

LIBERATOR

JULY 1922

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Russian Pictures—Mary Vorse

An Appeal for KUZBAS

Come Away from America for Fifteen Minutes

Rather a funny way to open up an adv, eh? But we of the Kuzbas Organization mean it. We want to lift you into a potential Pennsylvania nearly half-way around the world, into a place where the good will of a multitude of "Liberator" readers will amount to something, once it develops beyond the stage of "sympathy" and wishbones.

KUZBAS is the project undertaken by American workers to assist in the development of vast industrial districts in the Urals and Kuznetzky Basin in Siberia. These districts run into thousands of square miles, have coal deposits reckoned roughly at 250,000,000,000 tons, steel plants, forests, farming land; in fact, most everything that humans need to use to live a pretty well-rounded life. Mike Gold, Charles W. Wood and Upton Sinclair have written good words about KUZBAS, and as a matter of fact, KUZBAS stock is going up. It is the largest and most comprehensive effort of engineers and workers combining to run industry on a co-ordinated basis, without the "help" of the absentee stockholder. And proletarian Russia is more interested in KUZBAS than she is in concessionaires who want dividends.

By the time this copy is in your hands over 300 workers will have left American shores for KUZBAS and many more preparing to go. These people are SOME folks! Russia will get more from them than she has from ALL the resolutions that have been passed and all the cheering, and all the kind words. THEY ARE GOING TO WORK and to BUILD RUSSIA for the working class. They travel third class, and their main arguments are not heavily concocted theses, but axes, shovels, tractors, coal-cutting machines and so on.

We Would Stake Our Shirts On Them! And WE WANT YOU TO STAKE YOUR SHIRT ON THEIR RUSSIAN FELLOW WORKERS

To make the story short KUZBAS has in the Nadejden-ski industries and district over 10,000 Russian workers with dependents bringing the total to 37,800. This is a large family, badly fed, weak and ragged. When we say ragged you will see why our story runs into matters like shirts.

In this district we have miners working in the slimy semi-frozen mud of the Ural mines in "laptis," a deplorable kind of straw sandal made by the peasantry. In these apologies for footwear they work for Kuzbas and for Russia.

In the winter they venture out to work in the few shabby and ragged clothes they have left. Our representative, Jacob Masukevisch, tells us that they wear the same clothes in and out of the mines. In some cases they wear gunny sacking which is not fit for indoors, never mind the frigid cold of a Ural winter. With hunger in their yellow faces and such clothing on their bodies, these heroes of a great epoch are suffering and working, truly and heroically devoted to their Revolution. They did the things that other people talk about at great length and with much verbiage. In some cases these men walk daily to work from Turinsky to Bogoslavsky, six miles each way, each winter's day in "laptis," God help them. And then there are the children, and they need YOUR help more than God's.

Their women folk pray all night that the incoming American fellow workers will come quickly and safely, to aid in solving their difficulties. For they are simple, kindly, revolutionary Russian peasant-workers. The KUZBAS organization cannot fail these people—we must win through!

In a few months winter will come again, and in suffering and cold, Russian and American together in the Kuzbas Organization will continue the work on steel rails and mining coal.

HOW MUCH EASIER THIS JOB WOULD BE IF EACH "LIBERATOR" READER COULD UNDERTAKE TO EQUIP JUST ONE RUSSIAN WORKER OR HIS DEPENDENT WITH CLOTHING! \$10 would equip one such worker with good clothing for the winter. Rummage through your clothing and see what you have to give—and

be as generous as the Russians have shown themselves since October, 1917.

On their journey across to Russia the KUZBAS "B" Group collected \$318 out of the meagre funds they still had left, with which they purchased footwear for the children in KUZBAS, while they were in Rotterdam. That will mean that 100 kiddies will be protected against the biting cold reaching their toes during the coming winter.

Not a stitch nor a cent will be used to equip American workers going across in this case, they do that themselves—and then some more! Everything will go to YOUR protegés, the Russian workers and their dependents. Everything will be distributed within five weeks after leaving New York.

All cash donations will be devoted to purchasing boots, dress goods and working clothes to the full amount. The KUZBAS members proceeding across will pay for the transportation, and supervise and guard it the whole journey of 6,500 miles. And finally, they will distribute it to the people who both need and deserve it.

Send Your Address for a Copy of the KUZBAS Bulletin — NOTICE!

All clothing will be distributed by a Kuzbas Committee. No overhead charges.

KUZBAS particularly invite sympathizers among "Liberator" readers to organize a movement among their friends for the collection of clothing and of funds.

All cheques should be made payable to ORGANIZATION COMMITTEE KUZBAS.

All clothing should be well packed and expressed to KUZBAS, Room 301, 110 West 40th Street, New York City. All funds and packages will be promptly acknowledged.

KUZBAS, ROOM 301, 110 WEST 40TH STREET,
NEW YORK CITY

Greetings from Tchicherin

I AM glad to send my greetings through the Liberator to the American communists, and all the friends of the Russian Revolution in America. They need have no fear that, whatever the length and complexity of our negotiations with the bourgeois governments, we will ever prejudice or endanger in the slightest degree the power of the workers and peasants, which is the essence of the revolutionary victory and the basis upon which the new communist society will be built.

In many spheres of life in Russia the building of this new society is going forward. In other spheres we have been compelled to pause or make a temporary retreat, because of the breakdown of Russia's economic life caused by her enormous sacrifice in the world war, the subsequent blockade, and the invasion and devastation of her territories by armies of the white guard sent into Russia by the Entente states.

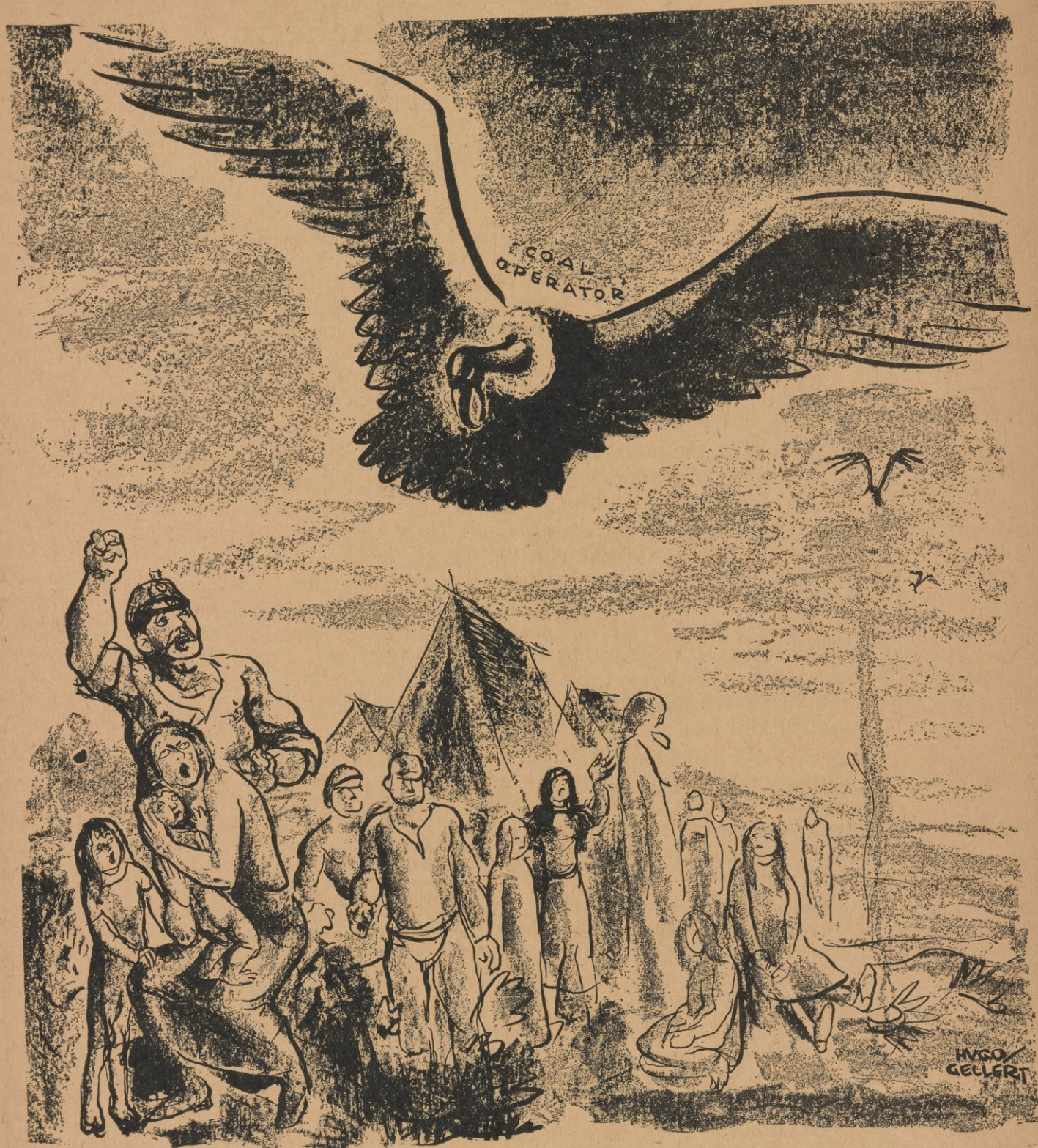
I hope that the working classes of America will not be deceived by the sophistry of those who, having done everything in their power to destroy Soviet Russia, through armed intervention, through isolation and the starvation consequent upon the blockade, would now lay the blame for her condition upon the Soviet regime. A comparison of the condition of Russia with that of certain capitalist countries of Eastern Europe which were reduced to misery by the war itself, without any subsequent blockade or intervention, will show the falsity of this position. So far from causing the sufferings of Russia, the Soviet system is what has enabled her victoriously to endure them.

Russia has given all her strength to the defence of the revolution and it will be many years before she can build herself up again to a normal state of production. In fostering this process of growth, the Russian government wants the help of foreign technique and foreign capital, if it can secure them without surrendering the sovereign rights of Russia, the social and political conquests of the workers and peasants, and their control of the vital arteries of Russian economic life.

National ownership must exist for a time in Russia side by side with private enterprise. But private capital cannot come into a position of control in Russia, as it inevitably does in countries governed under a parliamentary system. The law withholding the franchise from the exploiters of labor is still in force in Russia. The local soviets are composed only of workers and peasants and soviet employes, and the Central Government is chosen by the local soviets. The control of the future is thus in the hands of the working masses.

I have no fear, therefore, that the temporary concessions being offered by the Soviets to foreign capital will delay the development of the new labor society. That society cannot develop with Russia in ruins. It will develop with the revival of Russian economic life.

(Signed) GEORGE TCHICHERIN.



Hugo Gellert

The Vultures Are Still Waiting

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Class Struggle at Genoa

By Max Eastman

THE day after the Genoa Conference opened, one of the most prominent members of the Russian delegation said to me privately, "The best thing we can do here is to get the whole problem of claims and counter-claims postponed for investigation by a special commission." He told me some reasons why.

I had forgotten it completely, until I happened to see him walking away from the Pallazzo San Giorgio after the last session, looking so absurdly contented in his correct morning coat and most awfully incorrect little round, jaunty felt hat. He looked like a mixture of Mischa Elman and a Hester Street clothing merchant; and he wore an expression that you might catch on the face of the latter, when a contract is signed and his eloquent description of the sacrifice involved is no longer necessary.

The Russians got all they expected at Genoa, and they got the Treaty of Rapallo besides. That is my impression.

The Treaty

The Treaty of Rapallo was the triumph absolute of Lenin's policy at Brest-Litovsk. You remember that Lenin had the practical intelligence to make a "disgraceful peace" at Brest-Litovsk, when all the emotional revolutionists wanted to express themselves in a disastrous war. At another time he had the intelligence to wage a "criminal war," when sentimental socialists wanted an expressive peace with the bourgeoisie. Lenin knows how to think—that is how he differs from the rest of us. The dictatorship of instrumental intelligence—that is the character of Lenin.

"The Peace of Brest-Litovsk is objected to," he said at the time, "because it does not satisfy the need of mankind for something beautiful, but that is not what it is for."

Tchicherin had to go down there and sign it, you remember, because Trotsky in his debates with the Germans had so well satisfied the need for something beautiful that he couldn't do the practical thing. Tchicherin accepted the "disgrace"; Russia was "enslaved to Germany"; she gave up vast sections of her sovereign rights and her territory. But the Russian working-class remained in power; the German revolution inevitably followed; time passed, and now we have the Treaty of Rapallo, which annuls all previous treaties, places revolutionary Russia and bourgeois Germany on a basis of complete equality in trade and diplomacy, and does satisfy the need of mankind for something beautiful.

Instrumental Thinking

Eight or nine years ago I advised the readers of *The Masses*, if they wanted to understand what thought is for,

and how to use it, to read John Dewey's little book, "How We Think." I still believe they will find in John Dewey the best, as well as the first, clear teacher of the instrumental character of true thinking. John Dewey will have his place in history among those who pointed the way to that trained and hard-headed idealism which is to distinguish the culture of the twentieth century. But in the sphere of politics it is the Russians who exemplify it. They exemplified it at Genoa. That is the reason why all the other powerful men—Lloyd George and Benes and Barthou and Hyashi and even Rathenau—appeared to be fluttering and yanking and dodging this way and that, while the Russian delegation drove the Genoa Conference forward to its own defined ends.

There was no great man at Genoa. The great man was at Moscow. But his wisdom was there—his mood and his method, applied by six men of the most various and distinguished force and ability.

These six men came to Genoa with a clear, bold definition of the existing facts of the Russian problem, and the more general problem of European reconstruction. They had a conception of the points in which those facts might be changed, and the points in which they were inexorable. They demanded a confrontation of the facts.

They came with an equally clear and unequivocal definition of their aim, and of the points at which it might coincide for a time with the aims of the bourgeois states. They were neither dogmatic nor dissembling. They recognized a problem of great complexity, and were ready to work out the terms of its solution flexibly and without passion.

Although we have established a dictatorship of the proletariat—they said in effect—and intend to develop in Russia a new system of business without a capitalist class, nevertheless we recognize the present necessity of co-operating with the capitalist states. We are prepared to make the necessary postponements and compromises. Here are the statistics showing that Russia cannot possibly pay the debts of the Czar's regime, if she is to recover economically and contribute her share to the general revival of Europe. We disagree about her moral obligation to do so, but even if we could agree there would be no use discussing it, for the payment of these debts is literally and physically impossible. If you will simply recognize, therefore, that our moral and legal claims against you are as good as yours against us—since they are in fact better—we can cancel them both and get down immediately to the real task of starting up European business. And since war is what caused the breakdown

of European business, and governmental economy is a primary condition of its revival, we suggest as the first obvious practical step a mutual limitation of armaments.

That was the way the Russians talked.

The bourgeois statesmen met this clear drive of will and intellect into the future with neurotic denunciation, sentimental scolding, moralistic reminiscence, hypocritical concession, homiletical bombast, legal evasion, general fuss, fume and bewilderment, and final complete impotence and inability to decide anything at all—except that the Russians must sit on the other side of the table!

That was the outcome of the Genoa Conference—Russia must sit on the other side of the table. But that you could have looked up in Karl Marx and saved the trouble of calling a conference. Of course Russia must sit on the other side. Of course it cannot be a mixed commission. Russia is a labor republic. Can labor and capital mix? Not until after capital is in the hands of labor.

Perhaps the Allies think they have scored a great point in "accepting" Russia's proposal of a "mixed commission," and then defining it in such a way as to unmix the commission. They conceive of that table at the Hague as a kind of counter in a charity organization society, and they think that Russia and her little brood of Soviet Republics will come up there in the role of mendicants. They will find that in placing Russia on one side of the table and all the other countries on the other, they have divided the powers of the future of Europe in half. Look at the map—look at the Red Army—look at the brains in the Soviet Government—you will see what I mean.

Russia is on the other side of the table at the Hague because she never uttered one word or made one move at Genoa that was untrue to the fighting interests of the work-



Rakovsky, Premier of Soviet Ukraine

ing-class. She put on her dress suit and her silk hat and a pair of kid gloves, walked into the drawing-room and up around the altar, took a drink with the cardinal, sat down in the king's armchair, and politely told the assembled company that she was there in the interests of the revolution, and they would find themselves compelled to help.

It doesn't satisfy the need of mankind for something beautiful to see a Bolshevik in a silk hat. It doesn't satisfy that need to see Tchicherin received—in advance of all the other delegates—by a king. Tchicherin thought it was a special tribute to Russia that he was received first. I think it was a tribute to his noble birth—"Too bad he was born, you know, but after all—class-solidarity!"

Beauty cares a great deal about forms. But when you are clinging with all power to the substance, it is sometimes wise to relinquish the form.

"Wearing a silk hat is one of the concessions which cost us nothing," said Rakovsky, trying to extinguish his smile. "Just the same I left mine home," he added, smiling.

Facts—Facts—Facts.

Do you remember Boardman Robinson's cartoon in *The Liberator* entitled "Lenin At Genoa?" Lenin was trying to teach the bourgeois statesmen how to spell "facts." Well, Lenin didn't get to Genoa, because a thousand labor unions passed resolutions demanding that he should stay in Russia where they could take care of him. But in all other respects that cartoon was a prophecy. The Russians spent all their serious time in Genoa trying to get the politicians to recognize a few absolutely unquestionable and absolutely unalterable facts in the European situation. They never got any farther than that.

They could not even persuade those politicians to recognize the facts brought to their attention by their own special commission of finance — namely, that a revision of international obligations growing out of the war and a reduction of national budgets are essential to the recovery of Europe. The politicians insisted on discussing abstract moral ideas having no bearing upon any action within the realm of possibility. And in the realm of abstract moral ideas—and the general art of keeping up a conversation—they found themselves so completely outclassed by the Russians, that there was nothing left to do but agree upon peace and prosperity in the abstract, and go home.

In the Russian delegation the experts and the diplomats were the same people. That was the essential difference. That is why the Allies went home. That is why they did not attempt to reply to the Russian note of May 11th. That is why Rakovsky's meetings with the press turned into hour-long arguments about real truth—because Rakovsky is an expert in the analysis of economic forces, and not merely in the art of diverting men's minds from them.

The Fact of Oil.

"The central point in the international diplomacy of the world to-day," said Rakovsky, at his first meeting, "is the question of petrol."

Do you hear how different that sounds from the usual diplomatic pronouncements? Not the "traditional ideals of the French Republic," the "legitimate aspirations of the German people," the "honor and integrity of the British Empire," the "defense of the American principles of democracy and the rights of small nations." Nothing like that. That question of kerosene and gasoline oil—that is what we are talking about.

The business sessions of the Genoa Conference were held in a "Royal Palace." But I hope you did not let that name over-stimulate your imagination. Compared to the Audience Chamber of the Pennsylvania Railroad, or the castle of the Five and Ten Cent King on lower Broadway, the real thing is pitifully cramped and stingy. The facade of the Royal Palace, which might be very beautiful if you could see it, faces a little noisy cobble-stone street about the size of Minetta Lane, and the rear end drops down fifty feet to the public vegetable market, the coaling wharves, and the black and busy waters of the port of Genoa. You could lean over an old stone railing at the open end of the little courtyard of that palace, not out of earshot of the Political Sub-commission, and smell the fresh green vegetables and hear the soft sweet bee-like murmur of a thousand southern voices haggling over the price of food. Karl Marx might just have led all the great ministers of oratory and talkers plenipotentiary out there one by one to that stone railing, pointed to those real vegetables and those unpolitical conferences going on below, and said:

"Gentlemen, you are talking to the same effect, and about the same subjects. The difference is that you don't know what you are talking about and they do."

The question of petrol is the central point in the international diplomacy of the world—and the question of petrol was never once mentioned at the sessions of the Genoa Conference. Inevitably therefore, like all central interests artificially repressed, it burst out finally in a distorted and hys-

terical form, and almost wrecked the nervous system of the carefully regulated politicians of thirty-four nations.

"Russia has signed a contract for the sale of all her oil through the English company!"

What a very funny and irrelevant explosion!

"Why, that's not fair, we weren't talking about oil!" cried Lloyd George.

"Yes, but I bet you were thinking about it," snarled Poincare.

"Remember, we are only politically absent!" yelled Harding and Hughes.

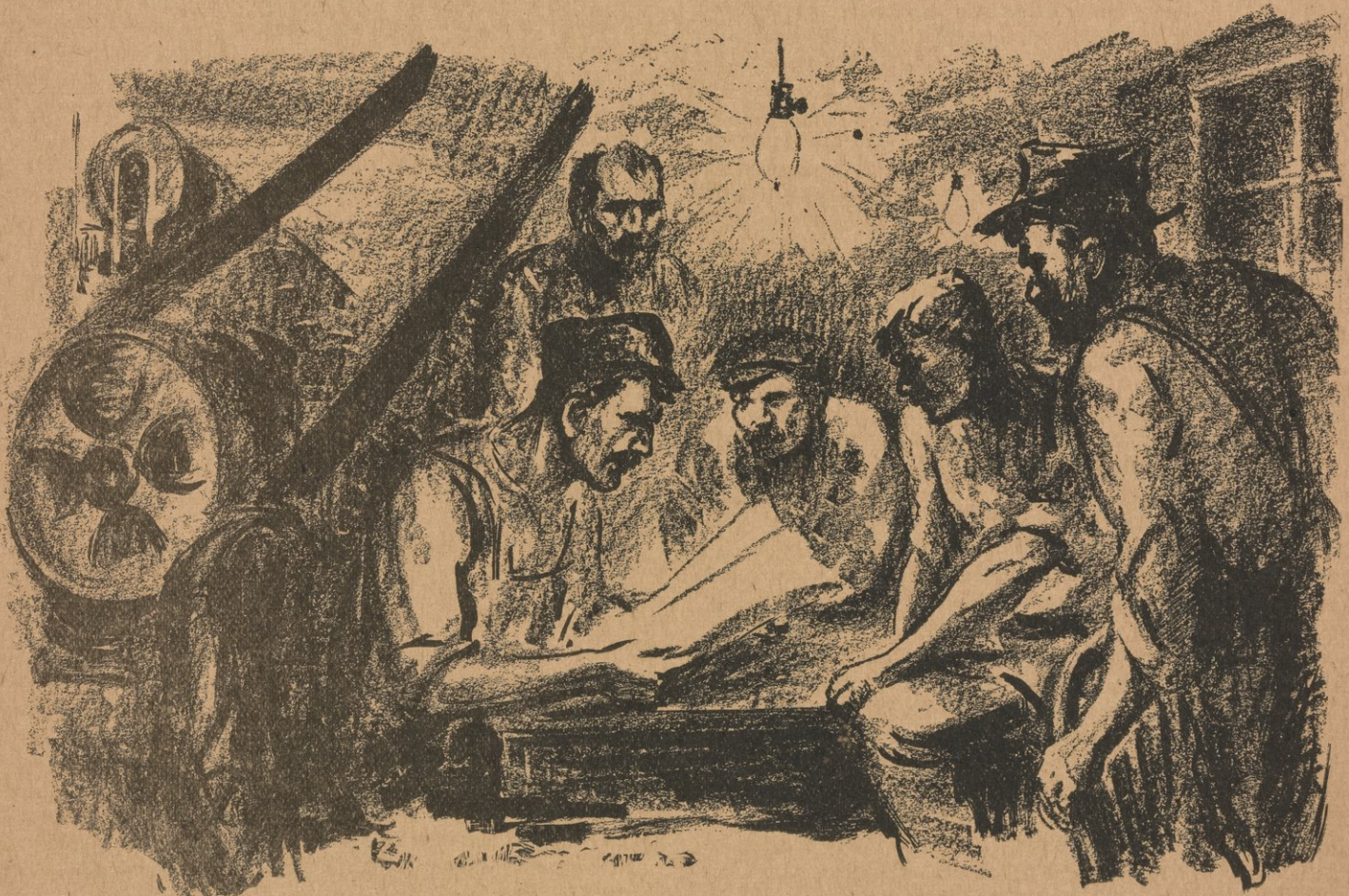
Krassin smiled. He had been trying so hard to talk about oil. It was no shock to him. He was healthy.

"The Russian delegation had intended to present a list of industrial, mining, agricultural and other concessions, which it was willing to grant to foreigners. But up to now this, the most important side of the Russian problem, and of the economic problem of the world, has not been even touched upon."

I quote from the note of May 11th.

It never was touched upon. And the origin of that rumor and why it appeared, was never explained. Only an alienist could explain it. Why does a paranoiac accuse his wife of making love to her brother? Because he can not state the fact that he wants to make love to his brother himself.

Rathenau differs from the rest of the bourgeois statesmen. He looks toward the future and talks about economic



Maurice Becker

The True Seat of Government



Stanley Szukalski

Simplicity Is Wisdom, Charmer

facts in the present. He understands and confronts the existence of a successful proletarian revolution in Russia. He is a man of unusually elevated feeling and very serious culture—a man of the type of those prophet-statesmen to be found in the Hebrew Bible. Because he is an intense moralist—and because he is a millionaire—he rejects the scientific guidance of Karl Marx. He will waste his great powers. He will breathe away his ideals in the swamp of liberal evangelism. But not without giving a certain high and permanent expression through his personality to the present Germany—a Germany that may reject but can not ignore Karl Marx, a Germany that may reject but must recognize the Russian revolution, a Germany chastened by the defeat of her armies even though not purged by a victory of her workers.

Lloyd George is more typical of the bourgeois statesmen and the bourgeois states. He is the quintessence of the fluid and successful politician—just enough of the Sunday School in him, just enough of the Country Fair. At Genoa he revealed his genius, which is composed, like Roosevelt's, of controlled daring and personal humorous charm. And he revealed his weakness, a want of grasp upon any fundamental fact, and a want of any sustained purpose beyond the desire to enjoy power. Lloyd George is far superior to Roosevelt. He does not pour forth a perfectly steady stream of childish platitudes about righteousness. He is a grown man. But he is like a beautiful and more witty Roosevelt, and he does have that note of virtuous wonder in his voice, like a preaching deacon, whenever he mentions the sacred word "conference," which is for him at present the chief end of man and the foundation stone of the City of God.

Lloyd George passed through three phases, it seemed to me, at Genoa. He went down there in the first place regarding the Russians as impractical idealists who might be brought around to common-sense by a little direct contact with practical and hard-headed politicians. After a little

contact on his own part, he realized that the Russians are considerably more practical and hard-headed than he. Yet he could not quite believe that practical men can seriously mean all the ideally reasonable things that they said in their first Memorandum. So he decided that what they were doing was "oriental bargaining."

"They know where we stand," he told us one day, "but they don't let us know where they stand."

That was before the publication of the Russian "Reply" of May 11th. After that appeared he found out where they stood—namely, just exactly where they had said they stood in the original Memorandum. So then there ensued a third phase, in which I think Lloyd George actually grasped the fact that there was something altogether new in this situation, something that mere conciliatory cleverness could not handle—a revolution or something. He didn't know what to do then. He was silent.

There was no answer to the Russian note of May 11th. All of the bourgeois statesmen were silent. Why? Because in that note their hope that Russia might be gently led to "see the light," was definitely, lucidly, logically, and eternally blasted. They could only have answered that overwhelming argument by sweeping aside the ideologies altogether and saying frankly: "This is not a conflict of ideas; this is a conflict of wills; we will not let you establish a system of society in which labor possesses the capital and holds the power." They could not do that, and they could not simply quit and go home, either, after the publication of that document. Too many intelligent poor people in their own countries were reading it. They would have to take some reasonable looking action. And so they did. They took the action that the Russians had foreseen from the beginning. They postponed the issue by appointing a special commission to investigate it.

But Lloyd George—the conference-man—was not happy. His prestige was involved, his name as a world-pacifier, his genius for getting people to come together and "be reasonable." Besides, I suspect Lloyd George of having examined a map of Europe. He has far more imagination and flexibility of mind than most successful politicians. The idea of a "hungry Russia armed by an angry Germany" has really caught hold of him, and he cares. Therefore he decided to take one more fatherly admonitory ironical crack at Tchicherin's steel armor of intellect in the final session of the conference. He waited to the very end in the hope that Tchicherin might not get his reply ready before the adjournment; and he picked out the one apparently disastrous point of weakness in the Russian argument.

"We have some deep and incurable prejudices in Western Europe," he said in effect. "One of them is that a man ought to pay his debts. And it may be perfectly sound reasoning, but it offends these prejudices of ours when a man who has already borrowed money from us, and is asking for more, prefaces his request by explaining to us at great length that it is against his principles to pay his debts!"

Tchicherin seemed to have a typewritten reply in hand before Lloyd George got through talking: "If I come to discuss a past obligation that is in doubt," it said, "and if in the meantime my alleged creditor has attacked me, destroyed my property, burned down my house and killed my son, I naturally expect the negotiations to begin with an act of restitution on his part."

In a debate with Tchicherin Lloyd George is about as effective as a big charming sagacious St. Bernard dog against

a man with a rapier. That was the fact intellectually. Emotionally, however, he had everything his own way in that last session. There was no applause for Tchicherin. He seemed slim and lonely, and his voice weightless in that silent chamber. He had no friend but the truth of what he was saying. No genial curiosity on any face, no polite hopefulness as before, tempering the hostility of those heavy-sitting statesmen. The attempt at seduction had failed. These strike-leaders had remained true to their men. They were enemies. The class-struggle was on.

It was a little bitter to me—hardened though my mind is to the verity of that struggle—to see this high and consecrated moral character, and this supreme master of lucid prose logic, so isolated and unappreciated in a cold assembly of his inferiors. I felt hard and sad as I walked away.

"Tchicherin's audience was not there," I kept telling myself. But I was not happy. I was dominated by the experience of my senses. I wanted to see—I wanted to hear—Tchicherin's audience applaud.

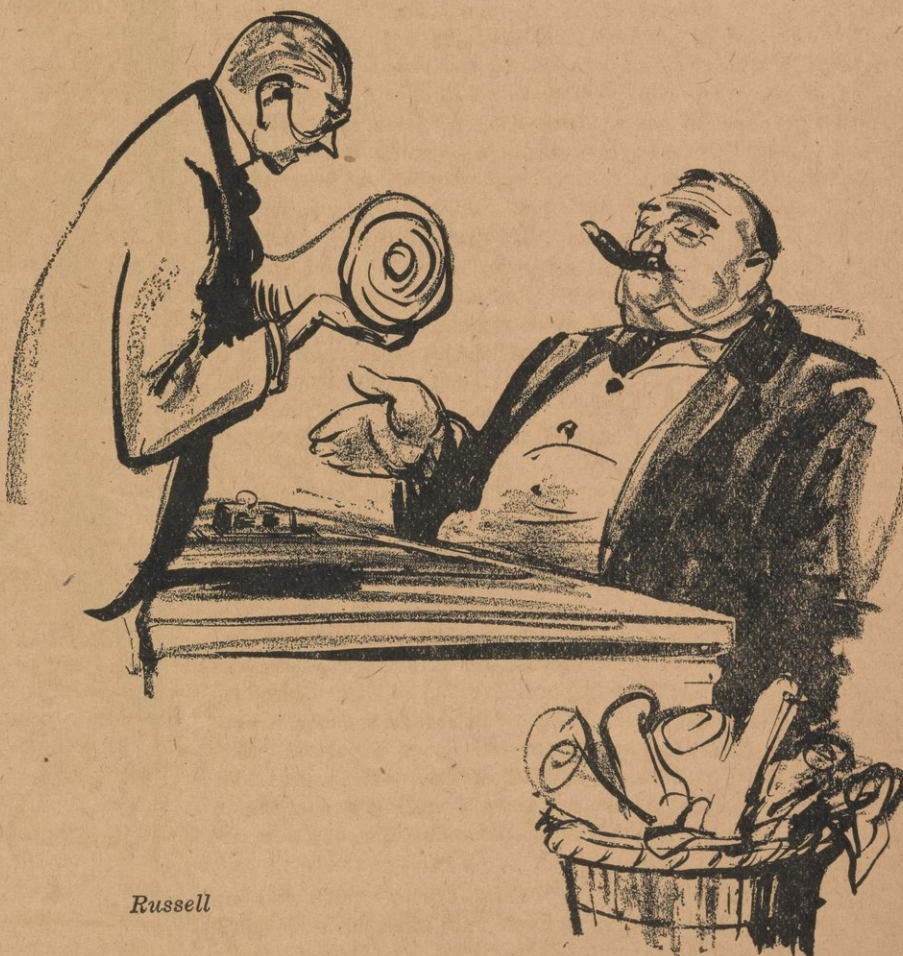
We had agreed, some of the Russians and the other revolutionary journalists, to take a parting photograph in the little swept and sunny square in front of the Pallazzo after the session was closed. And so I went around there to the delegates' entrance to wait for them. A bright pretty cordon of the king's soldiers surrounded the square, leaving a wide open space for the automobiles of the delegates, holding back everybody but the press—holding back the workmen from the harbor on one side, and the merchants and plain folk out of the stores on the other. For it was just the noon hour, and everybody wanted to have a last look at the great men—at Skirmunt, the tall oily-faced, watery-eyed Pole, whose lips and teeth rest upon each other like those of a crocodile without fitting together; at Stambulinsky, big and ruddy and brown and ferocious as a Bulgarian bear, the man with a king in his pocket; at Benes, the clever boss of the Little Entente, little, too, and as nice as a new drug-clerk with his tiny moustache and fine genial eyes; at Branting, the bristly old bloodhound; at big Bratiano, whose minions scoured the world to catch Rakovsky and drag him into Rumania dead or alive. They were all there, and all willing to be inspected. But we knew them well and were tired of it. So we got hold of the soviet photographer, selected a good sunny spot over against the palace wall, grouped ourselves in one of those consciously unconscious poses with our backs to the statesmen, and told him to shoot. He was just on the point of pressing the bulb, when we heard behind us a few scattering hand-claps, followed by a crash and a roar and a thunder of cheers and running footsteps. The whole port of Genoa had broken over that line of pretty soldiers—or rather those soldiers had melted and become one with the sailors and stevedores and coal-heavers of the port of Genoa, who flowed in irresistibly, transforming that clean-swept

guarded square of decorum into a place of passion and voice and motion. I never saw a happier face than Tchicherin's when that mob surrounded him, proud and laughing. Tchicherin's audience was there at Genoa, after all.

Dreadnought

BLADING the Seven Seas of the World go the Dreadnoughts of an Empire;
 They spray aside the ton-heavy waves; their hearts are mighty with Death-tubes:
 Ten miles away they can toss steel splinters that would shatter sky-scrappers to fragment brick and skeleton steel,
 Screaming, ton, powder-hurled hammers, that could batter London to a bloodied heap of dust . . .
 Grey, gaunt, conquerless policemen of the green-paved roads, go the Dreadnoughts of an Empire . . .
 And at home five million men whom the steel-gunned Dreadnoughts wander the sea to guard,
 Walk the streets of their country, ragged, and ask in vain for bread!

E. Merrill Root.



Russell

"Here's another petition against child labor, Mr. Secretary."
 "Huh! Getting to be as bad as Russia here, isn't it?"

The Descending Knife

WE who watched the workings of lumber-trust justice in the Centralia trial through eight racking weeks in the spring of 1920 came away bitter against the judge because he refused to permit the defense to introduce any evidence showing that the business men of Centralia had openly planned to raid the I. W. W. hall there on Armistice Day.

We of the labor group told all who would listen that if the court had permitted the jury to know that business men, using the American Legion as a cat's-paw, had conspired to raid the hall, had kidnapped and beaten Blind Tom Lassiter, an I. W. W. newsboy, and had gone through an older Wobbly hall like a swarm of rats and dragged the industrialists out to exile—that jury, we declared, never would have convicted seven of the defendants and sent them to prison for from twenty-five to forty years.

But the jurors heard enough, it has just become known. Five of them have just signed sworn statements declaring that they knew when the trial ended that the defendants were innocent, but that they returned a verdict of guilty—second degree guilt—because it was intimated to them in unmistakable terms that if they held out for acquittal they would never leave the jury room alive.

Two of the jurymen, W. E. Inmon and E. E. Sweitzer, were first to capitulate under the long, insistent pounding of their conscience. For two years they had been afraid to talk; and then, suddenly, they realized that they could gain peace of mind only by public acknowledgment that they had sent guiltless workmen to a fate harsh as death.

"While we were considering the evidence," Inmon and Sweitzer alleged in their affidavits, "another juror, Harry Sellers, stated that 'every one of them is guilty and ought to be hung, no matter what the evidence shows.' That evidence actually showed, we are satisfied, that not one of the defendants killed, wounded, nor harmed any one.

"But both of us believed that in the event of a hung jury, a new jury would have been called and in the face of the hysteria which then existed, innocent men might have been hung. Rather than have this happen, we believed it was better to return a second degree verdict against these seven defendants and acquit two, thus leaving the two free to work for the release of the others and giving an opportunity to spread the truth.

"If we had been permitted to receive in evidence what we know now to be true about the Centralia tragedy, our verdict for all of these defendants would be 'not guilty,' and no power nor influence could induce us to return a verdict of guilty in any degree."

They listened with straining ears while Dr. Frank Bickford, witness for the prosecution, testified that when the parade stopped in front of the I. W. W. hall he offered to lead a raid if enough would follow. But others pushed ahead, he explained, forced open the door—and then the shots came. And they heard witnesses tell of seeing the Rev. H. W. Thompson and Postmaster McCleary carrying the ropes in the parade. . . . Yet they dared not hold out for acquittal.

Harry Sellers, a huge flabby animal who overflowed his chair, symbolized to me throughout that trial the mob-spirit which prevailed in the court. His hatred for the defendants was manifest in his every attitude; he could not have concealed it any more than a nose-wart can be hidden.

His attitude dominated that jury. He reflected the will of the lumber trust of Washington. His was the strongest mind. He communicated to the others the danger that awaited them outside—if they let the Wobblies go free. None of the five who now clear their consciences were strong enough to cope with the terror that was with them always in the jury room; it was like the descending knife in Poe's story of "The Pit and the Pendulum."

On the day that Judge John Wilson held court again in Montesano to pass sentence, the defense presented an affidavit by a Grays Harbor county woman who swore that she heard Harry Sellers say before the trial: "If I get on that jury I'll hang every goddamned one of them. For when they kill soldiers they kill your best friends."

But Judge Wilson disregarded this affidavit. He set his teeth and signed the sentences. He, too, was in the grip of the lumber trust; either that, or he hated the I. W. W. on his own hook as vehemently as Sellers hated them.

The seven defendants, now in Walla Walla penitentiary, are: Britt Smith, Bert Bland, O. C. Bland, Eugene Barnett, John Lamb, James McInerney and Ray Becker. An eighth defendant, Loren Roberts, a boy who was made insane in the terror which dominated Centralia on November 11, 1919, also is included in the affidavit absolving the I. W. W. members of guilt. Roberts is in the state asylum at Walla Walla.

JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL.



Maurice Becker

Long Live the Long-dead Revolution!

The Neophyte

By Stuart Chase

IT was a brilliantly beautiful day. Ruth Martin snapped the curtains to the tops of the two small windows of her bedroom and the December sun came pouring in. There was snow on the roof tops, snow in the alleys, snow on the swaying tops of clothes lines, and on the rims of waste barrels. All the city world was edged and softened with the white, pure snow that had fallen in the night. The sky was a miraculous blue, that held its color to the horizon. Ruth leaned far out of one of the open windows, drinking in the clear, cold air and letting her eyes absorb the beauty of the morning. Then she shut the windows with a determined bang, turned on the steam heat, which came thumping and protesting up the tiny radiator, and began to dress.

In her room was a bed, two straight-backed chairs, a chest of drawers, a wash stand, a small table and a dilapidated carpet. There was no closet, and her clothes hung on some nails behind the hall door. She had made no attempt to soften its bare outlines, and the only touch which distinguished it from an ordinary room in a cheap boarding house was the array of books, some score or more, that were piled on the little oak table. They were mostly new books, and their blue and red and gold shone pleasantly in the sun. Before she had quite finished dressing, Ruth picked one of them up—a grey one with red lettering—and read for a moment, a deep frown on her face. Then she snapped the book to, and went over to the cracked mirror above the washstand and began to brush her hair.

When she was quite dressed she put on her hat, but hesitated a moment by the hooks in the corner of the door. On one hung a shabby black coat, and on another a very warm and probably a very expensive fur coat. Her hand was already on the latter, when she suddenly changed her mind, and with one hasty movement snatched the black coat from its hook, flung it over her shoulders, and bolted from the room, stuffing her clenched fists into its ragged and elusive sleeves as she went. When she was gone the sun continued to pour in upon the disordered bed, the gleaming books, and the faded green carpet.

II

She got down to headquarters early. Headquarters were located in a long, bare store which carried a To Let sign out in front. Mrs. Perth was reading the *Times* with a great deal of attention, and hardly looked up as Ruth came in, slamming the door behind her. She nodded a mute "good morning" and went on reading. Ruth said nothing, but went over to the stove to warm her hands. The fire was low and she knelt down and rattled the damper, then picked off one of the lids and poked at the apathetic coals.

"We've got quite a story already—nearly a column," said Mrs. Perth.

"I hate stories," said Ruth.

"But, my dear, we can't get anywhere without publicity. Why do you suppose we do all these things if it isn't to get them in the papers and make people think?"

"Jesus didn't do things to get publicity."

Mrs. Perth, with twenty years of radicalism laid on thirty

years of sound Baptist training, looked slightly shocked. She opened her mouth to reply, but finding the statement unanswerable, she closed it again.

Ruth went on, "He did things because he had to, because he knew they were right, because there was nothing else to do"—she brought her poker down with a crash on top of the stove—"I don't believe he gave a damn about publicity. One feels it inside of one—it's all clear enough. I know that it is rotten and wrong that all these people should be in prison, cooped up like this on Christmas day, simply because they have different opinions than Mr. Morgan and Mr. Gary. I know that I have got to try and get them out—that I'm a rotter if I don't try — Gene Debs, the others we don't know so well, and who don't understand so well, and who suffer so much more. . . . What's it all got to do with publicity? What kind of publicity can you get out of the papers anyhow? We ought to storm the jails—that's what we ought to do—storm them with our bare fists and get shot down! Then I might feel decent again. Oh, bother, I've upset the tea kettle. Have you got a rag anywhere?"

"You'll find one in the back closet," said Mrs. Perth, "and you had better put in some more water." She picked up the *Times* again and pretended to read, while Ruth sopped up the floor with wide and uncertain gestures. She tried to frame an answer to Ruth's outburst, and found it exceedingly difficult. At last she said:

"Ruth."

"Yes."

"How long is it since you left your father's house in Philadelphia?"

"Oh, about six months. I know what you are going to say." Ruth flung the rag into a corner and sat crouched on her heels, her arms clasped around her knees. "You're going to say that I'm young and inexperienced and that radicalism has gone to my head, and that one must be calm, and a step at a time, and all that sort of thing. Dr. Rogers was talking to me like a Dutch uncle at the local the other night. He said I was like a long, slim, red firecracker. He said unless I was careful I'd blow up some day, and that would be the end of my usefulness to the movement. But you can't understand—none of you can—you don't know how I feel. . . . It isn't as though I'd been poor and had to go to work when I was twelve and sew buttons on coats for ten hours a day, and end up on the streets, perhaps, and get kicked around by the world in general. That would be bad enough, and it ought to make me mad enough, but it's the life I've led which makes me a hundred times as mad. Shut up in a beastly hothouse. French tutors, and German tutors and finishing schools, and presented at court, and motors and furs and rotten little notes to write all the time. And nobody ever told me anything. You see I've got so much to live down. I've led such a horrible, horrible life. It's a responsibility that none of the rest of you have got. It just sits on the back of my head night and day like a dreadful weight. How can I be calm and collected, and fiddle around with publicity and peaceful penetration and a step at a time? . . . I've got to do something."



Every Day Is Market Day

Mrs. Perth straightened out her paper. "Have you read much Wells, my dear?"

"A little. But he is a sort of a fat, little peaceful penetrator."

Mrs. Perth ignored the comment. "He has—in the 'New Machievelli,' I think—a dissertation on Godsakers."

"On what?"

"Godsakers—reformers who run around wringing their hands and crying for 'God's sake, let's do something.' Mr. Wells is not impressed with the net achievements of the Godsakers."

"But," said Ruth, swinging her poker to the imminent danger of the tea kettle again, "I don't want to go around wringing my hands, I want . . ."

At this moment the door opened and six women and two men entered. They had baskets in their hands which seemed heavy. Mrs. Perth laid the *Times* down and went over to talk to them. Ruth continued to tap the top of the stove with her poker, and the frown never left her face.

The store now began to fill up rapidly, and people could be seen stooping over baskets and suitcases, lifting out badges and ribbons and leaflets, and occasionally something heavy and bright which jangled as they laid it down upon the floor.

III

Christmas morning on Fifth avenue. A bright, clear, beautiful morning. The overburdened traffic of the city was mercifully stilled, and the church bells were ringing. Near

Washington Square not many people were abroad, and the snow still lay white and unsullied on the little park.

Past the Dewey Arch came a long line of men and women in single file. The women outnumbered the men five to one. Some of them were dressed in gray prison clothes, and had manacles upon their hands and arms that clanked as they walked. Some carried banners with inscriptions upon them in red or black letters. The inscriptions were neatly printed and bore upon them the imprint of a union sign painter. They said:

WE DEMAND THE IMMEDIATE RELEASE OF ALL
POLITICAL PRISONERS

THE WAR IS OVER, OPEN THE JAILS

SHALL WE HAVE A SIBERIA IN AMERICA?

"WHILE THERE IS A SOUL IN JAIL I AM NOT FREE"

Ruth Martin was walking in the middle of the line. She had no prison clothing or manacles, but she carried a banner. It said:

GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH!

She was still frowning, but held her banner aloft with a certain exhilaration, and her strong, young shoulders were squared. She walked lightly and easily. Immediately behind her, a little stooped but still valiant, marched the Reverend Percy Headlam. He was a Christian Socialist, and had lost several churches on that account. As he walked he wondered if nightfall would find him again without a church. Poor Mary, she and the children would have to go through it all again. Was he right in neglecting them for what seemed a higher duty? Well, he had told the committee ha

would march. Perhaps things would turn out for the best. Nothing could be more peaceful than the silent line walking up the quiet street in the sunshine. The few people they passed turned to stare, smiled a little, but said nothing. And the sun was so bright, and the sky so blue. Surely nobody could object to such a quiet demonstration—and on Christmas morning, too. Yes, it was sure to be all right, and Mary would have had her worrying for nothing.

The Reverend Percy Headlam did not see a policeman on the opposite corner go hastily up to a signal box and begin to nod his blue cap into it.

The little procession came to a halt before a church, where a service was going on. A few people were entering, and as they went up the broad stone steps, leaflets were thrust into their embarrassed hands. Mrs. Perth—all in grey and heavily manacled—mounted a coping, and began to lead the others in a song. Her chains weighed down her hands, and made her movements uncertain and awkward. Her grey prison cap was askew, and she pitched her song so high that the others had to strain their voices to follow her, or else drop out altogether.

"Look it, ole Mother Hubbard!" a newsboy screamed from across the street. Several bystanders began to laugh, and despite the exertions of Mrs. Perth, whose cap was now nearly off, the song—which was all about the sweet breath of freedom—came abruptly to a halt. Mrs. Perth let her burdened arms drop to her sides, and nobody seemed to know just what to do.

Ruth found herself suddenly white with anger. She was saying in a high, shrill voice, "Let's go into the church!"—and clutching her banner, she began to run towards the stone steps, her spirit as taut and determined as a bow string. Hands were laid on her shoulders, and people began to say "No. No. No disturbance. We must be quiet. Just walk and sing and give out leaflets." The Reverend Percy caught her by the arm, and with terror in his voice asked her to be quiet. She shook him off and pushed him back. She was stronger than he.

"You coward," she said. As she struggled towards the steps she wondered why she had called him a coward—it was a cruel thing to say, and it didn't mean anything. Mrs. Perth had gotten off her coping, and was coming toward her, a conciliatory, but nevertheless determined, gleam in her eye. Suddenly Ruth realized that she hated Mrs. Perth as she hated nothing else on earth.

"My dear child," began Mrs. Perth, trying with some difficulty to get her manacled arms athwart Ruth's path.

"You go to hell!" said Ruth, and rushed past the astonished lady, knocking off her cap with the leveled banner as she went.

"I'm going into that church. Are you coming?" she cried. She was part way up the steps, all the half-hearted attempts to restrain her having failed. A few of the younger people, fired by her

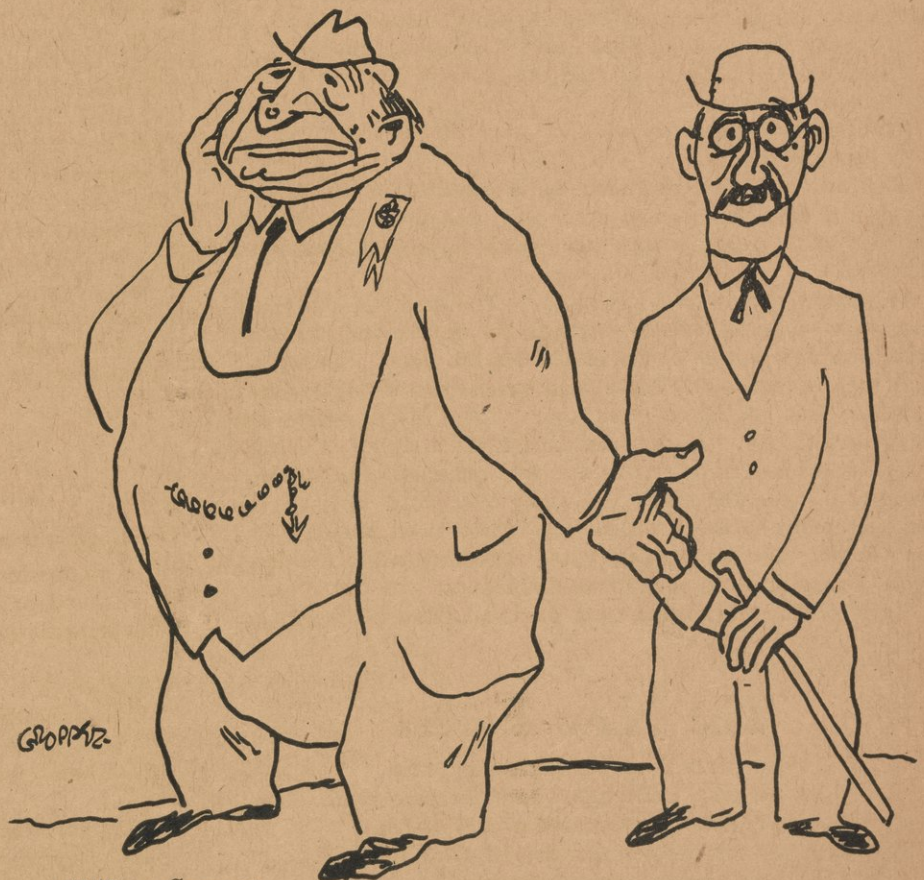
enthusiasm, shouted "Yes," and started after her. She turned and faced the marchers, flushed and radiant, a white light upon her face. She felt she held God's hand.

"We've got to go in and tell them," she said. "We've got to tell them about these—these wrongs. Come on." She waved her banner and turned towards the church door.

An usher in a faultless frock coat, with a white flower in his button-hole, came out from the church, and looked down on the crowd uneasily. He held a pamphlet in his hand, which suddenly he raised and began to beckon with. There was a rumble of hoofs from across the street, and almost before the paraders could turn around a squad of mounted police were upon them. The policemen rode their horses onto the sidewalk, and even up the broad church steps, and as they rode they began to strike right and left with their night sticks down upon the arms and shoulders and occasionally the heads of the marchers. Several of the young men tried to wrench the night sticks from the policemen's hands, but two of them were stunned in the attempt by blows between the eyes. One of them went down like a log under the hoofs of a big chestnut horse, and a woman screamed and tore at the nearest bridle.

The scuffle was over in a minute or two, and the terrified marchers, bannerless and largely hatless, were running in all directions, some trying to throw off the chains that bound them as they ran. On the snow five or six bodies lay quiet.

Ruth had turned to watch the charge of the officers with startled amazement. She felt as though she were looking at a moving picture. Surely it could not be real. But when she



William Gropper

"My God, what a face!!"

saw Joe Raftery go down under the horses, and when the Reverend Percy Headlam crumpled up and collapsed from a blow on the head, she knew it was real, that policemen really did hit people, and her anger came flaming back. She must get into the church before the policemen got to her. The honor of the cause was in her keeping. She must go, she must go alone!

She turned about and ran into the arms of the usher. He was a tall, blond young man with nice blue eyes. He gripped her by the arms and looked at her not unkindly.

"Where are you going?" he said.

"Into your church; let me go," she said fiercely.

"What are you going to do in my church?" said the blond young man, his grip tightening a little.

"I'm going to tell your people that they must let the political prisoners out, because it's Christmas, because—"

"You're going to do nothing of the kind," said the usher firmly, "and you had better give me that banner." He let go of one of her arms to reach for it, but the movement was badly calculated. Ruth wrenched herself free, knocking the blond young man's feet out from under him on the icy stone as she did so, and he went sprawling and tumbling down the steps. She seized her banner and started for the church door. But there were other ushers in front of it now, and several men from the congregation. Could she knock them all down and get past them? She must try.

She had run up two or three steps when something gripped her from below. Two of the mounted officers had scrambled from their horses and followed her. They had profited by the blond usher's disaster, and they seized her as they would have seized a pickpocket. One held her arms while the others tore away her banner and threw it into a snow drift.

"Give me liberty or give me death!" screamed Ruth.

"Shut up, you little fool," said the man.

"Liberty or death."

"Liberty or death."

"Liberty or death."

The man stooped, gathered up a handful of snow, and slapped it into her open mouth. She staggered and choked, the red color rushing into her white face, and both men laughed.

"I guess that will keep her quiet." The man who had flung the snow—a petty officer—touched his cap to the minister, who was now out in front of the church door. "Sorry we had such a fuss, sir. These bolsheveeks are always makin' trouble. But it's all right now, sir. They won't trouble you any more to-day. . . . And on Christmas, too!"

One on each side, her arms securely pinioned, the men carried Ruth down the steps and along the street towards the nearest police station. She was quiet now, and as she walked she saw two white-coated attendants lift the Reverend Percy into the back of an ambulance.

From behind the church door she could hear the organ begin to play.

The New Forces

IN every place, however high, they lurk.
In the great buildings where the pale youths clerk,
In ships and in the treasured pits of earth,
They stir the depths of men and come to birth.
I feel their mighty presence flaming near,
Oh, hark, my soul! their voices everywhere.

Claude McKay.

Sundown in America

INTO the torn sunset of Wyoming's desert past an Indian chief's grave
Rides a consumptive cowboy whistling a jazz composed by a Galician Jew in Brooklyn;
In a galvanized shack in the olive grove a rouge-lipped Italian girl
Is noisily pulling the last sheet out of her typewriter;
Two Negroes are walking from the docks in Baltimore
Talking about a meeting of the Knights of Pythias;
On a farm in Kansas a small towheaded boy baptized Johann
Is peering from the threshold toward the telegraph poles for his daddy's Ford car;
The calling of newsboys—the jangle and bellowing of the cows—
The toot of endless horns—the rasping of crickets—
The rush hour on the subways and trollies—the piping of the sunweary birds—
The rise of the evening star above a forest on Lake Superior,
Little merchants pompously switching on electric display lights,
The clatter of dishes—the stamping of flyridden horses while unharnessed;
Young girls chattering hurriedly, powder their faces in dressing rooms of department stores;
On the darkened heights of Pike's Peak the mountain flowers huddle to sleep before the cold;
On a straggling fishing boat off Nantucket
A man is looking at the comics of last Sunday's Boston newspaper;
On the outskirts of Mt. Rainier a man lying in an underbrush,
Is breaking the law aiming his gun at a solitary antler;
On a porch of a boarding house of Santa Barbara a bobbed-haired, middle-aged novelist
Is reading a love letter from a college boy and smoking a cigarette;
A toy train full of Hungarian miners is puffing into a filthy company-owned town;
In a store of Omaha a hesitating Bohemian farmer is examining a phonograph;
On a lonely sandbar of the Atlantic a flock of snipes is dashing through the shallows—
It is sundown in America.

Charles Recht.

Nocturne

SOMETHING incredible glimmers through her beauty,
Something unreal, as if from other times—
A legend, or a painting by del Sarto,
A princess moving through immortal rhymes;

The depth of her blue eyes is the depth of waters
Blue and pellucid under tropic skies,
Where great white birds curving under the sunlight
Lift heavy wings and cry mysterious cries;

She moves against a wide and clear horizon,
Her face reposing with a quiet light,
And the melody of her motion is the singing
Of perfect voices in a summer night.

Joseph Freeman.

The Young Writer

By Michael Gold

GLENDALE was a neat, fashionable suburb within easy distance of New York, a place of quiet, respectable houses owned by well-to-do commuters who came home every night in the dusk, warriors from the great city battlefield returning to love and peace.

The spirit of the little village was well-tailored, sweet and content. Trees solemn and massy as deacons lined the spotless streets; the lawns in front of the solid houses shone sleekly, like the sides of a well-fed pet; and the stars and sky above the quiet town were seen only in well-regulated patterns through the trees, so that no one was shocked by the spectacle of that wild, mad immensity in all its nakedness.

Everything moved smoothly and properly in Glendale. By day there was a tea-sipping, shopping, gossiping, rug-beating domestic hum of women and children there; by night, clean, middle-aged, happy couples strolled about arm in arm, and the little store windows glowed warm and golden, and the air was scented with a modest perfume. Everyone earned enough money in Glendale; everyone had children and hearth and pleasant luxury; almost everyone was complacent in virtue as a saint, and as little troubled by doubt.

The one exception, the one minor chord in the sweet domestic harmonies of Glendale was the young reporter on the suburb's weekly newspaper. He was a young man of about twenty-four, thin, pale, silent, with hard-bitten lips and brown misty eyes, and he spent seven hours a day hunting social items and village gossip for his employer, Mr. Samwaldt, a plump, jolly, middle-aged man who had settled down in life, and liked Glendale because he owned a thriving garage and small newspaper in it.

The young reporter had strange, unhappy notions. He did his work during the day mechanically and well, but at dusk there would return to him his obsession, to haunt him at his bare boarding-house room until the next morning. He was a casual product of the great city, and had drifted into newspaper work because of this obsession, which was to write out on paper a picture of the wild, amazing world he had been born into. The commuters and their golden, contented life hurt his spirit. They all had an air of success, and he himself was a failure. They had wanted to make money, and had made it, but he, who had wanted to represent the world on paper, had failed. He had tried poems, stories, plays and essays, and had always torn them up with a sickening sense of failure.

"These people are unimaginative and dull," he would think of the commuters, "but they have really conquered the world. I am one of the defeated. I should give up writing, it is not for me. I should leave it to better men than myself. I will never amount to anything—not even a fair newspaper man. I dislike even that. These people, on the other hand, have made something of their lives. It is their world—created evi-

dently for them—they for it. I fit in nowhere. Nature intended them to succeed, but I am just one of her many errors. For why should desires like mine be given one, without the ability to carry them out? It must be a mistake of hers, just as if she had created something with a need for food, but without the apparatus to find it. I am one of Nature's slips, like the dinosaur."

He would philosophize thus, and try to forget writing, but the desire would come on him again and again—with the same hopes, followed by the same disappointments. Sick of the petty grind of the day, the night would bring him visions and longings, and he would toil feverishly in his hot, gas-lit room, and then go to bed with a bitter pang at his heart. His writing was mediocre and lifeless, and not what he wished to say. He tore all of it up, and the next morning drowned himself in stupid routine again.

The young reporter had few friends in the village, and rarely went down to the city. A vast loneliness came on him during the year he worked in that suburb. Watching the happy, peaceful life about him, he thrashed over in his mind the problem of the weak and obscure, and came to a dull gnawing belief that it would almost be better if such as he died, and left the world to those who were more fitted to live in it.

He arrived at this opinion independently, and did not know that a great philosopher named Nietzsche had preached the same idea many years before. This was how the young reporter came to find out finally about Nietzsche:

It was a bright November day, and he was seated at his



Hugo Gellert

Proletarian Poet

HUGO
GELLERT

typewriter in the office, writing out an account of the new streets that the efficient village councilmen were having paved. Before the office window a tree red as blood swung in the autumn wind, and the thick gasoline smell of the garage below filled the reporter's nostrils. The telephone bell rang, and he answered it.

"Hello!" said a heavy voice on the wire, "is this John?"

"No, Mr. Samwaldt is out," the reporter answered. "This is Croman, the reporter."

"Good!" the voice went on. "Say, Croman, this is the chief. A couple of dead bodies were found in the woods near Strakeville, and the County Coroner's down there now. Come and get it for the Record."

The reporter put the typewriter by, and got his hat, and went from the office toward Strakeville. It was about a mile away, through the suburb's streets lined with well-groomed trees and comfortable houses, then out across fields and lots and the dirty, ramshackle settlement where the Italian laborers of the community lived.

He walked down a road flanked by dying November meadows, and was haunted with sad thoughts of autumn. The wind was fresh and keen, but made him somehow sadder by its exuberance. The sky was vividly blue and white above the earth, and filled with clear, firm clouds.

At a bend in the road, where a throng of bronze-colored trees seemed to close in and swallow it, the reporter saw a few autos waiting about, and the dark, moving figures of men. He knew that this was where the deaths had taken place, and walked a bit faster.

The bodies were lying a little off the road, in a grassy, open spot circled by trees. They were the bodies of a young man and a young woman in poor dress, and as the reporter arrived, a fat, red-necked man with a derby hat and cigar was bending over them. It was the County Coroner, and he straightened himself with difficulty and looked around at the hushed, curious ring of spectators.

"Now, who's the reporters here?" he asked puffily, his sharp little blue eyes searching their faces.

Croman and two others, an old, gray-haired man from New York and a young fellow in horn-rimmed glasses from the next town, stepped forward.

"All right, boys!" the Coroner said affably, "Come over here and I'll tell ye all about it."

He led them to one side, and leaning against a rail fence off the road, and pulling heartily at his cigar, he showed them a revolver and note-book stained with blood.

"It's a clear case of suicide," he spoke judicially, holding up the revolver. "I could see it right away, and here in this book is more evidence. I guess the youngsters was a little crazy, because lookit what they write. It don't sound reasonable to me—I can't make head nor tail of it."

He handed the note-book to them, reading as follows: "We have not been strong or great. We have only yearned for the great—we were only what Nietzsche said we were, arrows of longing for the Superman. We are leaving the world to make room for the Superman."

The reporter with the horn-rimmed glasses smiled as he noted this down. He had a little blonde moustache, waxed at the ends, and he touched it fondly.

"I guess it was something else besides that," he said, winking knowingly, "something like another failure of birth control, eh, Coroner?"

The Coroner grinned amiably. "Well, boys, I can't say anything about that. They must have come up here from



A Drawing by Ben Benn

Ben Benn

the city last night, and stayed all night, is the way I figure it. They must have done the job some time this mornin', for the bodies was still warm when they was found by a wop goin' to work. Their names and addresses is down in here, if you want it. Is there anything else I kin tell ye now?"

The reporters took the facts down, and Croman, turning the leaves of the note-book, saw some strange foreign writing arranged in irregular lines.

"Why, this looks like Russian," he said, showing it to the others.

"Yeh, I guess it's Russian," the Coroner agreed, slowly rubbing his chin. "I wuz kinder puzzled at first, and didn't know what lingo it wuz in, but I guess it's Russian, all right."

"It's in poetry!" the horn-rimmed reporter cried, brightly. "There's poetry, too. This is some human-interest story!"

"Yeh, it's poetry!" the Coroner smiled complacently. He stood in silence a moment, watching them write, and then fished out three cigars from his pocket and handed them to the reporters.

"Have a smoke, boys," he said, quiet restraint and dignity on his fat, ruddy face. He pushed his hat back, and regarded them earnestly. "Say, boys," he spoke, as he handed each of them a card, "don't forget I'm comin' up for re-election next month, will you? I've been a good Coroner, if I myself must say it, and I've never forgotten a friend. You know that, boys!"

"Sure, sure!" the other two agreed, as Croman stood reading the card. It contained the Democratic emblem, and the

inscription, "Peter J. McNulty, County Coroner, 1914-1916—
The Best Coroner Westchester Ever Had."

Croman went back to look at the bodies of the suicides. They were poor, thin little things, with peaked, intelligent faces, and black hair above the sharp pallor. The boy, for it was only a boy, young as the reporter, was lying half on his side, clutching the earth in a last frantic embrace. The girl's white face was staring straight at the sky, and one hand was thrown across her breast, a thin, long hand, like the claw of a starved sparrow's. They were both dressed in shabby black, and near them lay a dull, red pool of blood.

The crowd about the bodies was made up of business men of one sort or another, who had happened to pass by in their cars or had heard the news in the village. They were all clean-shaven, well-dressed men, with white collars and large watch chains across their stomachs, and they talked in low voices and exchanged theories as to the suicide. The young reporter gazed at their wide, blank faces rosy in the November air, and thoughts of his unhappy life flooded him with melancholy, and he pondered on the Coroner and that strange phrase of Nietzsche's in the note-book.

Arrows of longing! A wave of disgust and heroism surged through him as he gazed at the stupid suburban throng. He was an arrow of longing, too, but they were nothing. He would not die as had the two passionate children, he would not leave the world in the hands of these contented cows, fools, swine, he would live and fight on. One killed oneself or one fought bitterly on.

The dirty swine, could they understand the high, mad, splendid reasons for this suicide? Yes, they must be fought; though one was weak, one had to live, as they did, and spit on them and hate them until the bitter end.

City-Girl

BENEATH the barren artifice of red
That hides a fertile freshness on your face
I see the hypocritical embrace
Of courtesan and virgin, each in dread
Of yielding to the other, while your mouth
Reveals their secret of uneasiness.
Your mind has listened to a northern stress:
Your heart has heard old rumors from the south.
This conflict, with its plaintive undertones,
Is like an idle phantom to your soul
Whose clear aloofness sometimes sears your eyes.
The sensual games that move your youthful bones
Are still for moments, while the distant goal
Of whispering horizons lures your sighs.

Maxwell Bodenheim.

Oh, happy earth! out of the blood of generations,
Life yet will blossom, innocent and wise,
And, thou, my planet, shalt be cleansed of lamentations,
A jade-green star in the moon-silvered skies.
Lunacharski.

This Is Amnesty Week

SPEND the month of July in working for general amnesty for our boys in prison.

The General Defense Committee of the I. W. W. at Chicago is organizing five hundred American communities for this work during the first week in July. Volunteers will go about the streets and public places gathering signatures for the million-name petition that a committee of distinguished friends of freedom will present to President Harding before he goes on his vacation.

Join in this great task. Send to the committee for petitions, and then do the simple work of getting people to sign them. It is not hard, but some one must do it. Send for more petitions if you need them. Don't fail.

We want our men free. We shall not rest until our comrades are free. All of them must come out. Individual pardons have freed some of them, but the only way left to get them all out is by a general amnesty drive.

Here is a bit of news that shows how the men regard individual pardons:

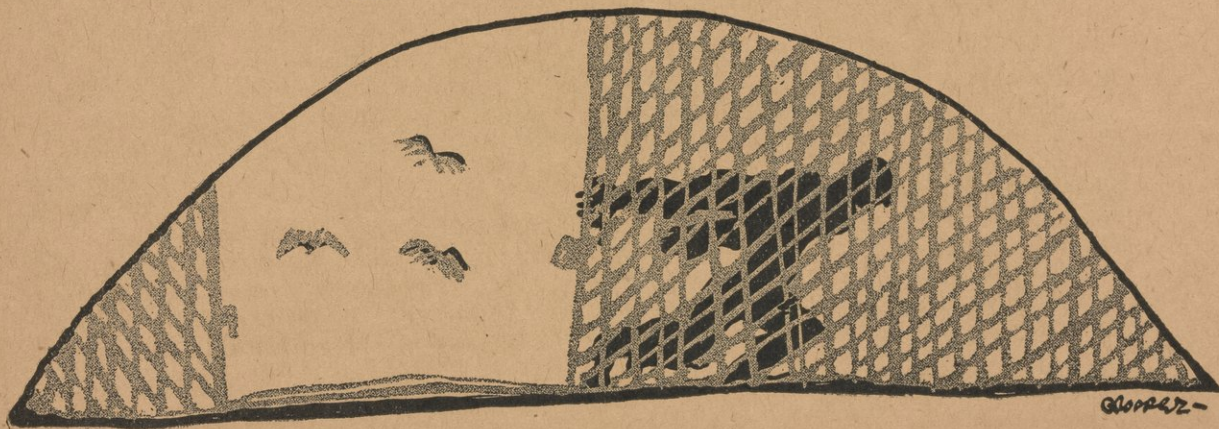
Leavenworth, Kans.—Nineteen I. W. W. members who are serving ten-year terms under the Espionage Act were called before the prison board here and offered their release on parole. All of them turned down the offer, contending that by accepting it they would violate the principles for which they have already paid five years of liberty.

These men, convicted in the Wichita and Sacramento trials, are holding out steadfastly for amnesty for all the war-opinion prisoners, demanding general release as their legal and moral right.

That is what the men in jail feel after five years of torture and persecution. They have not broken ranks. What are you, on the outside, feeling and doing about it?

You are a coward and a sluggard if you do not join the demand for the release of America's bravest soldiers of liberty.

Send for petitions and information, and send funds for the work, to General Defense Committee, 1001 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill.





Robert Minor

The Knight of the



of the Round Belly

Russian Pictures

By Mary Heaton Vorse

THE station was packed with a grey mass of people, a crowd through which we could barely fight our way. It closed in on us, separating us from each other. We bored slowly through, fighting for each step. We were bound for Kazan, which is almost the dead center of the land of hunger and death.

The crowd was grey and dun-colored. Each person carried a heavy burden. Men, women and children, each one was laden. By the walls women lay sleeping in their sheepskins and valenkas, they looked like huge stuffed dolls. Every foot of the great space was crowded with people waiting for a train to somewhere.

A species of meagre cafe with tables was roped off from the main part of the station. Here we sat down to wait. From time to time an official shouted, people got up from the floors and surged in a slow stream out to waiting trains. The crowd heaved and swayed perpetually like a grey, uneasy sea. A piano clanged. People sang. A thousand throats took up a grave revolutionary air. The song died down. A man stood on something above the crowd and made a speech. Near me a wide-faced woman nursed a child. She sat on the floor, her feet straight out before her. She seemed remote from the swaying, muttering crowd, unconscious of it.

The ebb and flow of this crowd hypnotized one, its slow patience had an irresistible force.

That was Russia. Hundreds of such crowds of grey, laden people on the move. Hungry, haggard people bound somewhere. Tired, weary men and women bound anywhere. In the face of crowds like this, the individual dwindles. The individual becomes small as a cell in a great body.

This great crowd Russia was a single thing. Its grey, many-celled unwieldy body was oriented in a new direction. Life was low in the great body. It was wracked with war; starved with blockades, eaten into with disease. The head, the conscious thinking head was pointed up the difficult new road of the future. At the heart of this great many-celled complex body of Russia was the cancer of Hunger.

The passing of time made no difference to the crowd. It heaved, it ebbed, it flowed through the twenty-four hours. Always a stream coming, always a stream going, always people asleep, always people waiting. In Russia life is slow. People wait. They wait in stations, they wait in trains, they wait by rivers. The irresistible slow and patient flood moves slowly, more than ever now when all available engines are hurrying food to the famine front.

A while before train time we pick up our bags wearily. We seem to have lost individual volition. We are part of the crowd in the Kazan station which leaves at eleven o'clock. Outside, the zero air creeps in under our thick clothes. The lights are dim. Like shadows we hurry along joining other shadows. We ask each other:

"Is this the train to Kazan, is this the train to Kazan?"

No one knows. Men and women heave their burdens on the train and off the train, hunting in the darkness for places.

We stumble through the thick darkness. Our ear at last. A single candle lighted the cavern of the car. Fantastic

laden figures bulked huge in the obscurity. A match tore the soft fabric of the darkness with a red gash. More dark figures hoisting baggage. Great hulks crawling up on the wooden shelves that serve for berths. Up and down runs the little unwearied conductor, scolding perpetually. Everyone was in the wrong place. He expostulated, raved, herding us like an insane shepherd. His impact on the soft-spoken, slow-moving crowd was that of a ramrod on a feather bed.

Our car is open, divided in three compartments. In each compartment are three shelves, one over the other. In the aisle, another three shelves. On these shelves people sleep, twenty-four to a car—beside the overflow. A young peasant comes in supporting a woman heavy with child. The woman groans as the man helps her tenderly to her place. A little clucking old woman putters around to find her place. The young men joke with her kindly. The little old woman's homely clucking voice and the answering joke from the young men gave an atmosphere of kindness to the dark cavern of the car.

"No, grandma, you shan't sleep on that high upper berth."

"I'll be all the nearer to Heaven, then!"

We have started. Slowly the little coughing wood engine begins the long journey. The men opposite me have taken their boots off and unwound the wrappings on their feet that serve them for stockings. The car is cold. A half-inch of ice coats the windows. Soon the condensation runs sweating from the sides of the cars. Pools of water crawl along the seats. From time to time, a match lights the cavern. Talk flares up with the light of the match. Quiet at last settles over the weary people.

We sleep.

Morning and a station and clatter. People piled into their sheepskin and valenkas, pulled their fur caps over their ears. Every man seized a teapot. The station provided, free of charge, hot water for tea, after the Russian custom. A long human serpent stretched its length in front of the kypiatok space. Young boys, Red Soldiers, women, huge peasants in sheepskin—every man with a kettle.

The train rocked slowly on. We all drank tea, taking stock of one another.

The grey unit that was the crowd of the night before had recrystallized into individuals. My seat mate is a man from the Ukraine. He is tall, and as he strides through the car is made taller by his Astrakhan hat, a deerskin coat makes his wide shoulders squarer, his full lips are folded over each other in a sharp line, he seems like a sharp tool with a cutting edge. He has none of the soft indecisions of peace-time. He is a member of the Central Council of the Trade Unions, a Communist from the Ukraine. Soon, he and the keen-faced Tartar merchant opposite are wrangling about Communism. The old system and the new system sit opposite each other and quarrel.

The school teacher from Orenburg with high cheekbones and slits for eyes takes the side of his brother, the Tartar merchant. The young lieutenant of the Red Army sides



Cornelia Barns

Among the Bootleggers

"How's business, Bill?"

"Fine, fine! I've got two new mayors and a district attorney on my payroll, and two judges, a chief of police and a prohibition agent are ready to sign up next."

with the Ukrainian. A heavy-witted countryman peers down from the top shelf at the disputing men, vague astonishment in his eyes as though trying to make out what the argument is about. In the compartment beyond, the sick woman leans heavily against her young husband groaning softly. On a seat together two boys pore over a book. They have scarlet cheeks and curly hair, and wide blue eyes set far apart. There's such candor and innocence to them that in their wide-skirted great coats they seem almost like young girls. Their heads close together, they puff cigarettes and read entranced. They are reading Don Quixote, absorbed, caught-up in romance.

"Are you Young Communists?" I ask, looking at their Lenin buttons. They look at me with candid eyes.

"We are bez partini—without a party."

"But you wear Lenin buttons?"

"Oh, everyone wears buttons of Our Old Man." They turn their eyes again to their books.

After the word goes through the train that I am an American, people look at me with curious, friendly eyes. Questions begin. The Tartar merchant starts off with:

"What do the Americans think of the Tartars? Be frank, have you yourself ever heard of the Tartar Republic?"

"Americans," contributes the officer, "think that all of us



J. Edgar Miller

The Machine Man

are barbarians. They think that Russia can't govern herself. That's why they send Kolchak and Wrangel and Denikin against us."

"What America should do is to give us a loan to set us on our feet again," said the merchant from Kazan. "They say that Russia owes something to the world. Well, if you have a debtor, what do you do? You try to put him on his feet again so he can pay. That's practical, that's good sense. Do Americans know that Lenin is the greatest man in the world? There is no greater man living than Lenin!" he looks around at the company which were gathered about—they nod solemnly. The man from the Ukraine jeers at him.

"There you are," he says, "you hate the Communists and Lenin is the greatest man—how can you put those two things together?" The Communist from the Ukraine and the merchant of the Tartar Republic begin their quarrel all over again.

The world we now pass through is covered with solemn pines, rank after rank. There is nothing else on the face of the earth except our crawling train. The frost-covered window has a small round hole scratched on it, like a tiny porthole. Through this little hole, I look out on the never-ending solemn army of trees.

Pictures of the Revolution leap out before us, clear as the landscape of never ending trees. I see soldiers, too tired to move, men ringed around with enemies, men past fighting, men who must fight or be massacred before morning. Bits of the story of the tortured Ukraine are flung out before me. Denikin invaded the Ukraine, Petlura swung the right bank of the Dnieper for a time, Makhno the left. Every counter-revolutionist has taken his toll of the Ukraine. Boris Savinkoff looks longingly over the border to this day.

Suddenly, at a question, the talk swerves from the trivial. The man from the Ukraine is talking.

"How many times I have thought 'this is the end.' The men would be through. As soon lift them to further effort as you could lift the versts of snow blanket by words. But there was always someone to make them do the impossible. I tell you the Ukraine is ours because men did the impossible. Krakoff was one of the leaders the men would follow. He was an old time bandit and looked like someone in a moving picture. Once the men had laid down in their tracks. They could not move.

"The men won't move, you say?" Krakoff stormed. "We will see about that!"

"He strode to where they sat with arms and legs lagging like marionettes. Fatigue does that to you.

"What are you doing here?" he bawled, "get out of here. What's the matter with you?" He stuck his hand in his great hairy chest and scratched out a handful of lice and slammed them on the table.

"See here, boys, I'm no different from you. I'm lousy as you. I can go, you can go. Come on!"

"And when he slammed his lice on the table they laughed. New life was in them. They were not the same men. They were saved. We fought our way out. Such small things separate life from death.

"It was like that for months in the Ukraine. Nip and tuck. Our men were so tired that a grave seemed better to them than another ounce of effort.

"I remember the blackest time how Krakoff got the men to fight, when the French held Odessa and Denikin was over-running the Ukraine. There was a band of us, who had been cut off from the main section of the Red Army. It seemed as though we were bottled up never to get out. Behind Denikin, no retreat; to the flank was Petlura, to the front Makhno. There was no life in the men. Nothing but weariness. Move they must or it was up with us.

"Krakoff rides in front of the men and bellows:

"Come on, fellows. One more effort. Cut your way through and you shall loot Kieff."

"The Red Army does not loot. We shoot men for looting. These tired men had suffered such privations that at the thought of looting a rich town their jaws watered. In the ranks that night, I could hear them clucking together about looting Kieff. By morning we had swung forty versts to the left.

"When morning broke we made camp.

"Where's Kieff?" they cried.

"Krakoff strode in front of them with his hands on his hips and shot out his big jaw.

"Forty versts to the left!" he bellowed.

"There was growling in the troops, I can tell you. Black looks everywhere.

"Listen here, you fellows," he bawled, "I'll put it to a vote. What should I have done last night? There wasn't the strength of a louse left in you. Should I have left you there to be cut in pieces or should I have gotten you out? Tell me, did I do right?"

"They shouted with one voice: 'You did right! You did right!' Then a fellow cried from the ranks:

"And what if we had gone to Kieff and started to loot? What would you have done?"

"He shouted back like the report of a pistol, 'I would have shot you! Would I have done right?"

"You would have done right!" they shouted back at him.

"That was the kind of a hold he had on them. That is

how he knew them. That was the spirit that cleared the Ukraine of bandits."

The two little boys of the Lenin buttons stood near us silent, their blue eyes intent, their mouths open, listening to the greatest romance of all history—the story of the Russian Revolution. The merchant from Kazan, who hated Communism and thought Lenin the greatest living man, was silent. The young Red Soldiers crowded around us, nodding their heads. They have been part of such things. This was their story, only they hadn't words with which to tell it.

"Great sacrifices, terrible sacrifices have gone into the winning of the Ukraine. How many good comrades died! How many were killed. Those of us who lived, after the French took Odessa, each one bore his life in his hands. Accident and chance, it seemed, decided which of the Communists should live and which should die.

"And the French secret service is able. The best in the world. See by what chance some of us lived and some of us died. Four of us met one time. We had a series of communications, and though we didn't know it, one of the four comrades' place had been discovered. There were three men and one girl comrade. A wonderful little girl of nineteen. One of the best comrades—made of courage. We met in a cafe and talked, and on the street corner we paused a moment to decide which pair should walk together. I wanted to talk to the comrade whose place had been discovered, but I thought that the little girl comrade looked at him longingly. I let them go together. The comrade I walked with was accustomed to work underground. It seemed as though the work in the underground had developed a sixth sense in him.

"Don't turn your head," he said, "we are being followed."

"We turned into a brightly lighted cafe, walked right through it out to the kitchen where some of our comrades

were working. They hid us in an outhouse where we stayed all night, and went home separately. Then word came that our other two comrades had been arrested. My moment of softness condemned her and saved myself. They tortured the little girl comrade. They hauled her by her hair up to a heated bar on the ceiling. Time and again they hauled her up. She might have told something, under torture. We had then to destroy all our communications for a time. We could not take a chance.

"That's how we lived when the French had Odessa. We kept our underground organization intact. Through us the city came into the hands of the Red Army again. In such ways the Ukraine was cleared of the enemy."

The brief day ended. Darkness blurred our faces. We sank back from individuals into the obscurity of the many-celled body that was Russia. Everywhere trains were crawling over Russian steppes. In every railway station were heaped up crowds of heavy-burdened people. Everywhere the story of the Revolution was being told. Men were telling the story of the Far Eastern Republic. Men were telling the story of the Crimea. Other men were telling other stories of the Ukraine.

One of the soldiers began to sing a song in the rhythm of the international vulgarity of the Cafe Concert. The mean little tune shouldered its way out of the past. It was an ironic intrusion in a train that was crawling through interminable Russian forests up to Kazan where there was hunger. The big peasant country-man snickered in the darkness. Some one lighted a single candle and the glowing ends of cigarettes punctuate the darkness beyond the candle rays. The little smirking vaudeville tune flickered out.

The soldiers near me began to sing one of the grave Red Army marching songs. The men from the Ukraine joined it. The little boys took it up. In a moment the car was singing full-throated a solemn hymn of the Revolution.

Night Scene

AN unshaped blackness is massed on the broken rim of night.

A mountain of clouds rises like a Mammoth out of the walls
With its lofty tusks battering the breast of heaven.
And the horn of the moon glimmers distantly over the flares
and clustered stacks of the foundry.

Uninterruptedly, a form is advancing
On the road that shows in tatters.

The unshaped blackness is rolling larger above the thronged
flames that branch upward from the stacks with an interwreathed fury.

The form strolling on the solitary road
Begins to assume the size of a human being.

It may be some worker that returns from the next town,
Where it has been earning its day's wages.

Slowly, tediously, it flags past me—
It is a tired man muttering angrily.

He mutters!

The blackness of his form now expands its hungry chaos
Spreading over half of heaven, like a storm,
Ready to swallow the moon, the puffing stacks, the wild foundry.

The very earth in its dark, furious maw.
The man mutters, shambling on—
The storm! the storm!

PASCAL D'ANGELO



Wanda Gag

Wind in the Trees



Will Coyne

Art and Revolution on Second Avenue

Banks and Bank Clerks

I HAVE always had an antipathy for banks and all that pertains to them. They represent the very heart of the debased age in which we live. They are its temples, and it is curious how the very architecture of them would denote as much, with their massive pillars and their ornate classical capitals.

How detestable are the men in authority who live in banks, those middle-aged gentlemen who peer at you above their round glass spectacles, and who have anxious preoccupied manners tinged with severity! News was received from India not so long ago that three bank managers had been burned alive in their offices during a native rising. It was an incident that I could not find it in my heart to regret.

An idea occurred to me that in order to avoid all intercourse with such terrible people, I would transfer my small moneys to a savings bank. In so modest an establishment, I thought, my petty dividends would gain for me prestige rather than contumely, respect rather than condescension. The savings bank I selected had an inviting if somewhat

grandiose appearance. I entered and went through the required forms for depositing an account.

But what a place! Could anything be more melancholy than its interior with its well-swept floors, its tarnished gilt ceiling, its heavy bare benches? It had about it a hollow desolation that suggested a work-house, and immediately upon my entrance my nostrils were assailed by that particular faint aroma of dirty water and decrepit humanity that belongs to such institutions. And the pale-faced clerks behind the counters, how mean and pitiful they were! Men, who were neither clever, nor honest, nor industrious enough to enter more prosperous houses, spry fox-featured fellows, whose only pleasure in life was to bully the lines of docile, mute human beings before their windows. What degraded slaves!

In conforming with the regulations of the place it often falls to my lot to sit waiting before the "teller's office" for a quarter of an hour or more, and I have an idea that there is no position in all New York that is more suggestive for a man whose mind is philosophically inclined.

One after another they pass before me, these people who

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are living below the level of ordinary well-being, these people whose obscure lives have never risen above the ugly waters of penury, and yet whose existence seems to be indispensable for the smooth running of our industrial society. In that sordid vestibule I have seen sights that would bring tears into the eyes of any civilized man, into the eyes of anybody at all except these unimaginative second-rate boys who, themselves doubtless pinched by the clumsy order of things, experience actual delight in adding to the torture and anguish of the unfortunate distracted people with whom they deal.

"You have only five dollars more," I heard one of them once say to a scared and bewildered woman who with nervous, fumbling fingers was gathering up the pittance she had drawn. "But my children must eat," the eyes of this mother seemed to cry. Alas! along those gaunt corridors there came no voice to confirm her assertion.

If anybody has a mind to inspect the hidden machinery of the system under which we live, let him pause for a while in such a place. He will be able to actually hear the groaning thuds of the great unwieldy engines of capitalism at work, will be able actually to witness the pistons and cogs throwing out the human chaff as they revolve heavily backwards and forwards. It is a mill that works awkwardly but at the same time with hideous deliberation.

Far up on a raised platform sits the chief manager. It is his business, while he reads the paper or pares his nails, to keep an eye on the underling accountants who make hasty calculations with greasy dollar bills, or in raucous, shrill voices call out the names of the humble fools who await their turns in the long lines.

The place is ornamented with placards, placards designed with the express purpose of keeping the panic fear of future poverty ever before the imaginations of its miserable clients. "Open a savings bank account and face the future with a smile," are the words inscribed upon one of these announcements. Below are two pictures—a straggling line of beggars drinking coffee at a mission stall, and a gentleman in a derby receiving from the hands of a complacent clerk his cardboard savings book. Shall I confess it? Never do my eyes light on these garish reproductions of the hazards of life than I offer up a prayer that, under the Providence of God, it shall hereafter fall to my lot to be found on the left-hand side, rather than on the right, where I can see iron bars, though they be but the bars of a "teller's" window.

LLEWELYN POWYS.

An Immigrant

I'M like a mute, I can not speak,
 I understand so little
 I feel unhappy and, oh, so weak
 Among these strange people!
 They smile, they talk and pass by,
 They are so self assured and gay!
 But I know not their earth and sky
 And I want to cry
 Be patient with my strained brain,
 Don't laugh so loud, don't speak so quick,—
 Your words fall like a cold rain
 On my bewildered brain.

Maria Moravsky.

High Fog

NOTHING to see and nothing to hear; quiet on the high pasture with the fog tides filling the canyons and the fog runners running up the hills.

This is the best of all, I cried, tasting the salt fog's savour.

Nothing to see and nothing to hear; now I can be alone.

The city is a vague flutter in the mist—I cannot see; the city cries and calls to me, wishing to be understood; I cannot hear, and I do not wish to understand.

The fog has stopped the mouth of the newsboy; the street cars run silently—the mist is thick between the clapper and the bell.

Ho . . . Hoo . . . on the bay the lost beetles tooting in the mist.

Nothing to see, nothing to hear; this is the best of all, I cried,—now I can be alone.

James Rorty.

Wisdom

I HAVE known the quiet of mountains
 That is like the rich quiet before birth;
 I have watched the salt wastes of the sea
 And I have lain down on the red earth
 And drawn its strength into me.

The red strength of earth shall make me strong
 And the salt of the sea shall make me wise,
 So that I may go to and fro among mankind
 And read what is written in their eyes
 And never again be blind.

Lydia Gibson.



Reginald Marsh

Back to Nature!

Julibelous

LASKER of the Shipping Board says our liners must sell liquor or quit the ocean. Perhaps only souses could stand the accommodations.

WHAT are they trying to do at Annapolis, start a Dreyfus case? Our advice to young Kaplan would be, resign from the Naval Academy and try to get into Harvard.

THE newspapers' unholy trinity is now complete—Stokes and Stillman and Ward. Or is it the three disgraces? Or the infernal triangle?

WITH all that our bankers are doing to Haiti, Nicaragua, Liberia, Bolivia, etc., it is more and more evident that the United States is designed to play a loan hand.

HARDING cracks the whip over Congress and urges it to pass the ship subsidy bill. Imagine a Congress so lazy it even has to be forced to do something crooked!

OLD Pompeii, they now find, had its Tammany, press agents and Wilbur Crafts. Next they'll be telling us that the people greeted the eruption with a vote of thanks.

"I DON'T believe," said Lady Astor, "that America cares more for oil concessions than she does for bleeding humanity." On the contrary, bleeding humanity is one of our favorite occupations.

SOMEBODY has described Tchicherin at Genoa as "thumbing his nose at the world." Now the world is going to the Hague to have a little more of the same.

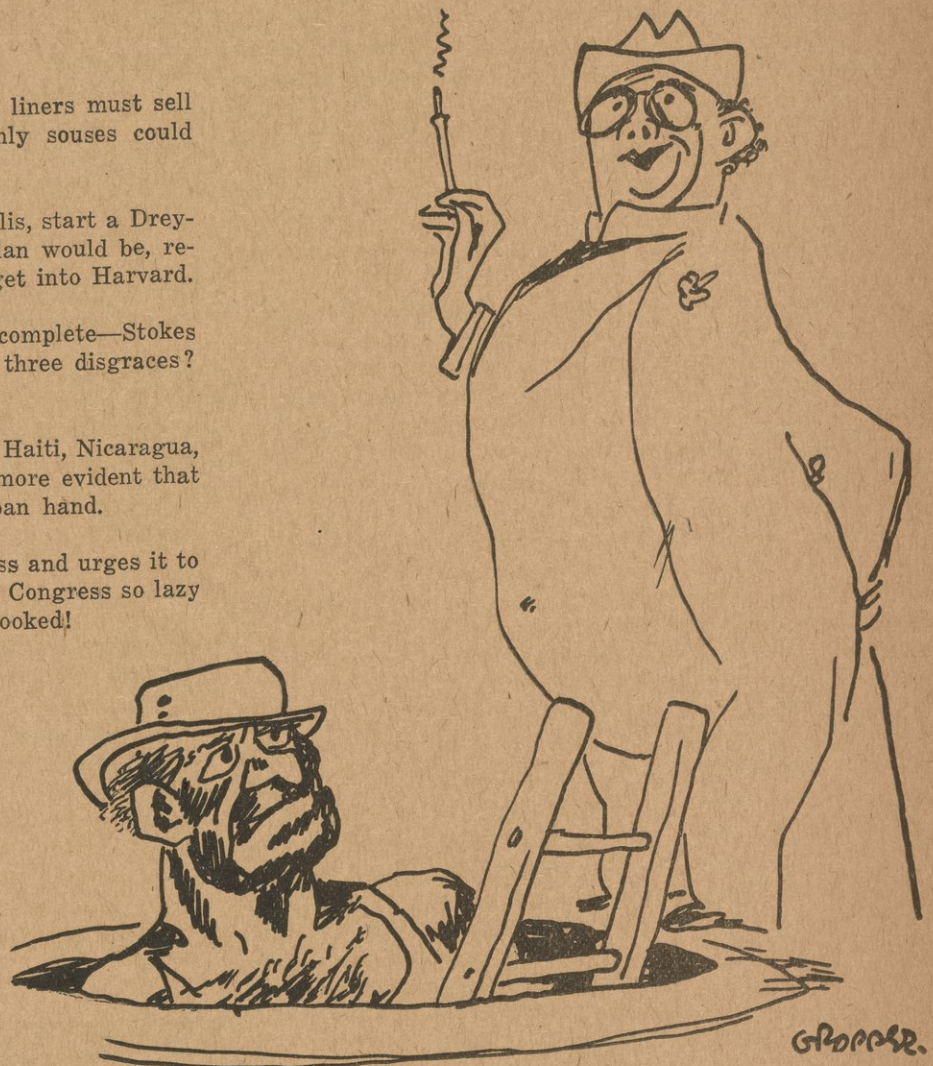
"DON'T applaud when the national anthem is sung," says Briggs in the N. Y. Tribune. "It would be just as correct to applaud a minister's prayer." Anyone who feels an attack of applause coming over him should think of the words. That'll cure him.

GOVERNOR MILLER of New York has his campaign pictures ordered but has not as yet announced his candidacy. Maybe he wants to see the proofs before he makes up his mind.

MEANS of communication between Russia and this country are improving slowly. Bakhmeteff has already heard the news of the fall of the Kerensky government.

"BY the time America gets into the game, there won't be much left in Russia except the whiskers concession." Even this joke is growing 'em.

C. H. MARKHAM of the Illinois Central tells in System how to deal with a wage reduction. "I understood the feelings and the situation of our employees who would be



William Gropper

"Oh, dear me! it must be so romantic to work in a sewer!"

affected. So three weeks before the cut I told them about it."

THIS was the kindest cut of all.

HOWARD BRUBAKER.

THE LIBERATOR

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Liberator News

THERE is again no book review section in the magazine this month. The reasons for this lack are many: the hot weather, the fact that the crop of radical book reviewers suffered a touch of frost last spring, the fact that the Liberator staff has been so occupied with minor matters, like raising money and running Sunday night forums, and so on.

Next month, however, Joseph Freeman, poet, trade union professor of history and economics and book reviewer extraordinary, is to join the Liberator staff, and a book review section is promised as a regular feature hereafter.

The Liberator will run a summer outing and dance on Saturday, July 22d, at Midland Park, Staten Island. There are to be many marvelous, unprecedented, grandiose and gargantuan features. The Clef Club orchestra of musicians and singers will be present to play for the dancers in the huge dancing pavilion. There is to be a vaudeville entertainment a la Chauve Souris. There is to be a baseball game between the writers and artists of the Liberator and The Worker. At midnight there will be a beauty contest, with prizes for the most original costumes, and the crowning of the Queen of the Festivities. You must come to this jolly out-door festival, because it means a fine summer relaxation for tired radicals and city slaves, and because it is only by means of successful affairs of this kind that the Liberator is managing to keep afloat.

We take extreme pleasure in chronicling the further movements of our distinguished European correspondent. Max Eastman has shaken the dust of Genoa from his sandals, and is on the way to Russia. Liberator readers can look forward to some interesting reports on the state of things in the worker's republic. Now more than ever does the western radical need a first-hand interpretation of the situation in Russia, and Max Eastman is undoubtedly the finest-equipped reporter and travelling philosopher America could have sent there. Renew your subscription if you don't want to miss these articles.

Claude McKay is resigning as an executive editor of the Liberator to be free to write poetry and to see more of the world than is permitted to an office worker on a magazine. He will continue as one of our contributing editors, of course, and his work will have the same high place in the pages of the Liberator as heretofore.

Vanity, Vanity

Some people live by vanity.

One Sunday morning, a bunch of us "beachcombers" sat about on a bench in the Plaza, in the shade of the orange trees. Up came an old-timer, just one of the old beer-bums you meet everywhere in the tropics, and sat down beside me. He was lonely, and wanted company.

He was a jolly old wurst, and cracked all sorts of smutty jokes, cackling and chortling at each one of them as if they were the newest in the world. I had a sort of tropical grouch on, and looked sourly at the old body-snatcher, with his pink, bald head, and his dirty shrivelled flesh, and his little old eyes winking away like a weasel's. I wondered what the hell he had to be happy about, when he had one foot in the grave, and the other in a garbage heap.

On the level, there were about six healthy young fellows sitting on that bench, and the old hyena was the jolliest of

us all. It got on a man's nerves.

The old boy had about finished all his yarns, and there was a little lull, during which he noticed that I was staring at him with discontent in my eyes.

"Cheer up, cheer up, my boy," he called out to me. "Say," he said, "I'll bet you've seen a lot of things in your lifetime, but I'll bet there's one thing you haven't seen."

"What's that?" I muttered gloomily.

"That's a man who can make his chin and his nose meet," he said, with a proud challenge in his voice.

"How's that?" I said again.

He repeated slowly: "A man who can make his chin and his nose touch."

"No, I've never seen such a guy," I admitted.

All the fellows were listening now, and the old-timer gave them a sort of haughty look, as if to say, "Watch a master now." He turned his face from us, we saw his ears wiggle about, he put his hand up to his face as if to adjust something, and then he turned around.

It was horrible. He had done it. He had no teeth or gums to speak of, and he had wiggled his face around until his long loose nose was actually resting on his chin, and all one saw was a big ball of old gray flesh from his chin-bone to his forehead. It was a gruesome sight, but the old man's little eyes were gleaming with pride. He couldn't talk then, of course, but he twisted his neck around, disentangled his features again, and broke into a triumphant cackling.

"Well, did any of you ever see anything like that before?" he said over and over again, sniffing with joy. He was prouder of that poor stunt than Shelley would have been over a poem, or Newton over the discovery that taught us why apples fall to the ground. He was filled with more spiritual pride and vanity than Jesus Christ with His mission, or Tamburlaine in the midst of his kingdoms.

That's how some people live—they feed their days on some such miserable vanity. I wish I had one.

CHARLES OORUM.

Antiquity

AN old Egyptian hieroglyph
Is carved upon this granite cliff:
Perhaps it tells what the dumb Sphinx
(Century silent) broods and thinks;
Or is a prayer to Father Nilus
Carved with some suppliant's iron stylus;
Or just some private, unofficial,
Little Egyptian's own initial—
A neat, suave, B. C. joke on us
Unworthy this poetic fuss!

E. Merrill Root.

To a Warrior

YOU saw the slow finger of Time writing your name in
gold within the heart of the hours.
Great poets were priests to minister
The giant burning taper of your fame,
With perfumed wax of their ecstatic melodies—
From the great yellow flame, the sparks of light
Shone like a thousand suns encircling the universe of your
glory.
And to-day, I also sing to you,
Great murderer!

Pascal D'Angelo.

George Grosz, Artist-Communist

By Hi Simons

IT was Camille Desmoulins, journalist, poet, who mounted the table in the tennis court, in Paris in 1789, and hailed the people to arm for the revolution. Do you remember Hugo's description of the revolution of 1830, in "Les Misérables"? Again, poets, artists, were in the pitch of the barricade-conflict. In all the rebellions throughout Europe, from 1830 to 1850, almost as many artists were leaders as politicians. The colossal body of literary art of Russia grew, in the main, from the revolutionary impulse and necessity. Europe is accustomed to the tradition of revolutionary art, the idea of the essential solidarity of the artist demanding, needing freedom, and the worker, needing it as intensely, demanding it more forcefully because more unremittingly. . . . America? Yes. Walt Whitman, certainly. Old Horace Traubel, somewhat. Voltarine de Cleyre. Jack London. Joe Hill. Upton Sinclair. Charles Erskine Scott Wood, others, a few, on the Pacific Coast. Maurice Becker, Charles Peter Larson, Roderick Seidenberg, down in the "D. B."—military prison—during the war. Surely, Ralph Chaplin down at Leavenworth now. Yes, a few. But, aside from that incomparable crew that has been identified, long years, with *The Masses* and *The Liberator*—John Reed, Bob Minor, Max Eastman, Boardman Robinson, Arturo Giovannitti, Art Young and the others—(splendid figures, these; artists, revolutionaries, both!)—how insignificantly has the revolutionary movement in America been lighted, enfeebled by art, how feebly has the art-impulse been invigorated by genuine revolutionary direction and intent!

But in contemporary Europe this tradition has not grown senile. Kandinsky, author of "The Art of Spiritual Harmony,"—who before the war was in Munich carrying painting to its extreme abstraction as a musical conveyance of pure emotion, is in Russia now, Commissar of Industrial Art Education. Hans Sachs, organizer, instructor of the Munich Expressionist Workshops, was one of the signers of the decrees of the Munich soviet in 1918. Almost as many artists as workmen were leaders in the Bavarian Soviet Republic. And before, during and since the war George Grosz, painter, lithographer, cartoonist, poet, editor, vaudeville monologist, dancer, singer, agitator, has been jabbing the hide of the monarchistic, militaristic White with a pen of art inked with an acid satire that has stung and soaked in and festered. Grosz, Expressionist painter, Dada sketcher and poet, is recognized in Germany, Russia and France as a conspicuous example of the artist-revolutionist. His attitude and his work are a challenge to bourgeois artists everywhere who, with the obsequious genuflections of the sycophant, seek the patronage of the middle class.

His career I sketched in *Mustarbook I*, the first publication in America of Grosz' work, as follows:

"He is a Dresdener, thirty-four years old. A decade ago he was a 'headline-single' in the metropolitan music-halls of Germany; his 'act' included singing, eccentric dancing, instrumental music and satirical monologue. Then he appeared in the humorous and artistic-literary magazines of Berlin and Munich as a poet and caricaturist, venting a shrill sarcastic laughter upon the foibles of American tourists, the filth of brothels and cafes and the hypocritical roguery of

German burghers and bureaucrats. Here he was a distinctive original, an irritatingly unclassifiable modern; his poetry was the forerunner of what has turned out to be 'dada' . . .

"During the war he never ceased his attacks, sometimes indirect and subtle, again frankly full of odium, upon the imperial autocracy and the docile acceptance of it by the German middle class. His drawings, lithographs and water-colors were reproduced by . . . various radical and artistic periodicals. In Munich, in 1917, he established the monthly *Neue Jugend* and was its editor until, on publication of a lithograph representing the person of the crown as corrupt, an imperial warrant for his arrest was issued and he was forced into hiding as a political refugee. Again, in the same year, he was similarly noticed by the Government. The occasion was the exhibition that first revealed him as a painter in oils. . . . Early in 1918 a collection of his lithographs dealing with the same subjects was reproduced in a portfolio entitled *Gott Mit Uns*. The edition was sold almost over-night; a second issue was confiscated by the military; and again the artist disappeared underground. Since the revolution two other Grosz-Mappen have been published."

Recently he has illustrated numerous radical books, among which are Wieland Herzfeld's *Tragigrotesken Der Nacht*, Was Peterchens Freunde Erzählen and Klabund's new translation of "Tartarian of Tarascon," to which his subtly infantile style of caricature is inevitably adapted. Drawings for these books and for the recent publications, *Der Gegner* and *Der Deutschen Montagszeitung* have been collected into a book, *Das Gesicht Der Herrschenden Klasse* (The Face of the Ruling Class), from which reproductions in *The Liberator* have been used.

That is Grosz' record. His ideas cannot be conveyed better than in his own words. A brochure in the famous series *Junge Kunst* was devoted to his art. It opened with a critical article by Willi Wolfradt. This was intended to be followed by a sketch of the artist's life. The publisher asked Grosz to write it. He responded with an essay entitled "Statt Einer Biographie" (Instead of a Biography). From this writing, translated by Roger P. Heller, I take the following:

"The art of to-day is dependent upon the bourgeois class and dies with it! The painter, perhaps even without wanting to be, is a banknote-factory and a stock-certificate machine, of which the rich profiteer and aesthetic dilettante make use . . . so as to stand out in their own esteem and in that of the community as advancers of culture—which is just about accordingly advanced. To many also Art is a kind of flight out of this 'plebian' world into a lovelier star-realm, a moon-land of fantasy, a cleaner paradise, free from party-wars and class-struggles. The individuality- and personality-cult, which is carried on by painters and poets . . . is an intimate business concern of the art-market. The more 'genius'-like the personality the greater the profit.

"How does the artist nowadays climb high into bourgeois society? Through swindle, chicanery, fakery! For the most part, beginning in a proletarian existence, housed in a dirty studio, straining with unaccountable and wonder-worthy

adaptability to environment toward 'the top,' he eventually finds an 'angel' who 'makes' him, that is, smoothes his way onto the capital-market. Perchance there crosses his path a pimp who gives him a hundred marks a month and steals his whole production in return. . . . Behind the scenes a cynical business-drive . . . toward the outside world, priestly gestures of culture-furtherance. That's what the system requires—and business flourishes.

"The artists themselves, inflated or spoiled, attributing their favored positions to their indispensability to life, are, for the most part, stupefied and caught in the drag-net of this great reactionary spiritual deception. They regard themselves as 'creators,' towering high above the ordinary outsider, the average man-in-the-street. . . . But their 'creations' . . . are empty of thought, opposed to the world of facts and estranged from the struggle for existence. . . . 'Actuality—ach! that is so hateful! its din and racket disturb the delicate organisms of our harmonic souls!' . . .

"How do you get that way? . . . Do you ever work at all for the proletariat, which will be the bearer of the coming culture? Do you ever bother yourselves to fathom and to live in the world-of-ideas of the proletarian, and to set yourselves against the profiteers and oppressors? Which, after all, is still always possible for you! Do you not ask yourselves whether it is not at last about time to quit your mother-of-pearl decorations? You isolate yourselves, to be independent of time and space, and to stand above all parties, ye keepers of the 'ivory tower' within yourselves. You isolate yourselves to labor for the welfare of man. Where is this man? What is your creator-like indifference and your abstract drivel about timelessness, other than a laughable, worthless speculation upon eternity? Your brushes and pens, which should be weapons, are mere empty straw-stalks. Get out of your cubicles, even if it seems to you a hard job; lift the veil of your private seclusion; let yourselves grow into the ideas of the working people; help them in the battle against the rotted-out social order."

After the passionately earnest revolutionary Grosz has



William Gropper

Congressmen

spoken thus, the suavely cynic Grosz of-droll and damning sarcasm adjusts his monocle and concludes:

"This I write in place of the adored, the eternally desired biographical notice. This is to me more essential—to give observed facts and generally applicable demands out of the experiences of my career than to count up all the stupid external happenings of my lifetime, such as birthday, family traditions, scholastic pursuits, first pair of pants, the artist's earthly pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave, surging-impulse and transport of labor, initial success and so on and more of it.

"The tooting of horns about the individual Ego is altogether irrelevant."

As, indeed, it always has been to the artist who stands where he belongs, struggling for freedom, a part of the Revolution.

A Letter From Boardman Robinson

DEAR MIKE:

"Should an artist be a propagandist?" I don't think there is any "should" about it. Everybody is a partisan and to some extent a propagandist of what he likes. If he likes what he thinks to be the truth then he is very apt to be a propagandist of it.

If an artist is moved by the iniquities of this, our Christian Civilization to the point of making pictures about it; then, he's a cartoonist. Perhaps, a revolutionary cartoonist. If, however, he is thrilled by the dew-enamelled morn; or enraptured by the vision of sun-glorified bodies of men and women against the sapphire sea; then, he devotes himself to those matters.

The cartoonist who seems to be dominated by his hatreds, is only pointing out the things that are inimical to his loves.

Art, as you and I are fond of saying, is about life; and that may include still-life. Art certainly can't exist until somebody gets interested in something. It doesn't make much difference what. As to this propaganda business—the artist is not merely the adorer. He is also the critic. The very conditions of his craft make him criticize whatever he looks upon. That is: he selects, re-arranges. So, when his social sense is stronger than his purely visual faculty, he not improbably becomes a cartoonist, if he can get a job.

For my part, I find it difficult to understand the man calling himself an artist who is satisfied with things as they are. The beauty and wonder (old, old words) of the external world forever compel and attract; but I find it impossible to be content with contemplating it in the midst of so much poverty and so many lies. I should like to see human life in more appropriate relation to its surroundings, so richly furnished by nature. Consequently, I make cartoons ridiculing the famous twins, Folly and Oppression. However, it's quite possible for an artist to devote his life to painting landscapes and still-life, or decorating china, and yet entertain a violent dislike for our political and social system.

But this is an incomparable June morning. I am profoundly enjoying my convalescence in lone possession of my back porch (what if it is mortgaged?) and of the lovely green and gold world that lies before me. I find it difficult to think of things I detest, and infinitely easy to think of the things I love. Consequently, this morning I am a landscape painter: in spirit, anyhow.

Yours,

BOARDMAN ROBINSON.

Onward, Christian Soldiers

By Lewis Gannett

WHEN a man with one-eighth Negro blood in his veins commits a crime it is all because of that one-eighth taint. And when a man who is half, or even three-quarters black, achieves distinction as a poet, a musician, a painter, or a mathematician, it is all because of that glorious strain of free white blood coursing through his veins. So they say, at any rate. And now that a pure-blooded Negro, competing with the best contemporary talent of France, has won the Prix Goncourt, it is—well, it must be because he had a white education. René Maran, author of "Batouala,"* is a pure-blooded, thick-lipped, flat-nosed Negro, born in the French West Indies, and now—or at last accounts—occupying a civil service post near the Ubangi River in French Equatorial Africa, in the very heart of black Africa. That "at last accounts" is necessary, because when his white superiors read his book they may find that he is inefficient, or unable to stand the climate, or otherwise unfit for the task of civilizing Africa.

For René Maran fails to appreciate the splendor of white civilization. He tells in his preface of a village reduced, by seven years of civilization, from 10,000 souls to 1,080; and in another region, of whose wealth colonial reports rant, he tells of seeing men paw over the droppings of French horses to extract and eat bits of undigested grain. "Civilization, civilization," he cries, "pride of the Europeans, their massacre of the innocents, you build your realm on corpses. Whatever you do and whatever you try to do you kill yourself with lies. Where you appear tears start and misery cries out. You are the might that makes right. You are not a torch but a conflagration. Whatever you touch you consume." The Ubangi-Shari, the setting of "Batouala," he says, "was thickly populated, very rich in rubber, and full of goats and chickens. Seven years have ruined it. The villages have disbanded, the plantations have disappeared, the goats and chickens are destroyed. The natives, worn out by incessant, excessive, and unpaid toil, have not been left time enough to sow their crops. Sickness has installed itself among them and famine invaded their country—they, who were a strong, warlike race, tireless and sturdy, whom neither the raids of the Senussi nor internal squabbles had destroyed."

It was not for his preface that Maran won the Goncourt Prize. It was for what he calls a series of "water-colors." "Batouala" is a series of pictures—of an African chief's awakening in the morning; of the squabbles of his wives and the intrigue of Bissibingui, a handsome young buck, with Batouala's favorite yassi; of the annual feast of the g'anza when the young men of the tribe are circumcised and the young women robbed of their maidenhood, and when finally the entire tribe, aided by alcohol, dance themselves into a wild, promiscuous orgy; of the annual brush-fires and hunt in which Batouala tries to kill his rival and is himself killed by a tiger's swipe, while Bissibingui steals away with the yassi. You feel the calm menace of the African forest; Maran carries you into the simple, direct minds of his Afri-

cans. There are critics who say that the terrible scenes of the g'anza with the beat of the tom-toms and the stamp of black feet and the frank symbolism and franker action counteract his foreword and prove the need of white "civilization" to do away with such bestialities. Let them, if they will, meditate on the state of mind that produces their own horror; then let them meditate on the sex-symbolism of the Catholic Church, and think upon the incredible vulgarity of the Protestant marriage service; or let them compare the dead monotony of a French army corps, or of a factory, or a 14-hour-day on a rubber plantation—civilization's substitute—with Batouala's Africa.

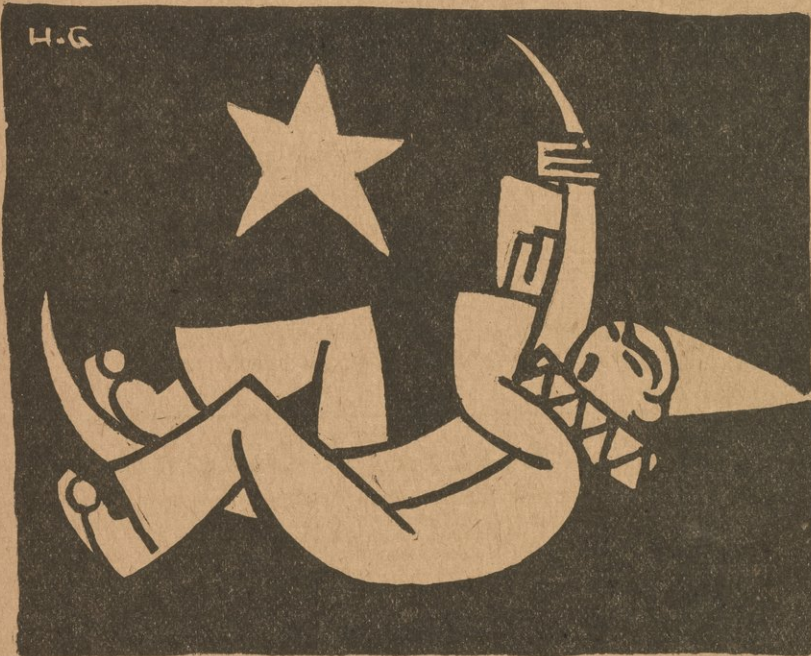
They are simple enough, Maran's water-colors. Batouala wakes at dawn in the African forest, and lies half-awake. Get up. Why get up? Getting up and working are all one, at least for the whites. But that work disturbs him, he, the strong one, whose deeds in love and in war are the prodigious legends of the country. But work, in the language of the whites, has a horrible meaning. Fatigue without any visible result. Oh, these whites. They would do better to go home. Why do they want so much money? Why not just till their own soil? Life is short; work is for those who do not understand life. Idleness does not degrade a man; it is very different from laziness. To do nothing is simply to profit by one's environment. To live from day to day, forgetting yesterday and not worrying about to-morrow—that is perfect. He scratched his eyes with the back of his hand, blew his nose with his fingers, and stood up, scratching. He scratched under his arms, scratched his hips, his head, his buttocks, his arms. Scratching is good exercise. It stirs the blood. Look around you; all animals scratch on awaking. It is a good and natural example. He is ill waked who does not scratch. But if scratching is good, yawning is better still. . . .

The process of awakening, black or white, has never been better painted.

He noticed his favorite wife sleeping, and performed his daily function as a male; he smoked; he ate a bite. Finally he sat down and examined the toes of his left foot. He was hunting ticks. A poor "nigger" does well to hunt ticks. If he does not, the beasts will lay an incredible number of eggs in all parts of his anatomy. It is different with the whites. If one tick attacks them, they, being soft, notice it forthwith and hardly resume consciousness until a boy has killed it for them. Oh, these whites are softer than the Negroes. They need porters to carry their goods. They curse at a mosquito bite. The buzzing of flies irritates them. They are afraid of scorpions, and look doubtfully at mason-wasps. Anything upsets them. Should a man worthy of the name be disturbed by the things that live about him? These whites, these whites. Their feet are an infection—else why do they hide them in black and yellow skins? They guard their eyes with blue and yellow glasses, and cover up their heads with baskets. . . . They call us liars; but our lies deceive no one. Sometimes we deck out the truth because it is not good enough, just as cassava without salt lacks savor. But they lie for no reason at all, as deliberately and regularly as they breathe. That is where they excel us. They say they make

* "Batouala." Paris: Albin Michel, pp. 189, price 3.75 francs.

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Reflections such as these are interrupted on another occasion by Batouala's father: "All you say is true. But there is nothing to do. Resign yourselves. When the lion bellows the antelope dares not cry. You are not the strongest. Be still. I am old; my tongue has dried up while you were arguing. Let us shout less and drink more. Besides the bed and the chaise-lounge liquor is the only important invention of the whites. I am short-sighted; but I thought I saw some bottles of absinthe. Do you intend opening them, Batouala?"

The story of the feast of the g'anza can be told but not printed in English. It is a pity; for it is vivid and has the ring of truth. It must be left to the archaeologists.

"Batouala" is a beautiful book, not with the heavy exoticism of a Pierre Loti, or the unreal romance of a Benoit. It is honest-to-God Africa. But also it is Africa told by a man of African blood, capable of feeling as white men who go to Africa seem incapable of feeling.

Batouala was dying. Once more in his delirium he thought of the whites and what they had taught him. "There are neither whites nor blacks—just men, and all men are brothers. Thou shalt not steal, nor kill thy neighbor." And they force the Negroes to share in their own savagery and to kill and die for them in their quarrels in far-away countries. If one protests, they knot a rope about his neck, beat him, throw him into prison. "March, dirty nigger; march, and be damned to you."

The very spirit of Christian civilization in Africa. There is no stopping it. It has both liquor and machine-guns. Onward, Christian soldiers. No stopping it—unless more Marans, black, thick-lipped, flat-nosed, understand it and mirror it as Maran has done, but with this difference: Maran wrote for the white men of France; and among the burning words of his foreword is a futile appeal to their consciences. Future Marans must write for black men.

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Of THE LIBERATOR, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1922, State of New York County of New York.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Irwin Fralkin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the General Manager of the LIBERATOR PUBLISHING CO., INC., PUBLISHERS OF THE LIBERATOR, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Liberator Publishing Co., Inc., 138 West 13th St., New York City. Editors: Floyd Dell, Max Eastman, Hugo Gellert, Arturo Giovannitti, Michael Gold, William Gropper, Claude McKay, Robert Minor, Boardman Robinson. Address all at 138 West 13th Street, New York City. Managing Editor: None. Business Managers: None.
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