaya certainly could not apply to Madriz. He was generally esteemed throughout Central America. Nevertheless Estrada, financed by American money, continued the revolt.

Enter Davison

Marines remained in Nicaragua, frequently interfering with the military operations of Madriz's forces, and on August 20, 1910, General Estrada entered the capital, proclaimed himself provisional president, and asked the official recognition of the United States.

Before according recognition, however, the State Department requested its fair haired boy, Thomas Dawson, then minister to Panama —he had been influential in the Panama revolution which Roosevelt engineered to avoid paying Colombia for the canal rights—to proceed to Nicaragua and reach an understanding with Estrada on the policy of the new government toward American investors (Secretary of State Knox included, presumably).

Dawson conferred with Estrada and his leaders and induced them to sign a pact whereby they agreed to maintain public order; to speedily elect a constitutional assembly;

Drawing by William Gropper

to adopt a constitution; to elect a president legally; and it also undertook to negotiate a loan from the United States to be secured by customs receipts for the purpose of paying all unliquidated public claims by means of a mixed claims commission to be appointed jointly with the United States. (When the Mixed Claims Commission was appointed it consisted of two Americans and one Nicaraguan.)

At this juncture Adolfo Diaz, now holding power in Nicaragua, first appeared in the picture. He had been a clerk in the La Luz and Los Angeles Mining Company at a salary of $1200 a year. Surely not a prominent man, but evidently he enjoyed the confidence of his employer, Secretary of State Knox. Perhaps it was his extraordinary thrift—alway a quality admired by our capitalists—which first won him attention. Although his salary was small and he had no independent means, Adolfo Diaz advanced $600,000 towards the revolution which deposed Zelaya. As a matter of fact the money was put up by American investors, but later Diaz repayed himself out of the Nicaraguan treasury.

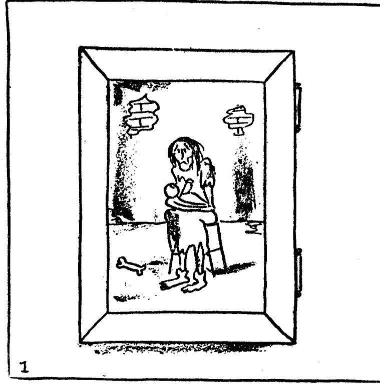
Knox's Clerk

Dawson, according to Consul Moffat, from the very first insisted that Diaz be made president, and when shown that was out of the question because Diaz had no standing with native Nicaraguans, Dawson still demanded that Diaz be nominated for the vice-presidency—and won his point. The $1200 a year clerical employe of Secretary Knox was named as vice-president on a ticket headed by Estrada and they were declared elected by a handpicked national assembly, the election being supervised by United States marines.

This was on January 8, 1911. President Taft promptly recognized the new government which Secretary of State Knox had been at such pains to install.

Estrada, however, apparently was a better general than business man. Or possibly he had some patriotic regard for the welfare of his country. In any event, in view of the vigorously expressed popullar indignation, he was rather hesitant about negotiating a loan with United States bankers which had been part of the pre-election agreement. A "stronger man" was needed to put over the deal.

Elliott C. Northcott became American Minister and Moffat was made a member of the mixed claims commission. Northcott, as early as February 25, 1911, cabled the U. S. State Department that Estrada was "sustained solely by the moral effect of our support." Northcott, according to the sworn testimony of Moffat, and photo-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static copies of documents which can be produced, conspired with General Mena to revolt against Estrada. Mena, lured by promises of power, started the revolution.

Then, according to Moffat's sworn testimony, Minister Northcott went to President Estrada and told him:

"You have got to turn over the power and leave the country; otherwise my government will not recognize you. I am asking this in the name of peace."

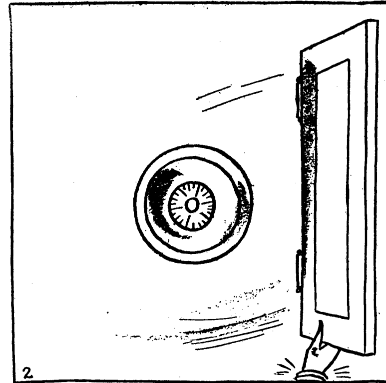
Estrada, convinced that no president could cope with the intrigues of the United States consuls and the might of the American marines, retired and then Northcott double-crossed General Mena by declaring that Adolfo Diaz was legally president. Diaz, of course, the tool of Secretary Knox, was the individual whom the American investors had desired in the presidency from the very moment that Zelaya was forced to flee the country.

Diaz, succeeding to the presidency, served out the remaining two years of Estrada's term. In the Dawson pact it had been agreed that no president should succeed himself. Nevertheless, in 1912, Diaz announced himself as candidate.

Diaz Hated

A conference of leaders was called, attended by George Weitzel, who had succeeded Northcott as American Minister. Two of the leaders were for Diaz and two for Emiliano Chamorro. Weitzel himself arbitrarily cast the deciding vote for Diaz and mollified Chamorro by the promise that he would be sent to Washington as Nicaraguan ambassador and then be made president after Diaz had served four years more. This wholly illegal agreement was carried out by the State Department and Diaz in utter defiance of the wishes of the people of Nicaragua.

General Mena was immensely popular, not only with the rank and file of the populace, but with the Nicaraguan Assembly as well. He refused to recognize the right of Minister Northcott to dictate the official succession and took the field with a large force. Diaz was intensely hated as a result of his intrigue with the American interests. The Mena uprising was supported by all sections of the country and in a short time Diaz was reduced to control of the capital which was besieged by Mena's army. At this point, when the downfall of Diaz was only a matter of hours, the United States government stepped in once more; some 3,000 marines were landed on the pretext of "protecting American property"; and the troops of Mena were defeated with terrific slaughter.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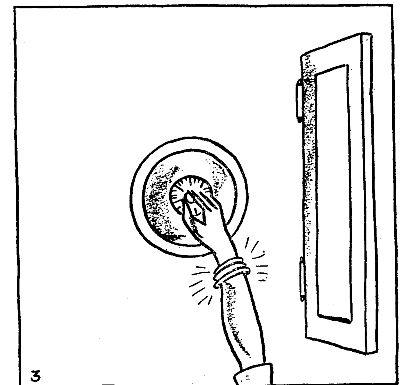
Immediately afterwards, while Nicaragua was still under the control of United States marines, with the constitutional guarantees of free speech and free press suspended and the majority of the electorate disfranchised by executive decree, while marines in uniform openly campaigned for Diaz, Diaz was unanimously declared elected president and that was the first lesson in democracy and the principles of the Golden Rule which Nicaragua received in the fall of 1912.

With the "official" advent of Diaz, the reason why American capitalists and the United States State Department had so bestirred themselves in his behalf soon became evident. Earlier, under Estrada, a treaty had been drawn in Washington and signed by the Secretary of State, Knox, and the Nicaraguan minister. This treaty, known as the Knox-Castrillo treaty, provided for a $15,000,000 loan to be made to Nicaragua by the private Wall Street banking firms of Brown Brothers and J. & W. Seligman and Company, the funding of the Nicaraguan national debt, the establishment of a mixed claims commission, and the collection of Nicaraguan customs by an American to be named by the U. S. Department of State. Under the treaty Nicaragua also gave the United States the right of way for a canal across the isthmus.

Battleship Decides

The Knox-Castrillo treaty was *twice* rejected by the United States Senate, yet when Diaz was foisted upon the Nicaraguan people by United States marines, the identical terms of the treaty were put into effect after it had been ratified by a hand picked Nicaraguan assembly, although the amount of the loan was frugally reduced from $15,000,000 to $1,500,000. It is also interesting to know that two Nicaraguan assemblies rejected the treaty, but on the eve of the convocation of the third assembly, when Diaz was president, the United States Minister, Weitzel, cabled the State Department to have a battleship sent to Nicaragua "for the moral effect." The battleship was sent. In those days, under the regime of Taft and Knox, American consuls in Central America could summon battleships almost as readily as any pedestrian on a city street can call a taxicab. Today, under Coolidge, we dispatch them in fleets.

In the agreement with the bankers, ratified by Diaz, two American corporations were organized which were given concessions controlling practically every phase of the basic economic life of Nicaragua. The future history of Nicaragua has centered around the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ownership and control of these institutions.

Gravy for Bankers

The National Bank of Nicaragua was incorporated in the state of Connecticut with an authorized capital of $5,000,000 and a paid up capital of $100,000, all the stock belonging to the Nicaraguan government—at first. This foreign organized corporation was given sweeping concessions which made it fiscal agent of the Nicaraguan government; the sole depository of government funds on which no interest would be paid; authorized it to collect a commission of one percent for the receipt of funds and another commission of one percent for the payment of funds; to have the exclusive right to issue paper money and bank notes, without either limitation or guarantee; and to be exempt from taxes, duties or levies of any kind for 99 years, the period of the concession.

The other corporation was the Nicaraguan National Railroad which was organized under the laws of the state of Maine with a capital of $300,000 all belonging

to the Nicaraguan government—at first. As a matter of fact the government of Nicaragua already had built the railroad linking the principal towns of the country, in connection with steamship lines, and had completely paid the costs of construction out of the operating profits. On the face of it there was no reason for incorporating the new company under the laws of the state of Maine. Brown Brothers and J. & W. Seligman and Company, however, saw far into the future.

The government gave the newly incorporated company (under the laws of the state of Maine) a 99 year monopoly on transportation, telegraph lines, telephone and radio communication, steamship lines, with power to establish rates without any supervision.

Ham & Yeggs

The new corporation also was given the exclusive right to install water power and electric plants for commercial purposes. Once more no limit was set on rates.

The railroad corporation was given the right to cut wood free of taxes along any right-of-way and also had power to expropriate canal rights. Thirty-three acres of land were granted at each depot, free of taxes, and 330 acres of public land, to be chosen at will, were allowed for every mile of new road built. The Company also was allowed all mineral discoveries within one mile on either side of the right-of-way and was to be given 250 acres of land for each immigrant brought into the country. The railroad was immune from taxes and import and export duties as well.

There was nothing out of doors, not nailed down, which was not granted to the National Bank and National Railroad, as reorganized by Brown Brothers and Seligman and Company, and the joker speedily became manifest when it was learned that Diaz had lobbied through his hand-picked assembly a rider which gave Brown Brothers and Seligman and Company an option to buy the controlling stock of both corporations at ridiculously low sums.

As soon as Diaz was securely seated, Brown Brothers and Seligman exercised their options. They purchased 51 per cent of the stock of the National Bank for $151,000 and bought 51 per cent of the stock of the railroad for $1,000,000, although undisputed testimony showed the railroad to be worth at least $3,000,000.

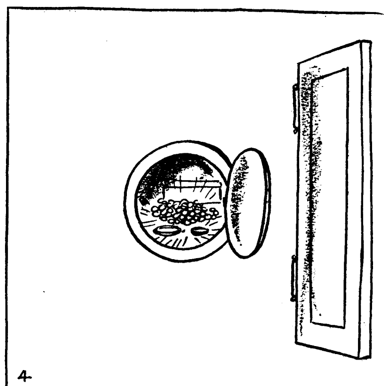
Clifford Ham, an American selected by the Wall Street bankers, with the written approval of the State Department, was appointed collector of the Nicaraguan customs at a salary of $10,000 per year and has been continued in office ever since. He appoints his own subordinates and fixes their compensation. His accounts are not subject to the audit of any Nicaraguan official. On at least two occasions Ham has arbitrarily withheld customs receipts to compel government officials to follow policies desired by him.

Hill Well Paid

Another American named Hill was appointed "high commissioner." He, too, receives $10,000 a year, which is, of course, defrayed by the Nicaraguan government. Two other Americans were named on the mixed claims commission at salaries of $12,000 and $10,000 a year. The Nicaraguan National Guard also was put under the command of a retired United States marine officer and the 92 officers of the Nicaraguan National Guard are all Americans. The National Guard, alone, at the present time, demands nearly fifty percent of the entire Nicaraguan budget. In addition to these charges, Nicaragua for the last sixteen years has paid countless thousands of dollars to American "financial advisors," "sanitary supervisors," "electoral experts," and attorneys—all foisted upon the Nicaraguan people by the Wall Street bankers, with the express approval of the State Department, and all drawing gaudy salaries.

Only recently a new high priced official, "the inspector general of internal revenue" has been put on the job, and Jeremiah Jenks, an alleged economist connected with a New York City university, has been drawing $400 a month from the Nicaraguan government for eleven years on the theory that he is a "financial advisor," and all the while has been working hand in glove with Brown Brothers and Seligman and Company. It pays to be in the good graces of the State Department. Possibly this partly explains the reactionary character of Prof. Jenks' "economics."

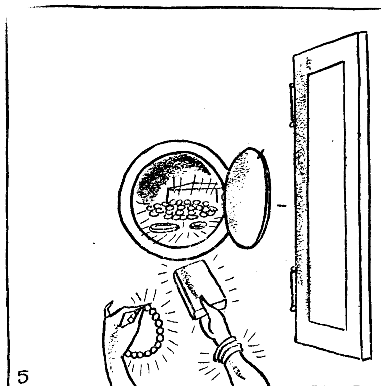
One of the first official acts of Diaz was the issue of more than 33,000,000 pesos of paper money to pay fictitious claims for revolutionary damages put forward by a clique of his principal supporters, although under the Dawson pact Nicaragua had obligated itself not to pay any claims for the revolution unless approved by the Mixed Claims Commission. At that time Nicaraguan pesos were quoted at about four cents each. But when the Wall Street bankers made their $1,500,000 loan—under the pretence of stabilizing the currency—all the outstanding paper money was "converted" to gold at the rate of eight cents per peso. This clever deal, permitted by the bankers and the United States Department of State, enabled Diaz and his friends to "clean up" approximately $2,500,000. Diaz himself profited to the extent of $750,000. And it is this same wretched Judas who was put in office again two years ago by pious Cal Coolidge and who is still being kept there by American marines.



Millions Disappear

The Bryan-Chamorro Treaty whereby the United States paid Nicaragua $3,000,000 for the exclusive right to construct a trans-isthmus canal and also for the privilege of establishing a naval base in the Gulf of Fonseca was negotiated by Diaz in 1913.

Before the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty was ratified, Costa Rica, Salvador and Honduras protested vigorously to the United States against its provisions. Salvador and Honduras both had as much claim to the Gulf of Fonesca as Nicaragua and the northern boundary of Costa Rica borders the San Juan River to which Nicaragua signed away exclusive canal rights. A prior treaty between Costa Rica and Nicaragua also forbade Nicaragua to make any canal rights without first consulting Costa Rica.

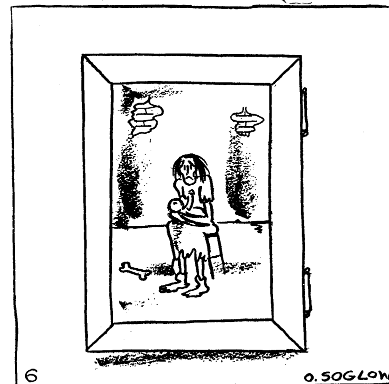


When the United States paid no attention to their protests, Costa Rica and Salvador took their protest to the Central American Court of Justice—set up at the instigation of the United States—which in 1916 decided in favor of Salvador and Costa Rica. The United States disregarded the decision which it was pledged to respect and as a result the Central American Court of Justice collapsed. Merely another utterly dishonorable incident in our imperialistic progress. Incidentally, less than 30 percent of the $3,000,000 canal payment ever reached Nicaragua. The rest remained in New York to meet the preferred claims of the bankers, including $750,000 for the famous Emery claim.

Military Protection

Diaz occupied the office of president from 1912 until 1916. All the while a force of 200 marines was stationed at the fortress at Managua, the capital, and according to the sworn testimony of marine officers at a hearing held by the United States Senate in 1914, Diaz was so unpopular he could not have remained in the country for twenty-four hours had it not been for this military protection.

In 1916 Diaz was succeeded by General Emiliano Chamorro, according to the agreement made in 1912 with Weitzel, the American Minister. Chamorro, too, was unpopular, but just before the presidential elections were held, B. L. Jefferson, who followed Weitzel as American representative at Managua, called into conference

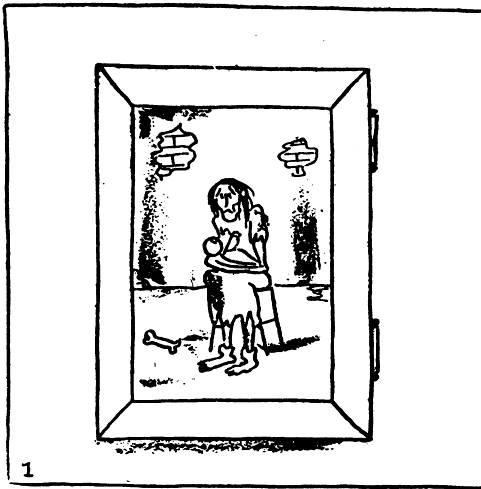


the leaders of the political parties opposed to the Diaz administration and bluntly informed them that no candidate for the presidency would be acceptable to the United States unless he personally agreed to make pledges favorable to the continued rule of the bankers. In view of this, all the opposing parties decided to withdraw from the election. This was precisely what the American minister desired. With a clear field Emiliano Chamorro was elected. This is the same Chamorro who in 1925 carried out the coup that overthrew Solorzano.

Elihu Root, certainly not noted for radical tendencies, in a letter to the late Senator Fuller in 1915, wrote as follows:

"I have my doubts as to the Nicaraguan Government, which has signed the Treaty, being the real representative of Nicaragua and as to whether it is recognized in Nicaragua and Central America as legitimately authorized to negotiate the Treaty.

(*Continued on page* 26)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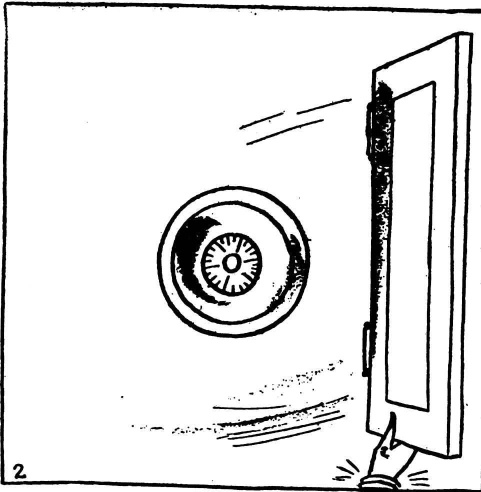
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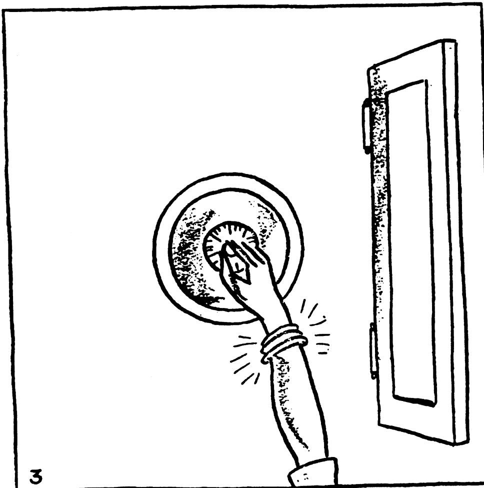
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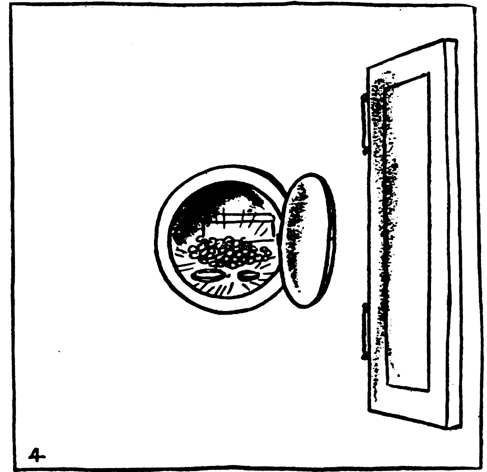
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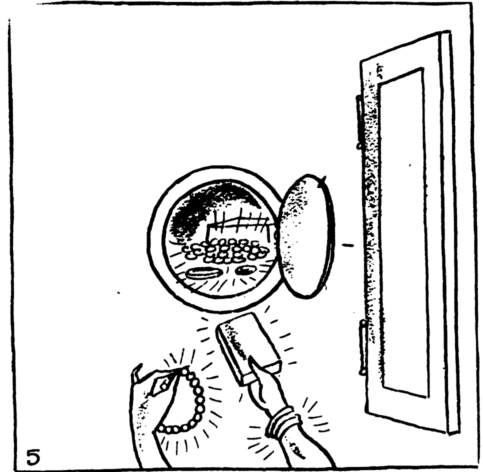
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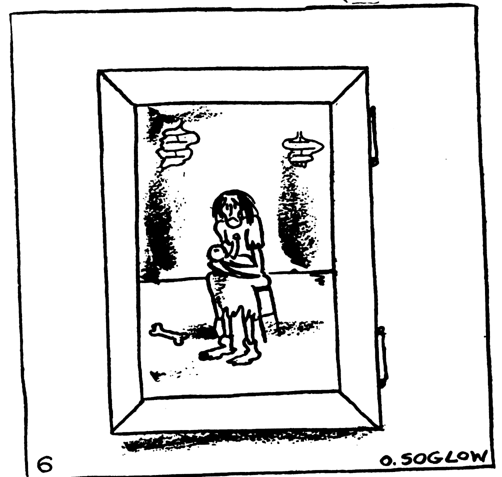

6
O. SOGLOW

LOVE AND LIFE

By VALENTINE KONIN

"Die, die, die for shame,
Turn your back and tell your fella's name."

WITH shrieks and laughter the circle breaks up. Grace Rodirquez refuses to give her "fella's name". She is flushed and embarrassed and persistent in her silence; her friends, cruel little beings, take a malicious delight in her discomfort.

Grace is twelve years old, Mrs. Lefferty tells me, and like many other girls of her age and environment, has already begun to practice the profession as ancient as the man himself. Her practices have gone so far that her mother, a Cuban peasant, broken down by her unceasing toil as a nurse of a tubercular husband, and at the same time, the sole supporter of her nine children, exhausted by her futile efforts to keep her daughter straight, has washed her hands of the whole affair.

"I spoke to Mrs. Rodirquez about Gracey, the last time we were in the bath together. I think every mother ought to know about her child." "Let her do what she wishes," she says to me. "She may go to hell! She will do dirtier things yet, than hiding with Georgie Donovan under the bridge at night! Let her go to her ruin! I got no strength to fight with her!" That's what her aunt, Mrs. Ortiz, the one on Hicks Street, used to say about her Avis, until one day, she disappeared from her house and came back three months later with a baby. And then," she continues after a breath, "her father beat her so hard, she was near dead. He drove her out of the house, said he never wanted to hear of her again. She came back half a year later, her baby dead. She lived with them and worked in a laundry, over there on the corner, for her father lost his hand in a factory accident and couldn't work no more. But one day in summer, she got sick from heat. I seen myself how they carried her home. Then she began to compain of her wasting her life for the family, but her father said he'd kill her if he ever sees her running with boys again. Half a year later she ran away again. We've never seen or heard anything of her since."

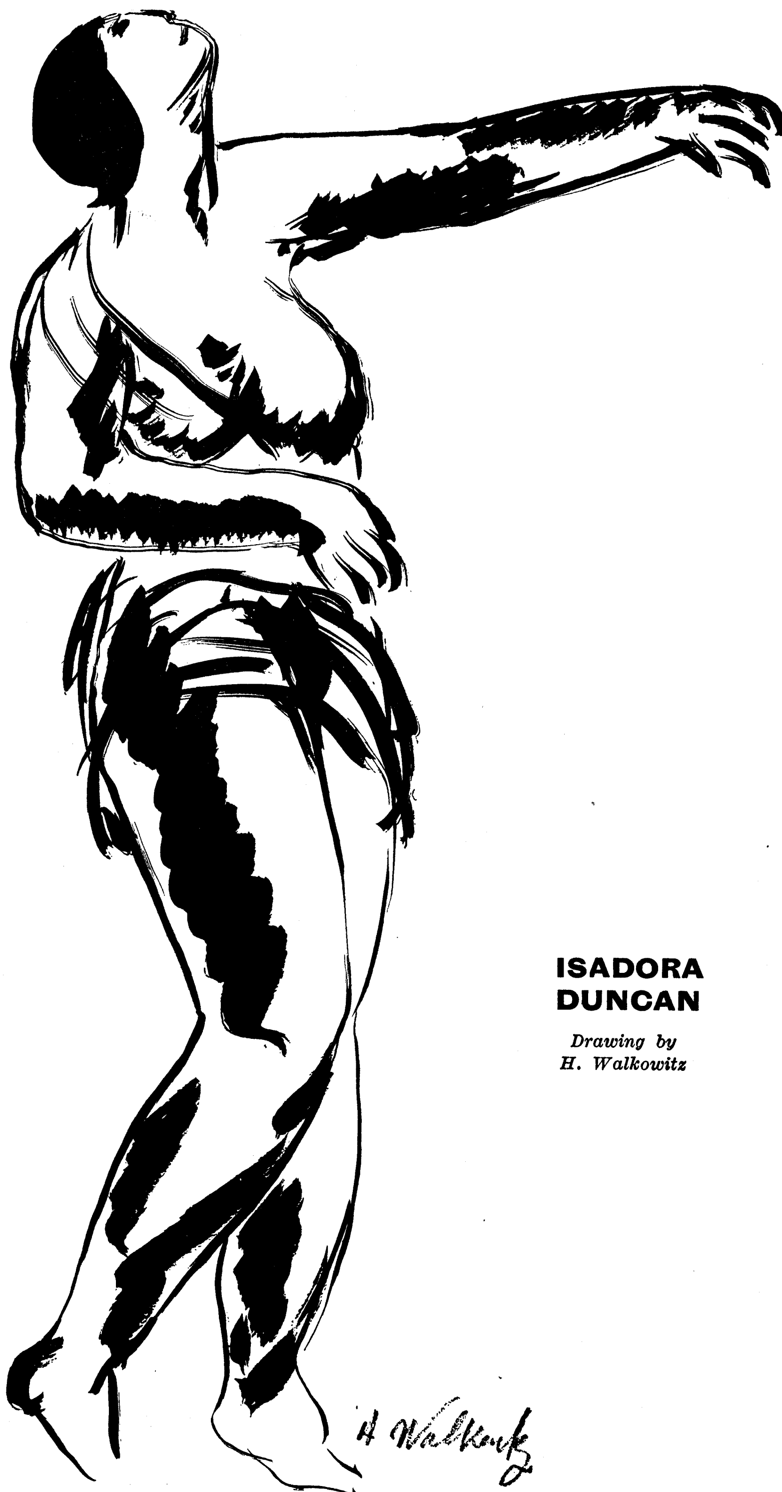
Mrs. Hammer is impressed by the story. She nods her head sadly.

"Yes, that's why I want my Peggy to be a nun. I'd die in peace then, knowing that my child will always have a piece of bread, and a corner to sleep in and no man beating her."

Mrs. Hammer has never experienced these luxuries herself. I don't know whether she is aware of the fact that her 15-year-old Peggy has a rendezvous every evening with one of her numerous customers from whom in return she receives money and silk stockings. She has been thrown by an automobile twice while on the way to the bridge, but she doesn't want to tell her mother. And anyway, automobile accidents are such common occurrences that nobody pays much attention to them.

"Thank goodness. Less mouths to feed," as one of the mothers whose two children were killed nine weeks ago, said to me. "It's got to happen. My husband and me are working the whole day. My children have no one to take care of them; they run the streets, and what can you expect? I'd rather have them dead than crippled. Look at Genka, now, wouldn't she be better off dead than alive?"

Genka is a daughter of a Polish immigrant. Run over by an automobile three times, she has remained alive with her body horribly mutilated and her mind even more so. Three weeks ago, her father burned to death in a factory explosion, and six days later her step mother married a man who is constantly drunk and equally persistently idle. Now Genka has become a community property, a sort of public nuisance.



ISADORA DUNCAN

Drawing by H. Walkowitz

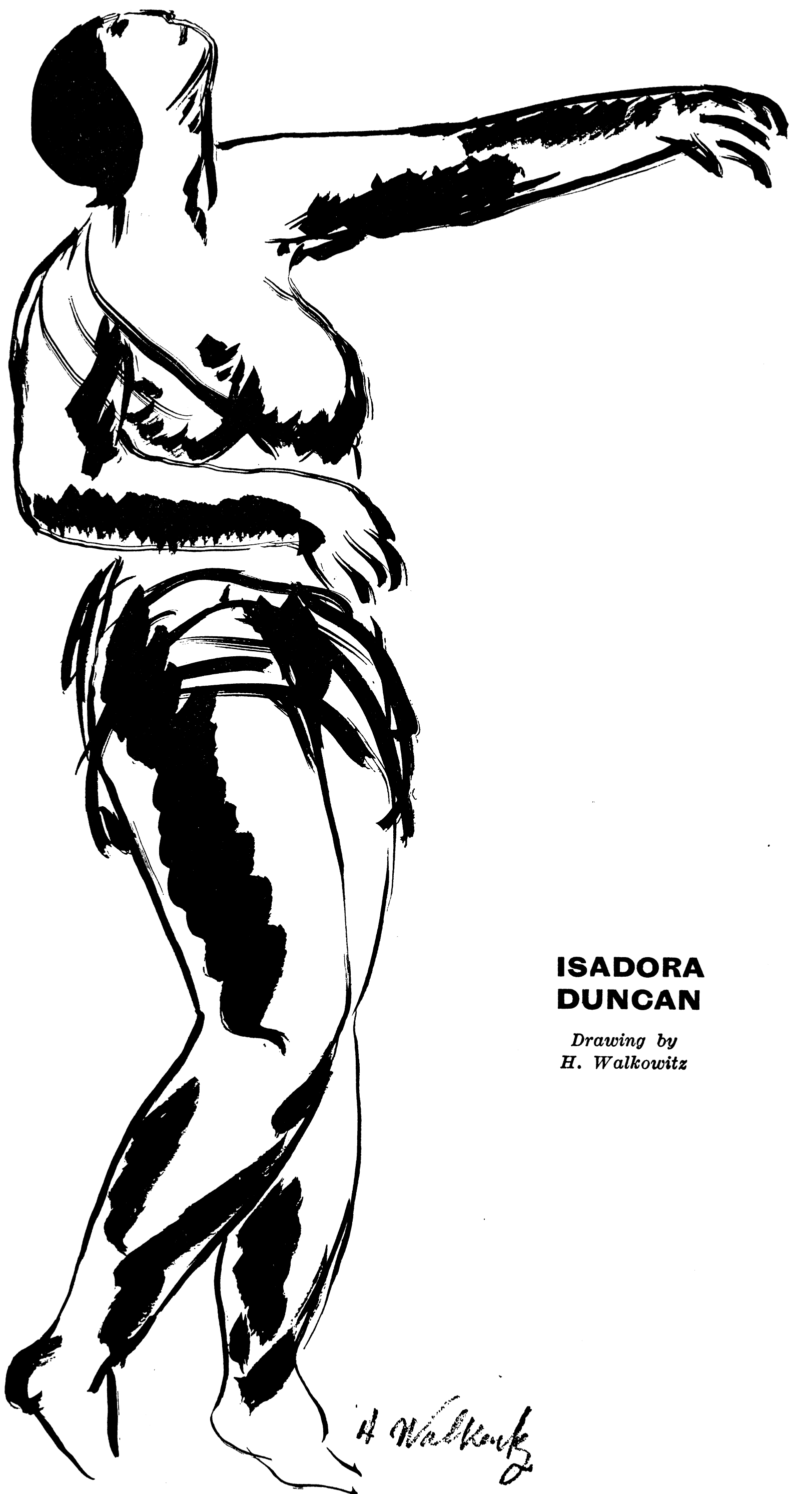
There are many children who are considered a public nuisance. Mrs. Young's children for instance. Mrs. Young has been married fifteen years and she bore a child every year without stopping once to consider the future. Four years ago her man ran away. She succeeded in placing two girls in a charity home, twelve-year-old Mae was sent to her grandfather in Canada, and she herself found a job, which she was forced to give up because of serious lung trouble. Her brother, a delivery boy by profession and himself a father of four, has added this new responsibility to his burden. The baby died soon, it was a relief. The other six are running wild, dirty and hungry, eating whenever a neighbor can afford to be charitable enough to offer them food; washing whenever somebody takes them to a public bath; sleeping on a floor wherever there is room for them, and stealing whenever opportunity presents itself.

But they do not complain. They are too submissive by nature, they have been trained to be such by the Church, and experience has taught them that it is best to submit. Yes, the worker's life is very bitter, they all agree and sigh. But God has wished that there should be the rich and the poor alike. That's what the Church is teaching them, and they believe implicitly. They are patiently bearing the oppression in this world; they see the last piece of bread torn away from their hungry child; they see themselves suffocating in a dark damp, cold room; they see their children crushed by the automobiles of their exploiters; they see them dropping out of school as soon as they are old enough to become wage slaves like their fathers; they see their bread earners turn consumptive from over-work and worry;—but the thought of protest never enters their mind. They know they'll be recompensed in the next world. Such are God's wishes, for God is a capitalist.

DRUNK

The drunken salt-miner swung his shovel around and struck the foreman again and again in the mouth. The gashes in his lips and cheeks widened as he tried to speak. The blood spurted from the cuts, but the murderous salt-miner only swung his shovel again and sent the bleeding mass to the ground. When the doctor came to the dying man, he carefully held the slits open and we saw the cuts, long gashes through the cheeks and mouth, bringing to view the ugly gums and yellowed teeth, dripping with blood.

Alexander Gottlieb.



ISADORA DUNCAN

Drawing by H. Walkowitz

POEMS BY RAYMOND KRESENSKY

RAINY SEASON

The smell of rain in my nostrils was sweet.
It rose from the fields where the rain had run on its toes,
Where the rain had bent the ribboned leaves of the tall stalks.
It dropped from the locust trees.

There were pleasant thoughts of crops.
I saw the ripened oats in yellow shocks.
I saw the long white ears of corn
Bursting through the light tan husks,
And I laughed to myself softly.

But now I must sit here idle—
Waiting for the rain to stop.
I've fixed the car and I've picked up the yard.
I've mended fences and I've built new stalls
And hauled the heavy manure on to the pastures.

And the soil is soggy;
Ragweed and water weed grow up in the pastures.
The oats in the shocks rot these hot nights.
The water splashes under foot in the garden path.
The white petunias are beaten to the ground
And the moss rose drags in the mud.

I've got to keep the man busy until threshing time
And I can't have him run off to town and loaf.
The roads are muddy and no one has been out these days.

I've turned the oats to dry them.
They grow into the ground.
The sun comes up and draws gray clouds from the steaming fields—
And every night brings more rain.

MAN BURIED UNDER SOD SPEAKS TO ONE IN A VAULT

Come back and dig in the soil with your toes.
Come back and scratch with your fingers.
Set your face against its coolness.
Smell its freshness—dropped into a furrow.

Let it dry and blow into your eyes,
Catch in your nostrils, and the pores of your skin.
Sprinkle it over your clothes,
And let it soak into your body's sweat,
And burn into the palms of your hands.

Come back and dig in the soil, farmer—
As you always did.

CHOLERA

Meyer went in for bred Durocs.
The first faint squealings made him laugh.
In the fighting for the sow's tits
He felt sorry for the puny runts.

He filled the rickety pens
With straw. He watched
Th sow roll and scratch herself against the sides.
But he worried, for he knew that some morning
He would find his pigs crushed.

As the pigs grew he studied their lines.
This one was high and rangy
And that one was good bacon stock.
They stood daintily on their small feet
And he proudly registered them
As Little Big Wonder and Tall Lady Giant.

He entered his hogs at the Fair.
He won prizes and sweepstakes.

Under his boasting
And his wild, gay speculation
There was an undercurrent of worry.
Throughout the months he watched the litters
For cholera. He bought standard remedies.

And in the early Autumn he watched
His many years of work—his investments—
Fall down under the scourge of the enemy.
Morning after morning he dragged the dead bodies
And buried them in the corn field.

NO USE NOW

She is no good around the place now.
She sits and holds her hands
And never says a word.

They say, Coming out of meeting
She stopped at the bridge
And tore the ruffles from her under skirt,
Pulled the feather from her hat
And threw her parasol into the water.

She is no use now that she "saw the light"
And has been sanctified.

She has no use for pretty things,
Frivolous things, expensive things;
And she is willing to stay home
And save.

But she is good for nothing
Sitting by the window
Reading The Book.

OLD HEN

The white eggs lay in the incubator
And she hovered over them.
She tended them carefully, watching the temperature
And turning the eggs, patient in her care.

She warmed the little chicks in a brooder.
Little white balls welling around—
Their peeping was a song in her ears.
She built a pen, and fed them
With a scientific starter. Then heavier feed.
She watched for chills and croup.

When it rained she rushed to them
And at night she put them away
Covering them up in their little tin houses.
And she searched in the tall grass
And the lumber pile for strayed ones.
The cries of lost ones concerned her.
She loved to hold the babies cupped in her hand,
Feeling the warmth and hearing the last stilled cry.

She rushed home from Aid Society
And church if it looked like rain.
She got up in the middle of the night to cover them.

Incubators and brooders take the place of hens
But the little chicks need her,
Queer mother and featherless hen.

GLIMPSES

By SOL AUERBACH

I.

"Come, you'll see how I live. You live very much better in America, I'll bet."

We walk up Elyenka Street, the main business thoroughfare of Moscow, towards the tramway. He points to a government clothing store where there are many people in line waiting to buy a suit of clothes.

"They haven't shown you that, eh?" he says.

"Yes, I know all about it. I have seen it."

He smiles and shakes his head.

"Ah, you. You always know everything and you always think everything is good. When I have to buy a suit of clothes I have no time to stand and wait there. I go to a private store, although it is dearer."

He is a man well into his forties. His hair and moustache are already well peppered. He has a fine face and deep set dark eyes that are clear and alive. He smiles often when he talks and his eyes sparkle with sarcasm.

He lives near the outskirts of Moscow, in a large apartment house. The bricks are weather-beaten and the paint has pealed off the woodwork. He leads me through a dark hall and I stumble over some furniture and bundles stored in the passage-way.

"You are stumbling over the remnants of an old society. There's no room inside."

He opens the door and turns the electric switch, for there is only one window and the light is dim. With an apologetic tone and motion he points to the room and says:

"This is where I live."

His apartment consists of two medium sized rooms. There is a kitchen at the other end of the hall which five families use in common. He apologizes for the disorder—his wife and two children have gone to the country for the summer. In the larger room there is a scratched and worn table, a cupboard, a sofa, a desk, a child's bed that was once enameled, and a telephone. In the other room there are two beds and a bureau. The walls are dirty and the general atmosphere depressing.

He offers me a chair and he sits on the sofa.

"In America you live in five or six rooms," he says, smiling. He fingers the torn upholstery of the sofa. "Well so you see how I live. I who graduated from the University and now hold a responsible position. I who have been accustomed to books and art and love the theatre can only see a few shows a year and have no money for books. I am not feeling so well and the doctor says I must spend a month in the Crimea." And then grudgingly he admits, "Yes, I will go next month."

He works for the government as an economist and is paid two hundred and fifty rubles a month, which is considered a very good salary. He works from nine to three-thirty every day, except Sunday. For his dwelling he pays twenty rubles per month. The average pay of the men in the industry, for which he makes and checks the balance sheets, is seventy rubles per month.

"What did you do before the revolution?"

"I was a lawyer. I lived well then. I lived in the best section of Moscow and had a large apartment to myself. When the Bolsheviki came," he smiles and jerks his hand significantly, "They threw me out of there and put me here."

He had been somewhat of a revolutionary himself. As a student he was involved in that underground movement that preceded the Revolution of 1905. With the failure of that revolution he returned to his studies, graduated, married into a very rich family and settled down to a comfortable home life. The revolution of 1917 had dislodged him, killed the brothers and sisters of his wife and forced his family into hiding. Now, although working for the government, he can find no place for himself in the new life of Russia. He feels out of everything—he who had at one time worked day and night for revolution.

"I'd give anything to send my son to be educated in America, and I, too, would like to change places with you."

Drawing by William Gropper, Moscow, 1928

II.

My friend has a fountain-pen that a girl has sent by him to her brother in Charkoff. No one knows where the street is. But at last a kind militiaman recalls that it has been renamed "Karl Marx." We are to follow this street, go down a flight of stairs, around the city garden, over a bridge, turn right and then left. We have done all this and we are still turning about, lost. We buy a couple of *marojna* sandwiches for ten kopeks from a woman who has stopped here with her cart. She is a sturdy woman and as she digs the *marojna* out of the can the muscles of her bare forearm bulge.

She knows where Karl Marx Street is. It was time for her to go home now and she was going that way. We help her with her cart in the rough spots, where either the cobbles have been torn loose, or the rain has washed them under.

"And how much do you make a day, pushing this over the streets, Grashdanka?"

"It all depends. Sometimes I take in seven rubles, sometimes ten, sometimes more, sometimes less. My daughter helps me. But if I may say so, you don't look like Russians."

"No, we are Americans."

"What? Really Americans!" And we can get no further words from her. She looks at us in wonder and mutters under breath, "Amerikanetz, Amerikanetz!"

"But, tell me, Americans, how do the working people live in America? . . ."

At last we have found the house. It is a apartment fronting on an open court. We push open the old rusty iron gate and walk into the court. There are women sitting about on the doorsteps and barefooted children playing on the ground. We ask for K. A woman points to a thin, emaciated strip of a man crouched on the top of a flight of steps. He leads the way to his room. His shoulders are bowed, he has hardly any chest, but he has a curiously energetic stride.

The room he leads us into has been newly renovated. The walls are whitewashed, there is linoleum on the floor, and clean white curtains on the windows. The room contains a bed, a table, a few chairs and a secretary. It is well kept and cozy. On the wall is a picture of Lenin.

He asks few questions about his sister but is very curious about America. We answer as best we can and try to draw him out. He works as secretary of a windmill factory (how ironical fate can be!) and gets one hundred and twenty rubles per month. He pays ten rubles for his roof. One of his lungs is nearly all gone and the doctors think they will have to cut it out. With the money he has saved and what his union is giving him he will soon be able to spend two months in Yalta. Much of his spare time is now taken up with his duties as a worker-correspond-

Drawing by William Gropper, Moscow, 1928

ent for the Moscow *Pravda* and *Izvestia.* He grows very enthusiastic. He shows us the almanac of the worker-correspondent conference held in Moscow last month, to which he was a delegate. He points with pride to the names of big men. And neatly pasted at the end of the book are his own clippings. At present he has a letter on his desk from a worker of Charkoff, complaining about his dwelling quarters. They are too small now, since his family has grown by two, and the housing commission has done nothing about it. That will be the subject for his next article to the *Pravda.*

"And I have been chosen by my union to go to a university next year and study journalism."

III.

We have just returned from Dneiprostroy. The black earth of the Ukraine, dried and granulated, has eaten clear through to my skin. I am giving myself a sponge out of a water basin. Mark is in a hot argument with someone at the door. Through the partly open door I can see a shaved head that is already beginning to bristle with black hair, a long black moustache, and two large bright black eyes.

"Ah, what are you howling about Mark? Let him in."

The head comes first, followed by a blue linen shirt and white linen pants that step into the room softly and cautiously. The eyes are wide open and eager and the hands spread out as if approaching holy ground. I point amiably to a chair and say:

"Sadeetez, Tovarisjt." (Have a seat, Comrade.)

The tension rope has been cut with steel. The moustache bobs and he is all tongue. The head comes closer, the eyes grow larger, and in English, in close cut syllables,

"I speak English. Are you an American?"

"Yes, I was born in the United States of America."

"I was in America. I lived there for ten years. I was in Chicago and New York. My English is not so good. I used to know it better. But I didn't talk it for a long time."

"You talk well. And what are you doing now?"

"I work for the Government. This is our hotel you know. We own all the hotels. We own the street-cars, too, and the busses. I lived in America and worked there. I had a family there. I . . ."

"But what are you doing now?"

"I work for the Government. Oh, I'm the director of a slaughter house."

I put on a pair of socks and ask, "Do you like it?"

"Well, yes. It's not so good sometimes. I'd rather work at something else. But I'm a party member. I go wherever they send me. If tomorrow they send me to clean the streets, I ask no questions."

His eyes are like the eyes of a faithful dog. They would follow to death. He is eager to talk and he needs no coaxing. He is overburdened with things that need telling. He cannot find words fast enough. There is so much to be told about his country, about his city, about his slaughter house. It is always "we are doing . . .", never "they are doing . . ." or "it is being done. . . ." There is nothing impersonal about the doing. He is in everything, follows everything and knows everything.

Drawing by William Gropper, Moscow, 1928

I am dressed and hungry, so I take my friend along to the dining room. He knows the chambermaid, the manager and the waiter. At the table he greets Yasha with effusion.

"Yes, I know him. I studied together with him. I went to the University for two years. But I gave it up. It was too hard. I am too old to study. It doesn't come so easy now."

"What were you studying?"

"Mining engineering."

The *borscht* is brought and we fall to. His story comes simply and easily. It is a common one. He worked at the Petrovsky Iron Works until 1905 when he was put into prison for his activities in the revolution. He escaped in 1906 and came to America. In 1918 he returned to Dneipro-Petrovsk, and as a member of the party he was in the stubborn vanguard of the revolution. He laid down his gun in 1922 and became the director of the Government Slaughter House. He makes a hundred and twenty rubles a month. He has a wife and five children.

"This one is not my real wife. My real wife is in America. This one is the wife of my friend. He was killed by bandits in 1921. He left children. I married his wife. These five children are not mine. My wife brought with her three from her other husband. She gave me two."

"And is it so good to be a communist?"

"Ah, to be a communist is hard. I am now forty-seven years old. I studied communism for twenty-five years. It is not a simple matter. It is hard to really understand it."

He looks a little bewildered, a little put out. A revolutionist tried and true who now finds himself—well, director of a slaughter house. The revolutionist, simple, faithful, comes to see the friends from America. He has a share in it too. He has a great deal to say that is important. He has to be sure that we have his country straight. He should know. Who else but he?

The next day he comes to see us off.

"Comrades, maybe you won't mind if I write to you."

I give him my address and I pass my notebook to him. He writes very slowly. It is almost illegible. It is a child's handwriting.

"Well, you write me about everything that happens here in Dneipro-Petrovsk."

Theodore grasps my hand and says,

"Yes, everything. Good-bye, Comrade. When you come back to America tell them what you saw here. Tell them the truth, that's all."

IV.

A great commotion on the main street of Charkoff. People form a solid alleyway on the street. The beat of drums makes the earth tremble. The crowd is especially dense about the Soviet House. On the balcony is the Executive of the Soviet. Song from the midst of the mass, bursting with passion, overwhelming. It is 8. P. M. Sunday. The Komsomols are returning from a day of trainig and maneouvering.

Five thousand strong they sweep past the Soviet House. Youngsters, no one older than twenty-one, in that marching, swinging, singing mass. Bayonets are fixed and point in unison, threatening. The dull grey of steel puts a serious tone to their song. "I am a Komsomol!" Big boys, drooping weaklings. They are very weary but their heads are high and their voices mighty. The song swells up from their midst, taken up by division after division, rolling over the watching crowds, engulfing all like a huge tidal wave. The girl's battalion sweeps by, their voices rising high and clear, piercing to the very marrow, like the heat from a blast furnace. They march on looking neither to right nor left. There is grim determination in that march of five thousand youths. Song is thrust from their innermost being, a challenge and a cry of massed abandonment. They are fascinating. It is impossible to tear one's eyes from

Drawing by William Gropper, Moscow, 1928

Courtesy Downtown Gallery — Drawing by Pop Hart

SOFT STUFF

them. They have inherited the revolution and point bayonets at a threatening world.

In the eyes of the watching throng is also grim determination. As one the mass keeps its eyes fixed upon the Komsomols, there is not a word uttered. The Komsomol Song has run through all, binding them with a bond of steel. Their eyes project further meanings that leave them a little sad.

I turn to look at Mark, a student of the First Moscow University, who is standing beside me. His eyes are fixed intently upon the marchers and he says nothing. But, as we go on our way, he points to the marching youths and says,

"My place is with them, not here."

And Yasha mutters through clenched teeth,

"We don't want war. But if it comes, we'll fight like hell."

V.

The tramways and busses that rumble across the Red Square discharge their passengers in front of the Gym. At six o'clock every evening a line begins to form at the Lenin Mausoleum. By eight o'clock it stretches along the Kremlin Wall, far down the Red Square. Here are the city workers, men and women, and the peasant in his heavy boots, linen blouse and peaked cap. And once in a while one even sees a priest here, in long black gown, hair flowing from under a round black hat.

The line begins to move at eight o'clock, past the two Soviet guards at the door and then left, down the corridor. The interior has the same hardwood finish as the outside. In the further end of the corridor a fire hose hangs on the wall. All hats are removed. There is not a word spoken. Everyone walks on tip-toe.

Down two steps and you are in the room where the body of Lenin lies. Your eyes are immediately fixed on the glass case in the center of the room. You are only dimly conscious of the two guards, and the red banner embroidered in black on the wall. Your eyes are on Lenin. Slowly, slowly you follow the line. Impossible to tear your eyes from the body, turning your head as you encircle the case. You dare not look up. You are afraid of meeting glances. And when there is the sound of a low sob you look even more intently and do not raise your eyes.

The body of Lenin is covered with a simple black cloth. One arm, in a black sleeve, is folded over the cover to keep it in place. The figure is in natural repose. The broad and rounded head has a short reddish beard and the eyebrows and the hair on the side of the head are also red. There is something good natured about the closed eyes that says,

"Now there, you people walking about me, I'm only playing you a trick."

And you expect a smile and the arm to move to stroke the beard. But the body lies still as you go about it.

The line goes out through another door. You turn your head until you can no longer see over your shoulder. You have spent perhaps only two minutes in the room where the body of Lenin is. Many people blow their nose in the corridor. The line moves on endlessly. . . .

VI.

Moscow. The city of contrasts, of paradoxes—impenetrable. That 'City of Forty Times Forty Churches', brandishing in its streets the tail-end of one civilization and the beginning of another. Grey, grey and gold. The soft grey of dust and mouldy walls and newly paved streets. The harder grey of new skyscrappers and cobbled streets and beggars' clothes and taxis. And overlooking all, the gold of the church domes.

Quiet for so big a city and so many people. Droshki wheels on cobble-stones are only baby noises. Soft sandals make only padded sounds. Bare feet make no noise at all. Big buildings climb up on bare feet. On this postal-telegraph structure no ton-blows, no clash of steel, no lightening motion. It rises slow and steady like the sun over Moscow. Slow like that woman crossing herself bowing on her knees at the shrine around the corner.

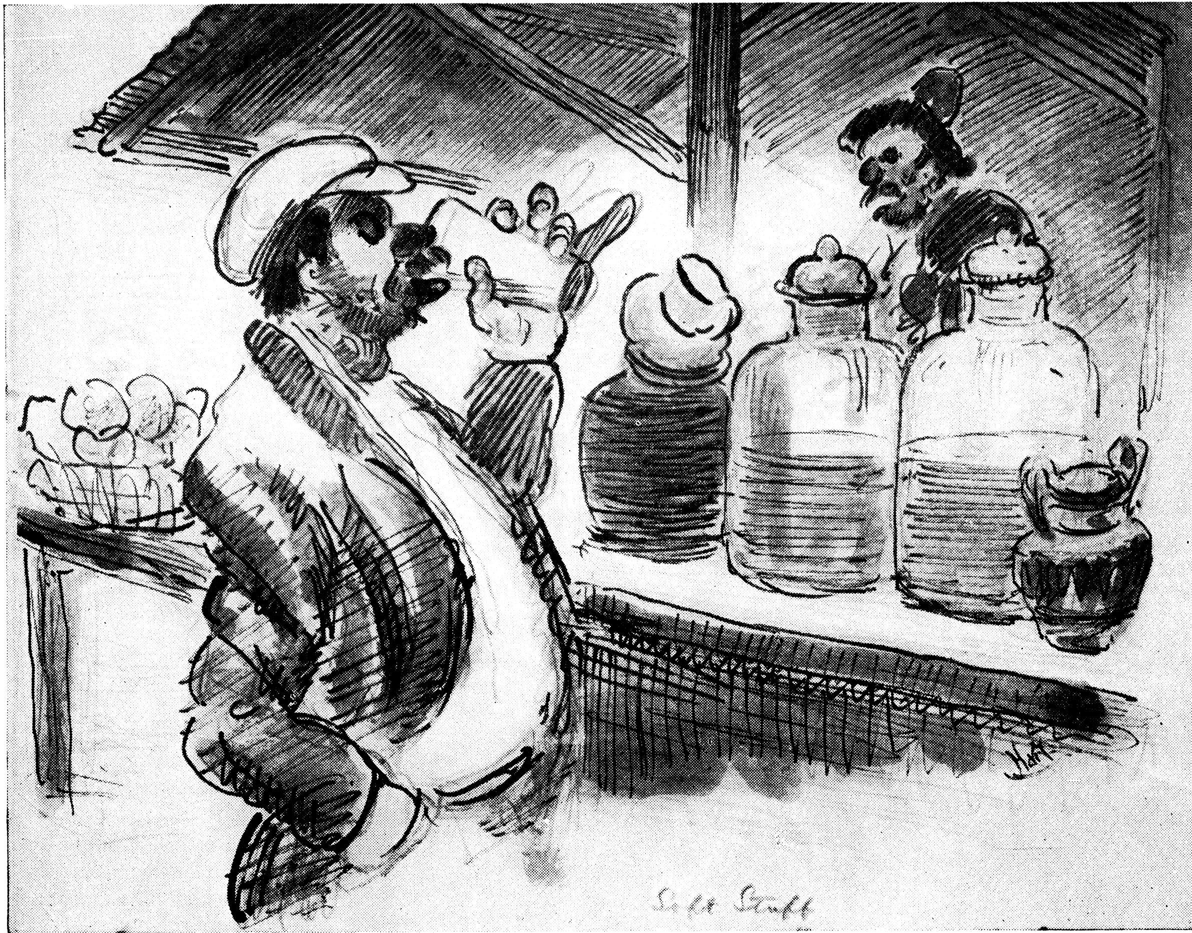
A child growing fast into manhood. A voice growing husky with puberty, and hoarse with the burden of too many inherited bonds. Does this screeching tramway belong here? Or these reckless verst-eating machines sending sandalled feet scurrying over cobble-stones, tooting, tooting? Make room for this lad balancing a tray of fruit on his head. Let these washerwomen carry their clothes to the Moscow River and beat them on the stones. Step reverently in the Church of Christ The Savior and take off your hat. Don't step on these urchins asleep on the sidewalk, heads cuddled in each other's arms, dirty, black.

The New Moscow is playing a winning tug-o-war. For the heavier end of the rope is anchored beyond the unpretentious Kremlin Walls, crumbling with age. Red bandanaed, sturdy little pioneers pass the shrine with noses in the air, to visit the Church of Christ The Savior and wonder at the dead power of domes and bells. Red soldiers singing the Red Army Song pass the black gowned priest who looks at the pavement. Government officials with their official looking portfolios hurry past the beggar who lies on his stomach beside the Kremlin Wall, cap on the ground before him. Before the large display windows of the Gym vendors rattle their trinkets, display their fruits, satchels, pins, ribbons. The Textile Trust portends a new sky-line, in its sombre grey and black in full view of the street shrine, and the street urchin, who uncovers his shoulders, minus an arm, and puts his hand to your face. And everywhere store windows marked "Union" or "Cooperative."

The Lenin Mausoleum, squat tan, hardwood organ-pipes against the grey Kremlin Wall, squares against the roundness of St. Basil's faded-red fists projected into the sky. The Red Square, where the body of Lenin lies, surrounded by the graves of the revolutionaries—across from the Government Department Store and the vendors, catty-cornered to St. Basil and Vladimir Gate with its shrine. . . .

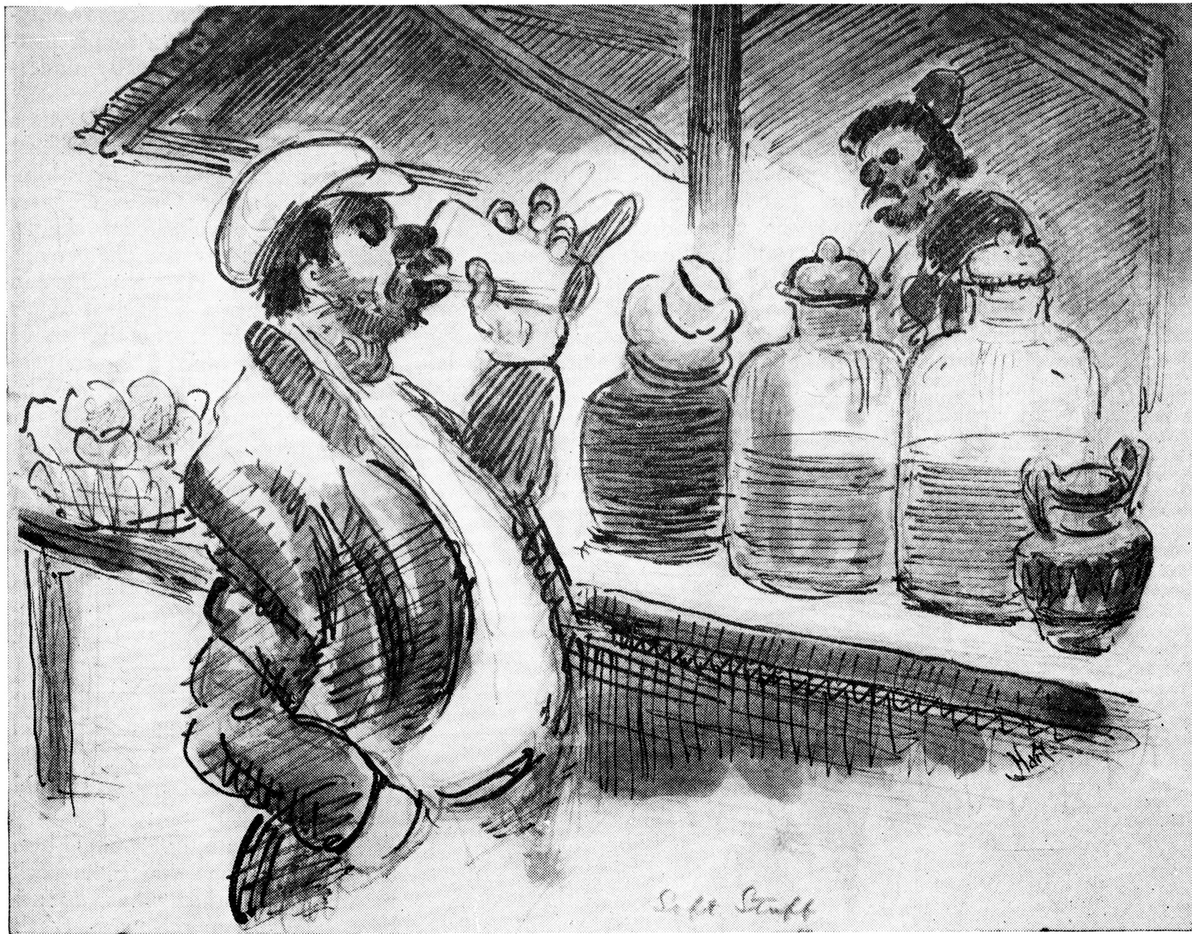
SPRING FROLIC

Spring's had a hard winter down south, what with Cold Waves and Cool-idge Conferences. She's taking the next warm wind back to Webster Hall, arriving March 9th. She says she'll be there with bells on and she won't stand for any intervention—she got enough of that in Nicaragua. Come and give the little girl a hand!



Courtesy Downtown Gallery *Drawing by Pop Hart*

SOFT STUFF



Courtesy Downtown Gallery

Drawing by Pop Hart

SOFT STUFF

"DANGEROUS CRIMINAL"

By ERNEST BOOTH

THE District Attorney, in summing up the case against Tommy, told the jury, "This man is the ring-leader of a band of bandits. They have stolen, under his leadership, the amount of a half-million dollars. Not in one raid upon society did they gain this—but in repeated raids. And he stands before you a polished criminal who would not hesitate to shoot you to death if you stood between him and freedom. He is the most dangerous type of criminal. He combines good appearance and a baseless conscience; a deadly combination."

That was the worthy Representative-of-the-State's-Interests' picture of Tommy. To the prison authorities this zealous prosecutor wrote, "Should this man ever apply for parole, even though it be fifteen years from now, please let me know of his application in advance. His release under any circumstances would be a travesty on justice. There is not one redeeming trait in the man."

This great beast of the underworld, this unconscionable marauder, this leader of criminals who was never again to know freedom, was my friend. We lay on our bunks and talked often, in prison. Outside, in the free world, he and I had traveled together frequently. We had stolen money together—been separated, with Tommy carrying the money for weeks until we met again. Always he accounted to me my share.

Tommy was the most agreeable and tolerant chap I have ever encountered. He had a way of smiling when the prison food was unusually rotten, that was little different from the manner in which he dismissed the unfortunate attempt to rob some place. He had seen life from many stratas—and he knew human nature.

"You don't have to be tough to them, when you're in a jug," he said. "They will do as you tell 'em. They got feelings same as you and me. Some of these kids pound 'em on the head and batter 'em about—but that ain't necessary. You just give a growl and look like you're goin' to chew on a cashier's ear, and he will do exactly as you want him to. You know, it makes me disgusted to read of some guys that beat someone almost to death just to get a few dollars from him. They ain't thieves when they do that — usually they are some harmless stiffs who won't work and can't steal, and think it's necessary to kill a guy to get his dough! Say, do you know that guy who came up here for gettin' up them auto parties, and then throwin' it into some of the broads?"

"No, I don't know him, but I've seen him around the yard," I replied.

"Well, you know who I mean, anyways," continued Tommy with a grimace at my disclaiming to know the "petting bandit." "He's the kind of guy these places was made for. Takin' some good girl who's out for a little entertainment, and doin' that to her. Say! I'd like to have a chance at that bastard!"

On another night, he was reading the papers and learned from them that a young friend of ours had been shot and arrested. "Will you write me a letter to that mouthpiece in the city?" he asked. I set the typewriter out, ready for use.

"Just tell him that I want him to go and see J———— who's just been pinched, and tell him to see that J———— is not to worry if he ain't got any dough. Tell him to get a good croaker for the kid, an' I'll see that he gets his money for his work. And—well, better tell him to get busy right away. Tell him not to do any stallin'—I want him to see that the kid gets everything he can have." He rolled a cigarette while I typed the letter.

"Know how I met that kid?"

"In the 'can' somewhere ——" I offered.

"No. He came to my mother's house one day while I was visitin' her, an' he wanted us to take a subscription to some paper he was carryin'. Said he could get a bicycle if he got enough subscriptions, an' he could get a bigger delivery route if he had the bike. I got to talkin' to him—he was about fifteen—and he told me about his family. His old man used to get soused and kick him and his brothers and sisters out of the house. There was about a dozen kids in his family. Well, you know how it is with a thief: his dough is no good to him unless he gives it away, so I took the kid with me and we bought a bicycle —he was to come and wash the old lady's windows for a couple months to pay for it."

"But when I met him, with you, he was doing a lot of stealing," I reminded Tommy.

"Sure! What I just told you was about four years ago. An' I didn't see him for a couple years. Then the old lady told me he was in the can. He and some kids was out joyridin' in a stolen car and got pinched. So I squared that and got him out, and took him up to the country. I had a friend who owned a ranch up there. But that kid was just naturally full of larceny. He wouldn't steal from any of my friends, but he sure give the neighbors hell. . . Well, what was the use of lettin' him go after small stuff? I took him out with some guys and we got over pretty big. But I wished lots of times that I didn't do it.

Design for a Book Jacket by John Sloan

PROFANE EARTH

Design for a Book Jacket by John Sloan

PROFANE EARTH

Drawing by Louis Ribak

THURSDAY EVENING CONCERT

It's funny how a guy will let a kid tell him things that sorta get under his hide. This kid wanted to get married, and I figured if he had the money to get a truck and work regular, he would settle down. After he started on one contract, hauling cement, I didn't see him for about six months. Then when I come out to the Coast to visit the folks, I met the kid and he was haulin' booze! It was better than stealin', of course. But he just naturally couldn't stay straight. He said he wanted to, but some big guy got him to haul one load of booze and right away the kid was off all honest labor."

. . . .

A few days before Tommy was killed while attempting an escape from the prison, we talked again. "With that district attorney fighting you, you've got little chance of getting out," I offered.

"Yeah, that's right. But somehow I just got a hunch that I'm not going to do a lot of this time. You know when you get to be old as I am (he was about forty-two) you don't care much for what people say about you. It really don't matter—so long as no one says you're not on the square. Do you know what I'd like to do—what I wanted to do for years?"

"What?"

"Get a little place away up in the mountains, away by myself. And get a big fat Swede broad to cook for me, and have a pup or two to hunt with, and just sort of putter around and not be bothered." He was staring at the ceiling and speaking softly, as though to himself.

"But why didn't you have a try at it before? I asked.

"Aw, you know how it is. I was always going to do it, but first one guy would be in trouble and need help, then another. Christ! I been stealin' for fifteen years, since I did that last jolt, and all the time I been supportin' mouthpieces, or some guy what's havin' hard luck. You know, I got the rap for lots of places that went pretty big—well, you know how dough goes. If I had it all at once it would amount to something, but every time I got eight or ten grand for my end, I'd think about going away, an' before I could get started I'd have most of the dough give away. And then I'd have to go and get some of the guys an' step out and take another joint. It was a lotta work, and I never could get ahead. Every time I'd hit the can them attorneys would think I had a million, and wanted to get it all for themselves. An' what the hell can you do about it? The judge, the 'cutor, the bailiff, the dicks,—all of 'em have to come in for some part of a cut—an' if you don't want to hit the big house you got to turn loose to them." . . .

The very morning of the day Tommy was killed we were at the breakfast-table, and some new arrival behind us asked for someone to pass the salt. No one in the group where we sat knew him—so he went without salt. Later, in the line, while waiting for the signal to go to our places for the day's work, this new arrival expressed his opinion of anyone who was so mean as to deprive him of salt for his breakfast. He happened to be looking at a huge Irishman, a common friend of myself and Tommy. "Irish" told the man to shut his mouth or he would lose some teeth. The new arrival, who spoke and looked as if he had just come off the farm, raised his hand as though to fight Irish. In an instant the farmer was on the cement floor. Irish had "put him in his place" and stood waiting for the farmer to get up, in order to complete (according to prison etiquette) the merited beating.

"Nix, Irish," said Tommy, coming between the farmer and his antagonist. "Nix! What the hell d'you wanta sock a guy like that for? Can't you see he's only a hoosier—Christ! he don't know he's in prison yet. An' he's sorry he stole them hogs, already."

Irish grinned and turned away.

"He's a poor, good-working hoosier," Tommy explained. "You can't expect anything different from him. He's not to blame—he's worked all his life. He was trying to be sociable, that's all. He don't know yet that you socked him for speaking outa turn."

And that was Tommy. The "man who would not hesitate to shoot you to death. The most dangerous criminal . . . "

During the few moments necessary to complete a robbery, he wore a murderous demeanor—called into play the emotions engendered by his aspect, but only as a disguise. They were no more indicative of the real man than are the gestures and beautiful mien a minister assumes before his congregation. Tommy had a curious personality built up in contradictory layers. Prison had calloused him and made his exterior hard, but it was only a protective shell. Beneath it all I found a fearful wistfulness. The victim of an early inferiority complex, he had fought against it in herculean style—and his internal battle had fought externalisation in robberies. They were gestures against the intangible thing which depressed and tormented him—defensive gestures. To the police, they were evidences of a vicious criminal—a "master-mind" . . . .

Drawing by Louis Ribak

THURSDAY EVENING CONCERT

FREUD AND MARX

By LEON SAMSON

In the beginning was the deed," says Freud, at the end of his little book, *Totem and Taboo*. Thus also Trotsky concludes his *Literature and Revolution*. Marxians and Psychoanalists agree that thought arises from action. This superficial similarity has, however, deceived many people into placing both within the materialistic camp. But to Freud the "deed" is the original crime against the old man of the primitive herd committed by his sons, who, jealous of his monopoly of the women of the herd, killed him and ate him,—out of which is supposed to have come the ambivalence of the emotions of all sons toward all fathers: on the one hand, a desire to kill him, and on the other, a sense of guilt accompanying that desire,—giving rise to the so-called Oedipus Complex. To Marx, on the other hand, the "deed" is equivalent to the mode of production of the material means of life, or the violent revolutionary overturns that transform one mode of production into another,—giving rise to changes in institutions and ideas that constitute the culture of an epoch. Not to see this is to ignore a vital historical difference.

Likewise is it wrong to associate Marx with Freud on the ground that they are both determinists. According to Psychoanalysis the infantile trauma, or the Trauma of Birth (Otto Rank) are said to determine a man by pararlyzing his adult will, so that, frightened by the realities of life, he seeks refuge in the pleasure principle, day-dreaming, the flight to disease, or to his mother's womb. Marx, on the other hand, shows us the historical springs that determine the positive activity of normal men, living and working as members of a class in well marked epochs of social history. How different this from Freudian determination that deals with isolated individuals thrown out of action by a neurosis.

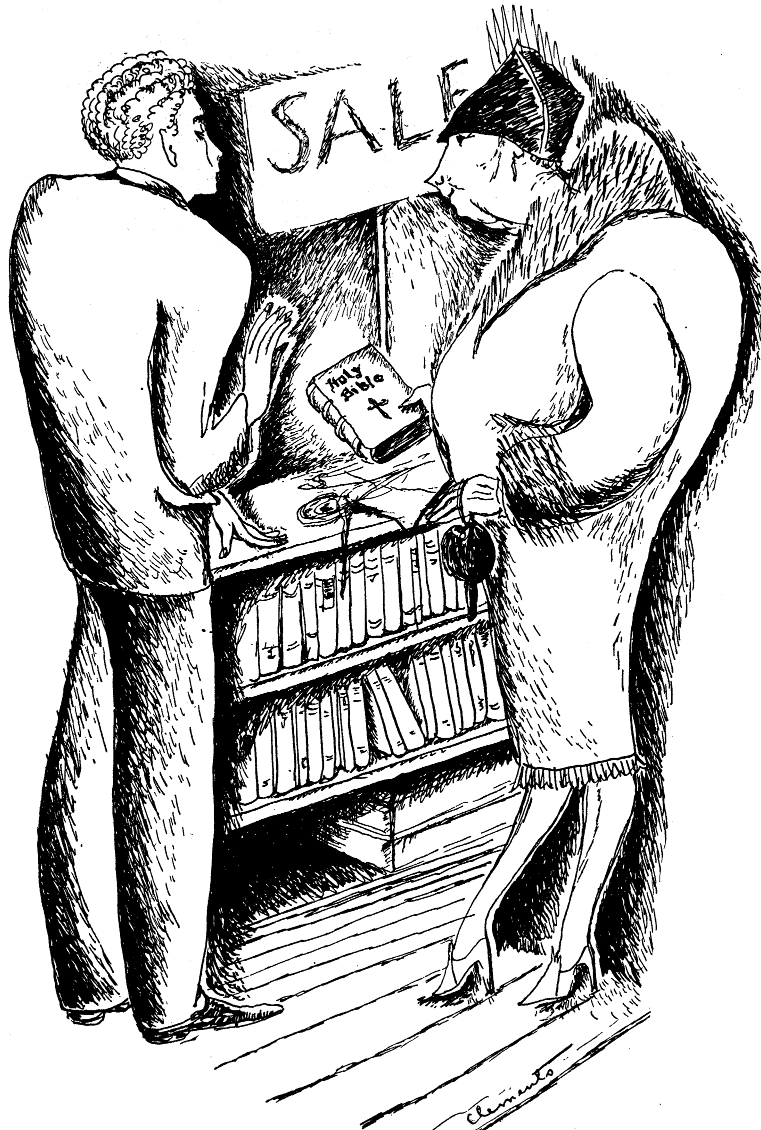
Marx and Freud have been coupled together because both are said to believe in the doctrine of rationalization, namely that the noble ideals for which men fight in reality conceal their crude, material desires, for food and sex. But when a peasant fights for a farm and calls it liberty, or a worker for a job and calls it socialism, the ideal corresponds quite closely with the reality. The possession of a farm or factory does give substantial liberty to the bourgeois and the "Right to Work," the negation of Bourgeois liberty, was the first historical slogan of workers fighting for Socialism. When one compares this with the rationalization of over-sexuality by romantic love or of sexual impotence by Platonic love, the analogy is thin indeed.

Although Psychoanalysis can only by a wild stretch of the imagination be placed side by side with Marxism, it can, however, be best understood by the Marxian method.

For example, the theory of sublimation, whereby a Peeping Tom can become a scholar, a sadistic schoolboy a general, an exhibitionist, an actor, or in general, when Cross nurse, or in general, when an abnormal sexual urge is said to be transformable into a normal social activity, it is plain, that the economic relations out of which such activity springs are, in the final analysis, the determining factors in the ultimate biography, not only of the normal man, but also of the neurotic.

The Oedipus Complex, which, (although Freud recently modified it by the Castration Complex) is still held by psychoanalysts as the main source of the neurosis, can be shown by a Marxian Critique to be based upon an historical bubble. The old song of how primitive man roamed about the earth in Cyclopian families headed by jealous sires, who, withholding the women from his still more jealous sons, provoked them to organize sexual revolutions against him,—this song, whose only theoretic foundation is a few stray passages from Plato's *Laws* and Darwin's *Descent of Man,* is now definitely silenced by an overwhelming mass of evidence as a result of the researches of modern Anthropology. Bachofen, Morgan, Frazer, Hartland, and recently Briffault have clearly proven the priority of the primitive matriarchate. How, then, could the sons have been jealous of a father who had no power? Moreover, it is agreed by practically all responsible Anthropologists that the transition from Matriarchy to Patriarchy takes place historically by the transfer of the mother's power first to the maternal uncle and finally to the father. The Avunclate phenomenon has been shown to be practically universal. Here the Freudians found a real stumbling block, for, during the rule of the paternal uncle, the father has no power over his sons and therefore they could not have developed an Oedipus Complex against him. Psychoanalysts were at a loss to overcome this difficulty but some of them soon found a way out. Malinowsky, for example, came forward with a theory that the Oedipus Complex takes on a different form in different types of social organization,—that, whereas in genuinely patriarchal societies, the Oedipus Complex is a desire to kill the father and marry the mother, in avunclate societies, it changes into a desire to kill the uncle and marry the sister. This, however, did not satisfy the orthodox Freudians who wished to retain the complex in its pure form, so that one of them, Ernest Jones, originated a still more fantastic theory. "If," says he, "the sons actually carried out their desire to kill the father, society would have been plunged into bloody wars of mutual extermination. To prevent this calamity, the Oedipus Complex stepped in to cause a change in the social organization. The fathers were saved from the vengeance of the sons by having their power transformed to the maternal uncle. The murder was not carried out, and so the Oedipus Complex remained in the form of a death wish." Thus Malinowsky would change the Oedipus Complex: to conform to the Avunclate phenomenon while Jones would have us believe that the Avunclate society itself was a result of the unchanging Oedipus Complex.

All these ingenuous absurdities can be avoided if we consult the real facts of history in the light of Marxian materialism. It will then be found that the earliest social struggles of humanity were indeed struggles against the rising power of the Patriarchs not, however, on account of their sexual monopoly, but because they were the first owners of private property. Patriarchial society rose on the ruins of Primitive Communism and brought with it the first historical antagonism between man and man. The antagonism was economic, not sexual. It was a fight for property. If woman becomes a prize in this fight it is because with the dissolution of primitive communism, she too, becomes private property. The Freudian struggle between fathers and sons for the possession of women is in reality the Marxian struggle between the rulers and the people for the possession of social wealth.



Drawing by Grace Clements

"HAVE YOU AN EXPURGATED EDITION OF THIS BOOK?"

Drawing by Grace Clements

"HAVE YOU AN EXPURGATED EDITION OF THIS BOOK?"

Sketch by Boardman Robinson

"WOT? TOO PROUD TO RIDE ON A TRUCK?"
"IT AIN'T THE TRUCKS. IT'S THE DRIVERS."

As for the Collective Unconscious,it will not do to brush it aside with a negative criticism, as the Behaviorists do. The subconscious does exist. It is composed not only of the Freudian anti-social, but primarily of the truly social instincts of man, which have been suppressed by the ruthless discipline of civilized culture.* In primitive days the conscious and the subconscious are one because man is at one with society. Civilization, through private property, gives birth to the Ego and forces him to war against his fellows. Only Communism can re-establish, on a higher historical plane, the primitive harmony between the individual and society and thus abolish the psychic discord between the conscious and the subconscious, which the psychoanalysts attempt to but never can solve.

The same is true with Adler's Inferiority Complex. A man's feeling of inferiority may or may not be based on a real organic deficiency. (Adler does not supply sufficient clinical proof for his theory.) But what really matters is the Will to Power which Adler borrowed from Nietsche and which is the philosophical basis of the Inferiority Complex. But the Will to Power can exist only in a competitive society during which it manifests itself as a struggle to overcome an organic inferiority by substituting for it some form of social superiority. But if Demosthenes is to make up for his speech defect by becoming a orator, or if Napoleon can conquer Europe because he is undersized, types of society must first be assumed in which orators and generals can function. The destiny of the Inferiority Complex is thus determined historically. Today our competitive system may be likened to a chorus in which every singer, urged on by the Will to Power, tries to sing on the top of his voice. Under Communism such chaos is impossible. In its place there is born the now nameless pleasure that all men must feel by each taking his place, however humble, naturally chosen by himself under the functional principle, in a society of harmonious life and work —a society that will thrill by its very perfection everyone who consciously participates in the creation of its social music.

In this epoch of War and Revolution, the psychoanalysts accept bourgeois society and its institutions as normal and offer as their chief cure the re-education and re-adaptation of the abnormal individual to the world about him. Can they not see that a society based on exploitation, slavery and crime is, from the viewpoint of the future, itself abnormal? Why assume that the fundamental passions are wrong and his institutions right? Is it not possible that in the war of the primitive passions against the civilized institutions the institutions themselves might prove historically wrong? The psychoanalyst is fundamentally conservative and reactionary. He assumes that the fundamental instincts of man are anti-social, while his social institutions have a refining influence on them. In this he is mistaken. Marxism throws the burden of proof upon the defenders of family, church, state, stock exchange and battle field. It maintains that the primitive instincts of man are fundamentaly sound. Once Communism gives these instincts free play, the reign of the politician, the priest, the philosopher, and their friend, the psychoanalyst, will be at an end.

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*See Holsti, *War in Relation to the Origin of the State* for a masterly refutation of the primitive war instincts; for an historical proof of the primitive instinct for democracy, hospitality, kindness and sociability see Morgan, *Houses and House Life Among the Iriquois Indians*. Westermark, *Origin and Development of Moral Ideas*, and Kropotkin, *Mutual Aid*.

Sketch by Boardman Robinson

"WOT? TOO PROUD TO RIDE ON A TRUCK?"
"IT AIN'T THE TRUCKS. IT'S THE DRIVERS."

THAT MADE HER WEEP

Katia was a Russian rebel awaiting trial for armed resistance. She and her husband had fired at the policemen who came to arrest them. Her cell was next to mine. It was in the central prison of Odessa. I am sorry to destroy the tragic illusion bound up in the phrase, "Russian prison." Not all of those prisons were terrible. Mine was a rather clean place; the cell reminded me of a little white box; it had a window overlooking a vast field. It was the most sunny room I ever had—in prison. It was in the time of our first Douma, and the conditions of the political prisoners were greatly improved. We were permitted to walk together twice a day and even visit each other's cells.

That was how I made my acquaintance with Katia. Her indictment called for the death sentence. But, as the Douma members demanded general amnesty for all political prisoners, we hoped that Katia would be spared.

On the day of her trial she entered my cell and asked in a slightly embarrassed voice:

"Will you lend me your wrap, Maria? Mine looks so shabby. I want to be decently dressed,—those judges must not think that all revolutionaries are beggars."

"I hope you will get twenty years," I said with a smile which I hoped was cheerful, while helping her to put on my blue serge cape.

"Oh, no, they will sentence me to death," she answered, and I believed that she stoically parted with hope, as I looked at her firmly compressed lips.

That day Katia wore a fresh white blouse, and her hair was arranged with care. I wondered how she could think about her appearance when death was so near.

She returned a few hours later, hours which had dragged heavily as prisoners' chains. So serene was her face that we ran toward her with congratulations. We were sure she was sentenced to hard labor instead of hanging. But she smiled strangely and said in her usual soft voice:

"No, no, I was right, it is death."

Bewildered, we could hardly believe the news. With pitying despair I gazed at Katia while she calmly drew out a cigarette and started to smoke. I remember well that her fingers did not tremble.

She talked with us during the usual prison walk. She wrote a few letters to her husband and her friends and asked us to deliver them secretly. She read them to us: they were not personal letters, but revolutionary massages; Katia wished to use her death for propaganda.

"How the struggle has steeled her character!" I thought admiring her.

When she read to us her last letters, we wept. It was strange to see all those faces twitch with reflected despair, wet from tears, and only one face among them quite calm, like the face of a statue.

"She is a real revolutionary!" I cried with youthful admiration, after Katia went to her cell, "I'm sure nothing on earth can make her cry!"

"You are wrong, little girl," said an old socialist who also awaited her trial. "We saw Katia weeping; but we don't admire her less for that. You are young. You don't understand human nature well."

I swallowed without protest the impertinent remark about my youth,—I was so anxious to know what might break Katia's spirit,—and asked the old revolutionary:

"What made her weep?"

"You know, she has no relatives in this town, so after her arrest there was none to take care of her baby daughter, and the girl was sent to a charity home. These institutions are so mismanaged now . . . graft, you know. The one where Katia's baby lived was the worst of its kind. The poor child was half starved and looked pale as a corpse when they brought her here, for the monthly visit with her mother. When Katia looked at her she had an attack of hysteria. She cried, and puued her hair, . . . and was not at all ashamed of it."

Drawing by Wanda Gag

ITALIAN RESTAURANT

Drawing by Wanda Gag

ITALIAN RESTAURANT

BOLSHEVIK TASTE

Moscow has at least twenty museums for each Communist International. Yet the representatives of capitalist society who talk and write about the Soviet Union mention the Communist International twenty times before they mention a museum once. Indeed, if one were to believe the daily press, Moscow is a wild chaos of Communist Internationals without anything else worth mentioning.

But this is aside from the point.

When the Bolsheviks took over the economic and political control of Russia, among other property that came into their hands, there was a very fine private house belonging to one of the richer Moscow citizens. This house is now the First Museum of Western Art. On Sundays and holidays the museum is filled with workers and students.

The rooms are just big enough to give a sense of space, and at the same time small enough to lend an intimate atmosphere to the museum. A score of rooms are used for the pictures. Some are hallways. Others hold twenty ordinary sized paintings quite comfortably, and without any of the crowding that mars so many of the European galleries.

Visitors that enter the house by the front door go up a flight of stairs directly to the main floor. On the landing, at the top of the stairs, are two pictures by Matisse. One is *Music;* the other, *The Dance*. The pictures were painted for the former owner of the house, and they cover two entire walls of the landing. Each picture consists of a number of large figures, in red, on a rather neutral background. As a result, the landing seems to be peopled with a company that is basking in music or whirling in a giddy circle.

The landing opens into a small room where two more pictures by Matisse are hanging. From this reception room, the visitor may walk by one of several doors into the main galleries.

An artist would discuss the merit of the pictures. A statistician must be content with facts and figures.

Room III contains a mixed collection: two pictures by Matisse; two by Paul Signac; two by Guillaumin. In the far corner hangs a lovely green and purple landscape by Henri Moret.

Claude Monet monopolizes another room with 13 pictures, some of which are the most formal that appear in the entire gallery, and one or two—streets and buildings caught in dim light—as delicate as anything that the moderns have produced. In the same room are two pictures by Pissarro and one by Sisley.

One other room contains pictures by various artists — Fries, Marquet, Van Dongen, Rouault. In still another there are five pictures each by Dennis and Carriere. Here Girieud, Redin and Latour are also represented.

Then come the mass collections: One room devoted entirely to Edward Degas (seven pictures) and A. Renoir (four pictures); Salle Cezanne—seven pictures; Salle Henri Rousseau, seven pictures; Salle Matisse, 21 pictures; three connecting rooms devoted entirely to the work of Pablo Picasso, 43 pictures in all; a room with 20 pictures by Andre Derain. Room V contains seven pictures — all by Matisse.

There are some other pictures—perhaps a score. In the entire gallery there are only a few more than two hundred among the fifteen or twenty thousand pictures that the Soviet authorities had to select from. But experts say that in the whole world there is no such collection of modern French art.

Be that as it may. Tastes differ and even authorities disagree. But there can be no question that the Bolsheviks have brought together in this one gallery a collection of pictures that is of rare artistic merit and at the same time of great interest to the student of art and of social history.

The gallery is immaculate. About it hangs an air of consequence as though, by comparison the other things in town did not really matter so much. Art students and art lovers sit about in its comfortable chairs and dream by the hour. The place seems to have been built for pictures and people.

The visitor leaves the gallery with a sense of elation. It is a real world that can produce such vital art, and a real society that can select and socialize it with such rare certitude.

What more can a student of social science say about pictures, except that they are treated with a sort of simple reverence and are used fifty-two weeks in the year to develop in the workers and their children a sense of color and form and movement, and a realization of the possibilities of human creative power?

Scott Nearing.

THE RECRUIT

He had got on the tramway and was being hurled toward the heart of Sydney. He was tall, sunburned, open-faced, and he hung his cap on his knee in an embarrassed manner. He was self-conscious, for it seemed to him that everyone guessed that he was on his way to the recruiting station. As a matter of fact no one guessed it; his fellow passengers were too absorbed in newspapers or affairs to do more than give him a glance. But he felt exalted. Then a woman stumbled into the aisle, pulling a girl of eight by the hand. She sat down nearby and the child, after a final jerk, wedged herself between them. The two panted heavily; he saw that they had been running to catch the car, that they were out of breath, and that tears trembled in the little girl's eyes.

He forgot himself then. The child reached down and drew back the fold of her dress. The black stocking revealed a ragged hole and the flesh skinned away. It bled a little, and the hand that held the fold of white muslin shook. He looked at her with sympathetic understanding eyes, at her flushed face, her yellow curls. She had fallen on the concrete walk while hurrying to the corner. He knew the tears came from pain, vexation, and childish shame. He understood the tragedy, and felt an urge to say something kindly. But in the midst of his concern the glaring posters and huge red flag of the recruiting station flashed by. He got up, and as the passengers filed to the door, turned to look with paternal eyes at the child.

A year later, to a day, he plunged his bayonet to the gun-barrel between the ribs of a German.

Victor Solberg.

Woodcut by Rufino Tamayo

PRIZE PRESS PEARL

"The Labor Situation from a Religious Standpoint" was the subject of Dr. Samuel Grafflin's message before the Thursday night Young Men's Conference group held at the local "Y."

Dr. Grafflin read a letter just received from a friend in the coal mining district where 85,000 men are now out of employment, picturing the poverty and hardships prevailing in that area.

Dr. Grafflin divided mankind into three classes: those born to work; those who have had wealth and are working their way back, and last those in the harvest. In order to arise each individual must be an aristocrat in his mind, and each individual must be educated and humanized.

In the question of labor some must be employers, but they must be educated to a right attitude. Labor must render the employers a liberal service.

Dr. Grafflin said that labor was a social fact with great moral implications. He said the biggest item was work. In order to solve the problem of industry and labor all must have the right spirit in their hearts.

Following the message a Forum period was enjoyed. A number of questions were asked.

Tarrytown Daily News.

Woodcut by Rufino Tamayo

ANTHRACITE COUNTRY

By CHARLES F. WILNER

Culm banks, those huge mountains of coal dust, are fast disappearing. A stream of water from a fire hose is directed against the side of the bank, flushing the culm down the slope into a scraper line which carries it to the washery. There it is screened. Every particle remotely resembling coal is shipped to the cities and sold. The rest is flushed into worked out parts of the mine—a gesture toward supporting the surface which the robbing of pillars has endangered.

Black plateaus show where the culm banks stood. The original clay shows through in furrows of ochre. Gone are the blazing banks which at night showed weird designs in blue and crimson flame against the dead black of the culm. By day only the white scars of ash showed. Now only ashes remain. Gone too is the stench of sulphur, once the mark of the coal town.

Go to Church

I stop at the K. of P. club rooms. For some reason all the old-timers are members here. Every day they gather in the checker room. Dannie Davis coaxes someone into a game. The rest watch. Undersized Welshmen, all of them, scarcely one more than five foot four. Steel-hard. Veterans of nearly half a century underground. Survivors of the early immigration to the anthracite regions. (Those who came from Connecticut are "settlers," not "immigrants." There's a wide social gulf between the two classes.)

Their numbers are dwindling. Once there were half a dozen Welch churches in this town of ten thousand people. Now the services are in English, with Welsh as a special treat. "Number 12" church held out longest. Most of the bosses of the Haddock mine were members there. Officially the church was the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Presbyterian, but the mine was Number 12. When the mine closed the influence of the church began to wane.

The Worker Pays

Coal companies understand taxation. In Columbia County there's a rich section of coal land. Employes of the corporation that owns it occupy a tiny spot of comparatively worthless ground. The boundaries of the town are drawn closely around this worthless plot. Result — the wealth - producing lands of the coal company are exempt from municipal taxes; the burden is placed entirely on the homes of the workers.

A variant of the same scheme. Assessors are political job-holders, not experts. They guess at the value of coal land on the basis of the amount that is being mined. A company in Plymouth tears down its buildings and lends the land to the town for an athletic field. Apparently the mine is abandoned. Actually coal is still mined, but it is taken under the river and brought to the surface in Hanover Township. Why? Plymouth: Population, 15,000; property values, $5,000,000. Hanover: Population, 3,000; property values, $50,000,000. Taxes lower in Hanover.

There's a new high school in the town now. Fifteen years ago the coal companies controlled the school board. A new building was needed. It was finally built at a cost of $35,000. It was inadequate at once. A ten year fight for a new building followed. A few years ago this was built—cost, $200,000. The old one was financed by a bond issue. The first bonds matured in ten years. Meanwhile, the value of coal property has decreased. The companies are almost out of it. The working man will dig down in his pocket for *both* buildings.

Drawing by E. P. Maurer

LABORER

Beyond the Wage Scale

Miners are dissatisfied. Do any of them dream of a new social order, of a complete reorganization of the economic system? I talk with Danny Laughlin, a huge white-haired representative of the Irish contingent. There isn't a better union man on earth than Danny, but he's never looked beyond the scale. I ask him about Rinaldo Capellini. I am told that he's a good man—which means, I find, that he's a cautious and conservative person who votes with John L. Lewis. What has become of Capellini the firebrand, the radical, the Red who used to stir up so much trouble for union officials? The inner circle tried to oust him. He responded by becoming a candidate for district president and defeated Brennan who had been in power for years. Shortly afterward a coal company gave him $10,000. Belated payment for the loss of his arm in a mine accident was the official explanation. Perhaps under the surface Capellini plans and dreams. At present John L. Lewis still reigns, and there's no protest from the anthracite country.

* * *

Men still come down Academy Street on their way to work. Before daylight I hear the click and thump of hobnailed boots on flagstone sidewalks; the clatter of dinner pails.

Therefore Men Died

My uncle visits us. Forty years in and around the mines. I ask him about a recent mine explosion. "New fire-boss," he explains succinctly. "Superintendent's brother-in-law. Didn't bother to visit part of the mine, but took a chance and reported it free from gas. Of course he swears that he made the rounds and that the gas must have gathered later." It's the job of the fire-boss to visit every last chamber and gallery in the mine every morning before the men come to work. It's a lonesome trip. He stumbles up hill and down, from one level to another; sometimes beneath a roof so low that he's almost bent double; plodding ankle-deep in muck; always in danger from the low-hanging trolley wire; ever alert for traces of gas. A hard job and a dangerous one; a job for the mine's best man. It had been too much for the superintendent's brother-in-law. Therefore men died.

Drawing by E. P. Maurer

LABORER

The Crosses Reeled

The township school has burned. I remember that once the earth dropped from under one side of it, leaving one wing of the building hanging grotesquely. In the same region a cave beneath the road left only a thin shell of the surface. By good luck it was discovered before traffic started.

I remember too when they undermined the cemetery at Welsh Hill. The hard turf which had never been dug up retained strength enough to bear the weight of a few of us. The underlying rock layer had dropped into the mine, taking with it the softer earth with which the graves had been filled. Instead of mounds there were gaping hollows at the bottom of which the wooden coffins showed. Some were splintered and broken; bodies were visible, a few were mangled . . . horrible.

Slovaks were buried there, men of the mines and families of the men. There had been no money for permanent memorials. At the head of each grave was a weather-beaten wooden cross, usually with a shrine-like box at the junction of upright and cross-piece. The boxes contained always a wreath or a spray of artificial flowers. Now the crosses reeled.

Not Wanted

God's in his heaven and the American Legion still rules. Radical speakers are not wanted here. The news starts me ransacking my memory. I can't recall a single radical in the county; not a single prominent person who is more than mildly liberal. Even those are few.

Newspaper Photograph

Note in a Philadelphia paper: "The bulk of his income was derived from royalties on Pennsylvania coal lands." Miner and operator fight it out; the consumer shivers. Eventually it's over and the royalty goes up. Luzerne settlers came from Connecticut. They took up farm land. Their descendants sold the surface at a profit. They still retain the coal. No effort to get it, no effort to hold it. Not even initiative or energy enough to remove the coal. A dead weight on the industry. Throw off the weight? Bolshevism!

Throw Him a Bone

In this county many of the miners own automobiles. Elsewhere in Pennsylvania, in Ohio, in Colorado . . . Only the hungry dog fights. Throw him a bone and he won't question your right to the roast.

Drawing by Winn Holcomb

AT THE DOME --- PARIS

"WE INTELLECTUALS MUST JOIN THE REVOLUTION."
"YES. WITHOUT US IT HAS NO SOUL."

TWO SKETCHES
By ALEXANDER GOTTLIEB

I.

Peter J. Graber is a German farmer who is so good-hearted he has deeded a quarter-section to each of his seven sons-in-law.

"S'dorov!" calls out Pete when he enters the store. *"Moyen!"*

He slumps down in a chair by the oil-burner and spreads himself in front of the shirt counter. His face is wrinkled from the Kansas winds that blow too much when you're trying to harrow the coming wheat crop. Wheat-tassels stick up from the faded blue shirt that Peter J. wears. But his face is fresh and cheerful. It beems with good-heartedness, and when he smiles, every wrinkle in his face rewrinkles itself, and his graying mustache that he forgets to cut turns up its ends.

He thumps on the counter when he is ready to buy and yells ous, "Sell me a shirt, quick, I got to get back and get those cows milked. Those boys of mine are too lazy." But he laughs heartily at the thought that his boys are not the best.

II.

Only two men were in the morgue, taking shelter from the icy rain that had suddenly started.

"Nice and warm in here, ain't it, Buddy?" said the short one, unbuttoning a black, soggy topcoat, and shaking his hat against a slab.

"Yes," answered the other.

A short silence.

"Have a stick o' gum," offered Shorty.

"No thank you."

Another silence; then the genial one continued, "Ya know, it ain't bad here. Stinks a little. But if they lay me here I won't mind; heh, heh, never a complaint."

The other walked to the window but returned unsatisfied.

"Gosh, that nigger's cut up," said Shorty with a whistle. "It reminds me of the two tramps that wuz walkin' down a dark road at night. A machine knocked one over. The driver, comin' back to find out who he'd socked, knocked him over again. As he turned to come back the second time, the first guy yells, 'Lay there, ya damn fool, he's comin' back again.' Crazy, ain't it? Say, where ya goin'? It ain't stopped rainin' yet."

THE OILER

Darkness settles quickly over the mill, soon after the night shift starts. The piles of lumber in the yard turn gold from the reflection of the setting sun. Then pink, and rose, and red, and rose and pink again, and then it is dark. Black piles are dimly outlined against blackness, on the outskirts of the light cast by the high-set lamp.

Horses dragging two-wheeled trucks of lumber appear startingly at the end of a lighted alley, and quickly disappear again. The tide is out, and the smell of the tide-flats, strong, bitter, sour, mixes with the odor of the fir, the hot smell of the saws, the biting smell of the oiled machinery.

The still whirr of electric motors, the whistling low hum of the steam engines in the engine room, for background for the noise of many saws. The conveyors, taking refuse to the burner from all parts of the mill clank, groan, and shriek. Somewhere in the mill, someone bangs with a picaroon on the steel rolls.

The various saws can be distinguished by their sounds. The head-saw, biting, like a monstrous vibration, cutting into logs. The six saws of the edger, screaming through a tow-inch cant. A single trim-saw, pulled across the rolls, cuts a timber into length. The slash-trim bites, and hesitates, and bites, crashing across the grain. The pony purrs hysterically thru a cant, cutting clear lumber. The resaw whines, and pause and whines and pause and whine. The rip-saw, baby of them all, shrills in a loud soprano.

Relief from tempestuous, shrilling noise—the rattle, clang of sproket-chains and rollers, thud of falling lumber on the drop, timbers sliding down the bumpy chute, tramp of horses pulling lumber.

Out of the blackness comes a spectre; an old man, all bent over, carrying an oil-can with a long spout. Old Man Judd, who oils the machinery. Bent so that his arms fall from his shoulders straight, and his body follows like an arc. He shuffles along. His feet fall, all of the two inches they are raised, one in front of the other. He grins, and shakes his head, and waves his free hand to the young men working on the resaw. His hand in a black stocking with a hole for the thumb, and all four fingers gone. Waves to them, with a smile, for a salutation; waving, with a shake of the head, like a warning, his stump of hand.

He passes on into the darkness on the other side, and the young men shake their heads, and take another chew of snous, and keep on working.

Louis Colman.

Drawing by Winn Holcomb

AT THE DOME --- PARIS

"WE INTELLECTUALS MUST JOIN THE REVOLUTION."
"YES. WITHOUT US IT HAS NO SOUL."

Drawing by Winn Holcomb

AT THE DOME --- PARIS

"WE INTELLECTUALS MUST JOIN THE REVOLUTION."
"YES. WITHOUT US IT HAS NO SOUL."

HEMINGWAY---WHITE COLLAR POET

By MICHAEL GOLD

Men Without Women, by Ernest Hemingway. Scribner's. $2.00.

ONLY Marxians have the slightest clue to the social basis of fashion. Fashion is as whimsical as a butterfly, neurotic as a race-horse with hives, crazy as the New York weather.

What causes the cycles of fashion? The average "literary critic" can't tell you; the world is all accident to him. He is as incompetent as the average university "economist" who describes perfectly the cycles of economic expansion and depression, but knows as little of their basic laws as an Eskimo of television.

Ernest Hemingway is the newest young writer to leap into fashion among American intellectuals. He deserves recognition; he is powerful, original, would be noticed anywhere, and at any time. He has a technical control of his material as sure as a locomotive engineer's. He sees and feels certain things for himself, for 1928.

Hemingway became a best seller with his novel *The Sun Also Rises*. He had already published a volume of short stories, and a satirical novel. Neither was very popular. Hemingway was considered member of a cult. The advance guard of American writing, most of whom live in Paris, looked upon Hemingway as one of their bannermen. He expressed their mood of irony, lazy despair, and old-world sophistication.

Suddenly this esoteric mood became popular. Thousands of simpler male and female Americans, not privileged to indulge in cafe irony and pity in Paris, but rising to alarm clocks in New York and Chicago, discovered and liked Hemingway. Why? His novel was an upper-class affair, concerned with the amours and drinking bouts of Americans with incomes who rot in European cafes; self-pitying exiles and talkers. Michael Arlen had already specialized in them, and fattened his bank account; why did the hard-working Babbitt Americans accept more of the same gilded sorrows in Hemingway?

It was no accident.

The middle-class youth of America is without a goal. It is shot to pieces morally and intellectually. America is the land where the business-man is the national hero. A big section of the middle-class youth, however, hates in its heart the rapacities, the meanness, the dollarmanias of business.

Part of the propaganda of the bourgeois philosopher Mencken has been to reconcile the American youth to business. In all of his writings he preaches American common sense to the young; but his common sense is that of a prosperous grocer.

American business simply cannot satisfy the mind and the heart. A thousand voices rise every day to testify against it. Mencken is losing his followers; they are discovering he is shallow. It is not his materialism one objects to; materialism offers greatness Mencken never dreamed of. Materialism is the basis of a heaven on earth, a social heaven. Mencken offers us only a fat little wholesale grocer's suburb.

The war was a profound shock to all the youth. It was an earthquake in which their world of solid Y. M. C. A. values disappeared. And they studied Versailles, and now they can sense the next war, and they have no illusions about the past or present, and they have no hopes for the imperialist future.

Mencken, Hemingway, Sherwood Anderson, all the bourgeois modern American writers, whom do they write for? Not for workingmen, and not for the bankers of Wall Street. They write for, and they express the soul of the harried white-collar class.

I know a hundred gay, haggard, witty, hard-drinking, woman-chasing advertising men, press agents, dentists, doctors, engineers, technical men, lawyers, office executives. They go to work every morning, and plough their weary brains eight hours a day in the fiercest scramble for a living the world has ever known.

Men who cheerfully fought through the war become nervous wrecks under the strain of American business competition. You must never let down; you must never stop to feel or think. There is no relief except violent nights of bootlegging and Bohemian love.

Sherwood Anderson expressed the soft day-dreams of this class, an epicene's dream of escape, without will, without vigor.

Hemingway offers the day-dreams of a man. Liquor, sex and sport are his three chief themes, as they are in the consciousness of the American white-collar slave today.

The intelligent young American liberal who was shocked and disgusted by his helplessness in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, forgets his impotence in getting drunk and imagining himself a strong, brutal killer with Ernest Hemingway. This is literature of escape, it is a new form of the ivory tower in America.

The young American "liberal" writes advertising copy meekly all day, then at night dreams of Hemingway's irresponsible Europe, where everyone talks literature, drinks fine liqueurs, swaggers with a cane, sleeps with beautiful and witty British aristocrats, is well informed in the mysteries of bullfighting, has a mysterious income from home.

That is why Hemingway is suddenly popular. He has become the sentimental story-teller to a whole group of tired, sad, impotent young Americans, most of whom must work in offices every day—"white collar slaves."

After the first Revolution failed in Russia, in 1905, a similar situation arose. The young people lost all hope for a modern world. Artzibashev came and expressed their mood in *Sanin*. Suicide clubs and clubs for sex orgies flourished among the youth.

When the French Revolution seemed to have failed, the poets it had created, like Wordsworth, grew timid and sad.

The literary historian of America will recognize that a great wave of social revolt came to its climax in the election of Woodrow Wilson to the Presidency. It was diverted by him, as Napoleon diverted the French revolution, to a means of vast personal power. It then collapsed in the Versailles treaty, and in the following years of this false, stinking, imperialist peace of ours.

This is the social background of the depression among the young American intellectuals; the background and reason for the new Hemingway fashion. We are living in a decade of betrayals; our time is dominated by Ramsay Macdonald, Mussolini and other Judases.

Ten years ago Hemingway could not have written in this mood; he would not have felt the mood, and no one else would have understood him, in this mood. His mood is that of the betrayed young idealist.

There is no humanity in Hemingway, as there is in Dreiser, Stephen Crane, Upton Sinclair, Carl Sandburg, all the men of the earlier decade. He is heartless as a tabloid. He describes the same material as do tabloids, and his sole boast is his aloofness, last refuge of a scoundrel. What one discerns in him, as in those younger writers close to his mood, is an enormous self-pity. He romanticizes his bewilderment in a world where social problems have become the only real problems of the so-called individual. The Hemingways are always running away from something — not going to something.

Hemingway, curiously enough, is an imitator of Tolstoy. I have seen no critic who has yet pointed this out. Hemingway has the same bare, hard style of a god-like reporter; his narrative is precise and perfect as science; he is the poet of facts.

Tolstoy, the disillusioned intellectual, strove like a weary exile to return to the golden childland of the senses; he dreamed he could be a peasant. Hemingway, weary of the Judas decade and incapable of social thought, surrenders his intellect too, and dreams that he can be an American lowbrow; a prize-fighter, a fisherman, a village drunkard.

Tolstoy had a big brain, and in his Russia for an intellectual to turn peasant meant that the Revolution had gained another recruit. This was far from a tragedy for Tolstoy and the world.

Hemingway will soon exhaust the illusion that he is a brainless prize-fighter, and since he is too bourgeois to accept the labor world, I predict he will imitate next, not Tolstoy, but those young French writers near to his mood, who have sought nirvana in the Catholic Church.

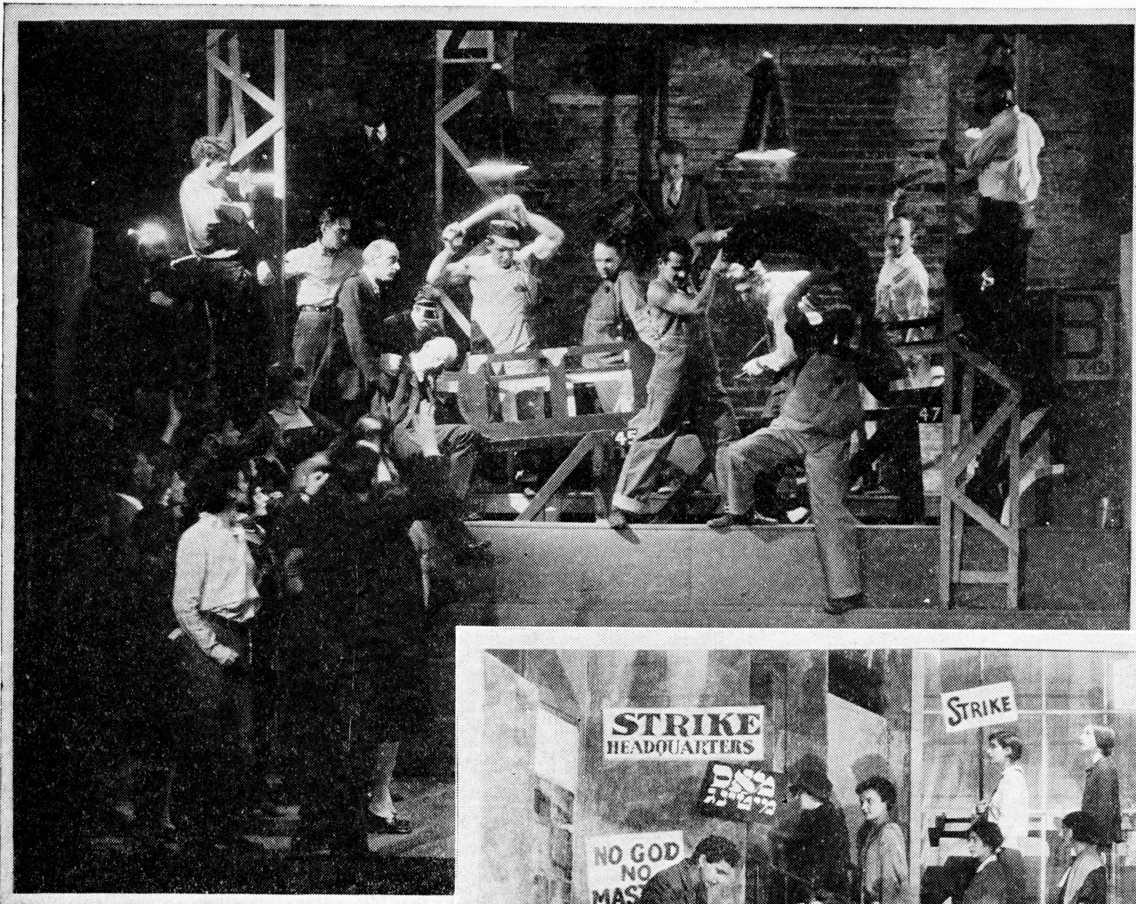
It will be a pity. Hemingway is a power; he has led American writing back to the divine simplicities of the prosaic; he has made a great technical contribution.

The revolutionary writers of the future will be grateful to him; they will imitate his style. But they will have different things to say. A new wave of social struggle is moving on the ocean of American life. Unemployment is here; hints of a financial depression; the big conservative unions are breaking up; another world war is being announced by Admirals and Generals.

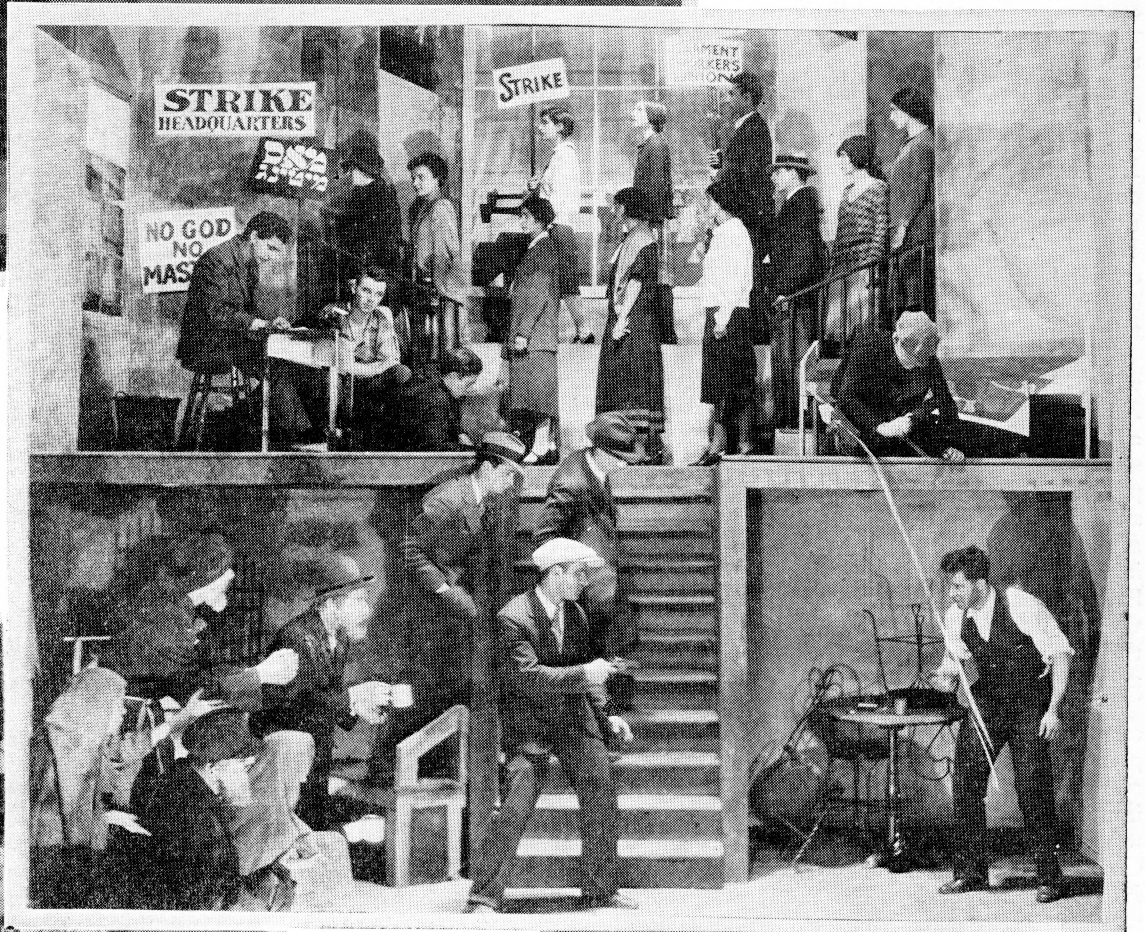
Babbitt was one of the evidences of the desperation and pessimism of the middle-class idealists during the Judas decade, Hemingway was another sign. In the decade to come we may develop Gorkies and Tolstoys to follow these Artzibashevs. The Sacco-Vanzetti case woke the conscience of the intellectuals. They brushed Mencken aside and walked on the picket lines in Boston. Upton Sinclair is coming back in popularity in his own land. There is surely something brewing. Hemingway is not the herald of a new way of feeling, but the last voice of a decade of despair.

A REVOLUTIONARY THEATRE

With its production of Michael Gold's "Hoboken Blues" this month, the New Playwrights' Theatre will have presented four plays this season in New York. The theatre has established itself as one of the most extraordinary experiments in revolutionary art in America. Pledged to first American plays by young authors, it has reflected the life and problems of modern America with boldness and precision.

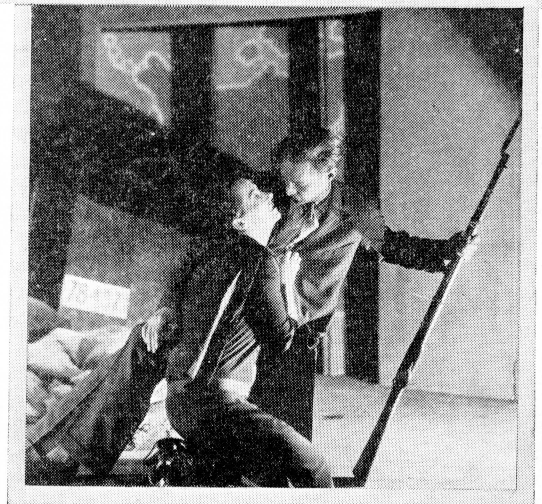


"The Belt" by Paul Sifton, was a smashing satire on Henry Ford's speed-up system. The scene at the left shows the workers breaking up the plant in a fit of mass rage after a nine-month lock-out had been declared. The play was fresh and witty, a departure in propaganda writing.



The scene at the right is one of the composite episodes from Em Jo Basshe's amazing and turgid portrait of the East Side proletariat, "The Centuries." The stir, the confusion, the brutal beauty and grotesque humor of Jewish mass life was caught into this vivid play. Presented on a tiny stage, it achieved an epic quality.

The two scenes on either hand are from John Howard Lawson's play "The International." This was another epic struggling to life on a small stage. Its theme was no less than the next world war for oil — culminating in revolutions in Europe, Asia and New York.



The New Playwrights' Theatre is continuing next season. It must be supported by everyone who feels the importance of revolutionary art. To theatres such as these belong the theatrical future.

MACHINES AND MOBS

Earth, by Em Jo Basshe. With an introduction by Eric Walrond. Macaulay. $2.

The Belt, by Paul Sifton. Macaulay. $2.

Loud Speaker, by John Howard Lawson. With an introduction by Joseph Wood Krutch. Macaulay. $2.

A REVOLUTIONARY theatre may be either of two things. It may be purely an experimental theatre: revolutionary in technique. And it may be a worker's theatre: revolutionary in content. It happens, however, that the very nature of the modern radical play, involving mass action, fluidity of movement, and a reality that transcends mere photographic reproduction, usually invites revolutionary treatment, and frequently demands it. The really great revolutionary theatre is, therefore, revolutionary both in theme and method.

This drama is one of machinery and mobs. It treats the relationship between groups and between the individual and the mechanical environment, or the individual and the group. It is the drama of the future, and is already emerging. It is born of the machine-age, is peculiar to it, as the truest means of expression for that age since it is infinitely plastic and requires the co-operation of all the arts. It seizes upon the dynamic, the becoming rather than the being. All that is rebellious, that is awakening, that is conflict in reality and not in hypothesis, is the stuff of this drama. To transpose such material into the theatre assumes a radical departure from the two-dimensional stage. The tempo of the production must be keyed to the world of the dynamo and the telephone, its expansiveness to the skyscraper.

Here in America we have no such theatre. The few workers' theatres are negligible in influence and accomplishment, and our experimental stage is anaemic.

The New Playwrights started out, apparently, as an experimental theatre. To be sure, it had some vague intention of presenting realistic radical plays, but the emphasis was upon method. At the beginning of this past season, however, its policy metamorphosed. It announced itself a workers' theatre. It talked very little about aesthetic theories, and very much about the nature of its drama and the audience for which it was intended. This was a symptom of health. The play itself, its form and the movement it described, should determine the manner of staging, the scenic effects, and so on. The playwright has in general lagged behind the painter, architect, and musician, and consequently his script has been submerged by details that should have been contributory. That the New Playwrights decided to concentrate upon its drama and utilize the other arts to get as much out of it as possible, is, then, an important advance in the American revolutionary theatre.

The publication of their first three plays should permit analysis of their accomplishment. Actually, it does not. *Earth* and *Loud Speaker* are last year's creations; only *The Belt* is a product of the new, definite ideal. *Loud Speaker* is Mr. Lawson's attempt to write a farce of modern metropolitan life for a constructivist stage. My impression of the book coincides with my impression of the production. It lacks that very harmony of composition that is essential to any art. I feel that *Loud Speaker* was dictated by a desire to write a play for a constructivist stage, but that *Loud Speaker* itself does not dictate constructivism. In effect, the permanent, constructed set, supposed to facilitate freedom of movement, becomes a distraction. Here is an example of a technique grafted onto a play.

Earth is a folk-play, dealing with an isolated negro community during the post-Civil War period. One need not be an authority on the negro to agree with Mr. Walrond that it makes "honest and authentic contact with a diminishing phase of primitive negro existence." It is impossible to read *Earth* and feel that anything in it is false. It is a symphony composed by a craftsman; not a single note disturbs the broad sweep of the heightening tragedy; nothing is irrelevant, nothing discordant.

A group of negroes, oppressed by sorrow and misfortune, fluctuate between voodooism and a savage form of Christianity. But no matter what gods they worship, misfortune overtakes them. The forces of poverty and death are too strong. Despair remains the motif.

As a bare outline, *Earth* seems at times somewhat melodramatic, depending so much upon coincidence and sudden disaster. In his delineation of the movement, however, Mr. Basshe has made it seem real and inevitable. The search for a god that will protect and shelter, that will smile as well as frown, strikes deep into the heart of all superstition and primitive religion. These negroes pursuing the thread of hope are a barbaric people awed by the tremendous force of nature.

It is a sincere and moving drama. And yet one cannot help feeling that it does not belong in the repertory of the New Playwrights' Theatre. Deserting the contemporary scene, treating a mode of life that is alien to us and a problem that does not touch us, *Earth*, despite its high quality, is not the sort of thing that should interest the Commerce Street group. Mr. Basshe's recent work, *The Centuries*, a turbulent, passionate "portrait of a tenement," is rather more in line with what we have been led to expect.

The Belt is concerned with two problems: the dull, dreary existence in a mill town; and the revolt of the worker against "straight line production, high wages, efficiency, speed, low production cost . . . more efficiency, purchasing power." The truth is that industrial efficiency for its own sake and for profit is no blessing to man. Competitive mass production mechanizes him instead of liberating him. How man will be affected by non-competitive, co-operative mass production is another question, one that will be answered some day in Russia.

Bernard Smith.

A PREOCCUPIED HEROINE

My Heart and My Flesh, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. The Viking Press, $2.50.

Some authors write about thoughts and others write about events; but in Miss Roberts' books she combines the most minute record of mental states with the sharpest action. Adultery, suicide, murder, arson alternate with naive metaphysical speculation and reflections about nature. The result gives the mental background of the Kentucky mountains better than the best mountain speech and the speech in her books is as good as you are likely to find.

Here is this acutely recorded consciousness, and here are these violent events, and except in one or two places the two fail to interact. The first third of the book shows mainly the thoughts of the child Theodosia and those of a mysterious little girl named Luce Jarvis who drops out of the picture and never reappears. (Miss Roberts' first book was a collection of children's verses). Upon Theodosia's mind breaks a wave of melodrama. You feel that events catch her unprepared and unwilling, in spite of the sharp hunger for experience which she is said to have. One lover is burned to death when his house catches fire; the other and more impatient one, after thrilling and terrifying her with threats of a virtual abduction on a certain date, falls madly in love with another girl a week before it. Her grandfather dies and she is plunged into want. She studies the violin for years with the most eager application, and finally learns that her hands are too small to let her become a virtuoso.

Worst of all, she discovers that her father's romantic exploits have made her half-sister to some of the most degraded negroes in the town. The perfect fiddle hand with which nature ought to have endowed her went instead to her half-brother Stiggins, a feeble-minded stable boy. The emotional drive and tenacity which might have saved her love went to her sisters Lethe and Americy. She overcomes the race repulsion which made her feel as a child toward negro children that "she could scarcely endure the joy of her loathing as she touched their fingers in giving them the sweets"—overcomes it enough to force her friendship on these negro kinsmen. She visits them continually and in one fantastic scene inspires Lethe to kill her own unfaithful lover as Theodosia vaguely wishes to kill hers.

But all this violence comes dimly, strained through a mind—two minds, Theodosia's and the author's—to which thought is more real than action. You may allow yourself to be convinced that these things happened to the heroine, though it will come hard to accept the matter of the murder, and it will come hard to believe that she could endure all her failures in a cramped provincial town without running away to Chicago or New York or at least the metropolis which Kentuckians call Louahvl. Perhaps in time she would have thought of it if she had not contracted tuberculosis. The melodrama continues when she goes to recover at the house of a rich and miserly aunt who starves her. But here her inner life resumes first place. In a kind of delirium induced by illness and solitude and hunger, the stream of her consciousness carries on a dialogue more brilliant and powerful than anything else in the book. When through this drastic introversion she has made her peace with herself, she escapes from the miser and the disease and her own preoccupation, and finds a man she can love.

People who find this book less perfect than *The Time of Man*, whose unity and objectivity and rhythm it assuredly lacks, ought to appreciate its greater difficulty and force and daring, and look forward to the great third novel which it foreshadows.

Marian Tyler.

PROTESTANT PHOBIA

The Counterfeiters, by Andre Gide. Knopf. $2.50.

THE central figure of this novel is a novelist, Edouard, who is writing a novel which he has called *The Counterfeiters,* and of which the central figure is to be a novelist who is writing a novel called *The Counterfeiters*. It has you see, the construction of the onion.

Edouard has not written any of his *Counterfeiters,* and no doubt never will, although he has garnered material and deliberated upon it for over a year. He keeps a Journal, in which he records from day to day the "state of the novel" in his mind, and he is pleased with this device, so much so that he regrets that we have not, say, Flaubert's diary of the *Education Sentimentale* or Dostoievski's diary of *The Brothers Karamazof,* so that we might learn the important things these novels do not tell us about themselves: what they really are and how they came to be, "the story of the work—of its gestation!" This, Edouard believes, would be "more interesting than the work itself."

This is the praecox of the neurotic Protestant. Edouard, like M. Gide, was suckled in the Huguenot creed and, having been a nervous child, he still retains an insatiable curiosity concerning the Reality behind Appearance; so persistent is this Protestant malady he considers it the highest attribute of the genuine artist, confusing (as all Protestant artists do) the artist with the morbid "investigator." To Edouard, the Balzacian novel, the *etat-civil* novel, is nothing but Appearance, its practitioners being too indolent or too frivolous to speak the whole truth. The folly of writing merely a novel! It is different with a Journal.

Mr. Gide has given ample room to Edouard's Journal. But to good advantage. First of all, with this character as dummy, M. Gide satisfies to the full the self-probing, sin-confessing phobia of the Protestant in him, and, being a novelist, morbidly concerned with the nature and possibilities of his literary genre, he succeeds in getting in the record, without having to answer for them, the whole muddle of notions and half-thoughts he has in the matter.

Edouard gladly assumes the burden, which his shirking Setebos has placed upon him, of proving his Theories of the Novel. He finds in Racine an example of genuine literary art: the conversation of Mithradites and his two sons, a scene which he ranks high as artistic achievement because, although it is a scene that could not conceivably take place between any actual father and sons, yet it is one in which parental and filial feelings are so skillfully handled that they apply almost universally. This universality, Edouard believes, is the end of art. The problem of the artist, then, is to make the particular express the general.

This specious theory, by the way, has gone uncontested long enough. Someone—and it could not be more safely and successfully done than by a fictitious novelist, whom one cannot rebuke — some one should before long abuse this counterfeit theory. I do not like to say it, but I should like to have arbitrary control over a character in a novel long enough to have him say, that, as the Sun also rises, the one thing that expresses the Universal is the Universal and that the Particular will never express anything save the Particular.

But I was speaking of Edouard, W. Gide's alter ego, the conscientious novelist of *The Counterfeiters,* who will not be content until he has made his particulars express universals.

But we waste time on Edouard. Let's take the onion whole, and give up peeling off layer after layer, novelist after novelist. Let's speak of the responsible novelist, M. Gide. I do so with many apprehensions. It is hard to get at M. Gide. He has done some clever guerilla novel-writing in *The Counterfeiters.*

Howbeit, M. Gide is not a juggler. He has come up from Huguenotism, and the Protestant artist is a serious artist.

Consider the Huguenot child. Let us return with Edouard, the novelist, to the pew where as a child his mind received its first training in Universals and where he first understood that his kingdom would not be of this earth:

> "I felt as if . . . I were seeing for the first time the bare walls, the abstract and chill light which fell upon the congregation, the relentless outline of the pulpit on the background of the white wall, the straightness of the lines, the rigidity of the columns which support the gallery, the whole spirit of this angular and colourless architecture and its repellent want of grace, its uncompromising inflexibility, its parsimony. It can only be because I have been accustomed to it since childhood, that I have not felt all this sooner . . . And then I fell to regretting that Olivier had never known this early starvation of the senses which *drives the soul so perilously far beyond appearances.*" (Italics mine.)

Consider little Gide, nervous, impressionable, in this same pew, and the novel he later wrote, in his adult-infancy, is not very baffling. One does not come up from Huguenotism unmarked. His soul remains perilously far beyond appearances; and if he sets up as an artist he will be a serious artist, which, in Protestant terms, means that he will not be put off by appearances, will not compromise with the assumed indifference of things, the fake inscrutableness of the universe, that, in brief, he will never be content. The protestant sects have bred an alarming number of these serious, exacting artists, eternally searching and rejecting. We are not accustomed to them among the French; we should receive Gide as a brother.

Note that Edouard "fell to regretting that Olivier had never known this early starvation of the senses." These Protestants, you see, are thankful for it after a while—that is, after they realize they are back-worldsmen for good and that they are compensated with a power and a zeal that are beyond the hope of a happy and uninhibited people.

Gide has written in *The Counterfeiters* a Christian novel—with the hope of salvation, that Thomas a Kempis and others added, left off. Edouard explains *The Counterfeiters* perfectly:

> "There is a kind of tragedy, it seems to me, which has hitherto almost entirely eluded literature. The novel has dealt with the contrariness of fate, good or evil fortune, social relationships, the conflicts of passion and of characters—but not with the very essence of man's being.
>
> "And yet, the whole effect of Christianity was to transfer the drama on to the moral plane. But properly speaking there are no Christian novels. There are novels whose purpose is edification; but that has nothing to do with what I mean. Moral tragedy—the tragedy, for instance, which gives such terrific meaning to the Gospel text: 'If the salt have lost his flavour wherewith shall it be salted,'—that is the tragedy with which I am concerned."

The Counterfeiters is not a "French novel."

M. Gide has a facile touch, the customary virtues of the Latin genius, a sprightly intelligence, wit, irony, clarity, simplicity, but he does not live at ease with this happy birthright, a stern and ascetic faith having early laid a heavy pall over these innocent and precious qualities, burdening him with a mind delighting in detecting the vanity of human works. A novelist with a sackcloth vision. Taunting, belittling, insulting the all-too-human—with a divine bitterness counterfeiting as love, as divine bitterness does. Not a superficial, cynical novelist, the worldly type, the sybarite, taking what pleasure life has to offer, loving comfort, compromising to get it, finding escapes and seeking oblivion.

Cardwell Thomson.

RAW MATERIAL

The White Man's Dilemma, by Nathaniel Peffer. John Day Company. $2.50.

ANOTHER book about imperialism to put on the shelf beside Parker Moon and Nearing and Freeman. It goes over a part of the ground covered by *Imperialism and World Politics* and *Dollar Diplomacy,* but it is still more readable and entirely unencumbered by documents, footnotes and charts. It is actually a series of brilliant lectures about the various backward countries where the White Man's burden is becoming entirely too heavy—for the underlying population. Though for a time Chinese correspondent for New York's most Tory newspaper, Mr. Peffer has a point of view exactly opposite to that entertained by the whiskey-and-soda snobs who gather their information through the well-protected windows of the British and American clubs in Shanghai.

Fundamentally this is a study of trade, export of capital, concessions, and raw material. The author is indeed an expert on these factors in imperialism as well as their more subtle and psychological accompaniments. It is utterly impossible to understand what goes on in Nicaragua, the East Indies, the Congo or Columbia without having gone at least as far as Mr. Peffer takes us in this world tour of the economic realities behind the Open Door, the "Friendship Flights", Havana parleys, disarmament conferences, marine movements, and interventions.

Though the book deals with European colonial expansion from the days of Disraeli, the parts touching on America's progress toward imperial stature are particularly well done. From the days that we set foot on a rock off the Atlantic Coast down through the aggressive war against Mexico, the military occupation of Haiti and the Dominican Republic, and up to the very last moves in the Chinese checker game, Peffer follows skillfully and illuminatingly our relentless course of empire. He summarizes the Nicaraguan invasion in four pages ending with the Stimson "peace" mission. Henry L. Stimson was the Coolidge agent who "persuaded the rebels to lay down their arms with the telling argument that the United States would kill them if they did not. Loving life, they did—that is, all but Sandino did. He apparently loves rather death, and the freeing of his country from the Colossus of the North.

And what pearls of hypocrisy

we dropped along the way, the Republican and Democratic "statesmen" sharing equally in the honors. Listen to Pres. McKinley after he had robbed the Filipinos of their victory over the Spaniards and had purchased the islands for 20 millions while the Filipino delegate to the peace conference, following the Spanish-American war, "cooled his heels in anterooms" much as did the little nations who listened to Mr. Wilson's self-determination hokum after the late war. Big Brother McKinley had the gall to tell the Filipinos that, having done them out of their promised independence, he was acting in obedience "to the new duties and responsibilities which we must meet and discharge as becomes a great nation in whose growth and career from the beginning the Ruler of Nations has plainly written the high command and pledge of civilization." (Let us pray.) There was also, and not as an afterthought we may be sure, "the commercial opportunity to which American statesmanship cannot be indifferent" to use again the precise wording of the McKinley message.

This book deals with all the ruling white western nations including the bloody ruler of India and of Ireland. It formulates the dilemma for all of them—to renounce "our" (meaning a few corporations' and banks') plunder and get out, or to stay in and crush black and yellow colonials. Mr. Peffer would, of course, like to have "us" (again the bankers and the business pirates) get out, though he seems scarcely sanguine about the prospects. "Our governments," he says, "must, though, undeliberately and unconsciously set out on the course of empire. They have and they will." In other words, the present capitalist set-up of society leads straight to imperialist war.

The leisurely folks who listen to Mr. Peffer lecture at the New School doubtless hope for the prompt and pious renunciation of Standard Oil, the Radio Corporation, the United Fruit and the Guaranty Trust Co., the sugar planters, the oil men and the rubber explorers. They ought to pick up their hat and bid a courteous goodbye to all their stakes and claims and spheres of influence and concessions and contracts.

But the exploited workers and farmers of these vast undeveloped regions are beginning to learn that renunciation by the Western robber nations and corporations is a delusion. They are beginning to feel that the forces who suffer under imperialism must organize to stop its next onslaught. What lies ahead may seem spectacular and grotesque and altogether humorless, baffling, incomprehensible, strident, unconvincing and misty—to use a few of the adjectives recently tossed by annoyed liberal critics at Mr. John Howard Lawson's more or less prophetic play, *The International*. But just the same it is ahead, and those who can learn, as they well may from Mr. Peffer, what the economic forces are, should not close their eyes and take refuge in prayer or introspection. They should rather join the efforts now being made to fight the advance of imperialism on every front. If this means backing the Wheeler resolution for an investigation of foreign concessions, let us back it. If, at another moment, it means sending bandages to Sandino all we can urge is bandages please, and more of them.

Robert Dunn.

MASKED BENEVOLENCE

The Americanization of Labor, by Robert W. Dunn. International Publishers. $1.90.

In these comparatively quiet and peaceful times, Mr. Robert Dunn thinks it not entirely amiss to remind you that labor and capital are at war. There is a lull in the fighting, at least the battle is not joined with a clashing of arms that reaches the ears of the average Coolidge-worshipping citizen, but no truce has been called. The contest goes on, with labor, it appears, retiring slowly, her men dribbling over to an enemy who creeps in and establishes his lines more firmly by methods so insidious as hardly to be detected.

To feed and clothe your enemy, then lull him to sleep so that you can rob and knife him at your leisure, seems to be a common practice in civilized society. But the most flagrant class crimes are the hardest to expose, for the contented public is so skittish of revealing any trace of credulity, much less of sympathy for the cause of labor. Mr. Dunn's meaty, unimpassioned review of the methods by which employers seek to ingratiate themselves with their employes, don the mask of benevolence, appear to be doing good to those who toil for them, should impress his readers if nothing else will that the capitalist is busy and has not recently acquired any love for his ancient enemy.

The war taught the corporations so very much. Until then, the technique of being crooked effectively was little known. Under the necessity of pulling a vast amount of wool over a vast number of eyes, methods of propagandizing were evolved which will be a marvel to future generations. Under the cover of democracy, the corporations that fought the war foisted suave lies by the bushel on the public and clinched them with that useful fetish, Americanism. A nifty tool it proved to be and one that the corporations could not afford to dispense with in times of peace; so what did they do but pin the trade mark "American" on everything that smelled of open shop, and the terrorizing term "Bolshevist" on every move of the workers to better their own conditions. The Open Shop Conference became the American Plan Open Shop Conference. Employers' and manufacturers' associations, chambers of commerce, rotary clubs, and other organizations of like feather called on public opinion to stamp out strikes, unionism, and concerted action of workers as being un-American. It worked. It is still working, and will continue to work as long as Americanism is synonymous with profits. If things ever come to such a pass that unionism means profits, that then will be the rallying cry. A fig for causes; results in the bank are what count.

Mr. Dunn does a valuable service in baring the fangs of innocent-seeming organizations, such as the National Association of Manufacturers, the United States Chamber of Commerce, and the National Civic Federation, which by devious, under-cover methods are waging war on the unions. The facts are plenty and damning. The author marshals them calmly and indefatigably and leads them forward on their own feet. We learn of the "Sherman Corporation, Engineers," production experts and company union technicians, or more understandably, labor spy and strikebreaker employment agents. Methods of breaking the unions, or workers' aspirations to have unions, from political chicanry and bribery to the yellow-dog contract, the blacklist, and the blackjack, are reviewed and stamped for what they are. The company union gag is aired, and the dangerous sophistry of "employe stock ownership."

The corporation seems most benevolent, perhaps, in the role of insurance and pension provider, but these, as the author points out, are mere sops, costing the company an insignificant price to pay for employe good-will. The first should be supplied by the unions themselves, and the second by the state, as is the prevailing practice in Europe.

If you have been roused to anger by the exposures in the first half of the book, you will be nauseated by the spectacle of labor eating sugar lumps out of the hand of the smirking employer in the last half. Mutual benefit associatinos, athletic clubs, company schools, company lunchrooms, company bands, thrift promotion schemes, house organs, Boy Scouts and Campfire Girls, "June walks," "quarter century clubs," pins, certificates, medals, titles, baubles and rattles and soothing syrups *ad infinitum*. Typical is the case of Augustus Wulfing, citizen of Brooklyn, who after fifty years of service with a varnish manufacturer, was granted the degree of V. E. (varnish engineer). The prospect of getting something (even if ever so little) for nothing is a seductive one to the average worker. He should make no such mistake however: this tinsel is a substitution, not an addition to his wages. Its advertised value to the employe is more nearly equal to its good-will buying value to the employer. Here we are at our starting point: the fruits of the war in best methods of bamfoozling the other fellow.

The unions can supply the worker with the benefits he needs, says Mr. Dunn, and should, in order to maintain his independence. The worker should be taught to shun sops held out by his employer as he would shun the plague. Better organization and persistent watchfulness in times of comparative prosperity are required to combat the employers' offensive.

Mr. Dunn is a fiend for facts and his book will seem mild to many who are looking for tirades of violence. Facts weigh more than rhetoric, however, much more, and the cumulative effect of *The Americanization of Labor* is saddening to a pacifist. For it makes clear that "this is war," and all is fair. Capital knows what it wants and will have it if it takes rough-shod riding. Labor knows what it wants too, and will have it if it can ever agree on a concerted plan of attack. The impressive facts about this war, facts that few seem to comprehend, are that there is no basis for compromise or reconciliations, and that neither combatant has any mercy whatever for the other. Legislators may legislate to their hearts' content, conferences and educators may confer and educate, and boards of arbitration may sit and arbitrate, but their efforts will never be more than gobs of salve. It is war, and should be frankly recognized as such. In war only power counts.

Oscar Cooley.

KEEP THIS DATE OPEN!

The New Masses has arranged a debate between Scott Nearing and Norman Thomas for the evening of March 30. The subject will be announced later. Remember the date!

Drawing by E. W. Newton

THE FIREMEN'S BALL

NICARAGUA

(*Continued from page 7*)

"Reviewing the report of the commander of our forces in Nicaragua, I find the following: 'The *present* government of Nicaragua is not in power by the will of the people; the elections were in their greater part fraudulent' and in a former report he says that the Liberal Party, that is, the opposition party, constitutes three-fourths of the inhabitants of the country.

"From this report and others which have accidentally reached my hands, I have come to the conclusion that the *present* government with which we are negotiating this Treaty is in power because of the presence of the U. S. troops in Nicaragua."

The marines remained in Nicaragua during the Chamorro regime and Col. Smedley Butler, once their commander, before a Senate investigating committee, testified that at least ninety per cent of the people opposed Chamorro. States could not help sanctioning

"How long would Chamorro remain if the marines were withdrawn?" a Senator asked.

"He wouldn't remain at all," Col. Butler laughed. "He would be on the last coach of the train that carried the marines from the capital."

A Big Family

The campaign preceding the next presidential election in 1920 was active, but with all the power of the administration, the State Department and the U. S. Marines behind him, Diego Chamorro, uncle of President Chamorro, was elected. The United States sent a Mr. Miller to Nicaragua as "special observer" who later reported to the State department that "fraud undoubtedly did take place in the registration and the counting of votes by the government" and "that a fair election could not have been held under the existing election law.". Miller cynically added that the United this farcical election "since a refusal to do so would be an unwarranted interference in the internal affairs of Nicaragua and would create a most unfortunate impression throughout Latin-America." As a matter of fact the election resulted just as the American bankers wanted it to, for Diego Chamorro, like his nephew, from the first had been a political associate of the Diaz gang. The United States marines remained at Managua.

President Chamorro had no less than thirteen of his immediate relatives on the government payroll. Practically every important administrative post in Nicaragua was held down by one of the Chamorro clan. They looted the treasury on an extensive scale and were retained in power solely by the presence of United States marines.

How completely the Nicaraguan government had become a family affair in 1921 is shown by the following list prepared by the Pan-American Federation of Labor:

President of Nicaragua, Diego Chamorro; Minister of the Interior, Rosendo Chamorro; President of Congress, Salvador Chamorro; Director of Internal Revenue, Dionisio Chamorro; Councilor of the Treasury, Augustin Chamorro; Chief of the Northern Army, Carlos Chamorro; Chief of Managua Fortress, Frutus Bolanos Chamorro; Chief of Police at Manague, Fidelfo Chamorro; Chief of Police at Corinto, Leandro Chamorro; Minister at Washington, Emiliano Chamorro; Consul at San Francisco, Fernando Chamorro; Consul at New Orleans, Augustin Bolanas Chamorro.

The brothers-in-law, cousins and nephews of the Chamorro clan who held office at the same time are too numerous to mention.

Martinez Objects

Diego Chamorro died unexpectedly in 1923 and was succeeded by Vice President Martinez. At this time the thefts and extravagance of the Diaz-Chamorro gang, coupled with the onerous extortions of the Wall Street bankers, had caused widespread unemployment and acute poverty throughout Nicaragua. Business failures were so numerous that hundreds of native Nicaraguans were leaving the country in quest of work. It became imperative that something be done. Martinez, who by some happy accident really seemed to have the welfare of his country at heart, called a confer-

Drawing by E. W. Newton

THE FIREMEN'S BALL

ence of leading business men and labor leaders. It was their almost unanimous opinion that the economic distress was directly due to the ruinous contracts with the Wall Street bankers and their wasteful intervention in Nicaragua's affairs.

President Martinez decided to free his country from the financial domination of foreigners and buy back the controlling interest in the Nicaraguan National Bank and the Nicaraguan National Railroad which were still held by Brown Brothers and Seligman and Company. The bank and the railroad were—and still are—operating as American corporations of the states of Maine and Connecticut, paying local and state taxes and a heavy income tax to the United States government. Millions of dollars of Nicaraguan public funds at that time were held by New York bankers who only paid one and two per cent interest. Nicaragua was paying as high as nine per cent on money advanced by these same bankers.

Sell the Junk

In the summer of 1924, with the gracious consent of the State Department, President Martinez paid $1,750,000 for the 51 shares of the railroad which had cost the bankers $1,000,000 ten years before; and the 51 shares of the Nicaraguan National Bank were repurchased for $300,000, which afforded the bankers a profit of $147,000.

The Wall street brigands had raised rates in Nicaragua from 60 to 100 per cent, but in ten years they never purchased a single locomotive or freight car; they had allowed the equipment to deteriorate in a shameful manner; twenty miles of line had been abandoned entirely; and the two connecting river steamers had been sunk in the mud. Notwithstanding they demanded and obtained almost twice what they had paid for the railroad.

The Nicaraguan government, regaining ownership, immediately built five new stations at the principal cities, repaired many other stations, and spent several hundred thousand dollars for new rolling stock.

Six native Nicaraguans residing in the United States were named on the board of directors and Robert F. Loree, Prof. Jeremiah Jenks and another American were allowed to remain on the boards of directors of both the bank and the railroad. The J. G. White Managing company continued to operate the railroad at a compensation of $15,000 a year and a two per cent commission on all supplies purchased in the United States.

It is apparent that the Wall Street bankers and their agents in Nicaragua repented the sale of the bank and railroad as soon as the deal was closed, because Ham, collector of customs, and other American officials in Nicaragua speedily started propaganda favoring the return of these utilities to the Wall Street bankers and the Diaz-Chamorro gang made this a campaign issue in the elections in the fall of 1924.

Patrol the Poll

The State Department frowned upon the idea of Martinez succeeding himself, so Solorzano and Sacasa were nominated respectively on a fusion ticket backed by both Conservatives and Liberals and General Emiliano Chamorro represented the Wall Street banking faction. The issue was clear cut. Solorzano and Sacasa were pledged to carry out the program started by Martinez and completely nationalize the bank and railroad, and Chamorro, of course, favored their surrender to Wall Street control.

The election was supervised by H. A. Dodd, an American who reported it the fairest election held in Nicaragua in fifteen years. American marines, as usual, patrolled the polling places. Nevertheless Solorzano and Sacasa received 48,000 votes as against 28,000 cast for Chamorro. Despite the fact the election boards were still controlled by his followers, Chamorro alleged fraud, but the Nicaraguan Congress, also remaining in control of Chamorro's friends, approved the result of the election and Solorzano and Sacasa were inaugurated on January 1st, 1925.

The Wall Street bankers then realized that the Martinez program would be carried out and they began plotting to regain control of these profitable institutions.

The State Department also took a hand. United States marines had been stationed in Nicaragua for fifteen years "to keep order" but now notice was served they would be withdrawn. Under the peculiar circumstances, with Wall Street intrigue going full blast, this looked like an invitation to revolution and events proved that it was. Incidentally, it is well to remember that the chief of the Latin-American division of the State Department at this juncture was Jordan H. Stabler, who as late as 1923 was in the employ of the very bankers who dominate Nicaragua—and who is working for them at the present time after helping along the dirty work in the State Department.

Attempted Sell-out

In the face of these threats Solorzano wavered. He was not a strong man and Nicaraguan poli-

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ticians had been pretty thoroughly tamed after the experience of fifteen years. At one time Solorzano actually sent a fiscal agent to New York to negotiate the sale of the bank to Robert F. Loree of the Guaranty Trust Company.

Dr. Pedro Gonzales, the fiscal agent, refused to carry out his instructions when he reached New York. Toribio Tijerino, former consul general in New York, and later on the board of directors of the bank and railroad, also strongly advised against the sale of the bank and urged Solorzano to cancel the contract between the J. G. White Management company and the Nicaraguan National railroad.

Things Can Happen

This was in August, 1925. Significantly, the United States marines were suddenly withdrawn from Nicaragua. Significantly, too, Jeremiah Jenks came to Washington and using the secret code of the State Department, cabled to Solorzano urging him not to cancel the contract with J. G. White and company. The message was delivered to Solorzano by the American minister, creating the impression, of course, that the State Department opposed this move.

Solorzano wavered and cabled Gonzales and Tijerino to extend the contract for six months. But the board of directors, Nicaraguans now in the majority, led by Tijerino and Dr. Vaca, already had cancelled the contract. This led to high words with American members of the board who insisted upon an extension of at least six weeks.

"What is the use of extending it for six weeks?" Dr. Vaca asked.

"Many things can happen in Nicaragua in six weeks," was the answer of Secretary Earl Bailie, one of the American directors. Events soon explained this cryptic remark which was made on October 3, 1925. On October 21st General Chamorro started his revolution.

Indeed, the fate of the Solorzano-Sacasa regime may be said to have been decided on October 3, 1925, for on that day Solorzano finally made up his mind to carry out his pledges and cabled Gonzales not to sell the bank to Loree. There is every reason to suppose that the revolution was planned and financed in New York by the bankers with the tacit consent of the State Department—if not with the active aid of Jordan H. Stabler, ex-banker employe, chief of the Latin-American division.

General Emiliano Chamorro by bribery and violence seized the fortress of Loma, commanding the capital at Managua, on October 21st. Virtually under arrest, President Solorzano was forced to sign an agreement to substitute certain followers of Chamorro for legally appointed members of his own cabinet; to pay $10,000 for the expenses of the revolution; and to grant amnesty to all who participated in the revolution. Vice President Sacasa, to escape arrest, fled the country.

Chamorro then expelled eighteen members of Congress on the pretext that their election had been fraudulent and put in their places candidates defeated at the 1924 election. He then caused himself to be elected designate by this rump Congress which his troops controlled. That was on January 16th, 1926. President Solorzano, under compulsion, resigned the same day and General Chamorro declared himself president. He at once announced that his purpose in seizing the presidency was to renew contacts with the Wall Street bankers and obtain fresh loans. He sent several judges of the supreme court to jail and expelled others from the country; made hundreds of political prisoners, and levied forced loans from his opponents.

Under the five-power pact the United States and all Central American republics had pledged themselves not to recognize any one obtaining the presidency by a *coup d'etat*. Therefore recognition was withheld from Chamorro, but it is significant indeed, although the Liberals of Nicaragua took arms against him early in May, that no United States marines were sent back to unseat this usurper. He was allowed to retain power without any interference until his forces were on the verge of defeat. Not until August 4, 1926, was Admiral Latimer sent to Bluefields. He established a neutral zone—which saved Chamorro from speedy defeat—and a conference was called between the factions at Corinto. An armistice lasted for thirty days, but no agreement was reached. Hostilities were resumed on October 30th.

Rump Congress

On that same day Chamorro named Sebastian Uriza as his successor. The United States refused to recognize Uriza on the ground that his assumption of office had no constitutional basis—which was undoubtedly correct.

On November 10th Uriza—who, according to the State Department, had no constitutional authority whatsoever, summoned the Nicaraguan Congress in "extraordinary session." It certainly was an extraordinary session. Chamorro's troops surrounded the assembly hall with drawn bayonets. At least eighteen legally elected members were denied admission. Those who did vote were under

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duress from the moment they took their seats. The Congress itself had been called illegally. This rump Congress named Adolfo Diaz as first designate and as Solorzano had "resigned" and Sacasa had been chased out of the country, he was declared president the following day.

Three days after Diaz assumed office he was recognized by the United States government and President Coolidge had the gall to inform the Congress of the United States that the election of Diaz "was perfectly legal and in accordance with the Nicaraguan constitution." Every step was tainted by fraud and violence and Diaz should have been refused recognition, if for no other reason, on the grounds that he was as much concerned in the *coup d'etat* that overthrew Solorzano as was Chamorro himself.

The "Strong Man"

Chamorro admitted this in an interview sent out by the Associated Press on December 26, when he stated:

"Adolfo Diaz aided me in the first coup against the constituted government of President Solorzano and it is surprising he was recognized by the United States while they denied me such recognition."

Diaz, apparently, is the more pliant tool. That explains his choice. As a matter of fact, seventeen days before the rump session of the Nicaraguan Congress was called, Laurence Dennis, American minister to Nicaragua, declared in a statement widely published in the Nicaraguan press that "The American government will give moral support to the government of Adolfo Diaz. He represents the strong man of character and solid experience that Nicaragua needs for the execution of its patriotic ends."

The day after the "inauguration" Dennis was photographed standing between Diaz and Chamorro. Dennis obviously played the game of the Wall Street bankers in Nicaragua. He has since resigned from the diplomatic service and has been rewarded with a berth with J. & W. Seligman and Company.

Immediately upon his recognition, the miserable traitor Diaz exchanged congratulatory telegrams with Robert F. Loree, president of the Guaranty Trust Company, who was still holding office as president of the National Bank of Nicaragua. Five days after Diaz had been recognized by the State Department with such indecent haste, Loree, as president of the Nicaraguan National Bank, loaned him $300,000—the entire capital stock of the bank—and as security Diaz pledged 51 per cent of the stock of the Nicaraguan National Railroad, worth $2,000,000 at a conservative estimate.

The terms of the loan provided that unless repaid within fifteen months the collateral is to be sold at public auction in New York City, where the stock of the Nicaraguan Railways has no quoted market price on any exchange. Then, as in 1913, the capital stock of the National Bank will be increased, the new stock sold in New York, and the buyer of the new stock will again control the Nicaraguan Bank and the Nicaraguan railroad as well.

When Chamorro overthrew Solorzano he declared dividends of more than $400,000 on the railroad earnings — which had been set aside to improve the property—and spent the money. In the first two months that Diaz was in power he declared dividends of more than $240,000 of the railroad's earnings, and Loree called a special session of the New York directors to release Diaz from the necessity of paying these dividends to the bank as he was legally obliged to do.

Immediately after his illegal inauguration—and two days *before* he was recognized by the Department of State—Diaz requested the assistance of the United States government "to protect American and foreign lives and property," declaring in this note that Mexico had assumed an attitude "in open hostility to Nicaragua." The basis of this fantastic appeal—made at a time when Secretary of State Kellogg was doing everything in his power to work up a war with Mexico—consisted solely of the allegation that the Sacasa faction had purchased munitions of war in Mexico. This may or may not be true—the Department of State never adduced any convincing evidence—but even if it were true, Mexico had as much right as the United States to supply munitions to belligerents and there is positive evidence that the steamship Foam left New York harbor on July 30th, 1926, laden with arms for Sacasa's troops—and left with the knowledge of the State Department.

Following the recognition of Diaz, Assistant Secretary of State Robert Olds called in representatives of the three great news gathering agencies in the United States and urged them to broadcast the announcement that a Mexican-fostered Bolshevist hegemony was being set up in Central America. To its eternal dishonor, the Associated Press sent out this fantastic piece of propaganda which was not substantiated by one scintilla of evidence. On several occasions during the ensuing weeks Diaz repeated his charges against Mex-

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ico and appealed for American support. Obviously, Diaz was playing the game of Secretary Kellogg in trying to work up American public sentiment to a pitch where it would be safe to break relations with Mexico.

Late in November, Sacasa returned to Nicaragua and established a constitutional government at Puerto Cabezas on the Pacific coast. On December 2nd he was formally inaugurated President by his supporters and soon afterwards was extended recognition by Mexico. Following this, the warfare between the Sacasa and Diaz forces broke out with renewed vigor and the Liberal forces won victory after victory. It was soon evident that if the Nicaraguans were allowed to fight it out, the usurper Diaz would have a very brief tenure of office.

More Cruisers

At this juncture, on December 24th, Admiral Latimer, in charge of the "special service" squadron of nine battleships which had been sent to Nicaraguan waters, landed marines at Puerto Cabezas and established a "neutral zone." The Liberal troops were disarmed and a radio censorship established. At the same time President Coolidge lifted the arms embargo which had been placed on all shipments to Nicaragua at the time of the Corinto conference and authorized shipments of war supplies exclusively to the Diaz government.

Despite these handicaps the Liberal forces of Sacasa were victorious everywhere and the Diaz regime appeared to be facing an early collapse. On January 6, 1927, six additional United States warships were rushed to Nicaragua; large consignments of arms and ammunition were taken from the Liberals and destroyed; "neutral zones" were declared whenever the Liberal forces had won or were about to win a battle; and to cap the climax a barbarous embargo was put on medical supplies intended for the relief of the wounded Liberal soldiers.

This active assistance to the Diaz government—which has cost the tax-payers of the United States many millions of dollars—was termed "neutralizing," by the hypocritical Coolidge.

Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, in a speech delivered in the United States Senate on January 26th, 1927, referred to our military aid to Diaz in the following words:

"The President has something to say about what he calls 'neutralizing' but he omits to state that this novel military procedure as practiced by Admiral Latimer was just as effective a means of harassing the Liberal forces under Doctor Sacasa as it would be for a 'neutral' bystander at a fight to keep one of the two antagonists constantly involved in a cast net which he held and threw at opportune moments. There has been something distastefully disingenuous to the average square shooting American in this palaver about 'neutral zones' to 'protect American lives and property.' It smacks too much of rank hypocrisy and fools nobody but fools of the foolisher sort.

"While we wait out of deference to the President, brave spirited men are being killed in Nicaragua because they resist tyranny just as our forefathers resisted it in 1776. Other men are dying because the armed forces of the United States have established a blockade which even shuts off medical supplies, and, while we wait, certain banking interests are working night and day to force a war with Mexico. If one drop of American blood is shed in Nicaragua, it will forever be a stain upon the hands of this administration."

During all this period of active interference by the United States, Dr. Sacasa repeatedly offered to resign his constitutional rights and stop the fighting if the Diaz forces would agree to name a progressive candidate outside both parties. Confident of the armed support of the United States, Diaz rejected these offers.

When Admiral Latimer first landed his troops it was announced by the State Department that he was acting solely to "protect American lives and property." A few days later the alleged rights granted to the United States under the Bryan-Chamorro treaty were cited by the State department as an additional reason for the administration's policy. In other words, we were protecting the "paper" Nicaraguan canal.

Bolshevik Bogey

Two weeks later the State Department announced that the British and Italian governments had requested American protection for their nationals. Later Secretary Kellogg advanced his absurd Bolshevist bogey as another reason for our interference.

American public opinion did not respond very favorably to any of these trumped up excuses. Our Nicaraguan policy was the subject of outspoken criticism by both Republicans and Democrats in the Senate and House. Many newspapers, prominent publicists, college professors, authorities on international law and countless organizations protested against our unwarranted bullying of the Nicaraguan people. These attacks evidently induced President Coolidge to go before Congress on

January 10th, 1927, with a special message on Nicaragua.

It is very difficult to characterize this viciously false message of Coolidge's in language admissible to the United States mail. In smug hypocricy it equalled his Havana address; but in his speech of January 10 the President perforce had to dispense what purported to be information, instead of generalities, and it can be stated without fear of contradiction that each of the ten major premises of this message, instead of being based on facts, deliberately misinformed the U. S. Congress.

The End is Not Yet

The last chapter of our brutal conquest may be told briefly as it is still fresh in the public mind.

Our military forces in Nicaragua were increased and the Liberal armies were more and more circumscribed until it simply became impossible for them to carry on successful campaigns. Then last spring *after Congress had adjourned,* Henry L. Stimson, former secretary of war and a corporation lawyer, closely associated with the Wall Street bankers, was sent to Nicaragua as the "special emissary of President Coolidge."

Stimson called the Liberal leaders in conference and bluntly informed them that unless they laid down their arms the whole force of the United States marines would be employed to disarm them. This, of course, was a plain threat of war. On the other hand, Stimson promised that if the arms were surrendered $10 in gold would be paid for each rifle.

Diaz had no money to carry out the terms of the Stimson "peace pact." Whereupon the State Department persuaded—without much difficulty we suspect—the Guaranty Trust Company to loan $1,000,000 to Nicaragua. The terms of the loan required Nicaragua to mortgage the Nicaraguan National Bank—the Railroad already being in hock—to pledge the entire receipts of the new export tax on coffee and the new customs duties on tobacco, and liquor; to give the bankers a five year option on new Nicaraguan loans; and to transfer the National Railway and National Bank deposits to the keeping of the Wall Street bankers. The loan also provided for the appointment of a high priced "Inspector of Internal Revenue" and directed that the money be expended under a special committee of three, two of the three to be Americans. The loan expires in March. This sordid deal puts an appropriate cap sheaf upon the financial history of our dealings with Nicaragua.

Sacasa and his followers realized the game was up. They could not cope with the well armed United States marines and further resistance simply meant needless bloodshed. They accepted the terms of Stimson—who promised that the United States would guarantee a fair election in 1928—to be supervised, of course, by U. S. marines.

Only General Sandino refused to give up the unequal fight. With a few hundred followers he kept the field and since last summer the marines have been vainly trying to crush him; with the prostitute newspapers poisoning public opinion in the United States by referring to him as a "bandit" and enlarging upon his wholly imaginary "crimes." Sandino and his little band of patriots doubtless will fight to the bitter end and sell their lives as dearly as possible in the battle against impossible odds, but the Wall Street-State Department plot has succeeded, thanks to the dishonest, ignoble, un-American role of Coolidge and once more shot and shell have made Nicaragua safe for Wall Street investments. Now the State Department is trying to compel the Nicaraguan Congress to revise its constitution to permit U. S. marines to supervise the 1928 election.

When Diaz quits the mortgage on the Nicaraguan National Railroad will be past due and have been defaulted. The National Bank, too, will be in the hands of the Wall Street brigands. Regardless of the results of the 1928 election in Nicaragua, its people cannot unsaddle themselves from their onerous obligations. Our blood-guilty government in Washington has succeeded in crushing Nicaragua and for generations to come the common people of that unhappy country will toil and sweat in tropic heat so that the stockholders of J. & W. Seligman & Company, and Robert F. Loree and his Guaranty Trust crowd may continue to collect their unconscionable profits.

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He said, "Naw, Joe, a country like that sounds all right, but you can't change human nature."

"Yes, and besides that, Joe," said the second orderly as he heaved a G. I. can full of afterbirth off the freight elevator, "in a country like that who is gonna do the nasty work?"

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¶ *"on such a flaming and mystic night it was that venus emerged milky-white from an azure and regretful sea; on such a night diana artemis, the modest and spotless huntress, slew with her sweet arrows the antlered stag of sorrow; on a night like this the unicorn drooped his proud horn in the lap of the good virgin and was glad; such nights as these tempt pan, the old rascal, to come again among us, bringing his oaten flute, to awaken our desires; on such a night, (indeed 'twill happen this very very march 9th), the great dionysus shall come again, followed by his nymphs and fawns, and his bacchantes, to restore beauty and gladness to the world* ¶*"*

¶ **march 9th, astrologers predict, will be a wild night, coming, as it does this year, on a friday** ¶ **strange and beautiful phenomena will be observable in the skies** ¶ **star-gazers will see the soberest of the stars dancing far from their accustomed ways, the planets dashing madly about with planetoids, or the other fellows' satellites, the constellations in a galaxy of merriment, and such golden confusion of asteroids, twinkling nebulae, and comets with gorgeous shining tails, that earth-folk will become quite intoxicated with the joy of it** ¶ **amid such starry confusion, it is said, astronomers and moonshiners go mad with delight, and every one who walks under the heavens is taken with the most delicious and wanton desires: they are possessed to laugh and sing and dance and play!**

¶ *"in the spring, when the skies were blue, and the stars frolicked in the heavens at night, the peasants and townfolk were possessed with the desire to make merry in the flower-strewn meadows. the fiddler tuned his instrument, the lads and lassies, holding hands, began to dance* ¶*"*

¶ **a witching night, say the astrologers, but the inhabitants of the skies will have nothing on the lucky people, who will meet at the rendezvous, just "east of the square and webster hall of the moon" for the maddest and gladdest revel ever staged for the coming of spring** ¶ **here the new masses boys and girls have prepared a green where to dance and make merry, as well as a fine expanse of sky, some stars, constellations, the entire zodiac, a blue moon, bluer melodies, in fact, the most elaborate celestial arrangements this side of the milky way** ¶

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