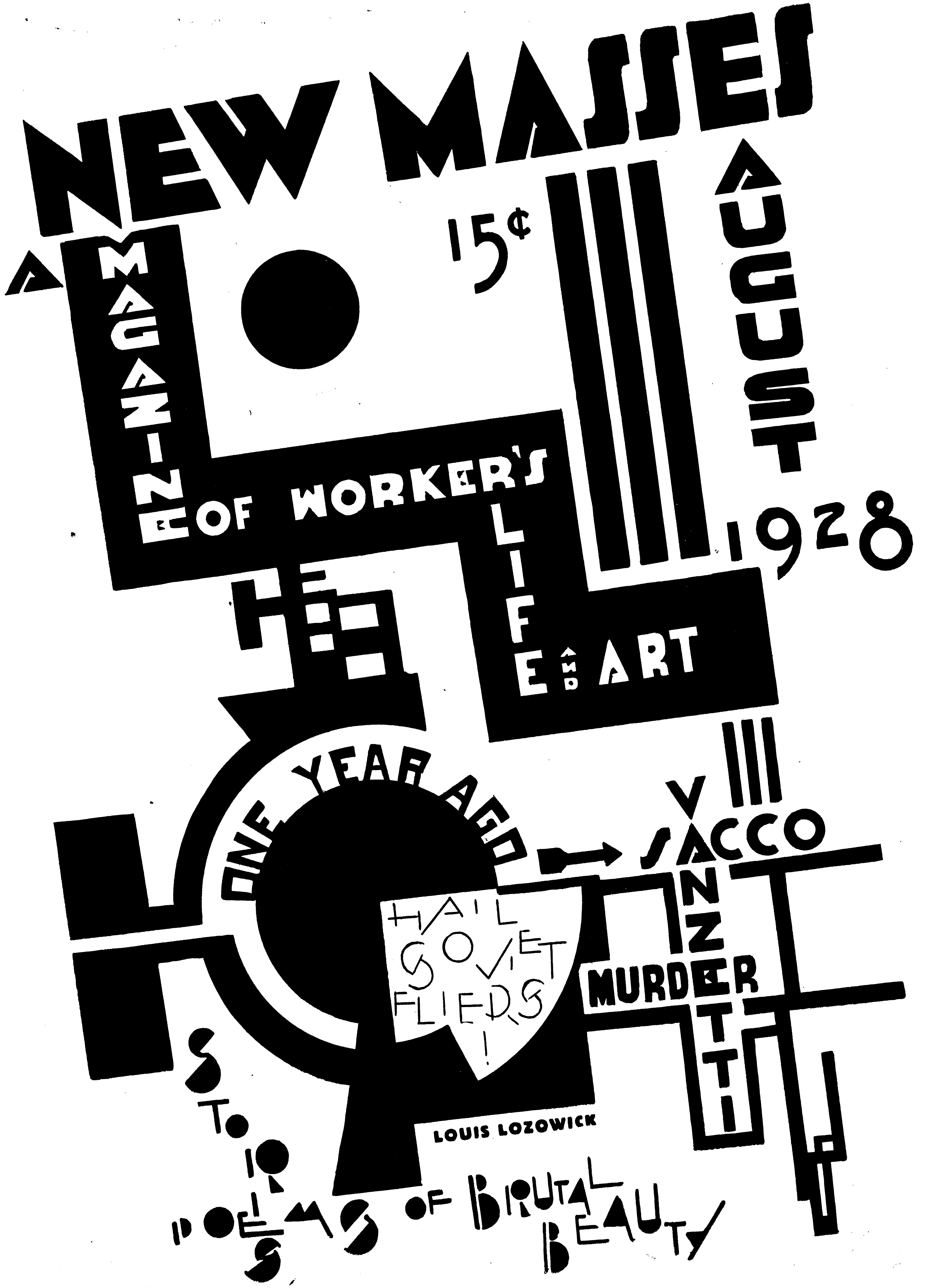
NEW MASSES
A MAGAZINE OF WORKER'S LIFE AND ART
15¢
AUGUST
1928
ONE YEAR AGO
SACCO
VANZETTI
MURDER
HAIL SOVIET FLIERS !
STORIES
POEMS OF BRUTAL BEAUTY
LOUIS LOZOWICK

Brisbane, We Are Still Here!

In an Evening *Journal* editorial, Arthur Brisbane predicted recently that by the time "you look around, the NEW MASSES, imitating the well-known American hell diver, may have again disappeared beneath the waters of oblivion." In other words, go bankrupt again.

Arthur, we are still here. The magazine is still as bankrupt as it was three months ago, and yet we survive. How do we explain it? We don't. We hereby invite a committee of auditors to examine our books, and to dig out the secret. It may be useful to other radical papers who have no money.

Much of the miracle is due to our readers. They are sending in subscriptions faster than ever. They write letters so friendly and warm as to bring a blush of shame to the office cheek.

Also we have built up an office staff that seems to like hard work, and doesn't need food, clothing or shelter. Mr. Hearst wins the "loyalty" of his employees by bribing them with fat envelopes. But a hell diving magazine wins a better kind of loyalty.

Arthur, remember the legend of the tough old beggar who was knocked down by Croesus' scornful chariot, but who managed to survive for many years to water Croesus' grave.

The NEW MASSES is still broke, cheerful and youthful. That is our capital. And the new policy of making a non-literary, non-pretentious, non-intellectual magazine seems to have struck a responsive chord. This is rapidly becoming the only magazine in the country where literary bunk is not welcome. This is becoming a magazine of workers' art.

The average age of the contributors to our last issue was 24 years. We are appealing to the rebel youth. Not all the youth in America has been castrated by Menckenism. Not everyone is repeating the cliches and banal wisecracks of the two frisky and faded courtesans who offer monthly beauty-shop wisdom to the readers of a greencover magazine.

WE appeal again, to EVERYONE, to write for us.

EVERYONE has a significant life story to tell.

EVERYONE knows how to write. There is no trick to it; write for us, as you would write a letter to your best friend.

EVERYONE has the instinct to tell others of the conditions of his own life, of his own drama. This not a sign that you are a bore, but that you have a social feeling.

In Soviet Russia EVERYONE is writing. A vast network of workers' correspondents fill the newspapers with simple direct accounts of the daily life of the workers.

We are trying to make of the NEW MASSES a magazine of a kind of sublimated workers' correspondence.

If some of this writing proves to be literature, so much the better. But we are willing to stand and fall by the theory that great art can only rise out of the life that EVERYONE is leading. Write for us!

Fraternally,

MICHAEL GOLD, *Editor*.

A $10 GIFT TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER

Hugo Gellert's Wonderful Lithograph Portrait

# of LENIN

signed by the Artist

Hugo Gellert is donating his services to help the NEW MASSES. That is the only reason we can offer these fine lithographs, which sell for $10 and more, to everyone who subscribes during the month of August. (This includes new subscriptions as well as renewals).

You had better send in for one right away, as the supply is limited. It is a chance that will not come again. The portrait is one of the finest things Gellert has done. When framed, it will make a beautiful decoration for a worker's home.

Hugo Gellert has received as high as $150 each for other portraits in this style. Into his portrait of Lenin, our great leader, Gellert has put his most sincere art.

One ought not to discuss a picture of this kind in dollars and cents. And yet this is one of those rare bargains that those who appreciate art, and who are followers of Lenin, will seize at once.

Send in only $1.50; you will get the NEW MASSES for a year, and one of these lithographs. Our address is 39 Union Square, New York City. We ask our friends and readers not to sell these lithographs to others. They are meant only for our subscribers. Hugo Gellert has offered them to help the magazine.

Sincerely,

NATALIE GOMEZ,

Business Manager.

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 4 AUGUST, 1928 NUMBER 3

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THE GANGSTER'S MOTHER

From a Book of East Side Memoirs

By MICHAEL GOLD

Gangsters are mercenaries; you buy them as you do journalists. The gangster is too thrifty to kill for passion; he kills for money; he is just another strange American businessman.

He fights the police only when it pays. He also helps the police. I have seen a cop and a gangster work together in a strike. They beat one of our girls to the sidewalk, broke her arm with a blackjack.

Many gangsters keep pigeons, and fly them from the East Side roofs. They like to gather in bird stores on the East Side, in basements white as tombs with bird-droppings, to discuss the market in murder and pigeons. There has been a pigeon cult among New York gangsters for fifty years.

One hates gangsters, as one must hate all mercenaries. Yet some are unfortunate boys, bad eggs hatched by the bad world hen.

Gyp the Blood, who burned in the chair for the killing of the gambler Rosenthal, was in my class at public school. He was just the ordinary rugged East Side boy. Any of us might have ended in the electric chair with him. I am not proud I escaped, it is only my luck.

I knew some gangsters well when I was sixteen. When I was a child I knew Louis One Eye, who flew pigeons on the roof next to ours.

2. THE ROOFS OF NEW YORK

Louis One Eye had seized this roof and held it for his own, like a despot. The roof was important to a tenement, and so Louis was hated. In summer, when the Sun turned gangster and slugged workers and their children in the street, the roof gave us help.

Like rats scrambling on deck from the hold of a burning ship, that's how we poured on the roof at night, to sleep. What a melange in the starlight! Mammas, graybeards, shy young girls, exhausted sweatshop fathers, young consumptive coughers and spitters, all of us snored and groaned there side by side, on newspapers or mattresses. We slept in pants and undershirt, heaped like corpses. The city reared about us.

Each family was delicate enough to leave a lane between itself and the next family. This was our only privacy on the roof. I woke one hot choking night and saw it all like a bad dream. I saw the mounds of pale stricken flesh tossing against an unreal city. I was frightened, and didn't know where I was. Then I cried, and wondered what would happen if I jumped off the roof. My mother heard me, and soothed me, and I went back to sleep.

Sometimes the wind stirred from the Atlantic. Sometimes the hot fantastic moon looked down, and remembered us in the Arabian desert.

Some nights it rained. The heavens suddenly split, the thunder rolled down the Brooklyn Bridge. We saw the lightning, like a stroke of insanity, as it created huge nightmare vistas of an unbelievable city of towers, New York.

All sprang up in bedlam, screaming, cursing the rain, shouting to others, the babies in weak tears. We grabbed our bedding, and scrambled back into the fire of the bedrooms. But there were some who slept through the rain, rather than go back into that fire.

It is said that the Dawn is beautiful, but where? For on the roof nobody loved that hour when the feverglow appeared on the pale sky, as on a consumptive's cheek. For then the swarms of bloodsucking flies arrived, and sleep was intolerable, and the humid day was here, and reality, and poverty.

Women hung their washlines on the roof. And lovers climbed there, seeking that treasure which will never be found on the East Side; privacy.

We children played on the roof. It was quieter than the street, though as dangerous. We flew kites, or explored the upper world from roof to roof, a horror for mothers to think about.

Yes, the roof was important. All roofs were social playgrounds and bedrooms, and yet Louis One Eye had seized the roof of his tenement, and was the master of an island of hot tin and smoky chimneys and bright gangsters' pigeons. And he was hated for it.

3. U. S. PRODUCT

Louis was young. He had a slim, springy body, he was graceful as a snake. He had Indian hair and proud Jewish features; he would have been handsome but for his one eye, and the hard sneer fixed on his mouth. Both disfigured him like wounds. They *were* the fatal wounds given him by Society.

The legend ran that Louis had a violent father. At fourteen Louis once saw this father attempt to beat his mother. Louis pushed the man out of a window, and almost killed him. For this the boy was sent to a reformatory.

There the State "reformed" him by carefully teaching him to be a criminal, and by robbing him of his eye.

Is there any gangster who is as cruel and heartless as the present legal State?

No.

A keeper once lashed Louis for an hour with a leather belt. The boy had broken some "rule." The flying buckle cracked open an eyeball. The boy screamed in pain. But the insane and legal gangster of the State continued the "punishment."

All that night the boy lay sobbing and bleeding in his cell. He was fourteen years old. In the morning he was quiet. In the morning a cruel and legal "Doctor" of the State snipped out the useless pulp of an eye. Louis had been known as One Eye ever since.

His remaining eye had become fierce and large. It was black, and from it poured hate, lust, scorn and suspicion, as from a deadly headlight to shrivel the world.

Everyone feared Louis; he carried a gun. He had killed men, and was touchy as a cat. The State had turned a moody unhappy boy into this evil rattlesnake, that struck a deathblow at the slightest touch of man.

He had built a large coop for his pigeons, and twice a day let them out to fly. **We watched him secretly from behind a chimney.**

He stood on a cornice, sinister against the sky. From other roofs, other quadrilles of pigeons were wheeling and manueuvering, as though it were a heartbreaking joy. They seemed so free and beautiful, we envied them.

But then Louis One Eye waved his long bamboo pole. He whistled the long mysterious signal known to pigeon fanciers. From the glimmering sky the pigeons descended like a heavenly chain gang, and returned meekly to their prison. They were not free. We children always marvelled at this, but now the secret is known to me; pigeons, like men, are easily tamed with food.

4. MY AUNT LENA

At that time I was in love with my Aunt Lena. Then, as much as now, one suffered on the sexual cross. It was painful, when we walked down the street, that men stared familiarly after my dear Aunt Lena, and winked, and tried to pinch her legs, or said nasty things. And I couldn't fight back. Once a pimp grabbed her arm and tried to kiss her, and she slapped his face, and made a cop laugh.

There were always men about her. A fresh young girl is marked anywhere, she creates a fever, she is a magnet. Life has been drab or hopeless, and then she comes, like a false Messiah, and even the brutes dream.

Klemm the Ox, a young German baker who worked on our street, brought her a baker's homage of new rolls every morning. He stole these at his job. Aaron Katz the cloakmaker took her to the Yiddish vaudeville theatres. Louis One Eye caught me watching him at his pigeon flying one dusk. He didn't wallop me, to my surprise, but what was worse, asked questions about my Aunt Lena.

5. LITTLE COLUMBUS

She had arrived from Hungary in a dark hour, in a bad winter, when my father was out of a job, my mother bitter with worries. It had snowed for weeks, the slush filled the streets like wet poison, all of us were miserable with colds. On every street there was an eviction; my father groaned, "our turn is next."

But my Aunt Lena was not affected by this all. She was sixteen years old, it was her first great adventure, this immigration. She was so happy when she first came.

Who could help loving the beautiful little "greenhorn" girl? She had rosy peasant cheeks, and shiny black hair that was her pride, and that she spent hours braiding as she sang. She was formed like a woman, but her eyes were like a child's, they were so clear, so pure of guile, so happy and wonderful.

[illegible] fluttered about our house like a sparrow, her Jewish eyes glowed, she clapped her hands like a delighted baby. How crazy she was about America, about the common things we knew so well! The language, the big houses, the people, everything fascinated her. She could scarcely sleep for excitement when she first arrived. She sprang out of bed, and sang as she cooked the breakfast, waking us all. She wanted to be off. Breakfast over, she put on her red Hungarian shawl, and set forth on the second discovery of America.

Sometimes she took me along. We walked all over the city, from the Battery to Central Park, we rode the glorious horse-cars, we marvelled at the dignity of the supermen on Fifth Avenue, we watched the busy little tugboats on the East River, we shared in the pushcart battles on Orchard Street.

Everything was wonderful to my Aunt Lena. But my mother feared for her, the pimps hunted for beautiful greenhorn girls, she might be kidnapped or lost. But my Aunt Lena was afraid of nothing, she just laughed, and all of us laughed with her. Oh, how happy she was at first, it really made us all happy.

Then everything came to an end.

6. EVERYONE WORKS IN AMERICA

One night at supper, my mother said, quietly:

"Lena, listen."

"Yes, Katie."

"Lena, what's to be done? We can't pay the rent again."

"No?" my Aunt Lena said in alarm.

"Little sister, we're so poor. What's to be done? If I didn't have to cook and sew and take care of the children, I'd look for a job myself. Don't you think you could begin to work, Lena?"

My Aunt Lena looked up in surprise.

"Me, Katie?" she said, her lips curling mournfully like a child's. "Must I work? In the old country I didn't work!"

"No," said my mother, "but here we're very poor, sister. Here we have no cows and chickens as in Hungary. Here everyone works, even the children."

"But I want to see things, Katie!"

My Aunt Lena looked as if she were about to cry. It made me sad, I could scarcely eat my goulash. And then she suddenly laughed.

"Katie, I'm so foolish," my aunt said. "Of course I'll work. It will be fun! I'll work by day, and then at night, I can still see things. I'll go to the river at night, and see the boats, won't I, Katie?"

"Yes, little sister, at night you will see the boats," said my mother quietly.

So my Aunt Lena went to work in a clothing shop, where the youth, the charm and ecstasy of the East Side were buried then. But she was tired at night, and had to wash and iron her blouses for the next day, and do many other things. So we rarely went to see the tugboats work like fat little angry elephants on the river.

7. A PROPOSAL

But there were the men, always men calling at our house. It kept me in a state of anxiety.

"Aunt Lena," I said, "you'll be sure to marry me when I grow up, won't you?"

"Yes, Mikey, dear, it's you I'll marry."

"Do you swear it?"

"Yes, see, Mikey; I kiss my little finger and swear it. You'll grow up and be a famous rich doctor, and then I'll marry you. You, only you, Mikey!"

She kissed me, and my heart beat wildly. A new body was waking, that was to live its hour on earth, a mystery in feeling and pain. What a queer happiness!

8. ANOTHER PROPOSAL

He was slow, he never spoke, that's why the quick, voluble Jews had nicknamed the blonde young German baker: Klemm the Ox.

The old world Jews have a dogma that every Gentile is a peasant, and is both stupid and cruel.

Klemm really was slow-witted. You could make fun of him before his face, and he wouldn't know it. He'd stare at you with his doll's blue eyes, and smoke his large meerschaum pipe, on which a fat-bellied old bearded man was carved.

He came every morning, white and sleepy after a hot night's labor. Under his apron he had a bunch of rolls he had stolen. He'd stand there regularly in the doorway, shuffle his large feet, and blush, and stammer:

"Well, Missus," he'd say to my mother, "I don't want to bother nobody, but if you don't want Christians in your house, I'll just leave these rolls and go."

My mother always reassured him, she said kind things and invited him for coffee. He'd come in, eat silently like an ox, never take his large staring eyes from my Aunt Lena's face. No one had to talk to him, or notice his presence, all he seemed to want was to stare at my Aunt Lena.

One time he asked her to marry him. She refused him. She told my mother, and everyone laughed at the idea.

Klemm kept on coming, and never mentioned the subject again. But he was mulling it over, in his slow cudlike way.

One morning he arrived at the door, bringing no rolls in his apron, but dressed in his best Sunday suit and box shoes. He stood at the door as usual, and shuffled his feet. He cracked his white knuckles, and seemed nervous.

"I am going to the hospital, Missus," he announced. "Good-bye."

"Are you sick, Klemm?" my mother asked sympathetically.

"No, Missus," Klemm said in his solemn way, staring at my aunt. "I have been thinking why Lena would not marry me. It is because I am a Christian. So I have decided to become a Jew." This was an astounding bit of information. Jews do not proselyte, they discourage converts; in fact, a convert seems humorous to them, for some reason.

"Yes, Missus," Klemm went on, "I am going to the hospital to be circumcised. It costs thirty dollars."

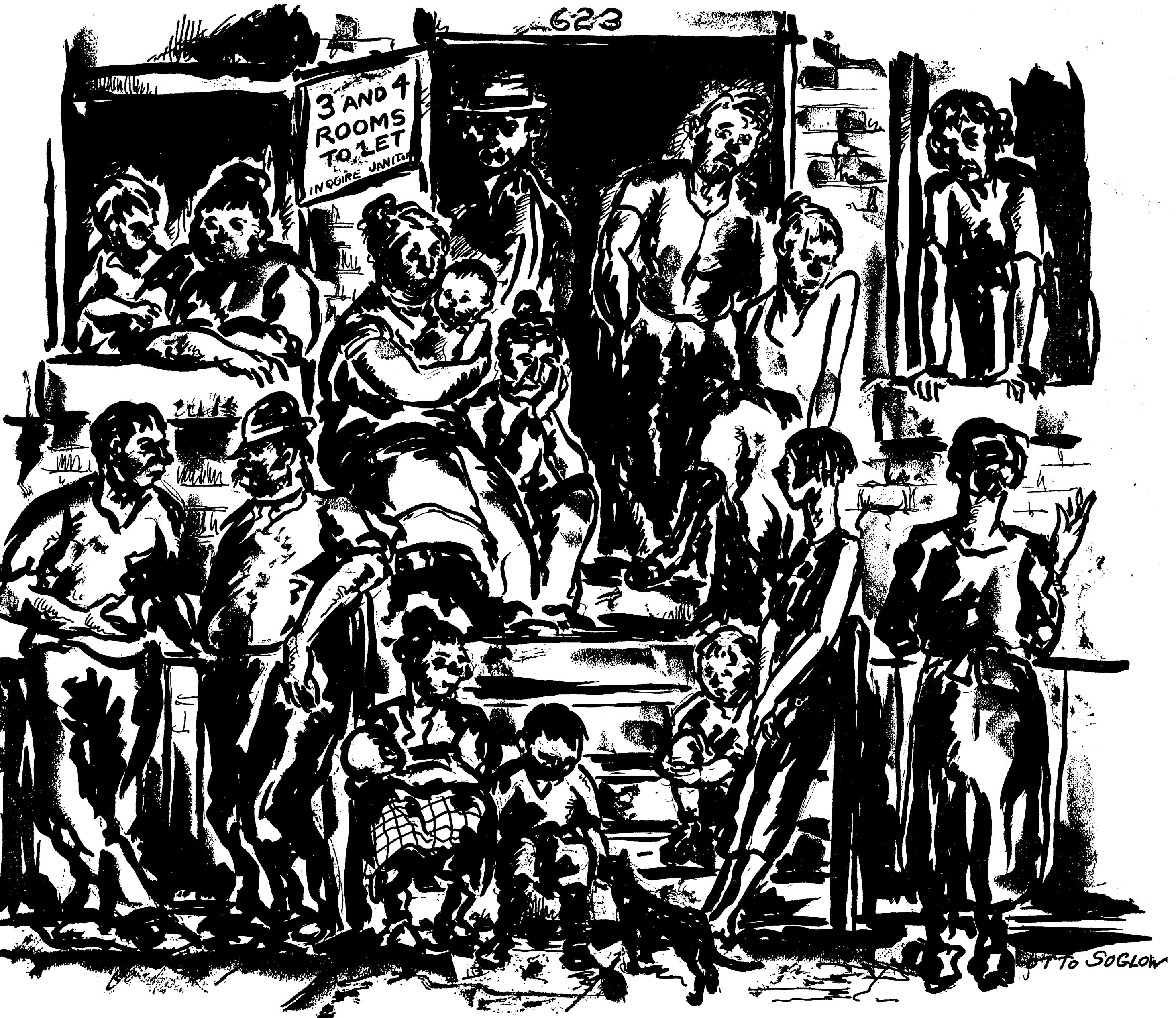
No one could argue him out of it, the notion had stuck in his slow obstinate mind, and he was circumcised that day. He was of course amazed when my Aunt again refused him in marriage a week later. He grew so bewildered and sad, he threw up his baker's job, and went to sea. I remember his chromo postcards from the ports of the world. "Dear Lena—this is a fine place and I wish you were here."

9. POPULAR SONGS

My Aunt Lena lay sick in our bedroom. There had been a rush season in the ship, and she had worked too hard. The sweatshops were run on piece-work then, a system of Egyptian slavery under which the strongest crumpled, as though it were the bubonic plague.

My aunt's peasant face was pale now, the intense beautiful eyes I loved were languid with pain. She smiled and kissed me when I came from school:

"Mikey," she said, "after you eat your coffee and butter-bread, I want you to do something for me."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3 AND 4 ROOMS TO LET INQUIRE JANITOR
OTTO SOGLOW

drawn by Otto Soglow

ON THE TENEMENT STOOPS IN SUMMER

(*Always Room For One More*)

"Yes, Aunt Lena."

"Here is ten cents, and I want you to go to the music store, and get the words of these songs for me. And I will sing them, and we will forget piece-work."

She had written the names on an old envelope; my aunt had quickly learned English. I ate my afternoon lunch, and went to the music store, and brought her the song sheets.

I always loved to hear her sing. I sat there, while she stroked my hair, and was filled with a painful delight. My mother came from the kitchen to listen, and my aunt explained those strange English songs to her.

One was called "She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage." It was the story, my aunt said, of a poor girl who had married a rich man to help her family, but had regretted the slavery and hypocrisy it brought, and had grown sadder and sadder, and died.

My mother shook her head in sympathy, and said, in Yiddish: "Alas, alas! How pitiful!"

The other song, I remember, was called "The Rabbi's Daughter." It was the story of a stern and upright old Rabbi whose daughter had fallen in love with a Christian youth, and had married him. Her heartbroken father performed the awful Hebrew rite in such cases; he held a funeral service for her, she was dead to him and Israel.

He tried to forget, but could not. He, too, grew sadder and sadder, and finally died of grief. And then his daughter died for grief of him.

My mother shook her head again, and tears were in her eyes.

"*Ai*, how sad that is, how sad and beautiful!" she said. "It is just like life."

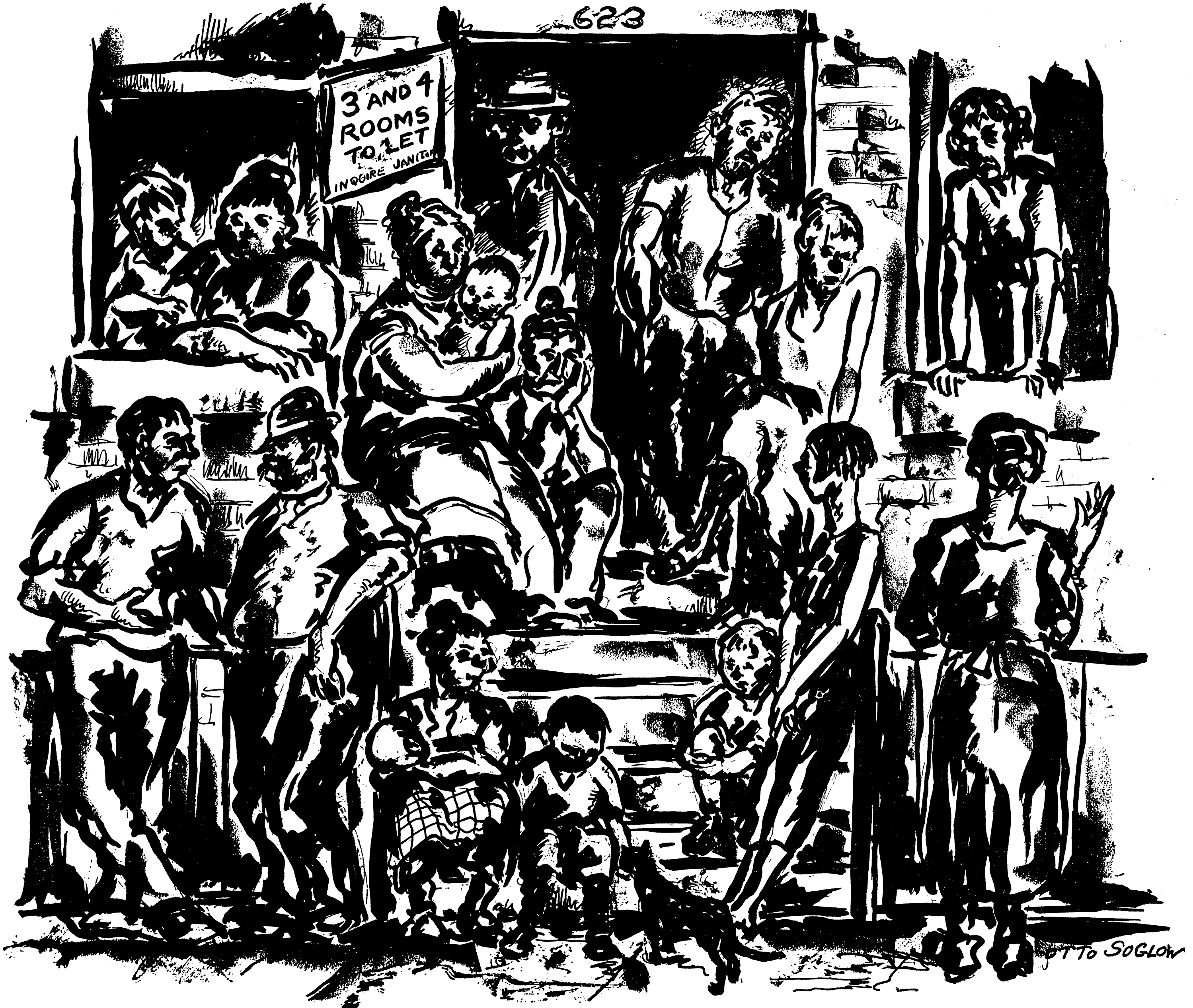
I look back at that moment, and cannot laugh at it. I know a cynic or Broadway clown must have written those songs, with tongue in cheek, maybe, for money. It is sophisticated now to laugh at such songs, but they are holy to me. I remember my Aunt Lena, sickened by piece-work slavery in the shop, singing them in her deep voice, I remember my mother's tears. No song is cheap into which millions of humble people have poured their souls, their love, their despair and yearning. All songs are made holy when a folk sings them. Do not laugh; these cheap ballads will be remembered some day, as the "spirituals" sung by the slaves of New York.

10. THE GANGSTER'S MOTHER

About that time a poor little grocery storekeeper was shot by some cheap young thieves a few blocks away. It was in all the papers. I heard whispering among the indignant neighbors that Louis One Eye's gang had done the job.

Then a child was raped in a cellar, a poor little screaming girl.

Then someone set off a bomb in an Italian's house. We heard the boom one night; it started a panic. We scuttled down in our underwear at three in the morning; the tenement had rocked; the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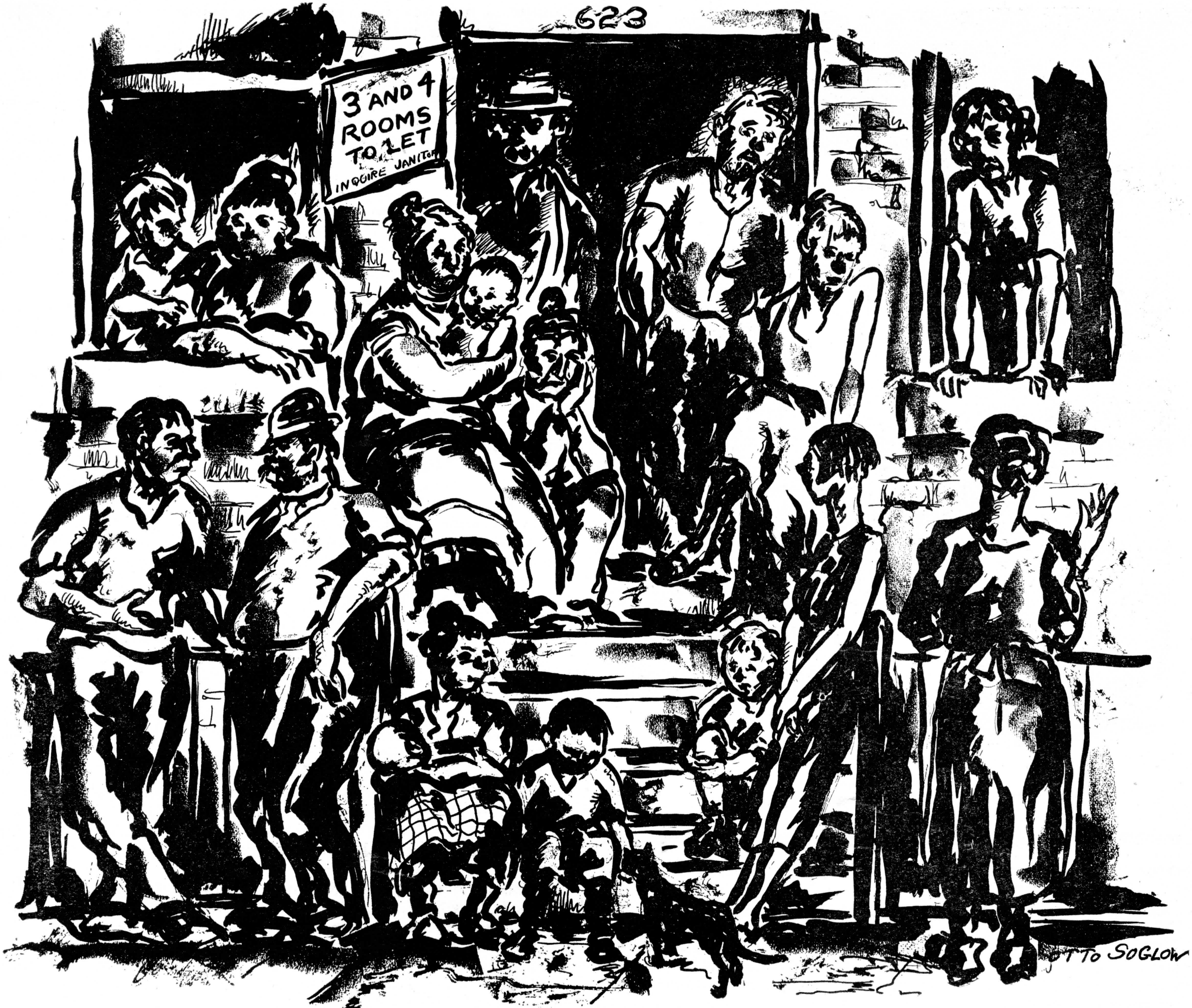
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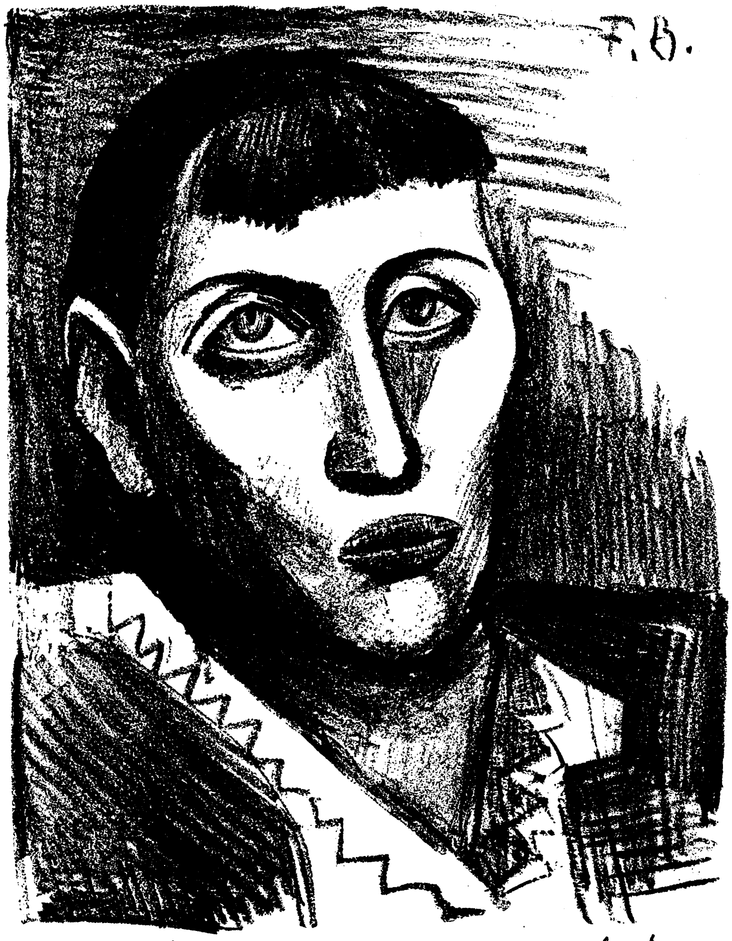


drawn by Feiga Blumberg

A Girl of the Sweatshops

street was crowded with mad-eyed people in underwear; it was like the Day of Judgment.

It was only the Black Hand again, but the neighbors whispered it was Louis One Eye.

They blamed everything on Louis. He didn't care, but swaggered about, and pushed people off the sidewalks as if he were a king. He never had a friendly word for anyone. Some of his thieving was as open as a politician's. He forced storekeepers to buy tickets to imaginary picnics and dances. He ate fruit off pushcarts and didn't pay, as calmly as though he were a cop.

The neighbors hated him, they wanted the janitor to force him to move out with his pigeons.

"He has taken the roof to himself; who is he, anyway, a Kaiser?" they asked, indignantly.

The fat janitor was very profound about the matter. "You can't make him move; you can't touch Louis," said the janitor sagely. "Louis is under the protection of Tammany Hall."

He never worked, of course; he went to jail several times; he was a bad egg. Even if you felt strong, you couldn't afford to fight him; for he had a gun. And even if you grabbed his gun, and beat him up, his gang would get you in the end. He ruled the tenement; and all hated him, and blamed him for everything.

But his poor old mother, half-crippled and hunched over in an old shawl, like some feeble, humble dwarf, loved Louis. She hobbled about, and on the street and in the grocery store, would stop people and stare into their faces with her sad, patient eyes, and say over and over: "Why do they say my Louis is a bad boy? My Louis is a good boy. Why can't they leave him alone? My Louis is a good boy."

And Louis must have loved his mother; he tenderly helped her up the stairs; he shopped every morning for the groceries, to save her poor rheumatic legs the pain of walking; he gave her money every week, and bought her dresses.

Once there was an Italian *festa* a few blocks away. The lamps were lit in arches between the tenements; a band played; chestnuts and candy were on sale; the Italians pinned dollar bills on the shrine of their saint.

Suddenly there was a riot, and I saw Louis, singlehanded, beat up three Italian roughnecks who had pulled the beard of a frightened old Jew who had wandered like ourselves into that savage Christian land.

11. LOUIS DEFEATED

One hot night, after work, my Aunt Lena and I climbed on the roof for air. My aunt was in her kimono; she had just washed her long black hair, and it hung down her back. There was no one on the roof but Louis; he was flying his pigeons in the hot twilight.

When I saw him, I was frightened, and wanted to go back. But my Aunt Lena reassured me, and we spread newspapers as far away from him as possible, and sat down.

Then he saw us. My heart beat as he walked over slowly, a sardonic gleam in his big single eye. I think he tried to smile, but that sneer was not to be wiped out so easily.

"Listen, kid," he said to my aunt, "come over here and lookit my pigeons."

I could feel my Aunt Lena stiffen; now she was frightened, too.

Louis came nearer. "Listen," he said, out of the corner of his sneering mouth, "I got some fine pigeons, kiddo. Listen, I got a fantail worth twenty dollars. And I got six rubies I pulled down from another guy's flock on Forsythe Street. He came around and tried to shoot me for them."

Louis bent over, and touched my aunt's hair with his hot stubby hand. She sat there paralyzed.

"Nice hair," he said. "Run along, Mike, I want to talk to her."

I stared at him, and couldn't move. In a moment I felt that I would fling myself at his legs, and bite them, do anything to save my Aunt Lena. Then he put his hands on my aunt's kimono, and tried to tear it open. It was then she sprang up, screaming, and clawed at his face with her nails. He grabbed her. I ran to the roof door and yelled down the hallway.

Suddenly, I don't know how or why, the roof was filled with all the neighbors. I don't know how they came so soon, crowds always sprang up on the East Side like dynamite explosions.

The mob of neighbors faced Louis, grumbling and cursing sullenly; he backed up against his pigeon coop in surprise.

"What happened?" Morris, a husky young clothing worker asked. My aunt told them. They glared at Louis threateningly. But he had gotten his nerve back, and before she was through explaining, he began pushing the crowd.

"Get off my roof!" he snarled, his face hateful as a gorilla's.

The crowd moved away slowly, muttering. Suddenly someone in back threw an old wooden box at Louis. It hit him in the face; and a projecting nail tore a gash under his one eye, and it bled.

Louis was furious. He frothed like a madman, rushed up and down.

"Who done that?" he screamed, pulling out his gun. "I'll kill the bastard who done it." We watched him frozen with horror, as we might an escaped madman.

And then, from somewhere, his poor old mother appeared. She hobbled up to her son, and peered at him with her sad old eyes.

"Are you hurt, Louis?" she said, feebly. "Why are you bothering my Louis," she said to the neighbors, "my Louis is a good boy, he doesn't harm anyone."

She hadn't even seen his gun. Louis slipped it into his pocket, and patted her on the back.

'It's all right, momma," he said, "go back in the house."

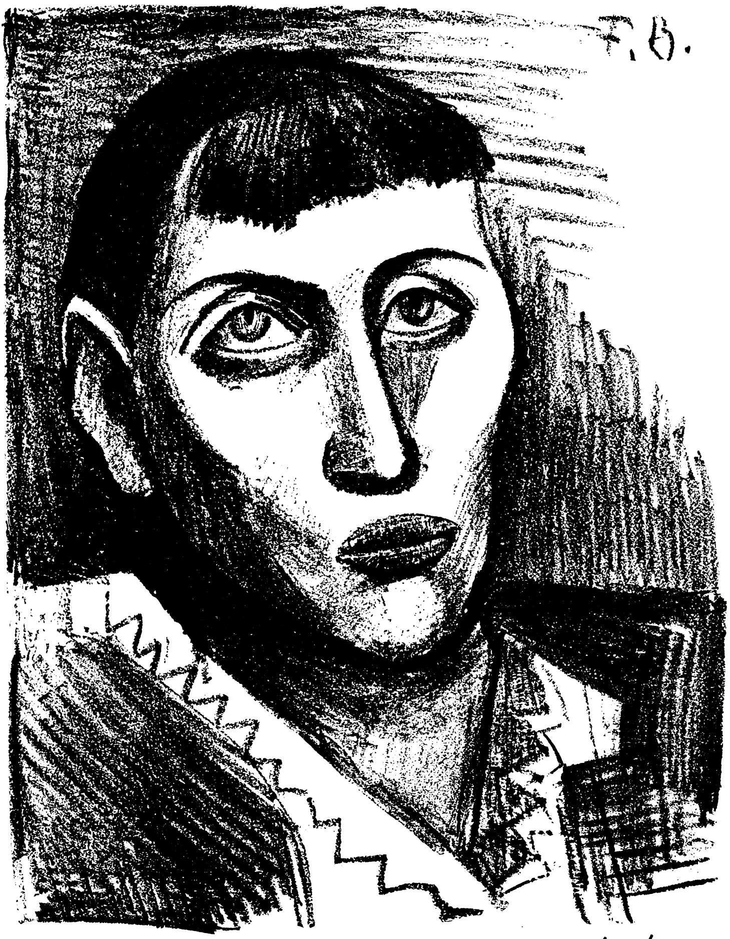
She took his handkerchief, and wiped the blood from his eye, mumbling feeble patient complaints against the bad world. And the neighbors drifted away, looking a little ashamed, as if they were in the wrong. And Louis' pigeons, that he had neglected all this time, flew down in a great whir of wings on their coop, prisoners, like all of us, of the East Side.

All of us went on hating Louis One Eye, and I hated him terribly, too. But now I hate more those who took a moody, passionate, loyal East Side boy and turned him into a monster useful to the bosses in strikes, and to politicians on election day.

Booze Runners

Below the canadian rockies
the booze is run with cadillac jockeys
over the line past the tape
of the border;
hang your chin on the steering gear
and ride the engine harder—
This is the one that won the laurels
in Calgary for spurring sorrels,
his mouth is redder for spitting blood
but we'll hit Great Falls,
BY GOD.

NORMAN W. MacLEOD.



drawn by Feiga Blumberg

A Girl of the Sweatshops

POEMS BY WORKERS

Coal Town

By ED FALKOWSKI, *Miner.*

A cracked and splintered shell hanging over coal pits.
Studded with culm banks—walls of black, rocky silence.
A spatter of stores and a movie-house,
And a few doctors and lots of undertakers.
Trickles of people shuffling along the main street,
Buying things . . . The spurting autos and business men
Bulbous and important, chewing cigar-butts.

Outside, the breakers grind away with iron teeth,
Chewing up the cars of coal into standard sizes.
Their heavy rhythm shakes the town's dreary street.
Underneath, the twisting tunnels where dim lights
Flicker and ditches run with sulphur water,
And silent curses drop from sweated men
Whose picks strike sparks from tough rock.

Is there no song of freedom in this cracked and falling place?
Do spirits sink like undermined houses tilting down?
Do no rebellious souls walk Main street with its showy drabness,
Its masquerade of windows, its pretense of manners?
If Main street could only look and hear the tense silence
Of those long, black tunnels that cut under its patter of business!
But it never will . . . too busy with its tin trumpets
Of prosperous cant. . . .

But Main street is an empty shell to the miner
Who knows the treacherous stillness of low places,
The crunch of coal and the fall of rock,
The miles of dimlit silence and the white beards
That chin the rotted timbers in damp gangways . . .
He has seen Death in her monstrous beauty and terror . . .
Main street is a child with a tin whistle to him.
And he laughs at its important patter—
A child at play in its nursery of profit and loss!

Patriotism

By RAYMOND KRESENSKY, *Office Worker.*

It's all you need to do
Is take off your hat when the flag goes by—
Just take off your hat when the flag goes by.
If it's a stiff hat lay it gracefully across your chest
And look earnest, and look sincere.

It's all you need to do
Is to wave your handkerchief and shout
When a general of the army passes by.
And it's all you need to do is put out a flag.
It's all you need to do
Is take off your hat when the flag goes by.

And fly a flag. Hurrah! Hurrah!
That's patriotism.
And see that everyone else, yes, everyone else
Does just what you do
Or else he's not patriotic.

If you don't vote, no one cares.
If you've never read the Constitution, no one cares.
If you bootleg, no one cares.
If you deprive others of that so-called life and liberty
Nobody cares at all.
All you need to do is take off your hat when the flag goes by.

Push your propaganda for war
When you're a manufacturer of dynamite and poison gas,
Corned beef and paper shoes.
Forget the soldiers of other wars
And steal their pensions. Forget them.
But for the sake of your country
Take off your hat when the flag goes by,
Take off your hat when the flag goes by.
That's patriotism.

Heat

By T. E. BOGARDUS, *Steel Worker.*

Heat. Heat.
Perspiration drips from my head,
My body reeks with its stench
Blast furnaces blaze in my face
And tear from me the reality of living,
I am thrown into a phantom world
With licking tongues of flame,
Bright red nymphs and whirling dervishes of
Heat. Heat.

A fawning bastard
Walks quietly by and prods the
Laggard in the rear nearer, nearer the furnace
To grasp the white hot steel
Maker of the millionaire
Who sits serenely in his sanctum calm and cool.
Christ give me strength, will these
Ten hours never end?

Electric Saw

By SAMUEL BECKER, *Lumber Worker.*

Why do you fear me?
Was it not you who built me?
Does my hissing, whirring, shrieking tongue offend your delicate ear?
Why, every time you come to feed me
you stand off as if I were a tiger!

Do you think I would not appreciate a bit of rest?
Do I hear you say,No?

Well, come ahead and feed me all you like
I don't mind singing all day long and all night long
Come, feed me some more of those white pines
that I might sing a blue white lyric
while you stand in utter awe of me
Come, some more, some more! I want to sing
until my voice fills the universe with
all colors of sound!
Do I see you grow weaker?
No. You tire of my blue-white lyrics.
You would have me thrill you
with deeper and richer color sounds.

Come, feed me some of those hoary oaks that . . .
What! Is it possible you do not understand?

I don't mind singing all day long and all night long . . .
But I'm never happy until I sing a short, soft, red note.

He Didn't Know

By H. S. ROSS, *Oil Driller.*

He stumbled sweating from the coke-filled still
And lay against a pipeline white with frost.
The foreman cursed to find him stiff and chill
Because it meant an hour of labor lost.

"The Goddamned Pollack didn't know no more—
That teached the dirty bastard how to sleep."
They lay the body down that day before
A widow far too hurt and tired to weep.

Mules

By ED. FALKOWSKI, *Miner*

Much has been said of your rebellious breed.
But your kicks are praiseworthy.
Your hind legs shooting upward in violent protest
Delight the soul of the militant.
O miners, not to the ant, but to the mule for your lesson.
There's the ballet of resentment that makes the spirit dance,
And life becomes an ecstasy of rebellious triumph!

A 5 AND 10 CENT STORE GIRL

By WILLIAM EDGE

Not far from where my buddy, Slim, and I lived in the Mission, in San Francisco, lived the widow O'Reilly. She had five children, two boys and three girls. One of the boys was about seventeen. He was a tough-looking youngster who worked in a warehouse downtown. We did not see much of him—neither did his mother—for he was a sort of semi-delinquent who came home only when it suited him. He gave his mother a dollar or two sometimes; but he took, on the whole, little responsibility for the widow and her younger children.

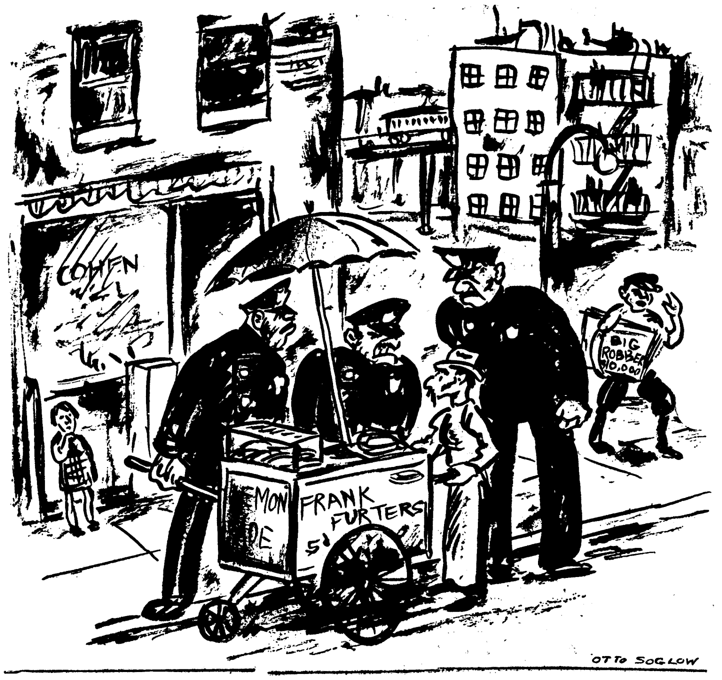
The widow O'Reilly was a tiny, slender, small-boned woman of perhaps forty, though I arrive at her age by the age of her children rather than by her appearance. Poverty and privation had given her a face which might have gone with a body of sixty years.

But it is Margaret, the daughter, whom I am really concerned with. Margaret was sixteen. She, too, was slender and small boned, and undernourished, but not so tiny as her mother. You would have noticed her eyes first of all, but not because they were blue and abnormally large. They were wild. They made you think of the restless, roving eyes of a caged beast. Or they made you think of fever and insanity. Shining, burning, wet, never-resting—such were her eyes. Her hair—a light brown, and her complexion fair.

Now, a girl at sixteen is, I suppose, legitimate prey for a man who was as young as I was in 1921, when all this happened. But Slim had warned me:

"It wouldn't exactly be robbing the cradle; and I daresay she would be pleased to play with you or any other acceptable young man. But I happen to know—to feel quite sure, rather—that she is still a virgin. She is not game for your guns. You've had too many educational and cultural advantages to try any funny business with her. Pick on somebody your size from the standpoint of experience in life and training."

And since I admired Slim very much, and since Slim was nearly ten years my senior, I put Margaret out of my mind, though I couldn't see any harm in visiting and chatting with the O'Reilly's. Sometimes I had luncheon with them. It hurt my heart to see Eleanor and Mary, both under ten years of age, eating one piece of bread and one piece of bologna, and drinking one cup of warmed-up coffee for lunch. Nothing more. Day in and day out. I accepted their generous hospitality because I could help them only if I played the role of guest. Heaven knows I was poor enough myself. But the O'Reilly's were so poor that I could experience the satisfactions of a philanthropist when, invited to lunch, I brought with me a quart of milk or a bag of apricots.



drawn by Otto Soglow

Our Criminal Hunters

Sometimes Slim and I came to see the O'Reilly's in the evening. The younger children were in bed; Margaret and her mother were usually ironing the wash they took in as their only means of support. Slim, who was a great teaser, would joke with Mrs. O'Reilly about her religious convictions.

To the poor lady Slim's banter was unfathomable.

"You know, Mrs. O'Reilly, I think wings will be very becoming to you."

"Wings?"

"Of course. You're going to be an angel when you die, aren't you?"

"Land sakes, I guess so."

"Well, you'll be wearing wings. And I was just saying, I think you'd look stunning in wings. You'll be playing a golden harp. Do you know anything about music?—I wonder what the old man looks like, up there in heaven?"

It seemed to me that Mrs. O'Reilly started at the thought that she would meet her husband again.

Slim would continue. "It takes a long time to learn how to play a harp. Wonder how long it took your husband. Dead five years. Five years. I suppose he's getting to be pretty good by now. Some of those young angels have no ear at all for music. They're an awful nuisance."

And so on, for an hour or more, while the widow and her daughter ironed and ironed and ironed. Sometimes Mrs. O'Reilly would stop to interpolate minor objections, objections which Slim would brush aside—frequently accusing her indignantly of disloyalty to God, the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost and the Church. Slim, incidentally, had been educated in a Jesuit school, something which gave him a tremendous advantage in such matters over any mere atheist.

The children were usually in bed but still awake when we left. Ironing, washing, sleeping, cooking, eating, visiting—all were done in the same room. It was my custom sometimes, just before leaving, to tickle one of the children. Slim would tickle another, and the delighted squealings showed that our attentions were very welcome.

One night Margaret was in bed when I arrived alone to have a little chat with the good widow. Upon leaving I gave one of the children my customary rough housing when the inspiration came to me to tickle Margaret. I went to her bed, pulled off the covers, and began to tickle her. Hearty laughs from the widow encouraged me, and delicious, frightened looks from Margaret's wild eyes goaded me on. She struggled against me as the babies could not struggle. She pulled down her nightgown quickly, and I felt her flying hair in my face.

Still the widow laughed as if it were all an innocent joke. But my blood was surging. With an effort of will I stopped; and, to seem casual, I tickled one of the younger children before leaving.

I saw Margaret several times after that, and it seemed to me that she averted those restless eyes when I was near. Soon after this I left San Francisco for good. There is a slender aftermath to all this.

A year after leaving San Francisco I received a letter, something like the one printed below, from Margaret. I have lost the letter, but I have re-read it often enough in the last six years to give a tolerably authentic reproduction.

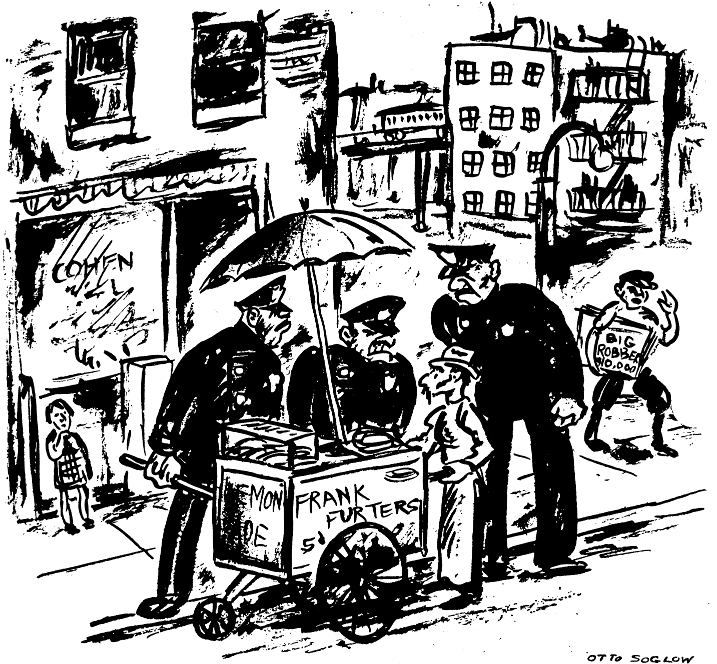
Do not laugh at the letter. Think, rather, of the tragedy in it. A five and ten cent store girl. The miserable education which her letter reveals. The casual marriage she seems to be contemplating—at seventeen.

Dear Blondey Slim said if I wood rite the letter he woud give me a envlop with you're naim and address so hear goes. I am working in the 5 and ten cent store and I am going to marry Herbert Quinn soon only dont tell anybody because its a seecrit.

How are you, anyways? I'm real well now. If you want to write me hear is where I work — Market Street because if you writ home Eleanor will tease me she always says I'm in love with you anyhow. Ha! ha! Well I gess this is ennough for today.

Yours truly,

Margaret O'Reilly.


COHEN
MON
DE
FRANK FURTERS
5¢
BIG ROBBERY 10,000
OTTO SOGLOW

drawn by Otto Soglow

Our Criminal Hunters

INSIDE THE REFORMATORY

(Extracts from a Diary)

By DAVID GORDON*

It's farcical to be dragged from the serenity of a university to serve three years in a reformatory for voicing my political opinions in the form of a poem. It wasn't a good poem; and I don't want to write any more poetry. I want to be an economist, and here I am off for a reformatory. Well, maybe here's a chance to learn something new about our social system.

* * * * *

On the train. Green and sunny outside the window. Beautiful hills to climb. Fifteen boys with me look outside and feel, like me, how darn fine it would be to holler and jump and have a good time on those hills. But these bracelets, damn them, and these eagle-eye keepers!

* * * * *

Tony, one of the boys, curse his petty larceny soul, can't keep his mouth shut.

"Christ, goin' to jail on a day like this! Sure nice and warm outside aint it? Lookit that forest. If I wuz free I'd take me moll for a walk, and—Hell, we're goin' to jail!"

* * * * *

From the talk of the boys I gather that the reformatory is only a high school in the educational career of a criminal. The boys look forward to the time when they will be old enough to be sent to a penitentiary. They have a great reverence for "lifers."

* * * * *

We arrived at the reformatory. I am waiting to see how they will go about the job of "reforming" me and the other boys.

We were stripped naked when we arrived and searched for money, dope and syphilis. One of our batch had the latter. Then we received our uniforms, and were herded into a large room, where a hard-looking man with a gun on his hip lectured us.

"You must obey the rules of this institution, boys, if you know what's best for you. Do what your boss tells you to do; fix your beds, don't use dirty language, don't steal food, and don't try to escape. If you break any rules, we've got a club handy for you, and we'll add extra time to your sentence."

This was our first lesson in reform.

* * * * *

I was assigned to mess hall, and must work seven days a week, eleven hours a day. The Boss is a Yank and not a bad fellow.

* * * * *

After this morning's cleanup, one of a group of boys called out: "Come here, bud." I strolled over to them. "Well?" I said. "What's your charge?" he asked. I smiled.

"They say I wrote dirty stuff," I said. They looked interested, as if I might have some Rabelasian story to tell. I disappointed them.

"I wrote that the workers of America don't get enough wages, and I used words like b—— and w——."

The boys laughed. "Christ," one said, "I've heard judges use them words when they were drunk."

"You for the workers?" an Italian boy put in. "Good for you. Believe me, I know how Sacco and Vanzetti were framed for being with the workers. But this punk," he glared at another boy, "this punk joined Lil Jim Manley's gang that the cops bought off to bust up the Union Square meetings for Sacco and Vanzetti."

"I didn't!" whined the other boy, who was nicknamed Creeping Jesus, because he was so slow at his work.

"Say, bud, what's the latest song on the outs?" a boy asked me. They are crazy to know this; and of Negro boys they will ask for the latest clog steps.

* * * * *

One cigarette will be passed from mouth to mouth and is smoked by at least fifteen boys before it's through. I'm glad I don't smoke. I never saw so many rotten teeth. The food does it, the boys say.

I'm afraid to borrow a book from the prison library. If you lose one, thirty days are added to your sentence. The chances for a book being stolen are too great. Is a book worth thirty days in jail?

* * * * *

"Salty" committed sodomy. "One Arm" cracked a safe. "Lanky" is here because he slashed a woman's face. "Skinny" is in for vagrancy. "Creeping Jesus" was caught in a payroll robbery. "Four Eyes" was found with a gun. "Texas" is a diamond thief.

They got a good break. They look old enough to have gone to the penitentiary, but were sent here instead.

* * * * *

Twenty of the 23 boys on our tier were given a "shellacking" by the keeper for making noise. He beat them with his club. I was fortunate enough not to get this lesson in reformation.

* * * * *

The boys groan in their sleep. Sometimes they cry. It disturbs my sleep, and makes me want to get out of this stinking hole. It irritates me, it drives me wild sometimes. I don't know why it makes me so irrational; but I want to go into the cell of each boy who groans and weeps and punch him in the jaw.

"Shut up!" I want to holler, "you drive me wild with your bellyaching. I'd like to get out of here, just the same as you, so for Christ's sake, don't cry about it."

* * * * *

"Moping," they call escaping. I get dreaming about it. Not seriously, but just to exercise my mind. On one side of the reformatory there's a forest; the other side is open country. No chance either way; for you wear a uniform, have no money, and they'd miss you in an hour. It's madness; but the boys talk it all the time.

* * * * *

But it gets me, too. If I remain here three years I may get to be as crazy as some of these kids. That, or turn into a crook. I'll do my best to remain wholesome, but this perpetual atmosphere of criminality must have its effect in time on anyone.

* * * * *

There's a lot of homosexuality here, and some things even worse.

* * * * *

Johnny is a nuisance. Every night when we go up to the tier he announces how many days he still has to serve. "One-eighty-seven; one-eighty-six; one-eighty-five; etc."

* * * * *

For the past two weeks I've suffered a terrible stomach ache. My stomach is all swollen up with gases, and I am constantly nauseated. It's the rotten food. Many of the boys suffer in the same way.

One of the boys told me, confidentially: "It's all a question of graft. Somebody is cleaning up, Shorty."

* * * * *

Also I wish they had mattresses here. All they give you is a thin blanket to sleep on. The covers are thin, and it gets freezing at night. So we rarely sleep.

* * * * *

I talked with a shy young kid whose nickname is "Sister." His mother sent him here for a year. He says she thought it was really a reformatory, a place to teach him to be a good boy and dutiful son. Now she is moving heaven and earth to get him out, but she can't, until his term is up.

* * * * *

The Negro boys are segregated from the whites. I guess I am the only white here who has not the slightest trace of Negro or other racial prejudice, as I am a Communist.

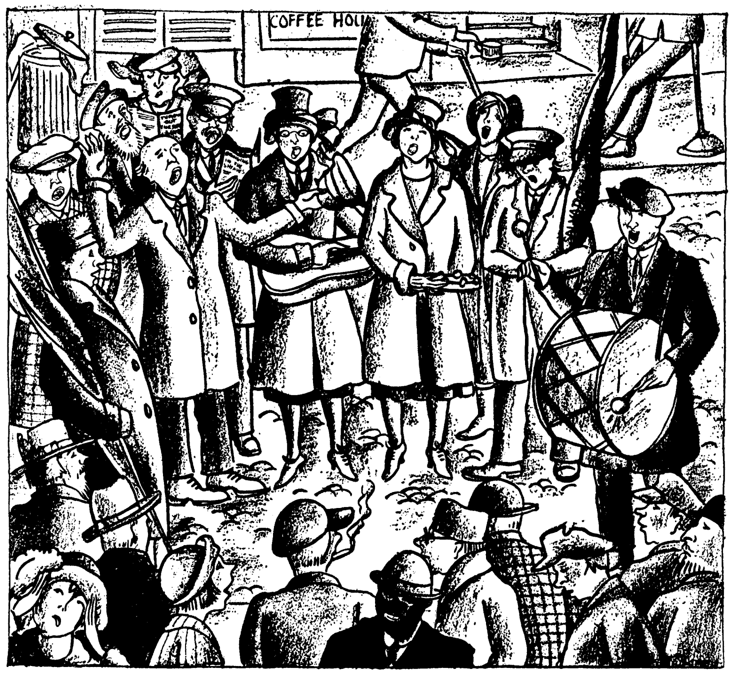
* * * * *

But these Negro kids puzzle me. We who work in the mess hall never eat the cereals, or the soup, beans, or hash. We know too much to eat swill. We live chiefly on bread. But the Negro kids eat everything and ask for more. They like it. Some of them seem to enjoy being here. They say "they've struck a home." My imagination cannot conjure up the awful picture of what must be their life when they are "free."

* * * * *

Five boys were tried in the "court" today for stealing food.

**David Gordon is the nineteen-year old boy who was sentenced to three years in the reformatory for a poem that appeared in the Daily Worker of New York. He was released after a campaign in which many prominent liberal newspapers and organizations joined. Gordon won the Zona Gale scholarship and was studying at the University of Wisconsin when arrested. Over a thousand students and teachers there signed a petition for his release.*



drawn by Laura Sondag

God's Panhandlers

One of the head-keepers acts as judge, another is the defendant's lawyer. Your boss prosecutes. You are generally convicted, of course. The boys were given nine days extra for having been so hungry that they stole some of the keeper's leftovers.

* * * * *

Scotty cut his finger with the bread-knife. The "court" gave him three days.

* * * * *

Kelly and Jennsen are going crazy. Two days more and they'll be free. They work like mad in order to make the time pass more quickly. All the boys are like that. As the day of release gets nearer, they grow more and more nervous. They sing and holler, and jeer at us poor "suckers left behind with a rope."

(This is reformatory slang meaning that you are being left with a rope to hang yourself.)

* * * * *

The wife of a keeper passed us today. "Don't look at her," I was advised, "or you'll get your head bust." I didn't want my head bust by a big keeper, so I didn't look. I wonder what makes these women so holy.

* * * * *

I have asked some of the boys why they chose to be thieves, instead of working for a living.

Most of them said they had worked on lots of jobs, but hated it. "Who wants to sweat his head off for a lousy boss?" one said. "He gets his kale by not sweating, so I guess I'm just as good as him, and be my own boss."

Another said that he had turned thief because it was so hard to find a decent job in New York, if you didn't have rich parents.

"Rosy," a boy with an angelic face and gentle manner, is in here for having hit a man over the head with a lead pipe and taken his money. It's hard to believe, he acts so quiet. He told me he was driven to the crime because he got such little pay on his job, and had a girl with expensive tastes whom he was trying to impress.

* * * * *

Izzy's boss refused to pay him $50 he owed him in wages. He tried to get his money through some Legal Aid Society which handles such cases. They refused to do anything for him. The boy was so angry that he robbed his boss's place, was caught, and given nine months in this hellhole. But the boss remains unpunished.

* * * * *

Some of the songs the boys sing are interesting. One of them is called, "The Curse of Life," and one boy told me it was written by a gunman named Frank Clark, who was electrocuted in Chicago last April. It's quite pretentious and literary in an old-fashioned way. It begins,

"I am but a youth in the springtime of life,
And yet I have tasted the bitters of strife,
I dwell in a dungeon of blackest despair,
And drink from the fountain of sorrow and care."

Some of the couplets are really interesting.

"Vain greed is the tyrant our destiny rules;
This world at its best is a bedlam of fools.
We worship a god that our fancy has made,
Talk about sunshine and live in the shade."

The mournful tune winds up with the line, *"This world I owe nothing; it owes me a grave."* Then the shouted words: *"St. Peter, here I come."*

* * * * *

Other songs are the familiar, "Seven Long Years in State's Prison," and the "Boston Burglar," and the "Dope Fiend's Lament." This latter has sixteen verses, all of which I copied down.

* * * * *

Most of the boys are not bad, but this place has some terrible customs they learn. About half of them say they'll go straight when they get out of here; the others sneer, and frankly boast of the jobs they'll commit when they're out.

"Going straight, boloney," said Creeping Jesus. "If you're only an inch crooked when you come here, you're six yards off when they graduate you."

There is no doubt society not only breeds crime, but encourages it by maintaining these reformatories.

I wanted to help the workingclass as best I could; and I wanted an education in history and economics, so went to the best university I could get into.

If I wanted to be a thief, on the other hand, I would get myself committed here. It's also a university, and it's maintained by the State, too.

Funny society, that wants to cut its own throat.

* * * * * * *

I learned this morning that I was to be set free. The boys congratulated me, and seemed darn decent. I felt touched by their friendliness.

"Don't forget us, Shorty," they yelled. "Write about us, about the grub, but not a poem this time, Shorty."

I wish I had something to read for the next few days before I leave. I can see now why the other boys were nervous before they left. But I'm sick of reading the *Saturday Evening Post, Lariat, War Stories, Flynn's Detective Weekly, Christian Extension Magazine,* Nick Carter and Horatio Alger and the other trash one is permitted here.

Well, I can stick it out. Trashy reading is not the worst thing they give you here.

No boy who's been here ever gets the brand of it out of his soul.

Neither will I.

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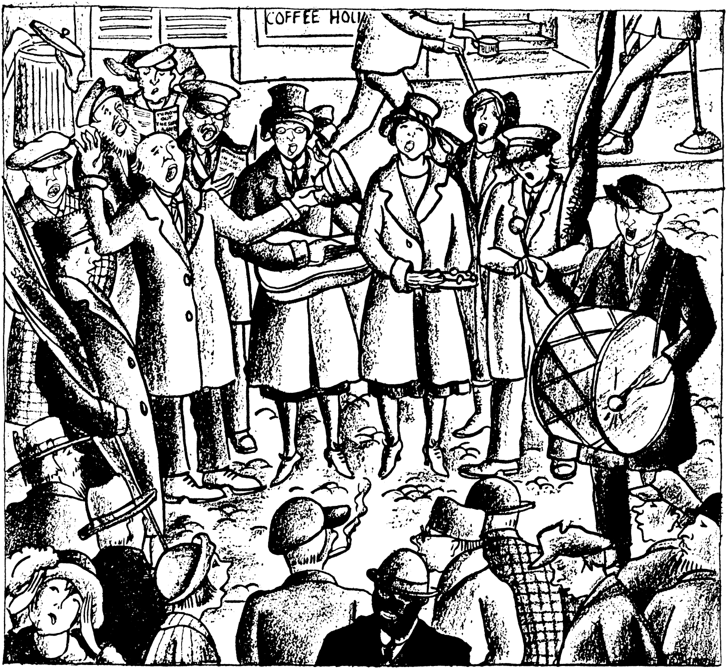

COFFEE HOU
BUN

drawn by Laura Sondag

God's Panhandlers

7 MONTHS IN A Y. M. C. A.

By GEORGE JARRBOE

On the Dorm Secretary's door is the slogan "I'm fine and dandy, how are you?" That is to say, "*We're* all right, but we're very doubtful about *you*." Such is the philosophy of a "Y" as I would boil it down, after having lived in one for seven months to obtain a residence for a Bar examination. Nor is this a puny insignificant branch; it prides itself on being the oldest and most famous "Y" in the world.

After submitting references, and being asked more rent than I'd have paid elsewhere, I was given a room. But my law school was in the building, and the school library, to which I had to have easy access. I fitted up my cubicle with Blackstone and Co., and pictures of love and war, and while absorbing for the Bar exam threw myself into the Christian life of the institution. There was a "floor discussion" every Tuesday held in my room as I had a new Orthophonic Victrola. The management supplied an agenda, which wasn't followed: only women and more about women. It developed there were few virgins with us. Now and then came a whiff of politics, and to my amazement I discovered advocates of communism, Reds!

The Victrola fascinated the country boys; it had an automatic stop, which was not understood in this "*Y*." I would put on a long record and go out of my room. At once the yokels would worry, flocking to the door, wondering what would happen and fearing the machine would wreck itself.

With us were pious chaps from the Bryan belt, strong for the Bible and black women; and an ex-Navy man tattooed so that every time he sat down he did so on the face of Coolidge. There was a young Calles Mexican, and a man from Herrin, Ill., whom we watched warily. We were about 40% Catholic, including a Scotchman who one day borrowed my last $1.50 and did not return it. We were good drinkers and propagators, and a dizzy denizen I met in the corridor one morning told me it was Hangover 9562. About the dorm was the aroma of "the "Y" national drink—Nedick's orange juice and grain alcohol. Such evil conduct led to searches and seizures, necessitating evasions like stowing booze in one's radio cabinet.

Of course there was a sharp division into classes. Proletarians went unhonored and unsung but the name of Doug MacLean, the movie actor, was on every lip. That great man had once roomed there, and I had not been installed half an hour before I heard all about it. Another ex-roomer we boast of is Bruce Barton, discoverer of Jesus the business man, and foe of "damn fools who spoil their literary work by permitting ideas to intrude." Elihu Root is also rumored to have lived within these walls, and we have had less orthodox guests, such as the girl who lived in the one room with bath. She was at last discovered by a private detective hired by her father. He had a lot of trouble spotting her among the lady-like boys who do the spying and religious work for the management.

The washroom was the forum for the floor. It reeked with shady stories, and all the wit and humor I ever found in the "Y." Very little respect was shown for anything or anybody. During the hectic days when "Peaches" was suing her realtor for a separation, one of our chaps, a stenographer, was in on the trial. I will not vouch for the truth of his statement, but one night he remarked "Hate to have my mother think I was taking testimony in the Browning case—she thinks I'm playing the piano in a bawdy-house." Obscene pictures were freely shown. "Queer" men summoned those interested to trysts, with delicate whistles one to the other. I lectured from Blackstone, Paine and Marx. As noted down by me on the spot, in one evening the following subjects were discussed: childbirth, in detail; abortions; a "Murphy," said to inject melted glucose into an ulcerated stomach, thus maintaining life; dirty pictures, man and wife photographed, and husband selling them from a Cadillac; the sex of "Y" secretaries; whether communism was inevitable; and a demand for younger and more beautiful chambermaids.

These femmes de chambre! There is a rouged old one, hungering for a tickle. Alas, the good creatures must paint up, so as not to look too old! Another wears her wedding dress to scrub in, as the man never showed up. Mine was snappy! The mother of nine offspring. She spat fire because of her starvation wages and the big salaries paid the officials. Once she was refused coffee in the cafeteria on the pretext of having no membership card. She retorted, "I'm going to send you a big box of horse manure for Christmas!" In the morning the cry of "Towels" is sometimes an excuse to get in my room, but usually she walks right in without knocking. Having been a "common seaman" in the Navy I do not mind. The maid kid each other with fibs of being out with a man. Though their hearts are gold their faces are clock-stoppers. We pine for some beauty about the place. Once they had a good-looker, but while scrubbing the washroom she was offered $3. She was fired but the dorm man is still here.

The cafeteria is dominated by a fat old tyrant, always picking his teeth, who beams on the patrons and makes snoots at the help. The wage-slaves are changed frequently. There is a poor taste to the food but the place is handy to us denizens. Having to be frugal I lived on rubber omelets, cement sandwiches, and aquareous prunes.

"Christian activities" included the sledge-hammering of $18 a week clerks to subscribe for various "Y" purposes. The "I'm fine and dandy, how are you?" slogan again enters at this point. That is to say "We have a drive on, with which we are well satisfied. It is part of the code here that you should come across and you aren't one of us unless you do." The go-getting moralists could not, however, stop the frequent thefts from cubicles and washroom. Really it is not safe, leaving your door unlocked, to dash into the washroom even for a moment. Morales the Porto Rican took a chance and lost a $100 ring and $22 in cash. Among the reasons for another acquaintance getting out was the fact that often he would see a hovering figure on the fire escape; he got tired of trying to catch the shadowy crook and quit the "Y." "Christian activities" also includes distributing, every two weeks, a coupon to obtain a theatre ticket at a cut-rate, which distributee could obtain any night at a certain drug store, corner Broadway and 43rd St. A referendum, with ballots, was held to see if dorm men wished "Y" literature stuffed in their mail boxes. The votes were heavily in the negative, much to the disgust of my secretarial informant. A "Christian activities" secretary received a shock when a friend of mine fell sick and was removed to a hispital. In all innocence the secretary led a flock to condole with the "brother," to a ward with G. U. signs about! From then on the "brother" was visited only by unbelievers.

"Christian activities" probably inspired bringing on the carpet "the only white man in the building," because of his progressive ideas. He would pray with a fellow, certainly, and also work with him and furnish the "material help" so despised by orthodox "Y" men. Through spies the management found out I had Paine and Marx in my room; handled cooly after that, had I not come under high auspices it would have been the gate for mine. No doubt about it, this is a perfect Christian haven, the ideal result of a world made safe for big business, a class example of how an institution disregards its opportunity to shape young men for the new day. Mentally putrid, gloomy and humorless, John Knox would adore this "Y." Here is no inkling of life's better things, no glimpse of the frieze of Phidias, of the sword-flashes of Spinoza; here may penetrate no echo of the moonlit song that was Moorish Valencia. These folks don't know that a robust workers' republic is shaking the world.

And there is no charity here. Proletarian boys without money are uniformly turned away, and told to try a Bowery "Y" two miles away. Good-hearted dormers often give them cash for eats and a flop. There was a lean workingman in Nazareth who smote the snobs and hypocrites. But the god of this place is a stuffed aristo, tight as Harry Lauder, with the fist of a Gary, mouthing piously "I'm fine and dandy, how are you?" However, there is hope. To say a bathtubful: Man lives and slowly learns, and Betelgeuse will not always look down on the "oldest 'Y' ".

TRAGEDY IN BROOKLYN

By BERNARD SMITH

I had been getting letters from my aunt, pitiful little letters telling of their loneliness. They knew no one in Brooklyn, practically no one. The few people they did know, they didn't care to know. And so they were lonely, especially on Sunday evenings when they had rested all day and were wide-awake and looking for amusement. For amusement? How shall I put it. For forgetfulness. It sounds trite, I know, but that is the only way I can describe the impulse that made them so restless on Sunday evenings, that made them want to run away from the little three-room apartment they knew so well, the view from the parlor window over the boulevard, the kitchen with its rows of shiny pots and its neat piles of plates and saucers.

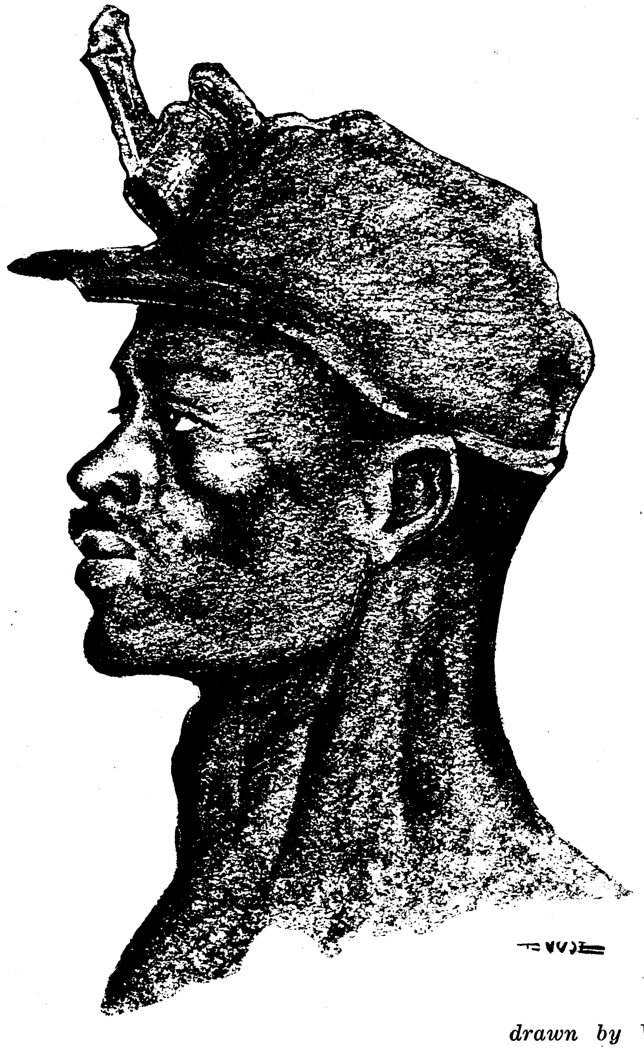
I had been getting those letters, little two-page letters, not telling me much, telling me only about their weary efforts to increase their business, their efforts to save a little money, the news from Sam, and so on. Not much. It wasn't exactly what she wrote as the *way* she wrote that told me they were bored, endlessly painfully bored, tired, tired of their shop, of Brooklyn, of their home, tired most of all of never going anyplace, never seeing anyone, never doing anything but the things that kept them alive and going.

It was easy for me to understand. They had only one son, and he was living in Chicago, married. Most of their friends lived in other cities. They had a few friends living in New York, just a few; but they weren't friends, not any more. They had been friends once, but that was long ago, years ago when they had all been poor; perhaps not poor, but hardly more than merely getting along. And now those friends were rich, and lived in fancy apartments and rode in expensive automobiles, foreign automobiles. And my aunt and my uncle were still merely getting along, running a little store, a novelty shop. Once he had dreamed of opening a factory. Once he had dreamed of inventing novelties of his own that would make him rich, because he had a good many ideas, really clever ideas. Once he had dreamed of opening a chain system, novelty chain stores. But that was long ago, when he was young. Now he was middle-aged, getting old. He no longer dreamed. He was satisfied to go on the way he was going on, satisfied to open his little store every morning at nine and close it every night at nine, satisfied to have an income just large enough for him and his wife to get along in a fairly comfortable three-room apartment and go out of town for a vacation now and then, perhaps to the shore, to Asbury. He was satisfied, except on Sunday evenings. All week he worked, and his wife, my aunt, worked in their store, and they came home at night to their three-room apartment, ate supper, read the newspapers and went to bed. They were satisfied, but not on Sunday evenings. For on Sunday they would sleep late, eat a fine big breakfast, and read the papers, and then it would be only about three o'clock and they would be rested and wide-awake, but they would have no place to go, nobody to visit, nobody to visit them. Then they would begin to get restless and wonder what to do. My uncle would walk up and down the parlor remembering many things that had happened during their married life, because when people have been married for thirty yaars they have many memories, but when they have been working all day they don't remember those things; but when they have nothing to do, no place to go, they do remember; and my uncle remembered all those little conversations and incidents that are part of the common memory of married people. But my uncle would remember only the unpleasant things. I can almost see him walking up and down the parlor floor talking aloud to himself and to my aunt, remembering all sorts of forgotten things, making himself miserable and my aunt miserable. It is better not to remember. It is better to work all the time, to come home at night tired and hungry and go to bed.

And that is why I was getting those letters from my aunt hinting that they were unhappy, pitiful little letters hinting that they were lonely. And that is why I wrote to them that I would come down to visit them some Sunday, and that we would leave the house early in the afternoon and go on an excursion to Bear Mountain and spend the day on the river and in the fields, and that we would have a fine time, just the three of us together. My aunt wrote back that it was wonderful of me to think of that and she was sure we would have a wonderful time and couldn't I make it next Sunday, please.

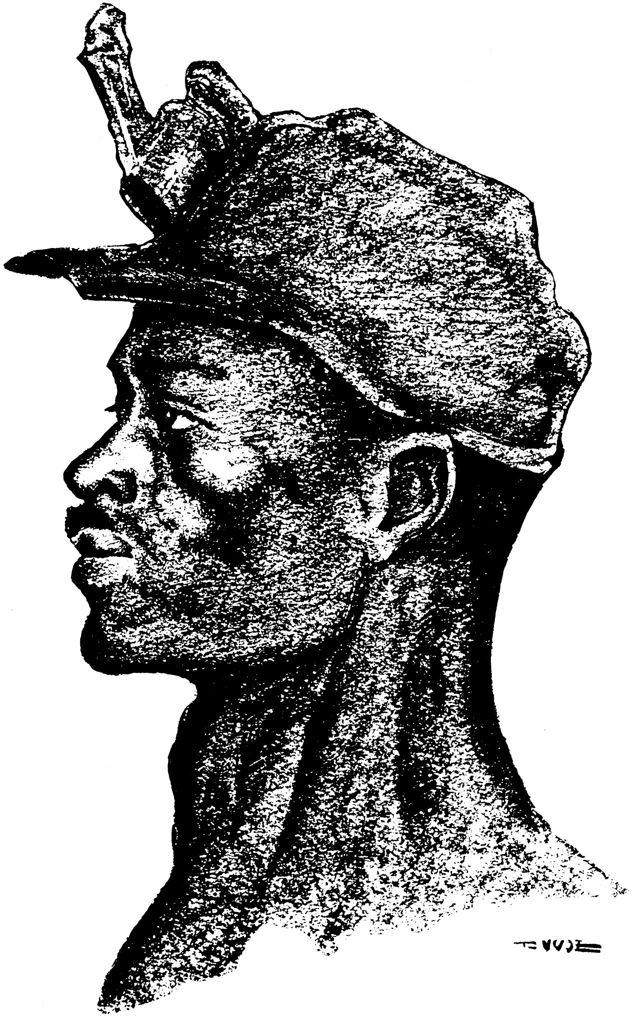
I did make it next Sunday. I came down early in the morning ready for a day on the river, sporting a new pair of knickers and a blue knitted sweater. My aunt and my uncle greeted me with smiles. They couldn't do enough for me, showing me around their apartment, saying how do you like this and how do you like that, make yourself at home, how glad we are to see you. Then we had breakfast together, a fine breakfast of eggs and livers, fish, vegetables, fruits, and cake. Later we sat down in the parlor, talking and smoking, laughing over some stories my uncle told about his son, Sam. And then we started to get ready for our trip on the boat.

We packed a handbag full of sandwiches, cold chicken and hard-boiled eggs, and then my aunt looked out the window and said the sky looked sort of threatening. We looked out too; sure enough while we had been talking a huge bank of clouds had come up from the east, darkening the sky, casting gloom over the streets that just a little while ago had been bright with sunshine. We thought that perhaps it would be only a shower, so we took off our coats and sat down to wait for the sky to clear up. Pretty soon it began to rain, heavy endless torrents of water filling the gutters, drenching the people who were now running toward shelter. After a while it did stop raining, but it was too late to go on the excursion. There we sat, the three of us, disappointed, a little gloomy because of the perfectly silly way our plans for the day had been spoiled. The sun came out again, burning hot, bak-



drawn by Vose

A Negro Miner



drawn by Vose

A Negro Miner

ing the sidewalks until they seemed to exhale heat. The rivers of muddy water in the gutters soon dried, and the dust rose again, thick, chokingly thick, forming a thin hazy screen. The automobiles that had suddenly disappeared when the downpour had begun, reappeared, more numerous than ever, streaming continually up the boulevard, their motors roaring, their horns screeching and coughing. The sweet fresh smell of rainwater was lost in the sickening odor of gasoline.

A long time we sat silently near the windows, looking out at the cars and the people, not saying anything, not even thinking of anything except how hot it was and how crowded the boulevard, and how nice and cool and restful it must be in the country.

Finally my uncle stood up and said, what the devil, are we going to waste the whole day like this? Let's go out for a walk, he said.

We put away the sandwiches and the hardboiled eggs and went out. I never saw the streets as dusty as they were that late Sunday afternoon. Thick stinging dust raised by the shuffling feet of walkers and the long procession of automobiles. And it was hot. As we walked along, slowly, aimlessly, drops of moisture ran down my nose and creased my forehead. My shirt began to chafe my armpits. I began to feel uncomfortable.

We walked, not saying much, just looking at the people and the cars, feeling tired and disappointed. I could see my uncle getting melancholy, as he usually does on Sunday evenings, getting into that dreary hopeless state of mind that I had wanted to banish at least for one day. And I could see my aunt sinking into the pathetic lonely mood that I had detected in her letters. I guess he would have begun his endless monologue if I had not been there.

Maybe we ought to take a ride to Coney, my uncle said.

Just ride? On what?

Just a ride, he said. Nothing else, on the streetcar.

What an idea. Ride on the street car. There's no fun in that.

Just to break the monotony, he said. Anything at all. God I get tired of this. I want something different. Anything.

Then let's go to the movies.

Too hot, my aunt said.

Yes, too hot, he said.

No one to visit, no one to visit them, nothing to do, no place to go. We went on walking, slowly, aimlessly walking. After a while we got tired. My head began to ache from inhaling gasoline fumes, and my face and chest and feet were wet with sweat, soaked in sweat. But we went on walking. We were afraid to stop I guess, afraid to talk, to remember, to regret the storm that had spoiled our day. And when we finally came home we stood outside the door. It was night now, a hot humid night, close, depressing. And there we stood, not saying much, not looking at each other, not even thinking very much. But feeling a good deal. At least I did. It's hard for me to say just what emotions and moods swept over me, but I do know that I felt uncomfortable and not very cheerful.

I didn't want to go upstairs with them. I wanted to go home. I never wanted to go home quite as much as I wanted to go home that night. To go home to a bath to get the dust out of my pores, and to a bed and a drink. I wanted to get away from my uncle and my aunt. It seemed to me then that I had played a part in a tragedy, and I hate tragedies. I wanted to forget that one, especially that one, because there is nothing so cruel to me as the tragedy of the small storekeeper, who is neither this nor that, neither a worker nor a millionaire, who somehow doesn't belong, who is lost, friendless, shunted off from the struggle into a barren endless wasteland. So I said goodnight to them and hurried away to the subway.

Of course I was really silly. It was actually funny the way we walked up and down the boulevard, hardly talking, hardly knowing what to do with ourselves, the sidewalks hot and the air heavy with dust and the fumes of gasoline. Very funny, I guess.

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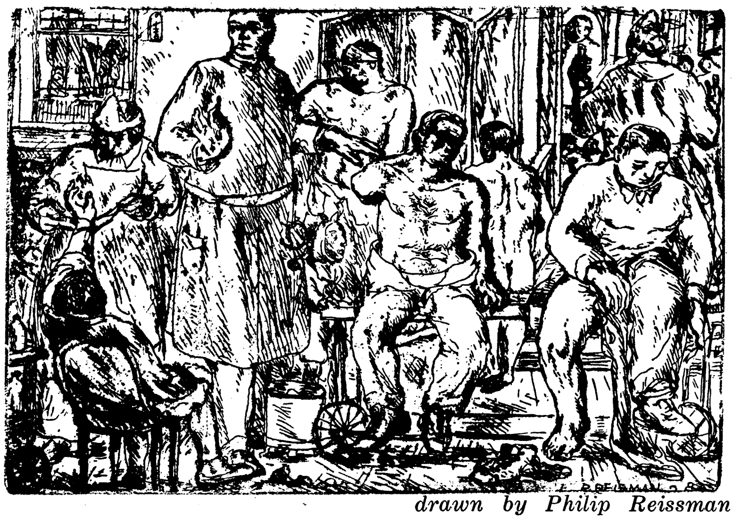


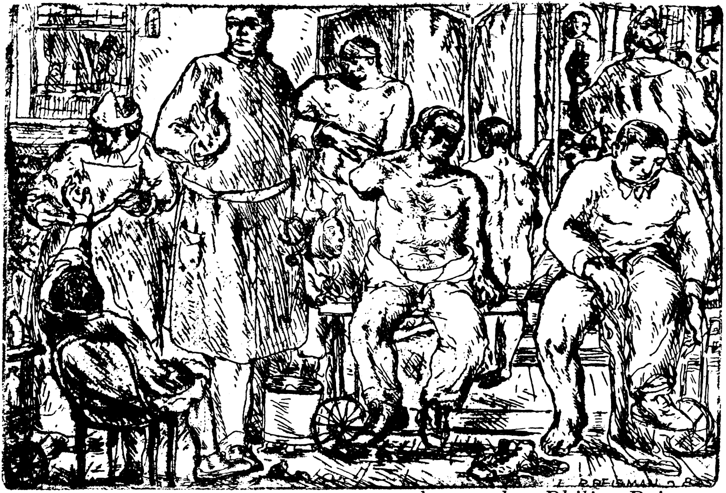
drawn by Philip Reissman

A Workers' Clinic

Schenectady

A harsh name sprawling, Schenectady;
a harsh city,
with incongruous spots of gentleness.
The spread factories grimy and sheltering
with joined millions of bricks
the intricate and powerful machines,
and the sleepy stolid bodies
of the armswingers, the linetracers, the leverpullers;
sheltering too the eyes that watch,
the smooth concentrated minds
peering grimly toward perfection of product.
Morning and evening,
the lunging growls and afflicted shrieks
of a works whistle,
gathering and loosing a tide of men;
a vast pouring in and pouring out of the steel gateways.
The huddled chaos of shack-huts
near the railroad,
squirming with a sourish human breed,
sweating, eating, sleeping, yapping,
living.
The brooding stones and doorways
of the older section,
the tightlipped stoops ruminating
while boarders haste in and out.
And in wide belts,
the sharp lines of identical houses,
machinemade toys grown unwieldy gaunt,
a thin monotony
holding a quiet life
with modest passions, faint dreams.
Then the orderly irregular groups
of individually planned homes,
the rich trees, the pleasant lawns;
the thoughtful disguise,
the quiet smile and the boredom.
And with each shanty and villa,
a box to hold the family car;
the thousands of grinding roaring squawking
pieces of traffic.
The single street bristling slowly with stores;
and the raucous trolleys.
The traditional college
smiling dimly on wide greens,
while the latest batch of quickthinking
handlers of figures
learns catchwords of science,
and of the successful life.
The leaping bridges bestriding the Mohawk,
the old river, the old and abused;
the ponderous barges deep in its brownness,
remember the clear freshness of the lakes
and groping drowsily for the distant sea.

ROBERT E. WADE, Jr.


P. REISSMAN 28

drawn by Philip Reissman

COMRADE JUANITA—By PETROS PIKROS*

(*Translated from the Greek, by Louis Chriss*)

Of late, since I've been working on deck, I feel a queer twist at my heart every time we chance to sail past Gibraltar.

Somewhere in that region is Andalusia. Somewhere, I don't know the exact spot, Juanita is buried in the sweet earth of Andalusia. I've never seen that part of Spain, but I know Andalusia is beautiful. It's not like Gibraltar, where the dusty sky is like a tarpaulin that covers huge heaps of coal—walls of coal piled to hide the deadly imperial cannon.

No, Andalusia is different. That's why when we sail past that coast, I come up on deck two or three miles before we reach Gibraltar. I say that I want a smoke, I tell my shipmates I want a whiff of breeze. The truth is, before you are faced with that spot of blood, the British flag, over Gibraltar, you can see a dark green line of coast, with a different sky.

Andalusia!

That's why I keep gulping tears and ask anyone nearby, like a foolish young kid, "Is that where the sweet oranges grow, is that where the moon shines every night, is that where young men fight with knives and serenade their girls? Is that Andalusia?"

And I remember the dark girls and the fair girls, the passionate eyes and the dark faces lit with a thousand fires of love. I remember the firm proud breasts and the olive shoulders and bodies swinging in a dance of passion to the click of the castanets of Andalusia.

And I always am bewildered, and I always ask, "Is that Andalusia?"

Because I remember how Juanita described Andalusia to me, her native soil; and how she'd say that she was exactly like all those passionate proud girls, a true native of Andalusia.

Oh, she must have been twenty when I saw her that first time, years ago, in that dingy wine cellar at Porto Vecio, Marseilles. It was a dreary winter Sunday; there was a fine icy rain and the streets were slushy. There were about thirty of us gathered for the secret meeting; we sat at the tables, and Verain was making a quiet speech.

Then they came in, young Harrico of Estak, and Roberto, who lives in Jolietta. They were late. They had some girls with them, and with them, too, was—Juanita.

Yes. She came and sat by my side. She was tired, she laid her arm on my shoulder. Her eyes gazed in mine. She closed in with her little feet right back of my heels without a whisper.

The way she took to me right from the start! As if she were my sister, or my sweetheart, or my dearest and oldest friend! So natural and sweet! How could you help loving such a girl?

Well, that's the way most of our girls are. They are sisters to us as soon as we first meet. Respectable people say there's something wrong about this. They even call us nasty names, these respectables.

Well,I don't care. I'm merely telling how I first met Juanita—I won't hide such a beautiful fragment of my life.

Who could help loving that girl?

* * * * * *

It's years ago. And much has happened to me, and much to the world. I've seen the world shattered, and the revolution come. But there you are—I can't listen even now to a guitar and Italian lamento without remembering with painful sweetness the first time I heard Juanita sing. The slow dreamy songs she sang, like those the Calabrese wail at night in the Venetian canals. Or the fierce rebel songs, when all the gloom and hope of the proletariat swept her body, and her voice made your blood boil.

Truly, a remarkable girl.

* * * * * *

The wine cellar was gloomy as a church. An oil lamp with green glass chimney stood on a shelf. It was like a votive lamp in those strange old panelled churches in Brittainy. The green lamp flickered; and our eyes looked queer in the half light, and our hearts beat a little faster than is customary among the respectable. Every moment we expected to see the doors crash, and a swarm of bullies in uniform rush at us with clubs, pistols and handcuffs.

There was a great glowing spot in Juanita's pale cheek. I remember how intense, like live coals, were her lips . . . and the fragrance of her body, soaking wet with the cold rain; and she felt so cold, huddled against my shoulder like a little monkey.

And then . . . how she changed to fire, when she rose to answer the speech of a comrade from Lorraine.

He had argued that all of us go back to Switzerland, to take up the anti-war work in Cindal or Zimmerwald again, try to stop the war; tell the Frenchmen to shake hands with the Germans, embrace like brothers, throw away their guns.

She sprang up suddenly and said:

"No!

"No, comrades; let us keep the guns in our hands. Don't tell the workers to throw away their weapons. No, let's turn our guns against the scoundrels who forced us to use them against other workers; let's rip *their* bellies open instead of killing other slaves like ourselves. Do you hear? . . . . We must meet violence with violence!"

That's what Juanita said, and then a coughing spell choked her and I saw on her little handkerchief a spot of tiny red threads of blood. . . .

"Bravo, Juanita!" the comrades cried, "you're right, Juanita! We'll turn the guns on the masters in each land; we'll change their national war into a civil war, we'll fight for our class now!"

* * * * * *

In some wayside spot there in Andalusia, where the sun shines in winter, and the tangerines cast their perfume, in some spot where it is always summer, and there are wild vines and bees and the sweet blossoming marjoram, it was in such a spot they buried Juanita. That's how she always fancied it, and that's how it happened; such was her "woman's whim" and it was all she asked for, a little before they hung her at Barcelona. They hung her because the priests there teach it is a sin to shed blood. So the priests hang those who are opposed to war and religion, like Juanita.

* * * * * *

There had been a clash with the mounted police at Valencia. Juanita was in the vanguard—the best of the fighters.

She slashed I don't know how many horses, and she wounded any number of the opposite side, the enemy.

But they didn't get Juanita then, but later. She was going some place and had some valuable papers on her. I don't know whether she had time to chew them up and swallow them before they got her.

There was another girl from Valencia with her—both were arrested and hung.

* * * * * *

Once when I was a kid I saw nine men hung by the officials. I remember how they dangled in their white robes, with white faces, on a series of nooses swung from a great crosspiece, clusters of the grape-harvest of capitalism.

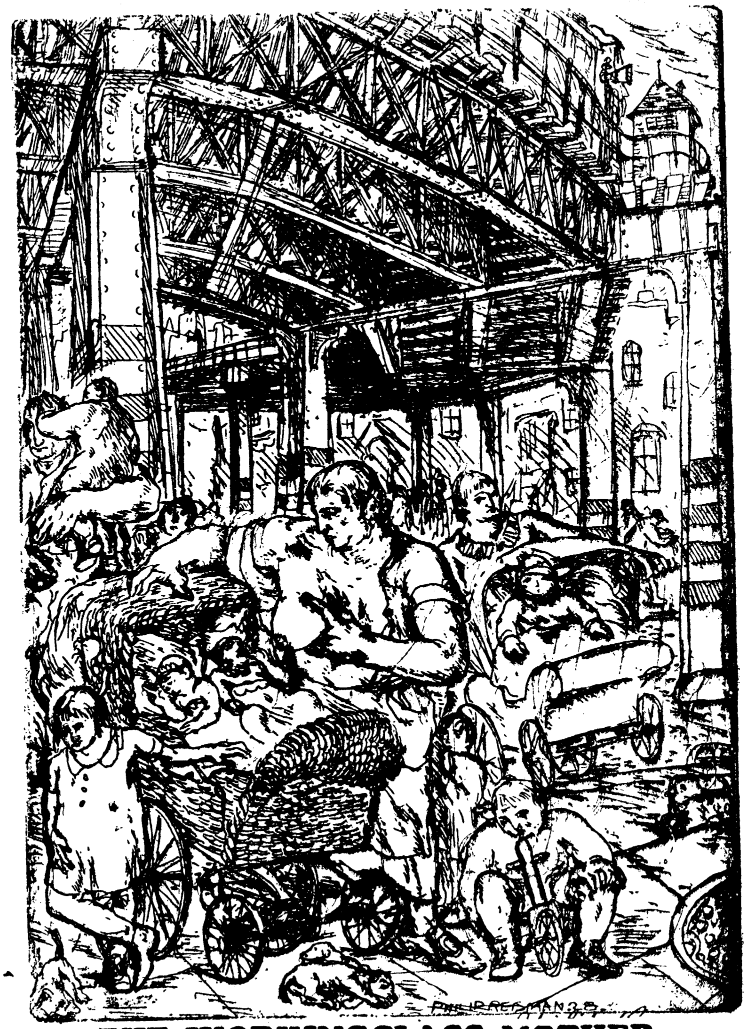
My Juanita, my sweet comrade, hadn't reached her twentieth year when they hung her. When they put the shroud over her warm living body, just before they fixed the knot of hemp that would squeeze her white, little neck and would make her eyes bulge until the eyeballs fell from their sockets—she had not yet reached her twentieth year. . . Those almond eyes whose glow and sparkle I can't forget. . . Juanita's black deep eyes, that dared to look so far and high into the future of humanity . . . . when will her executioners be executed?

And in the moment of those last horrible wrenchings of her girlish body, her tongue, the tongue that had uttered the sacred word, Revolution, must have popped through her teeth in her death throes, a gag of blue flesh to stifle the last words of the sweet little mouth, her last sacred free words.

Still, though very much a woman, Juanita died like a brave

---

*Petros Pikros is the best known revolutionary writer of Greece. He has published three novels: "The Down and Outs," "When We Become Human Beings," and "Toumbeski." He is editor of the Greek Communist daily, Rhizospastes, of Athens. **Pikros began his career as a sailor, factory worker** and migratory, and his work is marked by an intense realism. This is his first work to appear in English.



THE WORKINGCLASS MOTHER

The Busy Street Is the Only Summer Resort She and Her Children Ever Visit

man, just as all her deeds had been those of a brave, good man. That's what our comrades there wrote us. . . .

It is true she faltered as she walked to the gallows; but not because of cowardice, but because heavy ropes were gnawing at her ankles—they had tied her feet the way cattle are tied in the slaughterhouse.

And that she was so pale was not her fault.

Juanita had bad lungs, and coughed at night, but this was not all. There was a priest who wouldn't let her sleep all night, even though she drove him away many times. He kept annoying her and urging her to take the communion she didn't want or need. And then, too, all night she could hear them nailing up the coffin of a comrade who had died under his torture in the next cell.

The hammers beat for his coffin, and then they banged all night as the carpenters erected a gallows in the prison yard.

So Juanita couldn't sleep, and that's why she was pale when the hangman's hand led her to the stool and slipped the hemp over her neck.

Our people there say that with the noose around her Juanita just had time to cry out; in a clear voice:

"This is not the end! In spite of what is done to us, we will be heard by the masses . . . we will reach their hearts. . . ."

The hangman kicked away the stool. The joints creaked. The gallows shook. . .

. . . And quivering, her girlish body in its shroud swung to and fro in the air like the giant clapper of a great bell ringing out the hour of dawn, the hour of Salvation, the hour of the Resurrection of the Human Race. . . .

* * * * * *

That's why, of late, since I'm working on a ship again, I climb up from the hold and stand on deck when we chance to sail past Gibraltar. I stare at that green line in the distance, and wonder if that is Andalusia, where the sweet pomegranates grow, where the warm sun can be found in winter.

Aesthete with Foreign Associations

A horn toots at the corner of Eighth Street and Sixth Avenue.
"Doesn't it remind you of dear old Paris?" said the aesthete.

Paris is the only town in the world for artists.
Paris, he added, with reminiscent sadness, where you can paint, drink, and punctuate however you like.
So many names, so many things sacred to literature:
The Seine, the book stalls that Anatole France has mentioned, the streets one finds in Balzac, the wine that has inspired so much English poetry,
Ah, Paris, Paris, you are my city, *vous etes a moi*, Paris!

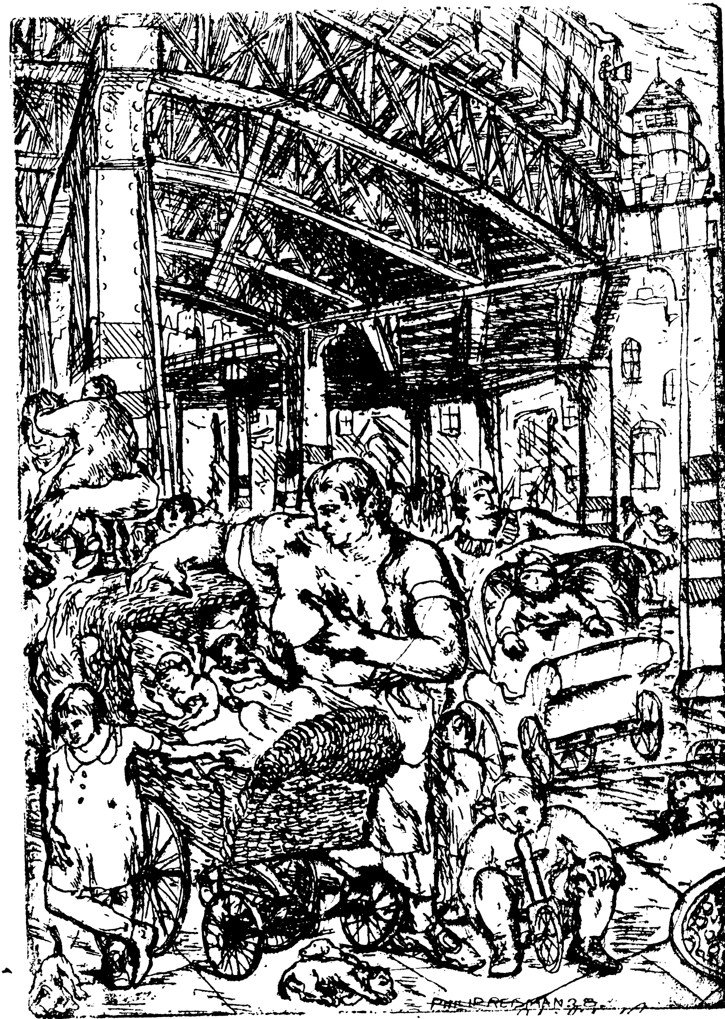
It was at the *Ballet Mecanique*, in Paris, that I sat three rows behind James Joyce.
In Paris, I confided in Ezra Pound that I also wrote.
In Paris I learned that T. S. Eliot wore spats.
And the look on Gertrude Stein's face when she said, "Composition is not composition." I saw that in Paris.
In that historic city I saw Ernest Hemingway board a train at the Gare, for Spain, I believe.
Ah, Paris, adventurous, artistic, ecstatic mistress of my literary ambitions!
Montparnasse! Montmartre! Le boulevard Saint Germain! Le Jardin du Luxembourg!
How exotic to talk French at the Dome, if only to say, *"L'addition, s'il vous plait,"* to the garcon.
How decadent to go to Montmartre and to give American cigarets to its women!
And our canes swinging along the boulevard Saint Germain as between silences we sighed, "Baudelaire," "Rimbaud," "Verlaine," "Gauttier," "Villon,"
And around us the filthy herd, the ignorant, the vulgar,
Who go through their lives without once saying Baudelaire Rimbaud Verlaine Gautier Villon.
How can life go on without those names?
How can anyone hope to understand Remy de Gourmont who has not stood before the Horses of Diomedes in Le Jardin du Luxembourg?
And in a chair and at a table where once sat the icy-eyed Verlaine
I myself have sat and sipped Benedictine.
Ah, Paris, he concluded, on whose bosom I lay my head, heavy and weary with dreams.

EMANUEL BLUM.

WRITING A PIECE FOR THE DIAL.

YOU PICTURE the perfect academician as audience, with raised eyebrows and sophisticated smile. You dream into being a wierdly phantastic dialect, with content of no special character. This you call an *oeuvre.* Sentences connectedly run from your fingers. You allow a lapse, a hiatus, an ellipsis here and there for further mystification, with subtle implications. You have imagined the audience; the piece is secondary. Like ringmaster Cabell, you stand on a fancified upturned barrel with upraised whip; your whitened horses prancing and performing their capers under compulsion to prolonged childish clapping. The applause gluts your soul and steels your ready hand, though a spectator or two deplores the cruelty or depreciates the merits of the performance. Those of little faith walk out throwing curses backward, and alleviate their disgust at the nearest bawdy house. Others watch, too lazy to object, too stupid to move, to question. But the majority is well-satisfied, and welldressed with monocles, sit back with fat grins. These are the *aestheticians*, the selfconscious ostentatious *intelligentsia* of all nations. Their motto: "Pressed pants bespeak the cultured soul." It is to the company of these that the fiercely mustachioed ringmaster hies after each performance. They dribble out fond praises to him, or reverently slap his back or lewdly regard his eyes; he is a perfect Adolphe Menjou of the hour. This is yourself with cutaway dress-suit and boutonnierre. . . . You are all ready now to receive the Dial award and enter respectable society.

HERMAN SPECTOR.


PHILIP REISMAN 28

THE WORKINGCLASS MOTHER

The Busy Street Is the Only Summer Resort She and Her Children Ever Visit

[MILLION-FOOTED —By ROBERT WOLF]

A Scenario for a Workers' Movie

"When million-footed Manhattan, unpent, descends to her pavements."

The calendar showed September 10, 1919, when a statesman's hand drew a line on the map, divided in two the peaceful little Austrian village of Katzenthal, and left one-half of it Austrian and the other half Italian. Coming home engaged to be married from a Sunday afternoon spent wandering in the meadows, two war orphans, eighteen-year-old Karl Bauer and sixteen-year-old Gina Martellini, find themselves challenged by soldiers and separated, a barbed wire fence strung between their houses, sentries with fixed bayonets patrolling, and themselves on opposite sides of the international boundary. Karl discovers himself an Italian citizen, Gina herself an Austrian. Soldiers seize Karl, and hustle him off to a troop train, he is taken to the nearest town, put into an Italian uniform, and shipped to Africa with other Italian troops. In the meantime Gina is left in the Austrian fraction of the village, separated from all her friends. To get from Mittelstrasse of the old village to the new Via Alta, once a two minutes' walk, it is now necessary to travel around the map for a whole day by rail, to apply for a passport and two visas, take the train eight hours to Klagenfurt, cross the Yugo-Slavian frontier, take the train six hours more to Fiume, cross the Italian frontier, and then take the train ten hours back to the Italian half of Katzenthal, now known as Monte dei Gatti.

Nevertheless, the villagers still somehow manage to communicate with each other, eluding the sentries and crossing the barbed wire barriers with great risk and difficulty at night, and it is by such channels that Gina, one day, receives a message containing the rumor that Karl is dead in Tripoli. In despair she applies for an immigration quota privilege to accompany another immigrant family to New York. The two sides of the village are in sight of each other — villagers from the Italian side see Gina setting out, and wave to her, but her message to her friends has been intercepted — all they know is that she is going, but not where or why.

In the meantime Karl has not been killed, and he returns in a few months from service. To his horror, he learns that Gina has left for America — and due to misunderstandings and the imperfect means of communication between the two halves of the village, he receives the impression that she has gone as another man's lover. He believes that she has left no address for him, and in grief and anger determines to forget her — nevertheless, when opportunity offers a few months later, he also goes to New York.

Karl, or Carl, as he now calls himself (spelling his name Bower, instead of Bauer), and Gina are now both in New York, and within a few blocks of each other, but they do not know it. They are each living in the working-class quarter of the East Side, and passing through the typical struggles of immigrant workers. Gina lives in a tenement with two other Italian girls — she has a job in a paper-box factory. The factory is bought out by a rival concern and shut down, Gina and Carl almost meet in a line in front of a Second Avenue employment office. Carl gets a job digging for a construction company. Passing along the sidewalk, out of work, she almost sees Carl in the cellar excavation where he is employed, but just as Carl comes out from behind some machinery with his wheelbarrow, a well-dressed man tries to accost Gina, she turns sharply upon him in anger, Carl empties his wheelbarrow and goes back, she strolls on, and they miss each other again. Finally, after weeks of half-starvation and living by the help of the other two girls, Gina gets a job as a dishwasher. Here she almost meets Carl again — he comes one noon into the big cafeteria where she works, just as she is going out to the kitchen with a stack of dirty dishes — her back is turned, and he does not recognize her.

The construction job is finished — Carl is on the streets again. He sleeps in alley ways and on park benches, he is arrested on a charge of vagrancy, and spends three days in jail, and is photographed for the rogues' gallery. Finally he gets a job as messenger for a German-American bank.

Life has its high spots, even for workers, and Gina and her two room-mates plan an expedition away from the city on the first Saturday afternoon of Spring — an expedition up the Woolworth Tower, costing them fifty cents apiece. And here for the first time Gina sees Carl, whom until now she has thought dead — sees him through the opera glasses from the parapet of the Woolworth Tower, as he passes along the street fifty-two stories below. She waves, screams, almost faints, almost flings herself over, begs her friends to look — there is no doubt about it — it is Carl, all right, and he passes slowly out of the field of vision along Broadway. They rush down in the elevator, but of course there is no finding him — he was blocks away from the foot of the building even when he was seen. Follow frantic attempts on the part of Gina to locate her lover in the big city — she advertises in one of the papers, and a fellow-employee of Carl's, sitting beside him in the subway, happens to see the ad. But the former Karl Bauer is now registered on the bank's time clock as Carl Bower, and Carl's companion does not connect the names.

A second time the lovers almost meet. In the fall, at Coney Island, shooting past on the roller-coaster, Gina sees somebody who might or might not have been Carl. . . .

Hard times now come upon the city, with unemployment, bread lines, and beggars. The proprietor of the cafeteria posts a notice of reduction of wages, but Gina, with the encouragement of her room-mates, who are garment workers, organizes the girls to resist. For the present the employer gives way. A local union is formed, Gina becomes secretary. Carl, in the meanwhile, has lost his job with the bank. The bank detective one day is at police headquarters, sees Carl's photograph in the rogue's gallery, Carl is taken to the police station for identification, and dismissed in disgrace.

Now come weeks of the most complete misery, with all the wretched and bedraggled routine of unemployment. Carl is evicted from his room, and pawns or sells what few belongings he possesses, he gets occasional odd jobs, he begs, borrows, once he even steals. This theft is a banana from a fruit-stand. The policeman on the corner eyes him suspiciously, but does not catch him in the act. Carl looks at the policeman, the only man in the neighborhood well-groomed and fed. Eating his banana, he stops at a bench in Union Square. He picks up a paper. It is open at the want ad section, Carl glances through it, but there is only one advertisement besides those for skilled workers: "Examinations for patrolmen will be held December 10. Requirements: Height, five feet eleven inches. Weight, one hundred and fifty pounds." Carl in his mind's eye sees his own measurements — they fit the specifications. He throws the paper away.

He continues starving, begging, and eating in breadlines.

But now against his will he thinks constantly of the police-station. He passes the station in his walks. Finally, one day, after a peculiarly vicious rebuff from a well-dressed passer-by, he succumbs to the inevitable, walks into the station-house, and applies for the job. Because of his excellent physique he is accepted — the rogues' gallery photograph and a mere accusation of vagrancy make no difference here.

Gina's boss in the meanwhile has been hiring strike-breakers and preparing for a show-down with his workers. The association of Restaurant Owners has decided in conference to make this shop the place for their first stand. There is a strike, with pickets with sandwich boards, scabs attempt to keep the restaurant running, crowds congregate on the sidewalk, Gina attempts to make a speech, the police are summoned, a small riot ensues. And here at last after all this time Carl meets Gina — in the uniform of a policeman, when he clubs her on the head. . . .

Horrified, recognizing his sweetheart as she falls, and catching her in his arms, Carl drops his club, and fights his way through the ranks of his amazed fellow-policemen to a place of safety with Gina. She opens her eyes, sees the face above her, the lovers are about to kiss. Then she sees his uniform, and recoils in horror.

He tries to explain. The scene fades out.

It fades in again as he is trying, with even less success, to explain to his superiors on the police force, who strip him of his uniform, and roughly turn him out. Carl, however, is not displeased with this result. In front of her restaurant, that evening, he meets Gina. The strike has been settled, a union card stands in the window. Arm in arm the lovers go through the streets. Union headquarters is reached, Carls receives his own card, and an address where he can apply for a job as dishwasher in the morning. And now comes the much delayed kiss, the fade-out, and

THE END

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SHAW'S GUIDE FOR FAT LADIES

The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism, by Bernard Shaw. Brentanos. $5.00.

The Book Deals with Capitalism and Socialism.

1. Definitions:

(a) "When we say Capitalism we mean a system by which the land of the country is in the hands, not of the nation, but of private persons called landlords."

b) "In opposition to Capitalism, Socialism insists that the first duty of the government is to maintain equality of income."

2. The Change from Capitalism to Socialism is to be made by act of Parliament.

(a) Direct action is intolerable to Shaw. He characterizes a general strike as "a form of national suicide which sane people are bound to resist by every extremity of violent coercion."

(b) Shaw wants equalization of income without revolution because "revolutions do not nationalize anything, and often make it more difficult to nationalize than it would have been without the revolution." Revolution must therefore be ruled out in favor of "a series of carefully prepared and compensated nationalizations of one industry after another."

(c) The class struggle is thus reduced to "a parliamentary settlement of the quarrels between the capitalists and the socialists." "You may therefore take it that the change from inequality to equality of income will be made by law and cannot be made in any other way."

(d) Owners of private property must be compensated when their property is nationalized. "Wholesale nationalization without compensation is catastrophic." "All nationalization must be prepared and compensated."

(e) Here is the method of transition from capitalist to socialist society in a sentence: "Practical socialism must proceed by the government nationalizing our industries one at a time by a series of properly compensated expropriations, after an elaborate preparation for their administration."

3. The transition must be made gradually, still "if it is put off too long . . . there may be a violent revolution."

For Whom is the Book Written?

1. The title says for "the intelligent woman."

2. Actually the book is written exclusively for well-to-do, leisure-class women. The worker and his family find no place on its pages.

(a) "If you happen to be a lady with a little capital of your own: one who after living in the style customary to her class, still has some money to spare to use as capital so as to increase her income. . . ."

(b) And now, still assuming you are a lady of some means, perhaps I can be a little use to you in your private affairs, if I explain . . . the money market."

3. Shaw's intelligent women are members of the British ruling class.

By Whom is the Book Written?

1. "I am a landlord and capitalist, rich enough to be super-taxed; and in addition I have a special sort of property called literary property for the use of which I charge people exactly as a landlord charges rent for his land."

2. Referring to the struggle over nationalization of mines and to the attitude of the coal owners, "(of whom, by the way, I am one.)"

3. "By the way, when demonstrating the need for the nationalization of banking to you I did not forget that you may be a bank shareholder and that your attention may have been distracted by your wonder as to what will become of your shares when the banks are nationalized. I have had to consider this question rather closely myself, because, as it happens, my wife is a bank share-holder. We might have to cut down our household expenses if every one went to a national or a municipal bank instead of to her bank . . . so we shall certainly insist on the government buying her shares when it nationalizes banking."

Enough Said.

This is inaccurate counter-revolutionary propaganda written by a rich, Fabian Socialist to amuse and solace uncomfortable members of the British bourgeoisie.

SCOTT NEARING.

drawn by J. L. Wells

The Closed Garden, by Julian Green. Harper & Bros. $2.50.

The Closed Garden is a study in grey. It is in effect a clinical record of developing insanity. We are given a family of three, a bourgeois French provincial family, living a self-enclosed life in a stifling little town. There is an old father, egotistic, narrow, domineering, interested only in his own comfort, outraged by deviations from the rigid routine to which he has grown inseparably accustomed. And there are two daughters, the older being sickly, aware of approaching disintegration, gloomy, spinsterish. The younger, Adrienne, is beautiful, bubbling over with vitality, but depressed by the atmosphere of the town, and suppressed by her father and sister. Longing for adventure, for love and freedom, she finds only dullness, hypocrisy, and domination. Her home is a prison, from which she tries to escape by falling in love with an elderly physician who has never even spoken to her.

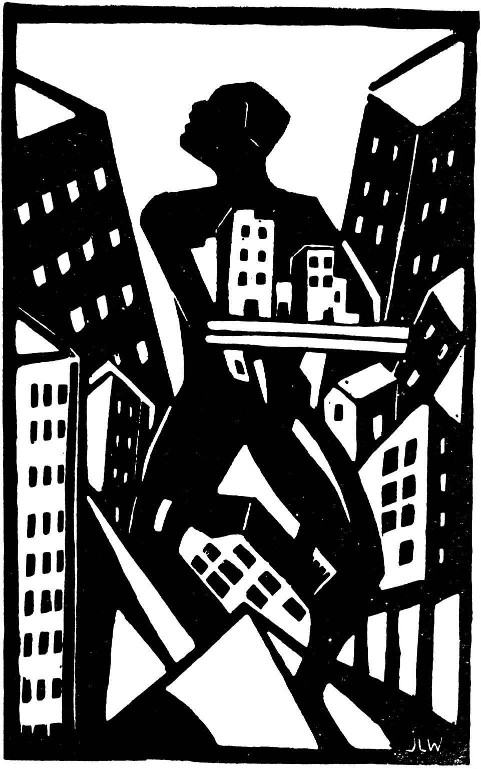
There follows an amazing affair. She loves from a distance, through a window, in fact, satisfying herself by peering across the street at his house. She is spied upon, bullied, beaten. She gives herself up to daydreams and fantasy. She becomes morbid, terrified by imaginary evils. She begins to talk aloud to herself. Psychic dissociation follows. She begins to lose control of her muscular actions. Then her sister leaves them, and maddened by the constant suspicious surveillance of her father, she kills him.

Worried by the threat of the gallows, haunted by her father's ghost, she is plunged into the abyss of despair. In quick succession come flights from reality, both mental and actual. She tortures herself with regrets, self-recrimination, and the knowledge that her love is not returned. She becomes mad. Peasants find her wandering in the fields, unable to recall her own name, unable to speak.

Terrifically realistic. Every detail of the impending degeneration is depicted. You live in that novel. You almost feel yourself becoming insane with Adrienne Mesurat.

A work of genius, surely. And French, wholly French. The spirit of the story, the preoccupation with psychological detail, the restriction to one mood, one corner of life, to a single thread, that thread being psychic rather than physical, are all French, typically French, even though writers of other countries have at times concerned themselves with the same theme and have written in the same manner.

But of what significance is Green to our own life and times? I think, very little. He abstains from contemporary problems, he has no sense of social relationships, he seems to be completely unaware of the existence of masses of people. In short, he does not know social conflicts. He is enclosed in a shell, in a narrow sphere of living. Granted that he is an excellent craftsman, the fact remains that he is an anomaly in our era. So much of what he deals with has been exploited in the past, so many of his emotions have already been exhausted, that he literally treads a beaten path. He is an extension of a tradition that is rapidly becoming a handicap to new explorations, to men who seek to travel through virgin territory. He can give us nothing new, nothing vital to our own life. It seems paradoxical, and yet I feel that Julian Green is a genius without being important. He should have been born fifty, a hundred years ago. BERNARD SMITH.



drawn by J. L. Wells

LETTERS FROM AMERICA

In Jail With Idiots

I was on my way to the Lakes to get a job on a boat. I'd been off a ship for three weeks, and the $160 I had pulled down for the two and a half months' trip had been spent in the dives along the river front. I was broke and hoofing it along the main highway from New York to Buffalo.

I got as far as Batavia without any trouble. But there a state trooper who was making an automobile arrest spotted me, sized me up as a vagrant, called to me, and when I kept on walking, ran after me. He was a handsome brute with the eyes of a mad dog, and the fist of a pile-driver. I'm no weakling myself, but when that gangster in a uniform laid his hand on my shoulder I thought I'd sink through the macadam road. He yanked me into the car he had just stopped, and ordered the arrested driver to take us over to the justice's house.

We were shown in through the back door and eventually ushered into the parlor, where the justice-of-peace was sitting in his shirt-sleeves chewing a cigar, his feet on a desk. The automobile party was fined ten bucks, which the justice shoved into his pocket. Then came my turn. The trooper had frisked me, and was exhibiting my few possessions to the justice. Among other things I had a book of poetry and a wallet with eight dollars. According to the law, eight dollars was enough to keep me out of the vagrant class, but that fat slob of a country judge looked closely at the poetry, and sneered to me: "Not very practical are you? Thirty days."

I was taken to the county jail. I've got to admit that it was the cleanest and best kept jail that I've ever been in. It even boasted a shower bath. Hell, it was better than being home. I began to congratulate myself on my lucky choice of a country club. But it wasn't long before I realized that the finest jail in the world isn't as good as the lousiest flophouse in Chicago.

I had two cellmates. Both were idiots. One was a congenital half-wit, while the other had achieved idiocy through excessive masturbation. Swell companions. God! Can you imagine what it means to be locked up day and night with two men like that? They kept up an incessant babble, meaningless, monotonous, maddening. I'd sit down to read a magazine; they would come up to me and sit down beside me, one on each side. Neither could read, but they would peer over my shoulder and stare at the printed page, breathing hard, muttering to themselves. Ten minutes of that and I'd feel myself going cuckoo. I'd shove those guys away from me with a yell that could be heard in Niagara. Eventually I had to quit reading in the cell. But one of the nuts had acquired a fondness for type, or something. He got the keeper to give him a bible. He'd hold it upside down and push his face right up against the page and walk up and down the cell, singing and cursing and crying.

Well, about a week of that and I felt myself slipping. The crisis came one night when I had been sleeping three or four hours, dreaming of the ports I had been in during my time as a seaman. All of a sudden a bird hopped onto the window-ledge of our cell and began to sing. I awoke. It was a moonlit night. Our cell was bright with a silvery radiance. It was cool. I could hear the rustle of leaves as the breeze swept through the trees outside. Slowly, as if in a dream, I walked to the hole in the wall that we called a window. I don't know where I was going or why. Then I banged up against the cold iron bars and I came out of my trance! Terrified, still unaware of what had happened, something snapped in me and I yelled and screamed as loud as I could. The keeper came running up and wanted to know what the hell the trouble was, but I couldn't tell him. Finally he said that if I didn't shut up he'd come in and knock the guts out of me. So I shut up.

The next day the warden decided that I needed special attention. He took me out of the cell and put me to work manicuring the lawn around the jail. That suited me much better.

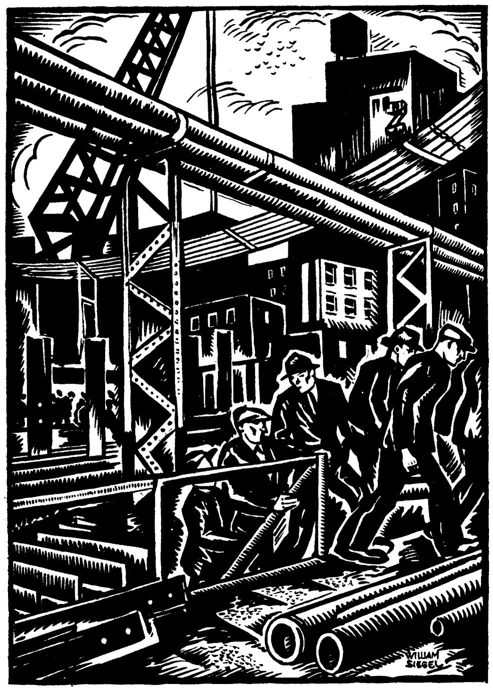
It was while I was working outside that I began to plan an escape. I got friendly with my keeper, so that one night he got me out of my cell and took me down to the circus. Later I talked to him and convinced him that it was a damn shame that I was locked up. The next day he took me down to the courthouse. He figured that maybe the judge would listen to my appeal and let me off. Well, while he was waiting for the judge to show up, he flirted with the stenographer and I began walking up and down the corridor, whistling merrily. I whistled and walked until I walked right out of the courthouse. Then I stopped whistling and stopped walking. I ran, I ran all the way to the railroad. There I started to trot along the railroad ties. Believe it or not, I trotted and walked thirty-three miles in five hours. I don't know how I did it. There wasn't a thought in my mind all the time. I didn't even feel any emotion or any excitement. Something just drew me on, some instinct I guess, to get away from the scene of my troubles.

That night I got to Buffalo. Remember that I was still in my prison clothes. Not stripes, or anything like that. Just dark grey denims of some sort, a shirt and pants. But people were staring at me as I walked along the streets, and I realized that I had to get some decent clothes pretty fast. I came to a corner where a cop was directing traffic. He looked at me. His eyes almost popped out. Very coolly I walked up to him and asked him where I could find a barber shop. For about two minutes he didn't say a word. Just looked at me. Then he pointed down the street and grinned. As I walked away I could feel him turn to watch me. He knew what it was all about all right. But he was either too lazy or too kind-hearted to do anything.

A little further on I saw a clothing shop with a sign in the window announcing that August Classens would speak in the town hall Saturday night. I walked in and asked where I could find Classens. They told me that he wouldn't be in town until Saturday. I told them that he had been a teacher of mine. The boss, an old German socialist, sized me up with a queer little smile. He called me into the back of his store and gave me a suit of clothes. I was so grateful I almost kissed him. Two hours later I was on a New York bound train. I've never gone back to that part of the country. They don't think I'm practical up there.

GEORGE GRANICH.

New York City



Hell In Brooklyn

I was born and raised in this dump called Greenpoint, the industrial slum of Brooklyn. It has hundreds of factories, from which the soft coal smoke gets into everything. The stink of Newtown Creek is the perfume we smell day and night. This creek was once beautiful, but now the Standard Oil Company has a branch there, and the creek is therefore full of a green oil scum. There are big jute mills, fibre factories, chemical plants, coal yards, big lumber yards, scab dressmaking factories, the Greenpoint Bed Company, gas works, soap factories, a can factory, structural iron works, furriers, tanning factories, all kinds of warehouses, and our city alderman—Peter McGuiness, who says women ought not wear short skirts or smoke in public.

We also have the largest bootlegging industry in America, I guess. Also many churches—you can't begin to count them. It's the toughest section in the country, it's a dump and I hate it. I suppose though that workers have to live in places like Greenpoint all over America. So even though I want to get out of here I don't know where to go. One place is as bad as another for a worker in this country. Maybe some day I'll go to Russia.

ERIC BAUMGARTEN.

Dream in the Yellowstone

The canyons and gorges and passes and gullies; the Yellowstone canyon, a rhapsody in color; far below, ribbon-like, the river, a frothy splash in blue; mountain peaks rising sheer, purple in the distance, capped with snow; corkscrew roads gnawing upward; military rangers on guard; bears, black and brown, sticking heads into fetid garbage cans, looking for something to eat.

The symphony in color slowly wove a spell about me. I was not in the midst of silly tourists, let loose with golfpants and Daniel Boone affectations upon these mountains. I was not in the America that slaughtered Jim Hill, butchered Frank Little, crucified Sacco and Vanzetti. I was not in the America of bloody coal strikes, bestial police guards and cossacks, with brave miners slowly pulling in their belts and children going hungry; I was not in the America of pseudo-prosperity and actual poverty; of slums and streets of whorehouses. I was not, at that moment in the America of Calvin Coolidge.

I was in a New America. The gulls wheeling and diving over Lake Yellowstone, the spawning cut-throat trout swarming in the rivers, the military boom of thunder on blue mountains, wove a spell about me, and I was not one of the unemployed, I had not just left the damp hell of a papermill. I was a free individual.

The lodge over there, under the pines and by a roaring stream, became a workers' resthome, I thought. Wops and bohunks, Negroes, Jews with their life-blood squeezed out of them in sweatshops, the poor white from the textile and tobacco mills of the south, the worker made Lilliputian with much digging of roads, mining of coal and iron ore, laying of rails, breathing of lint, were masters here. This was their park, this was their place to take a fresh shot of life, to capture an ecstacy that had never been their's, to read, dream and write.

Every minute brought more loads of the disinherited at last come into their own. I became enthusiastic. This, by God! was something beautiful.

The awakening to reality was painful. I came to with a jolt. This was not a workers' country. The noxious tourist, with his impeccable golfpants, carrying with him the odors of grocerystores, banks, filling-stations, delicatessens, haberdasheries, with his visible rotound paunch, extravert map, was master here. The great bourgeosie dog was master here. What the hell chance would a Ford have among the elegant puppies of the haut monde. Packards, Cadillacs, Jordans, Buicks, Paiges? The real America, with its battered old Ford, was at home. The garage mechanic, swathed in grease, was under a car; half-naked automatons in a sweltering papermill were catching a break; the white-collared insurance clerk was cancelling a policy on a pro rata basis; the iron ore miner was clawing at red riches for the Oliver Mining Co.; the coal miner was wondering why the hell the relief money didn't get to him; the girl in the textile mill was watching the curves of her body slip into thread that tomorrow would be a sock. The real America was at home, half of it wishing it could work, and the other half thinking what a rotten life the worker leads in the summer time.

The fat spouses of bourgeosie mandarins rested their sweating buttocks under the pine trees; their sleek, trim daughters paraded rounded curves and displayed the latest style in New York; their fat forceful ambitious Rotarian husbands paraded golfpants, black pipes and a Fifth Avenue Daniel Boone air. And tomorrow, I thought, the marching of advertising signs, Lucky Strikes (Jesus, Christ always preferred Lucky Strikes! Adv.), I'd walk a mile for a camel, something to write home about, when better cars are built Buick will build them, Ethyl Oil, Furniture, Tires, Swimming suits.

This, dear children, is the CALVIN COOLIDGE AGE.

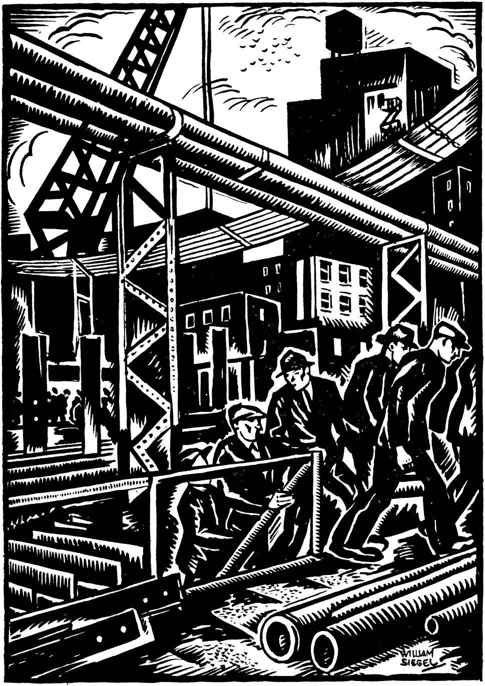
JOSEPH KALAR.

International Falls, Minn.

Spring in the City

A string of baby carriages along the street,
Sloppy women in the doorways,
Arguing with their wooden voices
Or lamenting about their miseries.
A multitude of youngsters howling and playing on the dusty pavement
And a fruit peddler's pushcart steering its way through—
These are the signs of spring
To me—man of the big city.

PETER ANTONIUK


WILLIAM
SIEGEL

PROLETARIAN SNAPSHOTS

WORKING GIRLS ON VACATION

I spent my vacation in a summer home for Jewish working girls. To the mind and eye satiated with filthy slums, stuffy factories and offices this bit of country and sea was heavenly.

A narrow stretch of silver beach and beyond the vast illimitable ocean. On clear days the irredescent, white crested waves bore slim, proud sailboats tilted at a precarious angle. Brightly painted motor boats shot swiftly through the water leaving in their wake a mad churning of dazzling pastels. A gauzy blue mist sifted through the shimmering atmosphere like a nuance in a dreamy tone-poem. Lying prone on the glittering sand, the girls surrendered themselves to the sheer joy of bodily and mental relaxation. Tired eyes glinted peacefully across the cool, restful blue of the sea. Flabby breasts, blurry ungainly lines covered by woollen bathing suits. Corn covered toes and calloused feet struck an irrelevant note. A councillor and several girls emerged from the water. "I feel so free," shouted one chilled damsel and she commenced to frisk about joyously. The others joined her. They were happily unaware of the clumsiness of their movements. Romping and shouting and laughing they dropped contentedly exhausted to the beach. Another group sat busily gossiping while they cast occasional pertinent glances toward the yacht club. That awful, exclusive yacht club which was separated from us by a barrier of disdainful limousines and Sphinx-faced chauffeurs. The situation of the club house was such that even physically the wealthy were enabled to look down upon us. It stood on a barren bluff that jutted out into the sea. Milling about in the waters off the landing were palatial steam yachts, aristocratic sailboats and the small fry of the sea—motor boats, canoes, rowboats, fishing smacks. Mocking laughter wafted down from the visions of white loveliness as they gaped and pointed to us. Empty, soulless laughter floated by and left us lazily unperturbed, unheeding.

The nights were glorious. The owner of an unpretentious sailboat took us aboard for a very nominal fee. Gliding over a velvety sea swathed in moonlight. Nestled together, leaning against the mast, draped incongruously on coils of rope the girls were silently penetrating the unqualified abyss of darkness. "We're yachting," murmured one. Another nosily crooned a cheap sentimental ballad. " Gee, if I had a man here," laughed a blatant miss. Then a sympathetic silence engulfed us. The monotonous lapping of the water against the side of the boat was as soothing as a lullaby. Our boat scurried by a brilliantly lit yacht at anchor. The vaulted sensuality of the jazz band was lost in the purifying darkness.

Nights when we just sat about and talked. The profusion of subjects dissected. Love, passionately theorized about by one who knows not. A soft gurgle of laughter from a sloe-eyed, red mouthed girl as she summarizes tersely. "Love?—pure selfishness!" Snatches of a tense low-voiced dissertation on the morbid psychology of Dostoievsky issued from behind a lacy wall of hedges. A near-sighted, thick lipped girl held forth excitedly on the value of industrial unions to a group of class-ignorant office clerks. Her listeners gradually lost their air of boredom. The speaker squinted and peered into the darkness to answer a question. After hours of eager explanation, understanding comes to four entranced listeners. A glorious light in her eyes, a happy smile on her lips as she whispers, "Four converts."

Thus the girls who had lived and basked and laughed. The night before we left I stood at my window gazing hungrily out toward the sea, straining to impress in my memory the scenes of my brief contact with unalloyed happiness. I espied a number of gleaming white forms running into the pounding surf. They plunged and retreated immediately to the beach where they ran about arms thrust heavenward, heads thrown back. A wild spiritual orgy devoid of all voluptuousness yet giving a keen exhilarating satisfaction to the senses. They too had been happy and were now taking leave of earth and sky and sea.

BELLE BECKER.

New York City .

CONFESSIONS OF A GRAND JUROR

Today I completed a week's service as foreman of the county grand jury. We sat for two hours a day for five days and indicted thirty-six. I was paid $15. I was unable to get any satisfaction out of the dirty job.

My notes reveal indictments on these charges; automobile stealing, forging check, defrauding hotel, carrying concealed weapon, assaulting to kill, burglary, larceny, embezzlement, manslaughter, robbery, murder and bigamy.

A young man broke into a grocery store and opened the cash register wherein he found 26 one-cent pieces. A policeman caught him red-handed. That constituted burglary and larceny.

A Negress got in a row with one of her lovers. He was jealous because his rival had been with her earlier in the evening. First they fought with empty gin bottles and then he drew a knife and she shot him through the heart. That's what she said; there were no witnesses. It might have been murder, but we made it manslaughter. She was twenty-one.

The police were touring a neighborhood and they observed a young man toss a revolver into the curb. They stopped, picked up the unloaded revolver, and arrested him for carrying a concealed weapon, and we indicted him.

One Negro presented his wife with a silk nightgown and another man stole it and gave it to his sweetheart. The two got in a row; one flashed a knife and the other pulled the trigger of a gun. Since the victim of the bullet recovered the indictment was shooting to kill.

A man left his wife who had syphillis and without the formality of a divorce married another. The second wife complained. That was bigamy.

Two men stole twelve hams from a market stand, hid them in a public waste-paper container, and next morning offered them for sale to a restaurant. That was burglary and larceny.

A man told his cousin, a young working girl, that he had a chance to make a quick profit of $300 by paying off a $900 mortgage. The owner of the mortgage was willing to settle for $600 if he could get cash that afternoon. He would divide the discount with her, and get a new mortgage at once. She was excited, went to the bank and got the money, and later discovered he never owned a house or anything else. He had worked the trick before, so we called it fraud.

Three boys got drunk, stole an automobile and started for Detroit. Thirty miles out of town they ran into a ditch. The local constable arrested them. That crime is a felony and is covered by a special statute.

Three young boys went out to get some jack. They stole a car and toured around for two hours. A man and his wife were getting into a car when the adventurers pulled up and ordered them to stick up their hands. The victim drew a revolver from his pocket and fired. The young men returned the fire, hopped in their car and drove off. One of the boy was shot in the leg and bled so badly that he had to tell his family what had happened. They notified the police, and all three were arrested. The woman was shot through the spine and was dying when we indicted the young men.

We freed a boy of twenty who was driving his automobile twenty-five miles an hour one cold winter on a country road. He hit something and his car skidded into a ditch. He got out and discovered he had killed a school girl on her way to a basketball game. He sat on the running board for a few minutes with her body in his lap. Then he walked 200 feet into a field and lay the body in the snow. He worked for four hours alone, trying to get his car out of the ditch. At one a. m. there were still lights in the schoolhouse so he went and asked the janitor to help him. They pushed the automobile out, and the young man drove home and went to bed. The body was discovered two months later, and the young man was faced with circumstantial evidence. He confessed, but it is not a crime to abandon a corpse. He had violated no law, not even the speed law.

Cleveland, O, WILLIAM FEATHER.

As a Doctor Sees It

DREAMS AND HUNGER

Young man, 24, chronic bronchitis, inclined to lung tuberculosis and sometimes suspicious for it, came to New York to devote himself to art. His ambition is to be an actor and a painter.

Used to be a cowboy in the West. Was healthy. But roaming in the wide spaces had great visions.

In New York he is playing every day in an indifferent show which he hates, the only job he could get in the theatre. Does not give it up because hopes to climb up to something better and because loves to act.

Earning $13.50 a week—his only income. Of course, sleeping in a miserable place and eating badly and insufficiently.

Also goes to a free art school for painting when spare time.

His dreams, his aspirations are beautiful. But living in great misery, he is very sick and, under the circumstances, I cannot cure him or help him.

He has wealthy relatives out in the country, not far from here. Large estates, where he could go for his health. But he would not. They would preach to him and try to make him change his mind so that he could become a successful business man. He hates them.

Oh, the family!

FAMILY, SICKNESS, JOB

Man, 37, married, four young children. Double inguinal hernia. Constant pains when working. None of the contraptions used so far helped him. His work forces him to stand on his feet and to lift a twelve-pound iron every thirty seconds or so.

Operation and later long vacation necessary. Impossible; his family would starve.

At least a change of occupation would be desirable. Cannot be done. Jobs are scarce now. Glad to have work. Besides, he knows no other trade.

No hope for him.

Sometimes I am asking myself:—Why am I a doctor?"

HELL'S KITCHEN

Woman, 42. Severe headaches, general debility, pallor, once in a while asthmatic attacks.

Cause: Working ten hours daily in a very bad stuffy restaurant kitchen, in a deep basement.

YOUTH

Girl, 21. Stenographer in office down-town.

Chronic pharyngitis, chronic rhinitis. Twenty pounds underweight. Very weak.

"I am always short of breath; I can't breathe," she says.

Been much treated by throat and nose specialists. Given medicines. No result.

Real vacation would be: Outdoor life, much fresh air. At least a vacation now. But "this is impossible," she explains, "all I can hope for is one week—later, not now." She fears to absent herself from work without permission, as she may lose her job and it would be difficult to find another one. She has nobody to help her; she is all alone.

The office where she is occupied is very unsanitary. No fresh air; never sunshine. 'Gets home at 8 P. M., so tired can't go out.

If that way of living is continued, she will undoubtedly become very ill; perhaps consumption or cardiac trouble.

What is most distressing is the fatality in these cases. You can foresee the danger, you know it is preventable, but you are helpless, you cannot prevent it. Splendid humanity!

New York City DR. B. LIBER.

Fanny Walker

For years she ran a house down by the railroad
Tracks. A house that was wrapped in an unholy
Quiet through the day, but which sprang into
Noisy, sinister life at night. A bad house.
Fanny's man was a banker in the town; a prominent
Man and a member of the First Baptist Church.
Weekly, Fanny deposited sizable sums in his bank
And looked forward to the day when she could "quit."
But, after flourishing for centuries, vice was
Discovered by the reformers, bad houses declared
Illegal, and Fanny forced out of business. Then
The bank failed. Years passed. Fanny now has a
Thriving beautyshop and permanently waves the most
Aristocratic heads in the town. She attends the
First Baptist Church regularly. The banker again
Sits behind a mahogany desk in a new and growing
Bank and is a deacon in the church. They never
Speak and when the deacon passes the collection
Plate on Sunday, Fanny keeps her eyes straight ahead
As she drops in her envelope. It often happens that
The text is The Wages Of Sin.
I wonder what Fanny thinks.
I wonder what the deacon thinks.
I wonder what the Lord thinks.

Muskogee, Okla. IRA M. MAYFIELD

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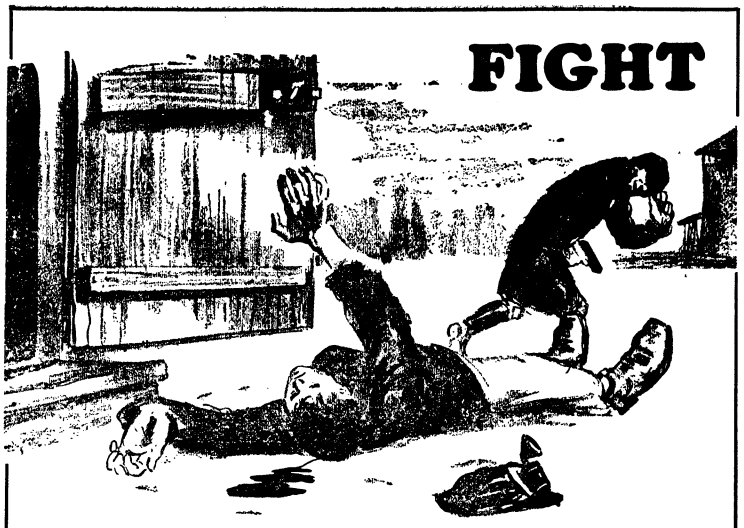

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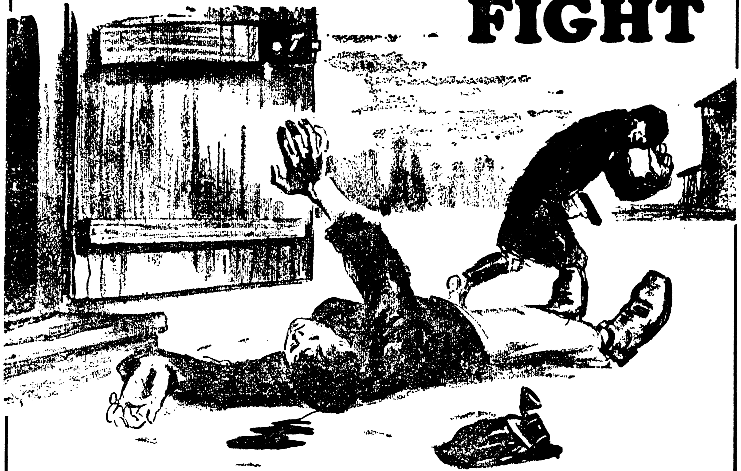

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Our Contributors this Month

Louis Chriss works in the Progressive Book Store, Third Avenue, N. Y. C.

George Granich is stage carpenter at the Labratory Theatre, N. Y. C., in winter, and runs a children's vacation farm in summer.

William Edge is the author of one of the best of the recent books on proletarian life, The Main Stem. Published by Vanguard Press.

Joseph Kalar is a young Minnesota papermaker who is now seeing America first.

Robert Wolf is a novelist and poet. He was recently arrested in the anti-imperialist demonstration in Wall Street.

R. E. Wade, Jr., is a young poet who lives in San Francisco.

George Jarrboe works as a longshoreman in Jersey City, and studies law at night.

J. L. Wells is a young Negro artist of Buffalo, N. Y., who is earning a reputation for his fine work in textiles and poster designs.

Belle Becker works in a clothing shop in New York.

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BEWARE MY DOG! [Warning from the Wife of a Friend of Mankind]

In the "American Mercury" for May I read the life-story of Jim Tully, and what a hard time he had, when, as a young and struggling author, he brought a manuscript of his first novel to Upton Sinclair, asking help from "the renowned Socialist." "Mr. Sinclair said politely that he would look at it. Then Tully waited, in a fever of anxiety, for days, weeks, months. At last, in desperation, he sent for the manuscript, and it was returned to him — unread. Mr. Sinclair's yard was filled with fierce watch-dogs," and Mr. Tully's messenger "counted himself lucky to escape."

Upon reading that, I went digging into boxes of old letters, with the result that I produced ten letters from Jim Tully to Upton Sinclair, nine of them written several months before the publication of Mr. Tully's first novel. Several are published in the "Haldeman-Julius Monthly" for August. Here are a few sentences: (1) "Thanking you for your kindness in the past, and assuring you that I'll not soon forget the man who saw the first page of my attempt, and who told me to avoid all exclamations and make short sentences." (2) "You are the one man to keep me true in it." (3) "*Thanks.*" (4) "Many thanks for that fine letter to Julius. You see beyond Jim Tully to the ideal you have followed all your life. Thanks again." (5) "I want to thank you sincerely for that big letter you wrote to Mr. Harcourt." (Alfred Harcourt, the publisher). "I wish you the best of the season, and I thank you again." (6) "If you are willing to write a review, I will see that Harcourt gets in touch with you. This will mean a great deal to me as I am very anxious to get the book in the hands of all the intellectuals and radicals possible." (7) A 553-word review of Jim Tully's first novel, written by Upton Sinclair and published in the "Appeal to Reason," April 15th, 1922; the concluding sentence being: "So here is good luck to him—and if you have a couple of dollars to buy a novel, buy this one!" (8) Carbon copy of a letter from Upton Sinclair to Jim Tully, dated November 28, 1921, stating, "I owned a dog about fifteen years ago, but I never owned a dog in Pasadena, and if your little boy was scared by a dog when he came to see me, it wasn't my dog, and this is the first I have heard about it." (9) A photograph of Mr. Tully, inscribed: "To General Upton Sinclair. 'Yours for the revolution.' Private Jim Tully, Dec. 1, '21." (10) A letter from Mr .Tully, the successful novelist, writing from the Algonquin Hotel, April 4, 1926: "Horace Liveright told me yesterday how wild you were about young Hennessy." (a tramp writer.) "It brought back memories of how lousy you treated me. . . . You at least cured me of the Brotherhood of Man stuff."

Through the years of married life, I have had one serious trouble: the fact that my husband persists in solving the problems of everybody in the world but himself; that he persists in reading manuscripts and trying to find publishers for endless persons who do not know how to write, or who, knowing how, have nothing to say. I hereby serve notice: from this time on I am going to keep a dog. *Beware my dog!*

"Boston" will be finished in July. It is to be published August 22nd, Boston's great anniversary. It is running serially in the "New Leader" (London), "Ogonyok" (Moscow), and in Prague. Was running in Warsaw, but the government suppressed the magazine. What about Boston?

"Singing Jailbirds," which I have called "Upton's only work of art," will be produced by the New Playwrights, New York, in October. First produced in Vienna, then in Prague, then by Piscator in Berlin; Universal News Service reports "a phenomenal success." Also produced by the Phalange Artistique in Paris; "l'Humanite" reports "le succes a ete grand." To be produced in Tokio, unless the cast is in jail.

"Oil!" continues the best-selling novel in Germany: 55,000 in first six weeks. First part issued in Paris; Romain Rolland writes: "I am seized by the irresistible vitality." The novelist, Henri Poulaille, writes in "Le Peuple"; "There has not been since the war a single novel which can be put beside 'Oil!': not a single one, not Russian, not German, not French, not English, not Scandinavian. . . . One of the masterpieces of human literature." Amsterdam is reading "Oil!" in the "Notenkraker," Copenhagen in "Politiken." Polish, Hungarian and Japanese editions under way.

Public libraries of Sweden report the books of Upton Sinclair most in demand of any author, native or foreign. Spanish edition of "Samuel the Seeker" out. "Money Writes" out in Moscow; German translation completed. "Jimmie Higgins" a movie in Hollywood—beg pardon, in Kharkov. After nine years an English publisher dares to risk "The Brass Check." Also "Money Writes!" — but cutting out the paragraphs on Kipling. American editions of all these books exist, and may be ordered from me or my husband.

P. S. I think Mr. Mencken ought to pay for this advertisement, as I have to pay for the dog!

MARY CRAIG SINCLAIR

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