

NEW **MASSES**

JUNE, 1929

15 Cents



Mexican miner's wife picketing before a mine in Jalisco.

Photograph by Tina Modotti.

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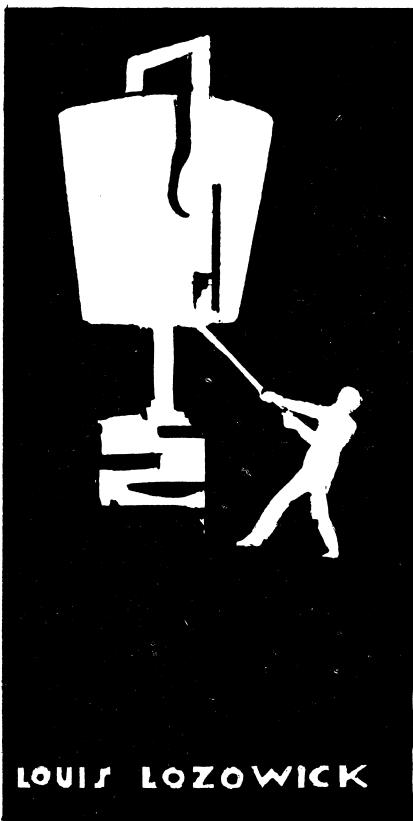
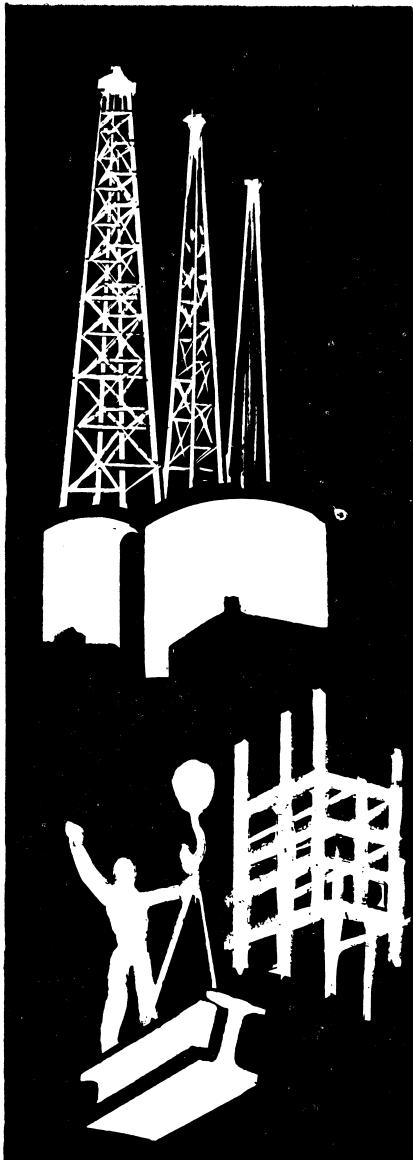
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Mexican miner's wife picketing before a mine in Jalisco.

Photograph by Tina Modotti.



LOUIS LOZOWICK



ONE YEAR AGO

This issue of the NEW MASSES rounds out the first year under the new management.

How we have survived during this year is as much a mystery to us as it is to you, dear reader.

The magazine was bankrupt, and was about to be liquidated. We took over the wreck and went to sea in it. We are still afloat, after a year.

We honestly feel the magazine has been worth saving. It has grown in significance during the past year. A group of young revolutionary writers have come into the magazine during the year. They are the new generation; they are the legitimate successors of the Floyd Dells, Max Eastmans, John Reeds and Claude McKays of ten years ago.

If there were no NEW MASSES a magazine would inevitably have to be created for this group.

But we think we can keep on for at least another year, if all our readers will help. Get us all the subscriptions you can. You are not a sincere friend of the magazine if you neglect to do this.

The NEW MASSES has a real and solid function in the revolutionary movement of America. It is the sole expression of thousands of young workers, students and rebellious intellectuals. In many cases it forms their bridge to an understanding of the great social upheaval that is changing the world.

In nearly every American college the magazine has subscribers and contributors. It is read by thousands of young workers, and by rebels in every corner of America.

One need make no great claims for the magazine. One need but assert a fact: that the NEW MASSES is the only link between the younger intellectuals and revolutionary workers in this backward and chaotic America of today.

If the NEW MASSES goes under, there will be nothing left in its place. It is worth fighting for.

SEND IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS.

**Begin Today—
Use the Blank on Page 21!**

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 5

JUNE, 1929

NUMBER 1

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“STIMSON OF WALL STREET”

By MANUEL GOMEZ

The lords of American capitalism were in some ways as retiring as the violet. Believing in modesty as one of the most valuable virtues of the great, they governed the country with as little ostentation as possible. It pleased them to pretend that the actual instruments of government were far beyond their control—as if there were no private telephone wire running from J. P. Morgan's office to Washington—, and when some uncouth agitator would insinuate that a certain public official was “Wall Street's Man” their embarrassment was almost painful.

That was before the aluminum trust literally moved into the U. S. Treasury Department in the person of Andy Mellon, before the president of the Central Trust Co. of Illinois because Vice President of the United States, before Dwight M. Morrow relinquished his formal partnership in J. P. Morgan & Co. to serve the firm as U. S. Ambassador to Mexico, before the redoubtable J. Pierpont himself went abroad at the head of one of the most officially important unofficial delegations the United States government has ever speeded on its way.

Now the old diffidence is regarded as quaint. Herbert Hoover, elected President by the biggest campaign fund in the history of American politics, announces that his cabinet is to be headed by a man whom the *Wall Street Journal* salutes as “Stimson of Wall Street.” This proud title, the first of its kind that the financial community has ever had the nerve to bestow openly upon an American Secretary of State, is printed as the caption above a long column of explanatory information. Any worker who may still have doubts that Hoover's pre-inauguration tour of Latin America was a business and not a mere pleasure trip, anyone who may entertain illusions as to whose class interests are represented in the foreign policy of the United States Government, would do well to read what Wall Street itself has to say about the antecedents, present associations and personal characteristics of “Stimson of Wall Street.”

The first paragraph begins:

“Washington E. Connor's first speculation—that same Connor whom Jay Gould elected out of incomparable experience to call ‘the best broker I ever knew’—rounded into a 100% profit. And what recalls it is Herbert Hoover's summons of Henry L. Stimson to be United States Secretary of State.”

And then:

“Roots of the family tree of ‘Our Harry’ Stimson, as Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft in their crony days loved to acclaim him, reach deep into Wall Street.”

After which the writer goes on through paragraph after para-

graph to prove how completely Stimson, and his father, and his grandfather, belong to the Wall Street brotherhood.

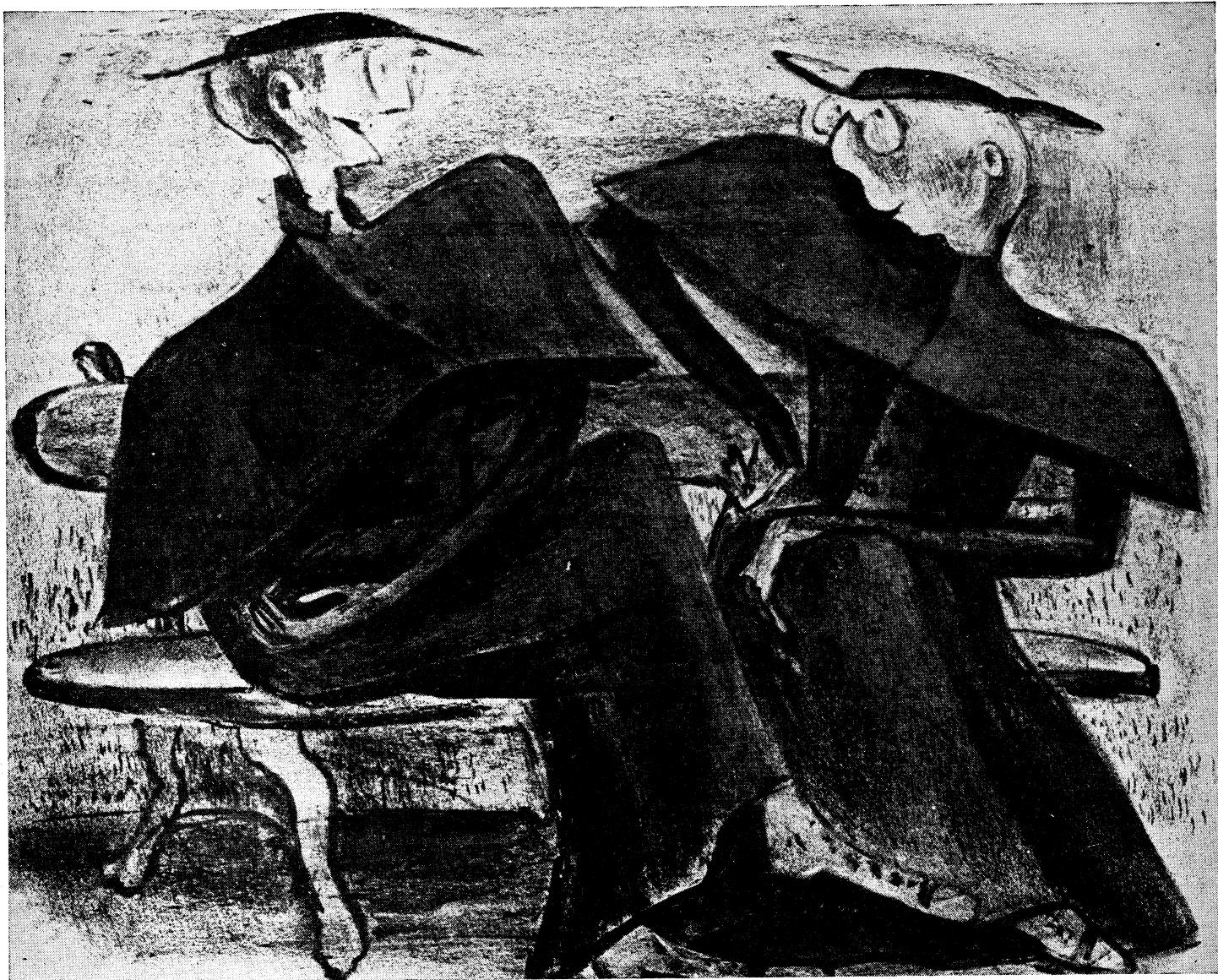
It seems it was grandfather Stimson who founded the brokerage firm of Henry C. Stimson & Son, “which Commodore Vanderbilt chose for super-confidential maneuvers Closer still was the firm's association with Henry Keep—the Henry Keep whose Michigan Southern, by secretly issuing new stock, romped a panic through the Street” The second Stimson was brought up on the momentum of “at least one classic in Wall Street's annals: the corner in Prairie du Chien Railroad stock,” engineered by the firm. Little Henry L. “knew the Street from one end to the other.”

Of Henry L. Stimson's recent political career the columnist says nothing but the inference is clearly drawn that here, as in everything else, he has shown himself to be truly “Stimson of Wall Street.” Although the information furnished by the *Wall Street Journal*, provides an interesting approach to the subject, Stimson's political record is sufficiently illuminating of itself. Silk-stock candidate for governor of New York State, Assistant Secretary of War in the strikebreaking Roosevelt administration, advance agent of the permanent marine occupation in Nicaragua, pro-consul of imperialism in the Philippine Islands—every milestone in his political life has been a tribute to the extension of Wall Street domination.

That Stimson is a scion and servant of capitalism is unimportant. But Stimson has a significance. He is part of the transition from indirect to direct control of the government by American finance-capital. And his career has expressed the sharpening class antagonisms and international contradictions that this transition represents.

“Stimson of Wall Street” went to Nicaragua as Coolidge's personal representative, because the exploiters of the American working class required a new commercial-military canal at this point for their developing empire of exploitation. Stimson's task was to complete the subjugation of Nicaragua, to make it a unit in the American dollar empire. Resistance of the Nicaraguan people was to be drowned in blood by the marines, whose “temporary police duty to guarantee Nicaragua's presidential ‘election’” has blossomed into permanent occupation “to preserve law and order for Moncada.”

Stimson went to the Philippines as Governor General, because the unquenchable demand for Filipino independence required attention. The attention he gave it was to spit into the face of the masses and to subsidize the carefully calculated treachery of



Lithograph by Adolph Dehn.

"AH, PADRE, BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK!"

the Quezons and the Osmenas. Meantime, he opened up lands for the American rubber interests.

For years Stimson has been a minute man of imperialist oppression, and conversely has stimulated the development of counter-forces that will not down. With the help of God and a few marines he did annex Nicaragua, but the answer to this was the emergence of the movement of Sandino, a rallying cry for struggle against imperialism throughout the length and breadth of Latin America. He did buy off the corrupt politicians who had been betraying the cause of Philippine independence for years, but the result has been exposure of these middle-class fakers and creation of a deep ferment among the masses, some of whose sections have established direct contact with the Communist Party of the United States.

It is altogether fitting that this minute man of imperialism should now take charge of the foreign affairs of the United States Government. Hoover's trip to Latin America has correctly been interpreted to imply that foreign affairs will assume tremendous importance during the Hoover administration. The Money Trust which rules the United States and aspires to dominate the world, grows impatient of restraint. American capitalist aggression sharpens the competition with Great Britain at every point. The United States government goes through the entire farce of an international "disarmament conference" in order to break up the Anglo-French accord and to detach France from England by withdrawing opposition to unlimited military reserves for France—with the understanding that France is to support Washington's

demand for 10,000-ton cruisers. The world war is clearly in the making.

At such a critical period what more appropriate selection for the head of the State Department than Henry L. Stimson? Stimson, who personifies all the aggressive drive, all the hypocrisy, all the reckless brutality, of American imperialism. Stimson, diplomatist of the Nicaraguan conquest. Stimson of Far Eastern colonial experience. Stimson of Wall Street!

SECTION GANG

*What do you make
Of our bare and lonely lives,
Slaving together
In the section gang, early till late,
In the heat of the grades,
In the warm spring weather?*

*You say it is our fate
That we must take.*

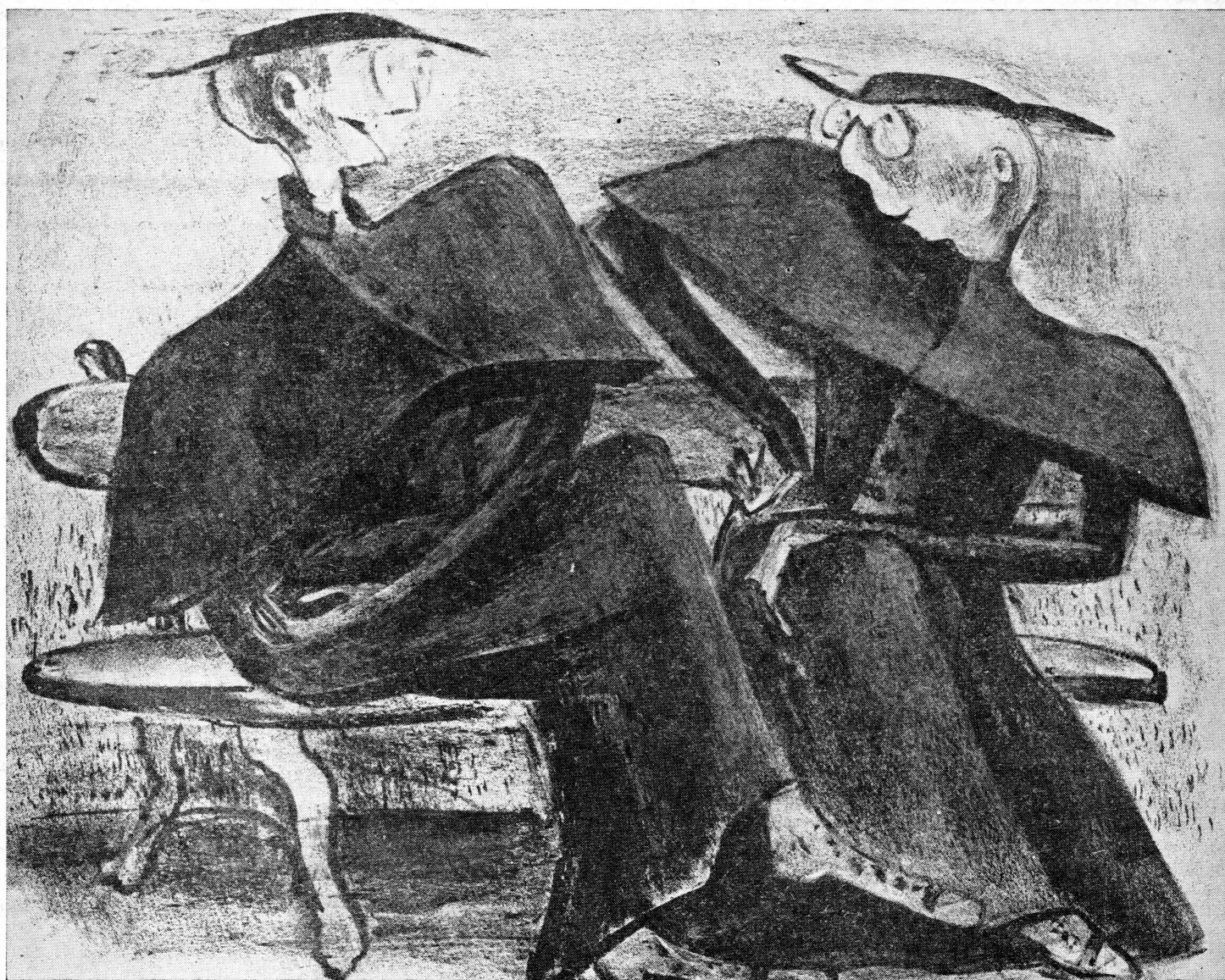
*But we say: A grim fate,
That makes you free
And makes us slaves forever
For your sake,—
And one we should be able to unmake,
And will. Wait.*

TIM MURPHY.



Lithograph by Adolph Dehn.

“AH, PADRE, BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK!”



Lithograph by Adolph Dehn.

"AH, PADRE, BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK!"

NORTHERN LIGHTS

By BORIS PILNYAK

Translated by Leon Dennen

In the Northeast of European Russia, where the northern and southern Keltmas meet and are united by the North-Ekaterinovski channel, are scattered many villages, settlements and communities which are not to be found in the geographies. There on the endless rivers, swamps and forests, the people saw and float timber, fish and hunt. The sky there is always gray, the rivers deep and the forests impenetrable. The villages are far apart from each other. In winter the regions are covered with heavy snows. The nights are illuminated by the Aurora Borealis.

It was the beginning of winter when a man from the mouth of the northern Keltma came to Moscow. He announced himself to the editors of the peasant *Radio News* and related a confused story of his journey. He had walked three hundred versts. He travelled the remainder of the way to the city of Koltas on floating rafts. But in Koltas he was arrested. There was something wrong with his identification papers. For a month and a half he was detained until his identity was established. Then he was set free. He travelled from Koltas to Moscow sometimes beating his way on freight cars, the art of which he had already mastered, or walking the railroad ties. At the end of the fifth month of his journey he appeared in Moscow. In his bark shoes and home-made shirt the man had the appearance of a savage—but his eyes were lively and sharp. He was a man in the early thirties, with a long Finnish beard covering his throat. He was lean and black as mother earth. No doubt he was frightened by the city of Moscow; just as a Moscovite would be scared of the bears, wolves and dark woods of his native Kadom.

He knocked at the door of the peasant *Radio News* office at seven in the morning, and waited until two, when the editors arrived. In the meanwhile he succeeded in having a fight with the office scrubwoman.

As he entered the Editor's office, he pulled his chair next to the editor's. He placed his small bundle on the floor, next to himself. For the first time in his long journey he felt he was sitting among his kind. His eyes were happy and bright.

—"This is how it happened," he said, closing one eye as though aiming at an Elk.—"The peasants in our locality distrust the radio. I put a loud speaker in our village. But the peasants decided it is a 'devil,' an 'unclean Spirit'. Altho I am the elder in the village I am unable to knock it out of their heads. So, we called a conference and decided that I, Pavel Krainich, shall go to Moscow, and speak to them through the radio with my own voice, to convince them that it is I who speaks and not the devil."

The peasant untied his bundle. He took out some silver coins wrapped in rags, which he dropped on the table.

—"That's the thing, I almost lost the money," he said. "This money the peasants collected to pay you. Will you permit me then to speak to them over the radio?"

The editors of the *Radio-News* agreed to let the peasant speak over the radio. For three days, sleeping at night on the editors' tables, the peasant remained in the office, waiting for his turn to speak. On the third day he spoke over the radio. His eyes sparkled with happiness as he firmly approached the microphone.

"Fellows! Peasants! Do you hear me?" He cried out. "It is I Pashukha speaking. When I left the artel, I travelled on floating wood. In Koltas I was arrested but I hid your money . . . Fellows from Kadomsk! I am speaking, the peasant Pashukha! Do you hear me? Give my regards to my wife Katusha. I also bow deeply to our village president Karp Ivanovitch. I am at present in the city of Moscow and speak to you thru the radio. The comrade editor, here next to me is a witness . . . Fellows from Kadomsk! Do you hear me? It is I, Pashukha Krainich!"

The same night, without waiting for the promised horses, which were to take him as far as the city of Koltas, Pashukha Krainich disappeared from the office.

Moscow at that time was getting ready for winter. It is a city of a million people: with skyscrapers, automobiles, nights illuminated by electricity; days gray with chimney smoke; busy men

who lived, loved and died, who stand in crowded lines at the movies, or at the bread stores, to the accompanying music of factory whistles.

An amazed scrubwoman of the peasant *Radio News* was relating a strange story to the office force how the peasant Pavel Krainich from the village of Kadomsk, mistook the bath-tub for the water closet.

Three months later, in the month of December, the letter carrier brought to the office of the *Radio News* a letter which read as follows:

Dear Comrade Editor:—

In the first lines of my letter I greet you and your comrades. I travelled safely and was not arrested any more. The winter has brought us a heavy snow. My voice was not heard by the Kadom peasants, because two weeks after I left, the peasants broke the speaker, and when the news arrived that I was arrested, they drowned it in the river Keltma.

I wish you to remain in good health.

Peasant Pavel Krainich.

The eyes of Pavel Krainich were greenish, sharp and bright. His long Finnish beard reached to his throat. His straight hair parted in the middle and fell on both sides like the straw with which the village roofs are thatched.

However there aren't any straw roofs in Pavel's region, no bread grows there. Under the gray sky amid the dark woods log huts stand. The woods are inhabited by elks, bears, wolves, skunks, and sables. In the winter time at three o'clock at night, lights play. Their disappear into the infinity of the Aurora Borealis.

There are many villages, communities, settlements, which are not to be found on the maps in geographies.



Drawn by Wm. Gropper.

"HEY, TOVARISH!"



Drawn by Wm. Gropper.

“HEY, TOVARISH!”

WE GET EXPELLED FROM COLLEGE

By WILLIAM ALBERTSON

For the first time in the history of the University of Pittsburgh one of its campus organizations has openly challenged its administration and board of trustees. Indeed, the challenge goes to the powers behind the Pennsylvania throne—the notorious labor exploiting Mellons. The Liberal Club of the University of Pittsburgh, by demanding its rights as a campus organization, has brought before the workers and students the basic issue in the present fight—the class control of education by capitalists. By means of this controversy, a whole series of suppressions of students and professors from doing and saying things of a detrimental nature to Mellon and his ilk has been unearthed. One wonders now how Mellon felt when he saw ten professorial votes cast for William Z. Foster, the communist candidate for the presidency of the United States, in the straw vote taken by the Liberal Club last fall.

The Liberal Club of the University of Pittsburgh had arranged a protest meeting against the continued imprisonment of Mooney and Billings for Monday, April 22, at 3:30 in 118 Alumni Hall. All legal requirements had been thoroughly followed out. A permit for the room had been obtained five days in advance of the meeting. The faculty advisory committee composed of Dr. F. W. Whiting, Dr. B. Hovde, Dr. Colston E. Warne, and Dr. L. S. Boots had approved the four speakers for the meeting and their subjects: William Albertson, chairman of the club's executive committee, on "Class Justice," Arthur G. McDowell, member of the executive committee, on "Legal Aspects of the Mooney-Billings Case," Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes, internationally known sociologist, on "The Mooney-Billings Case," and Michael Harrison, member of the International Labor Defense, on "Tom Mooney and Warren Billings."

A word on Mooney and Billings. These two workers had been leaders of a bitter strike of the San Francisco street-car men against the bosses. In 1916 a bomb was hurled into a preparedness parade in San Francisco. Some people were killed and many wounded. The frame-up machine was oiled and put into gear. On the basis of fake evidence Mooney and Billings were convicted of hurling the bomb. They were sentenced to death. Due to mass protest of labor, the death sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. To date all living witnesses in the case have confessed that they lied at the trial. The jurists who convicted them claim they are innocent. The presiding judge is asking for a pardon for Mooney and Billings for a crime which they did not commit. Ever since the International Labor Defense was organized, it has been fighting for their unconditional release.

Naturally, it would not be to the interest of Mellon to have students of his own school discuss the case and demand the release of these men. So the two student speakers, Arthur G. McDowell and myself, received special delivery registered letters at their homes demanding that they appear at the office of the dean of men on Monday, April 22, at 3:30 . . . The students and faculty members who intended to come to this meeting began to crowd around room 118 at 3:30. But William Daufenbaugh, assistant to the dean of men, told them that he had been ordered to allow nobody into the room. I then announced that the meeting would be held in the open on the steps of Thaw Hall. The "academic" crowd which had now grown to quite large proportions marched to the second meeting place.

There I opened the meeting, turned it over to Dr. Whiting who acted as chairman, and left with McDowell for the dean's office. Dr. Whiting introduced Dr. Barnes, and the sociologist began to speak. He had only spoken for a few moments when Daufenbaugh appeared and ordered the meeting from university property. The group then marched across the street to an empty parking lot where Barnes and Harrison spoke. As soon as the meeting was finished, the two student speakers were released from the office of the secretary where they had been taken.

While at this conference, the executive secretary, Mr. J. Steele Gow, laid down the following ultimatum, "If the Liberal Club

persists in such activities, the club will be dissolved, and those students who persist will be expelled." The following Wednesday morning, at 11:30, the club received its order of dissolution from the administration which the membership refused to recognize. A club meeting was called for Friday in room 323 Alumni Hall. The meeting had been in progress for ten minutes when Dean of Men A. H. Armbruster and his assistant William Daufenbaugh appeared and ordered the members to disband immediately. This they refused to do on the grounds that they composed a legal campus activity organization of the University of Pittsburgh. The members continued the discussion of the question on the floor until it was finished, despite Armbruster's orders to get out. Then, a motion for adjournment was entertained and passed, and the members slowly left the room. The Liberal Club had won a victory. It is still considered by its members and the student body as a regular campus organization despite the dissolution order of the administration.

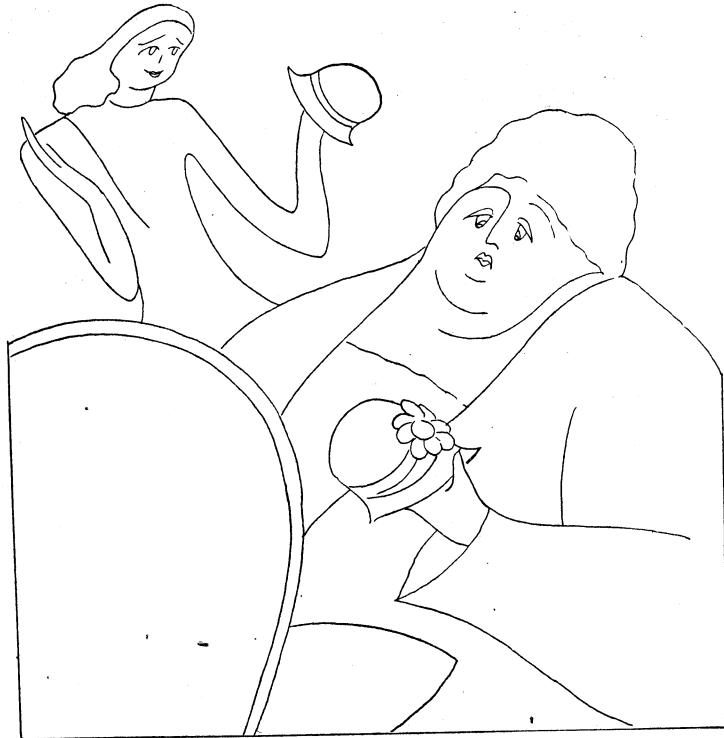
On Thursday, May 2, 1929, Arthur G. McDowell and Myself were brought before Mr. J. Steele Gow, the executive secretary. There we were told that "by order of Chancellor John G. Bowman you are expelled because of your activities in the Liberal Club since April 18, 1929. The expulsions take effect immediately." We learned a day or so later that the Board of Trustees of the University had met the day before our expulsion and had ordered that action. Mellon had spoken. Two days after we were kicked out, Governor Fisher, of Coal and Iron Police fame, signed an act which gave the University of Pittsburgh \$1,200,000 for this year—\$200,000 more than the school had ever received. Several instructors have already been told that they cannot return next year. I was charged with being a communist in the expulsion statement of the administration.

The case is going to court. There we will make an attempt to expose to the workers the Mellon control of the school and of the state. My case will be fought on the basis that a communist has a right to go to school. The workers should have no illusions that the capitalist court will have me reinstated. Mellon controls the Pennsylvania courts just as much, as he does the University of Pittsburgh. The only way that we can be reinstated is by mass protest against our expulsions, and by labor demanding that we be immediately and unconditionally reinstated.





G. P. O. S. -
"I tell ya Radio will go up fifty points!"
"Ya? What d'ya think o' General Motors?"



Drawn by Cecil Boulton.

Oh, yes, the rich have their problems, too.

I LOOK FOR A JOB

By Edward Newhouse

There are 150,000 high school students in New York City, 50,000 of whom, at the beginning of each summer vacation, begin looking for jobs. After two weeks most of them give up, some of them go to employment agencies where one out of every four of them gets a job for the remaining six weeks. For this service he gives the agency his first week's salary. A small minority gets the jobs directly, receiving 10-15 dollars weekly, where the grown-up men who were thus ousted received 20-25 dollars.

The first vacation during my high school career I could not get a job; I stayed home, read Shakespeare and fell in love with Mae Murray. The next summer I got a job through an agency, depriving an old man of his position, and pushing a hand-truck about the streets ten hours a day; I read Upton Sinclair and renounced women. Last vacation I worked as a bus boy for the first week but then reverted to my old truck-pushing occupation; I read Marx, Bukharin, Anatole France and, in the language of the Bible, I knew women.

However, my career as a bus boy is worth expanding upon. For four futile days I visited a hotel agency. They were days of intense heat and in the tiny, crowded waiting room two women fainted and a young fellow had an epileptic stroke. I held him on my arm and I shall always associate the idea of employment agencies with his torturous paroxysms, foaming lips and upturned eye-balls.

Headwaiters and hotel managers came daily. The girls would sit in a conspicuous place, displaying their legs and making suggestive motions; we would crowd about him telling how good we are, showing our muscles. The management wanted to keep some semblance of order and the last day we had to stand in line. My turn came.

The headwaiter in question was a stocky German with exaggerated features. He thought me too young.

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen." (I was a little over sixteen.)

"Any experience?"

"Certainly. At the Lakewood and the Lincoln." (I do not know of such hotels. But I had to think fast. I never saw a bus boy's tray before.)

"References?"

—"Yes sir. Shall I bring them tomorrow?" (Of course I had none.)

"Never mind. Will 40 dollars and board do?"

—"Yes, sir." (Hot dogs! I never expected that much.)

"Be at the 'Clarendon-Brunswick' by Friday night."

—"Yes, sir." (I threw my chest out and paid my fee exultantly, disregarding the protests and sullen threats of the others, some of whom had been waiting for weeks.)

Friday night I was in Asbury Park at the "Clarendon-Brunswick." The little German received me and showed me to the room I was to share with another bus boy. It was a cellar room and its outstanding characteristic was that it stunk. Stunk excruciatingly. The next day I discovered that there was a toilet next door.

My roommate was already asleep and despite the violent protests of my olfactory apparatus I undressed and got into a bed which, I afterwards ascertained, consisted of two boxes, two five-by-one boards, a densely populated mattress, a pillowcase stuffed with rags, and the remains of what once was a blanket. An hour later I was asleep.

I was young and clumsy and the waitresses, traditionally enemies of bus boys, laughed at me and mothered me. The second day I made eyes at one of them. She returned the glance brazenly and I blushed and backed out. I remembered my ideals. Just the same she had a pleasing face and good legs.

By the third day I was broken into the routine-three hours each meal, bring water, slice bread, sweep the floor. Between meals I would go out on the boardwalk and look at the sea or would stay inside and read; in either case I would be wanting to kick myself for declining the invitation of the waitress.

The work was not exceptionally hard but its objectionable nature was aggravated by the type of people at my tables—gossiping women showing off their dresses, noisy kids spilling coffee over the tablecloth, hard-headed business men talking about Al Smith—all of the "better Jewish families." However, I gritted my teeth, rationalized a little and compared myself to Prometheus when the vulture was plucking at his liver.

All the people about me were inferior and it was good nourishment for my ego. So it came as a little shock to my developing megalomania when, on the sixth day I was discharged.

"The season wouldn't start and we can't use you," the German told me curtly.

The next morning I was back in New York. A relative got me a job for the summer. However, in those six days there were things I shall not soon forget. I shall remember the stench of my room, the inimical inhabitants of my mattress and above all my stupidity to reject the waitress.

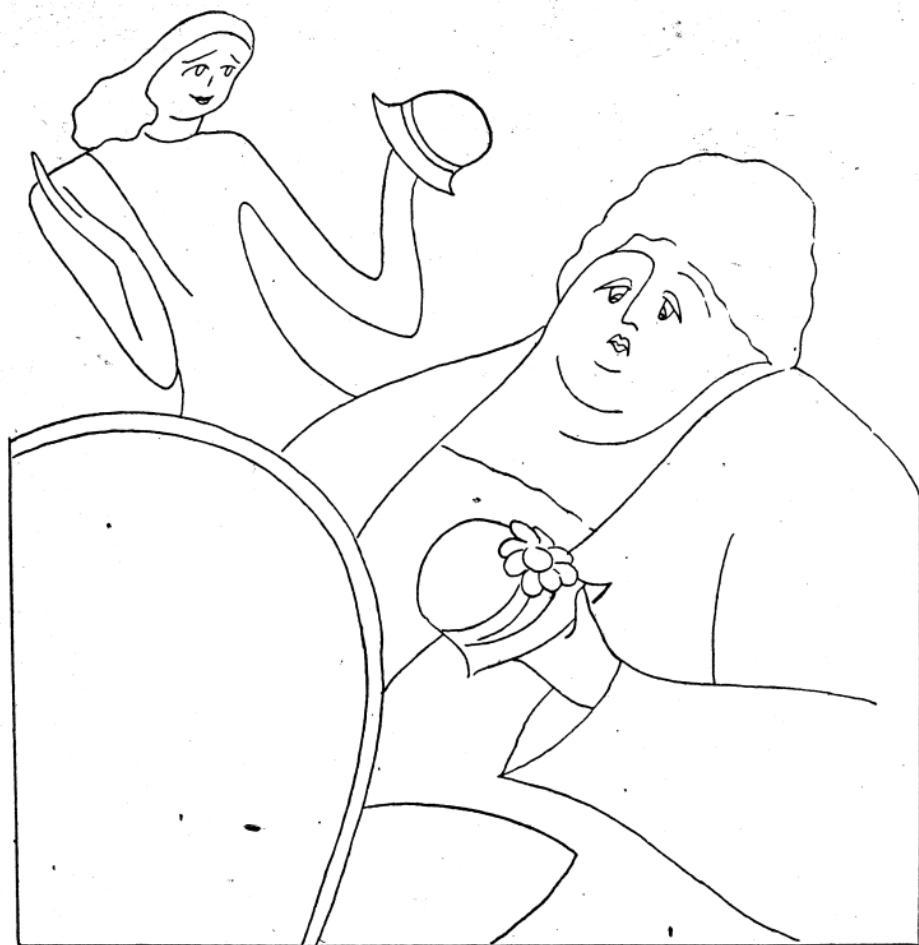
I thought of all this apropos of an ad I saw in the *Nation*—*"Cultured young man desires position in a bookstore."*

P. S.—I am seventeen and a born loafer who has succeeded in rationalizing himself into an idealist. I go to school to oblige my parents. Can anyone offer me an easy job for the summer?



"Do ya mean to tell me I haven't earned that money!"

JUNE, 1929



Drawn by Cecil Boulton.

Oh, yes, the rich have their problems, too.



"Do ya mean to tell me I haven't earned that money!"

JOHN BROWN, ABOLITIONIST

Three Scenes from an American Chronicle Play

By MICHAEL GOLD

ACT I.

SCENE I.

The kitchen, plain and clean, of John Brown's farmhouse at Richfield, Ohio. The year is 1857, three years before the Civil War. Brown is a tall, clean shaven, sinewy, working farmer, 50 years old. His wife is ten years younger, a sweet-faced, sturdy American mother. It is evening. Brown has come from the fields, and is washing his hands outside, entering with the towel, which he hangs up on a nail. His wife is in and out of the next room, where she is laying the table for supper.

John Brown (sitting down near the stove, quietly): Good evening, mother. Has there been any news?

Mary Brown (coming from the next room): Oh, I didn't hear you, John. No, no news.

John Brown: The men said the runaways would be here at sundown. I wonder if anything has happened.

Mary Brown: They may be waiting until it's dark. There've been strange men prowling about.

John Brown (standing up and kissing her tenderly): Mary, dear.

Mary Brown: Are you tired, John? Are the boys coming up from the fields?

John Brown: Yes, mother, I'm tired. The boys stopped to patch the mare's right shoe. She's been limping. This will be a long trip for her. (pause) You know, the boys are as full of excitement as puppies.

Mary Brown: I know. (Pause) How does the cornfield look? Can we save it, John?

John Brown: Yes, I think it has been spared this year.

Mary Brown: Praise God. Oh, John—

John Brown: Yes?

Mary Brown: It has been a hard day for me.

John Brown: Mother, can't you forget?

Mary Brown: No, John. (sobs) The snow will come soon; it will cover the little graves.

John Brown: Be brave.

Mary Brown: I can't understand the Lord's ways, John, I can't! My three little lambs were taken from me. (sobs on his shoulder)

John Brown: Peace.

Mary Brown: Oh, you're so strong, John!

John Brown: Peace, mother.

Mary Brown: Yes, my dear husband.

(She recovers, and they again kiss solemnly. Mary takes various other articles into the dining room, then comes to sit by John Brown. He is reading a Bible.)

John Brown: Can I ring the supper bell for the boys?

Mary Brown: Yes, everything is ready.

(He goes to door and sounds the bell, then comes back to her. She has her face in her hands. John Brown sits down beside her, and talks in a grave, low, emotional voice.)

John Brown: You think I am strong, Mary, you turn to me for comfort. But for years, Mary, I have felt a steady, strong desire to die. You didn't know this, did you? I have worked faithfully since my fourteenth year at farming, at tanning, at the plough, then the unfortunate wool-raising venture. And I've been a bankrupt many times—and now we've been stripped again of everything in this last failure. My life is a failure.

Mary Brown: It's not your fault, John.

John Brown: Maybe not, but the cup has been bitter. And then, when our three babies died within the same week, my heart seemed to go out like a lamp. I could have lain down and died when they did. I prayed for death, Mary. No, I wasn't brave at the graveside, Mary.

Mary Brown: You are brave.

John Brown: No. I've been a coward, Mary. I have thought over the failure of my life. I have asked God why I have failed, and He has said: You have failed not in these lesser things, but in the principal thing.

Mary Brown: What is that?

John Brown: Slavery. We haven't remembered the slaves, Mary—the five million black folk who mourn every day, who weep every night.

Mary Brown: I remember them always, John.

John Brown (springing up in a sudden, powerful, quiet transport of rage): But we must do something about it! Christ Jesus, who died on the gallows! slavery is respectable in America! The crucifixion of Man is respectable! The President of the United States, all the judges, all the governors, mayors, generals, even Thy pastors, O Jesus, have said slavery is respectable!

Mary Brown: John, we must be patient. It is too big for us.

John Brown: Patient! I've been patient and cowardly for twenty years! I've stood by and seen this bloody thing, and have done nothing! I've been busy breeding cattle and raising corn! All their hands are steeped in blood, in the blood of human beings! America needs a great deed!

Mary Brown: But what can we do? We are poor farmer folk.

John Brown (sitting down quietly): Mary. I must do something. This can't go on.

Mary Brown: But what?

John Brown: Mary, I am going with the boys on this trip. I must do it; it is necessary for me.

(John Brown's three sons, Jason, Owen and John, Jr., come in. They are tall, strong young Americans, John, Jr., 21 years old, Jason, 19, and Owen 16)

John Brown, Jr.: Father, Harriet Tubman is here.

John Brown: What, is it she who brings the fugitives?

Jason: Yes, she herself.

John Brown: Where is she?

John Brown, Jr.: Just outside. She has sent for them—they're hiding.

Oliver: She always goes first to see that the land is clear. (Picks up the rifle eagerly)

Shall we take our guns, father?

(Enter Harriet Tubman, a short, pleasant-faced Negro woman of about twenty-nine)

John Brown (taking both her hands): So this is Harriet Tubman! God bless you, you brave girl. You are the Moses of your poor people. I've long wanted to know you.

Harriet Tubman: I've also heard of you, Mr. Brown, as one of the most determined abolitionists among all the farmers in this region.

John Brown: No. I've done nothing.

Mary Brown: Have you eaten, Miss Tubman? Have the others had any food?

Harriet Tubman: No. We're famished. We've walked through woods and marshes for forty miles since dawn.

John Brown: And what are the plans now?

Harriet Tubman: I thought we might stop overnight in your barn, Mr. Brown. But there's been rumors of a posse of Southern sheriffs. Maybe we'll have to push right on.

John Brown (in the brusque voice of a born commander): So be it. Jason, Owen—harness the mare and the gray plough horse to the wagon. And Mary, have things ready on the table. (the boys go out)

John, get ammunition from the attic, and our rifles. We're ready when you are, Miss Tubman.

Mary Brown: Must you take the guns, John?

John Brown: Yes, it is necessary.

Harriet Tubman: I do believe I'm so tired I could fall asleep this minute. This underground railway is no business for the weak, Mr. Brown.

John Brown: It is the Lord's business.

(A low whistle is heard outside. Enter five Negro men, three Negro women, and three Negro children. All are dressed in

(There is a bustle and excited chatter... The Negroes break out into song again)

Old Negro Woman: Freedom over me!

John Brown (as the others leave before him): Silence. We may have to fight for freedom.

(they are silent. His wife comes to him; he kisses her; they are alone on the stage)

Good-bye, Mary.

Mary Brown: I have never seen you with a gun before, John. It frightens me. (There is soft Negro singing outside)

John Brown: It is necessary, Mary.

Mary Brown: But there may be bloodshed.

John Brown: As God wishes it, Mary. America needs a great deed.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The living room of Gerrit Smith's house near Boston. Present are Gerrit Smith, a wealthy philanthropist, Thoreau, Emerson, Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Frank Sanborn and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, all of them ardent Abolitionists, called here to discuss John Brown's plan.

Thoreau (thoughtfully): John Brown seems to me a man of common sense, a believer in direct speech and direct action. He is a great man. He is carrying out the purpose of a great life. He does not overstate anything. I remember, in his speech at Boston, he referred to what his family had suffered in Kansas. He spoke calmly. It was a volcano with an ordinary chimney flue. He talks no buncombe, he tells the simple truth. He reminds one of Cromwell.

Emerson: Yes. Words are pale beside this man.

Garrison: I agree with you. But about the Virginia plan: I cannot help feeling it is a bit mad. What is more, it is bloody.

Higginson: This is a bloody world, Mr. Garrison. Tyranny has endured because the oppressed have been too pious to shed blood. And we intellectuals have been too sluggishly and anemic.

Gerrit Smith: I revere the man. If there is one person in this world who is truly a Christian, I believe it is John Brown. But I agree with Mr. Garrison. I think it is our duty to consider his plan carefully, and to dissuade him from it if we can. All of us would die for the freedom of the slaves, but I think we are all opposed to useless sacrifice like this.

Thoreau: Time alone can decide what our uses were, Mr. Smith.

Gerrit Smith: Perhaps he is right. I'm torn by indecision.

(Enter Frederick Douglass, a strong-looking, light-colored Negro, the famous orator and leader of his race at the time.

He is accompanied by Dangerfield Newby, a tall, finely-formed Negro, of about thirty, and Shields Green, a little, ignorant, shy fugitive slave)

Ah, I am glad you have come, Mr. Douglass.

Douglass: I hope I'm not late. We missed the first train. This is Dangerfield Newby, and this Shields Green. Both of them are interested in John Brown's expedition, and may be possible recruits.

Gerrit Smith: Be seated, gentlemen. We were just discussing the plan.

Douglass: Where is our old friend?

Gerrit Smith: He is upstairs in his bedroom, writing some letters, I think I had better call him now. (goes to door on side)

Martha, will you please call Mr. Brown? Say we are all here. (comes back)

You know, he is having the honor of being hounded by some Department of Justice spies. Every night he barricades his door, and sleeps with a gun under his pillow. He says they will never take him alive.

(Enter John Brown. He looks older since Kansas, more grave and dignified, and has grown a long white beard)

John Brown (with a smile of grim humor): Were you speaking of justice?

Gerrit Smith: I was telling them of the spies that have shadowed you, Captain Brown.

John Brown: I'm glad they didn't decide to take me. It would have been a shame to spoil your bedroom carpet, Mr. Smith.

(all have risen to greet him) (John Brown goes the rounds, shaking hands gravely)

Mr. Thoreau, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Sanborn, my dear friend, Mr. Higginson, Mr. Douglass.

Douglass: Captain Brown, allow me to introduce my friends, Dangerfield Newby and Shields Green. They are both thinking of going with you.

by the exclamations of the others): Dey whip me, too. Oh, white Mahssa, why you cuttin' mah back wit' you' whip, Mahssa? Oh, dat hurts, white Mahssa, dat's jes' makin' my blood to come forth, Mahssa! Oh, Mahssa, why yo' kep' me in slavery for fofty years; why yo' sell mah two children; why yo' kill mah poh husban'? Yes, yo' hung him from a tree, lak yo' hung Jesus. Mahssas, oh, Mahssas, we poh niggers aint done yo' no hahm; leave us be! De Lawd says: Let mah people go! Let mah people go! (the other Negroes become excited by her half-ecstatic hysteria—she begins singing)

Go down, Moses. Let mah people go!

(they join in. When they stop, John Brown walks to the door)

John Brown: I must see what's happening to the wagon. (goes out)

First Negro Man (joyously): Dat old man looks lak de Lawd love him. He'll take us through.

Old Negro Woman: No need to worry now, praise God, for me done foun' a strong friend.

A Negro Child: Are we goin' to be free soon, Mammy?

Negro Woman: Yes, child, free! free!

(They sing again, rocking themselves from side to side, shutting their eyes in ecstasy—first, the song "Freedom, Freedom Over Me," "And Before I'd Be a Slave, I'd Be Buried in My Grave"—then they sing "One More River to Cross"—clapping their hands, and shouting and laughing. One of them jumps up and dances. John Brown comes back and stands watching them for a moment, a tender, yet grim smile on his face. They see him, and become silent. Mary Brown comes in with a bag of food and gives it to one of the Negroes)

Mary Brown: Here is the food. God bless you all.

(The two Brown boys come down with rifles and stand at the door)

John Brown (examining the rifle they have given him): The wagon's ready. We can leave.

ragged plantation slaves' clothes. They are timid at first, and look about them uneasily. With them comes an old Quaker in gray clothes and broad hat)

Quaker: We'll have to move at once, Miss Tubman. I've heard rumors on every hand. They trouble me. What doth thee think?

Harriet Tubman (with a weary smile): Safety is best in this business. We move on again. I see there's no sleep tonight. We learn to do without it, Mr. Brown.

John Brown (to the Negroes): Sit down, brothers and sisters. Be at ease. (picks up a little boy in his arms)

Wrap all the food in a big cloth, Mary; we'll take it along, and the fugitives can eat in the wagon as we go. (Mary leaves)

Don't be so frightened, brothers. We're in God's hands; we'll come through this nicely.

A Negro Man: Is it much further to Canada, Mahssa?

John Brown: A good three—or four—day trip; maybe more. (Some groan with disappointment; others sob)

Now, don't lose heart; it's nothing. I'll carry you through all the rest of the way with the wagon. My boys come with me. We'll defend you with our lives.

Negro Woman (bursts into hysterical sobs): Oh, Mahssa, Mahssa, seems lak Ah knaint hear no mo'. Seems lak hit aint never goin' to end.

John Brown (reassuring her): It'll end, don't fear.

Negro Woman: They'd whip me again if they caught me; they'd jes' tear off my skin with their long whips lak they done the week befo' Ah stole away.

John Brown (putting down the child and coming to her): Did they whip you?

Negro Woman (showing her shoulders): Yes, here; see them long stripes, Mahssa—they're jes' bleedin' all the time. Yes, they whipped me, and three white mahssas done things to me right under mah husband's eyes, and he went 'most crazy, and we stole away the next night with our baby—

John Brown: Now, don't break down, my poor woman. (her husband steps over and shyly comforts her)

You will all be free within a week; I swear it.

A Negro Man: Oh, Mahssa, you just don't know what those white folks do to us. Dey wuz goin' to sell mah Julie and the baby down the river; yes, these two here, dey wuz goin' to separate us; but Ah jes' couldn't do without mah Julie; seems lak she belongs to me. Mebbe Ah'm but a slave, but Ah loves mah own woman and baby. (embraces them) No, Mahssa, you don't know what dey do to us.

John Brown: I know.

An old Negro Woman (half-chanting, in a Negro ecstasy, broken by the exclamations of the others): Dey whip me, too. Oh, white Mahssa, why you cuttin' mah back wit' you' whip, Mahssa? Oh, dat hurts, white Mahssa, dat's jes' makin' my blood to come forth, Mahssa! Oh, Mahssa, why yo' kep' me in slavery for fohty years; why yo' sell mah two children; why yo' kill mah poh husban'? Yes, yo' hung him from a tree, lak yo' hung Jesus. Mahssas, oh, Mahssas, we poh niggers aint done yo'-no hahm; leave us bo! De Lawd says: Let mah people go! Let mah people go! (the other Negroes become excited by her half-ecstatic hysteria—she begins singing)

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(all have risen to greet him) (John Brown goes the rounds, shaking hands gravely)

Mr. Thoreau, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Sanborn, my dear friend, Mr. Higginson, Mr. Douglass.

Douglass: Captain Brown, allow me to introduce my friends, Dangerfield Newby and Shields Green. They are both thinking of going with you.

John Brown: Good. Good. And you, Mr. Douglass? There is no one I want more than you. You are a leader of the Negro race in America. I want you for a special purpose. When I strike, the bees will begin to swarm, and I want you to help me hive them. The Negroes trust you, and follow you.

Douglass: I'm sorry, but you've changed your plan, and it now seems to me but a mad, noble act of folly.

John Brown: It is not folly. I will defend you with my life, Douglass. This is the time to begin the real war on slavery. It may not come again.

Gerrit Smith: What, have you changed your plan, Captain Brown?

John Brown: No, it is practically the same I have been meditating for twenty years. Mr. Douglass had heard only the vague outlines. Now he knows I have chosen Harper's Ferry as the scene of action.

Sanborn: And do you really think you can succeed? I ask this as one who earnestly prays you will succeed.

John Brown: I think there are strong chances for success; yes.

Thoreau: And what do you want of us?

John Brown (sitting down; speaking carefully): I want an immediate donation of about a thousand dollars to buy more arms and to provision my men. I have twenty of my young men waiting in a farm-house near Harper's Ferry. For the past year I have drilled them and taught them the art of guerrilla warfare. Now they are ready. The blow will be struck in the next month. We are only waiting for more ammunition and the arrival of others who have been promising to join.

Gerrit Smith: Your first move would be to seize the federal arsenal at Harper's Ferry?

John Brown: Yes, that is the plan. We would seize the arsenal, make raids into the surrounding country and free all the slaves we could find. Then our band would cut its way into the mountains that surround the Ferry, where we would establish our headquarters. The rumor of our raid would spread through the entire nation. Slaves and free Negroes would flock to join us by the thousands; and we would organize and fight whoever came against us. In those mountains it would be hard to break our organization. We would set up a free republic there, and establish schools of the useful and mechanical arts for our Negro citizens. Gradually, we would extend our territory, carving out tracts of slavery from the South, and converting them into centers of freedom. Perhaps in five years all the Negro slaves would have found their way to us. Perhaps in five years slaves would not be human merchandise in the South, but rebellious, self-respecting human beings, whom it would not be profitable to buy and sell. Slavery must be made dangerous to the slaveholder; that is our first step.

Gerrit Smith: Captain Brown, do you realize the forces you are going up against with your little band?

John Brown: Yes. But Spartacus and his slaves went up against the Roman Empire, and stood them off for ten years.

Emerson: Those were gladiators; the Negroes are mild, gentle people, who do not seem to take to violence.

John Brown: You are mistaken, Mr. Emerson. Negroes are human beings, and no race has ever been permanently enslaved. Men will fight for their freedom to the end of time.

Emerson: And you really think the Negroes would come to you?

John Brown: I do.

Douglass: But how can you be sure of it, Captain Brown? How would the slaves know of your raid the very night you were making it? You have no way of agitating them in advance, of giving them notice. It will not be as simple as you think; armies have to be organized for war, and the slaves must be organized and prepared, too.

John Brown: I have more faith than you, Douglass. I am sure they will rise to any opening for freedom, whenever and wherever it comes.

Gerrit Smith: I don't want you to be offended by my question. Will this all mean a wholesale massacre of the slaveholders?

John Brown: No, no, of course not. Some of them will be taken as prisoners and exchanged for slaves, nothing more. We are not butchers, or men thirsting for revenge. We are fighting for a principle, and we are fighting in a practical way to destroy slavery. There has been enough talk against it; now for a deed.

Garrison: But there is bound to be bloodshed, Captain Brown. I do not approve of blood, in whatever cause. Murder is wrong. It can hallow no cause. In ten or twenty years our peaceful propaganda will have freed the slaves.

John Brown: How?

Garrison: We will continue appealing to the reason and con-

science of the slaveholders. Our strength lies in the greatness of the wrongs done the Negroes.

John Brown: Green, have you been a slave?

Green: Yes, Mars Brown. Ah had six masters in mah time. Dey sold me, one to de odder.

John Brown: Did they ever beat you?

Green: Yes, Mars Brown.

John Brown: With whips?

Green: Wid whips, yes. And once mah Mars Keith he got so angry at me, he beat me wid a big stick, cause Ah wouldn't do what he said when he wuz drunk. He done broke mah two ribs, Mars Keith did.

John Brown: And did you resist?

Green: Oh, no, sah. Yo' caint do dat.

John Brown: And did they beat you again after that?

Green: Oh, yassuh, many times.

John Brown: And did you resist at any time?

Green: No, suh.

John Brown: And they showed no mercy, but beat you again and again?

Green: Yes, yes; seems lak dey aint got no hearts down South. Ahs marked all over wid deir whippins.

John Brown: Do you hear, Mr. Garrison? This man has had wrongs; deep, deep wrongs. And he has not resisted, but what strength has that given him? They will whip you again and again. They do not relent. A non-resistant slave is a good and valuable slave.

Garrison: Oh, don't misunderstand me, Captain Brown. I am as bitterly opposed to slavery as you; but I cannot countenance murder.

John Brown: You have shown yourself a brave, true man in the past, Mr. Garrison, but pray do not call my deeds murder.

Garrison: I do not mean to offend you. I am saying what I believe.



REF.

Drawn by A. La Refregier

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John Brown: Green, have you been a slave?

Green: Yes, Mars Brown. Ah had six masters in mah time. Dey sold me, one to de odder.

John Brown: And I am doing what I believe. I do not want to kill, or be killed, Mr. Garrison. I am not an adventurer, I am a peaceful farmer, a Christian, and I am sixty years old. I have a dear wife and babes at home, and their lonely voices ring ever in my ears. I have lost a son in Kansas; it is watered with the blood and tears of my family. I have been a Quaker, and I love goodness and peace and mercy, but I have lain on the damp ground, and had a price on my head, and hidden in forests; I have fought with weapons, and been an outlaw. I would prefer to be quiet and to grow my corn in peace for the rest of my days; but I cannot endure slavery. I cannot be quiet while this great wrong is in the land. If I must kill men to end it, I will kill them, and the sin be on my soul.

Garrison: Forgive me, Captain Brown. I think you misunderstood me.

Douglass: Oh, Captain Brown, Captain Brown! Have we not all wept for the unhappy slaves? But this is a mad scheme. I know it; I have seen Harper's Ferry; you are going into a steel trap there; they will wipe you and your men out; they will close the door behind you.

John Brown: I have thought it all out; and I will do it, even if I must die. There are too many cowards in the land. Someone must begin the attack on slavery; let it be I. America needs a great deed.

Douglass: But there is a more practical plan.

Gerrit Smith: Yes, there are many safer and more feasible schemes that ought to be tried first. For your sake, Captain—

John Brown: I did not come here to argue with you. I cannot argue any more. My men are waiting. What I ask of you is to raise a thousand dollars for me.

(he goes to door)

I will wait for your answer. (he goes out)

Thoreau: A man!

Emerson: He is the true spirit of America.

Higginson: I wish I could go with him.

Sanborn: We must help him. It is useless to argue.

Gerrit Smith: It does look that way. Shall we discuss it now?

Dangerfield Newby (rising): Gentlemen, we will withdraw while you discuss this private matter. But let me say a word. I beg you to help this man. I have decided to join Captain Brown. I am a free Negro, but I have a dear wife and seven children who are still in slavery. One of them I have not yet seen; he has just commenced to walk, my wife writes. "Oh, Dangerfield," she writes (he reads a letter) "come and buy us as soon as you can, before somebody else will. They are going to sell us soon. Oh, dear Dangerfield, come this fall without fail, money or no money. I want to see you so much; that is the one bright hope I have before me." The bodies of my wife and children belong to a white master. And I cannot get money to buy my own flesh and blood. Mr. Garrison, shall I allow my family to be sold, or shall I die resisting slavery with Captain Brown? (he goes out, wiping his eyes)

Douglass: Oh, God!

Green: Ah'm goin wid de ole man, too, Mr. Douglass.

Douglass: You'll be killed, Shields. Think over what you're doing.

Green: Ah mus' go wid de ole man. (he leaves, too)

Douglass: I'm ashamed of myself. I should be joining him, too. But it seems like suicide.

Higginson: We should all be ashamed of ourselves.

Gerrit Smith: I doubt whether things of this kind will succeed. But we shall make a great many failures before we discover the right way, and meanwhile the logic of events—

Thoreau: Please do not bring logic in, Mr. Smith. It's plain we must give him the money. This man is going forth to die. America needs a great deed.

ACT III.

SCENE VIII.

The hanging of John Brown. A flight of wooden steps leading to the gallows. It is a fair, clear day; blue sky and brilliant morning sunlight. A line of United States soldiers are standing before the steps leading to the platform; they have fixed bayonets, and at the end of the line is a soldier bearing an American flag. Behind the line of soldiers are various Southern men and women; also a group of Negroes, poor slave men, women and children. Drums are heard; two drummers approach, then comes a minister, then some dignitaries of the State, then John Brown, his arms bound behind his

back. With him walks Captain John Avis, his jailer, a man with a black moustache and goatee, courtly and handsome.

John Brown (stopping): Please loosen these cords; they are cutting my wrists, Captain Avis.

Captain Avis (doing so): I'm sorry, Mr. Brown. You know this is always done. (he eases the cords).

John Brown (looking about him): There must be thousands of soldiers here. I didn't know Governor Wise held my death so important.

Captain Avis: I have loosened your wrists. Is there anything else you want done, Mr. Brown? Shall I give you a private signal when the moment comes?

John Brown: No, no. Just let it all be quick. Don't let them keep me waiting too long. I have left you my silver watch, Captain Avis. You have been kind.

Captain Avis: Thank you. Let me say something to you, Mr. Brown, as a Southerner who helped capture you in the arsenal. You are one of the gamest men I have ever known.

John Brown: Thank you, Captain Avis. Aren't they ready up there?

Captain Avis: The bugler will sound the signal.

John Brown: Remember our many talks, Captain Avis, and remember in the days to come that I prophesied that slavery would soon fall.

(The Negroes being chanting and praying. John Brown turns to look at them)

Captain Avis: They want us to start.

(John Brown bends down and kisses one of the Negro children, then goes up the steps. He stops a moment on the lowest step and looks about him. The drums have been beating all the time, a slow, muffled, funeral roll. Now the bugle sounds three sharp notes)

John Brown: What a beautiful land! I had never before noticed how beautiful America is!

(he passes up the steps, Captain Avis following him. The Negroes moan and wail and sing; the drums beat wildly; there is the murmur of voices from the platform, then a sharp clack; the trap door has sprung. The drums roll to a climax; then die down suddenly)

A Voice (solemn and organ-toned, from the platform): So perish all such enemies of Virginia! All such enemies of the United States! All such foes of the human race!

(There is a moment of silence; the Negroes fall on their knees and pray; the drums beat up in brisk, military time.

A Negro man rises from his knees, with arms uplifted):

Negro (with anguish and joy): For there has been a great American deed!

(Voices off stage sing the chorus of "John Brown's Body.")

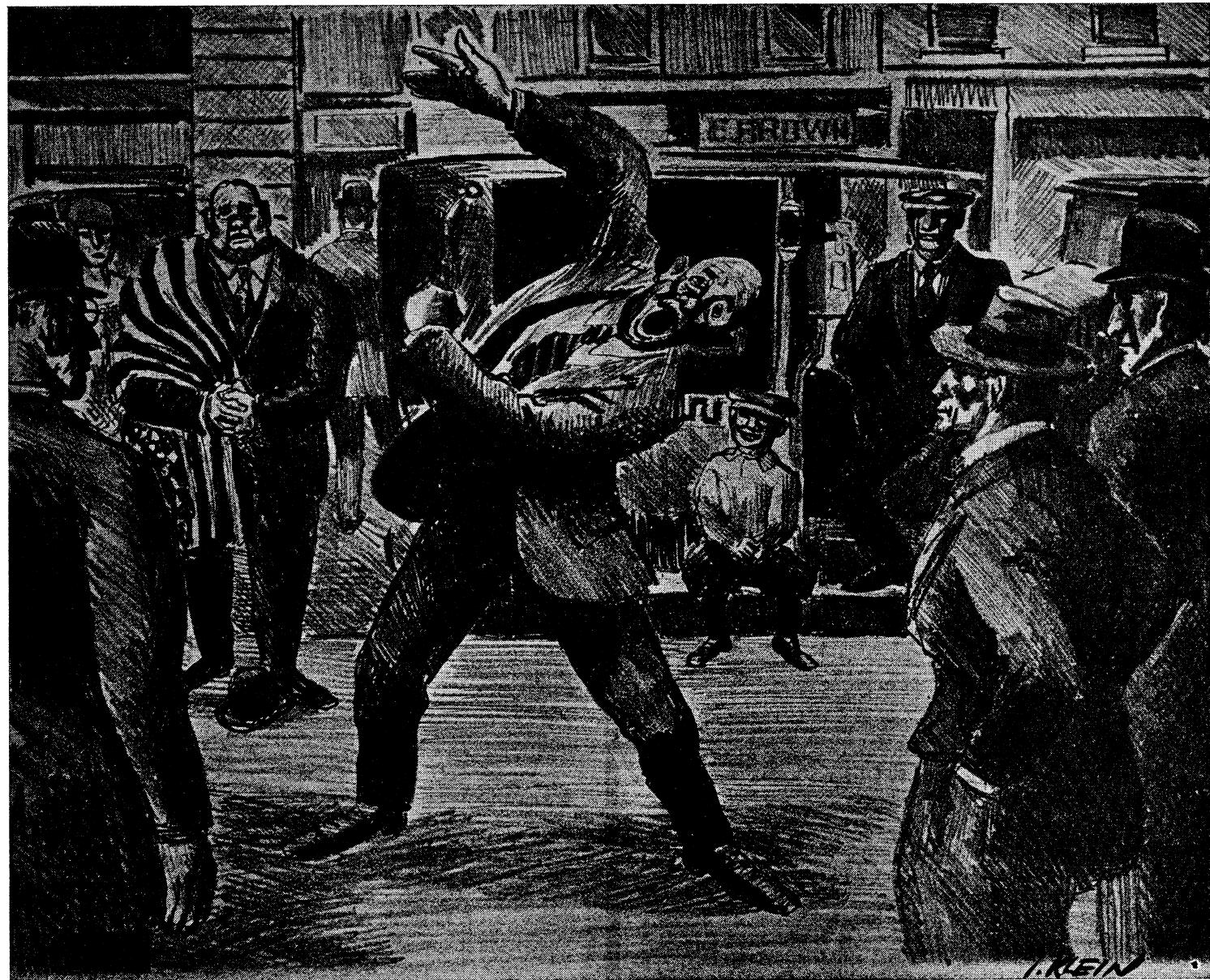
TWO POEMS by Norman Macleod

BOULDER CANYON DAM

chorusing damns in chessboard play
of reality while conferences
postulate political metaphysicalities:
(this means this)
and bohunks in jersey
and stragglers in idaho pocatella
and other employment-office
bombardees
strike out uncertainly west,
south
Who shall be the first one killed?
bill wavers
accorded press reports.

20th CENTURY BUCKING BRONCO

At thistle junction,
the schist bolsters the sky up
tracing a cerulean triangle
to match the earth;
and the passenger trains come
through a grey of granite
with business and salesladies
announced with an extra fine cuisine,
but strangely unheralded
the hoboies ride like cowboys
holding her down.



CURBSTONE FUNDAMENTALIST:—"No filthy Atheist can make a monkey outa me!"
 LITTLE BOY:—"Holy Moses!"

Drawn by I. Klein.

WILKES-BARRE

Dim figures moving in the darkness of early morning—miners, textile workers, factory wage slaves going to work. Street lights, lighted lunch stands, lighted street cars, an outgoing procession filled with workers. The Morning Record, founded in 1823, still printing the news the bosses want printed. Main Street with its four Five-and-Tens in a row. The churches. The Y.M.C.A. The Y.W.C.A. The Y.M.H.A. The Public Library built to look like a church. Wise-cracking travelling salesmen. Rich women in fur coats going into the Boston Store—bosses' wives. Women trailed by children going into Kresge's—workers' wives. Vague hills in the distance. Deafening noise from inside the red brick mills.

Workers hurrying home to dinner. Fat men eating at the Blue Plate. A Good Place To Dine. Hot dogs lying innocently side by side on Woolworth's counter. The Chamber of Commerce Building. Join The Navy. Modern Youth Needs The Character-Building Influence Of Army Training. Magnificent stone palaces on Riverside Drive, all different—bosses' homes. Wooden houses near the mines, all alike—miners' homes. Clothing stores. Bargain sales. Baber shops. The Evening Times-Leader, still suppressing news the bosses want suppressed.

Cars returning, pouring out factory workers, textile wage slaves,

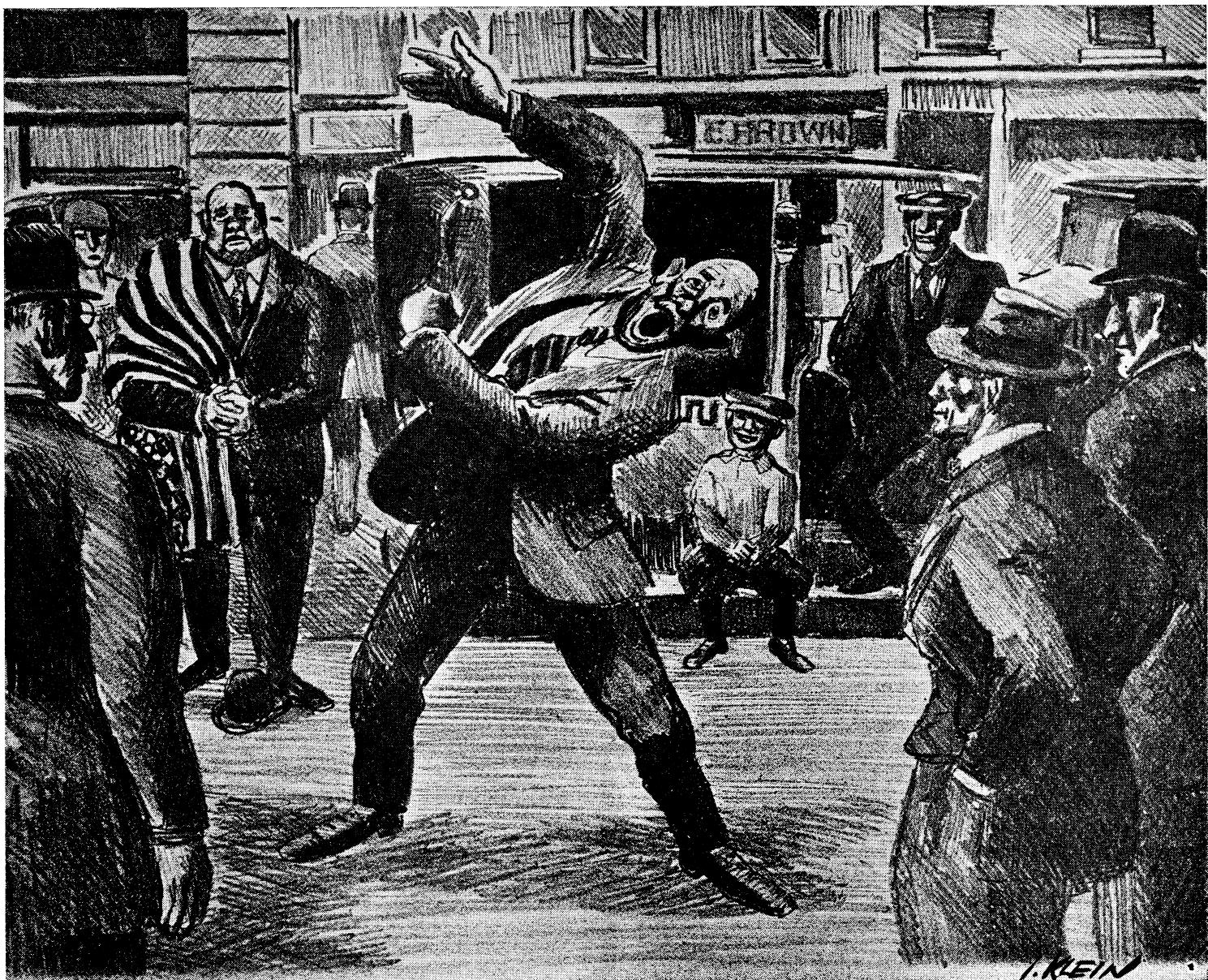
miners. Street lights, lighted lunch stands. Eight old maids making whoopee at the Chop Suey Restaurant. A disciplined army, trays in hand, at Brown's Cafeteria. The twinkling lights of the movie houses. Maple nut sundaes. Dim figures moving home in the darkness of evening—miners, factory wage slaves, textile workers.

CLARINA MICHELSON.

THERE WAS A MAN

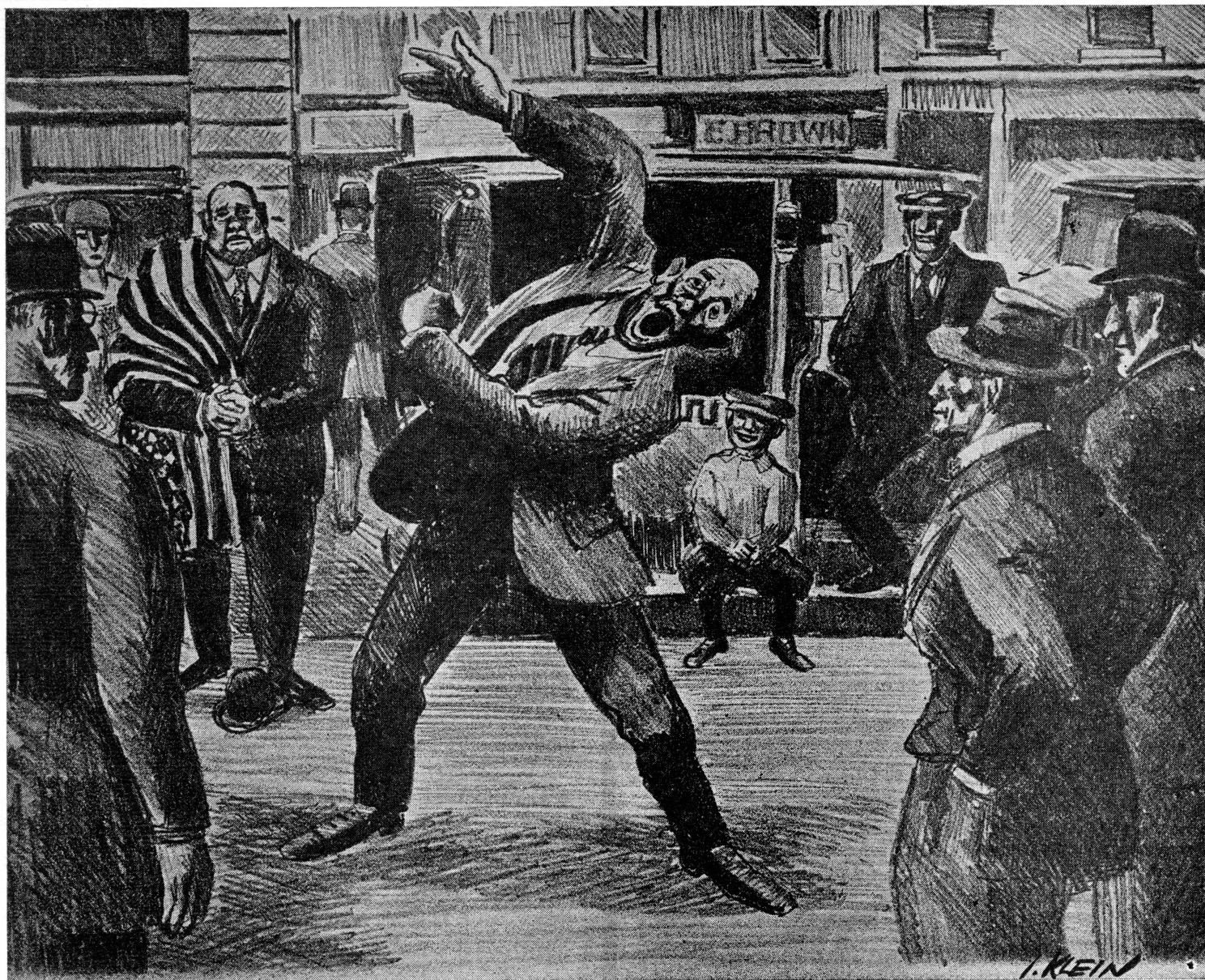
There was a man who styled himself an apostle of God; a fearless man—so they said . . . On Sunday, he wore a long cloak of piety, scorned the whore and pelted the thief with the little stones of his aversion. The crumbling bones of long-dead courtesans were disinterred gingerly . . . But there was one of the herd that listened who knew and smiled sardonically. This man, he thought, covertly sucks the slime from the fat fingers of the rich and whines after the poor like an alley bitch!

GALE WILHELM.



CURBSTONE FUNDAMENTALIST:—"No filthy Atheist can make a monkey outa me!"
LITTLE BOY:—"Holy Moses!"

Drawn by I. Klein.



CURBSTONE FUNDAMENTALIST:—"No filthy Atheist can make a monkey outa me!"
LITTLE BOY:—"Holy Moses!"

Drawn by I. Klein.

SIDEWALKS OF LOS ANGELES

By H. H. LEWIS

I had been sleeping on the floor of a rescue mission, near a toilet which, carelessly used by the others, had become clogged; its contents had run out on the floor.

Getting up was a task. I had to pry myself from between two side-sleepers packed against me. Stiff, numb, almost paralyzed by the damp coldness and the bare floor, I then had to pound myself and stretch like a dope fiend before being able to stand.

Standing, I viewed the horrible scene. That dimly-lit hall, about 25 feet by 40, was crammed to full capacity with sardined bums. All upon their sides to save room. Every night at "bed-time" it took much cursing and booting from the overseer to get the sullen men to compress themselves enough. Your breath warmed somebody's neck and somebody's breath warmed yours. It was a suffocating, putrid hell for us but glory hallelujah for the lice.

One morning we were lined up ready to go into the "dining" hall for breakfast—all of us except an old derelict who managed to keep himself pickled in denatured alcohol, "canned heat." Starting to rise, he fell upon his face and gurgled a prolonged phlegmy "ah." Somebody laughed about it. Nobody rebuked the laugher. Nobody moved to help the old fellow. And there he died.

This mission received the unsold bring-backs of the sandwiches and piecuts which are made to supply the lunch-dispensing machines throughout the city. Old bread, skimmilk, artificial coffee and these pies and sandwiches made up the "menu" of the mission. The sandwiches were sometimes mouldy and therefore poisonous. When I first hit Los I ate a lot of this garbage in my uncautious hunger and soon began to feel the effects.

I fell in with the boys composing the local of the International Brotherhood of Welfare Association, often called the Hoboes' Union. We had a hall on Fifth Street, down from Main. Each man paid 25c per month for rent. We drank twenty gallons of skimmilk per day, getting it free. In the mornings a group of us, with gunny sacks, made the rounds to bakeries and collected sufficient old bread and old sugary whatnots, all free. Sometimes we afforded a mulligan stew. Towards the end of the winter we got in on the Community Fund and each man was given daily a meal ticket worth 50c. This paradise endured for two weeks.

Wobbly talk was rife among us, we were stooled by the police and interviewed every few days, when not oftener, by a couple of dicks. Then one night the bluecoats surrounded us for a raid. The back yard was full of them, preventing escape. Only the fluent explanations of our Irish and diplomatic secretary saved us from the hoosgow. The captain left an order: "Cut out that goddam I.W.W. stuff!"

That occurred after we had removed to a second hall. The health authorities had forced us to quit the first hall. And our beds, without any bedding except papers or sacks, were condemned and carted away because the springs were framed in wood instead of iron. Now we were flopping on the floor and on our large tables.

We kept the free barber colleges busy till spring. Then, meat for the tonsorial apprentices becoming scarce, a competition arose between two such places directly across the alley from each other. One college put up free tobacco to attract enough victims. The other followed with tobacco and pecans.

Longing for an individual nook in which to sleep, I found it—a space between a stone wall and a board fence in the warehouse district. I carried my bedding—a kleptomaniacal assortment of rags picked up anywhere—to my den at night and back to the hall in the morning.

It required constant vigilance that winter to keep from being vagged. My comrades were being snatched up when away from the hall, were getting thirty days and then the order to "get out of town." A scene I can never forget is when the police raided the city's free employment bureau and nabbed many who were standing outside. The head raider lectured us: if we really wanted a job, why didn't we stand inside? But the inside of that

large hall was already crowded to capacity with 250, I estimate. No place in there to lean against a wall so as to sigh comfortably; the wallflowers kept their place. Those who loitered outside for the sake of better air and a nice soft wall to lean against, were vagrants, a menace to public safety. He also said the outside fellows were "obstructing the sidewalk." But the location was on an alley used by very few except ourselves. Now the insiders, suspending ambition for jobs in fury against the police outrage, began to mill about and rumble ominously. From back in the shadows came cat-calls and Wobbly slogans against the police. A riot was about to ensue. More police came. The manager of the place, probably without being ordered to do so, and appearing to favor us, asked the men to clear the hall at once, to disperse and not to return until the police had left. The mob filed out through bluecoats on either side. The nabbed men were released: tactics probably, instead of a sense of justice.

Picking up men from in front of employment bureaus, men who may be reading the list of jobs at the time, is a habit with the police. I have seen it also happen in Denver and St. Louis.

One day I was killing time in the library of the Los Angeles branch of the Goodwill Industries—a nation-wide concern, somewhat similar to the Salvation Army, formed to hinder the rich from giving to the poor, to play middleman in the charity business, to gather in free salvage and then to sell it. I had fallen asleep. Bad policy. The dicks object to a fellow doing that in the utopia of Coolidge prosperity when everyone should be working at high wages. I got jerked to my feet and was being gone through before I was hardly awake. Scribblings were found upon me, one containing this: "All washed in the blood of the Lamb, in the gore of the sanctified Ram." Reading that, the faces of those two class-conscious hyenas went asarl, stimulating me to hurriedly think about how to avoid a beating up. It was due me, no doubt, but I don't like the scarlet messiness of it, nor the livid decorations. Besides, it hurts. I should have been ashamed of myself for resorting to such a cowardly trick—but I showed the dicks a card proving that within an hour I was to sort salvage in the basement below. I was not altogether without "visible means of support." Now, wasn't that a nasty way to thwart justice?

The roles simulated by hoboes to avoid being vagged are many, extremely interesting and sometimes as laughable. They wag dinner-pails, carry saws, hammers, tools of various kinds—anything to give that on-the-job effect. One fellow wore a carpenter's work-apron with nails in the pockets. Another, blessed with good clothes, got a black rag to hide his dirty shirt and to set off his clean collar: a preacher.

In my opinion, the class-lines are kept sharper and more manifest in Los Angeles than anywhere else in the nation. Frisco has the they-will-always-be-with-us, tolerant attitude towards her itinerant unemployed; but to the police of Los Angeles we are social lice to be driven away. Los is the very paradise of open shopism, her civic advertisements and circulars making much of her adherence to the "American plan." And there at Main Street and Sunset Blvd., in her little Plaza, I got an education in Fascism.

An eloquent libertarian strong for democracy and Jacksonian ideals had mounted a soap box, in defiance of a police order, to cry out against the way he had been suppressed the Sunday before. Patrick Henry cut loose—and a figure from the rim of the crowd began to wedge his way inward. Patrick saw him coming and made good use of short time in this manner: "Listen here! There's a scrap of paper over in Washington called the Constitution, and it gives me the right to make this speech! I protest, I—"

Well, I never learned just what justice the libertarian received, but he should have been given a life sentence for calling the Constitution a scrap of paper.

Defiantly assert your proletarian rights in Los Angeles and you go to jail; voice them pleadingly to a dick who has just halted a free speech demonstration, and he gives you a puzzled look such as to make Thomas Jefferson himself turn over in his grave with a flatulent sigh.

LITERARY PATTERNS

By JOSEPH FREEMAN

Russian Literature and the Jew, by Joshua Kunitz. Columbia University Press. \$3.00.

This book has wider implications than its title might suggest. It is not, as might be suspected, a pedantic pursuit of a single thread in a Russian literature; but precisely what its author calls it, "a sociological inquiry into the nature and origin of literary patterns." The notion that art and literature are remote from political and economic struggles is now generally exploded among conscious people of all classes; this legend now prevails only among philistines and a small group of aesthetes, who, driven by despair into some vulgarized form of idealism, insist upon retaining art as a sort of "numinal" world into which rare spirits can escape from the dust of battle.

In general, however, Marx's observation that the arts are deeply rooted in the social structure is admitted even by defenders of capitalism. A recent volume on the "formation and control" of public opinion (what communists would call ideology), issued by Professor Brooke Graves of Temple University, includes literature among the instruments of "formation and control." Examples are given of books which have moulded public opinion; quotations are included to show how literature affects the "national genius" of a people. The bourgeois viewpoint, however, stops short at a vague "national" explanation; nothing is said about social classes; no explanation is given as to *who* writes literature at any given time, under what social and economic conditions, with what aims and prejudices in mind. It is precisely the ability to answer such questions which raises Joshua Kunitz's study above the general level of literary chatter and myopic Ph.D. theses. Though the author confines himself to the figure of the Jew as he appears in Russian literature, his method is one which would yield valuable results if applied to any literature. Indeed, the author indicates the universality of certain laws of art when he points to the changing attitude of the Russian author toward the peasant and the American author toward the Negro.

What makes Kunitz's study especially valuable as a contribution to method is that he has avoided the error of oversimplification. Some of our younger critics, in violent reaction against an idealistic background, have attempted to explain the evolution of literary patterns by the simple method of describing the economic conditions under which a book is written. There they stop, omitting all explanation of the tangled skein of intermediate forces which lead from economics to "ideology." Kunitz has taken the trouble, however, to note that after a while literary patterns themselves become objective forces, and that authors are influenced not only by direct experience in life but also by their second-hand experience in reading books. In studying the Jew as seen by the Russian during various stages of Russia's development, the author asked himself the following questions:

"Has the Jew really been as represented? If not, what has caused the distortion? Has it been the fault of the mirror, of the atmosphere, or of both? Periodic transmutations of the image provoke further speculation as to what has actually been changing. For it is obvious that the image would be affected by a change in the thing reflected, by a modification in the mirror, by a shift in atmospheric conditions, by an intercation of any two or all of the three suggested contingencies."

The author then wisely begins his study with an analysis of the reality. He goes first to the ghetto itself, sketching the legal, economic and social status of the Jews in Poland, their early contact with Russia, the results of Russia's annexation of Poland, the establishment of the Pale, the legal disabilities and economic distress of the Jew in the Russian empire. Here we find an oppressed, poverty-stricken people, suffering extreme legal and political disabilities, the object of prejudice and persecution; and, in the midst of this mediaeval existence, profoundly religious and passionately in love with learning.

It is the ghetto Jew, undernourished and divorced from productive labor, who first appears in Russian literature. He appears as an object of contempt, an image so grotesquely distorted

that one is "nonplussed by the lack of any correspondence between image and object." Kunitz finds many reasons for the Russian author's failure to portray the Jew adequately; mediaeval tradition, religious prejudice, literary patterns borrowed from west-European writers, resentment against an alien type and culture, and above all ignorance. But he finds one other factor (perhaps the basic factor, one usually omitted in literary studies). The Russian author of this period was a landed proprietor, a serf-owner, and a nobleman; as such he naturally despised "anything associated with the din, the bustle, the vulgarity of the market place"; he had nothing but derision for "the huckster, the peddler, the Jew." If Russian literature until the sixties of the last century was full of contempt for the Jew (rather than hatred or sentimental pity) it was to a large extent because this literature was written by feudal aristocrats who despised petty traders. Yet the figure of the Jew in Russian literature is not entirely the product of this class relationship; the image is distorted not only by class prejudice and by the ignorance of authors remote from the object they are describing, but also by the influence of other images. Kunitz points out that the Russian nobleman-author, unacquainted with the living Jew, imitated Jewish images as he found them in Milton, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Scott, Byron and Lessing. Hence Russian fiction and poetry of this period repeats over and over the commonest Jewish images of contemporary west-European literature—Jewish fathers (like Shylock and Isaac of York) who are fiends, traitors, magicians, usurers, and spies; and Jewish daughters (like Jessica, Abigail and Rebecca) who are beautiful, gentle and invariably in love with Christians. Kunitz traces the image of the Jew, as distorted by class relationships and literary traditions, in the works of Pushkin, Lermontov, Kukolnik, Gogol, Bulgarin, Dahl, Turgenev, Dostoyevsky and Lieskov.

From 1860 to 1880 new Jewish types appeared in Russian literature, and a new attitude among Russian authors. Contempt gave place to hatred. This literary change reflected a change in actual life. Russia had entered the stage of capitalist economy; new social classes were being formed. From the ghetto there emerged the Jewish businessman and financier, who came to the Russian metropolis; while the Jewish masses were only slightly affected by this change, and began to express themselves directly in their own writings, chiefly in Yiddish and Hebrew; the Jewish bourgeoisie and intellectuals attempted to assimilate with the Russians. The emergence of the Jewish bourgeoisie was followed by economic anti-semitism, reflected in literary anti-semitism. For here again, there is a change not only in the class composition of the Jews, but in the class basis of Russian literature; the land-owning, aristocratic author was being replaced by the bourgeois liberal, the "literary merchant," and the impoverished aristocrat. The latter hated the Jewish capitalist both as Jew and as capitalist; while the bourgeois author hated the Jew as a successful business competitor. If he sympathized with the peasantry, the bourgeois author hated the Jewish capitalist as an exploiter of the masses. The new Russian author depicting new Jewish types creates new literary patterns; we now have the image of the Jewish nouveau riche, the bourgeois upstart; the Jewish assimilator—the father who seeks to become part of the gentle bourgeoisie and the sons who seek to become part of the gentile nihilists. These types Kunitz skilfully traces through the works of Nekrasov, Reshetnikov, Pisemsky, Krestovsky and others.

The last twenty years of the nineteenth century saw a steady growth of anti-semitism in Russia. While the liberals and populists hated the Jewish financier, the government concentrated its fury on those Jewish intellectuals who entered the revolutionary movement. In 1881 Alexander II was assassinated by a group of terrorists containing, it was alleged, a Jewish girl. Six weeks after Alexander's death the first pogrom on Jews took place; within a year 150 pogroms were recorded, most of them provoked by the government. Disabilities against Jews were rigorously enforced; the poverty of the Pale increased. As a result, the assimilationist

movement collapsed; the Jewish bourgeois turned in his despair to Zionism; the Jewish workers sought emancipation from their lot in the revolutionary movement. If from the sixties to the eighties the image of the Jew in Russian literature was affected by the emergence of the Jewish capitalist, for the next thirty years it was affected by the emergence of the Jewish revolutionary worker. And here again, the new Jewish type found new authors to portray it; capitalism had produced a revolutionary proletariat, and Russian literature, first monopolized by the landowners, and later dominated by the bourgeoisie, now was filled with the voices of writers affected to a greater or lesser extent by the rising revolutionary proletariat.

Instead of contempt or hatred for the Jew, we now find pity and sympathy; indeed, too much of it; for, as Kunitz justly observes, "in their endeavor to be fair, the Russian liberal authors, leaned too much one way. They became nauseatingly sweet; they exaggerated the Jews' virtues; they minimized or overlooked his faults. Still, it is the contemporary Jew and not a literary stencil who appears in Russian literature at this time—actual ghetto types, students, tailors, jewellers, peddlers, actors, sailors, shoemakers, coachmen, servants, and finally the revolutionary Jewish worker of heroic mould."

The most decisive change came, of course, in 1917. The Revolution abolished the old social structure and with it the Jewish ghetto and its types. While the emigre writers stewed in a helpless anti-semitism and hatred of the revolution, Soviet writers, in the first years of the revolution, cast aside all racial distinctions; types were class types; people were proletarians, peasants, priests or bourgeois, regardless of national origin. But class differences in the Soviet Union have their own complications, and certain old images of the Jew reappear in new guise; on the Jewish "spets" is now poured out that hatred which formerly went to the Jewish businessman; while writers with a Kulak viewpoint depict the Jew as the corrupt bearer of an effete city culture.

It is unfortunate that Kunitz was unable to do more with post-revolutionary literature than he has, and that for some reason he saw fit to relegate to footnotes in back of the book the basic aspects of the Jewish question in the Soviet Union. It would have been better to retain in the body of the text, where the average reader is more likely to see it, the quotation from the Linfield report that "there are no discriminations against the Jews in Soviet Russia" as well as the long footnote describing the present status of the Jew in Russia. A comparison of the conditions described in this footnote (the last in the book) with the conditions of the Jew as described in the text dealing with the century preceding the revolution will reveal the meaning of the revolution in one of its aspects; for as the author points out "the Jew has become a full-fledged Russian citizen. He may come and go whenever and wherever he pleases. He may enter any school, or trade or profession open to any other Russian citizen." With this political and educational liberation has come a movement for the economic emancipation of the Jew through land settlements. If certain Russian authors, connected with reactionary classes in the Soviet Union, still exhibit anti-semitism, it must be remembered that for the first time these authors and these classes represent a minority in the country against whom is lined up the entire power of the Soviet government and the organized working masses.

As a study of the relation between social forces and literary patterns, Kunitz's book is an original and valuable piece of work. What has been said here is a faint outline of a thesis which the author develops with great skill and a wealth of illustration. The book will be useful to anyone who is interested in social questions or in the nature of art or both.

BELLHOP'S AU REVOIR

(After "getting the can")

So long, hotel, with your ferns and shrubbery in the lobby,
With your burly house detective smoking big black cigars,
Goodby to the painted dame who keeps a room all year round
And entertains boy friends for so much at a time limit;
The same to the well-dressed gent who peddles booze and art cards
and dope in the lobby—so long.
So long to the surging crowds, the suitcases, the ice water, the
call bells, the telephone girls, the swishing of the revolving
doors, the banging of elevators . . .
Oh, I'll miss those things like Christ knows what.

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director

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BOOKS

A. B. Magil
Herman Spector

REVIEWED BY:
Scott Nearing
Miriam Allen De Ford

Joseph Kalar
Henry Flury

The Diary of a Communist Undergraduate, by N. Ognyov. Translated from the Russian by Alexander Werth. Payson and Clarke, Limited. \$2.50.

It is an older Kostya Riabtsov that we meet in *The Diary of a Communist Undergraduate*. In the previous book, *The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy*, Kostya and his comrades were busy discovering a new world, a world in which the tentative and experimental predominated. The record of that discovery is full of the charm, the vivid intuitions of the child mind growing up in a society which is itself in the process of growth.

In *The Diary of a Communist Undergraduate* Kostya Riabtsov enters upon a new life, eminently more serious and difficult. Whereas in the earlier book Kostya's entire life was centered in the secondary school and practically his whole mental development was the reflection of his experiences there, in *The Diary of a Communist Undergraduate* the university is barely more than an incident in the profound experiences that mold his personality. Kostya is now face to face with the objective difficulties of the Socialist reconstruction and is forced to grapple with them, while at the same time he must grapple with less palpable subjective difficulties—the crisis of adolescence.

Is *The Diary of a Communist Undergraduate* as good as its predecessor? One might as well ask whether 17-year-old Kostya is as interesting as the 15-year-old boy. Neither question is relevant. Suffice it that this new Kostya, less buoyant, less charming perhaps, but closer to universal realities, is revealed by N. Ognyov with the same uncanny penetration, the same social understanding and grasp of the problems of youth that made *The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy* such a memorable book. And this is done with a surprising absence of sentimentality despite the many temptations inherent in the material. Kostya Riabtsov lives; his feminine counterpart, Sylvia Dubinin, lives; Vanka Petukhov, the type of the energetic young Communist with the gift of leadership, Korsuntsev, the smooth pretentious young blade whose professed Communism is only a cloak for thoroughly bourgeois traits—all these creations bear the stamp of authenticity.

The book contains a rather inane, superfluous introduction by the translator, Alexander Werth. Werth is a good translator. Why does he consider it incumbent upon him to discourse so fatuously on the World War and the Russian Revolution? And why must he interpret the characters for the reader—interpret them with all the brilliant stupidity of the middle-class mind?

A little matter of a leaflet: in reviewers' copies of *The Diary of a Communist Undergraduate* the publishers have been thoughtful enough to insert a little leaflet, containing presumably information that will be helpful to reviewers. The leaflet is rather unusual, to say the least. The biographical notes on the author contain gems like: "Ognyov was one of the most active of the pre-Revolution Soviets (sic!)"; "Ognyov and Lenin were members of the same revolutionary group before the War. Lenin was called 'Nicolas I' and Ognyov 'Nicholas II.'"

And to save the jaded Harry Hansens the trouble of reading the book, the leaflet graciously presents a summary of its contents as follows:

"*The Diary of a Communist Undergraduate* is an amazing picture of life among Soviet University students—a life which for most of them is a constant struggle not only against hunger and privation, but against their growing conviction that *there is something wrong with the Soviet State* in which they had believed so passionately during the earlier days of the Revolution."

"Kostya and his companions, who, in the first book lived in a kind of Marxian paradise, are suddenly put face to face with the

stern realities of Soviet Russian life—a life which gives them many sad surprises." (Emphasis mine.—A.B.M.)

Question: are Payson & Clarke issuing *The Diary of a Communist Undergraduate* for the purpose of making anti-Soviet propaganda?

To this lying, monstrously distorted summary of the book let Kostya Riabtsov himself reply. This is from an entry towards the end of the diary:

"I've got to pull myself together. Life has been rushing past me, while I've just kept on contemplating myself in my diary. What's wanted is action, not contemplation. One's got to put up a fight—and it's no good getting excited over little things like having or not having a room to live in.

"To hell with that—it's Life that must be conquered!

"To hell with degenerate reflections!

"I must work and keep a control over myself and the life around me; I must be constructive, not contemplative. Pushkin's Dubrovsky became a robber chief when Masha told him she had married Prince Vereisky. But he did it because he had no other outlet for his energy.

"But there is an outlet for mine:

"Science. Socialism. Struggle."

Science. Socialism. Struggle. The triune watchword of the Kostya Riabtsovs of the Soviet Union. It is these thrice-armed, sturdy Kostyas, living not in the "Marxian paradise" of the bourgeois imagination, but in the dynamic realities of the workers' and peasants' republic that are building the socialist state and conquering new strongholds for the proletarian revolution.

A. B. MAGIL.

A PARADE OF YAWNS

A Native Argosy, by Morley Callaghan. Scribners. \$3.50.

Lumberworkers, departmentstore clerks, boxers, reporters, loafers, carpenters, farmers, half-wits, morons, seducers, frustrated "thinkers," suicides, move sleepily and vacantly through these pages to a Sherwood Anderson theme reduced to a yawning monotone by a talented, hardboiled Canadian, to whom Sherwood Anderson has long ago, perhaps, become a sentimental grand-daddy and mid-victorian.

Gus Rapp works in a lumberyard nursing a hatred for Sid Walton, the boss. One day, for some subconscious reason, he tries to hit Walton with a plank, gets fired, and tries to get even by abducting his little daughter and shooting Mrs. Falton. Joe Harding seduces his niece, Ellen. Mrs. Harding discovers that Ellen is pregnant and forces her to jump into the river with her. Bill Lawson has great ideas that make him different from the folks at home, he becomes a mental paralytic verging on insanity. Jim seduces poor half-wit Ettie and is thrown into jail.

This is old stuff. We are impatiently familiar with Man groping blindly and futilely in the gumbo of life, bewildered, killing time by going on sprees and seducing his neighbor's wife. Sherwood Anderson let us in on the secret long ago, but made us like it, drugging our minds with a soft poetical glowing prose. Mr. Callaghan doesn't care whether we like it or not—he gives us his pills as callously as the most hardened medico. Basically, however, he belongs in the Sherwood Anderson camp of singers of man's inevitable frustration, sexual crucifixion, themes that seemed to be good strong red meat yesterday, but seem rather pink today.

The style of Morley Callaghan is as stripped of unessentials as

a dynamo, as direct as a frontpage story playing up the latest scandal in one of Hearst's garbage sheets. (One is tempted to believe that Mr. Callaghan uses a Hearst paper in his search for themes). The style (which bourgeois reviewers will have us believe is the most important and exciting thing about Mr. Callaghan) is, in effect, the transference of ennui to the printed page. By its fanatical avoidance of overtones and its fidelity to undertones, it is a denial of ecstasy, passion, and intensity. The style, as buttressed and reinforced by Hemingway, Riordan, Herman and Asch in prose, and Kenneth Fearing in poetry, is a parallel of the belt, a product, I am tempted to believe, of the Taylor system. As on the belt movements are reduced to a minimum, so in this new much-heralded prose, words and emotions are reduced to a standardized minimum having the warmth and glow of dull cold steel. The stories unwind precisely and deftly in a depressing monotone in the manner of a priest counting the beads. Gus Rapp shoots at Mrs. Walton, but there is no quickening of movement. Callaghan is not tempted to loiter by the bodies of his suicides for a last expansive tear. If Sadie Hall is killed by a locomotive while joy-riding late in the morning, after a night of booze and petting, he says so in one brutally terse and callously indifferent sentence—leaving the reader to make the logical inference—"Life is like that!"

The lean, picked-to-the-bone prose, is chiefly responsible, it seems to me, for the feeling that these characters are victims of a colossal ennui. It is said that Morley Callaghan's style is virile. One does not use a "virile" style in writing obituary notices. This reviewer cannot escape the impression that Mr. Callaghan is woefully bored, and that these stories and short novels are a parade of yawns, as beautiful and inspiring as an old rickety hearse carting a cadaver to Potter's field to the tune of a funeral march played on a harmonica.

JOSEPH KALAR.

MURDER!

Thirteen Days, by Jeannette Marks. Albert and Charles Boni, New York. \$2.00.

Almost comparable to the *Ten Days That Shook the World* are the thirteen days of anxiety and waiting that supervened between August 9, 1927, when Sacco and Vanzetti were first scheduled for execution, and August 22nd, when the actual execution took place. Professor Marks, who like a few other gallant and understanding protestants had left the peaceful world of authorship and teaching to share in the anguish of that murder, has given in little more than a hundred pages a vivid and unforgettable picture of those thirteen days.

When the full story of that organized murder shall have become synthesized, in some day far enough removed from the present to enable it to be viewed unemotionally, into history, this little book will have its authentic place among the records of the time. Miss Marks' first-hand sketches of defense headquarters, of police brutality to pickets and to marchers in the funeral procession of the hysterical state of Boston as a whole, contain material more white-hot and authentic than do even the carefully-documented volumes of Upton Sinclair's detailed semi-novel. Most poignant of all is her description of Rosa Sacco, waiting helplessly to know whether "she might see her husband many times again, or whether she must see him for the last time."

Although *Thirteen Days* presupposes a certain knowledge of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, it includes within its small compass a brief review of certain aspects of the affair which are valuable for quick reference, and quotes not only the opinions of various well-known advocates of the two men, but also some of the noblest utterances of the "good shoemaker and poor fish peddler" who were martyred that the neo-Puritans might continue to "have faith in Massachusetts." It contains also a touching tribute to Eugene V. Debs, which will warm the hearts of the many who loved him. As a personal record of one who was in the thick of the last hopeless fight, this little book becomes part of the permanent annals of the most shameful blot on American history.

MIRIAM ALLEN de FORD.

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(POEMS OF NEW YORK)

By
HARRY D. KATZ

HARRY D. KATZ
416 JOHN STREET
PLAINFIELD, N. J.

SLAVES OF THE MACHINE

In Silk and Automobiles

By SCOTT NEARING

Labor and Silk, by Grace Hutchins. International Publishers. \$2.00.

Labor and Automobiles, by Robert W. Dunn. International Publishers. \$2.00.

Silk. One of the oldest industries in the world. An industry that made Chinese exploiters rich and famous before white men ever set foot on the North American continent.

Automobiles. One of the newest industries in the world. More than four-fifths of them produced and used on the North American continent where the auto manufacturing business has made more United States exploiters rich and prosperous than any other field of profiteering endeavor.

To workers both industries tell the same story.

The silk industry plays a major role in the field of American textiles. Originally centering in Paterson and the neighboring towns and cities; then migrating into such fields of cheap labor as that provided by the Anthracite region of Pennsylvania, now developing with phenomenal rapidity in the Southern rayon industry, factories have called their tens of thousands of men, women and children to spin and weave pure silk, mixtures and artificial silk products.

The textile industry—fifth among United States industries in the value of its products, employs 1,100,000 wage earners. Of this total one out of eight work in silk. Other thousands spin, weave, dye and finish silk mixtures and rayon.

Next to the tobacco workers, textile workers are the lowest paid group in the United States. Average weekly earnings for the industry are only \$18.46. Wages in the silk are correspondingly low. There has always been competition with foreign goods—silk made in Europe and Asia. In the last 30 years the migration of the industry into low wage areas has further reduced the earnings. Meanwhile in the new areas hours of labor have been increased and various systems of speed-up and stretch-out have been introduced.

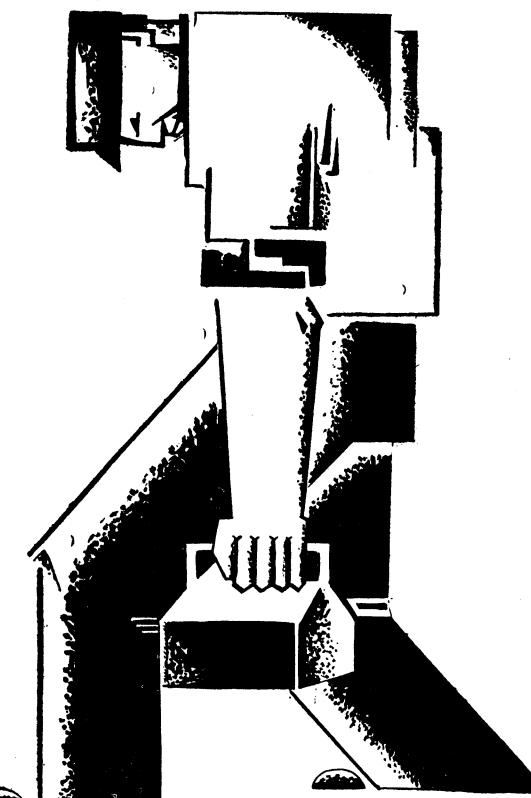
Average weekly earnings in 1928 in Pennsylvania silk mills were \$17.48; in New Jersey silk mills \$23.11; in New York silk mills \$21.11; in Massachusetts silk mills \$21.78. In the Scranton anthracite district the prevailing weekly earnings of young workers are \$5.00; of spinners \$12.00; of winders \$14.00; of weavers \$18.00. "Weavers are paid only 5c a yard on plain silk in this center. Scranton is always the lowest wage center in Pennsylvania."

Rayon workers in the South begin at \$7.00 or \$8.00. Men are paid from 25c to 35c an hour. The work week ranges from 56 to 72 hours.

Silk manufacturing dates back for thousands of years. Today the industry centres in the United States. About three quarters of all the raw silk produced in the world is used in American mills. The silk industry has become an American industry.

Old in years; well established as one of the leading profit making activities in the richest nation, the silk industry is today one of the most terrible examples of labor exploitation.

Silk is manufactured in the East and South. Automobile production centers in the middle west. Of all of the great American industries this is the newest and the most "prosperous." In no other industry has the speed-up been introduced with more devastating effect.



Drawn by Morris Pass.

Advertisements call men from all parts of the country to Detroit, Flint, Cleveland, Toledo and other automobile centers where they discover that a thousand workers are waiting for a chance to take ten offered jobs. The lines form before the employment offices at four or five in the morning. Sometimes workers stand all night in order to be first in the line. Even then it is only by lucky chance that they are picked from the mass.

Once on the job, slaves of the belt, these speeded up auto workers throw their best energies into the task of turning out parts and of assembling cars. They are not parts of a machine. They are machines.

Automobile wages are reputed to be high. In 1925 the average yearly earnings of all wage earners engaged in the automobile industry was \$1675. "The average male worker, if he had steady work, was receiving \$33.19 in 1922 and \$36.87 in 1925. The full time average was \$22.05 in 1922 and \$23.40 in 1925."

Full time work in the automobile industry is the exception, however and not the rule. The trade is seasonal. At times its workers are speeded to capacity. At other times they are laid off or they work only a few hours a week. Even at full time rates, however, the purchasing power of the automobile

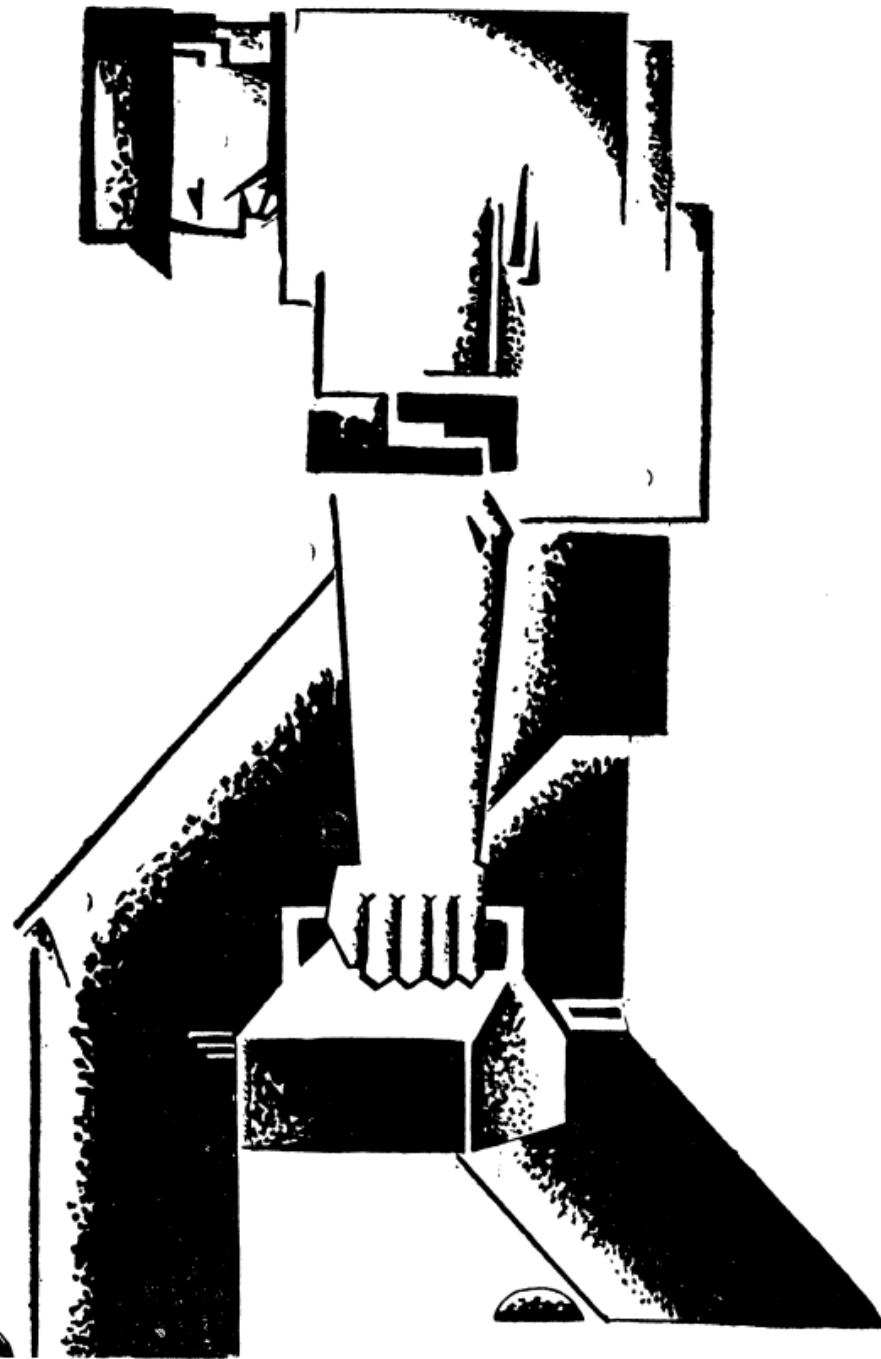
workers was less by 6% in 1927 than in 1919. Although a direct comparison between volume of production and real wages in the automobile industry is not possible, the Bureau of Labor Statistics has shown that each worker in the industry produced nearly three automobiles in 1925 for every one that he produced in 1914, and about 12 for every one that he produced in 1920. Meanwhile real wages have been standing still or dropping.

Profits in the silk industry have been high, as Grace Hutchins shows in her chapter on "Profits." In the automobile industry they have been extravagant, fantastic. A few thousand dollars, invested in automobile stocks in 1910 made the investors millionaires by 1925. In 1927 the average profit for the entire industry was 24.9 per cent. So huge were these profits that the automobile stocks became the principal object of stock market speculation in 1928.

Silk and automobiles,—two of a kind. One very old industry and one very new one. Both speeded to the limit. Both turning over huge profits to the exploiting owners of the machine. Both driving down the standard of living of the workers toward a subsistence margin. Both function as examples of that system of exploitation which goes under the name "capitalism."

Silk workers and automobile workers have both revolted. Grace Hutchins describes a century of class struggle in the silk industry. Robert Dunn is not able to record so militant a story in the automobile industry. Still the workers there have made their fight. Today both industries are largely unorganized. In both the workers must take what the bosses give them. In both the power of the bosses is being concentrated in larger and larger trust units and backed by broader and broader financial support. Both industries present an insistent demand for organization.

There is no longer any reason why a silk worker or an automobile worker should be ignorant of the organization, profits, wages, speed-up system, unemployment and the other conditions



Drawn by Morris Pass.

surrounding the industry in which he works. These two books and their projected successors dealing with coal, textiles, steel, lumber, oil, meat-packing, etc., provide the economic ground work on which the American workers will build their struggle for economic and social emancipation.

The books are published at \$2.00. International Publishers have made a special arrangement however whereby workers through their union offices, through workers book shops and through other agencies of the labor movement can secure a special labor edition of the book at \$1.00. To workers in the industries concerned, the books are invaluable. They are worth anything that it costs to get them. Workers in other industries, feeling the rising class struggle in America, and anxious to play their part in securing the triumph of the workers, should follow this series of studies with careful attention, reading them, noting their contents and using them as ammunition to counteract the silly lie of general American prosperity.

Exegesis of Bunk

The Outline of Bunk, by E. Haldeman-Julius. The Stratford Co. \$4.00.

This is not "another little blue book" by the father of the little blue books, but an exhaustive genealogy and exegesis of "bunk" from the time of Adam down to Willie Hays. When the "old hoss himself" takes his pen in hand, he does a leisurely and consummate job. This time he betters five hundred pages and an index.

Some of the more interesting chapters among the twenty-seven are those dealing with religion—the supreme bunk of history, war's insanity, morals, sex, history, public opinion, mysticism, Eddie Guest *et alia*, man's creative art, the triumph of science, the modern spirit and the triumphs of human genius.

However, the enthusiasm of the author for the material rewards of science leads him into the utterance of more than one fallacy. (p. 433) "The more wealth multiplies, the more likely *any man* is to obtain a larger and more satisfactory share of that wealth . . . And it may be added that this scientific organization of industry continues and by this progressive tendency lends purpose and power to *all movements* for social advancement, enlightenment, and *justice*." (Italics mine). Did E. H. J. just get up from a Rotary banquet when he penned those words? E. H. J. ought to know that the increase of wealth only tends to increase the distance between the worker and the capitalist. Poverty is a relative term. Again, the Girard publisher treats justice and injustice as if they were really abstractions; as if we lived in *vacuo*. E. H. J. forgets his comprehension of the economic basis of industrialism. Or is this attitude just "bunk" on his part?

The main faults of Haldeman-Julius' other books of his own writing are evident in this, his latest. His style is diffuse; he has no sense of humor.

Nevertheless, this compendium is lightened by oases of refreshment. In the chapter on Eddie Guest *et alia* Roselle's daddy pays his respects to Gen. Bowlby of Blue Law fame. Sumner of the Purity Squad and a host of other professional bunk shooters have the devastating X-rays turned upon them.

HENRY FLURY.

A Bookman's Daybook, by Burton Rascoe. Horace Liveright. \$2.50.

Mr. Rascoe is a Gentleman, a Scholar, and a couple of Old Ladies. He gossips interminably of a luncheon for Hilaire Belloc, how Mencken and Nathan Play, laughing in the Algonquin, Rascoe's passion for trap drumming . . . Oy, is dis a Boook! At times he attempts to be the Bold, Bad Iconoclast (its a fashionable pose): "I think (he thinks,) that the Saturday Evening Post is more authentically literary than the Atlantic Monthly." Oooh, girls, aint he rough! But for the most part he is charming, subtle, and occasionally quite witty. A worm in the belly of the worm in the belly of the bookworm . . .

HERMAN SPECTOR.

Alarm Clocks by Harry D. Katz. Published by the author. Plainfield, N. J.

A small booklet of the New York poetry of a worker. Poems of office workers, plumbers, miners, streets of New York, Times Square and naturally Union Square. Social minded verse promising better things from an interesting young proletarian.

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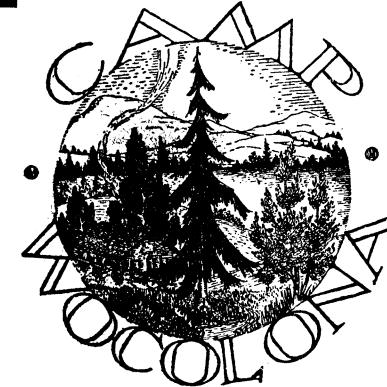
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The Beauty of Revolt

An Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry, edited by Marcus Graham, with an introduction by Ralph Cheyney and Lucia Trent. Marcus Graham. N. Y. \$3.00

Not only important as an anthology of revolutionary poetry, this hefty handsome book is important as well as a chart revealing the tremendous evolution of the revolutionary mind and revolutionary esthetics. From the soft, tearful-sentimentality of Crabbe and his contemporaries, a sentimentality that endured to the very days of the World War, a sentimentality that defied the proletarian, and forcibly suspended a golden halo over his head, as the paragon of all virtues and suffering, to the passionate, direct, unrestrained fierceness of *When the Cock Crows*, and unnumbered anonymous voices in wobbly papers and radical songbooks, is as great a step as that between the First International and the Third, as that between Lenin and Norman Thomas. The Forerunners in this book sang in Mid-Victorian rhythms, a "Hearts and Flowers" music intended to draw the pitying tear. They sang of the proletarian in the third person, as though painting an abstract person, creating the impression that the poets were on a slumming expedition in the dirtier streets of Art. Today is would be considered a breach of good esthetic taste to appeal to the Rich in poems mournfully singing of proletarian misery. The Moderns are more direct. They jubilantly assert the beauty of revolt, they fiercely, and, very often, uncouthly, shout their hate. To this reviewer the first section, devoted to the Forerunners (though including all poets now dead, even so recently as George Sterling) was interesting mostly as a collection of historical antiques. The section devoted to the Moderns is the most interesting and the most moving. Poems here as direct as an uppercut, stripped of fine literariness, uncouth poems, unliterary poems mixed generously with poems done splendidly and competently, singing of revolt, of ditchdiggers, miners, Negroes, Sacco and Vanzetti, steel, bums, strikers, singing of the disinherited at last become articulate. One is aroused from a lachrymose contemplation of the present obscene scene, with Hoover and his Fatboys high in the saddle, to a new awareness of the vitality of revolt. Civilization is a straightjacket gleefully squeezing all youth out of the world, and at times it seems as though poets and artists have forgotten the beauty of a clenched fist. But messages break through. This book is one of them.

The translations, comprising poems from the Armenian to the Chinese and Japanese, from the Indian to the Russian, seem excellently done and competently assembled.

One could quarrel with certain unforgiveable omissions. One revolts at the highhanded abridging of *When The Cock Crows*. It would be easy to ask for a merciful pruning of the first section of the book. There are poems here that are not revolutionary. But it is enough to say, thanks for the book!

J. K.

Life without Ecstasy

Labyrinth, by Gertrude Diamant. Coward McCann. \$2.00.

Out of the chaos into which the last war plunged the smug artists and writers and unsuspecting intellectuals—Miss Diamant has essayed to arrange the story of the reintegration of the war shattered mind. But it is a feeble attempt. The story of Lewis Orling, the musician, is not one of reorientation to a changed and changing generation, but an admission of futility. It is the renunciation of the life-force, the will to struggle, and the acceptance of what the author calls the life "without ecstasy." The other characters of this long and badly-woven novel have equally defeatist ends. Poldy is a suicide. The last glimpse of March shows her weeping. Levine is sick of reality: "I feel as if I were alone in a madhouse, the only sane person there," he says. "Only, I wish I could join them."

There is not a single flesh-and-blood character in the volume. All that the author, blinded to or afraid of reality, achieves, is 307 pages of vague words, unredeemed to the slightest degree by social acumen or economic insight.

EDWIN ROLFE.

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WALDO FRANK PROTESTS

To the Editors of the New Masses:

In the leading book review of your current May issue—a discussion of Lewis Mumford's life of Melville, by Bernard Smith, I find the following words:

"*Moby Dick* preaches a sermon: man is helpless in the face of an inscrutable universe. The sermon is familiar. Joseph Wood Krutch preaches a similar sermon in *The Modern Temper*. Waldo Frank reiterates . . . It is the song of denial . . ."

Differences of judgment and taste are of course inevitable. But this brief characterization of the nature of my work, and of my attitude toward life and man, can not be condoned by any tolerance. It is an absolute misstatement of fact. It is, in a word, a lie. Entirely aside from all questions of merit, value, etc., it is as plain as the sun in the sky that I preach no such sermon: that I do not consider the universe inscrutable, nor man helpless within it: that I sing the exact antithesis of a song of denial, and indeed, that the manifest theme and burden of every work I have published is the perfect opposite of Smith's wild ejaculation about me.

I wish therefore to go on record in your pages to the effect that Bernard Smith who wrote these quoted words seems never to have read any of my works. If this were the case, since he passed descriptive judgment on what I write, he would be a fraud. If he has "read" me, however, he is either a deliberate falsifier or a fool.

Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

WALDO FRANK.

BERNARD SMITH REPLIES

To the Editor of the New Masses:

In placing Mr. Frank among the better known and more fashionable defeatists, I did not intend to imply that he had ever specifically accepted the suave, senile philosophy of Mr. Krutch. But since the contemporary philosophy which he has been attempting to formulate indirectly negates every practical effort being made today to bring order out of the American chaos, I feel more than justified in classifying him as I did. Like Mr. Krutch, he is able to diagnose our ills, but where the former confesses impotence and makes no attempt at prognosis, Mr. Frank offers us the half-baked cures of a mystic quack. I prefer the honesty of Mr. Krutch.

In *The Re-Discovery of America* Mr. Frank's advice to mankind, his death-bed swan-song, is the following: "We cannot transfigure the world, while each of us is in the state of the world. We cannot create a group, while we are chaos. The transfiguring must first be in ourselves . . . I wish to live—which means, to act, feel, think—as a phase and function of the organic Whole. I wish to live so that this Whole—its health and beauty—will be expressed through me . . . What I need is to establish within me the *image*, to sustain and nurture within me the *image*, as myself as part of the Whole."

Verbally, this is quite different from the ideology of Mr. Krutch. In concrete, positive terms, however, it is, if anything, worse. It is quite possible that Mr. Frank does "not consider the universe inscrutable, nor man helpless within it." Judging from his play, *New Year's Eve*, published in the *American Caravan*, Mr. Frank is a poet of the New Thought who sings: "Life is a wound . . . Life is a bleeding—and a bleeding . . . And only life will heal it." Because "life is holy." To Mr. Frank, life may be holy, but I fail to see how that fact contributes anything to man's knowledge and mastery of himself and his environment. Mr. Frank may be kidding himself into believing that he is pointing out the road to salvation, but what he is actually recommending is a nebulous land of psychic mist and intellectual fog.

I should like to add that I am delighted by Mr. Frank's letter of protest. For a change, and for the first time in years, he manages to express himself simply and lucidly.

New York, N. Y.

BERNARD SMITH.

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WORKERS' LETTERS

From a Miner in Prison

Dear Friends:—

Received copies of the *New Masses*. I have spent most of my time reading *True Story*, *Western Story*, *Cowboy Stories*, *Liberty*, *War Cry* (by the Salvation Army) and the bible. And it sure pleases me to get the *New Masses*. I will now put the other magazines into the basket.

The other prisoners amongst the "Federals" are small bootleggers. The large ones do not get arrested.

A member of the American Legion, and the K.K.K. was locked up here for four days. He was crazy as hell. All we could hear was "Deport those foreigners", "A.W.O.L.", "Mademoiselle," "For a little money I can put your initials on those white shirts," "Bring that woman," "On to Germany," "I am Andrew Jackson," "Make me an order for 5½ million Fords and sign the order, John D. Rockefeller, and my name" and all other things that make for 100% Americanism. This morning when they took him out, he would not wear shoes saying "Lions do not wear shoes." Evidently his mind was filled with "Deportation" until he also was deported—to the insane asylum.

The county district attorney was here to ask me if I would speak at some meeting on the Miners' situation, but after he found out I was not for the U.M.W. of A. he did not come back.

This town got a good look into the policies of the A. F. of L. and craft unionism in 1922. The Railroad shopmen's strike hit here pretty hard. The men were militant but the policies and leaders were not. As a result the shops are non-union.

The name of the Sheriff here is Festus Hoover. And the boys are wondering how long a person can exist on the "full dinner pail," he gives the prisoners.

Best wishes to the *New Masses* and the staff.

ANTHONY MINERICH.

County Jail, Newark, Ohio.

From a Sailor in India

After 47 days of sailing (in the Hellish heat below) we arrived in Karachi. As soon as we tied up the natives swarmed the deck. They were the most emaciated people I ever saw.

Everything here looks queer and antiquated. On the dock were trains and boxcars. The cranes were of European make. No steam or electricity was being used to run the machinery. Men moved it all up and down the tracks. I learned that they worked from 12 to 18 hours a day for one Rupee (33 cents) like the longshoremen.

Kamari, the native section is a collection of old houses, huts of straw patched with mud and cow-dung. The streets are dirty and without sewerage. The coolies live here. They are dirty and ragged, many of them must sleep on the streets. The American slave has it bad enough. But you ought

to see what they do to the Hindu workers here.

Karachi proper is much the same only better kept. Here we found the Bazaars and market places; plenty of whorehouses and saloons. Garris, with their drivers soliciting for their best girl friends were everywhere.

In contrast, English Town, the white suburb in K., is near the barracks. Home Office men, Officers and their families reside here in swell homes. They see to it that the Hindu workers keep working.

They wouldn't serve us whiskey in the English Club because we were only plain Yank sailors. We gave them the razz and went off singing "The Bastard King of England."

BUCK HARRIS.

Karachi, India

From the "Sunny South"

Dear New Masses:

This year big business is beating its big drum, and particularly noisily in the South: workers should note its advertising methods:

1. A Power Company in the Carolinas offers capital "abundant supply of willing, alert, productive labor." "Labor turnover" it says "is negligible, and—of utmost importance—productiveness per individual worker is high. There is no city bred unrest. Being 99% native born, there are no un-American ideas of shirking on the job or restriction of output. Instead, there is steadfast loyalty, ready, willing, intelligence and a full measure of initiative and ambition to get ahead."

2. Tennessee says: "This state presents a most desirable source of wage earners both as to quality and quantity of workers. Labor, however, is but an item in the favorable industrial assets of Tennessee . . . which pave the way for profitable manufacturing through lower costs and increased dividends."

3. Virginia, with her eye upon capital says her population is thoroughly American born, "is alert and highly intelligent and is not disturbed by labor organizations and propaganda."

4. A recent book with a purpose, sweetly entitled: *The Sunny Side of Dixie's Mills* is impressed with the long overlooked South "where thoughtful men with broad perspective and a fundamental grasp of how to handle uneducated humanity have for a score of years or more been quietly running cotton mills to make American citizens."

Millions of us would still be doing the same kind of work if the workers in this country took control of industry to-morrow. But statements such as these would be printed for jokes and not as advertisements in business and other magazines as they are to-day.

DORIS M. ROGER.

Hampton Institute, Va.

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IN THIS ISSUE

Tina Modotti—whose photograph is the cover of this issue lives in Mexico City. Tina Modotti's photographs of which working people are usually the subjects are being used constantly in the leading American and European publications.

Louis Lozowick, has drawings and paintings in American and European museums. His exhibitions in Paris and Moscow attracted a great deal of attention. He is preparing for an exhibition of his work this fall in New York.

Manuel Gomez—is former secretary of the All-America Anti-Imperialist League.

William Albertson—is president of the Liberal Club at the University of Pittsburg.

Boris Pilnyak is one of the leading Soviet writers. His novel *The Naked Year* has just been issued by Payson & Clarke and was reviewed in the last issue.

I. Klein, a young artist whose work has often appeared in the *New Masses*, is also a frequent contributor to the *New Yorker*, *Judge* and other national publications.

H. H. Lewis, a frequent contributor to the *New Masses* and many poetry magazines is now working on a farm in Missouri.

WHAT ABOUT GASTONIA?



YOU CAN'T JUST STAND THERE WITH YOUR HANDS IN YOUR POCKETS OR WITH YOUR PURSE IN YOUR HAND AND SLEEP THRU IT ALL?

AWAKEN TO THEIR NEED! OPEN YOUR HEART AND YOUR PURSE! GIVE!

WORKERS INTERNATIONAL RELIEF
One Union Square New York City
SOLIDARITY—NOT CHARITY

ISN'T YOUR MONEY BURNING A HOLE INTO YOUR POCKET?

ISN'T YOUR SKIN ALREADY SCORCHED?
WHY IDLE MONEY WHEN TEXTILE STRIKERS ARE FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES, FOR THE RIGHT TO ORGANIZE?

YOUR MONEY CANNOT
BE BETTER SPENT
THAN FOR RELIEF FOR
**SOUTHERN
TEXTILE STRIKERS**

For years—back-breaking toil—starvation wages averaging \$10 a week—company town feudalism—little hells of sweat and blood where babies come and grow and go into the mills to die yet live.

Then came the order to "stretch-out," which meant SPEED-UP. The textile workers, men, women and children, gaunt and hungry, dragging themselves to work day by day, already had one foot in the grave. More "stretch-out" to them meant business for the undertaker.

THEY STRUCK TO ORGANIZE TO PROTECT THEIR FAMILIES, TO SAVE THEIR LIVES.

Then came—militia—armed deputies—bayonets—mobbing and looting of relief store and union headquarters.

Then came—evictions—out into the muddy roads in storm and rain, babies, pregnant mothers, the sick—the old.

WORKERS INTERNATIONAL RELIEF
1 Union Square, New York City.

Here's my MAXIMUM (\$.....) for the Southern Textile Strikers.

Name

Address

City State





WALTER LIPPmann
Author of
A PREFACE TO MORALS



R. LIPPmann's new book was chosen unanimously by the five judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club, as the May "book-of-the-month" of that organization.

The book is not one for lazy readers. It was described by the editor of the *Book-of-the-Month Club News* as the "philosophy—simple, immensely refreshing, understandable, reasoned, and above all valuable—of a shrewd modern among moderns, a man who has read his philosophy and science, and has yet accepted them not too blindly . . . and who has succeeded in reaching these few bare heartening conclusions for himself".

A long pre-publication report about this book—the above is a quotation from it—went out as usual to our one hundred thousand subscribers. As far as we can judge at this writing, it seems that approximately sixty-five thousand will take the book, instead of any of the alternates reported upon by our judges.

This is the normal percentage of those who take the "book-of-the-month." About thirty-five thousand of our subscribers every month—a largely different group each time, of course, depending upon the books—avail themselves of their privilege of either taking an alternate, or no book at all, if none appeals to them.

This interesting record of how a weighty book, such as this, is regarded

by our subscribers is a pertinent commentary on the twaddle written recently—and proclaimed—about the imaginary unconscious pressure upon our judges to choose more popular books, because we have so many subscribers. Below is some other direct and interesting evidence on this point: namely, the last twelve books chosen by our judges, going backward:

A PREFACE TO MORALS	By Walter Lippmann
HENRY THE EIGHTH	By Francis Hackett
THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP	By Joan Lowell
KRISTIN LAVRANSATTER	By Sigrid Undset
JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN	By H. W. Freeman
THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA	By Arnold Zweig
WHITHER MANKIND	Edited by Charles Beard
HUNGER FIGHTERS	By Paul de Kruif
THE CHILDREN	By Edith Wharton
JOHN BROWN'S BODY	By Stephen Vincent Benet
BAMBI	By Felix Salten
THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE TO SOCIALISM & CAPITALISM	By George Bernard Shaw

Three guesses as to which was the most "popular". You're wrong! It was "Kristin Lavransatter"! Indeed, that book has been far and away the best-liked choice our judges have ever made. This simple fact—astonishing to most people with preconceived ideas about this organization—is a beautiful bit of evidence as to the type of reader who subscribes to this organization.

BOOK - O F - T H E - M O N T H C L U B , I N C .
386 Fourth Avenue
New York City



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