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LIBERATOR

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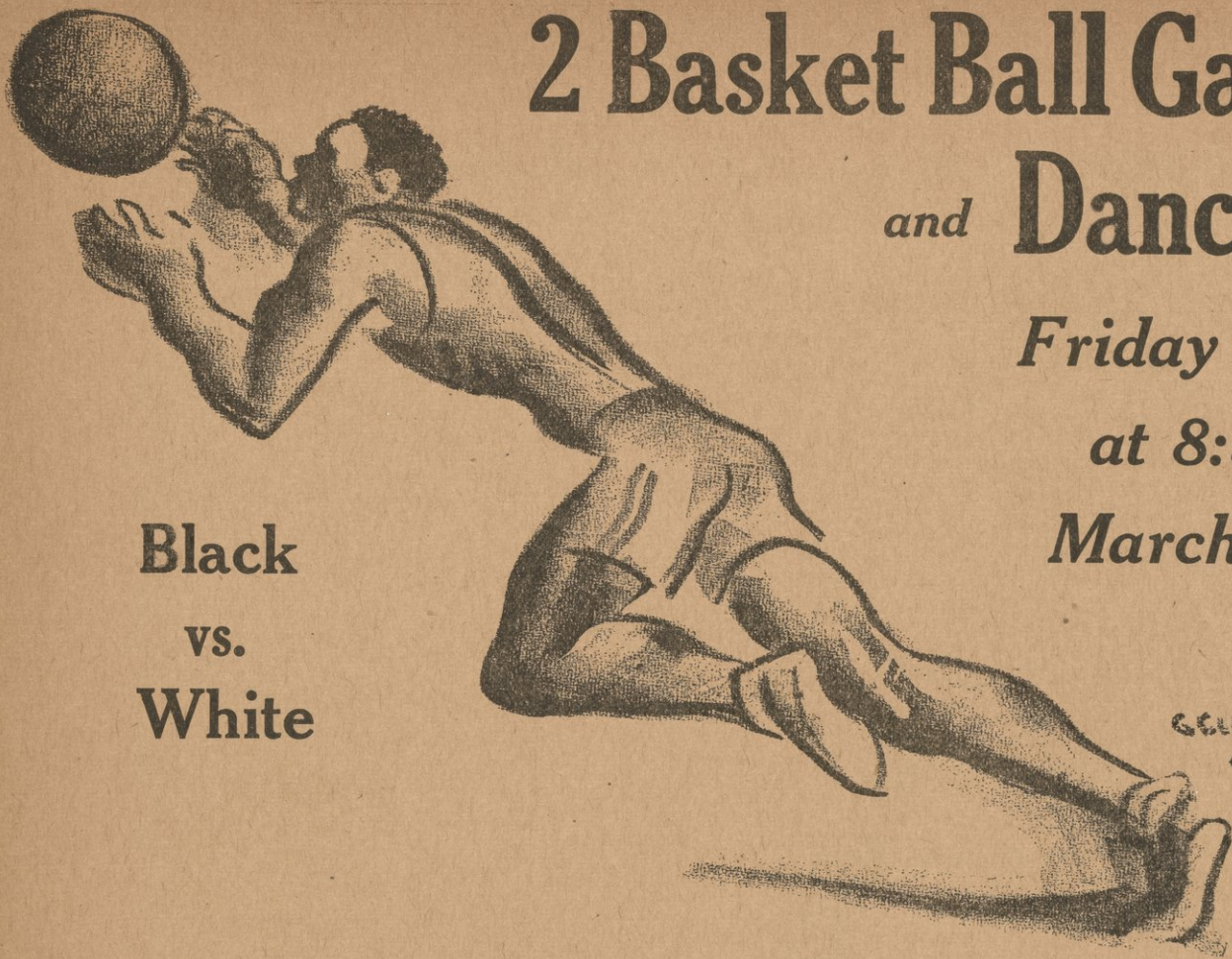
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Hugo Gellert

Japan Has Promised to Evacuate Siberia--When?

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. 5, No. 3 [Serial No. 48]

March, 1922

Wanted, Pioneers for Siberia!

By Michael Gold

NORMAL, plodding, contented people are the happy people, perhaps, and the necessary bulk of society, but pioneers are the salt of the world. Their courage, their stout-hearted adventurousness, their generosity and faith, and joyful, grim endurance of pain, these things may not be understood by flabby flat-dwellers, but they are the qualities that have given us the arts, the sciences, the whole material and spiritual birthright that is called civilization.

It was the pioneers among the cave-men who developed speech; it was pioneers who founded Athens and Rome; pioneers went to the stake for religious freedom and science in the Middle Ages; pioneers ventured into the dangerous wilderness of America and planted a nation here; pioneers, divine fools and gamblers, made the Russian Revolution. The pioneers have always led in the terrible, tragic, great and passionately interesting march of Humanity; let us never forget that.

Some of the group of American critics who call themselves The Young Intellectuals, and who are at present conducting some sort of vague, windy warfare against another group who are presumably to be known as the Old Intellectuals (Lenine is fifty-one years old) have recently worked out a psycho-analytic theory of America. America is essentially a neurotic nation, they say, and hag-ridden with inhibitions because it was founded by pioneers; and pioneers, according to their formula, are all neurotics who cannot adjust themselves to society and flee from it. The pioneer tradition still holds us in its grip; therefore we are anti-social, grim, sexually morbid, and haters of joy and play and the sacred laziness in which art and science are created.

I wonder whether any of these Young Intellectuals have ever met a pioneer. I think their respect for him would be immediate and everlasting, even though he happened to be one of their Puritan forefathers. They would find in him something not to be found in the books; an instinct for life, an élan, an experimental courage, an artist's desire to grapple with raw chaos and fashion it into a world.

Those of the Young Intellectuals who have not fled to the boulevard cafés of Paris, there to sit and sip cocktails in a sort of noble protest against American Puritanism, should try to arrange to meet Herbert Stanley Calvert, who has just returned from Russia with a grand message. Calvert is an American pioneer; he is thirty-two years old, ruddy and clean and in fighting trim; he was a wandering "wobbly" for many years; he was a football player and coach at the Illinois State Normal University; he has been unit foreman in the heavy press forging plant at Highland Park, as one of Mr. Ford's bright young industrial experts; he has taken up

homesteads, and been in free speech fights and harvest field strikes through the West; and he is a direct descendant of the pioneer Calvert who founded Maryland. What would the Young Intellectuals make of him and his amazing new pioneering venture? Would they think it was neurotic, too?

For Calvert has returned from Russia to gather 6,000 other American pioneers to return with him to Siberia to settle the country and lay down the solid foundations of the modern machine industry there, as his forefathers laid down the agricultural foundations of America.

Lenine and the Soviets have taken off the concession markets two of the most valuable properties in Russia, and have given them to the Kuzbas organization of workingmen and engineers to run on co-operative lines. It is a grant that staggers the imagination of one used to the small figures written on a pay-envelope. A great industrial area in the heart of Siberia, called the Kusnetz Basin, about 150 miles by 60 miles in size, containing coal, iron, railroads, steel mills, forests, rich farm lands, factories producing almost half-a-hundred different industrial products, a small Siberian Gary-town with 11,000 inhabitants—and then the rich ore mines in the Urals—these are the grants.

It is an education to hear Calvert talk of the plans for this new Siberian empire. One of the diseases of the Young Bourgeois Intellectuals in the United States is their fear of machinery and the machine age. They have a mid-Victorian horror of the din, the vulgarity, the crude, earth-shaking roar of the big machines, and the tremendous world they are creating. The Young Intellectuals have not absorbed the iron of this age in their blood; they still hanker after sweetness and light. They fear for art and culture; and do not see that Life can never be defeated, that it goes on, is inexhaustible, and throws up new forms and patterns ever richer and greater than the old. The world has not yet assimilated the great boon of machinery, and it is like a curse now; but the proletariat is leading the way toward assimilation, and machinery is to be the true Christ of our civilization. It will yet set men free. And it is part of the creative life of man.

Calvert is a new kind of Young Intellectual. He speaks of castings, coal seams, iron ore, chemical plants, stone quarries, concrete shafts, acid reservoirs, large scale farming, saw-mills and jack-hammers with the same sacred loving enthusiasm with which poets discuss the great sonnets and lyrics, and believers the miracles of their saints. Calvert has a creative imagination about these things. He fires others with his vision. He sees the race of man, with these mighty tools in its hands, throwing itself like a disciplined, singing army upon Nature, and conquering her at last;

building at last the free society of peace and plenty and brotherhood and creation in the midst of the primeval, unmoral Chaos. He is a poet of power, of real things, materials, of forces and control.

Calvert was a successful, young, efficient foreman in the Ford factories when the Russian Revolution came. Like every I. W. W. and other American revolutionist, it was the epoch of his life. He threw up his job at once, and went to Russia to help. He could not help. Russian industry, based upon one-sixth of the land mass of the globe, and necessary to the life of one hundred and thirty millions of human beings, was slowly sinking even below the primitive level of the Czar's medieval regime.

"The industrial workmen started production under revolutionary control, but the demands of the revolution called them from the factories," says Calvert, in analyzing the situation. "Some went to the front in charge of the Red Army and died on the battlefields of the Revolution. Others, with the formation of the government of workers and peasants, became administrators. The less conscious workers returned to the villages to till their acreage of free land. These three movements from the factories continued—to the army, to the government, and to the villages, until at last the factories had to close down for want of skilled proletarian labor. This labor, because of the backwardness of the Russian industry, and the enormous losses of the Red Army, could not be replaced. Tens of thousands of class-conscious Russian workers died on the battlefields against Kerensky, Kolchak, Korniloff, Denikin, Wrangel and the rest. To-day their machines are idle."

Calvert wanted to help the Soviets out of this debacle created by the Allies and the counter-revolutionists. He saw that if the world and Russia were to realize at once on the revolution, two things were necessary; first, that vigilant labor from the world movement must replace these workmen-martyrs of Russia; and second, that engineers and a modern system, such as that he knew so well in the Ford plants, were necessary. But he could not do anything to bring this about. He waited impatiently, straining at the leash and thinking hard. His chance came at last when the Soviets acknowledged, through the policy of capitalist concessions, that the outside world, of whatever political complexion, must aid in the restoration of Russia, or the Revolution would go down. Calvert immediately drew up a plan by which American labor could step in and do some of the work the capitalist concessionaires will have to do. Lenine and the Soviet economists grasped at the plan; they were anxious to let foreign labor pull Russia out of its hole, if it could, rather than foreign capital; they will rejoice with loud thanksgiving if in this new race between capitalist concessionaires and working-class concessionaires, labor carries off the palm. Calvert, with a Holland engineer known in this country, S. J. Rutgers by name, was sent off with a commission to Siberia, to make a survey of the Kusnetz basin, the center of Siberian economic life. When they came back to Moscow, Lenine and the commissars signed over to them this immense wealth, an industrial empire in a territory larger than the State of New Jersey. And now Calvert is back in America, looking for 6,000 American pioneers who will go out there and be the revolutionary forefathers of the new industrial civilization in Siberia.

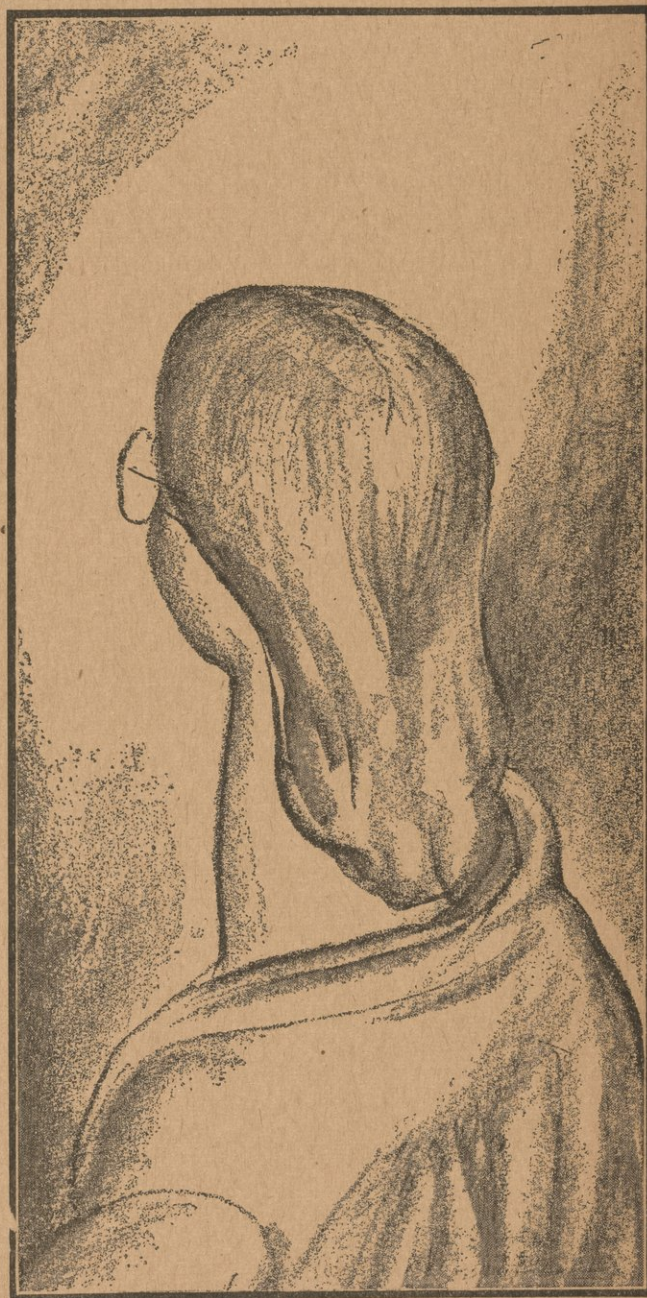
There are a thousand details connected with the plan that are answered in a pamphlet Calvert and Tom Barker, a well-known I. W. W. organizer of seaman's unions, are getting

out. It can be procured by writing "Kuzbas," Room 303, 110 W. 40th St., New York City. But I got from Calvert a few of the details for pioneers who read the *Liberator*.

First of all, the organization wants skilled farmers and coal miners, who are to be sent off first. A group of engineers and technical foremen is already being organized, and more engineers are wanted for this group also.

Every worker must try to raise \$300 to cover his transportation, clothing and expenses for the first year. This will be repaid him out of the colony's surplus later on, as will other loans.

All the properties will be operated as a Soviet state industry, but the complete control will remain in the hands of the foreign engineers and workingmen on the job.



Wanda Gág

An Art Student

The worker will receive as wages a satisfactory standard of living (as good as the average slave's here, maybe better) and he will receive a yearly bonus. He will never be unemployed, he will never be fired or hounded to death by a foreman (unless he doesn't know how to co-operate with other human beings), he will never be lonely for the want of a comrade, he will find beautiful Siberian women, if he wants to marry, and he will be economically able to marry (which is more than most of us can do here in free and pauperized America).

Responsibility for the progress of the work and discipline on the job will rest with the technical staff, who will be in turn responsible to the Board of Management elected by the workers. The Board of Management will in turn be responsible both to the workers who have elected them, and to the Russian Soviet republic. The method of work and discipline will be determined by the technical staff, with the foregoing checks and balances, and with the industrial unions of the workers acting in an advisory and consulting capacity.

Only a small number of women and children should accompany the first groups. But strong, healthy women who are accustomed to outdoor life, pioneer women, can be taken care of by the organization. Some women and children are desirable to maintain the proper home life and home atmosphere. The engineers and skilled workers will, in many cases, be accompanied by their families. The estimate for Kemerovo is 2,800 workers, and not over 1,200 women and children; for the northeastern Ural 3,000 workers, and not over 1,500 women and children. Suitable schools will be provided for the children, and work in the homes or industrial work provided for the children. Single women will also be considered, providing they are also industrially qualified, physically fit and politically reliable.

Food—

The first big question in Russia is food, so any industry must first solve the food problem. Kuzbas will solve it in many ways. One hundred dollars worth of food must be taken for each immigrant worker. This will provide sugar, coffee, chocolate, tea, dried fruits, rice, beans and such things as are not available for mass distribution at present in Russia. The Russian Government will also supply food as to other industries in the country; that is, in exchange for products, such as coal. This will insure meat and grain. Kuzbas will also manufacture articles of wood and metal, and exchange them with the peasantry for food.

Housing—

There are enough separate houses, electrically wired, for those who will come. For those to follow, a modern construction unit, using the raw materials, lime, cement, brick, timber, glass, etc., will furnish the rest.

A description of the properties fills the pamphlet, and the details are as exciting as a moving picture, but too lengthy to be printed here. But I will give the itemized list of the men wanted for the adventure:

Kemerovo and Tomsk

Agricultural workers for ten thousand dessiatins (25,000 acres) to use steam tractors, gang plows, mowing machines, threshing machines, for a modern in-

dustrial grain farm, truck gardening, dairy and poultry farm.	500
Lumber jacks for timber exploitation in Kuzbas.	200
Men to operate two Swedish saw-mills and one modern American saw-mill in Kemerovo.	50
General construction workers as follows:	
For the exploitation of Lime.	50
Cement	50
Glass	50
Brick	50
Carpenters	150

Making a total of 350.

Social service workers, doctors, dentists, teachers, etc.	50
Railroad construction workers to operate one work train, fresno gang, earthworks and bridges, etc.	400
Men for coal barge building, etc., for water transport.	100
Metal and machinery workers to operate a 30-ton blast furnace, a small foundry machine shop, millwrights, electricians	350
Coal miners for Kemerovo.	500
Men for coke and by-products plants.	200
Men for leather and shoe factory.	100

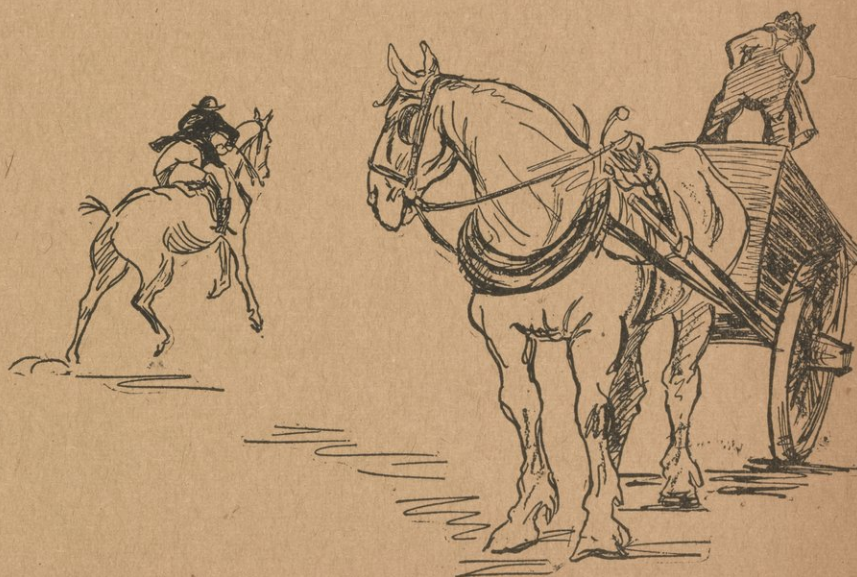
This makes a total of 2,800 workers, and includes the overhead technical personnel and also such workers as cooks, bakers, waiters, laundrymen, tailors, etc., necessary to maintain such efficient social standards as would result in average American efficiency for the enterprise. (Accommodation has been made for women and children not to exceed 1,200.)

3,000 Workers for the Ural Concession

Timber workers for operation of one Swedish saw-mill with seven frames, and planing machinery and for timbering in the forests, 1,000.

Men for steel plant and auxiliary industries in Nadejdenski Zavod, 2,000 (with accommodations for 1,500 women and children).

In connection with the steel plant will be operated a modern factory and machine shop for mass production under American methods of agricultural implements, a modern tool works and jobbing shop, as well as a rolling mill, sheet mill,



Lundean

"Thank Gawd, I'm a woikin' horse!"

wire mill, iron ore mines, coal mines, brick kilns, flour mills, etc.

And now, send for the application questionnaires, American pioneers! Wanted, 6,000 American workers to build up the industries of Siberia in a free environment, to sustain the Russian revolution, and to show the world what free workmen can do when their genius is unhampered by the profit system, and they are their own masters, and the sole proprietors of the products of their labor. Wanted, 6,000 revolutionary forefathers for Siberia! This is the most glorious want ad that has yet been written in the pages of that yellow daily newspaper called History!

Come, my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
Have you your pistols? Have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O, you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you, Western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines within,
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Simon Gerty

(Who Turned Renegade and Lived With the Indians)

BY what appalling dim upheaval
Demolishing some kinder plan,
Did you become incarnate evil
Wearing the livery of man?

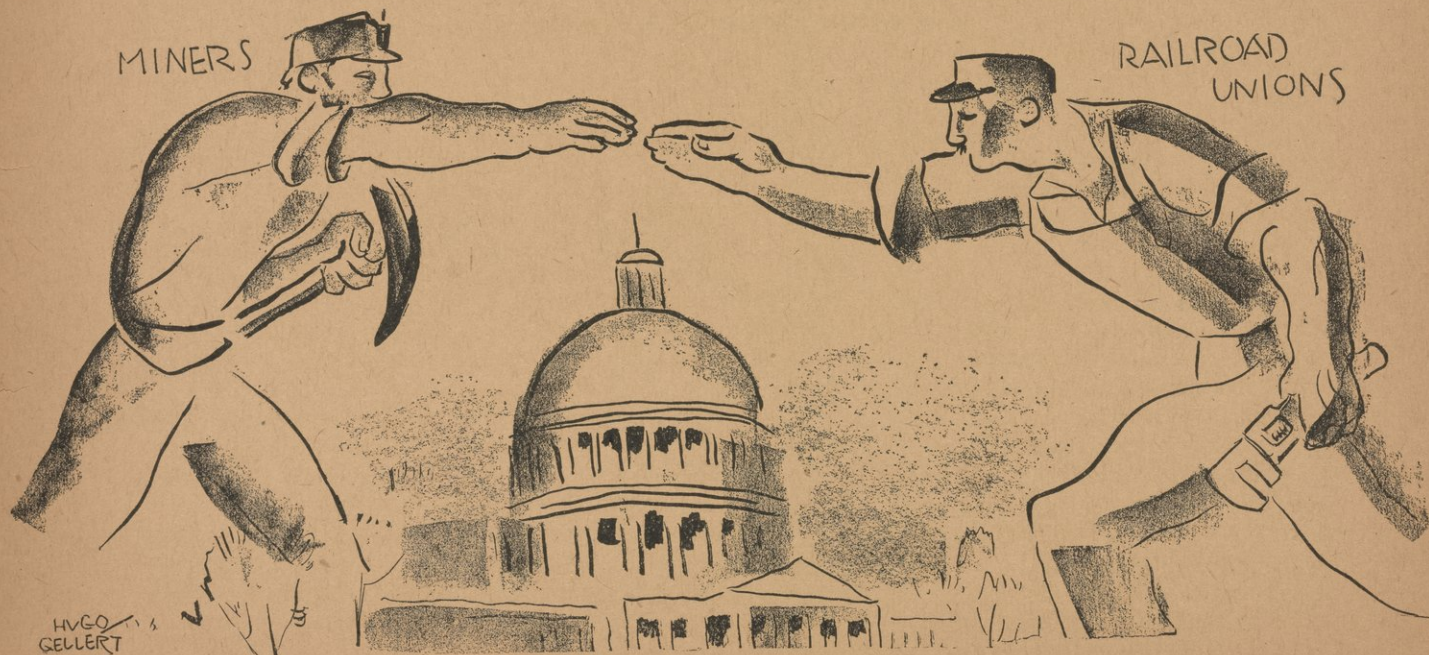
Perhaps you hated cheeks of tallow,
Dead eyes, and lineaments of chalk,
Until a beauty came to hallow
Even the bloodiest tomahawk.

Perhaps you loathed your brothers' features
Pallid and pinched, or greasy-fat;
Perhaps you loved these alien creatures
Clean muscled as a panther cat.

Did you believe that being cruel
Was that which made their foreheads lift
So proudly, gave their eyes a jewel,
And turned their padding footsteps swift?

As one by one our faiths are shaken
Our hatreds fall; so mine for you.
Of course I think you were mistaken;
But still, I see your point of view.

Elinor Wylie.



You Can Make It, Boys!

Poems By Class War Prisoners

Death Bed

I SHALL sit in a dark, quiet place, awaiting tears;
And time will be long.
I shall be poor and tired and shall not try—
I who was strong.

When you are gone, the river shall run black and slow,
And bitter rain descend.
And mourning trees shall stretch in naked tidings
Of your end.

Look at me with your steadfast, dying eyes,
Oh, my bruised, lovely one.
As your numb flesh is failing, and your regal heart
Goes out like the sun.

Turn just your eyes slowly to me, beloved,
That I may know you have heard.
I know you cannot move your pale, drained hand that lies
Like a wounded bird.

Now all the laughter and the kisses of our long nights
Are fading in your eyes.
My beautiful . . . The universe is cold. The dawn
Shall no more rise.

Charles Ashleigh.

Stone

THE stone walls of my cell
Kiss me,
And their kiss is cold
Like stone.
You kissed me too;
That was long ago,
And I imagined your kisses
Were warm with love,
But they were not, they were
Like stone.
Cold, Tombstone,
For my cell is a tomb,
Where for a hundred years and more
Men buried their agonies, lost their love
And suffered.
Tears and curses and rasping hate
And sleepless nights
Of men and boys and neither
Are stored in the dumb hideousness
Of the cold stone.
Here one raved with madness
Glared with the icy stare;
Another foolish, prayed to God,
Who heard him not,
And one did smoke and chew and spit,
And laugh and sing
At the joke he was in.
The cold stone knows it all but is silent
Because it is stone.

Sing Sing Prison.

Ben Gitlow.

Freedom

UP on the lookout, in the wind and sleet;
Out in the woods of tamarack and pine;
Down in the hot slopes of the dripping mine,
We dreamed of you, and oh, the dream was sweet!
And now you bless the felon food we eat,
And make each iron cell a sacred shrine;
For when your love thrills in the blood like wine,
The very stones grow holy to our feet!

We shall be faithful, though we march with death,
And singing storm the battlements of wrong:
One's life is such a little thing to give:
So we shall fight as long as we have breath,—
Love in our hearts, and on our lips a song:
Without you it were better not to live!

Taps

THE day is ended! Ghostly shadows creep
Along each dim-lit wall and corridor.
The bugle sounds as from some fairy shore,
Silvered with sadness, somnolent and deep.
Darkness and bars! God! Shall we curse or weep?
A last, lone pipe is tapped upon the floor;
A guard slams shut the heavy iron doors;
The day is ended—go to sleep—to sleep!

Three times it sounds—weird lullaby of doom—
Quivers and dies,—while fecund Night gives birth
To other days like this day that is done.
Does Morning really live, beyond the gloom—
This deep black pall that hangs upon the earth?
He fears the dark who dares to doubt the sun!

Ralph Chaplin.

Leavenworth Prison.

Vespers

THE sun goes down, and on the grass
With silent feet the shadows pass.
The trees stand still in fragrant prayer:
Cool as a pearl is the twilight air;
Cool as God's breath, at the close of day,
On my heated soul the mild winds play.
And I go to my iron-walled cell,
At the stroke of a tyrant bell.
"What have you hidden beneath your shirt?"
Suspiciously, my captors blurt.
My joy they cannot understand.
"Oh, it's nothing that's contraband!"
All I have is a flower-washed heart,
Good medicine for my prison-smart—
A child-like heart that was born to-night
Just as the sun swam out of sight.
And all the night it will speak to me
Of a flower, a cloud and a flame-edged tree.

Charles Ashleigh.

Leavenworth Prison.

A Polish Countess

By Henry J. Alsberg

KIEV lay under the gloomy ban of Denikine's terror. Stillness of death everywhere; shops boarded up; hundreds of thousands of the inhabitants cowering in their dwellings after the blood-spree of the victorious "Whites." Eighteen thousand Jewish families plundered, hundreds killed, drunkenness and violence loosed throughout a great and magnificent city. And now, over all, lay a pall of snow, as if to cover the stains of murder and silence the wails of the sorrowing and terror-stricken. A lull had come in the great pogrom—save that in the suburbs and outlying parts of the city drunken Denikine officers and soldiers still, though on a smaller scale, robbed, plundered and raped. And from the front, not two miles away, could be heard the incessant booming of Bolshevik artillery.

We were sipping tea and vodka in the apartment of the Polish Countess L—, situated high up in a seven-story building off the Christiatik. The elevator wasn't running, and so we had had to climb what seemed an endless flight of stairs. The countess' rooms were magnificently furnished, splendid paintings, wonderful French period furniture, gorgeous hangings. The Company consisted of the Baron M—, my interpreter, one of the finest old gentlemen it has ever been my lot to meet, three Irish ladies, teachers of English to the aristocracy, and more monarchist and vindictive than the grand dukes; and the countess, who was a tall, superb blonde, a woman in the early thirties, and her ripest charm. She wore her furs (sables), explaining that on account of the fuel scarcity caused by the Bolshevik encircling movement (boom, boom, went the guns, as if to emphasize her point) the apartment was inadequately heated.

Talk very quickly veered to the all-absorbing topic of Bolshevism and—the Jews. Madame complained that her son, a young boy of sixteen, had become completely demoralized. "Why, it almost seems as if we do not understand each other any longer, do not speak the same language!" This was apropos of the young man's abrupt incursion into the room and departure. He had kissed his mother's hand with an air of supreme irony, bowed very ceremoniously to the rest of us, and then departed. I was reminded of Hamlet and the Queen. "I sometimes suspect that he is turning Bolshevik—is secretly in communication with these beasts!" she said. There was a polite murmur of horror. "It is not only that they rob us of our goods and estates, but they actually corrupt our children with their filthy doctrines."

From that the conversation veered to a chorus of affirmations that the Jews were at the bottom of it all. And "Boom, boom" all the time went the Bolshevik guns, and in the Christiatik the sirens of rushing staff autos punctuated our polite conversation.

My friend and interpreter, Baron M—, a person truly humane and decent, no matter the misfortune which had projected him at birth into an effete class, finally ventured the

remark that this indiscriminate murder of the Jews was vile and horrible and could not be justified under any color of necessity. He said that some of his best friends were from the Jewish artists and writers; that a Jew had helped him to escape the last time the Bolsheviks had occupied Kiev. The Jewish middle class had suffered from Bolshevism even more than the Christians.

The Irish ladies, however, pursued their St. Bartholomew way. Every Jew was a bloodthirsty Bolshevik, a potential murderer and thief; you could never trust them, even if they did you a kindness. That was only that they would hurt you more cruelly later on. They should all be wiped out. (And "Boom, boom, boom" went the Bolshevik artillery.)

Then the countess, her gray eyes placid and charming beneath the divine curve of her low Grecian brow, delivered the verdict.

"The Baron is quite right; this indiscriminate and brutal slaughter of the Jews is to be condemned. By its very indiscriminateness and disorder it gives the appearance of being done for the lust of revenge, instead of for the purpose of punishment, of making an example. Well, that is quite wrong, as you must admit. The Jews must be taught a lesson; they must be punished, truly, but with calmness and in perfectly cold blood. The judgement must be carried out against them calmly, inexorably. I think that one male person should be selected from every Jewish household (they have awfully large families, you know) and taken out and shot. Then the Jews would remember never again to mix in politics. Will you have a bit more tea and vodka, baron?"

As she bent over to fill the baron's glass her sables slipped down over her shoulders and revealed the divine whiteness and perfect contours of her bust.

And "Boom, boom, boom," went the Bolshevik guns not two miles away.



Ya fed him wood alcohol! Ain't ya ashamed of yerself?

Three Fables

The Kind-Hearted Bourgeois

ONCE there was a fat bourgeois, but he had a kind heart. He lived on the backs of the poor, and this worried him, and he determined to get off, but never seemed quite able to make it. He suffered like anything because of this. He sighed as he sat in his beautiful steam-heated Louis-the-14th apartment and watched the poor unemployed workers out in the sleet and wind. He ate in swell hotels, but did not enjoy it much as he thought of the hungry mothers and babies in the slums. He had a big heart, and all his life he worried and wondered what he ought to do to abolish poverty. No one else knew this, however; he seemed so fat and hearty, and laughed so much, and hung on to his dollars so firmly, everyone thought he had no principles. He suffered in silence. At last he died, and his soul shot straight to hell like a bullet. The kind-hearted bourgeois was horribly hurt and surprised to find himself there! He raised an awful holler at the Complaint Desk, but the sly little red devil in charge just snickered and sneered as he sent the kind-hearted bourgeois back to the griddle.

The Russian Bear

ONCE there was a Russian bear, and he tried to walk and act like a man, and this made the other bears angry.

"Are you trying to be different from us?" they cried, indignantly. "Isn't our type of civilization good enough for you?"

They fell upon him, the whole crowd, with teeth and claws, and tried to kill him. But he fought them off savagely, and went off by himself to try to become a man, a thoughtful, kind, strong, creative man, instead of a beast like the others.

He limped, however, for he had been badly wounded in the fight. The other bears laughed as they saw him limp.

"Why, see, he limps already!" they cried, "the silly bear who thinks he will some day walk and think like a man!" But the bear didn't mind them, and it was not long before he had really become the first man.

The Young Goat

ONCE there was an esthetic young goat who lived around a livery stable with five or six other goats. He had a good digestion, thrived on posters and tin cans and old hats like the rest, and slept well of nights. The propinquity or something got on his nerves,

however, and he began writing poetry. It was all about those horrible goats, how badly they smelt, how horrible they looked with their long beards, and what vile tastes they had in eating. He did this for a long time.

One day the young goat heard one of the livery horses talking about him to her husband, and saying how vilely he smelt, how ugly he looked with his long beard, and what unimaginable things he would not disdain to eat.

"My God," the young goat murmured, "so I am a goat, too!"

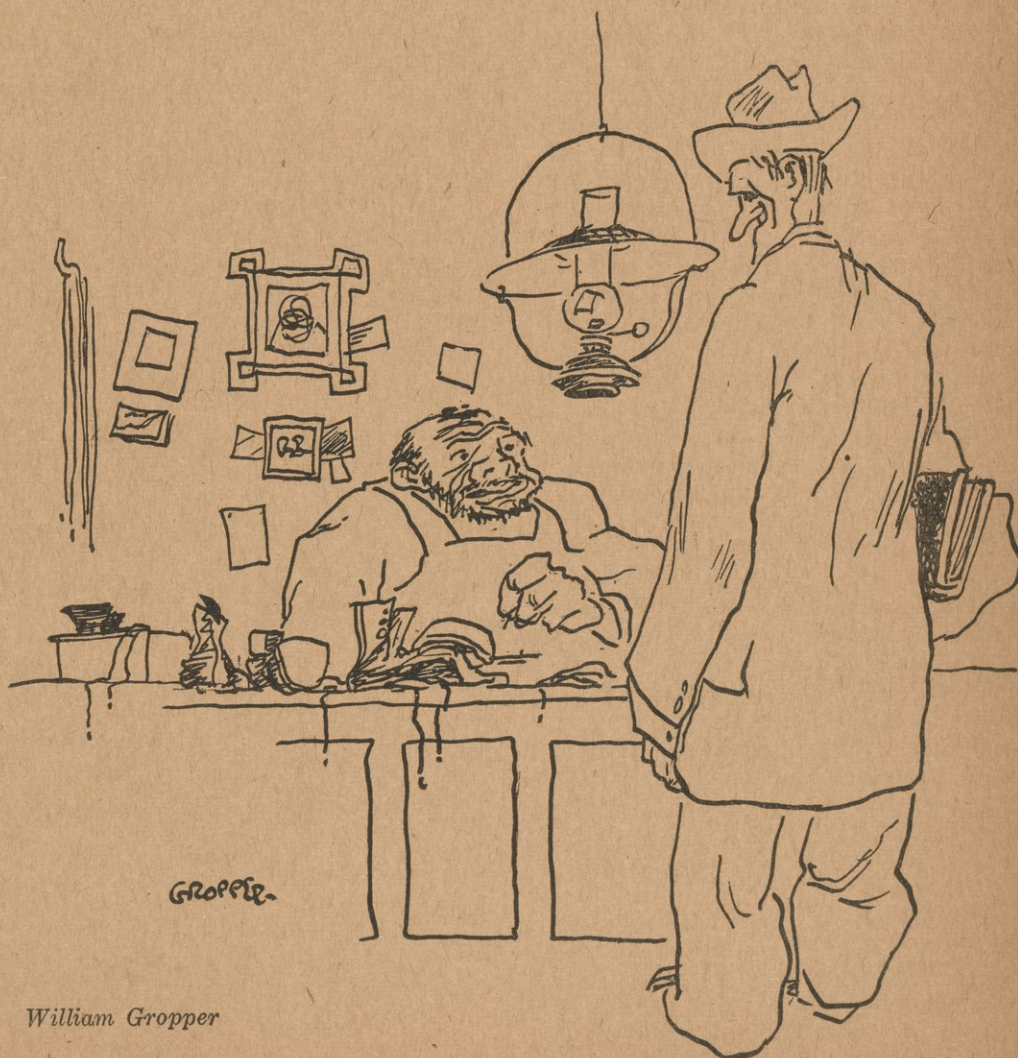
He became much more tolerant towards his comrades after that.

CHARLES OORUM.

The Living Dead

MOURN not the dead that in the cool earth lie,—
Dust unto dust;
The calm, sweet Earth, that mothers all who die—
As all men must;
But rather mourn the living souls who dwell,—
Too strong to strive,—
Within each steel-bound coffin of a cell—
Buried alive!

Ralph Chaplin.



William Gropper

"Say, dont call me a cockroach business man, ya hear? I can make lots of money if I wanta work 14 hours a day, but I just want to take it easy; I only work 12 hours!"

One Day's Work

By George Granich

I LOAFED for about a week in the hobo's "jungle" near Yuma. The jungle was a broad space near the Colorado River, a scrubby waste of weeds and bracken where the fires and rusty pots and pans of decades of hoboes blackened the clayey ground. Six other hoboes, old, hardened addicts of the road, loafed with me, and I grew so tired of their aimless, monotonous conversation that I lay awake all of one warm, moonlit night and thought about the future. I decided finally to go to work again, save some money and beat it back east to live in civilized New York once more.

Something big might happen there to me this time. Hoboes are dreamers.

The next morning a tanned, husky, elderly American, a migratory Western worker, drifted in and told the inhabitants of our "jungle" that there were jobs to be found in the copper mines at Miami, Arizona. He himself had just put in several months there, and now he was going to loaf and fish along the banks of the river for the next three months. I took the next freight down for Miami, after getting from him detailed information as to the lay of the land.

I had no trouble getting a job in the mines at Miami. There had been a strike there a month before, and though it had been settled, many of the men had left town rather than wait for the outcome. I "mooched" a breakfast at the back door of a Harvey restaurant, and went down to the employment offices of the mine, about a mile out of town. The young employment secretary, a dapper Y. M. C. A. member, picked me out of the fifty or sixty men waiting around outside the door of his shack, warming their hands at little fires they had built in the cool desert morning. I was young and strong and American-looking, and most of the others were Mexicans, Negroes, and middle-aged, battered, subdued American types, meek and rather sad. Every migratory worker and hobo looks like a failure after forty, though he may have been as husky and good for mine-fodder as I am at twenty-two.

"Did you ever work as a mucker before?" asked the secretary.

"Yes."

"All right—the pay is \$5.15 for an eight-hour day. Here, take this card and report at Shaft 6."

I found the foreman at Shaft 6, a steep hole in the side of a mountain of raw metal about a mile further away from the town, and I was sent down into the darkness to the 1,200-foot level. Before an hour had passed I had loaded endless cars with the jagged, broken rocks, heavy as cannonballs, from which would be crushed the red,

precious copper. I was bathed in sweat, and my back hurt, and the dark, damp gloom of the mine shaft was as depressing as a chamber of hell, but I dreamed of New York and was happy.

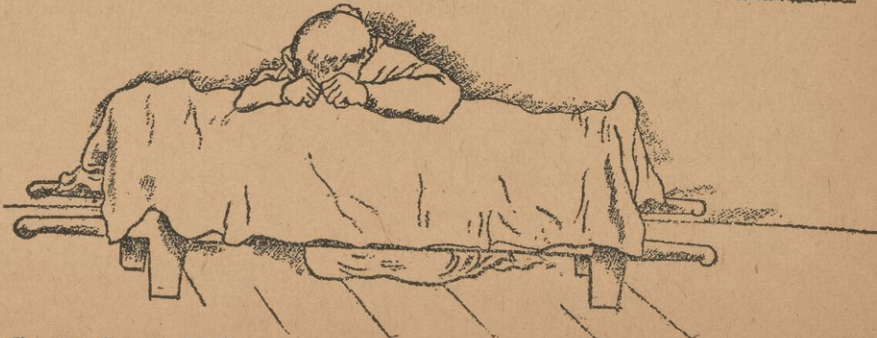
"I'll go back with a big stake this time," I said to myself, grimly. "I'll blow in there with at least a hundred and fifty dollars, if I can; maybe more. I'll spend the winter in reading."

I worked with a Mexican for the first hour, and then I was shifted to another level, where I worked with a young six-foot American in blue overalls. He looked at me anxiously as I came over and stood beside him at the car.

"Say, buddy," he said, staring at me with his sharp blue eyes in the strange light, "didja hear about the accident over at Shaft 4?"

"No."

"There were four fellers killed, and my father's the dynamiter of a gang over there, and I'm wonderin' whether he



George Grosz, Berlin

Where the Dividends Come From

was in the crowd. Didn't ye hear some of the names?"

"No."

"Gawd, that's hell," he said, mopping his blackened forehead, "it's hell not to know. It'd be hell if it wuz my dad—my mother'd go plumb crazy."

We worked hard all the rest of the day, and every half-hour the boy would repeat this:

"Gawd, it would be hell if it wuz my dad—it's hell not to know."

But he did his work, and I did mine, though I stopped thinking about a stake and New York, and thought only of the accident that had happened at Shaft 4. The boy told me about it. Four men had gone down to fix and set off a blast, and the ladder that let them down had been yanked away too suddenly, and they had no way of crawling out of the little pit where the fuse was sputtering to its goal. They were blown to pieces.

"Gawd, minin's hell," said the boy.

At the end of the day we went together to the little funeral parlors where the men's bodies were lying. There was a crowd of miners and their wives around the door, and inside the room another silent line moving about the coffins. The boy and I filed past, and he looked closely at all the four corpses. The faces were purple and black, and gouged with great holes where pieces of exploding rock had struck them. One of the heads had been torn from its body, and had been sewed on clumsily again, lolling horribly. The dead men were still dressed in their poor, rough working clothes, and pieces of a shattered corn-cob pipe stuck out of the overall pockets of one of the men.

"My dad's safe," the boy whispered excitedly, "he wasn't caught at all! Gawd, ain't this hell, though?"

We went out into the street again, the dim, mining-town street flanked with mean little wooden houses. The crowd of miners and their women folk was still there, moving about uneasily, and gloomily repeating the story of the accident over and over to each other. These accidents had happened so many times before, and they would happen so many times again. Some of the women were muttering of the cruelty of life, that demanded so many humble victims, and some of the men were spitting solemnly and staring at the ground.

I listened to the stories that were told of other accidents in the past, and I thought of Wall street, where copper shares are gambled with in the market. I could not sleep again that night, thinking of the future. The next morning I



George Grosz, Berlin

—and Where They Go to

did not go to work, but took a freight out of town for somewhere—I do not remember where. I had decided to waste no more time earning dividends for millionaires, but to gather my New York stake in other ways than mining—by stealing, perhaps. One day's work had again cured me of the desire to work—one day's work had again taught me that it is with life-blood the poor pay for the luxuries of the rich. I went back to hoboing.

Funeral Oration

THIS poor body that we are burying was the body of a man—a humble, dark-skinned man who was born and beloved of a father and mother, and who had laughed with his friends, and worked, and hoped, and dreamed. He is believed to have been rash enough to have committed some crime, but we do not yet know what the crime was. He was lynched for it. A mob of white men came in the night and seized him, and cut his flesh, tortured him, howled at him, hung him. They hung him, not for the crime, but because he was black-skinned. And they were Americans, and we are Americans here who mourn for him, and who mourn for the nation that does these things.

America! you do not come only at night, in the cowardly dark, to seize Negroes and to hang them, screaming and crucified, at the rope-end of your ignorance. In your jails are men who dared to speak the word of truth against you, who dared cry out against your murders, your corruptions, your oppressions. America! a million of your little children slave for you in mills and factories from dawn to evening. America! six million despairing men tramp the streets of your cities; you are starving them, you are letting them die, you will not give them work, you are their cruel, evil step-mother. America! you shoot down strikers, and assassinate rebels, and enslave small nations; you starved the Russians, you turned Hungary over to the White Guard, you have almost ruined Mexico.

America! you are the whore of the world! The workers come here, Italians, Jews, Greeks, Scandinavians, Russians, Poles, Hungarians, Irish and their eyes are filled with dreams, and their hearts with hope, and you betray them. You put them into your great roaring mills and factories and mines, your sweat-shops and rack-rent farms, and drive them, and exploit them, and give them miserable tenements to live in, and adulterated food to eat; you drain them white, and they curse you and die.

America! you hate us and destroy us, we, your Negroes, and Jews, and Italians, and Hungarians, and Poles, we your workers. Yet we alone understand and love you.

The bourgeois does not understand or love you, America. Dividends are his God, and profits his fatherland, but we are dreaming of you, and your hidden beauty. This Negro, as he hung, dreamed of an America of brotherhood and joy; and the workers in your steel mills and coal mines dream of an America of equality and light and truth; and the children in the cotton mills dream of happiness, and the strikers dream of an America of bread and peace and free creativeness; and in the prisons our comrades dream of you, and it is a dream most beautiful of all.

We alone love you, we whom you despise and torture. And we swear, by these poor bones we inter to-day, to destroy you, America, or make you over into our dream. We swear that you are ours, and that you can belong to no one else. You have lynched a Negro, America, but some day he will return and make the laws for you; he will be your president and your father, he will shower friendliness and freedom on the land with his crucified hands, and out of his sad, bruised mouth there will come the words of healing and light, America!



Onorio Ruotolo

A Negro Girl

A Southern Holiday

By E. Merrill Root

THEY gathered round the county jail,
Lest Law might fall too light;
They splintered doors, they elbowed guards,
They roped his crossed wrists tight:
For white may mate with black at will,
But never black with white.

About the coatless, swearing men,
As that dark march began,
The homeless curs of all the town
Barking and leaping ran—
Perplexed, within their dim brute brains,
At this fierce hunt of Man.

Boys ran and shouted; women pressed
Close to the walking dead:
They screamed at him; one bruised a stone
Against his bare black head;
His tattered shirt was scarlet-splashed,
For his gashed forehead bled.

They wired him, quivering, to a stake,
While boys fetched cans of oil:
They soaked his feet, they soaked the wood,
They soaked the very soil;
They watched the oil-blue sodden reek:
"Now, you damned nigger, boil!"

Six feet of agony and fear,
He pleaded, moaned, denied.
"Confess, you hound, we'll shoot, not burn!"
One with a rifle cried.
"Yes, boss, I done it sure!" he screamed.
His crazed eyes staring-wide.

His words were like a spark that sets
Man's powerful lightning free:
A crowded roar, kicks, fists, stones, clubs,
Till one cried, "Let him be,
Or he won't feel the fire." They stopped
And eyed him lustingly.

His open, gash-lipped, bloody mouth
Quivered with anguished dread;
His terrible and tortured eyes
Rolled whitely in his head;
He moaned with broad, fear-stammering tongue:
"For Christ's sake, shoot me dead!"

His piteous and awful eyes
Yearned everywhere for one—
One single face—that turned aside,
And everywhere found none:
Each torture-lusting eye looked straight
To see the blazing fun.

Death-greedy, mad to see what pain
Our human flesh can bear,

They pricked wood-splinters in his flesh
And watched them singe and flare;
And women fought and thrust up close
Where he stood black and bare.

Pale in the sun, a match splashed flame
Upon his oil-soaked feet—
A flash! Yet now he gave no cry
Although a pale blue sheet
Closed, in a liquid vise of flame,
Around his charring feet.

The flame-fangs ate his living flesh,
His throbbing flesh, away;
He tried to bend his wire-bound head
Down to the fiery spray,
And drink the flame and die. The mob
Clubbed his scorched limbs in play.

He freed one hand: he tried to snatch
Live coals to eat and die;
Men kicked his blistered hands aside
And laughed to see him try:
"Burn gently, now" (they said) "and don't
Let the damned nigger die!"

Crazed with delirium of death,
Massed in a screaming ring,
They burned his body inch by inch
And watched the living thing
(That had been whole an hour ago)
Fiercely anguishing.

And when, at last, the flame closed blue
About his charring head,
They fired into his crackling flesh
The mercy of their lead—
The gift of Death—because they knew
It could not ease the dead.

Wesley Everest

TORN and defiant as a wind-lashed reed,
Wounded, he faced you as he stood at bay;
You dared not lynch him in the light of day,—
But on your dungeon stones you let him bleed:
Night came . . . and you black vigilants of greed,
Like human wolves, seized hard upon your prey,
Tortured and killed . . . and, silent, slunk away,—
Without one qualm of horror at the deed.

Once . . . long ago . . . do you remember how
You hailed Him King, for soldiers to deride?
You placed a scroll upon his bleeding brow,
And spat upon him, scourged him, crucified!
A rebel unto Caesar, then, as now—
Alone, thorn-crowned, a spear-wound in His side!
Ralph Chaplin.

Americanizing Haiti

By Martha Foley

HAITI is rapidly being Americanized.

Once a land of sweet dreaming, Haiti dreams no more. Lotus-eating is intolerable to the National City Bank, and that institution is always willing to promote the welfare of any nation through teaching its people industry by putting them to work, and teaching them thrift by paying them small wages. The Haitians are not a lazy people. There was no reason for them to work hard. All they needed to supply their simple wants lay ready to hand. The land is very fertile and bears several crops a year. Fruits grow wild in abundance. The warm climate makes clothes unnecessary. So the Haitians gave part of their time to cultivating their small farms and the rest to singing and dancing. The social service workers decided that this was a shocking situation which had to be ended.

At first the reformers tried to accomplish their noble task unassisted. They succeeded in establishing a docile government. Through the various loans they made to Haiti the National Bank of Haiti and the national currency came under their control. But the ungrateful Haitians grew restless. There promised to be a change of government. The Government of the United States was called upon to protect American property by putting down a revolution which had not taken place. Troops occupied the country in 1915 and have been there ever since. The National Assembly has been abolished and a puppet president now obeys every behest of the American occupation which has declared a state of martial law.

Prior to the coming of the American occupation the Haitian proletariat was a negligible factor. There were, perhaps, 150,000 industrial workers in the coast towns subjected to a paternalistic exploitation by a few thousand native bourgeoisie. The Haitian bourgeoisie never forgets its slave origin. The rest of the population of 2,500,000 negroes consisted of peasants. These peasants either owned their farms or worked them on what is known as "the system of the half"; that is, half of the produce went to the owner of the land, and half to the peasant cultivating it.

A form of primitive communism, called "coubit," the Creole word for co-operation, governed the life of the peasants. They called each other "frere," brother, and co-operated in planting and gathering their crops and in building their mud-walled, thatched-roofed houses. Despite the power of the Catholic Church, the majority of the peasants married by mutual agreement rather than by church rites. Cock-fighting and dancing were their chief amusements. The vaudau dance, I found to my disappointment, is not the mysterious cannibalistic rite it is alleged to be, but a primitive folk-dance accompanied by the beating of drums. The great majority of the Haitians are illiterate. Creole, a French patois, has never been printed. Hence there were many wandering minstrels who went from village to village telling their tales of Ti-Malice the Wise, who outwitted Bouqui the Stupid, and singing the soft crooning folk-songs.

This is all being changed. The Haitian Constitution provided that any one who held land, as owner, during twenty years without opposition, was not obliged to furnish a deed to prove title to the property. The new constitution imposed



William Gropper

"Never mind Revolution. This country'd be alrite if we had our beer!"

upon Haiti by the American occupation, which Franklin D. Roosevelt boasted of writing, requires the peasant to prove his title. Naturally, very few can do so. The result is that the peasants are being expelled from the land, which becomes the property of large American agricultural companies. Thus they are being converted into floating agricultural workers exposed to the same exploitation as industrial workers. The minstrels wander no more from village to village.

In the cities the Americans are busy organizing indus-

tries. The Haitian-American Sugar Company has spent eight million dollars on a large sugar mill close to Port-au-Prince, the capital. The average pay of the Haitian laborer is one gourde a day. Due to the forced depreciation of the national currency, the gourde, formerly worth an American dollar, has sunk to the value of twenty cents. Despite the low cost of living this is not adequate to support a worker and his family. Moreover, for this microscopic wage he is forced to work from twelve to fourteen hours a day. Indignities are heaped upon him because he is a Negro. Slowly he is developing a class-consciousness. To be sure, this class-consciousness is blended with nationalism and race-hatred, but nevertheless he is learning to hate the American imperialist not only as an enemy of his race and country, but as an exploiter of labor.

Several tiny unions of carpenters, coffee-workers, shoemakers and chauffeurs have been organized in Port-au-Prince.

Coffee, lumber, tobacco and sugar are the chief exports of Haiti and the companies handling these are foremost in the exploitation of the workers. The Haitian American Sugar Company has devised an unique way of retaining its employees by holding back each week two days' pay, which is to be paid at some future date. The workers, rather than lose their money, remain with the company. It is significant that there is an encampment of marines close to the mill buildings. Mr. Childs, the manager of this firm, told me that all Haitians were monkeys, and deserving of no more consideration than animals.

Another foremost American business man, Mr. H. P. Davis, manager of the United West Indies Corporation, boasted to me of how he with a machine gun mounted on his automobile, killed eighteen Haitians himself on the night of

the massacre of 1,700 Haitians in Port-au-Prince. Mr. Davis also chuckled when he related how, when he had been short of gourdes, he duped his workers into accepting spurious money issued by himself.

The representatives of the American firms in Haiti come mainly from the South and are imbued with the Southern prejudice against the Negro. I was a guest at a dinner party in Port-au-Prince given by one of the most prominent Americans where lynching was discussed with much gusto, and each guest vied to outdo the others in describing lynchings he had participated in.

Yes, Haiti is being rapidly Americanized.

November 11th

I

WAS all of it then nought? Nought the swift leap
Of each young heart; the vision over again—
A cause to die for—so our dreams might keep
Their bright delusion of immortal gain?
And what of all the simple-hearted dead?
Poor ghosts! If living, would they also reap
The weakness and dishonor war has bred?
Or being dead, some subtler sense may keep
Their hearts as wise as once their dreams were fresh.
And if their spirits, having left the flesh,
Have come to understanding of the past,
The miserable past, and where it led,
Death—and then disillusionment at last—
How those dear dead must clasp their hands and weep!

II

B Lindly they rushed to battle. War would save
The tyrannous, selfish, dull old world once more,
And knowing only how to die, they gave
Young lives as countless striplings had before,
Only to prove that youth was still as brave.
And with a passionate hope we turned to war
And sank our greedy love and dreary hate
Into the brief forgetful sacrifice;
And while the war days lasted learned to prate
About the blood and lust, as "a small price
To set against the deep religious gain" . . .
And for a time we managed to forget
That we must live our little lives again,
With all the added burden wars beget.

III

THE dead have stepped in silence to their fate,
And joined the mute and the remorseless past,
Which death has filled but cannot consecrate.
The longed-for victory is ours at last,
And all the earth is sick and desolate.
The dear belief to which we clung so fast,
That war would cleanse our spirits of their dross
Sinks in our hearts to some forgotten place.
Not only by the dead we count our loss,
But by our failures; easier than to face
Ourselves, to die; and death can bring no peace
Save to the dead. And, if in infinite space
The spirits of the dead have found release,
Not death, but splendid living made them great.

Francis X. Biddle.



From a lithograph by Boardman Robinson

"Honest, Ray, it's 14-karat gold!"



Boardman Robinson

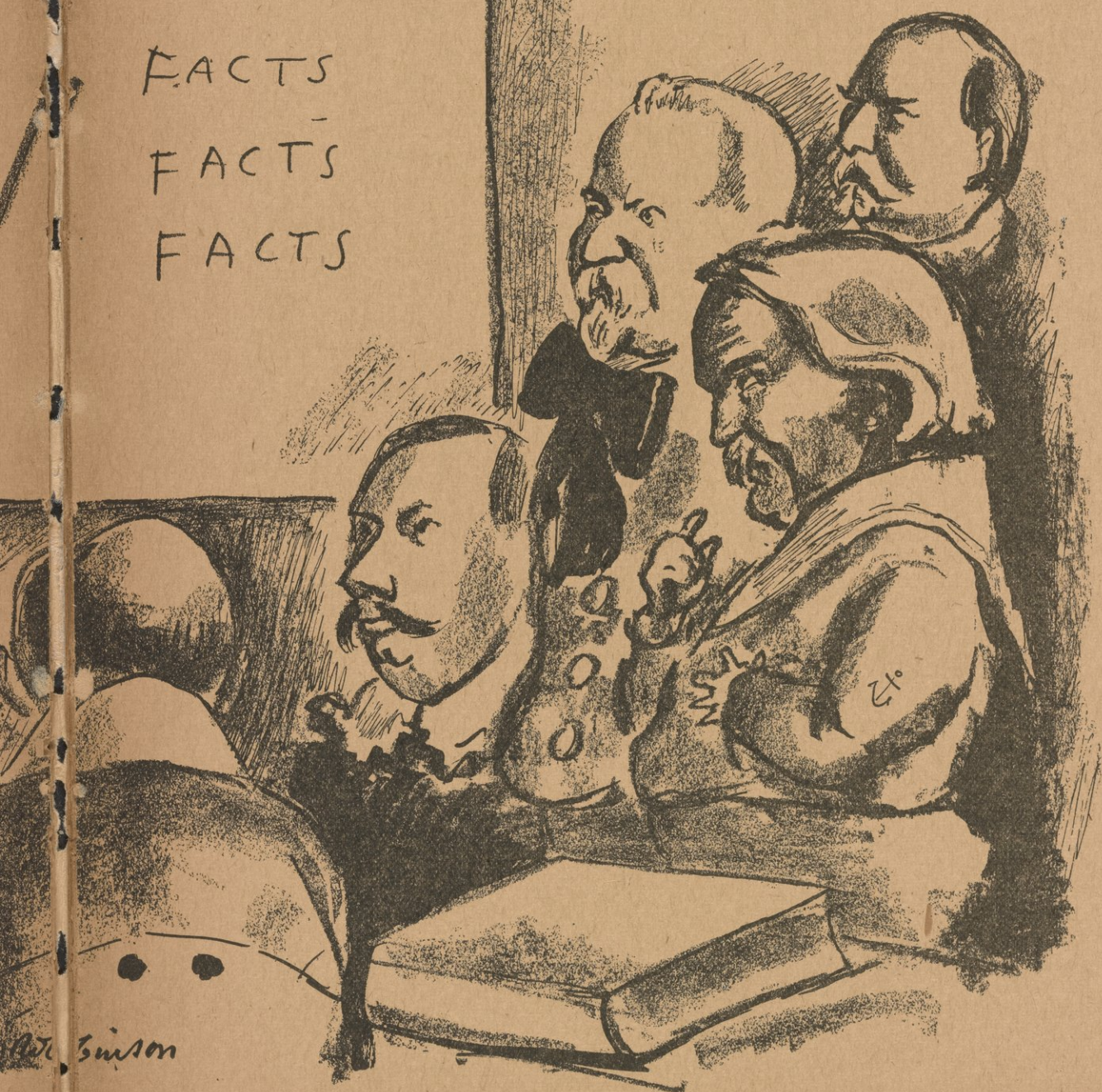
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FACTS

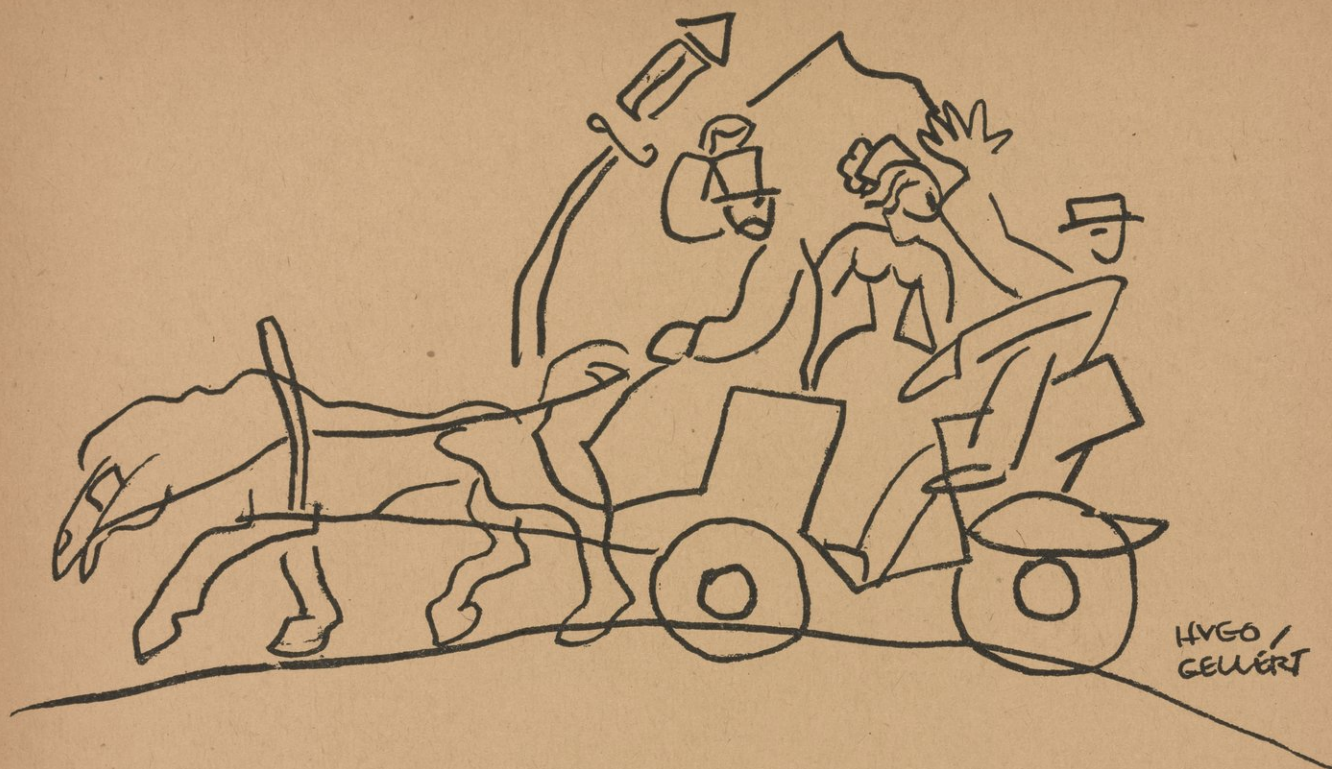
FACTS

FACTS



W. B. Smith

at Genoa



Hugo Gellert

Chekhov's The Sudden Death of a Horse

What Is Lacking In The Theatre

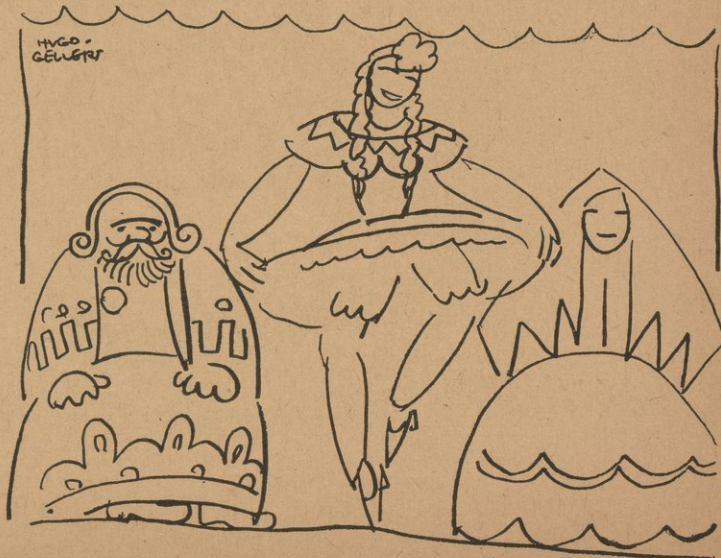
By Claude McKay

IN spite of a romantic love for the theatre I was never able to feel very satisfied with the modern up-to-date playhouse. The most extravagant and magnificent productions often left a strange aching emptiness in my mind. But I was almost ashamed to tell the truth to any one. I thought that my mind was not western and complex enough to care for all the decorative flounces and frills of the modern stage.

I would hark back to the days of childhood and adolescence when as a little amateur singer and actor in a native troupe I could give myself to the keen, whole-hearted enjoyment of village concerts and wakes—when I was thrilled to wonder for the little plays we put on at school vacation time. But I was rather ashamed of my little intellectual range in seeking to find a thread between the marvels of the American metropolitan stage and the efforts of a crude black company fooling in ramshackle buildings in the backwoods of a Caribbean island. I was quite ashamed of the fact that my mind had not grown up and away from the single melodies of the rustic amateur stage, to be receptive to the full orchestration of the up-to-date city stage.

And I may have persistently reproached myself and sophistically denied my inner convictions if I had not gone to see such a show as Balieff's *Chauve-Souris* from the Bat Theatre of Moscow, now playing in New York. Here was the genuine thing from which joy poured like silver showers from a waterfall. Here was what the living, insistent child in man requires of the theatre—the rich native individual

color that had lost none of its hue and charm in transferring even to a foreign stage. In spirit, soul and flesh I surrendered to the first number, and my sole gesture was one grand act of willing surrender to the whole. Before the interval came, I knew what was the trouble between me and the



Hugo Gellert

Katinka

modern theatre. The intimate atmosphere that envelops one in provincial affairs—that so many little theatres are valiantly trying to manufacture—is fanned out there. But the Russians of Chauve-Souris have finely preserved this intimate feeling and kept it all through consonant with the highest perfection of their work.

And the audience falls in love with all the actors right away. Somehow they manage to transfer their personalities clear across the footlights in a very simple and effortless manner. They are just like children playing among themselves for the sheer fun of play, and all unconscious though their elders may be looking on. This beautiful, artful simplicity seems to be the biggest thing in creative work.

What do these Russians give us? Just little bits from different sections of life. The first number is like a glittering page from a musty old-fashioned romance of lazy laughing lords and sweet, idiotic ladies. It soothes, softens and prepares the audience for all the delicate and delightful whimsicalities to follow. The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers is child's play carried to the highest totality of perfection. It is the sort of rare acting that one might have run into in any side street during the days of the world war. Mind cannot visualize it on the Metropolitan stage, but the Russians have put it there; every look, every step, every gesture, of the free playing boy is recaptured by them and reproduced in its original spontaneity. And there is Katinka, something of a circus side show, but so exquisitely elegant, like an old painting of grotesque life that has grown more striking and colorful with age. Hugo Gellert in his drawings has caught the spirit of the whole show, but no mere word nor line can give an artistic sense of the harmonious color effect of the show. One must see it for oneself.

It is all splendid and tinted with romance, and even to the untrained eye of the foreigner, native to the soil, radiant with sentiment, humor, vivaciousness, charm and tearful laughter. Provincial in form, universal in spirit. These are the things to love and foster, for only such things can keep the child spirit alive and free in our harsh modern world.

Everybody plays with the actors. It is hard to restrain oneself from joining in a chorus or jig. The director with his block of blandish Eastern face is a vital part of the show, a sort of medium between actors and audience. And what an actor he is himself with his dominating features and apparently commonplace witticisms! He throws the audience into great fits of laughter by his dexterous manipulation of English, and in spite of groups of severe-looking gray-haired dowagers and be-chested red tape gentlemen the orchestra puts it over on the balcony in applauding.



Hugo Gellert

Tartar Dance

After Chauve-Souris one understands the prevalent discontent with the theatre. A very vital thing is lacking, and one realizes what it is only after seeing naturally simple people like Russians and Negroes on the stage.

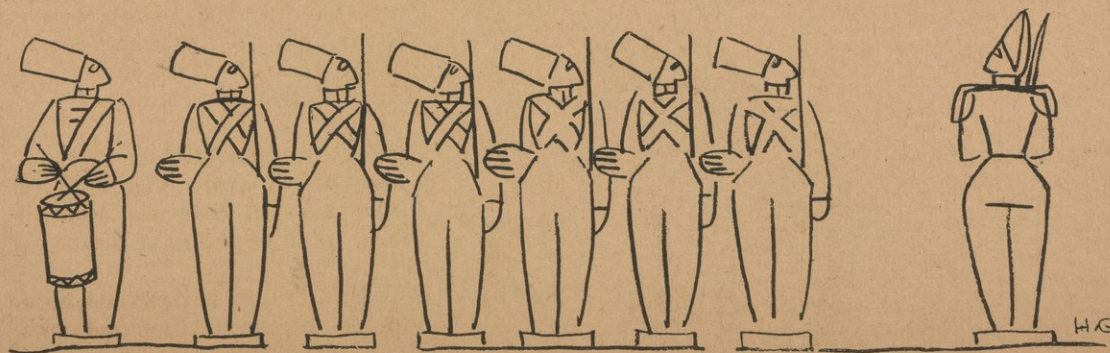
Nocturne

I WENT out in the meadows after the dark came,
A wind swept my face like a storm at sea;
Some day I will not feel the wind moving
Or grey netted darkness passing me.

Life is a piteous thing, it goes so swiftly,
Like a salty tide leaving the grasses dry;
A day will come when I will steal away
Close to waves sweeping the shore with a cry.

Beauty will fall from me like gusty leaves from trees
Whirled to the glimmering earth and a place apart,
But I will not hear the rime of the eddying water
Or the pulsing cry of the city's broken heart.

Harold Vinal.



The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers

Sonnet

IF I could only reach across the space
That still divides us, and could take your hand
And laugh with you, so you should understand
My happiness that you are in this place;
If I could touch most gently your dear face
And tell you what I have so often planned;
If well at ease beside you I could stand
How many memories I might efface—

You would forget that I have seemed unkind,
You would forget what you have never known—
That my great hunger for you made me blind
And dumb and deaf and heavy as a stone
Dropped on the shore. O, lift me from the sand
And throw me in the sea again, alone.

Lydia Gibson.

At the Corner

SOMETHING is waiting for him at the corner,
And the street, like life, is a lonely place;
Though it is crowded no one can defend him
When he comes face to face
With what is waiting for him at the corner.

There may be something strange as a black man waiting
With a club that hurts like death, for his head;
Or a shrouded figure may slip from a doorway
And follow in his tread.
Certain it is that something is waiting at the corner.

And yet it may be only a smiling hour,
Like a girl with blossoms in her hair,
To slip an arm in his and walk beside him
Till he is unaware
Of something that is waiting at the corner.

Hazel Hall.



Zoltan Hecht

Absence

YOUR words dropped into my heart like pebbles into a
pool,
Rippling around my breast and leaving it melting cool.

Your kisses fell sharp on my flesh like dawn-dews from the
limb,
Of a fruit-filled lemon tree when the day is young and dim.

Like soft rain-christened sunshine, as fragile as rare gold
lace,
Your breath, sweet-scented and warm, has kindled my tran-
quil face.

But a silence vasty-deep, oh deeper than all these ties
Now, through the menacing miles brooding between us lies.

And more than the songs I sing, I await your written word,
To stir my fluent blood as never your presence stirred.

Claude McKay.

On the Road

ROAR of the rushing train fearfully rocking,
Impatient people jammed in line for food,
The rasping noise of cars together knocking,
And worried waiters, some in ugly mood,
Hurrying in the choking pantry hole
To call out dishes for each angry glutton
Exasperated grown beyond control,
From waiting for his soup or fish or mutton.

At last the station's reached, the engine stops;
For bags and wraps the red-caps circle round;
From off the step the passenger lightly hops,
And seeks his cab or tram-car homeward bound;
The waiters pass out weary, listless, glum,
To spend their tips on harlots, cards and rum.

Claude McKay.

The Farmer

HE flays the shaggy hide of Earth
So that corn has space for birth;
Murderously he wars with weeds
In defence of lettuce-seeds.

Servant to his ox and horse
All day long he spends his force
Felling clovered grass, that they
May not want for Winter hay.

Surgeon to his orchard, he
Amputates an apple tree;
Medicines, with spray and pail,
Ills of moth or worm or scale.

Host-like, he must board and house
Pigs and chickens, sheep and cows;
Till he rests him in his grave
He must be his oat-field's slave!

E. Merrill Root

Indeterminate Sentences

THE latest picture in the great Indian film is the Prince of Wales being nonco-operated off of his horse upon his royal ear.

JUDGE LANDIS is quite right in resigning; what's the fun of being in baseball if you have to sit on a bench?

MAYBE those Hollywood people are trying to make real life bear some resemblance to reel life.

SECRETARY HOOVER has discovered to his horror that some of the people who have been raising money for Russian relief do not hate Russia.

WHAT has become of the American Legion's protest against the admission of Seminoff into the United States? Somebody must have told them that he is an anti-Bolshevist, a Japanese agent and a bandit—in every way worthy of our hospitality.

PRESIDENT EBERT has been expelled from the saddle-makers' union for his hostility to organized labor. His former associates are saddler but wiser men.

NO doubt the New York World was trying to be eulogistic when it said: "Surely no Pope, dying, ever left so many millions of mankind in desperate need of spiritual leadership."

"WALL STREET is the home of honor," declared James R. Sheffield, president of the Union League Club. But later developments revealed the fact that the party had not been seen around home for quite a while.

IT now appears that the great majority of the men who ran bucket shops got away with the proceeds before the authorities became interested in the industry. The moral is, do your bucket shopping early.

HARDING'S governor of Porto Rico, E. Mont Reily, now appears to have had rather an unsavory past. Following the Newberry precedent he should be reprimanded for his conduct and sentenced to be governor of Porto Rico.

THEY say that under the law "the new peace dollar cannot be changed for twenty-five years." Still there isn't much you can buy for less than a dollar anyhow.

FROM Dallas, Texas, comes word that "truth serum" has been successfully used to paralyze a criminal's will to lie. It seems wasteful to have used the stuff on a criminal when the country was full of diplomats.

"DID you ever try," asks a business magazine, "to get into a meeting at which Charley Schwab is billed to speak?" No, but we are proud to live in a country where people may worship Schwab according to the dictates of their own consciences.

THE Straton-Brady fight in New York resulted, as is so often the case, disastrously to both sides. Now preachers have to go to the theater and actors have to go to church.

AT this zero hour the bonus measure seems to have suffered collapse. Punctured by tax.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.



William Gropper

"My word! How can one stand such low people?"

THE LIBERATOR

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A Right Hook to the Jaw

Prize Fights vs. Color Organs

By Michael Gold

THE prize-fight was held in one of the National Guard armories, a great immense dark barn holding ten thousand proletarian New Yorkers, ten thousand husky men and boys who smoked, laughed, swore, whistled, screamed, spat on the floors, chattered in the barbarous New York dialect, stamped with their feet, rose en masse and howled for blood, for a knock-out. They were in darkness, like hills on a black night; the only light in the great structure was that playing on the prize-ring, where the boxers acted out their fierce dramas of the brutality of life.

There were two four-round bouts, one of them, between a short and a tall middleweight, alone interesting. The crowd cheered the plucky little man, and booed the other, because he was tall. He looked at them in disgust, and waved them away with his gloved hands. They booed him the louder. Then came two light-weights who put up a dull exhibition, both clinching and sashaying as if the adventure of receiving a solid punch on the jaw was not to their fancy. The crowd booed them, too. Then came the semi-final, a twelve-round bout between two well-matched, clean, lightning-fast bantams, Johnny Foley and Harry Catteno.

It was a beautiful fight. Foley is a square, rugged Irish youngster, with raven-black hair, a clean, milk-white fine, robust body, and an honest good-natured boy's face. His partner Catteno, was a swift, wiry little Italian, with a lithe body on which the muscles ran and rippled like water under a wind. He was aggressive and hard as nails. He bored in continuously, his punches shot at Foley from every direction like a shower of well-aimed arrows; his stout heart never failed him. Foley never stopped fighting, either, though blood covered his face during two of the rounds, and he seemed to be weakening. The boys fought skilfully; they

worked like technicians who knew their tools; no blow was sent out wildly, no punch dodged erratically; all was considered and artistic; they moved with precision and swift, beautiful instinct, in a pattern that gave the brutal facts of sweat and blood and punches to the jaw the ordered grace of a Greek dance. At the end they embraced each other, panting, and left the ring with arms about each other's shoulders.

The next fight was more savage; it was between another Irish lad, Jimmy Mack, and another Italian, Pete Hays, for the lightweight championship of the armory. Hays was heavier by seven pounds, and had knocked the other man out in a previous fight; and there was bad blood between the two; this was a return battle.

Hays was tougher and stronger than his opponent, but for eight rounds they fought almost an even battle, with Hays a shade the aggressor. They tore at each other like pumas battling over a mate; the crowd went mad with excitement. The men hammered at each other's kidneys and stomachs and faces;

they fainted and jabbed and swung with both hands to the jaw and uppercut in the clinches; they moved on each other with the passion of lovers, to hurt and destroy each other; they were flames of eager, cruel desire, engines of punishment and pain. And yet always they knew what they were doing, and in their heads went on the processes of thought. Always they danced in the measures of this manly dance of the brutality of life with skill and artistic harmony. Suddenly, in the eighth round, as they were battering at each other at close quarters, like locked bulls, with their heads down, Mack slipped to the canvas. He had been knocked out. He curled on the floor, the beautiful, slender, naked athlete, the flame of desire and cruelty. He writhed in strange, obscure agonies, dumb ecstasies, like a saint's. The referee counted ten over him, and the crowd watched in a sudden awed silence, like that of a cathedral. It was strange and solemn, this sudden humbling of the beautiful youth in the full tiger-like splendor of his vitality; he was down, and it was as high a moment of tragedy and as thrilling a contrast as when King Lear appears in rags and shouts his mad speeches to the sleety sky. His seconds lifted Jimmy Mack up in their arms and revived him in his corner; the crowd, chattering again in barbarous New York-ese, swarmed out into the chilly street.

A week later I went to see the new Color Organ at the Neighborhood Playhouse. The audience was a soft-speaking, well-dressed, polite and impressionable crowd of the New York intelligentsia. There was not a cruel, or ignorant, or weather-beaten face in all the rows of the restful little theatre; a harp and piano played gentle, old-fashioned melodies; everything conducted to relaxation, and the pleasant momentary delusion that one received an income regularly and employed a maid. There were no strikes in the world, no policemen, foremen, armies and capitalists, gas-bombs, hospitals and statesmen. A little play was acted first, a weak, pitiable little sissified imitation of the scene in hell from Bernard

Shaw's Man and Superman. Then the theatre was darkened and the curtain rose, and a tall glass screen stood forth, a screen made in three parts like a triptych. On this screen soon, in the deep and fearful darkness, one saw a light dawning, a vague, mysterious red light, that grew and spread, and became purple and gold and bright yellow. There was a happy clear blue, like the perfect June sky. There was an amber, in which the wealth of the mellow world shone. Then there came strange tall formless spirits who danced in a circle silently, while below them the earth danced in the colors of the prism. There were huge white clouds, and a path opened between them, and one went up this path as it opened and found quiet joy. Forms came and floated through the purple air, and as they ascended they revolved like golden fireworks, and they spread and became figures of holy lavender, mystic and wonderful. What colors! What combinations and suggestions! The Color Organ was like some divine kaleidoscope, in which one gazed with a child-like heart and found new and untellable messages! This was a new art, a world of its own like the world of music, with its own laws and life that could not be translated into words or human meanings. We were thrice-blessed, we who were seeing it, for it was the birth of a new art.

The audience sighed and then applauded wildly when the garish theatre lights went on. The symphony was over.

I found myself thinking of the prize-fights I had seen earlier in the week. How far apart these two spectacles would seem to this audience; like the dualism of flesh and spirit. Prize-fighting was raw and realistic, the steaming entrails of Life exposed as at an autopsy, the Color Organ was faery-beautiful; a marvellous new art, born so strangely, like a frail butterfly, out of the union of machinery and man's spirit.

I turned to the girl I was with and lectured her as follows:

"No, my dear, the flesh and the spirit are one. Life is one. Bourgeois idealists believe in color-organs, and call prize-fights brutal. In the Communist world we will have both. The world of the workers will not be Christian, but pagan.

"We will not reject any of the instincts of man, or suppress them, for we do not believe in original sin. We will give all the instincts free play, creating only the beautiful and humane environment in which they can take form without injury to anyone. Pugnacity is one of the immortal instincts of man. It is a sign of health in him, but we will not allow it to break forth in wars, as now, but channel it into the symbolism of prize-fighting and athletics. We do not want a world of cow-men and cow-women; we want a world of daring, healthy, happy pioneers and adventurers, the men and women of Walt Whitman's vision. We do not want the Chau-tauqua universe William James foresaw, and prayed for death rather than live in. We want a world of happy, strong, redundant Life.

"The decadence of the bourgeois class takes many forms. Its artists have become mad solitary priests of Dada, its statesmen and financiers have become blind to fact, its idealists have become refined and over-sensitized; they eat meat, but cannot stand the

sight of blood, they live on incomes, but think workingmen on strike or in a revolution should have better manners.

"In the Communist world these mistakes will not be made. Body and soul will be one. Men and women will work with their hands and brains, and will know all the facts of life, and will blend them into a new beautiful full-blooded realism. They will not think prize-fighting brutal, because they will have fought and been athletes themselves. They will know how to stand pain, and take a blow in the body or a blow of Fate gallantly and without whimpering. They will work in the fields and factories, and be strong; they will read books and create art and be wise and beautiful.

"The bourgeoisie are always afraid of Life. Now they are saying that machinery and the mob will ruin culture. Yes, it will ruin their culture, but the proletarian culture will arise out of the ashes, and it will be worlds more wonderful than theirs.

"This color-organ is the gift of the machine-age. I see greater gifts waiting in the future. And I see the Mob coming into art, and making it social and wonderful. Listen to a vision I have had of the future. It is a day five hundred years hence in the City of New York. It is the week of the spring festival in May, when all the world stops to celebrate the anniversary of the universal revolution, and the growing of the corn and the wheat, the lilac and the rose. All day, in a hundred amphitheatres of the city, there have been tragedies and comedies, followed by prize-fights, wrestling contests, foot races, poetry readings and song recitals. There have been baseball games, too, football games, pageants and gymnastic evolutions in which thousands of athletes join. No one can any longer see any discord in such a programme; and there is no division in this audience between brutalized worker and over-refined idealist.

"In the dusk the crowds go to great common eating-halls and eat simple, good food, and drink wine, and speeches like those of Pericles are made to them, and they are happy and exalted.

"It is night; the stars are out; the crowds come back to immense fields in different parts of the city, and on each of these fields a great drama is played, in which there are hundreds of thousands of actors.



William Gropper

In-Fighting

"The multitudes of men and women are in darkness—deep, bitter darkness. They lie on the ground and weep, remembering the eons of oppression. They moan in a low key, like the sweep of a vast wind. They remember the slavery in which their forefathers lived—they remember poverty, lynching, war. It is good for them to remember this—it keeps them humble and it makes them stern in the conviction that such things must not come again.

"The darkness is slowly invaded by a faint red glow from a color organ. The moaning changes to a more hopeful key. Tremendous batteries around the field have cast a wider and more brilliant scarlet light on the mob. It is an illumination that makes the heart leap with hope; the people rise to their feet and move about singing a new song.

"A thousand great mechanical orchestras, more wonderful than anything we know, break into mighty strains. The people chant a marvellous cantata that rises to the stars like the hymn of life. Now the color-organs have burst into full flower. They throw strange patterns on the sky; the sky is filled with a thousand clashing beautiful colors; the earth is filled with powerful singing; not a man, woman, child or dog is outside the communion of this night; the world is wonderful; it is the drama of the proletarian revolution; it is the proletarian art."

Liberator Bond For Sale

One of the I. W. W. boys, now serving a five-year sentence, is worried because he has no money to send his sick wife. He owns a \$50 Liberator bond which he would like to sell. Who will buy it?



Maurice Becker

Yesterday — Treat 'Em Rough

Liberator News

AT the Floyd Dell vs. Mike Gold debate on Marriage (fourth Liberator Evening affair) a friendly political opponent of ours recently returned from Russia remarked: "Your Liberator meetings are just like Russia. Everything is so thoroughly unbusinesslike." Maybe that is so, but we swear by Lenin never to let our friends in on such a mess again. The hall was too small, and empty of chairs. There was no order, and no apology for its lack. About 500 people were turned away, and half that number walked in without paying. There is this to be said, however, about these Liberator Evenings that we have started to help the magazine. Although we are not making all the money we need by them, it does us good to see the following we have in New York. It inspires us to continue our country-wide campaign for Liberator groups. Here at Headquarters we have a splendid nucleus. All we need to start is an organizing committee on the job, funds, and a hall of our own. We invite our readers to send in suggestions and aid for our Liberator Evenings to the General Manager.

We are glad to announce that we have at last found a man for that job. Irwin Fralkin, formerly editor of the Industrial Unionist, and lately with the Friends of Soviet Russia, is hereby presented to a panting world as the new General Manager of the Liberator Publishing Company. He is a good man—we are proud to have acquired him. He has made good on other jobs—he has years of experience in raising money and managing big movements, he has order and efficiency and persistency—everything we now lack. Here's power to his elbow!

We are getting help and assurances of support from the most unexpected quarters. For instance, Miss Grace P. Campbell of the Colored Educational Forum in Harlem, has induced Chris Huiswoud, the only Negro basketball referee in the country, to feature two black and white basketball games and dance for the Liberator at the New Star Casino on the 10th of March.

Miss Campbell is active with the most promising radical Negro group in Harlem, and believes with the Liberator that social contact between peoples is as effective propaganda as the soap box or the printed word. Chris has the keenest nose for all sorts of sports, including polo and roulette, and notwithstanding a most top-lofty aloofness toward economic and class differences, is a real sport and takes a sporting interest in a magazine like the Liberator. All Liberators should make it their business and pack New Star Casino to the roof to see Chris Huiswoud and his Negro girls and boys at play for the Liberator. Tickets are down to the minimum, advertisement on page 3.

Letters From Max Eastman

We are particularly happy in announcing that Max Eastman is in Europe, and has promised to send back to us Liberator letters for the next six months. He will do the Genoa Conference, and will find out and tell what is

really going on in the radical working-class mind of France, Italy and Germany. He will give us intimate portraits of the responsible leaders and the class struggle renegades of the movement. And if he goes to Russia, as he intends, he will write about the struggles there, fearlessly, impartially and scientifically, as but a few journalists have been competent and big enough to do. Send in your subscriptions—this is to be a momentous series of comments. Tell your friends.

The new Board of Directors is Floyd Dell, Crystal Eastman, Mike Gold, William Gropper and Claude McKay. Lena Borowitz is executive secretary and treasurer. The new board is working out plans for the year—we are determined to bring *The Liberator* out of its hole and make it, by the grace of God, the biggest thing in proletarian America.

BOOKS

Suggesting a Biography

By Max Eastman

I HAVE been reading a work called "Samuel Sensitive" from which I am going to quote a passage rather because of its style than its substance. And I will give my reader—whom I always consider a perfect connoisseur of literary qualities—twenty guesses as to its authorship.

"It is a fact sufficiently self-evident, neither to be gainsaid or in any manner to be disputed, that there is a deal of sweetness in the nature of a woman. Samuel Sensitive had fallen in love with one of the sex, and her name was Miss Julia Katydid.

"It was a lucky chance for the head clerk of Messrs. Pork, Produce & Co., that the star of Katydid rose on his horizon, for he was posting the turnpike of iniquity in one of the biggest omnibuses that belong to that popular line. But mesmerism, in the shape of Cupid, made his 'passes' at Sam, and speedily he was a 'gone hoss.'"

It is an American—a famous author—one of the greatest in the world. And there are so few great Americans that you will immediately guess it must be Lincoln or Poe or—well, Mark Twain—or Walt Whitman. Of course it is not any one of them, but it comes very near to being one.

Do you remember that poem of Walt Whitman's beginning,

"That shadow my likeness that goes to and fro
Seeking a livelihood, chattering, chaffering?"

That is who it is. It is Walt Whitman's shadow seeking a livelihood.

"How often I find myself standing and looking at it where it flits (he says),

"How often I question and doubt whether that is really me,
But among my lovers and carolling these songs,
O, I never doubt whether that is really me."

There is still to be written a great biography of Walt Whitman, and it will be written by someone who fully perceives and can explain this duality of his nature. The crass, dull, petit-bourgeois sloven-writer, maker of cheap jokes, and champion of total abstinence from alcohol, cigars, tobacco, strong tea and coffee, temperance talker, prudent editor, scorner of "free love" and abolitionism, Tammany electioneer, writer of anonymous encomiums of himself, who lived in mean hotels and boarding-houses and died in a roomful of untidy middle-class junk—this man taking his place with Phidias and Michelangelo and Plato and Shakespeare in the pure elevation and exquisite power of his art—that is still to be narrated, still to be explained.

Of every great man, indeed, there is still to be written a biography in which "seeking a livelihood" will play the part that it actually did in the conformation of his life.

The sketch called "Samuel Sensitive" was written in 1848, after Walt Whitman had begun the composition of "Leaves of Grass." It is only one example—and not the worst—of a vast quantity of "chattering and chaffering" that has been collected and arranged with admirable diligence and good sense by Emory Holloway.* Nothing could be more interesting than these two volumes to the true lover of Walt

*"The Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman," by Emory Holloway. 2 vols. Doubleday, Page & Co.



Maurice Becker

To-day — Treat 'Em Square!

Whitman—nothing more encouraging to any who still expect to do something, having spent the most of their time so far in chattering and chaffering.

Here is one of Walt Whitman's jokes:

"It has been said by some satirical individual that a fishing-rod is a thing with a hook at one extremity and a fool at the other: it may with much more truth be affirmed, that a segar generally has a smoky fire at one end, and a conceited spark at the other."

A joke which I will venture to describe in a technical way as both forced and flat.

Here is another:

"I must not forget to record we were entertained with some highly exquisite specimens of Shakespearian eloquence by one of our company, formerly a member of the "Spouting Club," and, therefore, entitled to be called a whaler."

But we see traces of the process by which Whitman lifted himself so high above these cheaper moods of his nature, in this entry in one of his note-books when he was fifty years old:

"A cool, gentle (less demonstrative), more uniform demeanor—give to poor—help any—be indulgent to the criminal and silly and to low persons generally and the ignorant—but say little—make no explanations—give no confidences—never attempt puns, or plays upon words, or utter sarcastic comments, or, (under ordinary circumstances) hold any discussions or arguments."

At the age of twenty-one, Walt Whitman was willing to confess that he knew nothing, either by experience or observation, about women. At twenty-seven we find the young editor excusing himself from matrimonial bliss with the remark that "There may be some, whom peculiar circumstances keep in the hands of the solitary." But to the general run he advocated the state of durable wedlock with an unreflective conventional didactic virtuousness that might provoke a doubting smile even in Floyd Dell.

"Turn, fools," he said, "and get discretion. Buy candles and a double bed; make yourself a reality in life—and do the state some service."

At the age of 38—two years after the publication of *Leaves of Grass*—in an editorial in the *Brooklyn Daily Times*, this same "able editor" spoke of the "contemptible lucubrations of Free Love Convention" held at Utica in September of that year.

In the year 1870, at the age of 51, we find Whitman making the following entries in a little note-book or diary of his thoughts.

"It is IMPERATIVE that I obviate and remove myself (and my orbit) at all hazards [away from] from this incessant enormous and [enormous] PERTURBATION.

July 15, 1870

"TO GIVE UP ABSOLUTELY and for good, from this present hour [all] this FEVERISH, FLUCTUATING, useless undignified pursuit of 164—too long (much too long) persevered in—so humiliating—It must come at last and had better come now—(It cannot possibly be a success).

LET THERE FROM THIS HOUR BE NO FALTERING, [or] NO GETTING—at all henceforth, (NOT ONCE, under any circumstances)—avoid seeing her, or meeting her, or any talk or explanations—or ANY MEETING WHATEVER, FROM THIS HOUR FORTH, FOR LIFE."

And a little later on these sentences:

"Depress the adhesive nature

It is in excess—making life a torment
All this diseased, feverish disproportionate adhesiveness.

Remember Fred Vaughan . . .

Merlin strong and wise and beautiful at 100 years old."

I quote so much, at the risk of the publisher's disapproval, because these blurred vestiges of a struggle with specific and objective attachments, make Walt Whitman's achievement of serene and lonely communion with universal life seem more mystic and stupendous. As he says in one of those anonymous "appreciations" that he occasionally tendered himself in some friendly magazine, "I never knew a man who—for all he takes an absorbing interest in politics, literature, and what is called 'the world'—seems to be so poised on himself alone." He was indeed the incarnation of Emerson's essay on "Self-reliance," Emerson was but a John the Baptist for this divine hero.

To complete the mystery of Walt Whitman's sex life we have to recall his famous statement made in 1890, at the age of 71, to John Addington Symonds, "in reply to persistent and disconcerting inquiries . . . concerning the inner meaning of some of Whitman's poems of affection"—to a free-spoken and bothersome Englishman, that is, who wanted to know whether Whitman's poems of "adhesiveness" were to be taken at all in a physical sense:

"My life, young manhood, mid-age, times South, etc., have been jolly bodily, and doubtless open to criticism. Tho' unmarried I have had six children—two are dead—one living, Southern grandchild, fine boy, writes to me occasionally—circumstances (connected with their fortune and benefit) have separated me from intimate relations."

That is about all the light that we have upon the famous "secret" of Walt Whitman's sexual life. And I confess that it seems to me about all that we need. It is clear to anyone who reads his poems that Walt Whitman was possessed of a powerful homosexual passion, and that he was also attracted by women. And both these facts appear clearly in those entries in his diary in the year of "incessant enormous and [enormous] perturbation."

His exaggerated interest as a practical man in all kinds of puritanical temperance reforms, continuing even after he had expressed poetically so much faith in the nobility of all his impulses, would suggest that he never gave free rein to his "adhesiveness." One feels continually in his daily prose a note of the Puritan schoolmaster's restraint.

Walt Whitman did not in actual life stand out in defiance of the surrounding American morality. He had neither the weakness of the dissolute nor the abandon of the pure rebel. He was prudent. He boasted of his prudence. And he had not, we must remember, any science to support his mystical championship of his natural impulses. In his social life, therefore, he doubtless very largely denied them. He loved only Walt Whitman perhaps to the full. And that love, and the other loves which so strained against the bonds he imposed upon them, flowed forth in his great poem—a poem of Walt Whitman and his comradeship with the universe of men.

"Among my lovers, and carolling these songs,
O, I never doubt whether that is really me."

It is interesting to think about Walt Whitman's six children—and his grandchildren. I often employ myself with the thought of their emotions—their continued choice of the

comforts of social respectability as above the honor of divine paternity. With what mixture of emotions must they watch this beautiful and mighty poet ascend to his place among the immortal gods of mankind!

But nevertheless I do not believe that they exist. I can find nothing more harmonious to my feeling of Walt Whitman's character—or more to his honor in a way of speaking—than he should finally deliver himself from this unnecessary inquirer with "a great and well-forged lie." A lie that is so vast in its proportions as to be ultimately incapable of belief, is not—properly speaking and for those who are "wise"—a lie. It is a joke. And it seems to me that after a dozen diligent biographers have wasted their wits in a vain effort to find room for these six children, either in the time or the space of Walt Whitman's wanderings, the time is about ripe for someone to begin to smile.

Aside from the absorbing difficulty of hiding from a curious and inquiring world the paternity of six children, it may be stated that a man of egotistic and expansive affection and friendship does not keep secret the central truth and experience of his life, unless in the face of a rigorous social censorship. I believe that the reason Whitman did not talk intimately about his inmost experience of sex is that in large measure it could not—from the standpoint of social acceptability—be talked about. As a prudent editor—and puritanical reformer—he repressed it. And when he began to ponder a great semi-philosophic prose volume, and make notes for it in his diary, a marvellous thing happened. All of his repressed nature rushed upward into his thinking mind, and made his words poetry, and claimed that volume for his own. In Mr. Holloway's reprints from his note-books we see the prose becoming poetry, and the poetry becoming personal and expressive of his sublime self-love.

Max Eastman.

A Bourgeois Hero

The Lonely Warrior. Claude C. Washburn. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

THE early days of the war saw quite a number of young Americans go overseas to join the Allied Armies, and while their motives may have been mixed, and to a man they probably lacked a single gleam of economic enlightenment, they had the one splendid virtue of fighting for the thing they believed in. To do this is admirable, whatever color your social viewpoint may be, from pale yellow to blood-red scarlet.

And the hero of Claude Washburn's novel fought a good fight. The D. S. O. and D. S. C. are given him to leave no doubt about it in the reader's mind. And his transitory discontent is that of a real soldier. The early admiration I felt for him is continued when it is seen that the festering peace of 1919 left him disgusted and disillusioned. In the early stages of the book I had great hopes for him. I thought he would go on being disillusioned and eventually reach the light. But the hope was rapidly dissipated and along about page 258 it vanished completely.

"No," says the hero (answering a statement concerning the class struggle) "I simply figure you're wrong to think in classes. They are abstractions. If everybody would drop them, men could meet as men." Now, will all those in the audience from Logan County please rise and thank the last speaker for his beautiful uplifting thought about the class struggle being an abstraction?

He stops a strike, though. He must be given credit for that, especially since the strikers win. His method is effective and interesting, but I am afraid that it lacks any general application. He goes to the president of the traction company and asks him to grant the men's demands. When the president refuses the hero tells him all about the governess and the night the president hid in her bath tub, and further tells him that the news will be spread broadcast throughout the city. One infers that the president's relations with the young woman would be described by the most realistic realist as follows:

* * * * *

The strikers win. These are good tactics, but the objective conditions, as some say of the Russian Revolution, develop too rarely to include them in any doctrine of class action. How many presidents will you find who have been reduced to hiding in the governess's bath tub?

From this point on the story is concerned with the problem of getting the young man back into an acceptance of his environment with as little pain as possible. Having discovered that classes are a mere abstraction and that all this old world needs is just a little more sympathy and understanding and tolerance, the task is a fairly easy one. The hero goes to work even though he has an independent income, and he finds a cloister from his thoughts in the fight to make good. We leave him with the happy threat of an early marriage.

It is a mystery to me why Mr. Washburn insists that his hero must always think in circles. There are a number of places where he seems to have reached a point where the facts of the underlying trouble with the world are forcing themselves into his consciousness. But the author rushes to his aid before his intelligence reaches an embarrassing point, and provides a diversion which will keep the hero a bourgeois.

It is a well conceived and often a brilliantly written book, but a novelist has only two choices when he attempts a study of the mental readjustment of the soldier. He must either find a scientific cause for his hero's dissatisfaction or forget it. Only two courses are open to anyone concerning the new order which lies waiting birth in the womb of the old. Either the mother or child is going to die and you have one alternative choice of an abortion and an accouchment. Mr. Washburn made the wrong choice.

MERRILL DENISON.

More High-School Realism

Tales of Mean Streets, by Arthur Morrison. Boni and Live-right.

THE home-loving, office-dwelling, good Mencken recommends this book and writes the preface to it. These tales of Morrison are a product of the English 1890's, on which period there has been so much loving retrospection expended by the youthful modern intellegentsia. These little stories are considered by Mencken and many others as authentic portraits of the low life of the London proletariat, and he says, "Since Dickens' time there has been no such plowing up of sour soils."

Señor Mencken, it is with pain that I inform you that these tales are not true pictures of proletarian life anywhere. They are as artificial, romantic and shallow, in the main, as a great deal of the other nonsense that the young geniuses of the 1890's produced at the cost of consumption, cancer and black despair. They are merely clever accounts of what a

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romantic, snobbish young Oxford story-teller puts together in his mind as he wanders in the workingclass quarters of a poetical evening. They are not the truth; they are as far from the life of the world as most of the monthly contents of our neighbor, the *Dial*.

What strange notions the home-loving, salary receiving, desk-dwelling bourgeoisie has always had of the rough, wandering, outdoor, passionate proletariat! Yes, Herr Mencken, I will be glad to introduce you to five or six proletarian specimens some evening; you will question them, you will observe them at work and in their homes and union halls, if you want; and I am sure you will find them quite different from these stories of Morrison's. They are not all brutal drunkards and jovial blockheads; many of them are quite intelligent, and many of them are patient, strong, kind and imaginative; and many of them have a romantic dream at their hearts, so much more beautiful and universal than the shoddy romance of the bourgeoisie that most of you have never been big enough to understand it—the romance of a free and fraternal world, I mean. You must be introduced some time.

Bourgeois critics are always fond of sneering at novelists and poets who take the side of the proletariat, and label them with the horrible epithet of "propagandist." Morrison is evidently O. K. with the *bon bourgeoisie* of the republic of letters, for he has various anarchists and union agitators in his stories, and they are all villains, who rob sick friends of their last quid, beat their wives, never bathe, and are sneaks and cowards. Morrison is not a propagandist, however; he is called an Artist.

MICHAEL GOLD.

The Science of Eating, by Alfred W. McCann. Truth Publishing Company, New York.

ANYONE interested in the chemical relations of food to the human body will find this book extremely interesting, and written in a most engrossing style. Mr. McCann does not set forth any new theories about dieting or any of the "new stomach for old" stuff. He thoroughly analyzes in logical and systematic order the chemical properties contained in foods, their relation to life, and the loss and injury to health caused by the removal of these chemical properties through food refining processes and food adulteration. He tells us that all foods before they have gone through these preservative processes are healthful. That sweets and starches and meats, all the foods that food cranks of the various cults have tabooed are injurious to health, only because in the interests of big business they undergo a process of adulteration that robs them of their proper food value. And he gradually carries the reader along to an understanding that health must be impaired and disease developed by this gross injustice.

A. M.

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Ghitza, and Romances of Gypsy Blood, by Konrad Bercovici. Boni & Liveright, New York.

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The Fair Rewards, by Thomas Beer. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

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Penology in the United States, by Louis N. Robinson, Ph.D. John C. Winston Co., Chicago.

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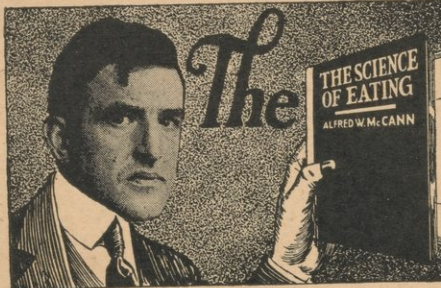
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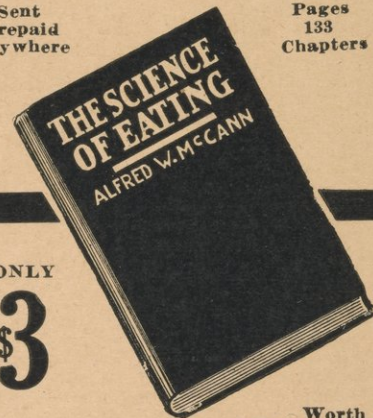
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