

# LIBERATOR

AUGUST  
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20¢

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By John Dos Passos

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Floyd Dell writes on Anatole France — Joseph Freeman on D. H. Lawrence — Stanley Boone on The Poetry of Ezra Pound and Ralph Chaplin — The Hero, a short story, by Mary Heaton Vorse — Birthright, by Claude McKay.



### TO MY LITTLE SON

I cannot lose the thought of you  
It haunts me like a little song,  
It blends with all I see or do  
Each day, the whole day long.

The train, the lights, the engine's throb,  
And that one stinging memory:  
Your brave smile broken with a sob,  
Your face pressed close to me.

Lips trembling far too much to speak;  
The arms that would not come undone;  
The kiss so salty on your cheek;  
The long, long trip begun.

I could not miss you more it seemed,  
But now I don't know what to say.  
It's harder than I ever dreamed  
With you so far away.

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a book of prison poems

written by

## RALPH CHAPLIN

*an artist, writer and member of the I. W. W., who was convicted under the Espionage Act and is now serving a twenty-year sentence in the Federal penitentiary*

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**Scott Nearing**

Ralph Chaplin has spent five consecutive Christmases in jail because the opinions which he held and expressed were distasteful to the authorities. Mrs. Chaplin, in whose name the book is copyrighted, is working from day to day for the support of herself and her little son. Every cent made on this book above the actual cost of manufacture and distribution goes to her.

If you will read the poems printed herewith, I think that you will want to own this book for its own sake, and to pass it on to your friends and neighbors, in order that they may realize just what kind of men we are holding in prison for their opinions. But more than that—you will want to do your part toward assisting the family of a man who is serving a jail term in the name of all our liberties.

Instead of ordering a single copy of the book, take five or ten copies, and re-sell them or distribute them among your friends. If you will sit down and write your check for a dollar, I will see that you get a copy of the book; for five dollars, and I will see that you get six copies of the book; or for ten dollars, and I will see that you get fifteen copies. (Make all checks payable to Edith Chaplin.)

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### MOURN NOT THE DEAD

Mourn not the dead that in the cool earth lie—  
Dust unto dust—  
The calm, sweet earth that mothers all who die  
As all men must;

Mourn not your captive comrades who must dwell—  
Too strong to strive—  
Within each steel-bound coffin of a cell,  
Buried alive;

But rather mourn the apathetic throng—  
And dare not speak!  
Who see the world's great anguish and its wrong  
The cowed and the meek—

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Tchicherin says; "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."

—From message by George Tchicherin in July Liberator.

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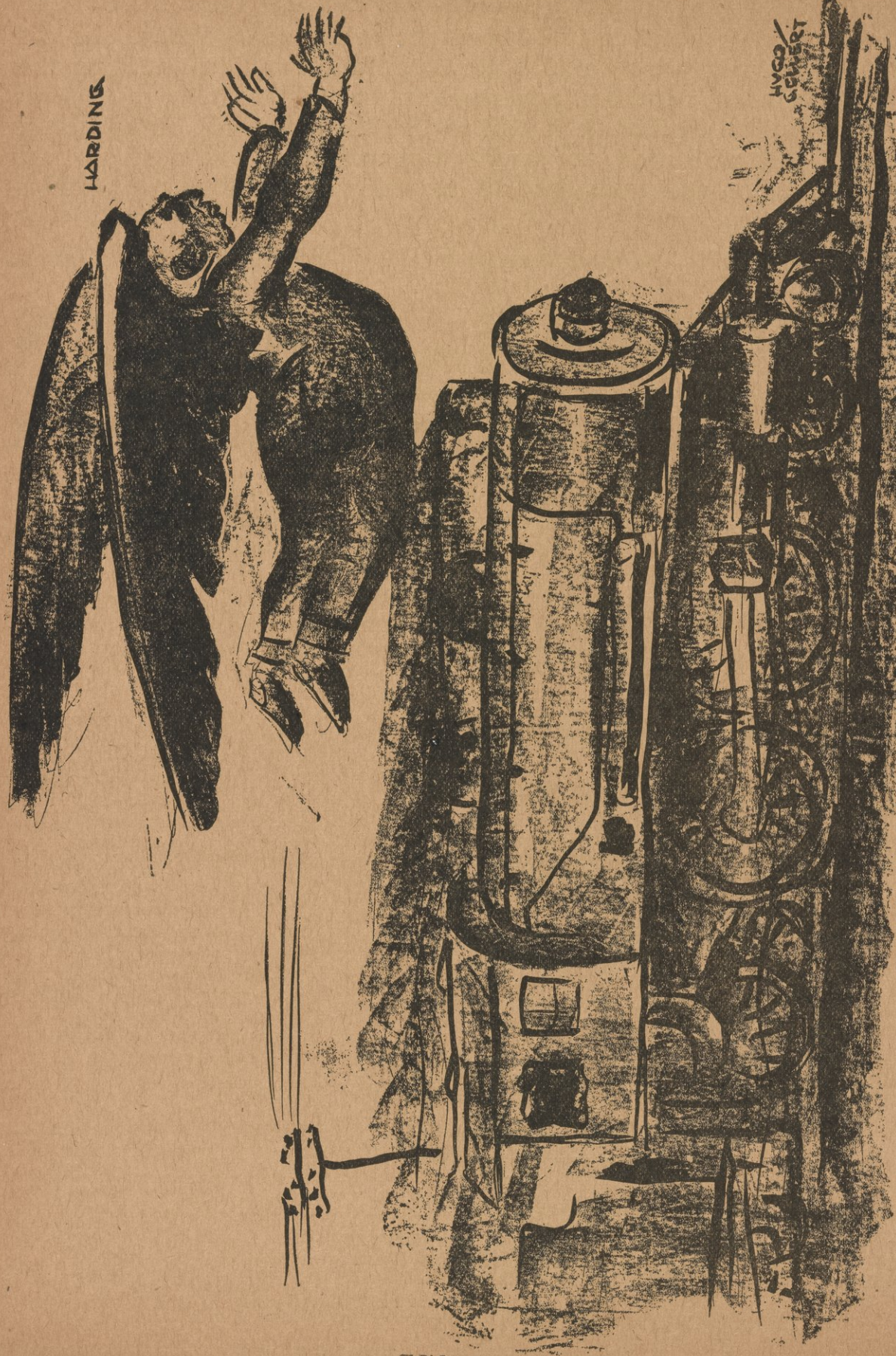
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The Angel of the Lords

Hugo Gellert.

# THE LIBERATOR

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August, 1922

## The Caucasus Under the Soviets

By John Dos Passos

FIRST, anyone who reads this article must be warned against believing it. Not that it is an intentional falsification of "facts," but on account of the enormous difficulty of getting any sense out of the teeming sprouting suffering muddle of a new sort of life. One is sure enough of facts when they are dead and stuffed and neatly set in rows in a textbook of history, but when they are scuttling about your feet like lizards, it's a very different matter; each time you grab at one you are more likely to find its dead tail in your fingers than its live and wriggling body. If you add to this that I know neither Russian, nor Georgian, nor Tatar, nor Turkish, nor any of the minor dialects that swarm in the Caucasus, and that I spent only about three weeks in the countries altogether. . . . Well, what sort of impression of New York would a Chinaman have who could neither talk to people in their own language nor read the signs if he went through on Election Day?

The Italian captain had insisted the night before we reached Batum that the soldiers of the Red Army had helmets with little red horns on them, *como il diablo*. So as the steamer slewed into the harbor, vivid green in the dawn after the purplish blue of the Black Sea, there was a great deal of snatching back and forth of the glasses among the few passengers, each one wanting to be the first to spy a Bolshevik. They were mostly merchants with small batches of goods to peddle, and looked forward to landing with the same rather inquisitive apprehension with which people look forward to taking ether for an operation. Meanwhile the quarantine launch had come alongside unobserved, and some mild-looking people in visored caps and white tunics were discovered having a drink in the smoking room. The captain, when asked to produce the horns, twirled his enormous white moustache in a very terrible manner, and whispered, "Wait till you see the Red Guard."

The wharf, to be sure, was dilapidated. There were holes where the planks had disappeared, and the piles tilted in every direction. Seaward of it was the wreck of an oil tanker, from which men and boys were diving into the water. On the wharf lounged a quantity of ragged youths, many of them barefoot, with long, bayoneted rifles in their hands. A skinny, light-haired boy of about eighteen, remarkable by a pair of big black boots, was striding up and down in front of them shouting orders. When the gangplank was let down a whole crowd of youngsters in tunics with pistols bouncing in holsters at their hips came on board. Referring to them, a

Swede, who had come down to sell soap, said in a disgusted voice in his purest Stockholm French: "There are only boys running this country. *Ce n'est pas seriois. Ce n'est pas seriois.*"

Batum is the capital of the new republic of Adjara. The Russians discovered that the inhabitants of that region, who are a tribe known as the Adjars, Moslem Georgians allied to the Lazzes, those fine piratical-looking people in flappy black turbans one finds as sailors and fishermen all over the Black Sea, were hankering after the rule of their brothers in religion, the Turks, and decided to keep them busy by giving them a government all their own. At least so I was told, as Herodotus used to say. In actual fact all the men whom I met among the commissars of Batum were Russians. The town is very war-seedy, full of ragged people without work, come from no one knows where, but there are a couple of ships unloading in the harbor; the electric light plant is working; there are many theatres and cinemas open, and the huge pebbly bathing beach is always crowded, so that I imagine that life there is no more stagnant than in Trebizonde or Samsoun or any other of the Black Sea ports that have been drained of their trade by the war and by the results of the chaos-creating Allied policy in the Near East.

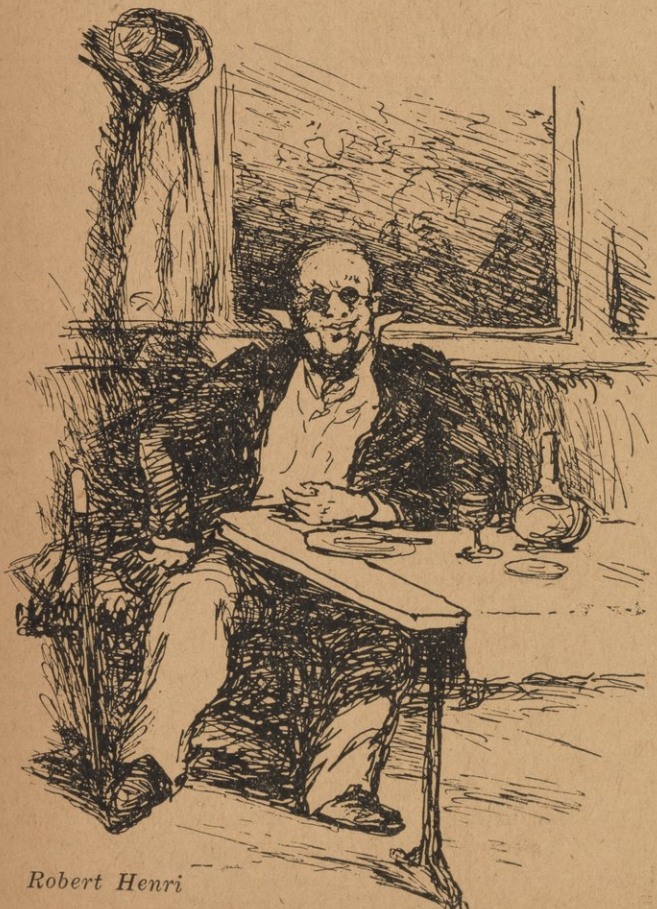
As everywhere in Soviet Russia, great effort is being put into education. There were night schools for adults already started—the Bolsheviks had been in control about three months—and the secretary of the committee for education told me that they hoped in another month to open, besides the Russian polytechnic, day-schools for primary education where the children would be instructed in their own languages. This in a city where the population is about evenly divided among Georgians, Armenians, Jews and Russians, and where as far as I could discover there had been no school before at all accessible to the common people. Moreover, there were theatrical companies playing in Russian, Georgian, Armenian, Tatar and Yiddish. The night I left, Mordkin, who, I had been told in Constantinople, had been shot as a spy by the Georgians, was to dance with the corps de ballet he has created at the Opera in Tiflis. In addition to this there was the *agi-theatre*, a sort of acted chronicle of current events, and a number of moving picture shows.

There is an express train daily from Batum to Tiflis. It consists of a sleeper for civil employees, one for army officers, and one for the public, as well as a few box cars for local traffic. When the Russians first seized Georgia they set the fare from Tiflis to Batum at 250 rubles, worth about a quar-

ter of a cent, with the result that the trains were so crowded with joy-riders that people traveling on business could never find room; so the fare has now been raised to 180,000 rubles. Even at that price there are many more passengers than places, and people going for short distances seem mostly to travel on the roof. As a last vestige of old Russian luxury, hot tea is brought round frequently during the night; people sip it in their overcrowded coupés and talk about Pushkin and the future of Russia much as they did before the Revolution.

Tiflis has still its funicular and its silver belts and sulphur baths, and there are still restaurants where people cry Alavardi! and drink bottoms up, but the swagger of it has departed. On the Golovinski Prospect, where they say the Georgian nobles used to swank in their long coats, ribbed in front with rows of cartridge boxes, and their collars and round hats of astrakhan, and their curved swords of silver incrustated with jewels, one sees nothing but beardless youths in the inevitable white tunics of Soviet Russia, belted in at the waist. At the Grusinski Club, home of never-ending Alavardis under the old régime, were the same boys, soldiers and officers of the Red Army mostly, and a good many women poorly dressed, but rarely lacking a certain brilliance of walk and gesture, commissars and stenographers, and the wives and mistresses of army officers: a subdued, quietly jolly crowd, not too well fed, that listens attentively to the orchestra and gives a curiously respectful silence to the actors in the little open air theatre where there are plays every night in Russian or Georgian.

Wandering about Tiflis, one gradually begins to feel a curi-



Robert Henri

### Dining Alone

ous lack in the population. There are no old people, no gray-bearded people, no fat, petulant-looking rentiers. Every where youth, slimmness, a look of hope and inexperience. You can walk the length of the main street at the most crowded time without seeing a man or woman over thirty-five, I was almost writing twenty-five. I used to wonder whether the old people had all died or been shot by the Tcheka or whether they had withered away before the raw hard violence of this new mode of life.

And their lot is pretty wretched, that of the old people. They are most of them entirely unreconciled to the new régime, and drag out an existence, selling bit by bit everything they possess, today a rug, tomorrow a silver cup, the next day some china, sitting behind drawn curtains in their stripped drawing rooms, brooding on the improbable day when their wrongs will be avenged and the topsy-turvy world set right. Not even the failure of Denikine and Wrangel and the rest of the Allies' puppets can make them understand that not all the king's horses or all the king's men can put Humpty Dumpty together again.

At the Near East Relief, while I was staying there, we were pestered continually by strings of people coming to sell things, watches, swords, jewelry, cameras, state documents, old coins; everything upon which it was possibly conceivable that an American would set a money value turned up in the course of a day. And it is not only among the ex-rich that this daily selling out goes on; the poor sell what they have, too; for the government rations are slim, and no one in the Caucasus, from the president of the Revolutionary Committee to the man who works in the match factory, is paid a living wage. The result is that with bread about 5,000 rubles a pound, everyone, except the speculators and the peasants, spends half his life in the elaboration of pitifully inadequate means of scraping together food.

The peasants, as far as I could gather, are well off. Gradually all the detritus of the country's wealth gets into their hands. There is immediate sale for anything they produce, no matter how small the quantity, at enormous profit. As the Batum train neared Tiflis crowds of peasants, each with a small sack of wheat or potatoes or corn, climbed on the roof or on the bumpers or hung in clusters from the doors. Most of those people would sell their goods, and as nothing they needed could be bought, would exchange their paper rubles for some object of gold or silver from a speculator's shop, which they would take home and hide against better times. Miles away from Tiflis in every direction there were convoys of oxcarts on the roads loaded with produce for the market, and for each of these cartloads a bit more of the stored-up riches of the city would go to the peasants. It is the revenge of the land on the cities that, too hastily built up through the nineteenth century, had sucked it dry of its energies.

In spite of the profits, scared by the danger of government requisitions, uprooted by the vague uneasiness of times of crisis, many of the peasants have given up work and wander about the railroads and flock in and out of the cities, ragged, starving, looking for they don't know what. All efforts to settle them have been in vain. It must have been something the same in Europe before the coming of the year one thousand, when everybody thought the end of the world was tomorrow, and men and women left their farms and their flocks to wander about, full of terrified anticipation of the trumpet blast that should split the earth and sky. So in Russia, and in all the vast plains of Central Asia to which



Louis Ribak

## Noon on the Hills

the Caucasus is the gate, a tremendous millennial unrest has seized hold of the people. They wander from place to place free and starving and vaguely expectant, trampling as they go the last vestiges of the complicated machine of the social order. The huge unconscious weight of this army of chaos dwarfs to absurdity all the tweedledum and tweedledee of pro-Bolshevik and anti-Bolshevik.

It is those boys in white tunics belted in at the waist with the air of wistful inexperience on their faces who are tackling the dragon. To call them the Bolsheviki has no sense, for though the government is still communist controlled, certainly not more than half of those who do the actual work of administration are communists even in the Red Army. In the government of Georgia I couldn't find any communists at all outside of the president, Nidwani. And throughout Russia there has been such a lack of men of education or ability that anyone not actually intriguing against the regime who has had the slightest smattering of either has found himself in a position of responsibility high up in the governmental hierarchy. As a result, while the communists in Moscow are still struggling ahead on the thorny path to Utopia, their government has been tending more and more towards a confused and untheoretical attempt to conserve what's left of the old civilization. My impression is that communism in Russia is a dead shell in which new broader creeds are germinating; new births stirring are making themselves felt, as always, in people's minds by paroxysms of despair. Communism and the old hierarchy of the Little Father both belong to the last generation, not to the men who have come of age in the midst of the turmoil. It is they who will recreate Russia.

It was only by staying too long in the youth-renewing fire that the heroine of "She," that famous She-who-must-be-obeyed, came to her distressing end. I suppose that Russia is in the same case. There is a limit to the number of years of famine and turmoil and destruction that any country can stand without losing all energy and vitality. The collapse of the Roman Empire did Europe in for a good many centuries.

Without this year's famine on the Volga, it's fairly certain that the modified Soviet system would have been going smoothly enough by winter to allow people's energies to be turned towards reconstruction of a liveable sort of existence. As it is, no one can tell what may happen. Russia is at what you might call the Napoleonic moment. An immense country where in the muck of paralysis unco-ordinated energies seethe and splutter like damp firecrackers. Out of it anything, good or evil, can come: a wave of conquest sweeping the whole East, in which Europe will only be an incident, or a hive of peaceful activity, the construction of a proletarian state. Theories or no theories, the Russians have too good an instrument in the Red Army to stay at home and starve. The course of events depends a great deal on the attitude of the Allies, that is of England and France, and a great deal more on that of America, the only great power which as the result of the war has not lost all prestige in Asia. The organizing of an honest relief service for the forty millions who are starving in the Volga basin, backed up by the help of individual technicians in the factories and railroads, would afford superb means of opening up Russia to the world and turning her energies towards the building up of a new civilization. What sort of co-operation the relief would get from the government, if the leaders believed the enterprise to be above suspicion of political aims, is shown by the absolutely free hand they give the Near East Relief in the Caucasus.

Of course the famine can't be blamed for everything. There are aspects of the communist governmental methods that have done a great deal to bring about, along with the blockade and the foreign invasions, the present paralysis. First the Tcheka, the Extraordinary Commission. I doubt if the Russian courts were ever much to boast of, but the present judicial system which, intentionally or not, terrorizes the population by its secret methods, is extremely bad. Summary disposal of opponents is a feature of any civil war, but when the tribunals continue on a military basis in time of peace the lack of security becomes intolerable. The investigations in our own army have proved the immense unfairness of courts-

martial. As far as I could find out, in the Caucasus, where it must be admitted the courts have been extremely moderate, the only penalty for any sort of crime was shooting, and the opportunities given the accused to prove his innocence were distinctly slim. The result is that men in administrative positions are very much afraid of taking any responsibility for fear some roving commission may disapprove and send them before the Tcheka. Inaction brings the same danger, but is less likely to be noticed, so passing the buck goes on to an unprecedented degree. The idea that the state can requisition anything it sees fit at any time brings the same insecurity to property and trade even in the Caucasus, where the community of goods has not been proclaimed. There is no visible machinery for redress, and the result is that everyone is afraid of doing anything, and that stagnation becomes a habit not easily broken.

Why, as money is entirely a question of the printing press, the government does not pay larger salaries—and everyone who gets a salary is in government employ, it is hard to guess. Perhaps from a fear of driving the unfortunate ruble further down towards the infinitesimal. Anyhow no one is paid enough to be able to make the few indispensable additions to the government rations without cutting and contriving on the side. The result is that speculation in all articles flourishes, and bribery, always common among Russian officials, is as frequent as before the Revolution, if it has not increased.

That is the reverse of the medal, perhaps a state of affairs inevitable in any social overturn, particularly at a time like the present, when the first ardor of revolutionary enthusiasm has cooled, and hope of a near millennium has pretty much evaporated, and people think mostly about saving their own skins. In spite of all that, the Communist Party has done great constructive work and has indescribably cleared the air of the old brutalizing tyranny of the Church and the Grand Dukes. And in spite of the new sort of tyranny I don't think that there is any doubt that the mass of the people have infinitely more opportunities for leading vigorous and unstagant lives than before the revolution. The extraordinary development of theatres is one thing. I don't think it's an exaggeration to say that everyone in the territories under Russian influence has a chance to see some sort of a play and to hear a concert at least once a week. In the centers more often. Then the skeleton, if nothing else, of a gigantic system of education has been set up. Like most communist innovations, it has been in the army that the educational system has worked best. If the 11th or Caucasus Army is at all typical, they have done wonders in the reduction of illiteracy, which according to the statistics of the month of June, 1921, has been cut down from 85 to 90 per cent. before the revolution to 5.7 per cent. Even allowing for considerable optimism in the figures, this is a notable achievement. It is in the army, too, that through the clubs and soldiers' councils and conventions that the real basis of a self-governing community is being laid.

At the top of the yellow hill that overhangs Tiflis, sitting in front of a glass of wine of Kakhetia. A huge wind out of the east lashes my legs with the stained tablecloth. Further down the slope four soldiers sit huddled together and look out over the city and talk. The city sprawls in huge raw squares at our feet. To the right is a ruined castle, and under it in the gorge of the Koura the old Persian and Georgian town, clus-

tering about the black and white ornamented lanterns of the Georgian churches. To the left great reaches of muddy river, bridges and railway tracks, the onion domes of an orthodox church, and the enormous layout of a Russian city. Then in every direction the heave and slope of great stratiated hills of a greenish ochre color, and in front beyond series after series of patched ranges, the whitish blue peaks of the Caucasus bar the northern horizon. And all the time the huge wind blows out of the east, driving clouds of dust across the city. In a shack on the hill top a mechanical piano is jiggling into the wind an insane jumble of trills. Towards the east, where the wind blows from, there are no mountains, only endless blue distance.

Asia, I say aloud to myself. This is Asia. Asia of cruel wind-swept immensities. Asia, where unnumbered unconscious multitudes roam over the great frost-seared, sun-seared steppes, mindless, uneasy, feeling perhaps the first stirrings of that impulse that has again and again caused the dykes to burst, and sent floods of strange-faced people to swirl over the face of the cosy town-dwelling world. To the crazy jingle of the mechanical piano the phrase throbs in my mind: the future lies with Asia. Then a new gust of wind comes, upsetting chairs and rickety tables and the waiter runs out with the ends of his tunic flapping. The soldiers have gone home and the sky seethes with copper-tinted clouds like suds in a washtub.

The future lies with Asia, and it is the Russians who have the moulding of Asia. Trace out the frontiers on a map of the world. The Europeans, British, French, Dutch still cling to the fringes, but Russia has penetrated to the heart of the continent that is the mother of races. It is those young men in tunics belted in at the waist who sit in ragged uniforms, swinging their bare legs from the doors of the interminable shabby troop trains of the Red Army, who struggle at desks with the inertia of underfeeding and corruption and despair, who listen in the evening at the different clubs to Beethoven and Borodine and to endless harangues on the proletarian state, it is those fair-haired boys of the new generation—*Ce n'est pas seriois*, said the disgruntled Swede at Batum—who have the moulding, in the east at least, of the future centuries.

TIFLIS, 1921.



Wood cut by J. J. Lanke



# Peace Reigns at Herrin

By Carl Haessler

**T**HERE will be no scabbing on union coal miners in Herrin for at least ten years to come.

No editorial in the capitalist press or in the labor press, so far as I have read them, has touched on this fundamental result of the massacre in the Williamson county mining town in southern Illinois. We call the affair a massacre, though only nineteen non-union men were killed and a score or more wounded, while three union coal miners lost their lives as well. In India when the British kill or wound 1,500 unarmed Hindus, as they did at Amritsar soon after the war for democracy, that begins to look like a massacre, though nobody seemed to care very much, but here a battle provoked by gunmen and lost by them is by common capitalist consent known as a massacre.

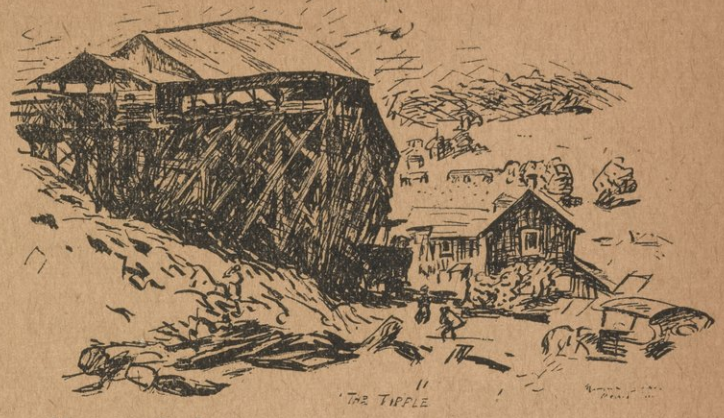
The moral issue, the question as to whom to pass the buck, will be decided again in August, when the special grand jury impaneled at Marion, near by, will report. The coroner's jury of three miners and three business men, the first official body to pass judgment, held the Southern Illinois Coal Company directly and indirectly responsible for the deaths on the testimony of a wounded scab, and named C. K. McDowell, the one-legged company superintendent who lost his life in the outbreak, as the man who had murdered George Henderson, an unarmed union miner, and so started the shooting. When McDowell's body was found it is said the word scab had been branded or painted on his wooden leg. Attorney General Brundage of Illinois has offered \$1,000 to any informer assisting the jury to stick someone with the blame.

Leaving the moral issue to the gentlemen taking an official interest in it, let us return to facts.

The outstanding fact, pleasant or unpleasant, is that there will be no scabbing for about ten years. Another fact is that a crop of children prematurely born during the excitement, like the Peoria babies born during the trouble there some decades ago (of whom Tom Tipett of the Federated Press is one), will grow up with the impress of industrial civil war stamped into their being.

As for the events leading up to the Herrin battle, the Chicago Tribune carried an account about ten days late substantially like that reported immediately by the Federated Press. Needless to say the first reports of the Tribune, sensationally displayed just when readers' minds were still plastic on the question, gave a very different impression.

Herrin is a small place devoted almost exclusively to coal mining. The principal businesses, according to the "Forward" correspondent, are in Jewish hands. The civil offices are filled by the organized votes of the union miners. The miners are of American stock, with Italians, Negroes, Hungarians, Slavs and Finns giving an international flavor to the community. The owner of the miners' jobs is William J. Lester (Damned-If-I-Will Lester), president and principal stockholder of the company which runs a strip mine near Herrin. Ordinarily coal veins are worked underground, but when the vein runs near the surface it is cheaper and quicker to strip off the soil with a steam shovel and excavate the coal and load it on cars with another steam shovel. When the coal strike began April 1 it sewed up underground mining in Illi-



Maurice Becker

## The Tipple

nois because of a state law forbidding men to mine without certificates based on several years' experience. Strip mines also abandoned operations except to uncover the veins, which was done by union men. Lester worked along under this agreement until the beginning of June, when he ordered the union men to load coal in the cars. They refused and lost their jobs. Scabs and gunmen were brought in from Chicago, and everything was set for trouble. June 16 a miner in another county wrote to a friend: "Will them hellhounds go the limit? If the law can't stop 'em, the men will." June 21 Henderson, the unarmed union man, was killed. June 22 the battle was fought.

Before fighting it over again here, a bit of Herrin gossip lifting the affair into the largest circles of corporation control will assist in estimating the importance of the scrap. Lester, this story has it, was hard up for capital at the same time that he saw a fortune in strip coal at famine prices if he could only sell it. He could not get a loan from the usual sources, but obtained it in the end, the rumor runs, from United States Steel Corporation quarters on condition that he introduce the open shop and dent a hole in the solid union line-up in the Illinois coal fields. With money in his pocket and riches in sight he could go cheerfully forward.

He knew what the consequences of his determination would be. He told Governor Small hell would break loose unless troops were sent down. When Col. Samuel N. Hunter, Illinois national guard, implored him to stop operations to avoid bloodshed, Lester replied: "I'll be damned if I will." He may have had the business advantage of bloodshed in mind. Immediately following the casualties he announced through his attorney that he would sue the miners' union and the county for over a million dollars, citing the Coronado decision of the United States supreme court.

The account of the battle as given by an eye-witness who saw it all through has a Homeric swing. Troy probably was no larger than Herrin, and the casualties on the Trojan plain seldom more serious than these on the Illinois prairie. "Until dark, firing was intermittent," he writes, "a searchlight at the mine was turned upon the attackers. A rush was made to disconnect the power lines. A rush was made over the barbed wire and breastworks which had been erected. An airplane was fired upon by machine guns from the mine. Shortly after the airplane had flown overhead a white flag was raised by the men in the mine. A truce was arranged. The flag had been up but a short time when sev-



Maurice Becker

### Miners' Homes

eral of the armed men who had hoisted it reopened fire. When it was seen that the flag of truce was being used as a ruse it was decided that no quarter would be granted. The screams of injured men in the pits could be heard above the roar of battle and a voice shouted to the men that the first man to attempt to leave the pit would be shot. At daybreak the attackers formed in column. They worked their way into the stronghold and captured those who remained alive."

There were 60 or 70 men in the mine premises. Some were killed during the fighting, some while being led away as prisoners, following heated exchanges of West Madison Street, Chicago, Billingsgate and the southern Illinois variety. Nineteen scabs and guards were killed. A union miner dying of wounds on July 13 brought the union death list up to three. There was some rough handling on both sides, but no atrocities of the Belgian propaganda sort. The coroner found a number of scabs shamming severe injuries.

The dead on both sides were buried in the same cemetery.

Wounded scabs in the Herrin hospital were remarkably communicative. Joseph O'Rourke said: "I don't blame the miners much for attacking us. We didn't know this was a scab job. We were given arms when we arrived and a machine gun was set up at one corner of the mine. Most of the guards were toughs sent by a Chicago detective agency." The agency was the Edward J. Hargrave Secret Service. Ed Green told reporters the boss told him he would be shot if he tried to quit the job. Other men gave similar details of being lured to the mine from Chicago under false pretences. The timekeeper of the company guards testified that Superintendent McDowell had killed Miner Henderson in cold blood. He also said the gunmen's chief got \$14 a day and the rest \$5 a day. McDowell had previously told the sheriff that the unusual quantities of ammunition in the company buildings were being kept "for ducks." Asked to withdraw the gunmen, he replied: "I've broke other strikes and I'll break this one." He had seen similar service in Colorado and Kansas. At Herrin he made the supreme sacrifice, as it is phrased.

Testimony before the coroner's jury by police, farmers, business men, miners, the sheriff and women unveiled a record of days of lawless behavior by company guards before the clash. They picketed public roads, compelling farmers

to detour to get to town. They yanked people out of passing autos and searched them. They slapped pedestrians and tried their way with women. A representative of the august Chicago Tribune standing on the highway got a summary invitation to take the air. The terrorizing was the first break in 20 years of peace in Williamson county.

The mine is shut down. The steam shovels are wrecked. The box car living quarters are burnt. The power plant is dynamited. The scabs are dead or gone, except two or three wounded still in Herrin hospital. Gunmen all over the county have made mental reservations regarding service in Herrin. There will be at least ten years more of peace in Williamson county.

Peace obtained in this way is as embarrassing to present society as an illegitimate child. It should have been sanctified in some way beforehand, perhaps by a Wilsonian message to congress, about "voices in the air." But here it is, like the child. The parentage may be dubious, but the child is quite a strapper, good for at least ten years. And the moralists assert that illegitimacy is a growing evil.

### Release

**I**N heedless hurry, my stumbling words  
Fly forth like blinded, breathless birds.  
Phrases please me with their stupidity.  
They conceal meaning so successfully.

Of late, my mind has been a gray-tinged blur.  
Now, little thoughts are beginning to stir.  
They are heavy and formless as stone,  
But they are my own . . . my very own . . .

My swift words scatter in careless hordes,  
In royal purple like senseless lords,  
That, smothered with gold emblem and green wreath,  
Forget the existence of man beneath.

My wealth of formed sounds is being spent.  
Thoughts are maturing; now I grow silent.

Judith Tractman.

### Seventeen

**H**ER maidenhood is a tapeworm  
Eating away at her vitals,  
Making her fingers pick and squirm,  
And her gluey eyeballs swim.

Her face is a lustreless blue-white,  
Her air recalls the questing saint,  
But it's only the pain of her sex, and the slight  
Growth of her little breasts.

Gladys Oaks.

### Burial

**L**AST rites the trees pay to the dead  
Dear year. Mute-gray they dread  
The winter's pain. Deck the black ash pall  
With one gold perfect leaf, their all.

Sylvia Stragnell.

# Two Critics of Russia

By Max Eastman

PIERRE MONATTE seems to me one of the wisest men in the revolutionary movement. He has that wisdom which is most rare in men consecrated to an ideal—a sense of the universality of change. To know, as Heracleitus knew, that “everything flows,” and that our ideas if they are to remain valid must flow also, and yet to maintain, as Plato did, in the midst of that alluring and terrible flux, a poised and directed ideal purpose, is—perhaps the highest definition of wisdom.

It is a kind of pilgrimage from where I live, in a little old quiet garden in the petit-bourgeois and Bohemian quarter surrounding the Sorbonne, over to the far corner of proletarian Paris, where Monatte lives. He has a little garden too, however, in front of his tiny ground-floor apartment, which you find by going a long way down the “Street of the Solitary.” You see him sitting there at his desk in the open window before you come in—a small man with keen, genial features, and a beautiful, peculiar, symmetrically-bulging head. You know before you have crossed the garden that you are approaching one of those magnetic centres where nature has seen fit to concentrate a great part of her small store of goodwill and intelligence. His head is large, as though to provide room for a little knowledge of everything under the sun that is alive and interesting, and a great knowledge of his own science; and his shining eyes are very small, which leaves room for all the possible number and variety of good-natured and humorous wrinkles when he smiles. A man of laughter and imagination, a man of poetry, as well as of fearless and resolute endeavor.

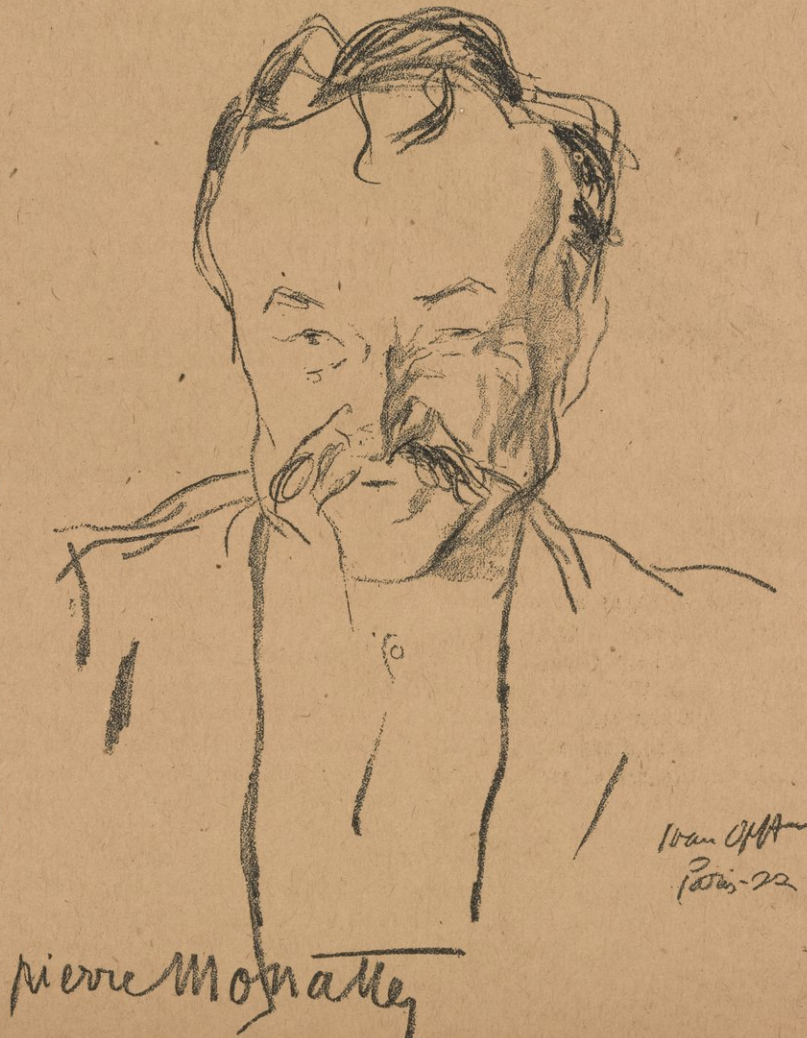
It does not appear that the rest of the world is contributing much to the very exact and assured principles of revolutionary procedure that are being laid down from Moscow. Perhaps that will not come until the revolution has won a victory in some other country. But it will be a useful thing when it comes, and it will come, I think, from men like Pierre Monatte, who

live in a country where the labor unions are a great factor of social life, and who have a true sense of identity with those unions.

The science of the revolution has passed beyond the stage of conflicting “isms.” In experimental contact with facts it has taken on their complexity. But those who come into that new and more complex science by the avenue of syndicalism bring something that is lacking in those who come by the avenue of socialism. Those who come from the western countries may bring something, too, that is lacking in the Russians—even if it is only a greater skill in the important function of doubt.

Monatte agreed with my feelings that the Russian Bolshevik leaders have a phenomenal gift of belief in their own opinions, which is an important part of the miracle of the Russian revolution. But he observed that that phenomenal positiveness does not always attach merely to basic principles, but also to passing attitudes and minor points about which they themselves may have occupied two different positions within a year. He is free enough from a prevalent attitude of religious veneration toward “Moscow” to distinguish between the political science of the Bolsheviks and their human diplomacy, and to describe the latter as “a little childish.”

Pierre Monatte is not a member of the communist party, in spite of his connection with the official paper *L'Humanité*. He earns his living on that paper by working at his trade of proofreader, and he strengthens its influence among the workers by writing signed articles in its columns, but his own place of action and leadership is, like Foster's, in America, within the unions. Two opinions which he expressed to me the other day, when I took Ivan Opfer down there to draw his portrait, will reveal his attitude toward the idea of a party. They will reveal also the freedom of his mind from dogmas—his sense of the concreteness of his judgments and their definite location in time and space.





Otto Soglow

## Under the Elevated

"I think it is quite possible," he said, "that a revolution might be conducted to a successful conclusion in some highly developed industrial country without the help of a party.

"It is true, however, that in France in 1917 the conditions of a successful revolution existed, and the only lack was a proper connection between them. The soldiers at the front were mutinous, and the workers in the metal trades were ready for a general strike. But those two facts were isolated. There was no mutual reinforcement, no mutual knowledge, no mode of communication. It is possible that a revolutionary party might have supplied the one thing lacking."

He went on to say, however, that the present French party did not become revolutionary merely by affiliating itself with the Third International, that the truly revolutionary elements are to be found scattered among various organizations, from

which the revolution will select them as its leaders when it comes.

"You cannot stake everything out in advance," he said in effect. "New events beget new ideas—time is productive. . . ." I cannot quote him verbatim, but I had the impression for a moment that I was listening to that other great-browed and celebrated Frenchman, Henri Bergson, conducting his courses on "Creative Evolution" at the College de France.

"Particularly in these Latin countries," he said, "I doubt the possibility of producing the kind of a Communist Party that the Russians are trying to produce."

Monatte's sharpest objection, and the objection of the French revolutionary labor movement in general, to the policies of Moscow, is directed against the liaison existing between the Executive Committees of the Red Trade Union

International and the International of the political parties. He considers it the function of the former to group together for action the revolutionary trade unions, whether anarchist, syndicalist, communist, or independent; and this, he says, will not be possible so long as there is an interlocking directorate with the political parties, whose function is to group together only those workers clearly and thoroughly communist.

"So long as that liaison exists, any union which joins the Red International will have to accept the name of communist."

"As a matter of temporary tactics your idea seems right," I said, "but when a revolution actually comes, what are you going to do with two organs entirely distinct and separate?"

"These are all merely instruments of preparation," he said.

"The revolution will produce its own organs, just as every general strike produces its own organs."

"The soviets," I said.

"Yes, something like that. But the revolution may take very different forms in different countries. We only know that there must be a general strike and an insurrection."

It was at this point that we began to talk about the swift changes of emphasis in the very positive opinions of the Russians. And from that we wandered into a discussion of national characteristics in general, and how deep they go, and whether indeed there really are any such things as national characteristics.

I told him that the French seemed to have the amiable qualities of children to me, and he laughed.

"I find in the Americans a force of energy that simply does not exist in Europe," he said, "I found it in the army, and I find it in your literature—Jack London, and even in a different way in Upton Sinclair. It seems primitive and often it seems brutal. In the army those American soldiers did things that made us Frenchmen simply freeze in our tracks with amazement. They fought with a courage that was mad. They cared nothing for life, and they cared nothing for the dead.

"I will tell you a little anecdote in illustration. At one time we had no opportunity for several days to bury a lot of corpses of Germans that lay exposed near our trenches. We covered them over with old boards and pieces of cloth and whatever we could get hold of to hide them from our sight. We turned our interests as much as we could in the other direction. French soldiers went by continually and always with the same attitude that we had. But once a company of American soldiers came along, and they thronged over there—not merely one, but sixteen of them—yanked those decaying bodies out and about as though they were bundles of merchandise, pulling off what articles they wanted for souvenirs or equipment, strolling on as though it were the most ordinary traffic in the world. We French couldn't imagine ourselves doing a thing like that."

I guess it is true. As I have said before, the Americans are not a race, they are a variety produced by breeding from a particular type—the type who "leave home." They have energy and they have brutality, and they have the virtues that bloom from the heroic rather than the sympathetic side of human nature.

I questioned whether Upton Sinclair could really be brought under that general appraisal of the type American. But Monatte said "Yes."

"In Jimmie Higgins, for instance, he plunges through all sorts of experiences with a relish that bespeaks a fresh and

primitive energy which we lack altogether. It is so with Mark Twain. It is so with all your writers so far as I know them in translation. I felt the same thing in our friend Foster, when he was over here years ago. He came in one day to see me, knowing hardly a word of our language, and yet knowing enough to tell us all the trades he was going to work in, and all the things he was going to do that were impossible, without knowing it. His energy and ambition seemed to be monumental—incapable of recognizing obstacles. And moreover he did all those things he had planned, and came back after six months talking our language fluently."

I felt very un-American as I rose to go away after this eulogium. I could not even remember for the moment that our friend Foster is Irish. And Monatte added to my feeling of expatriation before I got out of the garden by remarking in a fatherly and very gently censuring spirit, "You haven't improved very much in your French since the last time.



William Gropper

"Oscar! Look vot a fat babee she is, ain't he?!!"

You haven't been talking, and you haven't been reading, and you haven't been writing—what have you been doing?"

I lacked the mad courage to say "Nothing," and so I know that I haven't the least glimmer of Americanism in me.

#### A Member of the Opposition.

"Is there any opposition in the working-class to the Soviet Government?" That is one question my friends drummed into my ears when they heard that I might go to Russia. Another was, "Is it true that people who oppose the Soviet Government dare not express their opinions?" I am supposed to give an internal deposition on these questions, and I intend to. But meanwhile here is a little something in advance.

"The labor unions in Russia are compelled to struggle against the state. They always will be compelled to struggle against the state. There should be no state outside of the unions. They make a lot of fuss about purging the Russian Communist Party, but the party is not clear, and it has no fundamental programme capable of leading us out."

These opinions were expressed to me aloud and forcibly in Tchicherin's own office with delegates of the Soviet Government chatting on all sides, and the Foreign Minister himself just the other side of a doorway. And they were expressed by a workingman, an I. W. W., a man who left a comparatively cool and quiet job as a brakeman on the Erie Railroad, in order to go back to Russia and become a professional dare-devil for the revolution.

He is a small man with a little withered bird-like face, a big scar under the chin, and deep lines like ditches between the nose and lip-corners and where the dimples ought to be. He is so thin-limbed and yet so square in the shoulders that he suggests a hastily erected scare-crow, and he walks with a long velvet step like an athlete or a burglar. Like a burglar, he has a half a dozen names which you peel off as you do the skins of an onion, until you arrive at Abram Grinfeld, which is either the real one or the one selected for the purpose of this story.

Abram Grinfeld is a native of Bessarabia, and in Bessarabia he was an anarchist. He began his career by throwing a bomb at the governor of his province, and spending seven years in prison. The governor did not die of his wounds and the first days of the imprisonment were terrible, but "he was killed again in a little while," and the rest of the time passed rapidly enough.

When he escaped from prison Grinfeld came to America and learned English and I. W. W. He learned I. W. W. so well that after the March revolution in Russia he took the first boat back, went to his home town in Bessarabia, and organized the One Big Union of the leather trades.

But Bessarabia was invaded by the Rumanians, and he and his One Big Union had to fight. He fought so well and so intelligently that he found himself before long in command of a detachment of cavalry in the Red Army numbering sixty thousand men. However, by some means or other he had learned German and Italian as well as English, and for that reason, as well as for the loyal recklessness that you can see so plainly in his fine brown eyes, he was withdrawn from the army and sent out into Europe upon secret missions of which nothing is said. He was in Western Europe when the Genoa conference opened, and was ordered there by the government to work in the press bureau, and do a thousand and one other things that had to be done.

"I belong to the opposition," he said. "They tell us this

present situation demands a strong political state, and of course the situation is a little peculiar, but I want to tell you . . ."

Tchicherin's mild, sandy head appeared in the doorway: "Grinfeld, please."

Grinfeld jumped up and went in. He came back and hunted up some papers which he took to the Commissar, sliding around with that long rapid step in a way so silent and definite and efficient that it made you wish all of those Russians could have a course on an American railroad. When he had done what Tchicherin asked he came back and finished his sentence.

"The unions have got to fight the state. They've got to fight until the time comes when the state begins and ends in the shops. That's all there is to it," he said.

The last time I saw Grinfeld he was sliding down the Via Garibaldi with his darling little wife, lugging a suit case, gathering his things for a quick departure.

"Where do you suppose I'm going?" he said. "To Afghanistan! That's my life. They just send me off from one end of the earth to the other whenever they feel like it."

"And you belong to the opposition," I reminded him.

"But these things have to be done, you know," he said. "They're defending the revolution."

### Evening Song

A THRUSH high as a star,  
High as a tinkling temple gong,  
Pours on my heart, like longing, once more  
His evening song.

The stars beyond the bird  
Burn like faint memories of noon.  
Rise in the sky and burn in the mind  
O smouldering moon!

The candle on the chair  
Makes brave and beautiful this place.  
Softly the sorrows tremble, moth-white,  
Across your face.

Up from the cabin door  
The hill path rises toward the town;  
Over the cool brow of earth the dark hood  
Of night folds down.

Somewhere are ships at sea,  
Somewhere are factories and toil.  
Here, though, are we, and time is a flower  
In the dark soil.

Stirling Bowen.

### Mojave

WHEN you've said sand you've said the desert,  
Miles on miles of it flat as one's hand.  
The hills are all made of it and the rocks;  
But some things scratch a living just the same,  
Verbenas in the spring that bloom and die,  
Greasewood and cholla, sizeable young trees,  
But the sand gets them as it gets us all.  
In the mesquite I saw a butterfly  
This morning winging an uncharted trail  
Over the waste.

Beulah May.

# Birthright

By Claude McKay

SOME friendly critics think that my attitude towards the social status of the Negro should be more broadly socialistic and less chauvinistically racial as it seems to them. These persons seem to believe that the pretty parlor talk of international brotherhood or the radical shibboleth of "class struggle" is sufficient to cure the Negro cancer along with all the other social ills of modern civilization. Apparently they are content with an intellectual recognition of the Negro's place in the class struggle, meanwhile ignoring the ugly fact that his disabilities as a worker are relatively heavier than those of the white worker.

Being a Negro, I think it is my proud birthright to put the case of the Negro proletarian, to the best of my ability, before the white members of the movement to which I belong. For the problem of the darker races is a rigid test of Radicalism. To some radicals it might seem more terrible to face than the barricades. But this racial question may be eventually the monkey wrench thrown into the machinery of American revolutionary struggle.

The Negro radical wants more than anything else to find in the working class movement a revolutionary attitude towards Negroes different from the sympathetic interest of bourgeois philanthropists and capitalist politicians. And if this difference is not practically demonstrated, Negro leaders can hardly go to the ignorant black masses and show them why they should organize and work by the standard of the white workers. Karl Marx's economic theories are hard to digest, and Negroes, like many other lazy-minded workers, may find it easier to put their faith in the gospel of that other Jew, Jesus. The Negroes might remain, in the United States of America, a solid army, twelve million strong, a reactionary mass, men, women and children. They might remain a reactionary fact, distrustful of the revolutionary activities of the white working class. They might remain the tool of the ruling class, to be used effectively, as in the past, against radical labor. And in that event the black workers will suffer—the white workers will lose—the ruling class will win.

And so it is not only the birthright of the Negro radical to educate the black worker, but it is also his duty to interpret him to the uninformed white radical who is prone to accept the colorful fiction rather than the stark reality of the Negro's struggle for full social and economic freedom. Where the white radical is quite sharp in detecting every bourgeois trap, however carefully hidden, that is set for the white worker, he very often loses his keen perceptions when he approaches the Negro question, and sometimes falls into the trap. And by his blunder he not only aids the bourgeoisie, but also the ultra-nationalist Negro leaders who, in their insistent appeal to the race prejudice of blacks against whites, declare that no class of white people will ever understand the black race.

And such a point of view is quite justifiable if judged by the silly rot about Negroes in general that sometimes gets printed in the radical press. A typical case is an article called "Outcry Against Black Horror" which appeared in the London Communist of April 8th under the endorsement of the editor. With an unconscious sense of the comic the editor of the Communist remarks that "it is part of the normal brutality of imperialism to ignore things like those

set out herein." But if this communist editor had any real knowledge or judgment or taste or sense of humor he would have recognized the article in question as a patently cheap and vicious sort of bourgeois propaganda—a document that would disgrace the pages of the most flamboyant Northcliffe or Hearst sheet, and only fit for a publication like John Bull. By its ugly phrases and false statements—such as "crime against the white race," "In the Wild West when a colored man outrages a white woman he is lynched, without ado," "white people being enslaved by black and colored savages"—and its stirring up of the most primitive racial passions, the article violates every principle of Communism and shows the incompetency of the English editor for his job. It is on a par with the unscrupulous propaganda of Viereck's American Monthly.

And another example of this well organized and farflung propaganda is the recent statement in the Japan Chronicle (a mouthpiece of the English bourgeoisie, published in Kobe, blowing hot and cold, liberal where the interests of the British governing class are concerned, but intolerant and hostile towards the interests of the Japanese ruling class); it says that Americans, having been forced to resort to stern measures against Negroes because of the blacks' abnormal passion for white women, should be foremost in protesting against the presence of colored troops in Germany.

It happens at this moment to be expedient for the Anglo-Saxon bourgeoisie (which in its slave-holding and colonial rule has followed a set policy of exploiting and degrading the men and women of the colored masses everywhere) should resent the presence of colored troops in Germany; but the reaction of those Anglo-Saxons who make a profession of communism is not quite so clear.

The truth is, as shown by the statistics of the case, the percentage of crime among the colored troops in Germany is remarkably low in comparison with that of white occupational troops in India, the West Indies, Africa and other lands over which imperialism holds sway. And it is very low when set against the natural crimes of any white capitalist army. Lewis Gannett, after an impartial and thorough investigation of the charges against the colored troops in the Rhineland, gave his report in the New York Nation of May 25, 1921, and it discredits all the prejudicial and highly colored accounts that have been written about the crimes of the black troops in Germany. Surely it is the bounden duty of the radicals, having regard to the high purpose of their work, to get the proper information on such important subjects. It is their business to reject the stupid bourgeois



Reginald Marsh

custom of general indictment of a or nation of people on the basis of the practices of an individual or a minority.

From this lowest level of radical absurdity it is pleasing to rise to the higher plane of artistic bourgeois propaganda. "Birthright,"\* a recent novel by T. S. Stribling, is a powerful plea for the preservation of existing Southern standards. The white man, it says in effect, has his own code of morals, a code which makes for a special kind of culture. The black man possesses another, immutably different. They are two streams that will never meet. This is the main theme of the narrative. The hero of the tale, Peter Siner, is quite incidental to the plot. Siner is a mulatto college graduate of weak character. There is nothing very remarkable about him. He might have been white; there are many such people in the world, persons of good intentions who lack the impulse or means to carry them out.

Mr. Stribling believes in the institution of entailment. The white man of the South holds title to his property and culture, which he transmits to his children. The white town also holds Niggertown in fee. Whitetown does not exert itself to work. It lives a leisurely life on the back of Niggertown. Whitetown has a double standard of sex morals by which its best young blood flows regularly into the rising stream of Niggertown and gives America the finest results of mixed mating in the world. Niggertown itself is very dirty, filthy and immoral. It transgresses all the superficial standards of the moral code by which Whitetown lives. Niggertown, according to the standards of Whitetown, is lazy and unthrifty, yet, by its labors, Niggertown keeps Whitetown clean, respectable and comfortable. Niggertown, like most servants' quarters, is ugly because it gives its best time to make Whitetown beautiful.

"Birthright," is a lovely and admirable description of life in the sunny South, where only the white bourgeoisie can afford the luxury of laziness. Mr. Stribling is an ardent advocate of this birthright of the white ruling class. All that is necessary to change the beautiful picture is that the Negroes of the South should realize that they are entitled to an equal share of the white birthright which they have created. The Negroes have the potential power to that share. They need only the knowledge in order to use that power rightly.

And Mr. Stribling gives the key to that power. He says: "No white Southerner knows his own village so minutely as does any member of the colored population. The colored villagers see the whites off their guard and just as they are,



Cornelia Barns

She: "It must be just fine to see the world and get an education at the same time, like the Navy posters say!"

and that is an attitude in which no one looks his best. The Negroes might be called the black recording angels of the South. If what they know should be shouted aloud in any Southern town, its social life would disintegrate."

Well, for my part, as a lover of humanity and freedom and truth, I say let it disintegrate, and make way for something better and nobler. Let the Black Recording Angel speak out!

### A Rebel Grows Old

**H**IS defiance was splendid as steel,  
Like a sword of naked flame  
Without its sheath of smoke;  
The glittering blade would maim  
All the imperfect in folk,  
Or in little gods, or in dreams.

Of course he stabbed himself,  
Who could live with that sharp desire  
To destroy what was not entire  
Beauty? He hides his shame  
(Only silence the proud can shield)  
But how weary he is of the obvious fire  
He was once so eager to wield.

Gladys Oaks.

\*"Birthright," by T. S. Stribling, Century Co.



# The Hero

By Mary Heaton Vorse

JASPER looked out at the blue and gray world through the gray frame of the shop door. The gray of wharves cut sharp on the blue of the sea; so did the white of sails, shining like silver. Nothing below the horizon went around, always up and down or in sharply drawn angles—white corners or gray corners against blue. The masts and the piles of wharves which were like thick gray masts against the intense uneasy surface of the sea. Fleets of round-bellied white and gray clouds sailed the sky. Jasper looked up at them. They rested one's eyes from the up-and-downness of engines and homes and masts and from the geometrical lines of vessels. Inshore the fierce gray gulls wheeled, wrangling over the guts of fish which a man in yellow oilskins and red boots threw from the wharf with the stiff gesture of a clumsy mechanical toy. The boss called to Jasper:

"Say, go down and saw off the propeller shaft in Mink's dory."

The stench of the bilge in the dory pricked Jasper's nostrils like the smell of onions. When he rose up he was stifed for air and wiped the sweat from his hands that were black with filthy oil that stank of bilge. He looked up as though he knew that Ada was looking down into the dory from the wharf. She looked puny and foreshortened above him, but her height gave her some subtle advantage, and he felt ill at ease, although he knew she had come down to find him. Early that morning they had walked down the street, their long shadows going before them. The world and the bay had been like a pale flower, and suddenly it seemed as though a flame had blossomed between them and gone spiring high to heaven, and they had looked into each other's happy and frightened eyes and gone on proudly, the flame with them. The glory of the moment returned to her. But Ada looked down at his upturned face and laughed and said:

"Gee, you look fierce!"

Then she wrinkled her nose at the smell of bilge and went away. She had on a corduroy tam, bleached saffron by the sun. He could see it like an ardent flower down the wharf. A man joined Ada, and she smiled at him and stopped to wave her hand at Jasper. Her gesture seemed to him mocking. He felt despoiled as though the filthy bilge had penetrated further than his skin. The man Ada had gone with was clean and well dressed. Something violent and bitter surged up in Jasper fighting for expression. The boss called to him:

"Ain't you done yet?" And he called back:

"No, I ain't!" hurling his words like bullets.

"Get a hustle on you; Dink's waitin'."

Bitterness choked Jasper. Ada with her insolent saffron tam had gone; the boss was squatting grotesquely above him. Jasper could look up into his wide hairy nostrils.

"Do it yourself," he said, "if you're in such a hurry!" And he flung the saw in the bilge. The boss stayed as he was for three seconds, for five.

Jasper didn't move. He could see the veins in the boss's neck swelling and his face grow purple. Jasper held his ground.

"Get to Hell out a here!" the boss cried.

Heads appeared over the wharf; the man stiff in his oilskins apron, the heads of boys, eager for a fight.

"Sure I'll get out," cried Jasper.

"Get out before I kick you, you — —," cried the boss. The wharf darkened. Slats were nailed to form a ladder up the side of the wharf. Jasper climbed up, his heart beating, expecting almost that the boss would push him over into the water. He clenched his fists and cried to Jasper:

"Beat it—get out a here." He was no man to stand a piece of lip, and Jasper knew it. Shamed and beaten, Jasper walked off, hiding his dismay behind his swagger.

He went out on Long Wharf and loafed around self-consciously, waiting for supertime. The men were talking about the draft.

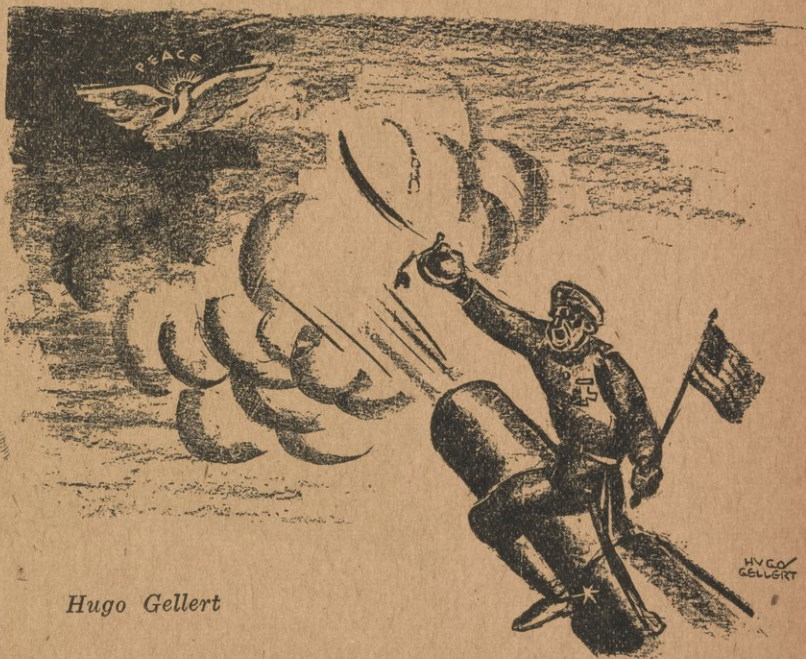
"You won't get taken, will you, Jasper. They need fellows like you to fix up engines."

"Young's lucky he's gone in the Coast Guard; they won't get him."

They were not hot-headed patriots down by the water. An old man blamed the rich for starting it anyway.

"It's a rich man's war," he kept repeating. "Let 'em go and kill each other! 'Twon't bother me none."

"They say all the rich men's got their sons all fixed." That was another thing they kept repeating. Jasper scarcely listened. How had it all happened? What had got into him? A hot pain shot through Jasper. Ada was coming toward him, and the young man with her. He was dressed in white



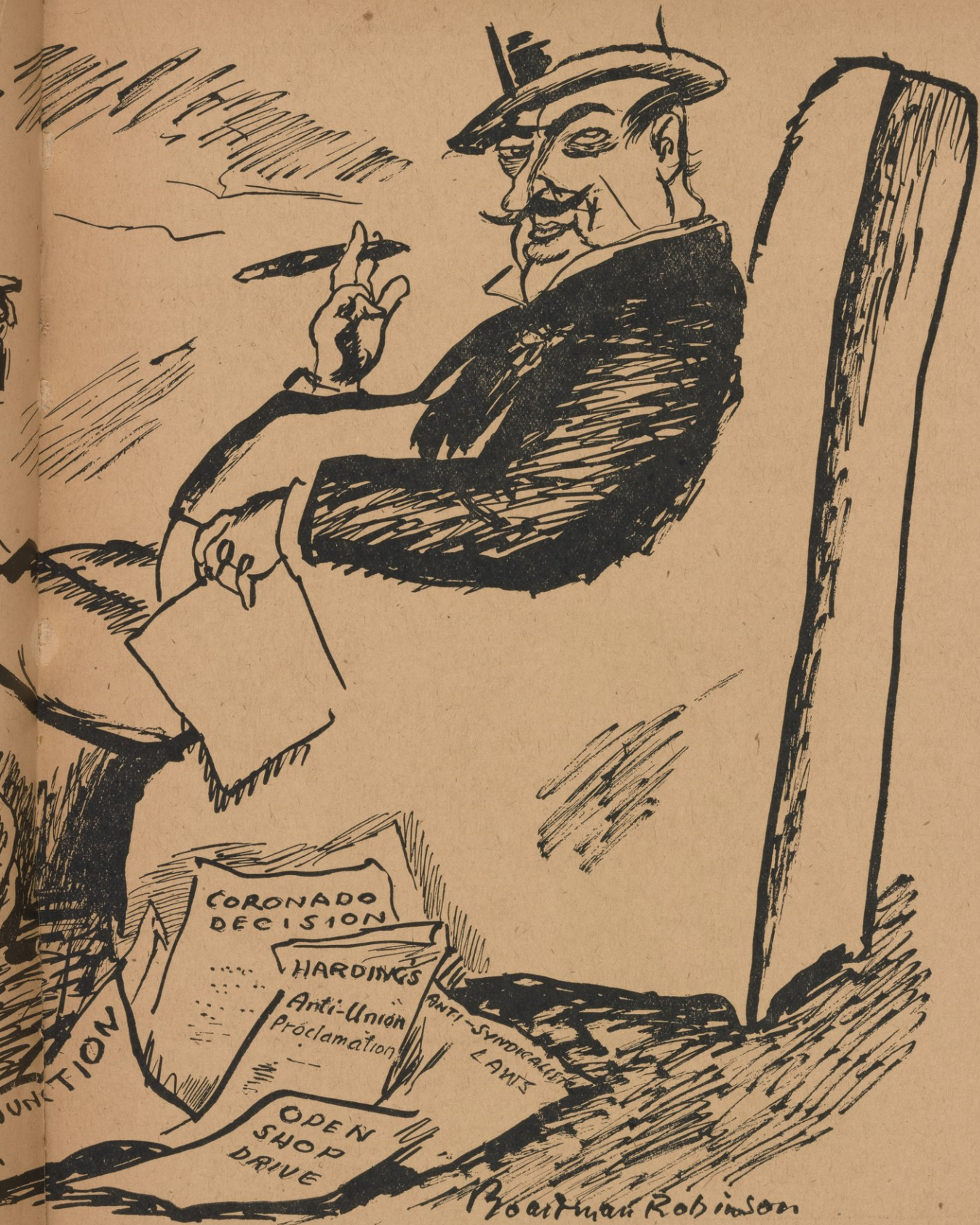
Hugo Gellert

Pershing Wants a Big Standing Army



*Boardman Robinson.*

Gompers to Capitalist Villain: "You have reduced me to  
you have broken my old mother's heart, and eloped wit



me to beggary, Sir Marmaduke; you have burned my house,  
ped with my wife. But have a care; you may go too far!"

flannels and had on yellow shoes. Jasper took hold of a truck handle as though his hands had a will of their own and he must put them where they could do no harm. Ada nodded to him coolly. Again rage surged over him and the stifling smell of bilge filled his nostrils. He felt empty as though he hadn't eaten for a long time. She sailed past him unconscious, her face crowned with its tam, making an aureole. It lifted to the man in his clean clothes.

Jasper hated to go home. He knew so well what would happen. His sister Angie shrieked at him as he came in the door:

"Have you lost your job, Jasper?"

He turned his eyes on his brother. "I'll fix you," he muttered.

"You'll fix no one," his father cried. "You loafer you—what made you give Mason a piece o' your damn lip? That's what you did. There's no use lying; he told me himself what you said. You wanted to be fired—that's what's the matter with you! You're too strong to work. God, but a man has trouble with boys!"

"I can get a job to Boston," Jasper muttered. "There's lots o' work."

"For steady men—not for bums like you. Besides there's the draft. They're goin' to wait till they see whose drafted

before they hire 'em o' draft age. 'Twould be a good thing if you *was* drafted."

"Here, father, don't you say such a thing."

"Well, what good's he to us, I'd like to know, the bum—the loafer. Givin' Mason a piece o' his God damn lip. Weren't you angry, Mother, before he came in?"

"I was angry because you was going on so."

"Oh, you were?"

"Ma, Ma," his brother cried, "Ma, I want my supper."

"You devil!" Jasper cried. "I'll skin you for blabbing."

"You shut up!" cried his father.

Two of the little children cried a while. Angie put her hands across affectedly.

After that every day it was the same—every day they nagged him. He would go out looking for a job; when he would go to other places they would look at him doubtfully and say: "I think I better not engage a fellow that may be drafted any minute." Time dragged. He missed the rhythm of life that work brings; the intolerableness of life oppressed him. He wanted sympathy from them, he wanted to tell them to let up on him, but he could never get beyond, "You make me sick," or "Shut up." Yet these sentences were the symbol of an unutterable revolt. His dumbness turned on him and writhed like a fiery serpent in his entrails.

The end came one evening. He knew just how it would be before he came home. He had put off coming back until after supper. The room was already dark and lighted by an oil lamp. Under the mellow circle of light his brother was studying, his mother was telling his god-mother a long story. He sat down at the table opposite his brother, relieved that no one had yet noticed him. But his father put down his paper to say:

"Well, where you been? Loafing, I expect. There's a power o' things that needed doin' round the house."

He almost hated his father; it surged through him in a swift tide, and he barked:

"Aw, cut it out an' le' me alone."

They jumped up, fists clinched. His mother stared at them with a stupid expression on her face as though at a loss to understand what had happened. Angie caught her father's arm.

"Pa!" she implored.

Both men's hands fell to their sides. They looked at her in disgust; they knew her action was artificial and they despised her.

"What you think you are — a movie actress?" Jasper growled.

"I'll never stand up for you again!" she said spitefully.

His father had dropped down suddenly and taken his paper up again. The dumb, baffled feeling that made him know he was the victim of injustice gnawed at Jasper. He begun quarreling with Angie, taunting her, putting up a pretense that he did not smart under her replies.

The room was full of children who came and went. The little ones ignored him; the bigger ones stopped, open-mouthed. Fiercely Ida or Jasper sent them about their business, crying: "What you rubbering at?" How intolerable it was!

Angie had golden eyes, which shone like a cat's,



Maurice Becker

"Harding says it's against the law to strike."  
"Yeh, 'nd I guess it's against the law to eat!"

and her twisted hair was the color of half-pulled molasses candy. There were great mounds of it. Nights she leaned over the gate and talked softly to boys. When she did this her father padded up and down to the window and called to her from time to time. She answered him with a lazy, honeyed voice, "Yes, pa," throaty and soft as music, and paid no attention. Jasper could hear a boy whistling for her outside through the noise of their quarrel.

Suddenly it was as though something inside him snapped. His intolerable fury lifted him up as though on a strong wind and hurled him out of the door. Outside the night was sweet. The cool quiet green stars jeweled a remote heaven. The night was cold for the time of year. Tears of anger still pricked his eyes, but the consoling lonely night closed about him. Only one thing stood out in his mind—he could not go back inside; he could not go back and face the family. And then he remembered that very early a train left for Boston. He knew what he was going to do. He was going to enlist as a volunteer. He was too exhausted with his own rage to go far; but he lay prone on the sand, listening to the tide whispering as it came in, letting the night bathe his torment. Now he felt released, liberated from them all. It was all over, his nagging sister, his brow-beating father, his mother with her tearful, "Oh, dear, why did you have to lose your job? It makes your Papa so mad," Ada with her insolence and her new young man in his white immaculate flannels. They seemed to have receded into far-off harmless distance, as though he saw them through the far end of a spy-glass, little as dolls, remote and unrelated to him.

Like eyes shutting, the orange lights left the windows one by one. Once he heard the house door open, and after some minutes shut again. He knew his mother had come to listen for him. He had no troubling tenderness for her; she, too, seemed remote and no longer part of his existence, which was out there when the war was. Out over in France something terrible was happening, and Jasper, lying prone on the sand, had become part of it. In the little town this great terrible fiery thing that ate the lives of men unthinking had claimed Jasper and blotted out the wounding town, his nagging family.

Tranquil, refreshed, he slipped out on the early train.

Weeks later he came back to a changed world. He had his furlough for good-bye. The children met him at the station; Angie hung on his arm; Ada, too, had come to meet him and dispute him with Angie. The war-fever had swept the little town, once indifferent. The boys were going, and with the boys the hearts of the people. He had a moment alone with Ada. His tongue was unloosed; he could ask her with fierce intensity:

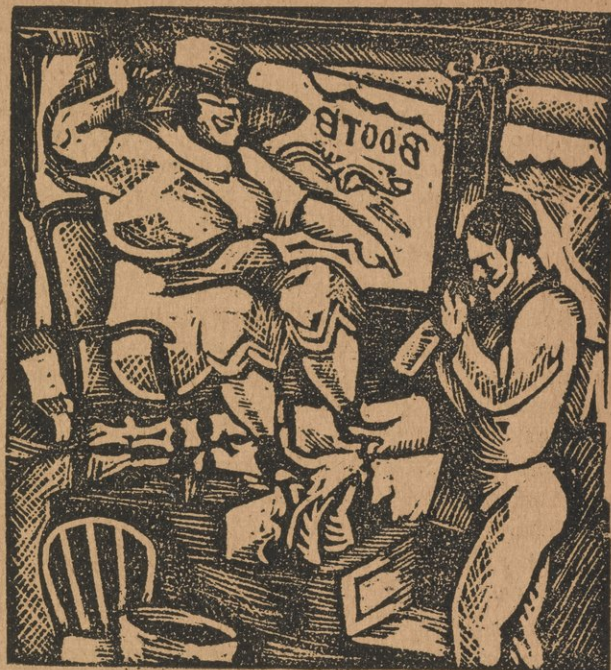
"Where's that white-flanneled dude of yours?"

Ada dismissed him lightly. "Oh, that slacker!" she said.

This man with his immaculate white clothes and his polished yellow shoes was a slacker, while Jasper was a Hero.

Jasper was a hero; everyone knew it. He had not waited for the draft. He had enlisted for three years. Now he was going overseas among the first.

His mother cried. His little brother stared at him in dumb reverential awe. His father, whose barking voice had always been able to set Jasper's blood stirring with the memories of a stinging strap, was proud of him, now spoke to him respectfully. People he hardly knew stopped him on the street and shook his hand, people he hardly knew sent him presents, little comforts for overseas. It was like knowing how people



Reginald Marsh

### "Whad'ye doin', drinkin' it?"

feel about you when you are dead, and yet being still alive. He went off on a wave of warm emotion, choking to think how he loved them all, yet drawn like a magnet by war's monstrous adventure.

He was gone three years. He passed through the shattering cataclysm of war, he became acquainted with danger, pain, fear. He had his heart warmed by fellowship, and monotony crushed his spirit. He traveled in foreign countries. Always inside him lived the warm memory of a gray town spread before a blue sea, sheltered by the high domes of trees. This memory was all welded together—his father shaking his hand with a husky "Good-bye, my boy," his mother's tears, Angie running after him for one more hug, the last night on the wharf, a night black and soft as velvet shutting him and Ada off from the world, Ada's face against his, the softness of her, her whispered promises.

"You'll wait for me?" he had asked, with a sense of romantic unreality.

And she had answered like someone in a book:

"A hundred years."

He had felt something warm on his hand—a tear.

This was home.

He took them by surprise when he came back. The fires of patriotism had burnt low. "The boys" had come back months before. Triumphant arches had long ago been laid on the refuse heaps. Up the street Jasper passed, meeting one person after another whom he knew. They nodded to him; no one seemed to realize he had just come back. They took it for granted he had come back with the others. A sense of cold wrapped itself around him. Little memories pricked into his picture of home as it ought to be. He met the Boss, who looked at Jasper and then a scowl of recollection darkened his brow. He had not forgotten. No use in looking for a job there. Ten years from now he would still be the fellow

who gave him a piece of lip. And then presently home, and his mother sobbing around his neck. But not for long. She dried her tears of joy, she stopped her cries of "Look who's come back!" She explained to Jasper she had never had her hands so full—the new baby, and—had he heard yet—Angie was going to be married in three weeks. He knew Angie; plenty of sewing for mother. Well, all's well that ends well; just as well for girls like Angie to get married off young. But it meant work, Jasper could see. His father wrung his hand, but within the first hour:

"Well, what you thinkin' of doing, Jasper?" he wanted to know. He looked at Jasper with doubtful eyes. "What you goin' to do? There's a feller wanted down at Smith's if you hurry up. They won't pay much, but jobs is awful scarce now, Jasper. Better go and see about it now, my boy." He spoke to Jasper affectionately, but without conviction.

"All right," said Jasper. "I'll go now."

He got up, followed by his little brothers. He was still a hero to them.

Coming down the board walk was Ada. She was pushing a baby carriage.

"Hello, Jasper," she said.

"Hello, Ada! Whose baby?"

"Mine," said Ada proudly. There was no embarrassing memory in her clear eyes. "Back long?" she said indifferently.

"Not long," he said as he went on. He felt choked.

There was no job for him at Smith's; nor was there any job down at Merritt's. He walked along looking at the sea with its quivering intolerable brightness. A familiar feeling almost of nausea seized him; it was the feeling of hating to go home acknowledging defeat. The sun got low; the tide had ebbed. The sand and the sea were almost a green; the triangles of sails were silhouetted warm and yellow against the sea's cold surface.

Supper was almost ready. His father sat reading his paper by the window.

"Didn't find nothin', did you?" he said. "I'm not surprised. Fellers back from the war ain't a mite o' good—fergotten how to work if they ever knew. And," his father spat reflectively, "and full o' God damn lip!"



J. J. Lankes

### The Boat Maker

# Why Wear Clothes?

By Stuart Chase

I WAS inducted into the philosophy and practice of nakedness at Harvard University. You will not find the course in the official curriculum, but, like the Touraine and the Wayside Inn, it had its place in academic life. I think it was in my junior year when I was taken by a group of my fellow students to attend the mysteries of the "L Street Brownies." We boarded a South Boston car, and near the end of the route dismounted, walked west and found ourselves on the shore of Dorchester Bay. There a bathhouse pavilion gave on a strip of sandy beach perhaps a hundred yards in width, with high board fences flanking it at either side and running far out into the water. We passed under a sign marked "Men's Bath House," paid a nickel, were awarded a tiny dressing room, and so out, stark naked, onto the beach. It was none too warm an afternoon in the middle of May, but on the strip of sand were perhaps a hundred men, already tanned from toes to ears a rich golden bronze. My fellow collegians, I was amazed to find, were a similar color, and I felt like a little, white, underdone baking powder biscuit. A ghastly, sickly thing I was indeed in the face of all that glow and burn.

These Olympians were of various shapes, sizes and ages, but by and large they were an extraordinary well set-up lot. They would have made any recruiting officer sick with desire. Only one or two of them were actually in the water, the others were grouped around the east fence, for there was a stiff east wind blowing. Some were playing handball, some were throwing handsprings, two or three circles of card players were squatting on the sand, a half dozen were reading, but the majority were lying prone—some on their stomachs and some on their backs—in the lee of the twelve-foot fence, naked as they were born, steeping in sunshine. One man was asleep, with two little wooden sticks propped between his lips so that the sun was full on his gums and teeth.

The L Street Brownies, I was to find, were an institution—one of those unorganized social growths which are the more rigorous because they have never known committee meetings or appeals for funds. In their ranks are college professors, lawyers, saloonkeepers, musicians, plumbers, financiers, doctors, draymen, car conductors, and tough nuts from Sullivan Square. On Christmas day you will find them holding swimming races between the blocks of ice—all winter when the sun shines they are naked on the beach. And religiously one "takes the water" during every visit.

In summer, of course, alien thousands descend upon the municipal bath house, but these fly-by-nights the Brownies treat with the contempt they deserve. They shriek, squeal, throw sand, and swim like Italians—or do not run at all; they burn themselves a lobster red, and spit and throw their shadows on a sleeping sun worshipper—things no Brownie ever, ever does. For the old guard has developed, through the years, a rigid etiquette. From the day I first came, a white-livered neophyte, it took me a full season to learn that unspoken etiquette through the painful process of trial and error. Not until the following spring was I brown enough

and wise enough to be admitted into that company of select and naked men.

When I left Boston, the L Street baths were the landmark I missed most poignantly. Ever since I have tried to find—or to found—branch L streets in this city and that, but without very much success. Boston, the nadir of Puritanism, gives the squarest deal to nakedness of any city I know.

Oh, well, you say, all *men*. There is nothing in that. Of course . . . men. How about . . . er . . . mixed nakedness? Well, I've tried 'em both, and I tell you frankly it makes very little difference. It's fundamentally a rapprochement between the sun and the human body. The lines of attraction run perpendicular to the earth's surface—not parallel therewith. Once you get the feel of it, the zest of it, the freedom of it—your highest emotional outlet is physical enough to be sure—but not exactly sexual—unless it's one of those deep Freudian sexualities which take all the meaning out of the term.

I learned to love the sun at L Street. I've loved it, and I've courted it ever since. I know now how the sun-worshipers must have felt. I, too, could build a temple, a broad and shining temple, white and blue and gold, to the Great God Sun.

And that's that. But it was the extra course at Harvard which lies behind all my reactions to this theme.

It is popularly held that nakedness is morally reprehensible, but artistically desirable. My thesis is precisely the reverse, to wit, that nakedness ranks high in the scale of moral values, but artistically its wholesale adoption would be a frost. My God, what a frost it would be!

I do not know what "immoral" means particularly—in spite of 30 years of earnest instruction—but so far as it has meaning at all, it would seem to indicate any agency which operates to stimulate artificially our more unruly passions. Passions themselves, so far as I can make out, are wholesome and desirable, but when pumped up by incessant stimulation, they seem to lose their fine edge, and their gland releases (see Floyd Dell), and make the owner of them at the best an unsocial bore, and at the worst, a very dangerous citizen. I should say that the things which drive anybody to be a curse to himself and a menace to his neighbors are immoral things. And one of them is clearly clothes.

The physiologists hold that most of us are over-sexed—that we are ridden with procreational, not to mention recreational desires, a disproportionate share of the time.





Reginald Marsh.

# The Human Form Divine at Coney



Clothes are at the bottom of it. The human mind seems to be so constituted that mystery has it all over reality as a drawing card. And the clothes of women are based pretty solidly—from fashion cycle to fashion cycle—upon the principal of quasi-concealment. You think you are about to see something of fundamental anatomical importance—and somehow you don't quite see it. This is the sort of thing which makes the wild cat wild.

The case has already been stated so justly, so exquisitely, so conclusively in *Penguin Island*, that I will not presume further on the great Frenchman's ground. Enough that when the holy father gave that underhung young female Penguin her first clothes, it was all up with the wholesome morality and the normal sexual relations of that unhappy race. War, prostitution, slavery, venereal disease, corsets, currency, camisoles, and all the other great institutions of civilization were only a question of time—and a jolly short time at that.

Another learned man has laid down the scientific law as unshakable as Einstein:

*Sexual morality varies invariably with the quantity of clothes.*

But artistically. . . . Good Lord! A wholesale adoption of the principle of nakedness, weather permitting—excellent as might be its moral effect—would undoubtedly cause all lovers of beauty to commit suicide within the week, or flee to the upper reaches of the Yukon, where the mosquitoes veto the nude altogether. Think of the paunches, the bow legs, the fallen breasts, the flat feet, the bones and sides of flesh, the flabbiness, and the softness. . . . No. It is too awful to think about.

Still, there were those Brownies. A well set-up lot they were, with many a white-haired man among them. Perhaps at the end of a generation, who knows, pride and sunshine might make us a people fit to inherit the earth. And some of our artists might come back from Alaska and the South Seas.

## Moscow Contrasts

**A** GAUNT beggar-woman sitting in the dust of the streets, whining for paper rubles.

A barefoot child, lifting arms ecstatically out of rags gray with age, to dance Isadora Duncan steps across uneven cobles.

Lilies of the valley on sale, and lilacs, and cigarettes, and little bread rolls, on all the street corners.

Filth underfoot, rain-washed air above and sun shining on the gold roofs of Moscow.

\* \* \*

Five priests shot for inciting pogroms and withholding church treasures from the famine. The patriarch on trial. War between church and government.

At the same time giddy children celebrate Pentecost with government autos and government gasoline, careering madly through the streets in giant auto-trucks, waving green boughs, driving all before them. The elevator of the foreign office is festooned in green for the Christian festival.

\* \* \*

I pay \$5 for a night in a dingy room on the fourth floor of the hotel, with all servants absent because of holiday, the elevator not working, the toilet broken and no water pressure anywhere, sleeping in a rain-wet suit because of lack of

bedding. This because I am a correspondent with money.

My friend gets a \$5 wage per month, and flourishes happily, refusing a job at ten times the sum. This because she is a government stenographer and gets rations and fuel and lodging.

\* \* \*

Speculators rampant with fortunes from grain hoarding and juggling of vanishing rubles, splurge through the restaurants and theaters as if they owned Russia.

Then the government advertises a \$10,000,000 bread loan, selling, at low cost, flour to be delivered after harvest—thus at one blow cutting the cost of food, forcing speculators to unload and stabilizing the ruble.

\* \* \*

Pavements broken to dust. Windowless shops. Gaunt houses with plumbing wrecked by fuelless winters. A city lacking in every corner the tiniest repairs.

And to-day opens the Kashira electric power station, first link in the electrification of Russia, begun two years ago in the darkest hours of the revolution. The highest economic official of the republic presides, the orchestra of the Grand theater makes music, and an old blind peasant poet, led by a young boy, stands in working clothes to improvise an ode on the Triumph of Labor over Chaos! Chief Engineer Zuruka and 20 ablest workmen honored as heroes!

\* \* \*

A million mistakes a minute, a million petty grafts, the old inertia, ignorance, sabotage, greed, spite.

And a cool, lean will, from which all superfluous flesh of emotion is long worn away, notes all these evils with cynical clearness as parts of a problem, through which it drives relentlessly, retreating here, advancing there, towards an end which lies beyond the generations.

ANISE.

## Otto Soglow

**T**HE fine drawing in last month's *Liberator*, entitled Every Day is Market Day, was by the young artist Otto Soglow, who has recently begun contributing to this magazine. We are sorry his name was not printed along with the drawing, but such mistakes happen somehow, despite the fact that the *Liberator* practices New Thought, and affirms that this is a perfect world. Soglow is to give the *Liberator* more of his strong work, so full of atmosphere, poetry, and sensitive observation.

## Star Market

**L**ITTLE fishwife of the stars  
 With your two-wheeled cart  
 Pushed against the curb of the Milky Way . . .  
 The billingsgate you spill  
 Is both silver dew and fire,  
 As you hawk your moonfish  
 And your shiny planet trout  
 And your meteor minnows.  
 To-morrow I shall buy a meteor minnow or two,  
 Sit beside Orion,  
 And fish for gigantic whales  
 Wallowing in the white radiance of other worlds.

Pierre Loving.



William Gropper.

## The Silly Season

**H**UGHES says education is the bulwark of the nation." But the next day Harding said the bulwark of the nation was the American Legion. About this time of year the most popular sport is throwing the bulwark.

**S**AID Dr. Cadman in an address at the College of the City of New York: "Help to raise the City of Cain until it becomes the City of Love." Well, that's good advice for aspiring young Cain raisers.

**C**OOLIDGE praises business men for "bringing the country back to stable conditions." He is probably referring to the way everything seems to be stalled.

**I**F our ancestors had refused to work more than necessary," said Assistant Secretary Roosevelt to the Elks, "we would be living in huts and hovels and prancing about dressed in animal skins." As it is, some people live in huts and hovels while others prance about dressed in animal skins.

**E**VERY man to his trade. A workman is one who works and a statesman is one who states.

**B**UT a statesman, like a workman, can be driven just so far and no farther. After the decisions on Coronado and child labor the Supreme Court was so exhausted that it was unable to define a ouija board.

**T**AFT placed next to king," cried the jubilant headliner. Most people are next to both of them.

**T**HERE is an old saying that the shoemaker's children never have shoes. This fellow Walter Ward seems only half baked.

**A**RELIEF administration worker in Russia was saved from death by the magic word, "Amerikansky." The bandit apologized for his error and took the American to see the bodies of some Communists he had murdered. A pleasant time was had by all.

**T**O credit the charges made against Bakhmeteff," says the N. Y. Times, "it is necessary to assume that three successive Secretaries of State and three successive Secretaries of the Treasury, Republican and Democratic, conspired with him to defraud the government and people of the United States." Take them one at a time and the job becomes fairly easy.

**P**ROSPECTIVE seagoers used to wonder whether the ship was steady; now they only inquire whether it is Vol-steady.

**A**FTER the speeches James M. Beck has been making over there the least France can do is to give him the Croix de Garrulous.

**H**ARRIS would let South handle Negroes." Manhandle or panhandle?

**C**OTY, the French perfume manufacturer, has bought Le Figaro and entered politics. The scent of the roses is not expected to hang 'round him very long.

**T**HE kidnapping of Bielaski by Mexican bandits is the finest literary achievement to date of the current year. Personally we haven't enjoyed anything so much since the Associated Press drowned five Russian grand dukes in a well.

**M**AYOR HYLAN'S autobiography is so bad that there is grave suspicion in literary circles that he wrote it himself. There is one other person who can write as poorly as that, but he hasn't time.

**W**HAT with tariff, bonus, subsidies, strikes and everything.

HOWARD ERUBAKER.

## THE LIBERATOR

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# BOOKS

## The Tyranny of Women

*Aaron's Rod. By D. H. Lawrence. (Thomas Seltzer)*

ON the face of it the theme of Lawrence's new book is simple and erroneous. With the bald insistence of a propagandist, the author states it again and again. It is nothing more or less than the complaint of the civilized human male, no longer lord and master in the realm of love, against what seems to him a relentless domination by the civilized human female.

This theme is developed not only in the conduct of the hero and in three or four long discussions among various characters, but is vehemently supported by the author himself, who now and again relinquishes his assumed objectivity to deliver himself of impassioned philippics against the tyranny of the modern woman.

The conduct of Aaron Sisson, the miner and flute-player who is the medium through which Lawrence asserts the freedom of man, might be explained easily enough in Freudian terms. He is, if you please, a Narcist. But that is only saying in Greek that he is either unable or unwilling to love anyone but himself. This leaves the problem where it was before, and makes one wish the Freudian "would explain his explanation."

The real point is that one fine Christmas Eve, Aaron, slightly under the weather and considerably in the dumps, wanders off to London, deserting his two children and his wife, with whom he imagines himself to be in love. Then why did he leave her? To a girl whose acquaintance he makes in a Bohemian set in London he explains that he left his wife for no reason at all, except that he wanted "some free room, a breath of fresh air." He doesn't want more than his wife can give him, but less. He loves his wife, and he'll never love anybody else, but he's damned if he wants to be a lover any more. To her or to anybody. He doesn't want to care, certainly not when he feels that he's being forced to do it.

But despite his manly resolution to steer clear of entangling alliances, Aaron gives himself to the very girl for whose benefit he declaimed his declaration of independence. Gives himself is his own phrase. Subsequently he talks and acts about it precisely like the sixteen-year-old heroine of a conventional nineteenth century novel. He has been seduced. He cries, he feels his heart break, he becomes ill. It should be mentioned in his favor that he distinguishes himself from a nineteenth century heroine by taking to drink.

This is very interesting as the reaction of a particular individual, and Lawrence has made effective use of his powers as a poet to make that individual painfully real. But apparently Lawrence has greater ambitions than to analyze character. "Aaron's Rod" is no mere story, but a Tendenzroman, a philosophy, an encore of the Man and Superman theme with Freudian variations.

Aaron runs off to Italy, as before he ran off to London; and his creator attempts to clarify moods which are to Aaron himself vague and about which, the author gallantly concedes, Aaron himself couldn't say five intelligible words. Aaron ran

away from his wife because she felt herself the center of creation and looked upon man as a mere tool for her purposes. Worse than that, this belief is professed by the greater part of the world. His wife "did but inevitably represent what the whole white world around her asserted: the life-centrality of woman." Against this assertion Aaron rebels bitterly, and Lawrence, as counsel for the prosecution, continues with the indictment:

"Nearly all men agree to the assertion. Practically all men, even while demanding their selfish rights as superior males, tacitly agree to the fact of the sacred life-bearing priority of woman. Tacitly, they yield the worship to that which is female. Tacitly, they conspire to agree that all that is productive, all that is fine and sensitive and most essentially noble, is woman. This, in their productive and religious souls, they believe. And however much they may react against the belief, loathing their women, running to prostitutes, or beer or anything, out of reaction against this great and ignominious dogma of the sacred priority of women, still they do but profane the god they worship. Profaning woman, they still inversely worship her." The indictment ends up with the hysterical accusation "that man gives himself to woman in an utter and sacred abandon, all, all, all himself given, and taken."

This may sound like a burlesque partly of the feminist complaint against the domination of man, and partly of the neurotic adolescent's protest against love. But it is apparently Lawrence's serious belief. One might argue that even a man who has been hailed as the greatest writer of the younger generation ought to know better than to see a vast sexual conspiracy in the modern woman's desire to be treated like a human being. One might also expostulate that the author of "Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious" ought to know two things at least. Firstly, that only a man (or a woman) who for some reason feels inferior in the presence of the other sex also fears the power and domination of the other sex; and secondly, that no true atheist goes off into hysterical attacks on God. To rant against the worship of woman is to rant against the worship which exists in your own heart. To talk about giving yourself away to women, is to talk out of a colossal conceit which can see only the gifts it gives and not the gifts which it receives. A sense of equality, of mutual give and take, seems to be beyond that poignant self-love which can only sense the pain it endures but not the pain it inflicts, and which so intensely feels the pleasure it gives to others, that it is insensible to the pleasures offered in exchange. But what is the use of arguing with a man who believes that the Unconscious is located in the solar plexus?

Lawrence's fear of the tyranny of women soon reduces itself to simple terms. The conflict of wills between man and woman comes down eventually to a conflict of wills on the elemental plane of sexual intercourse. Here the protest is almost childish both in its conception and its petulance. But if there is any doubt that the author speaks through the mouth of the Italian nobleman who is the chief plaintiff against woman on the count of sex, what other conclusion can one draw from the fact that his three companions agree with him?

"High up over the cathedral square" of Florence, four different men—a miner and a writer who have deserted their wives; a writer and a nobleman who are still living with theirs—agree that the chief trouble with modern woman is

that "she now first wants the man, and he must go to her because he is wanted." The nobleman states the case thus:

"Supposing I go to a woman—supposing she is my wife—and I go to her, yes, with my blood all ready, because it is I who want. Then she puts me off. Then she says, not now, not now, I am tired, I am not well. I do not feel like it. She puts me off till I am angry or sorry or whatever I am—but till my blood has gone down again, you understand, and I don't want her any more. And then she puts her arms round me, and caresses me and makes love to me—till she rouses me once more. So, and so she rouses me—and so I come to her."

This, the nobleman admits, is very good; but what stings him, and his three friends, and, by implication, the author and all the rest of us oppressed males, is that it was "she who began, it was her initiative, you know. She will yield to me because I insist or because she wants to be a good submissive wife who loves me. So she will yield to me. But, ah, what is it you know? What is it a woman who allows me, and who has no answer? It is something worse than nothing—worse than nothing."

Acquiescence in the priority of woman's will, the four men agree, is a matter of life and death, the only solution to which is the submission of woman to man. On this point Lawrence is verbose, mystical, passionate, and obscure. In his last chapter, fittingly entitled "Words," he calls on man to assert not only his independence, but his will power as well. But not will power in Nietzsche's sense, which is fairly intelligible. No, not mental power, says Lawrence in so many words, or will power, or even wisdom. Nothing so definite that you might try to do something about it; but "dark, living, fructifying power. The woman must submit, but deeply, deeply submit. Not to any foolish fixed authority, not to any foolish and arbitrary will. But to something deeper, deeper."

What the nature of this submission is that has no relation to mind, will, wisdom, or authority, Lawrence doesn't make clear; so it looks as if most of us will be ground under the heel of woman for many years to come.

However, if I must confess it, I am not a bit alarmed. Outside of the particular women from whom Lawrence has drawn his characters and his conclusions, there seem to be many charming women who, though they refuse to submit their minds and wills to men, still manage to deeply, deeply submit to the complete satisfaction of their lovers. And there are women (alas for them!) who have no objections even to submitting their minds and wills. To see in Aaron Sisson a man diseased with self-love, who is torn between a sense of being loved too much and a fear of being loved too little, is to see wisely into the soul of a type only too common in our day. But to look through his eyes and to see in the normal actions and reactions of love a vast dark conspiracy against man, is to indulge in the madness of the hermits, the Puritans, and the ascetics.

But Lawrence's complaint is not really against the tyranny of women. It is a complaint against the tyranny of life. In him there is that sensitive agonized recoil into the self which has given the world monasteries and ivory towers. Because it is not in women alone that Lawrence sees a relentless and domineering force. Between friends, between parents and children, between the individual and the world he sees, under a thousand grand masks, nothing but the most profound hostility. This inherent antagonism of every individual to every other individual Lawrence expresses with a bold symbolism, startling in its lyric qualities.

The writer Lilly, annoyed by Jim Bricknell's attentions to his wife, stabs his friend with epigrams. The muscular Jim retaliates by punching his friend in the stomach till the poor fellow gasps for breath. Behind the blows of each, intellectual or physical, is that uncompromising malice which Lawrence sees pumping its black and bitter fluid into every heart.

Sometimes this principle works with a mediaeval absurdity. Aaron Sisson, leaving his last mistress in great excitement, rushes about the streets of Florence, overwhelmed, of course, by the thought that he may have to "give himself." He is jostled in a crowd and robbed of his pocketbook. An unfortunate accident, you say. No, says Lawrence, a tragic consequence of Aaron's own weakness, and serves him right. "It serves everybody right who rushes enkindled through the street and trusts implicitly in mankind and in the life-spirit." One should be not only independent but self-contained. One should not expose himself to the world, to women, to friends, to crowds. One should be always alone. "The heart should beat in its own silence."

It is this terribly sensitive recoil from the world and everything that's in it, which accounts for the vividness with which Lawrence paints the emotions of his central figure, and the vague pallor of the background against which it gesticulates. Aaron Sisson, like Erik Dorn, and for the same reasons, moves in a tense vacuum. His self-love, too sore under the stress of living, calls for a world in which it shall have a pampered and privileged position in regard to sex; a world whose new commandment to woman shall be, "Love thy husband as much as he loves himself."

Lawrence stretches out delirious hands for all kinds of guarantees and prerogatives. He cries out not only against the tyranny of women but also against the tyranny of the working class. The proletariat, too, must deeply, deeply submit. All of which really sounds like 2.75 Nietzsche, and considerably diluted at that. It is a stale anachronism which free spirits will meet with a quiet and assured laughter.

JOSEPH FREEMAN.

## The Opinions of Anatole France

*The Opinions of Anatole France. Recorded by Paul Gsell. Translated from the French by Ernest A. Boyd. Alfred A. Knopf.*

THERE is an institution called the French Academy, a select literary club whose prestige is so enormous that the members of it are called, not in jest, the Immortals. For they take themselves very seriously, and crown each new member with a laurel wreath, symbolizing the laurel wreath by which Apollo, god of song, conferred undying fame upon mortal poets in the good old days. The Academy is popularly supposed to represent, in its own field, the highest taste, wisdom, and justice.

But Anatole France, being a good anarchist, knew better. As he remarked to a friend, "The Immortals read nothing. They crown their new colleagues without ever having opened their works. They distribute literary prizes on the same principle, for they find it works."

For example, the great philosopher, Victor Cousin, an Immortal, had a mistress, the beautiful Louise Colet, who thought herself a poet, and asked her lover to have the Academy award her a prize. The great philosopher used his influence, and the prize was awarded. In fact, it became a



William Gropper

### The Crowning of Monsieur France

yearly custom for the Academy to award her a prize. But one year she neglected to write a poem, and on the night before the last day for receiving entries, she appealed to her good friends, Flaubert and Bouilhet, to write her poem for her. She put them at a table in the corner of her drawing room, with pens, ink, paper, and a bottle of brandy. The prescribed subject for the competition was Immortality. In due time they presented their hostess with a neatly written poem, which she submitted, and which accordingly received the prize. And since nobody ever read these prize poems, nobody ever discovered that Flaubert had simply copied two hundred lines at random from a volume of Lamartine on an adjacent shelf. Long afterward, Flaubert told the story—which, like other such good stories, may or may not be true. At any rate, he told it, and Anatole France heard it, in the days when he was not yet a member of the Academy. He was under no illusions about the institution. As a good anarchist, he despised it.

But his friend Halevy, who was himself an Immortal, used to reproach him, saying, "Why sulk at the Academy? It is the thing to join. It looks well on the covers of one's books. Present yourself. Do it for my sake. I am ashamed to be an Immortal when you are not." So Anatole France, to oblige his friend, and because it was the thing to do, and because it looked well on the covers of one's books, drew up his letter of application, and began making calls on the Immortals, in the usual manner. His friend Halevy, who was electioneering for him, confided to him that the situation was as follows:

"There are two seats vacant. The extreme Left of the Academy is putting you forward for one. The aristocrats have a candidate for the other, a worthy nobleman of ancient

lineage, but an absolute illiterate. They will not find it easy to push him through.

"We said to them: Do you want the extreme Left to vote for your nobleman? Then vote for the anarchist, Anatole France. One good turn deserves another. It's a bargain. They agreed. I am delighted. Now call on the nobility. They have been warned. But for heaven's sake, don't talk politics or religion! Say: What bright sunshine! or It is windy! It is raining! It is drizzling! Ask the lady of the house how her little dog is and her pet monkeys."

Thus it came about that the good anarchist, Anatole France, and the worthy nobleman were elected by the same votes. . . . But it seems that one member who had promised his vote to Anatole France failed to deliver the goods. And, many years later, Anatole France tells about his treason. The scoundrel, it appears, tried to apologize. "Dear Monsieur France," he began, "I did not vote for you." To which the good anarchist returned, "But you did vote for me. . . . You are a gentleman, are you not? You have sung the praise of honor? It is therefore impossible for you to have broken your word."

Here we recognize the celebrated irony of M. France. And we can hardly fail to observe that it is an utterance of a man who does believe in honor. It says, in effect, "I, Anatole France, the anarchist, the sansculotte, uphold the honor which you, a gentleman, have betrayed." And that seems, upon due consideration, to be the truth about the mind of Anatole France. He believes in all the old-fashioned virtues; and his mockery is directed at those who have ceased to practise them.

It is related in this book of anecdotes and conversations that a young Russian girl, a student and revolutionist, once

paid a visit to the Villa Said, the home of this man whom she esteemed as the friend of the poor and the oppressed. She got as far as the hall, and then, before M. France could appear, she turned around and walked out without waiting for him. M. Gsell, the writer of this book, thinks that the poor girl was "dumbfounded by a refinement of luxury which exceeded the opulence of the most magnificent Croesus." M. Gsell is probably mistaken. The Russian girl, in this "hall overflowing with treasure," looking about her at "Persian china . . . pottery from Rhodes . . . ancient statuettes . . . a fat monk telling his beads near a German Virgin with protruding forehead and crinkly hair . . . a mincing Lucretia eternally piercing her breast"—seeing these things, she probably felt that she had mistakenly entered a junk-shop, or an old curiosity store. If she was shocked, it was doubtless with the terrible suspicion that a man who had a house like that would have a mind like that. Luxury? The young woman had fled from a house similarly overloaded with relics of the dead past, and from minds similarly encumbered. She had not come all the way to Paris to visit a museum of antiquities.

Anatole France has found in M. Gsell a devoted and worshipful note-taker, convinced that every word that falls from the master's lips is a pearl—so convinced of this that he represents the Master's auditors as hanging breathless and amazed upon the most commonplace utterances. "M. Harcourt's face expressed the utmost bewilderment." "Mr. Brown opened his mouth wider than ever." One longs for a few swine at these feasts. It must be discouraging always to be called "Master," and have one's lightest word taken as an oracle. It does not stimulate to any really great flights of wit. No one, it seems, has ever dared to argue with M. France. His guests resemble bowling pins, modestly waiting in wooden rows for the Master to bowl them over.

Yet an effect of paradox is nevertheless maintained in M. France's conversation. If a man is celebrated as a free-thinker, an anarchist, a revolutionist, and if he consistently utters the most conservative sentiments, one cannot but be startled. And perhaps it is only from a professed free-thinker, anarchist and revolutionist that we of a younger generation can learn the virtues of the past. We know, to begin with, that he is speaking the truth. And we listen respectfully when he points to his library of old books, and says:

"There are my sources. You will find there only great or delightful writers who spoke good French, that is, who thought well, for the one is impossible without the other. I have tried to say as well as possible, of the things I have seen and learned in my own time, what those fine minds of old would have said, if they had seen and learned the same things."

After this, the utterance of a true Academician, we would not expect M. France to have anything very new to tell us about the "secret of genius," which is the subject of one of his discourses. "Great writers have not mean souls. That, Mr. Brown, is all their secret. They profoundly love their fellow men. They are generous. They do not limit their affections. They pity all suffering, and strive to soothe it. They take compassion on the poor players who perform in the comic tragedy, or the tragi-comedy, of destiny. Pity is, you see, the very basis of genius."

And, accordingly, we shall not be surprised to learn that M. France, who hates war, nevertheless says: "I am sure, if the country is in danger, that the young men of spirit will pour out their blood generously for it. . . . More than any-

thing else, it is the antagonism of capitalistic appetites, often most illegitimate, which drives the nations into conflict, and causes modern wars. Nothing could be sadder. From the bottom of my soul I wish my country to abstain from all greed which might make her in the slightest degree responsible for a struggle. But if she were ever invaded by a covetous neighbor, it would be the duty of her sons to fly to her help." Thus Anatole France, the good anarchist, who after his election to the Academy abstained from attending its meetings, appeared again at the Academy "as a mark of respect," says M. Gsell, "to the sacred union." As he says in another connection, "it is but a step from compassion to fraternal love."

Nevertheless, it is somewhat harder for Anatole France to love Academicians than other poor mortals. One does not forget his efforts on behalf of Dreyfus. And on lesser provocation, he goes out to make Socialist speeches. A pale schoolmaster and a workingman with a bandaged hand come to him, tell of police brutalities, and ask him to take the chair at the next meeting. M. France "looked at his slippers, patted his Vasari, gave a furtive and benevolent glance at the little Tanagra Cupid." Among these things he is most at home. "Then his dark eyes rested for a moment on the bandaged wrist of the blacksmith and the hollow cheeks of the schoolmaster. 'I will go,' he said."

FLOYD DELL.

## Friends of American Freedom

*Poems.* By Ezra Pound, Boni and Liveright.

*Bars and Shadows.* By Ralph Chaplin, Leonard Press.

EZRA POUND'S poems, selected from the period between 1918 and 1921, have been collected into a book, the jacket of which announces him to be "a great international literary figure." But, since Pound foreswore all moral and artistic allegiance to his country, he has seemed international in a sadly fugitive way. He is not a carefree vagabond. His personality is too barbed to pass freely from one place to another. He seems rather a disturbed and disturbing unsocial organism of a highly intellectualized order, situated for the present in France.

I can see him every morning stepping to a window facing the West, to precede his breakfast with a vigorous wiggling of his fingers toward me, thumb to nose. Not that I know Pound, or that he is aware of me. But I am an American, and I take to myself a measure of the snubbing and the reprimands that Pound's former fellow countrymen receive from him for being what they are.

Ralph Chaplin, a poet serving twenty years in the United States penitentiary at Leavenworth for being a member of the Industrial Workers of the World, does not like the United States any more than this leading and devoted champion of James Joyce, Brancusi, and T. S. Eliot. But he remained on its soil and among its shops to alter it in proportion to his greatness. He was willing to spend much of his youth in jail, if necessary, as a part of his contribution to a movement, one of whose aims is to make the United States a more pleasant workshop and playground. When Pound in England thumbs his nose westward he includes Ralph Chaplin among the objects of his gesture of scorn. For Chaplin, too, is an American.

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The case of Pound grows more complicated as the American scene thus widens. And the only explanation of Pound's case seems to be that his feelings were once or continually hurt here. His going was a symptom of decadence, which was enlivened with just enough energy to prohibit a state of resignation.

He is not one of us, and of this he is proud. He is a rebel with his back turned. And it angers him increasingly that Americans dodge his poetry.

None of these perplexities arises in a consideration of the case of Chaplin, whose poems of himself in prison, *Bars and Shadows*, with an introduction by Scott Nearing, have been published by the Leonard Press. It is only the great contrast between Chaplin and Pound that brings the two together here.

This contrast has been mentioned. Chaplin is in jail instead of in France, due in part to another kind of high-principled disdain. And there remains to be said only that the case of Pound and not the case of Chaplin is exceptional among those whose trade is poetry.

It is a commonplace that almost all of its poets have been the outcasts of bourgeois society. A man without an independent income has always had to beg, steal, or die if he did not submerge his mind and body, to a great extent, in the job of increasing the profits of an employer. Perhaps the United States, owing to the brevity of its history, is more apparently saddled with bourgeois culture, and therefore with this phase of it, than those countries where other more ancient traditions had their source and development. And undoubtedly Pound, discouraged as to a better future, wanted to go where it was easier to form contacts with at least the past. But Pound is too easily discouraged about the future.

The problem of replacing bourgeois culture with a better culture is economic at its base, and is therefore everywhere the same, whether in America, England, or Russia, and whether for poet, machinist, or poet-machinist. Most poets realize this and are more or less identified with the revolutionary movement in the economic field. And those who do not realize it and are not thus identified are unreasonable in being so very disturbed and unhappy. Thinking would help them. In their unhappy unreasonableness they are looking to a barren quarter. Their bitter complaints to and about the bourgeois are idle. Thinking would show them that an advance in culture by revolution is their only hope.

Poets have been on barricades. There are those who have been bruised and shot through with silence and darkness in the shock of revolution, though knowing that revolution and song are only a part of life. A whole world, too, may still be aroused, after 130 years, with the famous marching song of the Jacobin Sansculottes. Perhaps it is because revolution and song are at once the youngest, bravest and most hopeful part of life that they are so often found together.

Men sing in revolt. And men revolt when their songs are muffled by cruel demands on their time and their powers. It has always been so. When Shelley wrote the skylark ode his hatred for the bigots and the masters of England, and for their armed strike-breakers at Manchester, was only sleeping in his breast. Hatred was not altogether sleeping in the breast of Chaplin, it being aroused by his own beautiful sense of strength when he wrote *The Warrior Wind*:

"Once more the wind leaps from the sullen land  
With his old battle cry.

A tree bends darkly where the wall looms high;  
Its tortured branches, like a grisly hand,  
Clutch at the sky.

"Gray towers rise from gloom and underneath—  
Black-barred and strong—  
The snarling windows guard their ancient wrong;  
But the mad wind shakes them, hissing through his teeth  
A battle song.

"O bitter is the challenge that he flings  
At bars and bolts and keys,  
Torn with the cries of vanished centuries  
And curses hurled at long-forgotten kings  
Beyond dim seas.

"The wind alone, of all the gods of old,  
Men could not chain.  
O wild wind, brother to my wrath and pain,  
Like you, within a restless heart, I hold  
A hurricane.

"The wind has known the dungeons of the past,  
Knows all that are;  
And in due time will strew their dust afar,  
And, singing, he will shout their doom at last  
To a laughing star.

"O cleansing warrior wind, stronger than death,  
Wiser than men may know;  
O smite these stubborn walls and lay them low,  
Uproot and rend them with your mighty breath—  
Blow, wild wind, blow!"

Chaplin himself in other poems has written with a lighter touch than in *The Warrior Wind*. It has not the finish of a marble stanza. But there is an omen stirring in its lines, and it is close to things.

I do not believe there is any prejudice in my feelings toward Chaplin's poetry. There are several poems in *Bars and Shadows* for which I do not care at all, just as there are such poems in Pound's book. Perhaps I can best give my view of him by saying that he seems to be writing poetry, from himself outward, in the way that all great poetry has been and will be written. This is the confidence that I have.

Most of Chaplin's poems seem to have been written with an only occasionally broken boyish trust that they would be understood. There is a friendliness in this book, beside which hatred and bitterness are secondary, as means to an end, the end being friendliness again. And there is a great faith, too, that the workers should possess and create art.

STANLEY BOONE.

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Of the old inscriptions which prove that in times of famine, pestilence or war, when certain districts flourished while their distant brothers were suffering, convoys were sent by the unions carrying provisions, money, medicines for their relief;

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Kuzbas is a project along these lines. It was fathered and nursed by Nicolai Lenin and Leon Trotzky. They predicted big possibilities for it, gave it support, found it room to try itself out. Siberia is room enough for a few years, anyway.

But the workers to run Kuzbas were to come from America, and we needed the opinion and the advice of some one man who had watched American industry, sensed its strength and who knows its many and palpable weaknesses. And so Kuzbas was placed before Thorstein Veblen as a project with possibilities. And the things he had dreamed of, and hoped for, seemed to crystallize itself in the Kuzbas organization and in its method of starting to run industry free from the Price System.

But Lenin is a statesman, Trotzky a busy army chief, and Veblen is an economist. And Kuzbas is above all a SOCIAL ENGINEERING JOB. And so Mont Schuyler, the Kuzbas engineer, went down to see THE engineer, who produces homemade thunderbolts and smokes in the laboratories of the General Electric. Chas. Proteus Steinmetz, the world's greatest electrical genius, sat on his porch for two hours and talked the Kuzbas Organization scheme with Schuyler. AND STEINMETZ AGREED THAT KUZBAS WAS A PROJECT WITH VERY GREAT CHANCES; THAT IT WAS TACKLING THE JOB OF A PROLETARIAN-RUN INDUSTRY IN THE RIGHT WAY.

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