

NOTE concerning this scan of May 1927 New Masses:

The May 1927 issue of New Masses is beautiful, unusual, and rare.

Beautiful and unusual in that it is the seventh and last issue of New Masses printed to employ a dash of color (red to red-orange in color) ink in its cover and in its center 2 page wide graphic. The first six issues of New Masses starting with the initial May 1926 issue employed color ink in their front and back covers, and in a number of the works of graphic art inside. All issues after the October 1926 issue for the remaining 22 years of publication of this periodical were printed using only black ink. Except one. This one. One assumes the limited (only in the front cover and the two page center graphic) use of color was a celebration of the one year anniversary of the printing of New Masses.

Rare in that while generally all of the early New Masses issues (prior to June of 1929) are more rare ... more hard to find... than those that followed, the May 1927 issue is exceptionally rare. Neither Hatcher Labadie Library at U. Michigan nor Tamiment Library has an original copy of it in their collections.

Six months into working on this archive project I had despaired of getting an original issue to personally scan with my own exacting high resolution techniques. I managed to put together some scans from poor quality black and white xerographic photocopies made by Theodore Watts many years ago as part of his research for creating the index to New Masses. Later, Paul Thomas at Stanford's Hoover Library very kindly and generously provided excellent color scans of the cover and center art from the copy Hoover Library had. But their copy was in a bound volume, and the scans suffered from both trimming of the pages and distortion at the gutter of the bound volume. There was nothing Paul could do about that. I also obtained a very low resolution image of the full un-cropped cover from a thumbnail of it found on the Internet.

Then Lorne Bair rare booksellers found and sold to me an original of May 1927.

The scans that follow are MOSTLY from that original issue I bought from Lorne Bair books, now in my personal collection. However, the cover of that issue had significant chipping damage to one edge. Therefore, I am presenting with this pdf file of the issue **three** renditions of the cover. One... the first one... is my scan of the cover of my issue. It's followed by the scan Paul Thomas made for me of Hoover Library's copy. And then followed by a very low resolution (was a thumbnail) scan that shows fully the intact left side of the cover issue. I also included a crop from the photocopies Ted Watts loaned to me, that provides the three or four words missing from my scan of page 2 (back of the front cover) that were lost due to the chipping damage to my issue's cover.

---marty

Martin H. Goodman MD
Director, Riazanov Library digital archive projects
July 22, 2015 San Pablo, California

NEW YORK

25¢

MAY 1921



HUGO
SELLER

The image shows the cover of the May 1921 issue of The Hoover Library Magazine. The title 'THE HOOVER LIBRARY MAGAZINE' is at the top in large, bold, black letters. Below the title is a large, stylized graphic of interlocking red and black gears. In the upper right corner, the price '25¢' is printed. A circular library stamp in the center reads 'HOOVER LIBRARY'. The lower half of the cover features a large, dynamic illustration of a person in motion, rendered in red and black, with a wavy line suggesting speed or energy.

DAY 1921

25¢



RECOVER LIVES

NEWSPAPER



MAY 1921



15c

THE NEW NEW MASSES

This magazine is now published co-operatively by its contributors and its readers. There are no profits. There are no dividends. In fact, there's a deficit. These letters are an indication of the spirit in which the artists and writers have joined in to keep the magazine going.

I want to tell you that that article on Albert Williams about the peasants in Russia is the best article I have read on Russia since I read Williams' book. It will be a crime if the NEW MASSES cannot keep going. I am rooting for you, and I hope to be able to write something for you before long.

UPTON SINCLAIR

You may count on me if you can use my stuff. I should hate to see the NEW MASSES go under. "Counting gain or loss as one, prepare for battle!"

LEWIS MUMFORD

If the other contributors can afford to go amateur I suppose I can too. If you will send me a book occasionally I shall feel amply repaid and maybe I can get a good hunch for a review.

Good luck and best wishes.

HOWARD BRUBAKER

We won't stop. As long as there's a story in my head, a sheet of paper, and the price of a postage stamp, I'll send it along. It's a damn small price to pay.

ALBERT MARGOLIS

I am as enthusiastic about the NEW MASSES as the rest of my colleagues. Of course I am with you and will be glad to work with you.

CONSTATINE ALADJALOV

Surely you may publish my without pay. I will be glad to what I have in the future. I al get a kick out of your magazi. Here's wishing it life! If I wasn't rat-poor, I would help push finan-

cially. CHARLES OLUF OLSEN

I am thoroughly stirred by your appealing message, and I for one will rather contribute free of charge than see the magazine go under, although the Lord only knows how I need the money. This, by the way, is the last letter on my typewriter. I have been unable to meet my payments and they are coming to take it back today.

ART GUNN

I have seen so many crises come and go in the life of radical magazines, I can understand the serious difficulties confronting the NEW MASSES. I'd say go on, if possible. I'll draw cartoons for you for nothing, so long as there are scant funds.

ART YOUNG

Here are a few of the contributors who have enthusiastically promised to contribute regularly to the NEW MASSES:

Max Eastman, (just back from France), Floyd Dell, Charles W. Wood, John Dos Passos, Claude McKay, Hugo Gellert, William Gropper, Michael Gold, Robert Dunn, Joseph Freeman (just back from Russia), Scott Nearing, Paxton Hibben, Louis Lozowick, Genevieve Taggard, Stuart Chase, Miguel Covarrubias, Adolph Dehn, Wanda Gag, Arturo Giovannitti, I. K. John Howard Lawson, William Siegel, Otto Soglow, Louis Untermeyer, Boardman Robinson, Mary Reed, Hal Saw White, Kenneth Fearing, Powers Hapgood.

And the letters below show how our readers, by becoming NEW MASSES ASSOCIATES, are joining in the adventure of publishing the NEW MASSES.

A few days ago while browsing in a bookshop, my attention was attracted by the caption on the front cover of your magazine: IS OIL THICKER THAN BLOOD? And just to satisfy my curiosity, I said to myself: "Let me see what's in it," and I parted with my two bits thinking at the time that I was paying for your magazine exactly one bit too much. After a conscientious reading of it from cover to cover, I was not at all surprised to see that an intelligent physician was prescribing to his patients the reading of the NEW MASSES, as I felt immediately after reading it its salutary and invigorat-

ing reactions. But you are entirely wrong, Mr. Editor, in selling a five dollar magazine for two bucks. How you can do it is a puzzle to me, unless you are being subsidized by foreign sources. I hope some day you will feel disposed to clear up this mystery to your readers. I do not agree with your philosophy. But the fact that I do not like your theories does not keep me from enjoying your superb cartoons as much as I do your writing.

So I am enclosing herewith my check (\$5.00) which in my judgment is the price of your magazine.

J. M. CHACON

Just received the April number today and what an issue it is! I am glad I am living at a time when I can see the NEW MASSES. I thought Gropper's *Join the Maroons* would be my finish. I shall not let the NEW MASSES go under without doing something to prevent it. I am enclosing \$5.00 and will continue to do so monthly for the next year. Keep up the good work.

J. H. DICKSON

Enclosed is \$25. towards venture.

EUGENE O'NEILL

I am only a poor musician, so I can't do much. You may count on \$10.00 a month from me for a year!

F. X. ARENS

I realize that the enclosed check for \$25.00 will not go very far to do what is needed, but trust it may help a little bit.

PRYNCE HOPKINS

JOIN THIS ADVENTURE

This is an undertaking in which you, Gallant Reader, can take a part. The writers and artists of the NEW MASSES are donating work in various amounts every month. Some are giving \$100, some \$50, \$25, \$10, \$5. Match their art with your dollars. Become one of the NEW MASSES ASSOCIATES. Application blank below.

NEW MASSES, 39 Union Square, New York

I want to join the Adventure. Please enroll me as a NEW MASSES ASSOCIATE

I enclose \$..... and will pledge to send \$..... per month for one year.

Name Address

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ARE A HELP!



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SES

no profits. There are no divi-
tists and writers have jumped

Surely you may publish my stuff
without pay. I will be glad to send
what I have in the future. I always
get a kick out of your magazine.
Here's wishing it life! If I wasn't
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Unterberger, Arturo Giovannitti, I. Klein,
John Reed, Mary Reed, Hal Saunders*

ing in the adventure of publish-

Enclosed is \$25. towards the ad-
venture.

EUGENE O'NEILL

ON BEING RADICAL

It would be amusing to print, side by side, the letters of those who accuse the NEW MASSES of radical partisanship, and those who scorn it for its interest in many aspects of life which do not fit into any particular revolutionary formula. We are accused of being the organ of the Left Wing party, at the same time that paragraph writers on the *Daily Worker* unload columns of sarcasm against our discussion of such human problems as, for example, art and sex.

We may as well be frank. We are against dogma, hypocrisy, and rigidity wherever we find it. We are radical, revolutionary, dynamically for change and growth, and we are impatient with liberalism, compromise and reformism. We are as much against the Socialist puritan as we are against the capitalist puritan. We are as much against a labor-union bureaucrat as we are against Mussolini. Smug formulas and complacent institutions we will attack lustily wherever they seem to stand in the way of human freedom. That kind of a crusade is lots of fun. The writers and artists and readers of the NEW MASSES will not have such a dull time of it.

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS!

With this issue the NEW MASSES begins its second year. The crisis in its financial affairs having been met by the enthusiasm and generosity of its contributors, already seconded by substantial help from its readers, it looks like pretty fair sailing for another year.

Several thousand dollars have still to be raised. Yet, if we might count on a donation of only \$1 apiece from each of our subscribers, our deficit would disappear. Send your dollar today as a birthday present!

NEW ECONOMY

Newsstand distribution of the NEW MASSES has been curtailed considerably by our new "economy" policy. The magazine is now sold only on newsstands in the larger cities.

COLOR

The extra color on our cover for this, our anniversary number, has been made possible by a donation made especially for this purpose by an anonymous friend. It costs about \$100 for an extra color. Are there any more such friends?

CORRECTION

DEAR NEW MASSES:

In your issue of April, you stated that the workers of Passaic had called off their strike. This is true of the workers in four of the nine struck mills. In the other mills there was no calling off of the strike, for the mill owners had acceded to the demands of the strikers. *Mary B. Trask*



Woodcut by Hanns Skolle

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MAY, 1927

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

HELL, AIN'T IT?

DEAR NEW MASSES:

How about the tenant farmer in the South?

Away from the shouting and weeping in the factory sections of the east where the workers are striving for their rights, are the coppers and the "half and halfs," isolated, without leaders and without sympathy.

"Niggers and pore white trash, that's what they are." But they reek with the sweat of labor—true labor. Their shoes stink with the odor of dung. They go unwashed, ragged.

They have a capitalist boss—the landlord. He requires, before tenants are allowed to live on the rusty land, that they plant it all in cotton, and plant it they do for they have no alternative. In the planting season, when they are without money, they borrow from the landlord, at the price of cotton in the spring, enough for the necessities of life, a price which is usually much lower than at the time they pay it back, after the staple is picked.

Gone is the old country doctor. Children, often twenty of them to a family, work in the fields beside their elders, and go without medical attention. School is unknown to them. The extent of their knowledge is limited by the rustic fences which surround their existence.

There are twelve children in the Dawson family. The old man is the son of a tenant. His sons will be tenants; his daughters marry tenants. His wife is heavy with another child.

One of his little girls caught diphtheria from milking their half dry cow in a cold, driving rain. Medicine was scarce. Too far to town. Her cough grew worse.

"Give her some of Jim's corn licker. That's good for colds." The stuff burned. She died in a paroxysm of convulsions.

My NEW MASSES were thumbed and stained where old Dawson had been reading them. His entire reading consisted of what I let him have. I talked to him in his homely old house one night. The rain had washed the mud clinkers from the cracks and the cold wind whistled into the room.

He liked the NEW MASSES. It gave him a spirit. He felt that perhaps some day his conditions would be bettered by some leader who would discover his plight.

He read an article by Michael Gold. The workers in the city were organized. The workers in the country—the poor tenants who don't own the land which they give their labors and their lives to cultivate—are unorganized. And their landlords come in big automobiles to collect their shares.

"It's hell, ain't it?" he said.

Theodore Hutchinson



Drawing by William Gropper

MASSACHUSETTS—THERE SHE STANDS !

"There is only one thing this court can do. Sentence Sacco and Vanzetti to the electric chair!"—Judge Webster Thayer.

CHINA TURNS TO ITS YOUTH

By DOROTHY TSIENYI WONG

CHINA of today is no longer the China of yesterday—a simple fact, yet how grossly misunderstood by most of our foreign spectators! To treat China of today, therefore, with a policy outworn by time and circumstances is not only unjust, but short-sighted and ridiculous.

What is it all about in China today, after all? To explain what she is *not* will cover more space than a statement of what she actually is, since the war press, the imperialist propagandists, and some sphinx-natured foreign business men have elaborately painted China "red", anti-foreign, anti-Christian.

The Chinese are anti-Christian and anti-foreign, in the sense that they are anti-everything that is anti-China. For that matter, they should be antiing many other things. Originally the Chinese were not entirely exclusive. History tells us that they are essentially a trading people. As early as the first century of the Christian Era, they carried on an active exchange of silk and other products with the Roman Orient. Foreigners were welcome everywhere in China. Even high governmental positions were open to strangers from afar.

With the beginning of the modern era, however, the situation has been completely changed. The early traders from Europe were no better than pirates. Their atrocious behavior forced the Chinese to abandon their traditional friendship and hospitality towards foreigners.

Instead of doing something to redress the grievances or create a better feeling among the Chinese, the westerners in China continued to show total disregard for China's sovereignty and jurisdiction. They looked on things Chinese through the barrel of a machine gun. By the terms of so-called treaties of amity and commerce, which the Chinese had been forced to sign at the point of a bayonet, we have been stripped of two fundamental attributes of a sovereign nation—jurisdiction over foreign lives and properties on Chinese soil, and the customs autonomy.

The fact that the foreigner in China is exempt from local jurisdiction often leads the low-class foreigner (unfortunately, we have too many of them) to believe that he is under no obligation to observe Chinese laws and regulations. The Chinese government not only has no control over an alien, but the authorities have proved to be powerless to give adequate protection to the natives against foreign aggression.

China has no voice in fixing her tariff rates. The loss of her customs autonomy not only infringes upon

her sovereign rights, but it leaves her powerless to protect her native industries in their infancy. We have an actual five per cent tariff since the Washington Conference, but this low tariff rate yields too meagre a sum to meet the increasing expenditures of a modern government in a country of 400,000,000 people.

The Missions were interested in China—at least the heathen portion of it. Their goal was to bring the Kingdom of God down to Chinese soil. They preached universal brotherhood, right is might, the meek shall inherit the earth. Their activities, as witnessed by natives in times past, have consisted of rivalry among

churches and denominations. Onward Christian Soldiers behind the gun-boats, and the attitude of "we are here to do service unto you poor, poor Chinese; let us minister unto you, irrespective of means."

The intention may be genuine, especially on the part of the early and the later groups of missionaries, but the practice has not justified the enthusiastic support given them by the church people of their native land nor the sacrifice of leaving the civilized West to go adventuring into the sickness, the sufferings, and the ignorance running rampant in China.

The so-called anti-foreign, anti-Christian movement in China is

nothing but an expression of an awakened nation. Any wide-awake person will question the sincerity of his friends, should their friendship be of a questionable nature. Awakening China cannot do anything more or less human. She wants to know, in order to act accordingly, the sincerity of her foreign friends who have professed their friendship, but prefer to use the battleship when China needs friendship most. First, we look to America as one who has impressed us with a friendly policy; then we look to the missionaries who after all are emissaries on a friendship propagation mission. When they fail us, what can we do, but be anti-foreign and anti-Christian?

True it is that there is one foreign friend we can rely on. The Russian! That Soviet Russia of all nations should stand by us in time of stress and tribulation is nothing strange. All we know of Soviet Russia is that she is in sympathy with the movement fighting for the unification of China to which the youth of China gives allegiance. And she has proven herself to be genuine in her sympathy. Soviet Russia has given up her Boxer indemnity, her settlements in Chinese treaty ports, her portion of infringements upon Chinese territorial rights and customs control, and converted the Chinese Eastern Railway into a purely commercial enterprise. Soviet Russia, thus far, has been the only friend who has any respect for our sovereignty and a hope to see China healthy, wealthy, and wise once more. Why shouldn't we befriend her?

But to the average western mind, to befriend Soviet Russia is to be "red." This conception, however, does not and cannot take root in China. It will not grow in China even after it is transplanted. One word in the way of explanation perhaps will be sufficient. China is in its make-up individualistic instead of communistic. Besides, she is too backward economically to apply communism, as Tam Ping San, a Chinese anarchist, is reported to have the conviction. For subversive purposes, some propagandists may be able to dig up a few tottering facts, or fiction rather, to alarm the western public by the charge that China has turned "red." As a matter of fact, the Chinese are not fitted constitutionally to become reds, nor has the initiation of a "red" program entered into the scheme of things in this New China Movement, known as the Nationalist Movement.

The Nationalist Movement is not an ideal, as it was thought of before the death of Dr. Sun-yat-sen, the

SHOOTING BOLSHEVISM INTO CHINA

Shanghai fell into the arms of the Cantonese (Southern) armies on March 20—Shanghai, with its nearly two million people and its strategic commercial position as the economic key to central China.

One of the curious aspects of the situation is that people on the ground do not seem able, or willing, to grasp the significance of events. Until the fall of the city, American and other foreign correspondents in Shanghai were telegraphing reports of the strength of the city, of its sturdy defenses and defenders and of the probable crumpling up of the "inefficient" Cantonese army when it encountered a real obstacle like Shanghai. But as the Cantonese approached, the outlying city collapsed. The populace welcomed the Southern army. Not so the imperialists. They lined up Canton with Moscow. A victory for Canton meant a defeat for imperialism. Hence the massed imperial troops. Hence the great demonstration of naval power.

Japanese statemen sense the trend of affairs. When the present difficulties are over the Japanese must continue to find many of their raw materials and much of their market on the Asiatic mainland—that is, within the Soviet Union and within whatever China may be at that time. Hence their "watchful waiting."

The Americans are more aggressive and less experienced. In the closing days of March they initiated the bombardment of Nanking. There is some dispute as to the character of the danger that the foreigners in the city were facing. One American and six other foreigners were killed, whether at the direction of the Cantonese or in spite of their efforts is not clear.

But, at any rate, the Americans on Socony Hill (in Nanking, not Bayonne, New Jersey), gave the signal to the warships in the river, and the latter then shelled the town. The results were decisive.

One of the Americans from Socony Hill reported in the *New York Times* of March 30: "The Consul ordered us to resume our arms, which we gladly did. We returned the fire and I know I picked off seven. Then, on Mr. Davis's orders, we gave the 'begin firing' signal from the verandah and roof, and soon the shells from the warships came down."

The Americans were cluttered around Standard Oil Hill. The Chinese were "picked off" from there. The gun-boats got their orders to begin shelling from Standard Oil property. The slaughter of Nanking was initiated by the American Consul, from the buildings of the Standard Oil Company.

It was a slaughter! Estimates as to the number of casualties vary all the way from several hundred to several thousand. Thus, for each foreigner killed in the street rioting, scores or hundreds of Chinese lives were sacrificed.

[Continued on Page Six]

first President of the Chinese Republic and the Founder of the Kuomintang. It is a program: it has a platform. The civil war now on foot in China is nothing but an attempt to bring into effect the three principles of the Kuomintang (or Nationalist Party) namely:

1. People's nationalism—the freeing of China from foreigners who have tied up the country by treaties concluded at the points of bayonets;
2. People's sovereignty—development of education and political democracy;
3. People's Livelihood—better opportunities for Chinese business men and better conditions for Chinese labor.

This movement, as all intelligent observers have agreed, is a bona fide "China for the Chinese" movement. Whoever stands in the way of this movement will be regarded as an enemy by 400,000,000 Chinese. For this movement is not one of those skirmishes fought between two tuchuns. It is the rise of modern China against an old China as conceived and perpetuated by other nations. Yes, the youth of China is at the back of it. So are the women of China!

The women of the Nationalist Party, headed by Madame Sun-yat-sen, the widow of the late Dr. Sun-yat-sen, are most active in re-uniting, reconstructing, and reorganizing China. While their brothers march to the battle front, these women go as Red Cross nurses. But their time, energy, and thought reach far beyond the battlefield. They have a constructive program for attacking the problems that are fundamental to the development and welfare of womanhood in China. The most important of Chinese hidden resources has of its own dynamics been developed. The women have established schools, public and vocational, for children as well as adults, for they believe that the emancipation of women must begin in their heads. Then, the purse-strings! Women must be given a chance to earn their own living, to be independent financially. Will Chinese women vote? Most certainly. In the second Congress of the Nationalist Government 16 women were present among 130 representatives. What the Chinese women have done and are planning to do would require volumes to tell. A sample, however, may not prove savorless. Following are a few points covered by a resolution submitted by the Women's Section of the Judicial Reform Committee to serve as a basis in drafting new plans:

1. Equality of education for both sexes.
2. Equality of vocational opportunity for both sexes.
3. Absolute equality of both sexes in respect to law.
4. Equality of wages for both sexes.

5. Protection of motherhood.
6. Protection of child-labor.
7. To help women's labor unions.
8. To overthrow traditional rites enslaving the female sex.
9. To oppose polygamy.
10. To oppose the system of juvenile wives.
11. Absolute freedom of marriage and divorce.
12. To oppose unequal judgment on sexes by law courts.
13. To promote equal treatment of re-married women by society, without contempt.
14. All women to have the right of property and of inheritance.

This is the position of Chinese women today with reference to tomorrow.

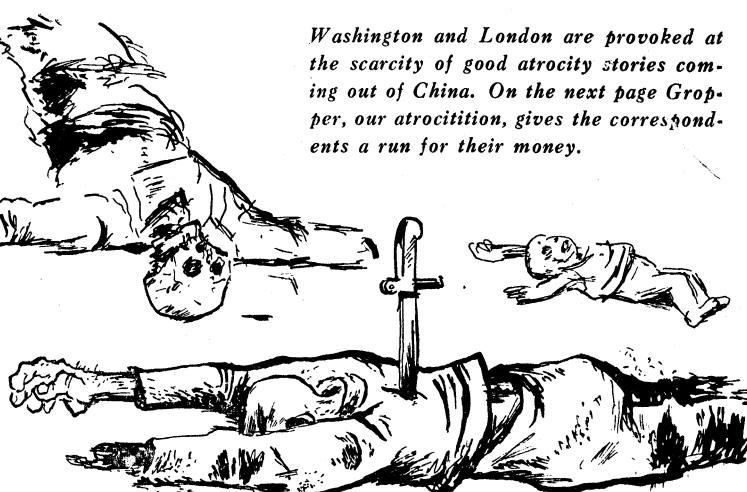
If one were to look at China from Mars now, one would wonder if even a fairy wand could unravel the bunch of tangled threads. If we had one revolution at a time, even the inhabitants on Mars would be able to appreciate the significance of it. But it is a Chinese crossed and criss-crossed puzzle. Along with this Nationalist movement goes our literary revolution, our industrial revolution, our economic revolution, our political revolution, the women's movement, the youth movement and what not. No other country has ever shared such a fate before. None, therefore, can understand it.

To put it into simple everyday language, China is having its "spring cleaning." We have asked that our guests leave us for the time being. We are afraid that in sweeping the long-accumulated dust, we may perchance sweep out our friends. Haven't the United States and the British, and the Japanese sent over enough gunboats to take their nationals off on a cruise? When China has her household set in order, she will issue an invitation. She will extend her hospitality to those who will come as guests. With good manners on the part of the guests and good will on the part of China as hostess we will bridge the distances into a never-ending road of friendship and understanding.

What do the powers want of China? Concessions? Unreasonable rights? Spheres of influence? They belong to history. In trade or other friendly relations, we are ready to meet them square and fair. Whither bound, Japan, Great Britain, and the United States?

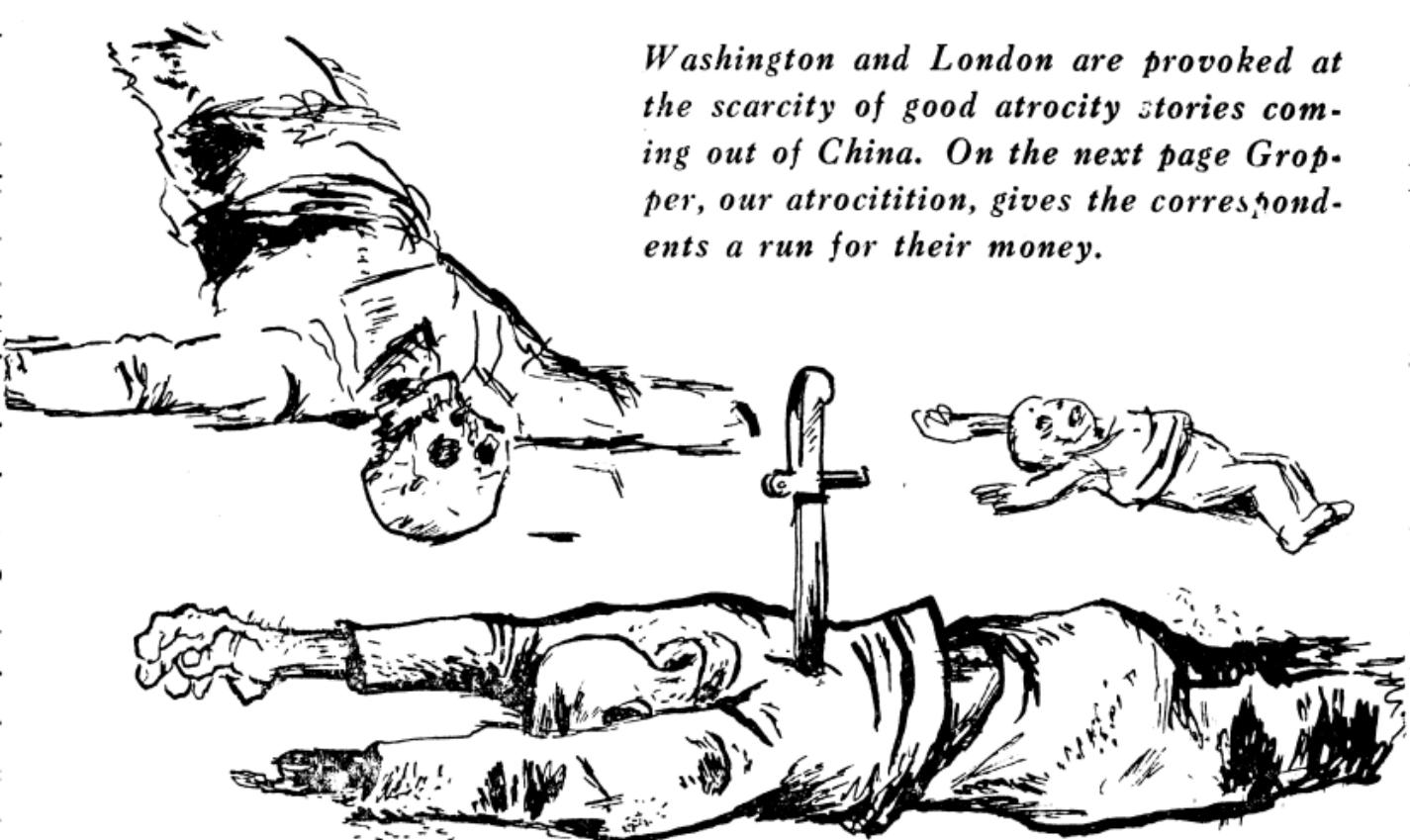
What Have You Done for Sacco & Vanzetti?

See page 24 in this issue.



Drawing by William Gropper

Washington and London are provoked at the scarcity of good atrocity stories coming out of China. On the next page Gropper, our atrocitytician, gives the correspondents a run for their money.



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Drawing by William Gropper

BIGGER & BETTER ATROCITIES

By WILLIAM GROPPER

The need of the hour is atrocites. What's the good of billions of dollars worth of battleships massed in Chinese waters, if there are no wrongs to redress? The fate of mighty empires hangs in the balance waiting for a babe to be torn from its mother's arms.



The situation is reported as hopeless. Insults and taunts have been unavailing. Wholesale massacres of defenseless non-combatant Chinese have produced no reprisals approaching even so much as a second or third rate atrocity. Even the white Russians have failed us. They took our money, but our virgins are coming out of China intact.



The male sob sisters of two continents concentrated in Shanghai for twenty weeks have fallen down miserably. The best horror-tale experts, writing in four languages, have not put over a single atrocity that would be acceptable to a three year old. Our tabloids do better right here at home.



Realizing the terrible crisis that confronts our very civilization, Bill Gropper has come heroically to the rescue with a few red-hot atrocities, on this and the opposite pages, any one of which is guaranteed to plunge us into war.



TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE BLUE

Give me my elephantine shoes,
I'll shuffle the shuffle of the Rotoray Blues,—
I can't stand this country any more,
What for, I ask you, O what for?
Just a Sunday Supplement, all ideal,
Neat as a cookey,—aw, I feel
Terrible, terrible, terrible blue,
Here is what we are coming to!
All respectable. All high-class.
This is the talk of the Rotoray jazz.
I can't stand this kind of shiny, elite
Hotel interior on my poor feet.
(I care a lot for my poor feet.)
Give me a hand-out. Give me to eat.
If you don't—look out,
I'm a dead dead-beat—
I'll track in mud, and I'll abuse
The tall young men in Rotoray collars,
The glassy-eyed girls, like a million dollars. . .
I'm as down and out as potato-peel,
I'll sing and dance for a good square meal—
(By the way have you got a good square meal
For a cold philosopher?)—O, I feel
Terrible, terrible, terrible blue,
Here is what we are coming to!
But not for me, I certainly mean
To go and live with my rag-bag queen,
With all around us doing time,
The model man in his duplex home,
And his model female, slick as a dime—
Come hooooooome my wandering prodigal, coooooome!
Respectable man, respectable wife,
Dull, dull, dull with their daily life,
This is the life!

Pretty soon the clouds and the littered skies
Will call in the winds and—apologize!
Who wants a blue apology
When once he had a regular sky!

The wind will act like a hotel clerk
When one of the elevators doesn't work!
Deodorized Nature, all serene,
With streaks of humanity in between.
I can't stand this country any more,
What for, I ask you, O what for?

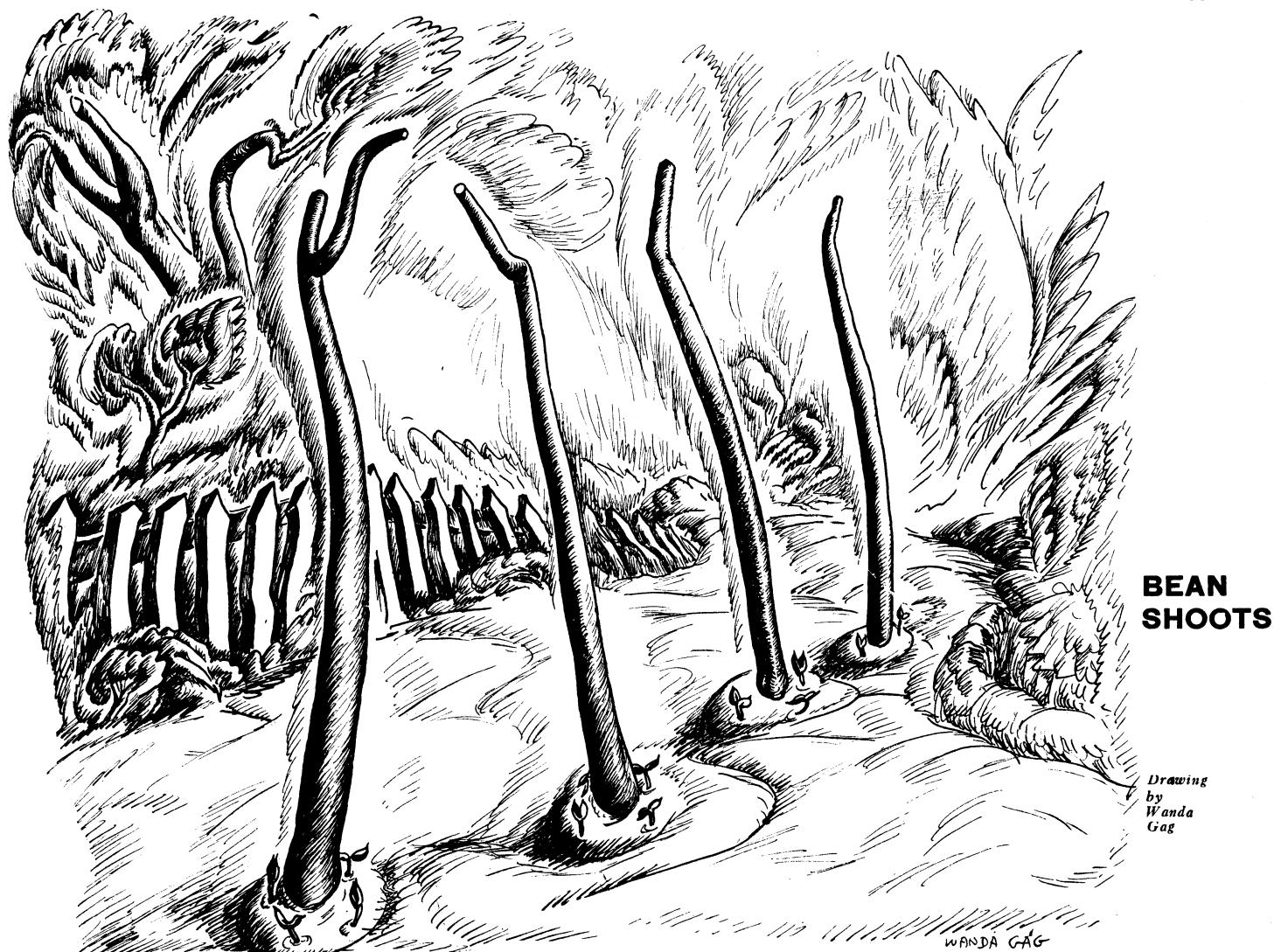
This is the song of a poor dead beat,
Who danced—look out—and changed the works,
Who danced—here goes—and wrecked the place.
These are the hands, and these the feet,
This is the kind of funny face
You always see before the bang.
I am the dancing clang-clang-clang!

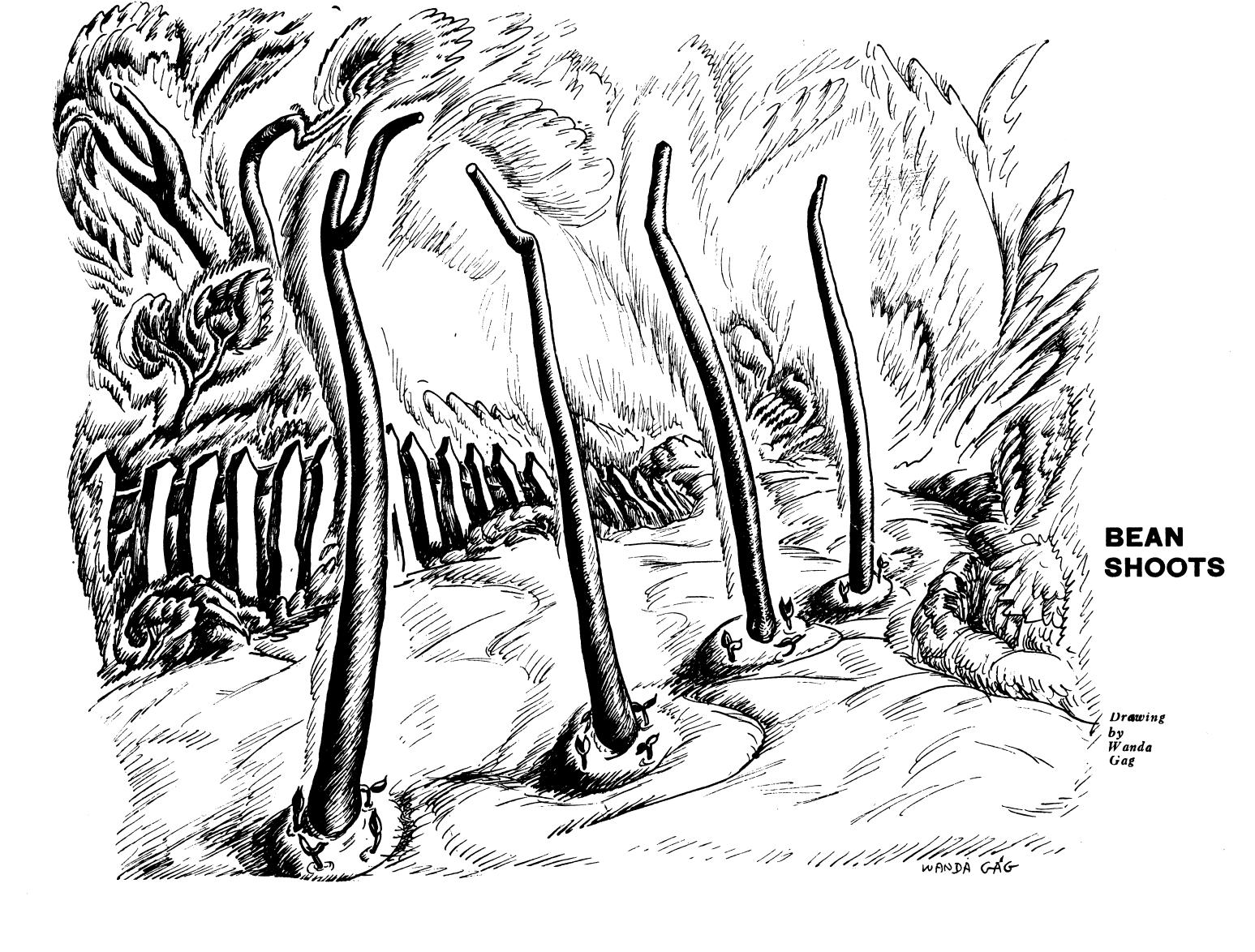
If you don't like my moral, let it pass.
I'm just a poor kid with a craze for jazz.
Sing, you said. Well, hell, I sang!
I am the dancing clang-clang-clang.

I like to jazz like a pliable eel
Under this city of stone and glass,
Under this city of stone and steel.
You can't blame me for feeling glum.
Hallelulia. I'm a bum.
If I make the song of the Rotoray Blues
The folks get scared of me. What's the use.
I think it's all so silly ideal
For the fools who take to it. Hell, I feel
Terrible, terrible, terrible blue.

Um-tiddy um-tiddy um-tum-tooo.

Genevieve Taggard





BEAN SHOOTS

*Drawing
by
Wanda
Gag*

WANDA GAG



Courtesy of Our Gallery

From a Lithograph by Yosuo Kuniyoshi

POETRY AND COMMON SENSE

By JOSEPH FREEMAN

Now that the political rumpus raised by the Opposition of the All-Russian Communist Party has subsided, various Bolshevik leaders have turned once more to the question of culture. At the recent provincial Party conference held in Moscow, Kalinin urged more interesting Party meetings, shorter and less monotonous speeches. Not long ago Radek urged Soviet writers to pay more attention to the real life around them. The current issue of *Novy Mir* carries an article by Trotsky on *Socialism and Culture*; and Bukharin, who has been up to the ears in work attending meetings and writing theses and articles on politics and economics, has found time to write a few remarks on poetry.

The article, which appeared in *Pravda* of January 12, touches on a number of fundamental questions, including the relations of poetry and Communism, the role of the poet in society in general and in the revo-

lution in particular. Half of it is devoted to a discussion of Serge Yesenin. The tragic death by his own hand of this bohemian poet of peasant origin opened a protracted controversy which is still going on. The participants, *pro* and *con*, have used him and his work as a kind of touchstone.

Yesenin's talent is generally recognized. It is his outlook on life which is the subject of dispute. Trotsky has described him as "a fine, fresh, genuine poet . . . Yesenin wrote the brazen poems of a hooligan, imparting an inimitable Yesenin melody to the harsh strains of Moscow's taverns. He took pride in insolent gesture and rough word; but under the crust of his affected brazenness throbbed the peculiar tenderness of an unshielded, undefended soul. With his half-simulated roughness Yesenin was only trying to defend himself from the harsh period in which he was born . . .

Yesenin was a lyrical poet, but ours is not a lyrical era."

Trotzky considers Yesenin a national poet with deep national roots, as shown not only by such a national poem as *Pugachev* but by his startling images taken from the Russian countryside. Yesenin, he says, is not a revolutionary although not alien to the revolution. "Yesenin is intimate, tender, and lyrical and the revolution is public, epic and catastrophic. That is why the brief life of the poet ended in tragedy. . . . The poet perished because he was not akin to the revolution, but for the sake of the future the revolution will adopt him forever."

This is the view of a number of people in Russia. A Yesenin cult has developed. It has even spread among certain sections of the Communist Party. Yeseninism thus becomes a social phenomenon, and it is from this angle that Bukharin approaches him. He damns it outright as a

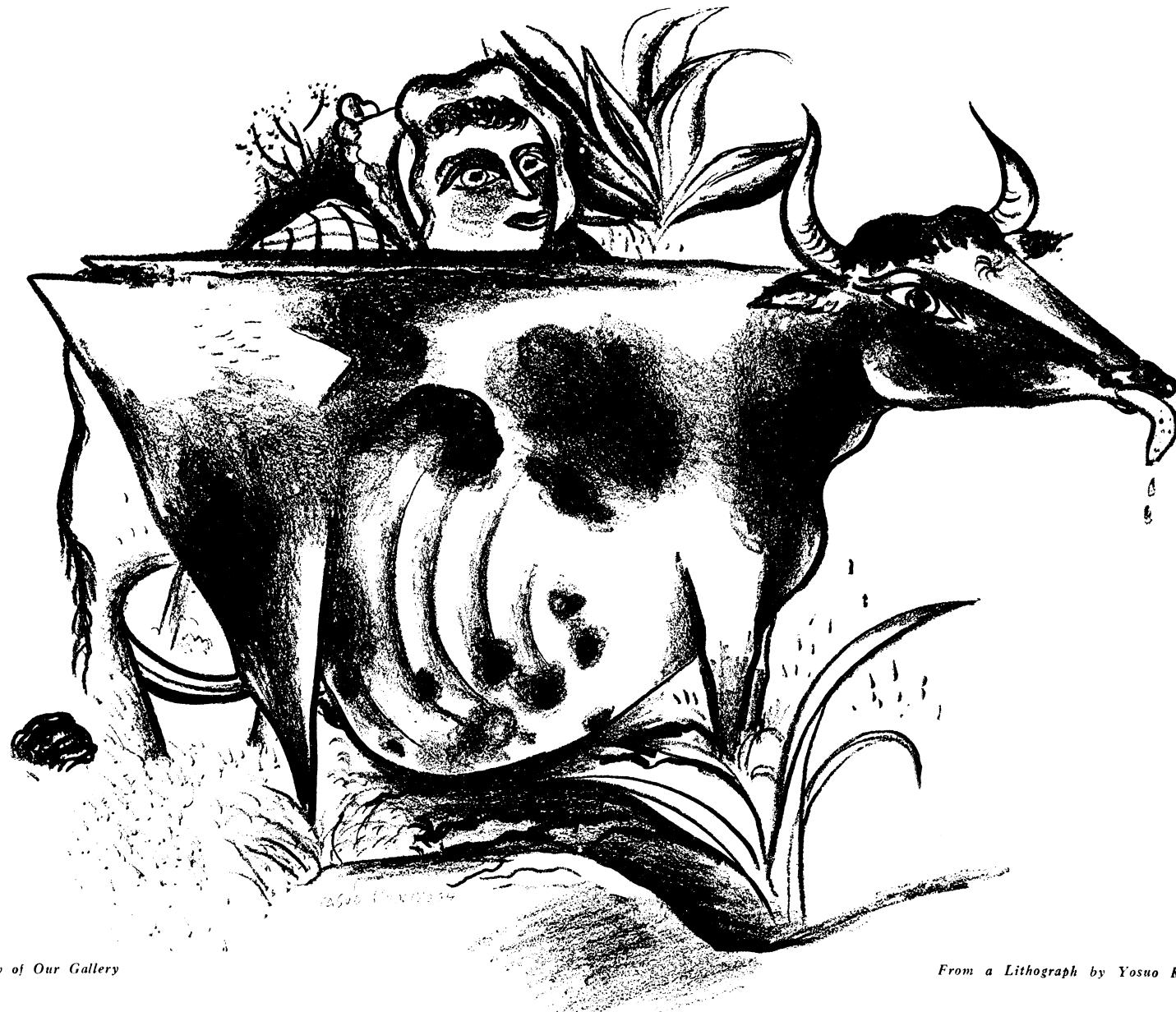
harmful phenomenon which ought to be destroyed.

"Is Yesenin talented? Of course he is. Who would dispute that. . . . Nevertheless, Yeseninism as a whole is a disgusting, vulgarly painted and powdered Russian obscenity. It is saturated with alcoholic tears and therefore still more vile. A monstrous mixture of 'male dogs,' ikons, 'glaring candles,' birches, the moon, bitches, gods, necrophelia, a lot of drunken tears, and 'tragic' drunken hiccoughs; religion and hooliganism, 'love' for animals and a barbaric attitude toward men and especially women, impotent longings for 'wide open spaces' (while sitting within the four narrow walls of a common cabaret), decadence raised to the height of a principle, and so on—all this, under the cloak of a wild 'quasi-folk' nationalism constitutes Yeseninism."

"We are told: a peasant poet of the transition period who tragically

MAY, 1927

9



Courtesy of Our Gallery

From a Lithograph by Yosuo Kuniyoshi

MAY, 1927

9



Courtesy of Our Gallery

From a Lithograph by Yosuo Kuniyoshi

perished through his own inadaptability. It is not as simple as all that. There are different kinds of peasants. Yessenin's poetry is essentially that of a peasant who has become a trader and a 'gay dog'—a peasant in patent leather boots, with a silk cord around his embroidered shirt; a 'gay dog' who today falls at the graceful feet of 'my lady,' tomorrow licks an ikon, the day after tomorrow dabs mustard on the nose of a waiter in a cabaret, and afterward pours out his soul, weeps, is ready to embrace a 'male dog,' and give a subscription to the Troitska Sergiev monastery 'for the memory of souls.' He might even hang himself in the corridor out of internal spiritual emptiness. A 'dear,' 'intimate,' genuinely Russian picture!

"Ideologically Yessenin represents the most negative features of the Russian countryside and of the so-called 'national character'; blackguardism, immense internal indiscipline, the worship of the most backward forms of social life in general. These traders and gay dogs, after mixing with 'people' a bit, very often break their own necks. They let themselves go to the logical end; they 'expand' (the well known attitude of 'don't interfere with my morals'). In substance this expanse amounts to internal anarchy and lack of culture. At a higher level of social development it also reveals itself as such. The contradiction between high self-esteem and the really pitiful 'reflexes' such 'terribly expansive' personalities can only lead to a tragic personal end. But here we are interested in the social side of the matter and *only* the social side.

"Literature in general and poetry in particular is of tremendous educational importance . . . Poetry forms character. In the history of our literature, which was bound to be at best radical *petit bourgeois*, there is an immense amount of poeticised decadence. The 'brotherhood of writers,' not without coquetry, 'drank vodka'—naturally 'for the good of the people.' Formerly this coquetry of our own intelligentsia with its sloppiness, impotence, and pitiful flabbiness was disgusting; in our day it becomes absolutely *intolerable*. We need quite different characters now—energetic and strong willed, and not so much putrefaction that should be thrown into the garbage can.

"This pitiful tradition of literary slobberers receives the 'powerful' support of Yesseninism, which 'exalts' poeticised lack of will to heights of poeticised hooliganism. . . . This is the mainstay of Yesseninism; this is not a 'Soviet' aspiration."

Bukharin then proceeds to analyze the causes for the popularity of Yesseninism. He acknowledges that it is having a great success and is thus becoming a harmful social force; it is infecting "wide circles of our

Communist youth." This is partly due, he says, to the fact that among the Communist youth there exists to a considerable extent a "*petit bourgeois* absence of the culture of labor." But in addition to that it is also true that "we ourselves far from adequately understand the ideological

consumer very often receives stereotyped paragraphs and circulars written with such dull monotony that a person who is not accustomed to them begins to puke.

" . . . Communist ideology has a much wider scope than the mere question of lowering prices, no mat-

tance of a resolution on a current question.

"Life of the transition epoch is rich and incredibly complicated. It is full of contradictions and conflicts in the social sphere, the sphere of everyday life, and in personal life. Here there is room for tragedy, comedy, and lyrics; here there is also room for developing the widest interests in a social *weltanschaung*, science, philosophy—everything that has been labelled the 'spiritual' culture of humanity. . . ."

The reason why Yessenin's poems attract the youth, Bukharin says, is because "we and our ideologists have not touched those chords of youth which Serge Yessenin touched, even if he touched them in a harmful form. . . . We cannot feed our youth with the same stuff over and over again. There must be a bigger variety of questions. More attention to live people with a special psychology! More attention to life with all its variegated colors, many-sidedness, its extreme complexity. Less of the not-quite-good material, less of the products of *bureaucratic* ideological creative work!

"And here let us say a few words to our proletarian poets: How many times have we 'told the world' that our 'poetic reserves' are not doing what they ought to be doing? All the poets have become critics, organizers, and politicians *at the cost of studying life*, *at the cost of self-development*, *at the cost of contact with the masses*, whose live poetical voice they should be. . . .

"We do not want walking saints, even of the proletarianized type who think it is their duty to kiss machines, or who try to develop an imposing 'urbanism.' There is *no basis* for this (in Moscow we still have cocks crowing), and there *will be no basis* for this (for we favor *uniting* 'town' and 'country'). We need a literature of vigorous people penetrating to the depths of life; a literature of courageous builders who understand life, who feel repugnance for decay, mildew, necrophilism, cabaret tears, slovenliness, and presumptuousness. The greatest people of the bourgeoisie were not people of the drunken genius type (like Verlaine) but such giants as Goethe, Hegel and Beethoven, who had a tremendous capacity for *work*. The greatest geniuses of the proletariat—Marx, Engels, and Lenin—were tremendous *workers*. Those who are blessed because they are meek and poor in spirit 'for Christ's sake,' those aberrant *café chantant* half-hour geniuses—away from them! Nearer to the wonderful life which is blossoming forth on the earth! Nearer to the masses who are rebuilding the world!"



Drawing by Robert Bartlett

SUBWAY TURNSTILE

tasks confronting us. . . . We serve up an astonishingly monotonous ideological food. I am not speaking in the sense that this food is cooked according to one Communist recipe. This is very good, and, generally speaking, the more we have of this sort of monotony the better. But the fact is that here also we forget about the interests of the consumer. The

ter how important this question is. Communists and workers in general are not abstractions. They are living people with flesh and blood. Nothing human is alien to them. They suffer, they enjoy, they fight, they love, they live, they die. Every one of them is a personality and not a statistical average on two legs, not an index, not a paragraph, not a sen-

What Have You Done for Sacco & Vanzetti?

See page 24 in this issue.



Drawing by Robert Bartlett

SUBWAY TURNSTILE



Drawing by Robert Bartlett

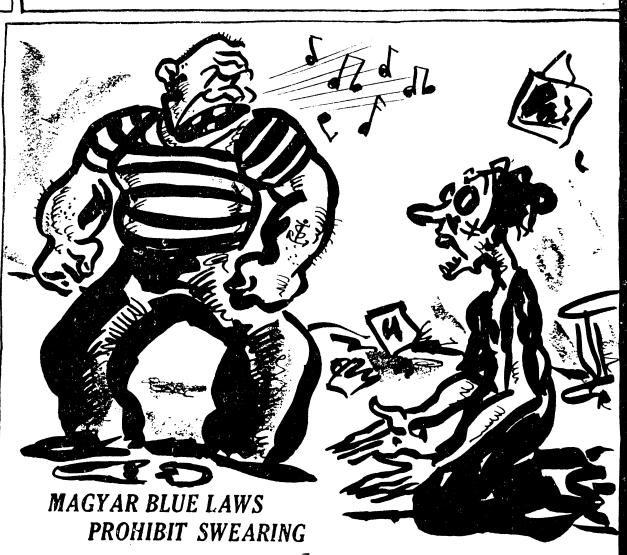
SUBWAY TURNSTILE

THE BAN GOES MARCHING ON!

By OTTO SOGLOW



To the Pure All Things Are Rotten



OTTO SOGLOW



JAY WALKING

By SCOTT NEARING

EMPIRES aren't run by debating societies. As one Britisher put it: "The British Empire shoots first and talks afterward."

But that sort of thing demands discipline—the discipline of those who do the shooting, and the discipline of those who get shot. "It may be," the ex-Kaiser is reported to have said to some of his young recruits, "that I shall call upon you to shoot your own fathers. In that case it will be your duty to obey."

Discipline is what we are getting now in the good old U. S. A. We are being told what to believe, where to go, and when to move. Between the editors and school teachers on one side and traffic cops and crossing signals on the other, we should soon be able to walk a mental chalk line as easily as we cross the street without violating the traffic rules.

In Minneapolis recently I ate breakfast in a lunch room and then started back to my hotel. It was early and there was no traffic on the

streets, so when I came to a crossing I cut diagonally from one corner to the other. On the far side of the street I ran square into a policeman.

"Hey, you," he demanded. "Didn't you ever hear of jay-walking?"

I assured him that I came from a small town in the East and knew nothing about the subject. Apparently I carried my point, for the cop satisfied himself by pointing out the marked crossing lines for foot passengers, and telling me that when I came to the city I should observe the rules or I would get into trouble.

Farther West it got worse. In Portland, an over-grown Oregon village, they have lights, cops, and bells at the Main Street corners. When a foot-passenger approaches one of the corners, he looks for the traffic signal. If it shows red he stands on the sidewalk and waits. There may be no traffic in sight—that is very often the case in Portland. Still he stands, with half a dozen other ped-

estrians until the bell tinkles and the lights show green.

One venturesome American starts across the street ahead of time. Instantly there is a shrill blast from a police whistle:

"What's the matter?" roars the cop. "Can't you see the light? Wait till the bell rings!"

Eventually the bell does ring and the waiting Americans are free to walk a block before they encounter another series of lights, bells and traffic police.

Portland is not alone. Seattle, Los Angeles, Dallas, and a number of other towns are breaking their citizens in with bells, lights, and men in uniform who whistle and yell:

"Whaddyer up to? Can't yuh see the light? Where yuh goin'? Wait for the bell!"

The echoes sound all through the country. This is their motif:

"Mark time, march! One, two! One, two! Eyes right! One, two! One, two!"

The pickets are coming over the bridge toward the mill. "Hey, you didn't you hear the bell? Pay attention!"

"Fours right, wheel!"

"Load with ball cartridges."

"Present arms!"

"Green light—go!"

European debtors have defaulted.

They are threatening repudiation.

See the red lights—

"American interests, Foreign Bondholders, Sacred Rights of Property, Law and Order (with plenty of dividends), Life, Liberty, and Property!"

"You take size 40. Uniforms in the store-room, all ready for you, my lad. Arms stacked in the basement. No, you'll not have time to finish the job. The transport sails at eleven. Fall into line there. All right, Sergeant, put them through a little rehearsal."

"Forward, March!"

"One nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for . . ."

"My country 'tis of thee, sweet land . . ."

"Watch yer step there! What ails yuh! Didn't the bell ring? Can't yuh see the light? Hell, you're no American. Yuh can't even do what yer told."

Scott Nearing

"The minute I laid eyes on you I said to myself: 'There's an intelligent business man who will put his money into a solid proposition'."

Drawing by Adolph Dehn



Adolph Dehn '26.

"The minute I laid eyes on you I said to myself: 'There's an intelligent business man who will put his money into a solid proposition'."



Adolph Dehn '26.

THE MASHER

By JOHN HAUSSMANN

It's not every day that people get a chance to watch a woman hitting a man in the face. In the mouth of the subway, with its marble walls, a little dark crowd had collected. They stood craning over each others' shoulders to get a look.

She kept shouting something at him. The man seemed to be afraid of the crowd and did not try to defend himself. He simply held out his hands awkwardly in front of him, trying to keep the woman off until the crowd came between them. He wore an overcoat with a frayed velvet collar; his hat had got knocked off and someone in the crowd had kicked it. He bent down and picked it up, and tried to brush the dust off it with his fingers. He looked like some kind of a German or a Dutchman, with thin fair hair.

The girl was telling the crowd how this man had annoyed her in the train. In the cars, close under the lamps, faces look naked, stained with faint shadows . . . THE REWARD OF BEAUTY IS LOVE AND HAPPINESS. . . . People reading their papers, leaning against each other, sway with the motion of the train rocketing on and on through the tunnels. . . . She said that twice he dropped the paper that he was carrying and she felt his hands on her legs. He had rather large, faded hands—clerk's hands, with short nails.

The crowd listened to her as she kept repeating her story, telling them that this man had annoyed her in the train. To some boys on the edge of the crowd she looked as though she were drunk, with her shrill voice and the hair over her eyes, and her wet lips. As they walked away, one of them said something about her that made the others laugh.

Presently a policeman pushed his way into the crowd.

In the street, as he was being taken to the police-station, the man began to cry. He caught hold of the sleeve of her coat and tried to stop her. He said he didn't mean any harm, and begged her to let him go. "Say, miss, it was an accident. You know I got a wife and child. I didn't mean anything by it, miss."

That morning there was a wind blowing, and big grey sheets of newspaper, heavy with mud, were dragged along the pavement against their feet.

The crowd went along with them. Some of these kept running forward and then turning back to get a better look at them, curious to see the look of stupid terror on the man's face and the tears running down over his mouth.

At the police-station he denied having touched her. He repeated

that he was married and had a child. He said that he was a clerk in a shipping office, and that he might lose his job if he missed a morning's work. "Well, you're going to miss more than one morning's work," they

told him. And afterwards, the magistrate, an elderly clean-shaven man, congratulated the girl on her courage. He told her that she had done a great service to the community in bringing this man to justice.

As she left the court two reporters walked down the street with her, asking her questions about herself. She told them her name and age and her

parents' address and the name of the firm for which she worked. One of them asked her what she was going to do now, whether she would go straight on to work. And she could not make up her mind. She did not know what she would say when she got there, and they asked her why she was late.



Drawing by Art Young

"Did you hear about Mame?"

"No. What?"

"Didn't you see it? She was shot in the Graphic!"



Drawing by Art Young

"Did you hear about Mame?"

"No. What?"

"Didn't you see it? She was shot in the Graphic!"



Drawing by L. Ribak



Drawing by L. Ribak

ALL THIS CONTINENT

By HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

ALL THIS CONTINENT

I was not born between unbridled oceans*
To dribble a rill of song in a carven ditch.
Vast and green and swift
These meadows melt and sway
Eastward and westward into majesty...
Immense America, sprawled rugged,
Yields only to her swift and careless lovers
Her perilous embrace—her heady love.
I shall inherit all this continent,
Incalculable eagerness
Bridging the huge incondite spaces;
With excellence of speed
Swift-welcoming all her mass and sentient weight.
All I shall welcome with a swift encompassing:
The incredible sublimity of these long lands
Squat under weight of sky,
The unterrified reality of the sheer rock places.
Too long you have been hidden from me,
Parcelled into east and west, north and south, plain and moun-
tain country,
Once and for all let barriers be removed.

BARRICADES

Across these city canyons
Light falls slanting
In solid timbers tumbled out of heaven
As when titanic gables fold and fall
With soundless weight.
I wonder how these busses blunder through
Such barricades of brightness.

TO MEN DIGGING FOR FOUNDATIONS

Pierce the pressed asphalt;
Gash the packed earth anywhere here;
Drive the great dumb shovel with the swinging lip
To rip and tear away this shallow rind of floor
Men hurry on—
For there is treasure here:
Brown strataed rocks
That the clang and the crush and torture of steam cannot
wake,
Shall lie in the sun....
Speak silence....
Be at peace.

OLD HOUSES

Old houses lean against the wind
And labor in the sun.
Here is the tick of life inviolate:
Beams that have held a roof a hundred years
Work as a man works
And complain at dissolution.
Disease that burns these timbers in a slow decay
Audibly breathes a living discontent.
The cool belly of the neat worm
Knows the warm anguish of a laboring rafter,
The foot of the swiftest rat the pulse of the work of the wood.
Corrosion of shadow burdens the aging joists
With the weight of the dark;
And sunlight—the day's more terrible incubus—
Hugs with close body to browning surfaces
Feeding her slow and orderly hunger there.
Old houses move and murmur against the wind
And labor in the sun.

HITCHING UP

Crisp harness clicks in the lantern-scattered grey
Of the barn lot. Hens that have dreamed incredible things
Ruffle themselves, and stretch maternal wings;
Take on themselves the dignity of day;
Deprecate folly with the brittle tongue
Of resurrected wisdom, looking askance
At solid wagon wheels that sway and dance
Merely because a smoky lantern's swung.

A cold hand justles a hame to useful place
On the mare's neck, and coming warmer away
Carries the fragrance of her strength. Hay
In stiff strings makes a coverlet of lace
Upon the wagon bed. Morning slants
Over the barn as the wheels creak and clack
Past the dim cattle feeding by the stack,
And rumors move among the cabbage plants.

WAND WILLOWS

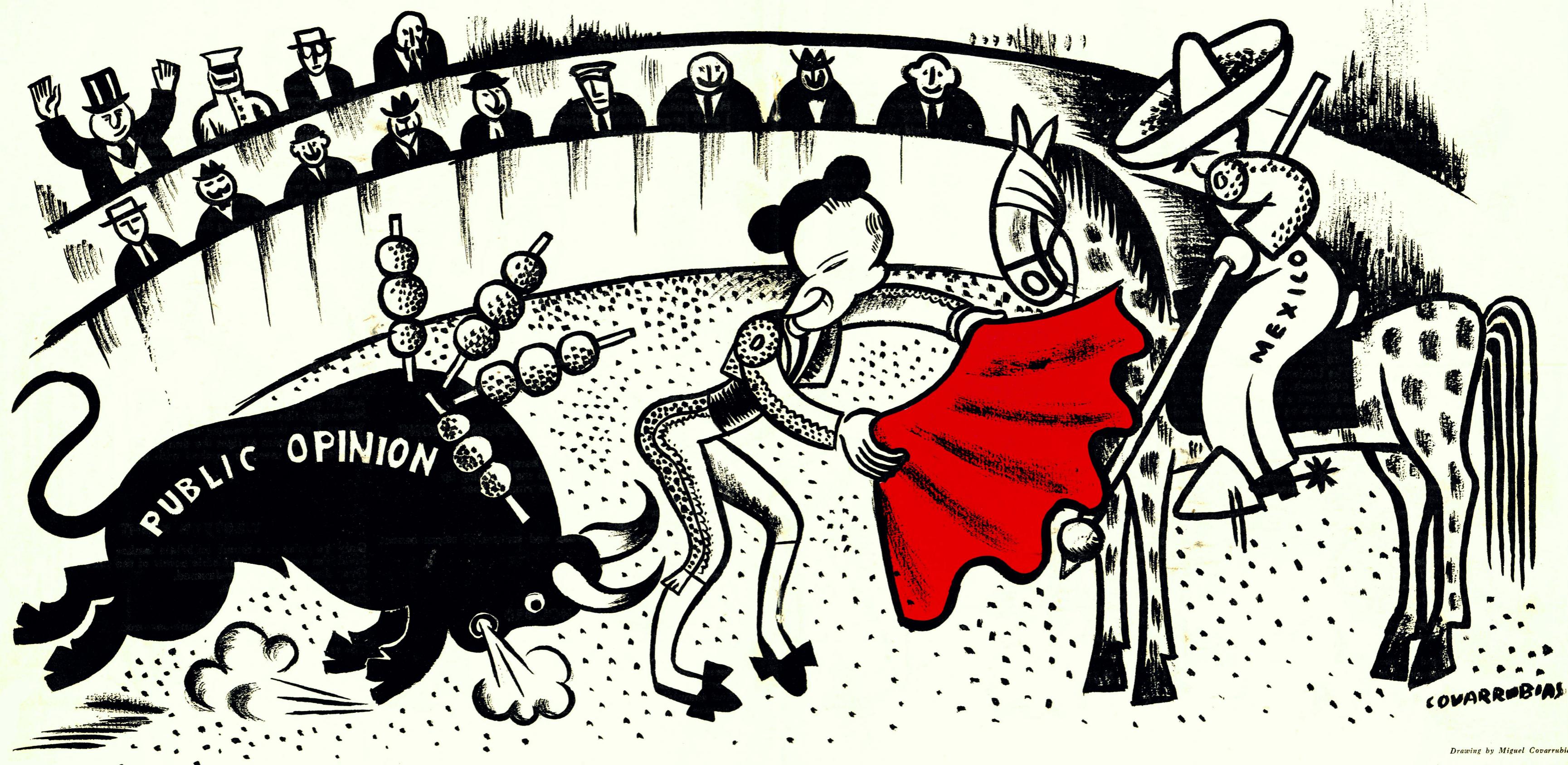
Wand willows, alders straight, by the stream—
The single arrow's dignity
Made less severe by growing in a sheaf—
Stand like a many-meaning smoke,
A moving shadow, many-tinted
From first gold to Autumnal harmonies
In tones of russet, brown, blue, red.
And if you see them from this moving train,
Not singly, like chill, lonely things,
But as I see them pressing one another
They are a dream to light the dun plain with,
The long dun meadow patched with melting snow.

WESTERN NIGHT

Only the pulse of a thumb on bridle leather
Held him secure.... Invisible points of the stars
Over dizzy peaks, snow-dimmed,
Far voices of the coyotes,
Grass whispering,
Drew all his being from him.
Only the tick of the blood, thumb-centered,
Saved him from outer hunger—
The terrible compulsion of distance.

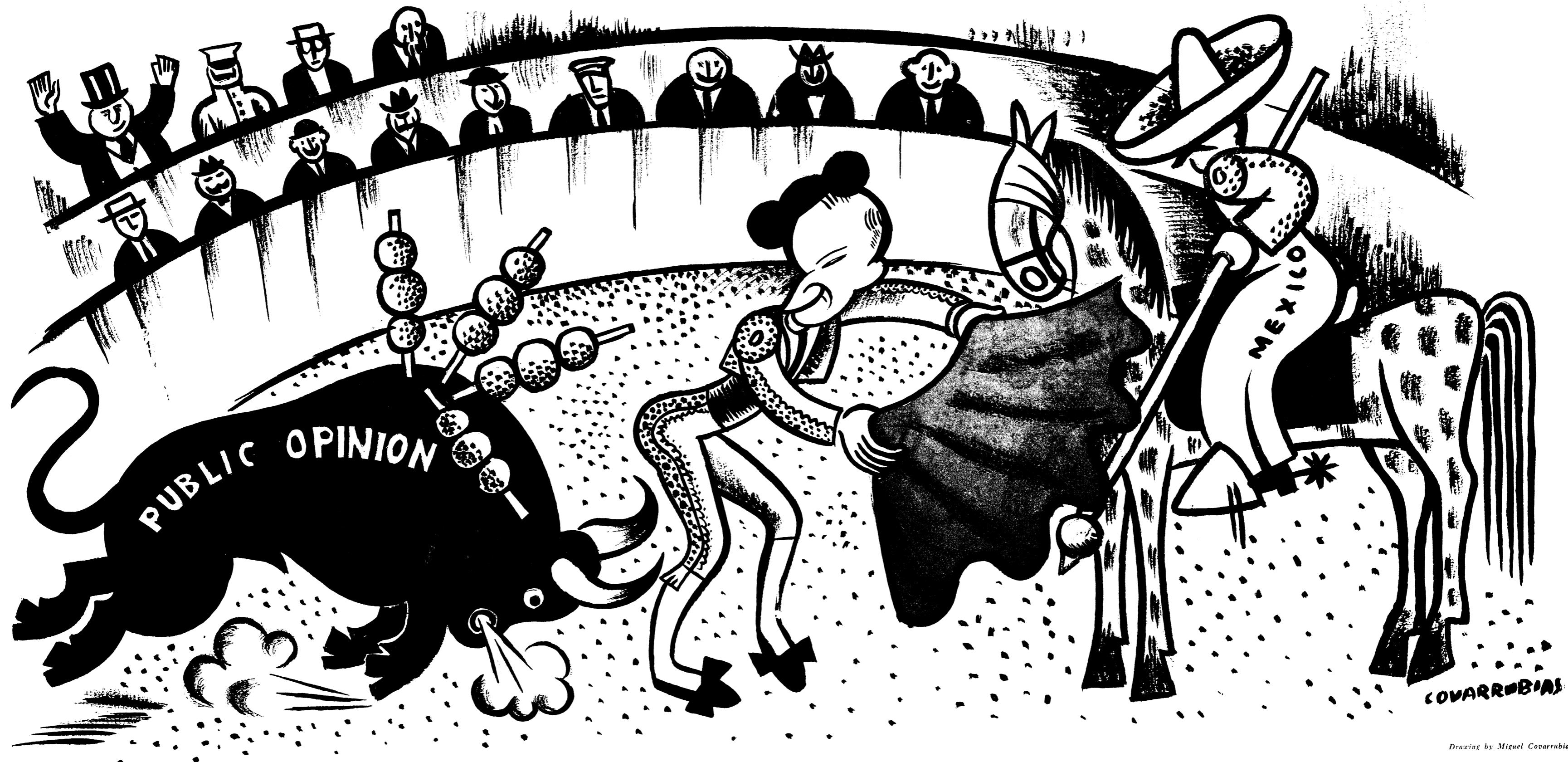
IF I WOULD GO

There is sweet water, unintendingly
Could heal me of my hurt, if I would go....
Deep in a wood
Where brown rain flickers down the the green-ribbed leaf
And pauses at a point
And falls,
There is that utter carelessness could heal me of desire...
But I shall never go—
Being so purposeful and proud,
Being so strangely careful of my pain.



Drawing by Miguel Covarrubias

THE AMATEUR



Drawing by Miguel Covarrubias

THE AMATEUR

A MEXICAN PAINTER

By XAVIER GUERRERO
Translated by Tina Modotti

CA'CANNY, opportunist and fake revolutionary art, convertible into a cheque to bearer, has nothing to do with art involved in the class war.

The plastic arts, as the noblest manifestation of man and as an intense means of expression, must be put to the service of world revolution.

The undeniable advance towards social transformation in the present century in the most developed parts of the world demands clearly of the directors of the culture of our time a system of responsible social ethics. They owe it to the youth of today to seek out and tell the truth about the bases of our social structure.

The lack of vision of those who control education, and what is worse, their deliberate "intellectual" manoeuvring to hold back advanced study, have already borne fruit in the confusion and lack of direction of the main part of the youth of the world. The future advance of society will be wrecked if responsible leaders fail to throw light on the mainsprings of human activities. Men and women, awake to their age, must set to work. Let us explain the economic bases of the world to the four winds, hold up into the light the roots of the class war between exploiting and exploited. Then and only then will we have proved that plastic art really exists as one of the important currents of human life.

Organization of the producing class against the dominant class invariably produces conflict. Out of this struggle come more or less intense rhythms of emotion, tracing out the curves of the beauty implicit in the ardor and joy of the fight, the natural results of the tussle with a mighty economic problem. Thus plastic art becomes divided into two opposed factions, passive art and active art; bourgeois art, convertible into expensive *bric a brac*, and proletarian art as a collectivist international doctrine.

Slave-owning society had its own aesthetic and plastic expressions; so did feudalism; the Renaissance remade art to suit its needs. Whether we like it or not, social-political-economic conditions have their way with the multiform activities of man's life. From the expression of the enslaved to the expensive fittings of aristocratic-bourgeois society, every human gesture must change in an age when an electric current applied to a particle of radium on a hill will light up a whole city. How much more will they change when the worn out social moulds crumble away, leaving one single class?

If we are strong we must be cogs in the advancing social machine.

Into this vast prospect art goes forward in its social function. In Mexico, four centuries ago, the whites arrived, clothed in iron and

ambition, and took from us, among other things, our cosmic paganism. Our ancient culture caved in with the disappearance of our writers, geometers, astrologers, painters and sculptors. The conquerors gave us phonetic writing instead of picture-writing. But still under all the oligarchies, wars, and political squabbles, the power to produce art has survived among our people. We still

can express the passion for beauty and rebellion; and now with a new courage that is a scorn of etiquette and of the wasted dynasties of politics and taste, we are ready to give expressive form to the class struggle.

Art today must be impersonal, a weapon fashioned and wielded by the international proletariat. It must formulate the demands of the masses. In Mexico today we can't write on the cliffs with obsidian knives nor can we carve out of basalt, but we can, after four centuries of very gradual transformation, open the throttle and drive ahead into the first rank of world events.

Instead of romantic consumptive art, steeped in the theatricalism of the intellectuals, let's have an art that is a simple day's work in defence of the exploited. The needs of the great collective masses will dictate the the forms of a simple art modelled out of the harsh stuff of life.

This is the great task.

The ocean is stormy and full of reefs. The old diploma-ed artists are raising their voices in lamentation.

But the youth of the twentieth century will pay no attention to do-tards. We will paint in the street, we will design revolutionary posters, paint signs on stores for the sake of leaving in the corner the symbol of the hammer and sickle or a single phrase of propaganda. Don't the oil companies proclaim their commercial strength in thousands of bright painted service stations? We will put up walls at crossroads to describe in painted tiles the misery of our country people, starving in a land of abundance. Don't they put up crosses and niches for saints at the same crossroads to proclaim the fanatical fetishism of the church? The villages in Mexico have their own painters; with them we will paint in fresco the struggles of workmen and peasants, so that the adobe walls of the smallest hamlets shall tell stories to the country people and the children. We will put up playgrounds and bath-houses; on their walls in clear colors we will paint simple instruction in hygiene. Since our governments have not taught the people to read type, we will give them plain visual forms to read.

Our function is to paint in union halls, in cooperatives, in workers' meeting places, always leaving the stamp of the class struggle on our work. We will fight too, to spread the proletarian press until it reaches the most inaccessible crannies of the hills, always interpreting the feelings and the daily fight of the masses until at last we shall have built an economic, political and military structure of our own that will be the scaffolding of an international proletarian art and of the classless culture of the future.

IN THE MISSTATE DEPARTMENT

The regular meeting of the Misstate Department was held in the subcellar, Secretary Nervous Nellogg in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and put in the furnace and Mr. Nellogg called for the reports of bureau chiefs.

The Undersecretary of Myths and Legends gave a good account of his work. Since the last report the bureau had issued eighty-seven phony interviews with misleading citizens, eleven tons of assorted hints and innuendoes and thirty-seven acres of low-grade fiction. He especially commended the activities of the menace divisions, both red and yellow.

The chief of the Bureau of Forgery reported splendid quantity production, but admitted that the quality was not up to standard. The Mexican documents were clumsily executed and promptly exposed. The Forgery Bureau was handicapped, he said, by a lack of experts because high class forgers could do better in private life than in government service.

Secretary Nellogg shrewdly suggested that the bureau borrow a dozen skillful artisans from the Atlanta penitentiary. "Then you can forge ahead," he added wittily.

The Undersecretary of Denials and Disclaimers complained of overwork. Bad truth leaks in Mexico, Nicaragua and Haiti had thrown a heavy burden on the bureau and the lie-passers were working in twelve hour shifts. He asked for an appropriation for a dozen good contradictaphones.

The Chief of the Bureau of Discord and Dissension (vulgarily known as the Hate Office), gave a glowing report. Thanks to Secretary Nellogg's activities, we were universally disliked in Central and South America and in all known islands, including our own. With the hearty cooperation of the Treasury Department the affections of all Europeans had been alienated in a thorough and workmanlike manner. At one time the Chinese had threatened to be friendly to us, but the prompt sending of marines had put an end to that menace. General Butler could be depended upon to suppress all outbreaks of amity. All our relations were now poor relations. Hearty applause greeted this report.

The Subsecretary of International Decency and Good Will arose and was thrown into an ashcan thoughtfully provided for that purpose and the meeting adjourned in mirth and laughter.

Howard Brubaker

THE VILLAGE IS A SHAM

STANHOPE Covici, well-known poet, spoke before the Village Society at its regular meeting last Thursday night. Mr. Covici's fame rests upon that immortal sonnet *Far-Off Beauty*, which he wrote when he was seventeen.

His lecture concerned itself with a denunciation of modern morbidity and so-called realism, which has, according to him, defiled even the fair form of poetry. Mr. Covici also gave a reading from his recent verse. His poem *Far-Away Things* received the

Society's regular monthly prize of \$10.00 in cold, hard, solid American currency.

After the speaking, Oscar Schindler, a plumber's assistant, asked for the floor, and addressed a few remarks in the following vein:

"What I would like to know is this, Mr. Stanhope: Do your views contradict or affirm the philosophy of Leibnitz? That, it seems to me, is the really vital question."

Kenneth Fearing

ECONOMICS AND EDUCATION

By V. F. CALVERTON

WHILE Veblen, Nearing and Sinclair have pointed out the influence of the vested interests upon modern educational institutions, and many others have discussed the nature of educational practice as determined by reactionary economics, the causal relationship between educational theory and economic evolution has yet to be indicated and determined. To state that educational philosophy cannot be divorced from economic circumstance is an easier task than to disentangle the ramified connections which illustrate and prove this relationship. Yet it is the important task of the radical to make this causal correlation. Unless our radical approach is to be merely an incentive for propaganda, our aim is to discover the economic origin of ideas, tracing them in their sundry forms in different social eras. This does not mean that the psychological element has played no part in their determination, but merely that whatever psychological turns or twists they have taken have been decided by the dominant tendencies of the time, in brief, that the theories of Pestalozzi, however subtle and progressive, were dictated as profoundly by the economic situation of his period as the theories of Dewey, however intricate and philosophic, have been determined by the economic life of our day. Since education has become the organized, official system for the dissemination of ideas, it is all the more exigent that we note the historical relationships that have shaped its character.

Education! *E duco* — a leading without that which is within. How often have we heard this statement and analysis! Upon a thousand platforms has it been uttered, mouthed by a million spinsters, accepted by a million pedagogues. Yet its ancient origin is seldom recognized — its scientific absurdity never. Deriving its meaning from the Latin, it has about it all the heritage of a classical conception and an antiquated science. It stood for something definite and useful in its time. It explained a process in terms of its environment. Education did mean an evocation of what was within. Education was confined to the upper classes. Only the upper classes were educable. This was not a religious belief; it was a philosophic dogma. Educational theories accepted it as an inalterable fact. Educational doctrine was worked out upon it as an established hypothesis.

In brief, education was aristocratic. No one thought the Roman peasant was educated. No one thought the Spartan helot could be taught to read or write. Vestiges of this attitude are to be discovered, for instance, in American newspapers as late as the 1830's and 40's, in which statements to the effect that the workingclass was stupid are abundant. In London, for example, not very much later, the President of the Royal Society de-

regardless of circumstances, whether he were noble, prince, knight, burgher, or serf. Education was possible only to those of the loftier stations. When theoretical systems of education were sketched, it was always with a mind to the leisured classes, the children who had the advantage of birth and environment. Heredity was a cultural dogma. It was a part of a whole social attitude, an inclusive economic philosophy.

mind of the aristocratic child. It is sensations, stimuli, education, that effect the later differences in reaction. This was a revolutionary doctrine in its time. In epistemology it was part of the same philosophic idea that motivated Locke's investigations into economics and political government. It was a defense of a new philosophy, a new psychology, a new education, a new economics — that of the bourgeoisie.

It was the rise of the bourgeoisie that gave us our modern educational conceptions. The ascendancy of the bourgeoisie meant a revolution in the entire scheme of life. It destroyed the old ideas and erected new ones. It undermined every old conception that fettered it as a class. While John Locke expressed the early forms of this revolution in England, Helvetius, D'Holbach, Rousseau, and Condorcet gave it more definite form in France. Feudalism had fettered the advance of the bourgeoisie. It had checked and stalemated individual genius. Its whole economic system had hindered the progress of the bourgeoisie. The bourgeoisie needed freedom of enterprise, competition, an open-market, an unfettered field for the exploitation of labor and the development of usury and exchange. The doctrine of birth, rank, heredity was anathema to it. In feudal drama the bourgeois had been scorned. He had not been considered the equal of the aristocrat in either intelligence or achievement. A new conception was needed. John Locke had given it its first inspiration. Helvetius and his school gave it more advanced expression.

What was revolutionary about this new conception? This: it stated that environment and education, not birth, heredity or rank, makes man what he is. "Education can do all things," wrote Helvetius with enthusiasm as intense as it was infectious. Thus the bourgeoisie, all men in fact, were potentially equal. It was only difference of circumstance and education that separated them. Helvetius' own words are illustrative:

"The principles of Locke . . . prove that education makes us whatever we are; that men are as much alike as their education is alike . . . that finally if men's minds are very different it is because education is not the same for any."

From this point of view we see the preposterous nature of the definition that education is a leading without what is within; on the contrary, for Locke, Helvetius and the modern school, extending to Freud and Watson, it is leading the with-



Drawing by Xavier Guerrero

ANTI-WAR POSTER

clared that "giving education to the laboring classes of the poor . . . would in effect be found to be prejudicial to their morals and their happiness." In simple, only those could be educated who had that something within which could be "led out." Birth alone could provide this. Aristotle did not conceive of an Athenian soldier as his possible equal. Plato's kings, who were to be philosophers, did not originate from common clay. Scotus Erigena did not think of his Catholic communicants as endowed with the capacity for great intelligence. Feudalism, for instance, was static in its character. Life was parcelled out almost according to stations. One remained in his station,

The idea that education is more than a leading out of what is within does not develop until new economic conditions determine new educational theories. With John Locke in 1690, the doctrine of innate ideas is annihilated. The concept of innate ideas had been a valuable support to the philosophic and economic paraphernalia of feudalism. With Locke, however, the mind becomes a different substance. The mind at birth is like a piece of unwrinkled wax that needs experience to give it associations and material. All children thus have the same minds at birth. Each of their minds needs experience to give it meaning and power. The mind of the bourgeois child is the same as the



Drawing by Xavier Guerrero

ANTI-WAR POSTER



Drawing by Xavier Guerrero

ANTI-WAR POSTER



Drawing by Otto Soglow

WHEN BEER WAS LAWFUL INSTEAD OF AWFUL

out within. It is with the rise of the bourgeoisie in England and France, and later in the rest of the western world, and the development of a new ideology, that the modern democratic theory of education, expressing itself early in the writings of Locke and Helvetius, was born. The Declaration of Independence in its famous statement, "All men are created free and equal," expressed this attitude and this movement. This revolutionary equalization of capacity was necessary to the rising bourgeoisie. It was their revolutionary manifesto in terms of human rights and liberties.

With the ascendancy of the bourgeoisie the situation has changed. Its own rule of power has deadened its early revolutionary ardor. Its democratic conceptions have become mere formulae eschewed in practice. Its own schools have come to repudiate its young faiths. As early as the 1830's and 40's, as we showed in a previous paragraph, in its first struggles with the proletariat, the bourgeoisie had begun to develop its defense—metaphysic. With MacDougall we find that money becomes a mark of merit and intelligence. With our eugenists economic achievement in our capitalist world becomes a mark of favorable germ-plasm, a sign of felicitous flirtation among the chromosomes. With Terman, the

I. Q. (intelligence quotient) becomes an index to native capacity. With Thorndike intelligence tests will be able to grade and inexorably locate human capacity from the height of an Aristotle to the depths of an imbecile. In short, we have rapidly returned to the old ideas that the revolutionary bourgeoisie once devoted voted their energy to exterminate.

Humanizing Education by Samuel Schmalhausen is an important book because it is in strong and fearless fight against these reactionary tendencies which have become our late heritage in the educational world. *Humanizing Education* is a brave book because it is doubtless in its denun-

ciations of these pedagogue-mongers who have developed into a national infection. Schmalhausen has exposed the teaching-profession to a microscopical dissection. He has disrobed it of the veil of hypocrisy with which it has been able to hide the discrepancy between its ideals and practice. A large section of his study is devoted to a diagnosis of capitalist influence upon educational institutionalism.

"The great war has revealed our educational system as a vast Prussianized enterprise, quantitatively moribund. That liberating freedom of thought which Bertrand Russell celebrates as the supreme

merit of education . . . is as alien to the conception of our reigning school-men as is intellectual honesty to the traditional diplomatist."

There is no worship of precedent, no adoration of tradition, with Schmalhausen. He makes no obeisance to the forefathers of educational theory. His treatment of Aristotle is characteristic:

"That profoundest of all caste-tainted thinkers, Aristotle, never conceived the possibility of a slaveless, not to mention a universally cultured, society!"

Schmalhausen has not written a simple, obvious book. He has not been interested in the mere mechanics of trustee-influence, the technical details of corrupt administration. *Humanizing Education* is a subtle analysis of contemporary habits and tendencies in education; it does not sacrifice intelligence for a phrase or oversimplify facts to fit a theorem. That it is diffuse in places, rambling at moments, and at times succumbs to the artifice of the pyrotechnical—these defects are of little importance in comparison with its social significance in our struggle for an emancipated education.

It is a challenge, a critical challenge, that *Humanizing Education*, deserves widespread attention and praise.

PETER PUTTER

They called him Peter Putter from the way
He had of doing nothing with the air
Of straightening up the universe. Somewhere
In youth a fortune fell on him. They say
His house with forty rooms above the bay,
"Built upon slipping sand," was the despair
And byword of the villagers. And there
Cleveland once stopped to pass the time of day.
Now Peter trims and tamps and mends the stairs
And pulls the burdock from his weedy lawn;
Content to come where any hole has gone;
Holding off time with pruning-shears and prayers.
And while he struggles with his small repairs
The large decays eat unconcernedly on.

Louis Untermeyer



WHEN BEER WAS LAWFUL INSTEAD OF AWFUL

Drawing by Otto Soglow



WHEN BEER WAS LAWFUL INSTEAD OF AWFUL

SEVEN P. M.

Chimes triumphant. Seven o'clock. No traffic. No blasting. No religious meetings. No competition. The hordes are safely stowed. Big business is gassing and being gassed in sound-proof hotels at sense-proof business dinners. Little business in shirt-sleeves is going over thumb-worn ledgers—another coat, another dress, another radio, another dollar and a half. Next year, with God's help and no strikes, maybe we will show a profit. *Metropolitan über alles!* Chimes of hallelujah!

They ring for me only—no, that cop hears them too. Five more hours before he can take the shoes off his hot feet. New York's finest.

Even if I had a job I wouldn't be working now. Not seven o'clock. I'd be eating. *Eating.* Shoving food through my teeth, and holding it in with my lips and the help of a finger. I wish Einstein could do something with Time. I have lots of Time. If we could only eat it, I would never be hungry. And if it were soft like oatmeal, I could eat it without bleeding gums. Why can't we work out a system? *TIME (Any Style) TWO BITS.* If you can't pay you deduct that much from your length of life. The more you eat, the less you live!

—Lovely evening—I guess I'll walk up Fifth Avenue and look in the windows.

Traffic lights. A tandem of reds—a row of greens. When the revolution comes, the green lights will be smashed and the reds will glare victory. And automobiles will be eternally doomed to an east and west movement. River to river! The only solution of the traffic problem. Whaddaya staring at, lady? My rubbers on a fine, dry evening like this?

If you saw my shoes, you wouldn't blame me for putting rubbers over them.

Red light—*squeak!* Green light—*squeak!* Always something squeaking. Always something getting stepped on—there's a pair of legs I wouldn't mind having stuck into my ribs. Firm, fresh, warm. The kind that are made to be looked at, and are getting looked at plenty this minute.

One, two. One, two.

The hell with the traffic lights.

One, two.

Where are you going, pretty legs? I'm in step behind you.

One, two. One, two.

All the world's a duet.

One, two.

Please, mister, can you spare a nickel for a cup—. God, he didn't have to look at me like the Y. M. C. A.! Why couldn't he just say he spent his last bob getting his collar starched.

One, two. One—

Where have you gone, my glory

of legs? Where are you hiding? Legs that carried a body that carried a head with two eyes—cock-eyes, cross-eyes, wall-eyes, strabismus. It would be just like everything else, that at each bedtime she looks at her beautiful legs and sighs because her eyes don't match like her legs.

The Union League Club. Government buildings should have signs on them. Better walk fast. They may think that bulge in my pocket is a bomb. Then they'll find the napkin I am using for a handkerchief, and lock me up anyway for stealing.

Vermilion. Ermine. Women are—ermine with leopard's spots combed out long and silken. So you want to run your hand over them. Fetching—invite the hand and then bite it. Sometimes swallow it whole, and get very sick—from overfeeding. Pity the poor things! Spill tears!

Christ, what a face! Better cross the street and get nearer the moon that's rising from Tenth Avenue. Stay there, though your innards boil! You slaves to an electric light. It's red—and translated means my thumb at my nose and my fingers up. Now watch me cross with my chin tipped to that shivering star. That light isn't red for nothing.

There they are!

One, two. One, two.

Found again.

One, two.

My long lost limbo of legs. I'll follow you to hell and to heaven.

One, two. One—

But not up the Library steps. Christ, no! Good old rubbers, turn

away. Those legs have got a date in the Library; or else they're smart—a damn sight worse.

Please, mister, can you spare—

Oh, well — *Albert Margolis*

TEN YEARS AFTER

I AM a German student spending my first year in graduate work at an old and famous American university. I had heard that a well known modernist was to deliver a sermon in the small college chapel one Sunday and went to hear him and to see the chapel which I had not previously entered.

I looked down from my seat in the balcony upon a mass of extravagantly clothed townspeople and a few proper students.

The choir had sung beautifully something of Handel's, and I had listened enraptured. The litany was in progress, and the deep male voices chanted periodically. "Oh Lord, have mercy upon us and help us to keep this thy law in our hearts." Idly my glance was wandering from one face to another in the congregation below. Then I saw him again! An emotional flood of hatred and loathing, of despair and bitter scorn suddenly engulfed me. And my mind, swept from its mooring in the present, was carried back to that scene of horror I shall never forget.

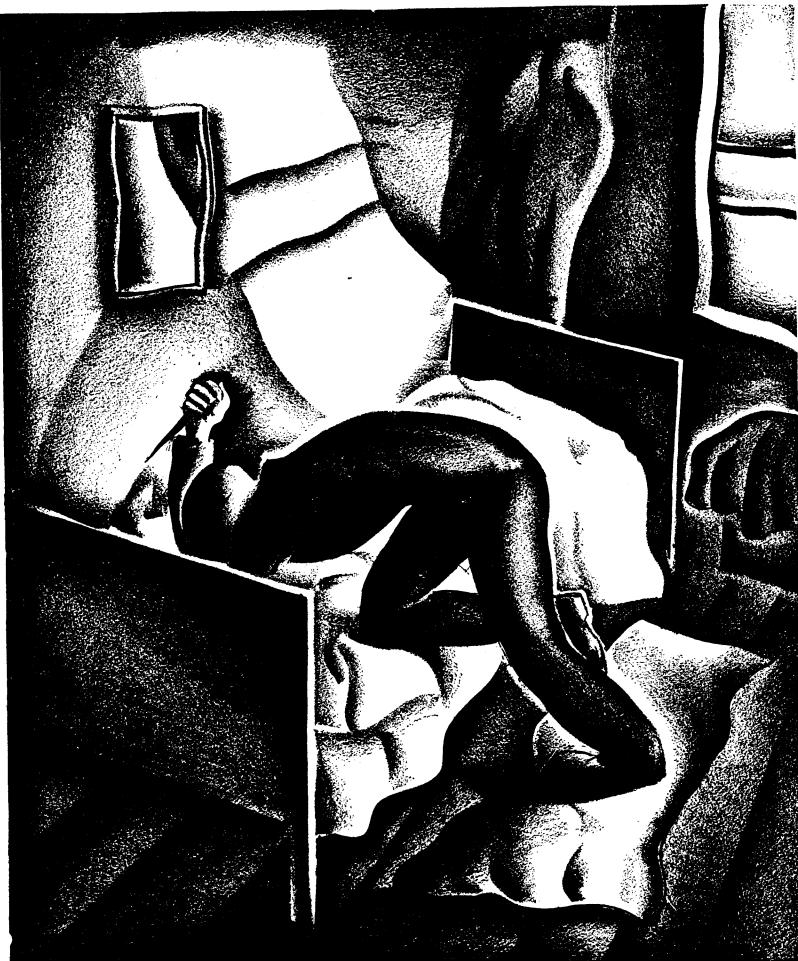
In wave after wave intermittently

looming out of the cold misty dawn the grimly ferocious "Yanks" attacked my sector that morning. We had stood all night in the trenches under incessant artillery fire. Our stamina, our morale, was gone. A fragment of shrapnel had struck me, and I lay in the mud at the bottom of the trench when they finally reached us. Hugo Geerts was bending over me when the first American appeared round the angle of the trench and came for him with his naked bayonet. Hugo fell so that he lay half beside me in the narrow trench. I felt his body quiver spasmodically against mine and I raised my head in a vain effort to help him. Barely twelve inches from my face I saw the muzzle of the American's rifle pressed tight against Hugo's abdomen. As I stared, transfixed by horror, a hulking, hobnailed boot was planted next the muzzle and inch after inch, the bloody steel silently slid forth from the body. The pressure of the boot forced portions of the large intestine out through the slit. I could see them well up beneath his clothing. And as I lay there the fetid odor of human excrement slowly permeated the air.

There before me was the face that had last appeared to me behind that naked bayonet. Bitterly stirred I tried to stare at anything rather than that face. By chance my eye was caught by a bit of color in the back of the chapel, some standard hanging there. Unconsciously I read the lettering upon it. I cannot remember the words; only that it was a service flag. But the number burned itself upon my memory. Eleven hundred and eighty-seven! My head reeled. In kaleidoscopic fashion visions of eleven hundred and eighty-seven bayonets thrusting, turning and twisting in eleven hundred and eighty-seven human abdomens passed thru my chaotic mind. And a hulking, hobnailed boot crunched softly into each body as rod after rod of crimsoned steel slid forth in sickening silence. And it seemed as though the air became unbearably permeated with the fetid odor of human excrement exuded through eleven hundred and eighty-seven ghastly slits.

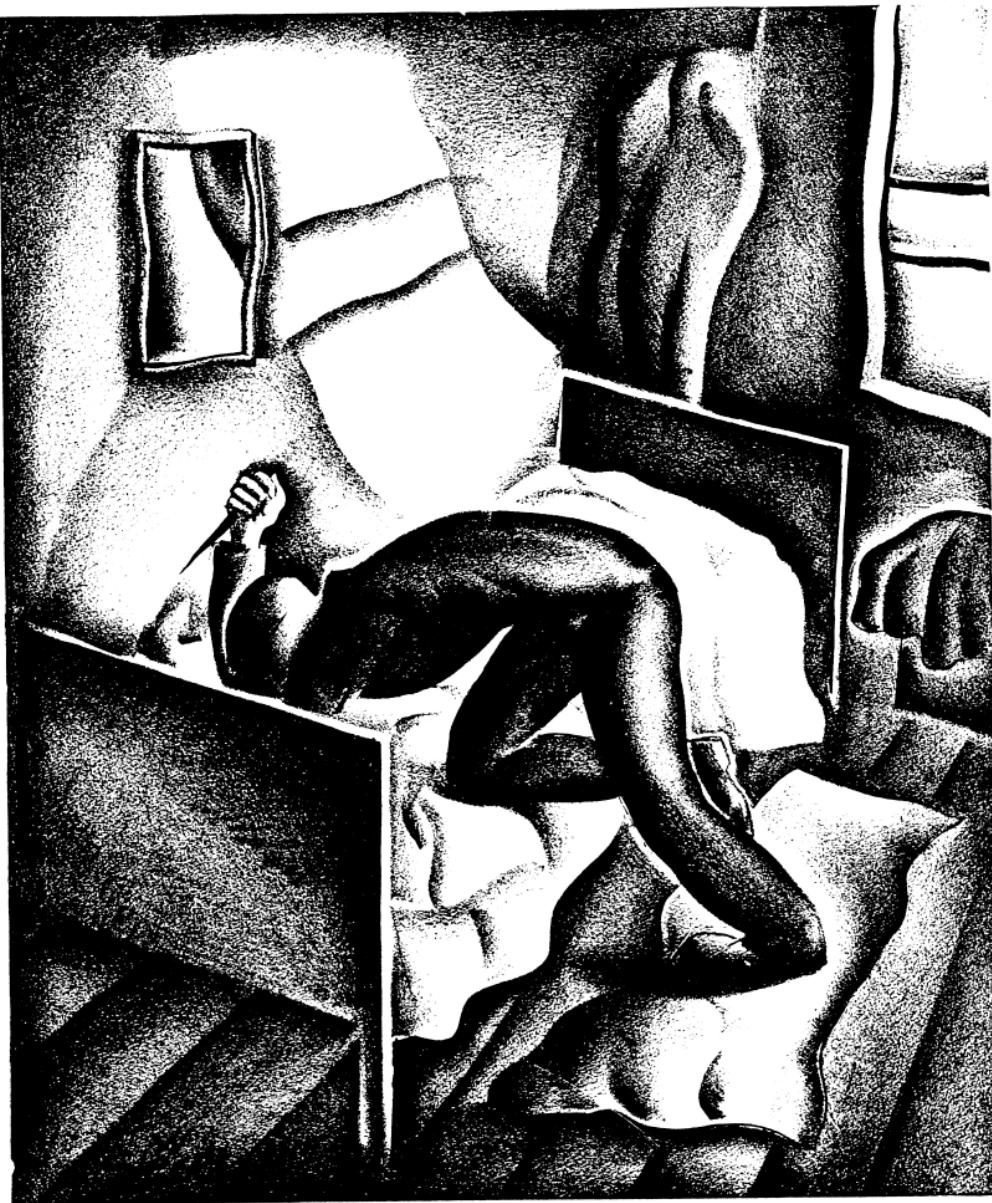
When I again became attentive to the services, the minister had just read the words, "Thou shalt not kill," and the choir of serious-faced students was chanting, very beautifully, the words, "Oh Lord, have mercy upon us and help us to keep this thy law in our hearts."

Burnham Beckwith.



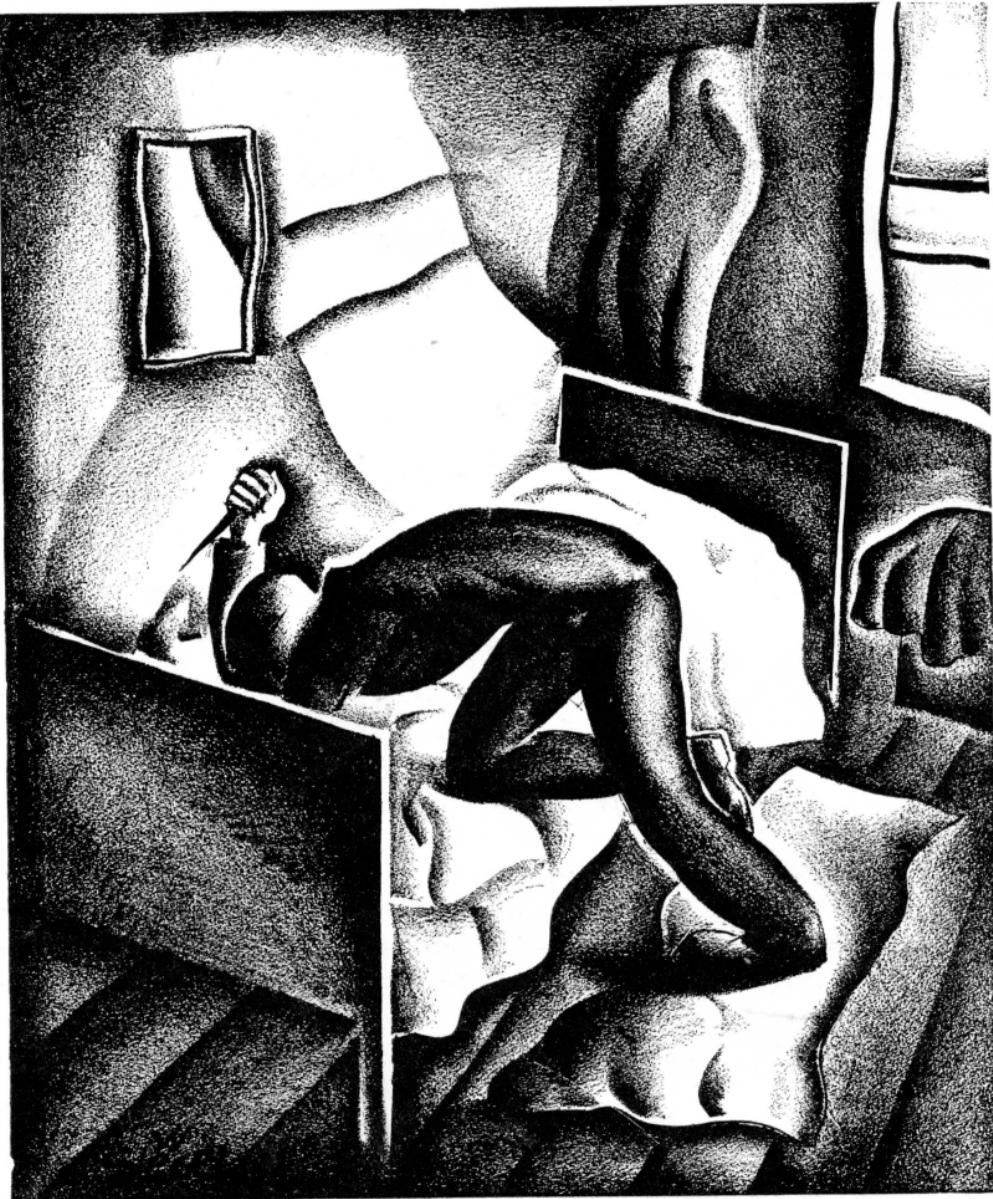
Drawing by William Siegel

DR. CALIGARI'S COCKROACH



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HEADS OR TAILS?

"We will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer!" was the clarion note sounded by General John L. Lewis, the high-salaried strategist of the embattled miners. "I regret," he said, "that I have only one Union to sacrifice to my country!"



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THE CLASS WAR IS STILL ON

April Fool's Day

On April 1st the operators in the bituminous coal fields fired the opening guns in the battle to exterminate the United Mine Workers of America. With the expiration of the Jacksonville wage scale agreement the operators announced a wage cut of \$2 a day, and 150,000 men laid down their tools. The area affected is the central competitive field, embracing western Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio and Indiana. Unfortunately, the short-sighted leadership of John L. Lewis leaves the striking miners in a precarious tactical position. Instead of insisting on a united front, and making a determined drive to unionize the non-union districts in West Virginia and Kentucky, Lewis has terribly weakened his case by authorizing "district agreements." As a result 400,000 miners are still at work. In addition there is enough coal above ground to meet the needs of industry well through the summer. Unionism in the coal mines looks pretty gloomy. If the United Mine Workers are defeated, a nation-wide offensive against other unions will undoubtedly be launched by the big industrial monopolies. American labor, under its present listless leadership, faces some serious setbacks.

In Massachusetts

"I am ready to meet my maker this minute!" said Judge Webster Thayer to his friends after sentencing Sacco and Vanzetti to the electric chair. His New England conscience, it seems, rests easy. "Under the law of Massachusetts, the jury says whether a defendant is guilty or innocent. The court has absolutely nothing to do with the question . . . There is only one thing which this court can do . . ." He did. Cold, unrelenting, untroubled by the accusation that he had spoken in terms of hatred against the accused to friends in the University Club in Boston, in the Golf Club in Worcester, he pronounced sentence.

The United States Department of State immediately cabled the news to our embassies and consulates in all parts of the world. Police guards were posted about the American embassies in London, Paris, Geneva, and other radical centers, to guard against demonstrations of sympathy for the condemned. A strike in Buenos Aires was intensified by Judge Thayer's action. The labor organs of five continents forgot their factional differences, to cry out their indignation. Left-wingers and right-wingers cheered the same speakers in giant mass-meetings, in New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Judge Thayer has unwittingly done invaluable service for the cause of international labor solidarity.



Drawing by Art Young

THE COMPANY UNION CROSS

Laborer: "When I set this thing up, I didn't reckon on being crucified."

The Milkmen's Union has been convicted of violating one of the labor injunctions for which Massachusetts is famous and ordered to pay damages of \$60,000 to their employers. The new case recalls the similar case of the Danbury Hatters' Union, when many of the workers were forced to mortgage their homes or sell their property to pay the damages awarded to their employers by the court.

In Hungary

FIFTY Communists are on trial for agitation. If found guilty they will face the firing squad. After the arrest of eighty Labor Party officials accused of organizing a mass demonstration for March 21, the anniversary of the Hungarian Soviet, there was a bestial orgy of torture and murders in the prisons. A few are recorded:

Franz Mozsy, a young worker from Kaposvar was shot from behind by the detectives escorting him "whilst attempting to escape." He is dead. Under the pretence of accompanying him to the lavatory the detectives shot him down in the corridor of the train.

The prisoners in the buildings of the Budapest police headquarters are being subjected to fearful tortures.

Alexander Szerenyi was tortured with a pair of pincers, both nostrils being torn away from the flesh of the face.

Franz Normai was stripped and thrashed with a whip. During the

torture the detectives tried to force him to tell them the whereabouts of certain alleged dollars.

Elizabeth Bruck, a 19-year old girl, was stripped naked and the examining detectives were only prevented from violating her by a timely interruption. Finally the unfortunate girl was "only" thrashed with a whip.

A young worker named Rubin, twenty years old, was so mishandled that both arms were broken. His whole body is covered with burns.

Johann Kocsis, an invalid land-worker, who lost a leg fighting for the Hungarian Soviet Republic was arrested, forced to unscrew his artificial limb and to hop about on one leg. When he was so exhausted that he could jump no longer he was beaten with the artificial limb.

The hair of a young 19-year old worker named Bittitz was torn out and he was compelled to swallow it. When he fainted, cold water was flung over him and his body burnt with a red hot iron.

In Rumania

In Queen Marie's country the Unitary Labor convention representing 20,000 workers was prohibited and its leaders were arrested. Permission for the convention had been obtained from the Ministers of the Interior and of Labor, as well as from the Sigourantza (secret police). The government had not permitted any convention of the Unitary Labor organization since 1923 on account of its affiliation with the Red Trade

Union International, but believing that its persecution of radical elements had left the moderates in control, it allowed the convention. It changed its mind, however, and reversed its decision at the last moment.

Marcel Cachin, member of the French Chamber of Deputies, went to testify in favor of Boris Stefanov, accused radical leader, but was arrested at the frontier. Cachin is a Communist.

In Bulgaria

The radical press in Europe is flooded with appeals and cries for help from victims of the white terror of the Liaptcheff and Zankoff governments. One of these is signed by 88 wives of murdered and "disappeared" workers of Sofia, and states that in that city alone the number of those who have "disappeared leaving no trace" is more than 300.

A general hunger strike has broken out in all the 22 district prisons of Bulgaria, where over 2,000 political prisoners are herded together sometimes 20 to 30 in a cell. Some are in flooded disease-breeding cellars. Men are tortured and maimed by guards and women beaten senseless and violated. The hunger strike was called for complete amnesty, discussion of the Amnesty Bill introduced in Parliament and reform of the unbearable prison regime. Even criminal prisoners joined out of sympathy, though they fare better.

A paper publishing these demands was suppressed and everyone connected with it was arrested.

In France

Ten thousand workers protested against violations of the eight-hour law. *L'Humanité* published a list of establishments with working days from nine to twelve hours, while official reports showed nearly 100,000 applications for work turned down in a week.

In a speech before the Chamber the day of adjournment it was brought out that unemployed men are denied relief for dependent women *compagnes* or illegitimate children.

In Italy

Metal workers' meetings have been suspended in Turin as a result of a meeting at which cries of "You have sold out to the employers!" "Murderers of Matteotti!" and "Long live the class organization!" drowned out the speeches of the Fascist labor leaders. Wage agreements won by the metal workers in 1919 had been annulled by the Fascist leaders, after, however, 10,000 workers had been laid off.

Fascization of the press continues. Papers are now divided into two categories: those recognized by the Fas-



Drawing by Art Young

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cist Party and those not recognized. Those that are recognized carry the Fascist symbol, and employ only Fascists. Those not recognized may employ, in addition to Fascists, some journalists who are not members of the Fascist Party but are acceptable to it.

The army of unemployed is steadily increasing. Official figures put it at about 200,000. But in statistics, too, the process of Fascization must be taken into account.

Mass trials and imprisonment of workers continue. 168 years of prison and 28,500 lire in fines, have been distributed among 41 Communists by the military court for no greater crime than distribution of leaflets. Opposition parties have been broken up and leaders of all groups except Communists have fled to other lands. Since the Communist Party has been dissolved and any Communist activity made a criminal offense, the clandestine party press is publishing a larger issue than before its suppression.

In Spain

El Sol, conservative Madrid daily, estimates half a million unemployed in Spain, and states that the situation is so acute in the mining district of Cartagena that workers have been living for weeks on herbs gathered from the mountains.

New York *Times* report: "Only the strictest censorship of the press can save humanity from a threatening cataclysm," Premier Primo de Rivera declared in defense of his proposals to tighten the censorship in Spain.

In Germany

While France and Great Britain are favorably considering ratification of the eight-hour day agreement, and Belgium has already ratified it, the German Government issues a working hours bill which confirms the ten-hour day under collective agreements, and an even longer working day when needed "for the sake of the common weal."

In Chile

Bolshevania has broken out in this country, too. Premier Ibanez has banished 200 Communists to Masa-fuera, a rocky island far out in the Pacific Ocean. But not only Communists have suffered. Radical sympathizers and government opponents have met a similar fate. Among the deportees are a nephew of the president, a former premier, a former president of the Chamber of Deputies, a radical deputy, and the presiding judge of the Court of Appeals.

In China

The New York *Times* has fired Thomas F. Millard, who told the truth about China, and hired Frederick Moore who has lied day after day with magnificent consistency, but a change in correspondents has not made any change in the truth.

In Denmark

One little item in the *American-Scandinavian Review* for April is worth reprinting:

principle of international right and is contrary to fundamental humanity."

Armaments

French Chamber of Deputies confers power on the Government to draft all men, women and children for the next war.

Plans are under way in Belgium for a complete mobilization in case of war.

Eighty thousand more Italian boys

Censorship

In the United States, plays are taken off and newsstands raided. Uncle Sam also protects the morals of the Porto Ricans: A Madrid editor fills an order from Porto Rico for a group of well-known books. He is informed that they have been confiscated on the grounds that "they contain obscene matter calculated to arouse uncontrolled carnal appetites." One was by Dr. Gustavo Bittaluga,



Drawing by I. Klein

BALLET MECHANIQUE

"This Antheil is a genius. Since introducing his theory of orchestration into the boiler factory, our profits have almost doubled."

"The economic condition of many of the farmers is such that they would have been almost compelled to let go their properties except for outside aid, and German money interests have been quick to take advantage of this situation and buy up land wherever possible. . . Some of the loans carry the stipulation that the Danish flag must not be hoisted on properties where loans have been granted."

In Nicaragua

The following message, with an appeal for relief, was sent to the Red Cross throughout the world by Pedro Zepeda, Nicaraguan Liberal Minister to Mexico:

"Admiral Latimer's blockade, preventing food and medical attention from reaching the wounded, thus causing their death, violates every

have been inducted into the Fascist militia. They are taught that "Mussolini is always right," and told to "remember that the Fascist, especially the militiaman, must not believe in perpetual peace."

Great Britain tries to increase her navy by asking Parliament to establish a separate navy for India. Just how much say India would have about an Indian navy, can be judged by the following facts:

When Indian troops were sent to China a motion was brought up in the Legislative Assembly to discuss the matter. After an objection by the British Government representative had been overruled, and the discussion was to take place that afternoon, a wire was received from the Viceroy prohibiting any discussion of the subject.

entitled *The Intuition of Truth and other Essays*. Another was a translation of Henri Barbusse's book *Splendor in the Abyss*. Several were classic works of Pio Baroja.

The morals of the natives of New Guinea are well guarded by their white Australian rulers. Many native dances have been prohibited, and native wood carvings, obscene in the eyes of the Australian officials, have been confiscated—perhaps to hang on the walls of buildings in the white settlement. The slavery of native women goes on unchecked.

Mary Reed

What Have You Done for Sacco and Vanzetti?

Send a letter or telegram to Governor Alvin T. Fuller, State House, Boston, Mass., demanding the unconditional release of these two innocent men. Do it today!



Drawing by I. Klein

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BALLET MECHANIQUE

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BLIND STAGGERS

By LEWIS MUMFORD

THE great German *Ufa* got the notion of putting one of Mr. H. G. Wells' nightmares about the future into a movie. It was a good notion. *When the Sleeper Awakes* and the *Time Machine* are both imaginative warnings of what is likely to happen if all our resources in technology are perfected without altering the relation of the workers to the machine and its products. In the *Time Machine*, the workers, who are called Morlocks, have become white moles, living entirely underground; while the possessing classes have become aesthetic zanies, without heart, liver, or lights. Even today, that prophecy of Wells doesn't seem very comfortably distant. Mr. Harvey Corbett, in one of his gayer moments, has conceived a windowless, skyscraper working-city, about which would be the terraced gardens of the well-to-do; and when one thinks of the large number of people other than miners who know about sunlight and clouds and the ripple of wind on water chiefly through the movies, who, for all practical purposes, *do* live underground, it is plain that Mr. Wells provided the movie producer with a theme for powerful description and terrible satire.

Metropolis is a movie that not merely falls short of Wells' nightmare; it falls horribly short of the everyday experience of a Bronx pants presser. The *Ufa* magnates took Wells' city of the future; added the usual pasty-faced hero and the usual doll-eyed heroine; made the mastermind of the world look a little like the great collector and builder of antiques who put Detroit and Dearborn on the map; and cooked up a harum scarum plot in which the workers of the Metropolis, led on by doll-eyes and pasty-face, revolt against John Masterman, stop the works, wreck the machines, and almost drown their own children in the underground city beneath Metropolis, only to be reconciled, through pasty-face and doll-eyes—who have saved their children—in a final scene where capital and labor, hand and brain, shake hands! A great many people who admit that the end is nauseating nevertheless think that *Metropolis* is a powerful indictment of our capitalistic and mechanistic society. As a matter of fact, *Metropolis* is nothing of the kind; it is an elaborate attempt to fire blank cartridges at a straw dummy; and it lacks both life and logic.

Nobody can draw a really powerful picture of the Machine Age who hasn't a strict sense of logic, and who is not capable of following the premises to their conclusion. Walter Rathenau had this sense; and the pic-

ture that he gives in *The New Society* of a proletarian future which has appropriated for the working class all the vices and stupidities and organized apathies of the present age is worth pondering. Karel Capek almost showed a similar unflinching logic in *R. U. R.*; but he slobbered into a happy ending. *Metropolis* is as innocent of this logic as a Hollywood flapper. It attempts to show the brutality of machinery; and the principle mechanism of the set is a gang of steam whistles! It attempts to show the slavery of labor; and it shows an absurd dream-machine at which a poor proletarian with a vast expenditure of labor establishes an electrical connection by a powerful manipulation of a giant clock-hand! When the worker, exhausted, fails to keep up at his task, the works blow up and men are scalded by the

steam—which, to tell the brutal truth, is what used to happen seventy-five years ago on Mississippi steamboats before the safety-valve was invented. It attempts to picture a modern mechanical genius, who has perfected a robot that will simulate every part of a human being but his heart—and the man is presented as a medieval wizard, living in a two-story hut, in the midst of the mechanized metropolis. As for the workers, they live a hard life; but they are pretty brawny fellows for all that; and, marvellous to tell, they walk to and from their labors through rough catacombs like those that harbored the Christians in Imperial Rome. The result of this drunken medley is absurd; and with all its clang and roaring and tooting of steam whistles, with all its revolutionary passwords and its mob-assaults, it carries no conviction. If the producer had scrambled *When the Sleeper Awakes* and *Erewhon* and the *Time Machine* and *R. U. R.* and *Dr. Transit* with a mechanical

egg-beater he would have effected a better result.

The fact is that the Machine Age is not inhuman because of the amount of physical labor it exacts; it is not most dangerous when it tries to brutalize and terrorize the worker as it does in the coal towns and mining fields; it is not tyrannical because a single person threatens to get all the power in his hands. What is dangerous is just the opposite of all this: the fact that the greater part of the labor exacted in a Ford plant could be performed by a healthy imbecile; the fact that by care for their health and by a nice adjustment of wages to prices and by organized luxury campaigns which tether the worker to vacuum cleaners and elaborate radio sets and snobberies of one sort or another, he can be kept docile and contented with a servile status, quite unable to shake off the chains on his manhood because he has literally been "sold" on all the pleasures that the chains bring him. Similarly, in the distribution of power, it is not personal autocracy so much as anonymity that is dangerous; in every large organization the equipment for passing the buck is polished and inspected every day.

The grotesque machinery of *Metropolis* might terrify a sensitive child; but an imaginative picture of the endless belt of a Ford plant, with each worker performing in blank repetition a single motion would be much more convincing to a grown-up mind. I have been in underground chambers like those shown in *Metropolis*; and I know that they do not seem nearly as desolate and inhuman as a deserted subway station, stretching out in endless vistas of mechanical precision. The workers in *Metropolis* scramble in loose disorder down to their city; but the real workers on Fifth Avenue stop and start at crossings like automats and at noon hour in the crowded section are almost in lock step. The work at the clock switch in *Metropolis* is a mild picture of brutality alongside an actual rush hour subway crush. With a little of the logic of reality, *Metropolis* might have been a staggering picture; for it could have showed where, but for the intervention of humane purposes and intelligent designs, our machine civilization is going. As developed, *Metropolis* is a sentimental mess; it is staggering; yes, but it has the blind staggers; and they lead to nothing but the sentimental repentance (capital and labor shaking hands!) of the morning after.



Drawing by William Gropper

"Vot's diss? A new fella every day? For vy don't you stick to Louie.

He iss got a Buick."

"Vell, is it my fault if I got sex appeal?"

**What Have You Done
for Sacco and Vanzetti?**

See page 24 of this issue.



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He iss got a Buick."

"Vell, is it my fault if I got sex appeal?"

THE REVOLT OF JUDGE LINDSEY

By FLOYD DELL

The Revolt of Modern Youth, by Judge Ben B. Lindsey and Wainwright Evans. Boni and Liveright. \$3.00.

Companionate Marriage by Judge Ben B. Lindsey. (Pamphlet published by Judge Lindsey.)

JUDGE LINDSEY seems to believe that it is natural and nice for girls to have babies. He finds that they quite generally do have them, and he doesn't think it a bit obscene of them. In this he is at variance with tradition, which regards the exercise of this biological function of theirs as praiseworthy or shameful, according to whether they have or have not first gone through a marriage ceremony with the baby's father. But not every girl is so lucky as to be able to make these preliminary ceremonial arrangements; sometimes the baby's father runs away, or he may be married already. Judge Lindsey doesn't seem to think that that makes the girl "bad." Of course, she can get an abortion; but Judge Lindsey thinks that babies are better for girls than abortions . . . When such a girl came to his office, he tried to persuade her to have the baby instead of the abortion. Moreover, he had managed to get some laws passed in Colorado so that she got the help she needed. And when she was in the hospital, he would come and bring her flowers and congratulate her—just as all her relatives and friends would have done if she had been so lucky as to have a husband.

So naturally, the Ku Klux Klan got after Judge Lindsey. The Ku Klux Klan is all for traditional morality enforced with shotguns. The New York mother who killed her daughter with a shotgun because she had brought disgrace upon the family by having a baby without being married was acting in the spirit of the Ku Klux Klan. However, if this method were to be applied to the solution of the problem, one out of every 159 unmarried women of child-bearing age would have to be shot every year in the United States, and these executions, if spaced out evenly, would occur once every eight minutes and eighteen seconds of every day and night, year in and year out, according to the illegitimacy statistics furnished by the United States government. . . So perhaps there is something to be said in favor of Judge Lindsey's unconventional way of handling the problem.

Perhaps there is something to be said for Judge Lindsey's unconventional way of looking at the immoral behavior of folks in general and of the much-talked-of younger generation in particular. The conventional

way is to denounce it, and to recommend Bible study, spanking, censorship of books and plays, sumptuary laws against dancing and short skirts, chaperonage, the re-election of Calvin Coolidge, the hanging of radicals, and a larger army and navy. The unconventional way of Judge Lindsey is to observe the facts and discuss them intelligently. His book *The Revolt of Modern Youth* is the only printed document thus far in existence which tells candidly not only what these immoral young people are actually doing, but what they themselves say in defense of their actions. The ordinary denouncers of youth

observations of how it works out; and another is that some of the most spirited and intelligent of these young people deliberately go in for "trial marriage" without any legal formalities. It is interesting to note that these latter are as disapproving of promiscuous and alcoholic and half-way "petting" as any moralist could wish. Their own sexual relations, they point out, are healthy and idealistic—and completely monogamous while they endure. Moreover, when they are broken off, it is likely to be by the girl, with the young man left to bemoan his desertion. It appears that these sexual affairs are conducted with

a legal and traditional marriage! Yet the number of these secret love affairs is so rapidly increasing in all urban centers that it is by way of becoming a new and actual, though legally unrecognized form of marriage.

Moreover, legal marriages are more and more coming to be inwardly different from the traditional form: the young wife keeps on working, and contraceptive methods are used to postpone the advent of children until they are wanted and can be supported properly, while if the marriage is not a success, they obtain a divorce by "collusion," that is, by mutual consent. Obviously these, like the illegal matings just described, are marriages for the sake of companionship, and do not alter their character until children are involved. Children are properly the concern of society at large, but matings for companionship are a somewhat different matter. So Judge Lindsey calls them "companionate marriages" and proposes that the custom should be legalized.

In the "companionate marriage," there would be no obligation of support of the wife by the husband, and there would be divorce by mutual consent. Thus secrecy, hypocrisy and lies would be done away with, honest lovers need not hide their love from the world, and the dissolution of these matings would be without public scandal. The birth of a child would of course change a companionate marriage into the ordinary family marriage, giving the child due legal protection.

It is this idea for which Judge Lindsey is now being denounced by the Ku Klux Klan. In the interest of traditional morality, it may be necessary to keep up our present scheme, with its secrecy, hypocrisy, encouragement to irresponsibility, abortion, and murder of new-born illegitimate children. Prostitution, now on the wane so far as the younger generation is concerned, may be revived, and young men encouraged to have sexual relations with and become infected with venereal disease by prostitutes, rather than have real love affairs with their sweethearts—all in the interests of traditional morality. . . . But perhaps the younger generation is right. And perhaps Judge Lindsey, who understands young people so well, has found in "companionate marriage" an arrangement they would accept. It may be worth thinking about!

The Revolt of Modern Youth is, in the light it throws on the present and the future of American mating, perhaps the most important document of our time.

ECCE HOMO

They have sung of wine,
These madmen, who know not their own images,
They have sung of flesh and laughter
And the tinkling irrelevance of sin.
They have shouted of "beauty" with a din
Approaching acrobatic madness.

Look at them, the pitiful ones,
Emasculate remnants of frenzied poise,
Cowing in the echo of their noise!

Julius H. Rosenthal.

talk about hip flasks and petting, and hint darkly that these young people may actually go farther than that. Judge Lindsey knows darn well that they do go farther than that. The estimates given by the young people themselves are to the effect that about half the boys and a fifth of the girls of high school age indulge in sexual relations. Out of 495 girls of that age, who admitted to having had sexual experience, about 25 per cent had become pregnant. Some of the others had escaped pregnancy by mere luck, the others through the contraceptive methods they had learned to use. At this point one may mention the million and a half operations every year in this country to induce abortion, a considerable proportion of which can be referred to this age-period. (In some states, I am told by an investigator, the yearly high school scandals refer to the large number of pregnant girls, and in others to the widespread knowledge and use of contraceptives; while other data show that it has taken the latter communities about ten years to graduate from the first kind of scandal to the second.

But what do these young people themselves think about these things? That would take a book to tell in convincing detail, and readers must be referred to Judge Lindsey's vivid volume. But a fact that emerges is that a good many young people are consciously critical of conventional marriage, on the basis of their own

a good conscience, that they have in spite of circumstances a certain educative value, from the girls' own robust point of view, and that they lead—not to the brothel and the gutter—but to a happy marriage and family life!

Nevertheless, Judge Lindsey does not fail to note that secrecy and hypocrisy are bad for any human relationship. It is for this, among other reasons, that he has formulated the idea of a "companionate marriage," which would legalize these relationships. These young people, during this educative and experimental period, naturally balk at a form of legal marriage which would commit them farther than they wish to commit themselves. If their mating turns out to be a failure, they prefer to part quietly without public scandal and without having to swear to lies about one another in court. Moreover, ordinary marriage is framed on the theory that the woman is to put in her time having babies, and that consequently the man must support her. To marry a wife whom one is not able to support is still considered disgraceful by relatives and friends; and the husband's pride may demand that his wife should stop working. Secret love affairs are unhampered by any of these traditional and legalistic limitations; and sometimes a mating has been conducted with great success as a secret love affair, only to come to grief as

WAVING THE BLOODY FLEECE

By PAXTON HIBBEN

Elmer Gantry, by Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$2.50.

A Methodist Saint, by Herbert Asbury. Knopf. \$5.00.

Why Religion, by Dr. Horace Kallen. Boni and Liveright. \$3.00.

The Psychology of the Methodist Revival, by Sidney G. Dimond. Oxford Press. 12/6.

The Dreadful Decade, by Don C. Seitz. Bobs-Merrill. \$3.50.

THE historic hour when the distinguished pastor of Calvary Baptist Church of New York first opened his eyes on Evansville, Indiana, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher sat in City Court, Brooklyn, on trial for adultery with the wife of his best friend, publicly accused of the seduction of quite a little list of his lady parishioners. "I know Henry Ward Beecher," said Victoria Woodhull (or so the Brooklyn *Eagle* reported); "I have stayed with him at his house days and nights; and, gentlemen, when I say stayed with 'em I mean no myth." When Don Seitz wrote of the incident, in *The Dreadful Decade*, he discreetly suppressed the fair Victoria's damaging revelation. Nevertheless, Beecher was never acquitted by any tribunal, civil or ecclesiastical, and for years Charles A. Dana unvaryingly referred to the Great Preacher in the Sun as an "adulterer and perjurer."

Under the circumstances, it is a bit startling to have the Rev. John Roach Stratton roar: "There never was such a man as Elmer Gantry." Tut, tut, Doctor, not so fast! Did you never hear of that astounding Irish evangelist who conducted unparalleled revivals from Boston to New Orleans, converting whole towns, packing 3,000 sobbing men and women into a tabernacle in Brooklyn night after night—the Rev. John Newland Maffitt, sometime Professor of Belles Lettres in a Methodist College, founder of the *Western Christian Advocate*, author of *Tears of Contrition* and similar religious works, Chaplain of Congress, etc., etc.? If not, step into the Public Library some day and glance through a little volume by Rufus F. Hibbard entitled *Startling Disclosures Concerning the Death of John N. Maffitt; or, A Review of Bishop Harding's Decision in Mr. Maffit's Case*. It's snappy reading, Doctor—and right out of the *Christian Advocate*, too. Did you never hear of a clergyman by the name of Johnson who was editor of *The Evangelist*, and who was caught frequenting brothels, or Dr. Fay, who had a church in Charlestown, Boston, and who swore before God that he was innocent of the adultery and fornication with which he was charged—until proof was presented, when he collapsed and confessed; or Dr. Horace C. Taylor, of Oberlin, who was convicted of seduction, imprisoned, released and restored to the ministry, only to fall again; or Dr. Reed, of Malden, Mass., whose offenses with the young boys of his congregation got him into trouble; or a Congregational minister by the name of Pomeroy, of Bangor, Maine, who was Secretary of the American Board of Missions, until he was found to be an habitué of houses of ill-fame; or

Those who, in criticising the book, become most vociferous in abuse of Sinclair Lewis display a moral sanguinity with Gantry that is enlightening. Not since Samuel Butler has an author held up to his readers a mirror so revealing of their own souls as does Sinclair Lewis in *Elmer Gantry*.

What with Elmer Gantry on one hand and Francis Asbury on the other, the poor reader might find himself in a bad way to know what to think about religion, did not Dr. Horace Kallen come to his rescue in

The more progressive among the clergy have decided that he does not go to hell any more when he dies. But at the same time the church, by taking its stand with the capitalist in his exploitation of the masses at home and abroad, pretty well arranges things so that the miner or the child-worker in a cotton mill gets his hell right here. And when an organization commanding the access to Community Chests enjoyed by the Salvation Army issues official reports on the casting out of devils, and the Presbyterian Church places its seal upon the latest improved methods of dealing with witchcraft in this year of grace 1927, the prospects of the millennium do not seem brilliant. After all, history reveals no meeker folk than the Chinese—or one that has inherited less earth or more hell. As a means of furthering civilization, religion hardly appears to be keeping step.

And this, in sum, is precisely Sinclair Lewis' thesis in *Elmer Gantry*. If religion is to count, says Dr. Kallen, it must "make a knowable and nameable difference. It must add something to a situation, something that would not be there unless it were itself there. Or, for the same reason, it must take something away from the situation. And what it adds or takes away must be so substantial that you can put your finger on it, point it out and discuss it." Just so. If religion is that, all the nose-thumbing of the bad little boys suffering from inferiority complex will not make it less; if it is not that, all the mouthings of Dr. Stratton will not make it more. It is not a question of opinion, it is a question of discernable fact. People have been screaming about religion—both for and against—for a thousand generations. It is high time they stopped jumping up and down and got to work to accumulate a little dependable data on the subject, from which future generations can reach a dispassionate conclusion.

In *Why Religion* Dr. Kallen has done his share with admirable clarity and restraint. In a lesser way, so has Herbert Asbury in a book which is at least beautifully printed. But so has Sinclair Lewis, too; for the success of such thumping frauds as Aimée Semple McPherson and Elmer Gantry is one of the major factors in penetrating to the nature and value (if any) of religion.

BAUMES' LAW

And who is Lawyer Baumes? Does he sleep well
O'nights, when for the stealing of a car
Or two cars, or a sheep, or even so far
As twenty sheep a man must go to hell
For life? Does not the sound of every bell
He hears, each tap at's door, each footstep, jar
The prison of his life, the steely bar
Of his dear soul's most secret citadel?
Are we all Baumes? are we all lawyer-men
Sealed of Judge Jeffreys' tribe? Doth no man still
Hold human life of more account than sheep?
Come Muse of History, take your iron pen—
We used to hang our thieves on Tyburn Hill.
We torture 'em now. What odds, if Baumes can sleep?

John Cowper Powys.

a Presbyterian by the name of Strouburg, whose relations with negroes in Albany, N. Y., were characterized as "the indulgence of the lowest debauchery"; or Major Moore of the Salvation Army in this city, who departed with the funds of that worthy organization—or even the late Dr. Hall, of New Brunswick, N. J.? All of these cases are out of court records, my dear Doctor, where there are thousands like them. There never was an Elmer Gantry, Doctor? Come, now!

On the other hand, Sinclair Lewis makes no pretense that Gantry is in fact, that Herbert Asbury's ancestral saint, the indefatigable Bishop, was a typical clergymen, either. Herbert Asbury despises Methodism but thinks the old Bishop a fine fellow. Conversely, one may see Elmer Gantry as a lecherous, ignorant, venal opportunist using the ministry without scruple to satisfy his appetites. But this picture is an assault upon evangelical religion only in the minds of those who, in their own secret hearts, regard the church with Elmer Gantry's eyes. Gantry is a stalking horse, a touchstone, in the book and out. The men who fell for Gantry in the book disclosed themselves as Gantry's blood brothers.

the nick of time with a careful, painstaking study of the subject, *Why Religion*. It is a question Sinclair Lewis makes no attempt to answer, and if Herbert Asbury makes the attempt it is not evident to the naked eye. But Dr. Kallen accepts the task in the same spirit in which William James accumulated his *Varieties of Religious Experience*, and with a vast deal more boldness than Sidney Dimond displays in portraying the *Psychology of the Methodist Revival*.

Relatively few years have passed since ministers in this country proclaimed total depravity and eternal punishment in the same pulpits from which they denounced the Constitution of the United States as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." Since then, the con has been put in Constitution and that instrument has become at least as authentic as the Revelation of St. John the Divine. Foreordination, election and the rest of Calvinist doctrine, on the other hand, has fallen into disrepute in more enlightened communities.

It is difficult to see where there has been any gain for the average layman who is aroused in the morning by an alarm clock, not angel voices.

What Have You Done for Sacco and Vanzetti?

See page 24 of this issue.

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THE STEEL CROSS

PARIS—Two books of wide appeal to all interested in present-day society have appeared in Paris. They are written by men unsympathetic to each other, and as divergent as two human beings can possibly be, yet are burdened with essentially the same theme, and point to the same unwritten conclusion.

The books are *Jesus* by Henri Barbusse, intellectual leader of the French Communists, and founder of the late brilliant Clarté group, and *La Vie des Termites* by Maurice Maeterlinck, the robust, boxing mystic.

Jesus is a short volume, written in a simple and clear style, which reminds one of the Bible, without actually being imitative in any way. The Jesus of Barbusse is a young man, who is rather befuddled by all that is going on around him, and is full of a vague love of humankind, ripened by a few bitter personal contacts with life. Jesus is essentially a revolutionary, and a lover. He feels that he will always be against government that keeps in subjection the majority of the people for the benefit of their masters. He feels that in ages to come men imbued with his own spirit will be continually crucified.

Actual life dazes the young Jew. He falls in love with Mary Magdalene, a whore who gives herself to all of his friends, and she falls in love with him. In beautiful, rippling prose Barbusse describes the inner fight in the harlot's heart that results in her refusing her body to the only man she loves. Jesus at first does not understand her refusal, but when he glimpses the beautiful spirit animating her denial, the meaning of love takes on a new sharpness.

Finally, the advisers of Jesus, shrewd in the ways of the world, feel that the only thing that will give due publicity to their protest against local tyranny will be a martyr's death. Quite coldly, they decide that Jesus is the logical man to die. No one can gainsay their keen sense of publicity values!

In Jesus Barbusse does not draw a weak young man; nor does he picture the super-human activities of a Nietzschean saint. His Jesus is a simple, lovable young person, in whose life and in whose crucifixion the whole world lives and the whole world is crucified.

Maurice Maeterlinck, in *La Vie des Termites*, has pictured coldly and scientifically the unbelievably efficient life of the "Hermit Ant" that flourishes in tropical regions. This giant ant can live almost indefinitely on its own excretions; can reduce steel, glass, wood, and all metals to dust by boring from within; and builds homes of a cement so hard

that it is difficult to blow them up even with dynamite. These startling facts are not the most important.

In its anthill the tribe leads a life so terrible, so ruthless, so coldly intelligent, that the dream of the wildest efficiency expert seems a Bohemian paradise in comparison. There is one Queen ant, in size equal to about a hundred ordinary ants, who is being impregnated twenty-four hours a day by a male attached to her side! From her, eggs are continually dripping, and taken away by organized work-gangs. In some way unknown to science the sex, size and shape of the ants are determined beforehand by—? Here Maeterlinck is stumped. By the crowd-mind, anyway. There are soldiers of different sizes, workers of different sizes, and the whole place is one factory, where everything is perfect. The workers sleep—when they do—where they work. Modern manufacturers would do well to imitate the ants.

Swiftly, terribly, the work of the anthill goes on. Food is gotten, excretions are prepared and rolled into little balls, then stored into warehouses where the temperature is kept at the correct level.

Through all this hive of senseless labor the Queen keeps on laying eggs, precious eggs which are immediately stored in rooms of the correct temperature, and from which new queens, soldiers, kings, and workers are born to go on the same endless road.

If the Queen lays below a certain average of eggs, she is killed. No energy is wasted in murdering her. That would take effort and time. They merely stop feeding her, and then utilize her carcass as food. Nothing is wasted.

Maeterlinck has done a fine job in this book, and painted a truly appalling picture of a civilization that surpasses ours in its industrialism, efficiency, and speed. He spoils his picture somewhat by underlining too heavily the obvious moral that these ants should make us beware of where we are heading today. That moral is apparent in every word of the book.

The Lilliputian world that Maeterlinck shows us has more menace to the world in it, and more real horror, than any fire-eating Giants might have. Can it be that fire-eating Giants are observing us, and seeing in our world only another anthill, full of senseless, fierce strivings? They also may be wondering What and Who is animating the whole affair with an apparently conscious intelligence.

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THE NEW "LEADERSHIP"

The Labor Problem in the United States and Great Britain. By Warren B. Catlin. Harper and Brothers. \$3.50.

THIS is a long textbook sort of volume. It proposes to assimilate, correlate and generally serve hot and appetizing over the counter the whole literature covering the field of labor, and related topics, for the last hundred years or so. There have been special researches, statistical compilations, government reports galore. Professor Catlin has waded through the stuff and synthesized it under the headings: origins, grievances, unionism, labor politics and collectivism. The footnotes are piled high.

Although most professors in the small colleges have never set eyes on a picket line or yawned through the smoky sessions of a central labor union, Catlin seems to be an exception. He has a more than usual understanding of what the labor business is all about. In places he writes brightly and with a distinctly liberal slant. In dealing with the policies of the hotly belligerent National Founders' Association and similar One Big Unions of bosses he says: "With the growing scarcity of other game, their persistent pursuit of labor agitators and their heroic efforts to forestall and to stamp out the remotest trace of organization among their workmen have had all the joys and exhilaration of real sport." And he chuckles over the "gem" that falls from the lips of the Associated Employers of Indianapolis: "We disavow any intention to interfere with the legitimate functions of labor unions but will not admit of any outside interference with the management of our business." Catlin swallows none of this open shop hypocrisy. And he presents with some enthusiasm the labor side of collective bargaining, unemployment, welfare work, speed-up,

the "gem" that falls from the lips of the Associated Employers of Indianapolis: "We disavow any intention to interfere with the legitimate functions of labor unions but will not admit of any outside interference with the management of our business." Catlin swallows none of this open shop hypocrisy. And he presents with some enthusiasm the labor side of collective bargaining, unemployment, welfare work, speed-up,

straight line production and civil liberties.

Touching on the concentration of wealth he summarizes the evidence of several decades of labor economists to the effect that a small class at the top "comprising less than one per cent of the population, own and enjoy more than half of the accumulated wealth and resources of the country." In this connection he pricks the recently blown consumer and customer ownership bubbles and the illusion of employee stock ownership. But he echoes Charlie Shwab and Fred R. Marvin in the feeling that sweat and plugging will turn the slum lad into the charitable president of the Readem and Weep Wholesale Windshield Company, and therefore all is not so bad with the world, even though a few of the big bankers did receive, mind you, more than "just compensation for their services."

In the last chapter the professor gropes for the "philosophy" of the problem and catches hold of nothing more substantial than company unionism. He even refers to the fine personnel relationships at the Eastman Kodak Company, where all union-conscious metal polishers, we happen to know, are fired, if they know how to "agitate." Like Samuel Lewisohn, Warren Catlin looks for a "new leadership." from the owning class; and perhaps the company union will prepare the way for something "much more advanced."

College boys could read much worse books on labor than this. Worker students, if they can afford to buy a book at this price can find more and better meat in Blum's *Labor Economics*, but Mr. Catlin's book, though long, is more readable than some of those now being issued by the counsellors and maiden aunts of the official workers' education movement in this country.

Robert Dunn

LESS THAN GOLD

LEOARD BACON has gone down into the depths and returned with something less than gold. The author of the malicious, withering *Ph.D.'s* has in *Animula Vagula* attempted a *de profundis* of impassioned seriousness, obscure, yet moving in its implications. But only in its implications, not by any explicit power of its own. Had Bacon succeeded in saying all that he meant to say he would have produced a great poem. At best he achieves eloquence; for the most part a lumbering rhetoric striving to be nobly ironic, tragic in the grand manner.

The poem is hard to discuss because of the obscurity of the personal experience recorded, which is never more than hinted at from behind stately classical allusions. It is sufficient to say that the theme is as intimate as Dante's *La Vita Nuova* or William Ellery Leonard's *Two Lives*.

The poem is full of "the tragic stuff of life," shut up, intellectualized, and arrayed in garments of ceremonious satire and bitterness. It is sorely in need of a little nakedness.

A. B. Magil

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lector of petty and therefore easily forgotten facts concerning the first years of the Great Schism. His presentation of these facts is mostly truthful enough, according to his S. P. lights. There is a curious struggle to be noted in this volume between the scholar's instinctive veracity and the party manager's instinctive chicanery. When the latter gets the upper hand, look out for *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi!* Perhaps the worst instance of the bureaucratic *bestia trionfante* coming on top is the matchless effrontery with which the author tries to humbug his public into the belief that the eminent S. P. renegades of 1917 were chiefly former ultra-extremists. Benson, Wright, Ghent, Russell, Spargo, Stokes, Simpson, *et id genus omne* ultra-extremists!! The

truth about it is, that the Socialist Party, between 1905 and 1917, handed to each individual with some sort of a newspaper reputation that joined the ranks, a brevet colonelcy on a silver-platter, and a soft berth, if needed, as well—in the childish, snobbish belief that a large array of people with newspaper reputations on top of the party, and another roster of notabilities with fat bank-accounts, would make the movement the more acceptable to the American Philistine. (As if the adherence of the American Philistine and *not* the American worker were the objective to be gained.) Of course, most of the newspaper reputations and *hombres ricos* revealed themselves in the hour of trial in 1917 in their true roles of humbugs. **James Fuchs**

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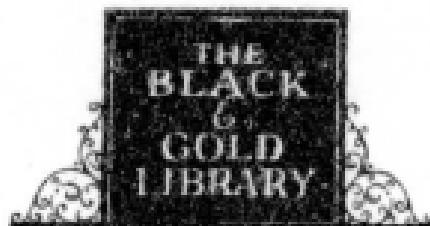


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