

# NEW MASSES

JANUARY

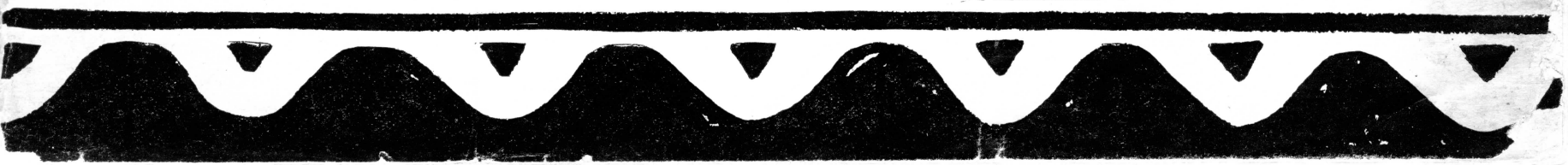
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# NEWSPAPERS

JANUARY

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**BEAUTY & BRUTALITY**

DEAR NEW MASSES:

Let me join the gang of converts. I, too, as one of the editors of the old *MASSES* looked with a mingling of suspicion and foreboding at the first few numbers of the NEW MASSES. This is just to say that (1) I was all wrong and (2) I know why. The NEW MASSES is a continual challenge to the youth that we greybeards of forty thought was dead and decently interred. The December number has actually more life-blood, more of that combination of "beauty and brutality" than any periodical today or, for that matter, (and here you must imagine me gulping hard), the last six or seven years.

Louis Untermeyer

**A FARMER SPEAKS**

Editor of the NEW MASSES:

I found your favor awaiting me on my arrival from Northern Michigan and since I would not trade my acquaintance with Scott Nearing for all the farms in the U. S. and Canada, I'll try to write down the situation as it appears to me.

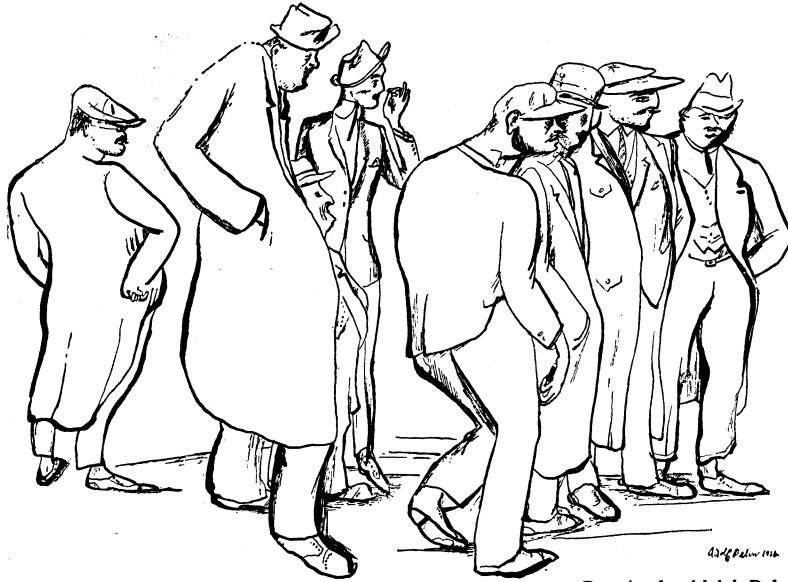
The fictitious values set on farm properties by the tax assessors and the fictitious prices paid for hogs, cattle, wheat, etc., are keeping the young farmers hard at work producing and driving the old "wise guys" to living off the youth whatever victims from the industrial centers they can catch.

Really, the whole situation reminds me of the lady who wanted to take a bath, but "on account of company present, she could only wash down as far as possible and up as far as possible." The economic situation around here never gets real cleaned up because the farmers don't dare look at it.

Five days after the death of our local fertilizer agent, a farmer 72 years old, the court declared him insolvent. Numbers of farmers are trading and selling machinery, shoes, insurance. Some farmers with two and three boys are using two and even three Fordson tractors—hiring out their labor and machinery to keep things going. . .

Industry has captured my two oldest boys, 17 and 19. They come home Saturdays with more money than Dad ever carried in his clothes and leave me a big pasture farm to handle with two little girls and an asthmatic boy of 14. Personally, I'm ready to take a gun and go help put over the English revolution—or any other. I'm completely disgusted, like all the rest of the farmers, that we don't put over our own revolution. I would gladly give my "time and talent," but don't ask a farmer for cash money! Wall Street's got all there is in the country.

George F. Feather



Drawing by Adolph Dehn

**FOURTEENTH STREET LOHENGRINS**

**NEW MASSES**

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**A SURPRISE**

EDITOR, NEW MASSES:

Ten years ago I was a boy living in the country and my literary education was confined mainly to the *Youth's Companion*, *The Farm Journal*, *The Market Grower's Journal*, and the *Christian Advocate*. I do not believe that anyone in the New England Village could have told me that such a magazine as *The MASSES* was in circulation. I first learned of the old *MASSES* while conversing in a Greenwich Village eating place. What was *The MASSES*? An attempt at sanity, I was told. And sincerity? Yes, that also.

The vague legend of the old *MASSES* did not at all prepare me for the surprise of THE NEW MASSES. Here is a magazine absolutely unique, rendering spontaneously a splendid sanity of effort. Here is a magazine answering to a high purpose, that of endowing life with a certain tangibility of manifestation. Yet it does not conform to a set of rules. The variety of expression is something that I have not found in any other magazine. And that is well; the naturalness of the pattern lends grace. And the energy of the NEW MASSES assures long life.

Charles Edward Smith

**BETTER THAN] FOOD**

EDITORS, NEW MASSES:

Every copy of THE NEW MASSES since its birth, and particularly the three recent editions have been of profound inspiration to me. As public director for the General Relief Committee of the Passaic Strikers, I have considered that, of the few really worth-while publications which stood arm and shoulder behind our cause. THE NEW MASSES was, and is the most prominent; the message it keeps delivering defies eloquence. It is a Godsend of the working class.

I have just finished reading your December, issue and to say that it is full to the brim with the bitter cry of the Worker, and that the awe-inspiring truth of modernity comes to light, in an age that terms itself civilized, is but putting the matter rather lightly, I believe.

I would far sooner miss my 12 o'clock meal than an issue of the NEW MASSES. I mean it.

Very truly yours,

Leon Blumenfeld

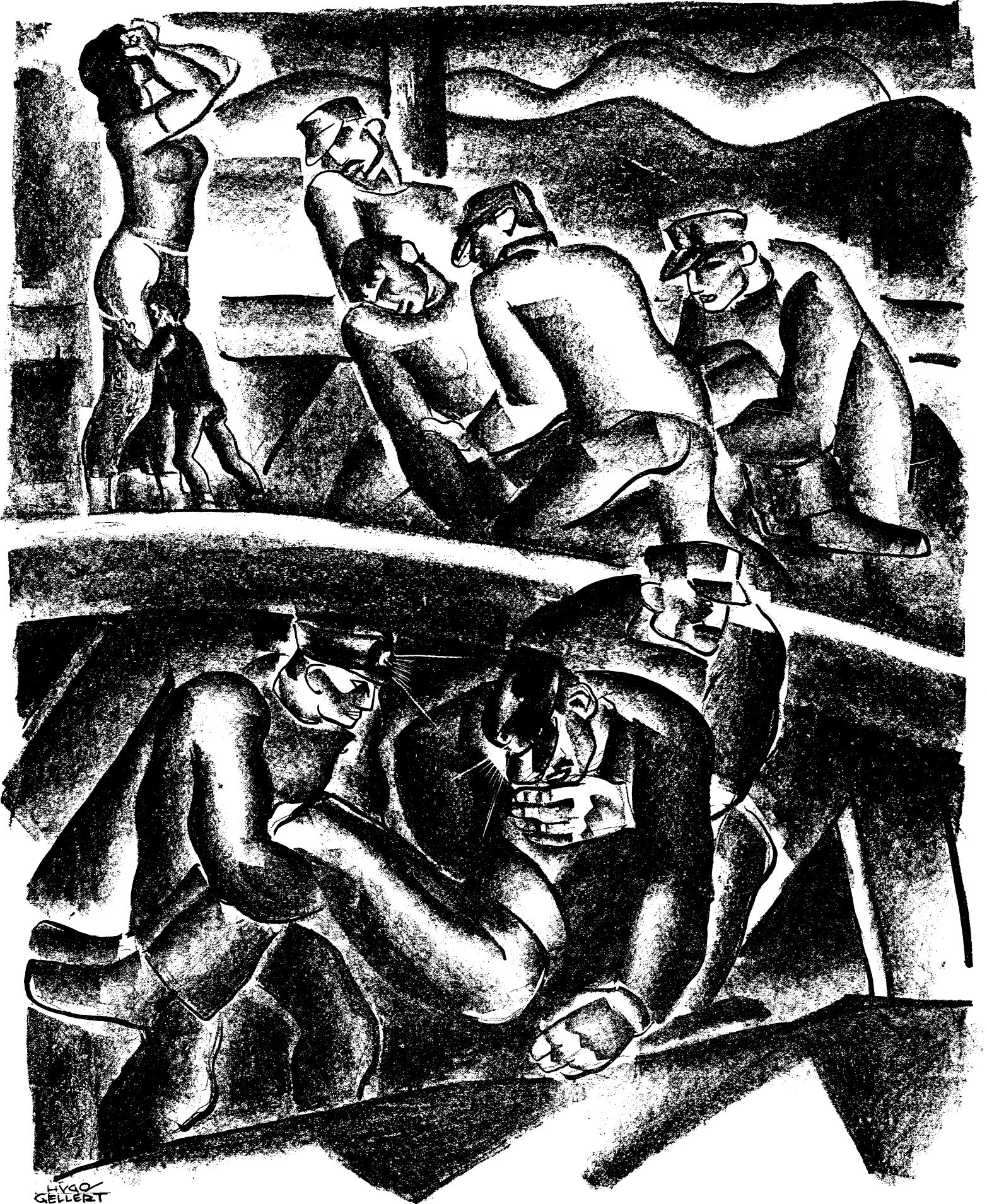
**OUT OF THE FOG**

TO THE EDITORS:

Great, new stuff. Throwing a little light on a situation that seems hopeless. It lifts me out of the fog of bewilderment and gives me new tools to work with.

Barbs Farrell

San Francisco



*Drawing by Hugo Gellert*

## THE PRICE OF COAL

Over twenty five thousand American miners killed in the past ten years.



*Drawing by Hugo Gellert*

## THE PRICE OF COAL

Over twenty five thousand American miners killed in the past ten years.

# ARE ARTISTS PEOPLE?

## SOME ANSWERS TO THE NEW MASSES QUESTIONNAIRE BY

### 1. *Why do you write, draw or paint?*

ROBINSON JEFFERS: That is a subject for analytical autobiography you haven't space.

UPTON SINCLAIR: Because I enjoy doing it; because some other people enjoy what they produce; and because they pay me nothing for it.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD: Because I like to.

STUART CHASE: Ditto. Doubtless by now would have been respected by Wall Street, had I stuck to my profession (public accountant.)

EDWIN SEAVER: To give form to what hitherto had been for me formless.

BRUCE BARTON: My first ambition has been to make my family comfortable.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH: I suspect the reason is rather egoistic than altruistic.

HEYWOOD BROWN: Well, I make a living by writing. Painting is different.

BABETTE DEUTSCH: Because there is some mood, or thought, or scene which I want to preserve by catching it in a verbal pattern. The effort to do this heightens my sense of being alive.

LEWELLYN POWYS: It is my pleasure to register my impression in this way, and incredible good fortune to earn sufficient money for sustenance thereby.

EDMUND WILSON: Because writing is the kind of work I most enjoy.

VAN WYCK BROOKS: Writing to me is a natural function, like eating or breathing.

### 2. *Do you produce for yourself or for an audience? What audience?*

JEFFERS: For both. An indeterminate audience. One hopes for intelligence.

SINCLAIR: For myself and all the audience I can get, by any possible means.

TAGGARD: Both. If poets could own broadcasting stations. . . My poetry . . . needs for an audience people who have . . . simplicity and positiveness.

CHASE: I doubt if I would do much work on a desert island. People with brains, imagination and some capacity for leadership . . . the reading sort of working people.

SEAVER: My work itself which reveals me and must reveal my audience.

HARBOR ALLEN  
BRUCE BARTON  
VAN WYCK BROOKS  
HEYWOOD BROWN\*  
STUART CHASE  
BABETTE DEUTSCH  
WALDO FRANK

ROBINSON JEFFERS  
JOSEPH W. KRUTCH  
LEWELLYN POWYS  
EDWIN SEAVER  
UPTON SINCLAIR  
GENEVIEVE TAGGARD  
EDMUND WILSON

*Are artists people? If you prick an artist, does he bleed? If you starve him, does he faint? Is heaven his home or can he properly take an active part in our mundane struggle for the fact of bread and the concepts of liberty, justice, etc.? As social critic and evaluator, can he not merely say what's wrong, but also, and by more than a negative implication, declare what's right? This, in substance, is what we asked of the writers, artists and critics whose names are listed at the top of this page. Read their answers.*

BARTON: If the artists will just go ahead and do their work without taking themselves too seriously, I think *we workers* are going to be able to provide an appreciative and profitable audience.

KRUTCH: I talk to myself and hope that some will eavesdrop.

BROWN: Few, I believe, are stalwart or agile enough to get satisfaction out of patting themselves on the back.

DEUTSCH: For myself. The realization of an audience gives me small recurrent shocks, generally agreeable.

WILSON: For an audience of people like myself.

BROOKS: First for myself, and secondly (mainly) for other writers, which I suppose is natural in a critic.

### 3. *How would you define literary or artistic prostitution?*

JEFFERS: Dishonesty for hire.

SINCLAIR: Lending the glamour and thrill of art to any ideals, standards, or ways of life less worthy than the best I know.

TAGGARD: I know a literary prostitute when I see one. Why definitions?

CHASE: Arguing causes in which one does not believe for money or for fame.

SEAVER: "There ain't nothing you can want, your baby aint got!"

KRUTCH: Leaving one's own love for another to secure material gain.

BROWN: Many sorry hacks do believe with all their heart and soul in the merits of the stuff they turn out.

DEUTSCH: Work done purely for hire.

WILSON: Shakespeare's comedies and historical plays were evidently written to order. . . Of writers who do not, as Shakespeare did, work themselves free to produce original work, we may conclude, not that they are prostituting themselves, but that their abilities are not first rate.

BROOKS: Consciously writing for money only.

### 4. *Do you regard our contemporary American culture as decadent. If so, what do you think will succeed it?*

JEFFERS: Not yet. What will follow? Centuries of increasing decadence.

SINCLAIR: Our culture is part decadence, part an agonized awareness of decadence—and revolt, mostly blind, against it.

TAGGARD: Dormant, and rather more commercial than decadent.

CHASE: I do not. I think we are in the birth-throes of a very authentic artistic culture. The only child which has come from the womb is literature. Perhaps. Next. . . architecture.

SEAVER: The last American culture was that of the Mayas. What contemporary culture we have is decadent, but not American.

BROWN: I don't think it's decadent. Decadence must come after a full fruition, and I don't see how anybody can maintain that America has ever come to the top of its potentialities in any field of artistic expression. . . . Walt (Whitman) failed at the thing which he set out to do. Obviously he came too soon. It was his plan to sing for

the proletariat, but they never joined in with him on the refrain. They didn't get him. . . . It is part of the job of any genius not only to do his stuff, but to make his fellows like it.

DEUTSCH: These States show more signs of cultural immaturity than of decadence.

POWYS: Without doubt it is at a high level, if the word culture is taken as referring to a state of sensitive intellectual curiosity, and not the condition wherein the mind is surcharged with a dry accumulation of traditional knowledge. In the true sense of the word I regard New York as a more cultured centre than London.

WILSON: American culture has never flourished; how can it decay?

BROOKS: Yes. Decadent. By this I mean that it *reflects* life instead of creating it, or rather creating incentives to life, new and valid channels for the life-impulse to flow into; and I can't honestly say that I see any improvement, or any likely to come in the near future. I don't think, as compared to certain European countries, that we are in the way of producing creative men, as distinguished from creative intelligences. I think we are infantile, and that this is due to all sorts of elements, or lack of elements in our social system, which will have to be changed *first*. On the other hand, I think we have certain very powerful primitive, mostly psychological, factors in our favor. Everything comes down to directing these factors, to the directors, to the creators, and I think any change would have to begin with philosophy—and first, with a complete abolition of the pragmatic way of looking at things.

### 5. *Does the advent of the machine mean the death of art and culture, or does it mean the birth of a new culture?*

JEFFERS: "The advent of the machine" changes art and culture, but less than people imagine, and will neither kill nor initiate.

HARBOR ALLEN: Only little artists, anachronistic Ruskins, bewail the advent of the machine.

SINCLAIR: If machine-made wars continue, there will be no new culture, and no old culture.

CHASE: It probably means the death of certain culture forms, but only to give way to new and exciting forms. Witness *Manhattan Transfer*, *Pro-*

\*Reprinted from the New York World

*cessional*, and the cock-eyed skyscrapers in the NEW MASSES. A machine tamed to serve man might release the leisure for the greatest flowering of art the world has ever seen.

**KRUTCH:** I myself get little aesthetic satisfaction out of machinery. I value it as a means of reducing drudgery, but prefer to have it kept in the background as much as possible.

**BROWN:** Claim exemption.

**DEUTSCH:** The basic human experiences, which are the stuff of art, are not likely to be profoundly altered by the progress of mechanical invention. By the time we have learned to do such things as to substitute extruterine incubation for the present awkward arrangement, we may expect something in the way of a really new art.

**POWYS:** The advent of the machine does not mean the death of art. As long as there are rational beings on the planet, so long will there be art. . . . Motor cars are likely to become one of the greatest curses that have overtaken the human race . . . surpassed only by syphilis.

**WILSON:** The industrial revolution, like every other important social event has considerably affected culture; but the invention and prevalence of machinery is only one feature of modern life; others are the rapid development of scientific culture, the universal circulation of printed matter and democratic education. So that, though some of the arts are neglected, the sciences benefit; and learning and literature have wider currency, though the currency is somewhat debased.

**BROOKS:** So far as the machine is concerned, I think everything depends on getting it into a completely subordinate place on every level above the material level. I think the tendency to worship the machine, or even reflect it, passively but admiringly as in pictorial art, is destructive of life.

## 6. How should the artist adapt himself to the machine age?

**JEFFERS:** The machine age is only a partial change; the artist should adapt himself to it without ignorance but without excitement. It provides at the most, some shift of scenery for the old actors.

**ALLEN:** The machine will be man's next epic conquest.

**SINCLAIR:** By realizing the new spiritual and intellectual powers made possible to the masses by machine labor, and by helping to bring this vision to the masses.

**CHASE:** By finding out what the machine has to offer; by warring on its monotonies and tyrannies, by chanting the rhythm of its speed and beauty. Never must he turn his back on it.

**SEAVER:** He must accept his age and his environment for its elements of inevitability and possibilities of life. . . . He must drive a hard bargain with it for his own preservation, taking care to insure the purity of his vision in the transaction.

**KRUTCH:** According to his temperament. I myself profit from it as much as I can as an instrument for the production of wealth and of leisure but spend no more time with it than I have to. Those who find inspiration in it should be appropriately grateful and use it as much as they can.

**BROWN:** Claim exemption.

**DEUTSCH:** By not running away from it, and by trying to understand its complexities.

**POWYS:** It is well for the artist if he can adapt himself to the machine age by retreating and again retreating.

**WILSON:** He will be adapted in spite of himself and without any effort on his part. Let the artist attend to his art and the age will attend to his adaptation.

**BROOKS:** The artist mustn't adapt himself to the machine age. He must somehow contrive to live outside it; and I think his present attitude toward it should be decisively hostile, satirical, etc.

**TAGGARD:** He can't. Unless he is of it, born deep in it, with complete identification of himself with its structure. I only know one artist who shows signs of being able to do this; *I know numbers who are trying*. . . .

We are familiar with the mood of the rural artist; a tree, a mountain has almost become identical with the fact of feeling. It will take some time to make men's tools and buildings and conveniences significant of more than their utility. In the beginning the primitive tribe worshipped the fact, and all the symbols, or fertility; from this awe grew religion and science,—two attempts to secure crops and abundant life. Man is due to worship the machine in this primal fashion, as the symbol of his deliverance *as soon as it delivers him*. He won't worship it until it does. Hence we need a revolution before we can have art,—art being the vehicle of modern worship. At present, the artist, if he considers himself a rebel, hates the machine in the confusion of hating capitalism. When the machine is used to make a good society, some artists will be pro-machine.

Just now what's the problem? A country boy will draw sky-scrapers as he would a pile of pumpkins—or he will take Whistlerian liberties with the ugly city. Lacking an artist who sees the hard glory of modern structure, let us have nothing.

Mike Gold recently said something to this effect: "If the artist will give himself to the proletarian cause he will lose immediately worldly success etc. . . . but he will be rewarded; the Cause will make of him a Great Artist." Something the same is implied in your questionnaire in regard to the machine age; the same formula, artist plus machine age, equals Great Artist.

This promising the artist proletarian stocks and bonds, glory and goodies is a rather difficult thing to put over on a person whose work is more valuable to him than stocks and bonds of the present system. In the first place quit trying to buy artists—for the simple reason that they are not good if you can buy them. Besides, what you are offering isn't true at all. The artist himself will lose in a revolution; he will have to be willing to pool himself with the destinies of the race, that's all.

Practical men run revolutions and there's nothing more irritating than a person with a long, vague look in his eye to have around, when you're trying to bang an army into shape, or put over a N. E. P. If I were in charge of a revolution, I'd get rid of every single artist immediately; and trust to luck that the fecundity of the earth would produce another crop when I had got some of the hard work done. Being an artist, I have the sense that a small child has when its mother is in the middle of housework. I don't intend to get in the way, and I hope that there'll be an unmolested spot for me when things have quieted down.

Try calling yourself a machine age artist twenty times before going to sleep every night and see how much good it does you. What seems to me even more fallacious is just *that*: your constant idea that artists can *WILL* to do or be one thing or another. The NEW MASSES is making a great mistake if it tries to convert bourgeoisie artists into proletarian ones. Some bourgeoisie humorists may now be doing much more devastating things to the upper class than all the 'I will boys' in our own little group. But the NEW MASSES has a job in helping the artist to take hold of the spectacle of modern life by printing the work of those who have begun to make inroads upon it. In other words it can stimulate and clarify and excite the artist living in America.

## 7. Can artists unite with each other to secure economic or artistic advancement. If not, what group alliance may they seek?

**JEFFERS:** Artists may find advantage in uniting with each other; it will be rather economic than artistic.

**SINCLAIR:** They should have their own unions, and federate with the unions of the other workers.

**TAGGARD:** I don't know.

**CHASE:** They can and they do. Observe the Actors' Equity. Nor is a trade union of the literati to pull the noses of the publishers unthinkable. All such, like equity, should affiliate with the American Federation of Labor.

**SEAVER:** They can and should form defensive and offensive alliances for both purposes. The consequent contact, interchange of ideas and even conflict, are, in any event, healthy.

**KRUTCH:** Doubtless some need to be alone. I see no reason why most might not profit from membership in a guild.

**BROWN:** I don't see how huddling is going to help them. Of course I believe that actors should have a union, and newspaper workers are fools that they have so long refrained from organization. . . . Genius belongs to no class or party. Shaw says Socialism made a man of him, but certainly it was not Socialism which made him an artist.

**DEUTSCH:** Artists can unite to secure certain economic advantages, but it is apt to be a precarious union. . . . Highly problematical that any "artistic advancement" is to be derived from an association of authors, painters or musicians. . . . The value of the artist's work is its individual, separate quality. He naturally abhors group alliances. Even if this were not so, he could not afford to isolate himself with his fellows. He must be *in* the world if not of it.

**POWYS:** True artists are always in league against the rest of the world, just as rats are in league against ferrets, weasels and stoats. They are only safe in large bodies and even so, the ricks in which they take refuge are sooner or later thrashed out. The average man would gladly kill artists for sport, for like fleas and bugs and lice, they disturb his sleep.

**BROOKS:** Undoubtedly artists can advance themselves economically by uniting; but I think they do so at the expense of real advancement. They should unite in youth in order to foster their craft feeling etc. Later I think they gain in strength the more they are able to go alone, or rather, to draw their sap from the common general elements of adult life. *I do* think, however, that they should have fairly frequent reunions. The point is, to avoid vital eccentricity as artists and also to avoid vital eccentricity as men.

**WILSON:** Artists can safeguard themselves in certain useful ways through such organizations as the Authors' League. Their conflicts of interest with the editors and publishers are





**CZECHO - SLOVAK PEASANTS**

*From a Lithograph by Jan Matulka*

surely not serious enough to warrant their resorting to unions.

As for "artistic advancement," it is certainly true that artists can benefit by coming together in groups in which they can work at their problems together and profit by each other's experience. Such a group were the Italian painters of the Renaissance; such another was the group of novelists which vibrated between the two poles of Flaubert and Zola in France in the last century; and such another was the Irish revival of Synge and Yeats and Lady Gregory and the rest. We have no such groups in America, except on a very small scale—the Stieglitz group, Mencken and Nathan, the disbanded vers-librists and imagists—and I believe that it would be a good thing if we had.

8. ***May society properly demand of the artist, not merely good craftsmanship and good reporting, but the "transvaluation of values"—the creation of new social values.***

JEFFERS: Society may properly wish for it, but it would be fatuous to demand what there is only the most exceptional chance of getting.

SINCLAIR: To say that the artist shall not be a creator, but merely a craftsman is to turn him from a man into a monkey.

TAGGARD: Hell!

CHASE: This is too esoteric for me. A sound artist does what he has to, regardless of social values. Read *The Constant Nymph*. Sanger kicked social values in the face, but it was worth the booting.

SEAVER: It is the vision that counts. . . . Vision means the breaking down of stale concepts into its living components. It means the formation of new values in the alembic of the creative imagination.

KRUTCH: I do not think it will do society any good to demand of the artist anything he does not feel like giving. Shakespeare is Shakespeare, even if he isn't Shaw. Even a conservative may be sincere. Why try to make a hypocrite of him by *demanding* that he be a revolutionary? Isn't that just as bad as demanding that he be a conservative?

BROUN: Society has a nerve even if it demands anything of the artist. It should take what he gives it and be properly humble and thankful. In a certain sense every creative person is a reformer, but this does not mean

that he must be in his work a propagandist for good roads, shorter hours and a low tariff. All these are excellent things but they need not be the concern of the artist.

DEUTSCH: An enlightened society will not demand anything of its artists beyond good craftsmanship. It is the artist's business to create, with material abstracted from the actual world, images which live and move and have their being in a world of their own. Since he is constantly drawing upon life in creating these images, he cannot but affect in some sort the life about him. But the effect of his work is indirect and sometimes slow, and in any case it is not by this that his performance is to be judged. The artist must have his roots in the social soil, and it may well be that his genius drops



**CZECHO - SLOVAK PEASANTS**

*From a Lithograph by Jan Matulka*



Matulka

**CZECHO - SLOVAK PEASANTS**

*From a Lithograph by Jan Matulka*



Drawing by Art Young

Restaurant Manager: "Get in line there! Two dollars a day, twelve hours, and all you want to eat."  
 Drifting Dave: "Get that kid? All you want to eat and no time to eat it."

seeds upon that same earth that nourished it. But society cannot, with any degree of success, play Burbank to the plant.

Powys: No art can exist which does not draw its very existence from the white mare's milk of Life itself. Art for Life's sake . . . loyalty towards the unregenerate dance of nature rather than towards any feeble fancy in regard to the ethnological advancement of our kind.

Society has no right to demand anything from the artist unless it be a purely formal obeisance to the less foolish of its regulations.

WILSON: A person who was remarkable merely for "good craftsmanship and good reporting" would not be an artist at all. The aim and function of the artist is to make people see things in a new way, and, therefore, precisely to modify their consciousness, to make them give things new values. But our views and feelings may be altered as effectively by a painting of a flower or by a sonnet about love as by a philosophical dialogue or a modern play of social criticism.

BROOKS: I think society has a right to demand of the artist in general the "creation of new social values."

This has to come, and only the artist can give it. But I don't think the individual artist should consciously strive to fulfill this function. When he does he usually develops a Jehovah-complex and ruins himself, (for himself and society). This is a case for natural selection. The great man must come, but he can't come by trying to be great.

WALDO FRANK: Intrinsically, art is neither reporting nor commentary. Art is concerned with the spirit *in* life and to this end uses materials. For it can convey and create that spirit only through the manipulation of materials. This is obvious at once, if you stop to think that any thought, spirit, soul, (call it what you like) is inconceivable without some sensible shape, some body (even if it is only the physical sound-waves of music) to express it. It is the knowledge of this, and this only, which makes the true artist so passionately concerned with Form. In form alone, does spirit live.

But what is this vague matter of spirit, soul, life? It is the specific matter of Value. The value of any thing is its life. Life without value is literally life gone dead. When we say a thing is dead, we mean sim-

ply that for us it has lost its value. Therefore, the artist must be the creator of value—since he is the man who puts *life* into the body of the world about us. In a world which needs fresh values, he is literally their creator: in a world which has values, he is their guardian, their conservator, their renovator.

It is the process of human society that there is always discrepancy between the condition of its values (its living spirit), and of its forms (its body). Otherwise, there would be no motion, there would be stagnation and death. In some eras, the values are militantly young and have erected for themselves no *valid* forms. In others, the forms are perfected and the values are dying out of them. An example of the earlier class was Christian Europe before the year 1000. An example of the other is the whole period stretching from the Renaissance to ourselves. In early Christendom there were plenty of hearty values; the philosophers of Greece, the mystics of North Africa, the prophets of Israel had bequeathed them. It was the historic business of the Teutonic hordes to incarnate these values into aesthetic and hence social bodies. No sooner had they achieved

this (about 1300) than the old values began to weaken, disintegrate, break-up. God, for instance, as the prime symbol of value in the Catholic State, went out and the hideous, soulless, modern State—pure body—was all that was left.

The result at long length was our miserable but thrilling present. We are living in a world replete with bodies; machines, empires, trade unions, chambers of commerce, revolutionary committees—these, without spirit-values, are lifeless bodies. Remember, now, that the old values were artist-made, artist-formed. Plato, Moses, Jesus, were as clearly artists as Dante and Michael Angelo. These men had great craft of course; else they could never have put over their end; the materialization of values.

The true artist today is the man ready to devote his life to the discovery and formulation of values, inherent in our world of today, but not yet cogent. He will work them out in aesthetic form: i.e., in personal form. That must come first. He need not bother about their assimilation into general social forms. That is Mankind's job. If he bothers with that, he'll mess his part of it.



Drawing by Art Young

Restaurant Manager: "Get in line there! Two dollars a day, twelve hours, and all you want to eat."  
Drifting Dave: "Get that kid? All you want to eat and no time to eat it."



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Restaurant Manager: "Get in line there! Two dollars a day, twelve hours, and all you want to eat."  
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**9. What attitude should the artist take to the revolutionary labor movement? Is there any hope of a new world culture through the rise of the workers to power? If so, what will that culture be like?**

JEFFERS: "The rise of the workers to power," if it should reach secure establishment, would produce a quietist, archaizing, lyrical, extremely formal sort of culture. During the time of the struggle and disappointment, any revolutionary labor movement will react on creative work, as a source of power, and a source of disturbance; will break moulds, intensify and pervert ideas, force discoveries. But a really new culture could arise only beyond the Lethe of a new dark ages.

SINCLAIR: The artist should be the soul of the labor movement. He should turn it from a business quarrel into a new step in civilization. The new culture will be like nothing we can imagine, because we live in our petty individualities, and cannot imagine how it would really feel to possess a social consciousness, and to share in mass emotions.

TAGGARD: One thing chiefly interests me, as a person who writes poetry, in the culture of the workingclass. When it is successful, it will permit a positive attitude toward both life and art. It will be possible to think of life as good, and to explore it as abundant, because a revolution will have been made by the determination of a mass of people who feel that it is sufficiently worth while to struggle for it.

ALLEN: Nothing is surer than that the social revolution will be the torch for a new flame of art, hopeful where it is now frustrated, lusty where now it is anemic, bold and gleeful where now it is bound and surly.

BROWN: Why must he, the artist, always be taking an attitude towards things? . . . When the workers come to power this could easily be a better world, but that would not of necessity give us better writers, composers or painters. It might. Who knows? I don't.

CHASE: What attitude? Whatever his art permits him to take, precisely as in the case of chambers of commerce, political governments, Kiwanis or Atlantic City beauties. Russia will remain the acid test of what he may hope to gain from it. Is there any hope? Yes. But the new world culture may be no better than that which came through the rise of the Medicis to power.

SEAVER: Attitude is a bad word. The artist must accept the revolutionary labor movement as one of the most vital activities of our time, affecting the whole social fabric. . . My sympathies are naturally with the

workers, not in whose ideas but in whose being there is life itself. . . The economic revolution is only one form of a more comprehensive revolution. Witness Russia.

KRUTCH: He should follow his convictions. There is hope, yes, but not certainty. Havelock Ellis' *Study of British Genius* showed that the upperclass minority in England produced the vast majority of the men who achieved intellectual distinction. Perhaps this was only because that class had the greatest opportunities. Perhaps it means that genius usually arises from a single small strain in a population and that those through

than that which is championed by reactionary parties. Also, economic injustice and mismanagement is so flagrant in our time that the situation has become intolerable to people of sensitive natures. Besides, artists should never offer obstruction to change which is in itself so essential an attribute of life. At the same time, it should never be forgotten by the prudent that many of us would have the greatest difficulty in gaining a livelihood in any body politic that was not corrupt, so that in advocating the cause of communism it is more than likely that we act the part of the gabbling grey goose of Hol-

and the changes are, to some degree, determined by social conditions. But the work of, say, a proletarian poet, however different in vocabulary and form, must in the end meet the same requirements as the poetry of a conservative courtier like Horace or Racine; just as a proletarian bridge, however different in ornament or design from a capitalistic one, must be judged for its effectiveness in performing the same function, that is, of providing a safe passage over a river, and this effectiveness can only be secured by a mastery of the same principles as were applied by the capitalist bridge-builders. All the talk about "class" literature and art seems to me, rather pointless. The arts and sciences produce classes of their own which cut across the social classes. When the proletariat learn to appreciate art and to understand science, they will appreciate and understand them in the same way as anyone else and, when they make contributions to them, their contributions will be valuable, if they are valuable, in exactly the same way as those of the capitalist Proust and the aristocrat Bertrand Russell. There are already great proletarian names among the arts and sciences; but they are the great names of artists and scientists, not of proletarians.

BROOKS: I should say that any artist takes the first step towards ruining himself, when he recognizes any *ought*, any phase of life outside the sphere of his natural functions as a man. But I do think there is a widely felt natural impulse in the modern art artist to side with the worker, as representing something more creative than money power. A new world culture through the rise of the workers to power? In itself, I should say, no, or rather a worse culture than we already have. For the worker in general, as such, represents the absence of culture. But as tending toward the abolition of class, as such, I believe in the revolutionary movement and think it favorable to culture. It represents the effort to one of the various kinds of freedom, in a general human sense. And the more freedom, properly understood, the more culture. Of course, I should add that all culture is the result of individual self-discipline. Freedom, so far as culture is concerned, is only a favoring condition for this.

FRANK: The artist does not get his values from the air: he gets them from his experience: from the experience of *vital facts*. Such a fact today is the class-conscious worker, in the lordly and infantile Democracy. I don't see how the true artist of today can be spiritually alien to this movement, any more than he can be to that other set of vital facts: his own personal emotions.

**EVERY TURBINE SINGING**

Every turbine singing on the earth is a bud put forth on the air of a wide Spring,  
 Every dynamo turning is a bud tight-rolled and thrust out of darkness into warm light.  
 In their time the buds of this cleanness will swell and leap full and fuller and come to their harvest.  
 For the strength of their hearts men will eat of the fruit of new knowledge  
 And find in the hush of their bosoms that evil and good are one rhythm, as the crash of power on power is one;  
 And life and death are a brightness unbroken as the thrust and recoil of a shaft fire-driven;  
 And body and soul embrace one another, as motion makes whole the curved steel and power is born of their springing.  
 And peace will come stumbling out of the earth like the burnished fatness of summer.  
 And peace will be gathered, and peace will nourish our sons.

*MacKnight Black*

whom that strain runs usually manage to keep socially, financially and intellectually on top. If the "workers," in the narrow sense you mean, come to power, we shall merely wait and see.

DEUTSCH: The artist is concerned with the revolutionary labor movement only insofar as being dedicated to life more abundant, he is on the side of those who would create a richer life for the mass of mankind. In his specific capacity as an artist, the movement concerns him no more and no less than any other phenomenon of his pluriverse. Certainly, the abolition of classes which, we are told, result from the rise of the workers to power, would mean a new culture. As to what it would be like, I should hazard the guess that it would vaguely approximate the culture of the middle ages. . . However, speculation is a little like trying to describe the taste of roast gryphon. First catch your gryphon.

POWRS: The attitude of the artist to the revolutionary labor movement should be one of sympathetic interest insofar as its cause is more dynamic

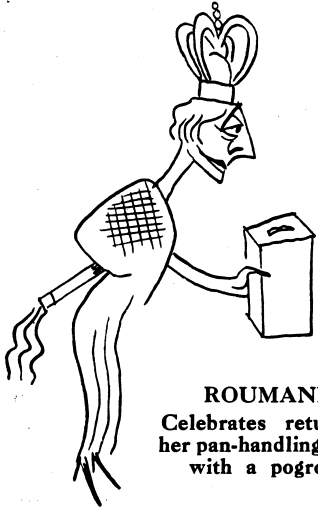
worth, who for spite of the farmer, before he had her head snapped off, kept reiterating *long live the red fox*.

WILSON: It depends on what sort of artist he is: the revolutionary labor movement, like modern plutocratic drinking parties, like the religious legends of Christianity, like striking seascapes off the Maine coast, or, in fact, any other subject of interest, may fall within the field of one artist's vision, but not within that of another.

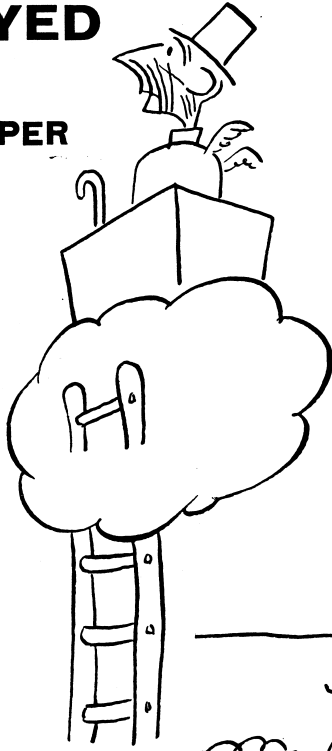
If you want to raise the question of proletarian culture, it is, of course, true that all important social changes are reflected in the arts and sciences. But fundamentally, the character of culture must always remain the same: painting and music, like astronomy and mathematics—or like cabinet-making or well-digging—must be successful, not in terms of politics or of social institutions, but in terms of their own particular crafts. In this sense, there can be no such thing as proletarian literature any more than there can be proletarian chemistry or proletarian engineering. Conventions change in all these things

# THIS COCK-EYED WORLD

By WILLIAM GROPPER

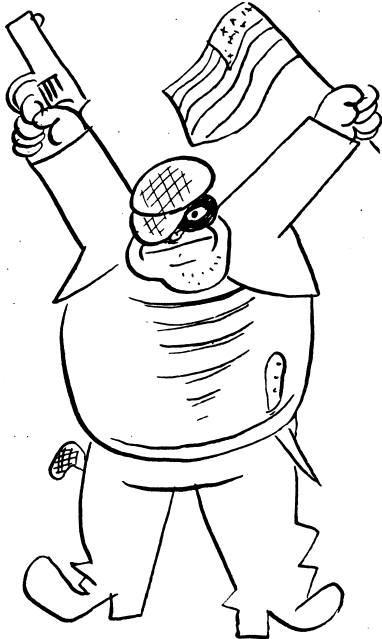


**ROUMANIA**  
Celebrates return of her pan-handling queen with a pogrom.

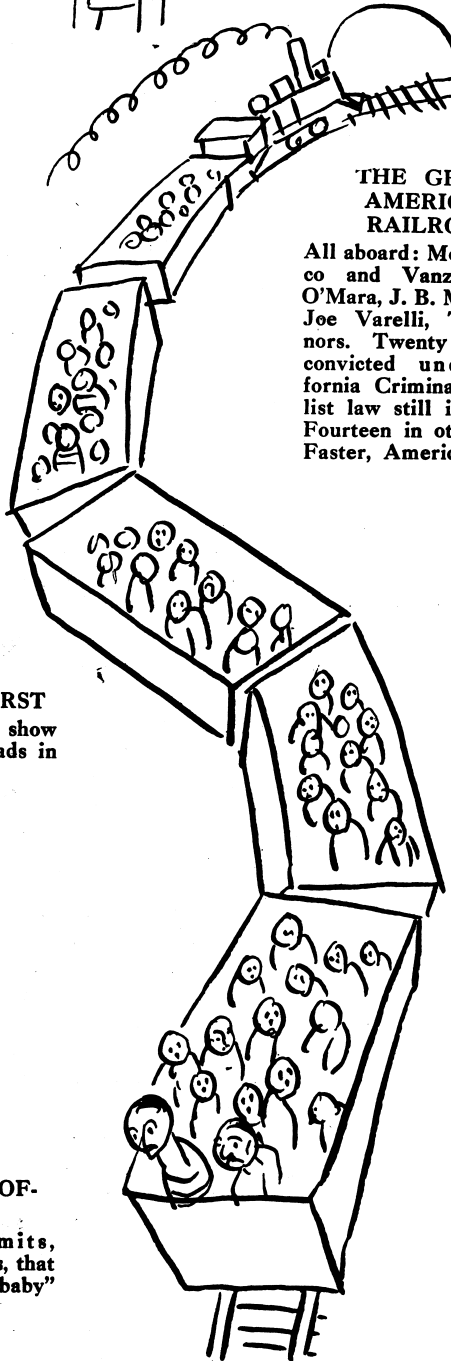


**JOHN DEE**  
Gives \$987,658,329.00 in dimes to his favorite churches, and gets a box seat in heaven.

**QUESTIONNAIRE**  
Do you believe in God? Do you go to church regularly? Have you stopped beating your wife regularly? Answer Yes or No.



**AMERICA FIRST**  
Census figures show that America leads in crime.



**THE GREAT AMERICAN RAILROAD**  
All aboard: Mooney, Sacco and Vanzetti, Tom O'Mara, J. B. McNamara, Joe Varelli, Tom Connors. Twenty-five men convicted under California Criminal Syndicalist law still in the pen. Fourteen in other states. Faster, America, Faster!



**OIL'S WELL WITH THE WORLD**  
London negotiations reveal to Standard Oil that the villainous-looking Bolshevik really has a heart of gold.



**DADDY—WOOF-WOOF**  
Browning admits, through the press, that he still wants a "baby"

**NATHAN STRAUSS**  
Gets mad at Henry Ford for hating the Jews, and Ford says: "So's your old man."





# THE PROFESSOR OF SOCIOLOGY

By HAMILTON BASSO

PROFESSOR SOUTH, who taught Sociology, was small and colorless, his bald head polished like the cap of a knee. By years of scrimping he had managed to accumulate a respectable sum of money and was very proud of himself. He announced, whenever the opportunity presented itself, that he intended to resign his chair at the end of the term and spend the rest of his life in Europe. "Not along the ordinary beaten paths but in the unknown places. . . ."

Seated in the swivel chair before his desk he stared at Quimby, a student.

"Well," he said, "have you your report?"

Because he knew the professor was anticipating his negative the boy became flustered.

"No. But you see . . ."

South held two fingers in the air like a priest giving benediction.

"No excuses, please," he mumbled.

He crossed his legs, lean legs that protruded too much from the bottom of his trousers, and smiled. His teeth were broad and discolored, a few of them patched with gold.

"I don't know," he began abruptly, his smile fading, "why you continue coming to college, Quimby. You certainly realize that you haven't a chance to pass any of your subjects. Why don't you quit and go to work?"

"I know you've wondered why I gave you that 69½ last term for a final grade. Well, I'll tell you. I did it in order to give you a moral lesson. I thought that if I failed you by so small a margin you'd awake to the necessity of being alert and attentive. But it seems to have had no effect on you whatsoever. You're as lazy, even lazier, than you were before."

Quimby flushed.

Professor South, fingering a Phi Beta Kappa key, spoke again.

"What do you expect will become of you? Don't you ever want to amount to anything?"

"But Professor South, after all . . ."

"Oh, don't try to excuse yourself. I've got you spotted, my son. I've known too many like you. You can't bluff me. All I have to say is, if you want to pass my course, you'd better get to work mighty soon."

He spun around in his chair, and began to rummage in a pile of papers.

Quimby left the room.

2.

Several boys, their eyes red with want of sleep, sit in a small room. The table-lamp, a green shade askew upon its bulb, pours its light over a mass

of books and papers, scattered over the table and upon the floor.

Young Carton is at the head of the table, reading from a book. Sometimes, at a difficult passage, he stops to explain what he has read. Carton is an honor student and the others are anxious to study with him, hoping, in a few desperate weeks of cramming, to acquire a semester's work.

Dawn is near and the boys are tired. They nod, curse and yawn. Outside, small noises begin to break the long still night. Birds stir, squirrels scamper lightly along the naked branches. The morning air is cold, and Quimby turns up the collar of his coat. His mind, held in check all night, forced to become a sponge to sop up information, begins to revolt and wander.

Why, in the name of everything holy, did he have to endure this idiotic performance? Why did he have to sit here, night after night, cramming until his head ached and his eyes cut like knives? Why, in the first place, had he ever come to

college? That's what he wanted to know.

But now, he cautioned himself, was not the time to think of such things. Now wasn't the time to think of anything. He must just plug and cram and leave the thinking of thoughts to somebody else. He had to graduate. Whether he wanted to or not.

He remembered that Carton was reading and brought his mind to listen.

"The popular assignment of uncomplimentary terms and hateful names has always served as a protest against social change and in this way is to be considered as a means of social control."

That was South's book he was reading from, thought Quimby—South, who for thirty years had saved his earnings as a professor so that eventually he might retire and go to Europe—out of the beaten paths.

It was South, too, who had given him 69½ for a final grade. . . . As a moral lesson. If he had passed that course he would not have needed to take the examination he was now

preparing for. Were it not for South he would not be shivering in a cold room tearing his eyes out trying to keep them awake. God damn the man! 69½ . . . How could any mortal person judge another's knowledge to such a knife-blade's edge? Where were the scales to balance: it so nicely? But, as South said, there was something else to all this. A moral lesson. . . .

One mustn't think, however. Just sit tight and listen to what Carton was reading. Plug and cram, that was the ticket. Get the stuff into one's head and keep it there. He had to graduate. After all these years of coming to this flea-bitten place he'd he damned if he wouldn't . . .

But, Oh, Jesus, I don't remember a word. Oh, Jesus, sweet, sweet Jesus, riding in that golden cloud, like the niggers say. He's going to bust me sure. I can't get it to save my neck. *The assignment of social change. . .*

3.

Professor South, surrounded by a crowd of chattering students, posted his grades.



"Can you sell me a pleasant book—something *not* about poor people?"

Drawing by Reginald Marsh



"Can you sell me a pleasant book—something *not* about poor people?"

*R. Marsh*  
Drawing by Reginald Marsh

На путях христианского социализма.



From Bezbozhnik

Bezbozhnik takes a fling at the workings of Christian Socialism

There were cries of elation from those who had passed, groans and frank blasphemies from the less fortunate.

The professor stood in the doorway of his office listening to the remarks being bandied about.

Quimby, smoking a cigarette, waited until the crush had cleared a little and went to the bulletin board where the grades were hung.

69 7-8 was written beside his name . . . last term it was 69½.

was smiling at him, unctuously.

"You came pretty close, didn't you?" South said courteously. "It's not my fault you know. It's the result of your own careless attitude. You should have expected it."

Quimby, on guard, smiled back at him.

"I know," he said.

"You see," the Professor uttered softly, "I warned you. Time and again. But you paid no attention. You realize that you are the only person to blame, don't you?"



From Bezbozhnik

"Papa God" gets a headache hearing the free-spoken ideas of Russian youth.

His first impulse was to believe that the professor had made him the victim of a practical joke . . . To fail a man by 1-8 of a point—Pshaw! It was impossible.

Then, as he realized the grade was really official, he filled with anger. Not because he had failed, for failure he had expected. It was the fraction that hurt.

"Goddamn the low down bitch," he said.

Turning, he saw the Professor looking at him. He grew embarrassed, and dropped his eyes. South

Quimby sank his nails into his palms and nodded.

"Last year your grade was 69½, wasn't it? Well, if you want to console yourself, you've done better this time. Next year, if you are lucky, you might even manage to get by, mightn't you?"

Quimby mumbled an answer. The man dimmed before him. He wondered what would happen if he should suddenly grab this nasty little smiling man and stand him on his bald head, screaming and whining . . . as a moral lesson. . . .

## FRIJOLE DE SEGUNDA

By ARNOLD ROLLER

FRIJOLE DE SEGUNDA, literally translated means, second-hand beans. It is a dish illustrative of the peculiar prosperity under which the peons of Guatemala enjoy their free and careless life.

Guatemala, like Peru and Venezuela, is one of the democracies recognized by our country, where the natives can be commandeered by the local political bosses to work, at a rate fixed by the authorities, or without any compensation whatsoever, on road repairing, public works, or even for private landowners. The wage is usually fixed at \$20 per day, the amount paid by the *hacendado* (the large landowner) for every worker supplied to him. Not so bad until you know that the \$ sign, in all Latin America, means peso. It so happens that in Guatemala the peso or "\$" is worth less than 2 cents. That would be 40 cents a day. The lot of the peon of Guatemala begins to look less rosy and enviable, nevertheless, the peon would feel like Rockefeller if he actually got those twenty pesos a day.

The *hacendado* really does pay 20 pesos a day—but not to the peon. He pays it to the local political boss who keeps 15 pesos himself per day and per man. The peon is still left with \$5 a day or the equivalent of 10 cents.

No good purpose would be served by accustoming the peon to too great opulence by leaving them all that. Such wealth would make him less appreciative of the joys of an active, virtuous and frugal life. To avoid such disaster the "enganachador," the contractor, who actually picks and recruits the workers, keeps an additional three pesos out of the five. The peon is finally left with two Guatemalan dollars, or 4 cents, jingling in his pocket, out of which he may indulge in his natural vices—women, wine and song.

It sometimes happens that the peon, after a few weeks or months of labor, saves enough from his four cents a day to buy a glass of Pulque (the Mexican and Central American alcoholic drink). This may make him feel cheerful for a while, and cause him to sing in the streets, or stop walking with the humility of a beaten dog. For this crime he is promptly arrested, brought before the judge, and fined 50, 100 or 200 pesos for drunkenness or disorderly conduct. The fine is imposed according to the savings of the peon, or according to the time he has worked and the estimate of how much he may have saved. Should he be stubborn and wicked enough to deny that he has any money he is put in prison

and given a chance to work off his fine.

In prison he receives free quarters—but no food. Prisoners in preventative custody or those convicted for short terms are not fed at the expense of the state. Such sentimental treatment would only encourage crime and idleness. Everybody would rather go to jail than work. The friends or relatives of the prisoner are supposed to bring food to the peon domiciled at the expense of the state. Such contributions rarely run to pheasant, venison or caviar sandwiches. All he gets are dried kidney beans, known in Latin America as *frijoles*. It is the national popular food like potatoes in Ireland. These *frijoles* are eaten by the prisoners uncooked and dry, or with some water, as he has no cooking facilities. Hard as stone, many of them are swallowed without being chewed, and many pass undigested through the stomach and find their way out again, as perfect as in their original form, into the exterior world, into freedom and renewed usefulness.

Thus the *frijoles* take their place in the economic scheme for the second time.

Science knows no limits of large, and small, and economics, knows none to riches or poverty. There are peons still poorer than those miserable slaves who swallowed the stone-hard unboiled beans.

Nothing is lost in nature. American efficiency is surpassed in Guatemala by these simple peons. The undigested *frijoles* returned to the world cannot escape their final destiny.

The peon carefully washes the beans out of the useless medium by which they returned to the exterior world, just as gold is washed out of the surrounding mud. He gives them a second chance. He enables the *frijoles* to pursue for a second time the career in which they were formerly so unsuccessful. And this constitutes the delicacy known to Guatemalan peons as *frijoles de segunda*.

There are no *frijoles de tercera*. This is unfortunate. *Perpetuum mobile frijoles* might have solved the world's labor problem. One portion of *frijoles*, used over and over again might have sufficed for the whole life of the robot, as the same oil is used again and again in a modern machine. What an ideal method of keeping up that cheapest of all machines which does not have to be bought, and can always be replaced because it reproduces itself!

**MATULKA LITHOGRAPHS**—Original Lithographic Proofs of the Matulka reproduced on page 7 of this issue, may be procured from NEW MASSES at \$20.00 each.

## На путях христианского социализма.



Путь господи несподобимы.

From Bezbozhnik

Bezbozhnik takes a fling at the workings of Christian Socialism

There were cries of elation from those who had passed, groans and frank blasphemies from the less fortunate.

The professor stood in the doorway of his office listening to the remarks being bandied about.

Quimby, smoking a cigarette, waited until the crush had cleared a little and went to the bulletin board where the grades were hung.

69 7-8 was written beside his name . . . last term it was 69½.

was smiling at him, unctuously.

"You came pretty close, didn't you?" South said courteously. "It's not my fault you know. It's the result of your own careless attitude. You should have expected it."

Quimby, on guard, smiled back at him.

"I know," he said.

"You see," the Professor uttered softly, "I warned you. Time and again. But you paid no attention. You realize that you are the only person to blame, don't you?"



Рис. Н. Мороз.

От таких безбожников голова болит.

From Bezbozhnik

"Papa God" gets a headache hearing the free-spoken ideas of Russian youth.

# RUSSIA'S FOXY GRANDPA

PEASANTS' "PAPA GOD" BEWILDERED BY MIRACLES OF SOVIET SCIENCE

By ERNESTINE EVANS

IN THE last four years the Soviet attack on the orthodox church has gradually but constantly altered in character. In place of violent expropriation of church property, and constant watch of priests, suspect always as counter revolutionary elements, there has grown up a steady cultural propaganda not only against the old Russian orthodox church of which the Czar was the titular head, but against Jewish churches and Mohammedan, the idea in any form, of God or Heaven. The communists, young and old, are as derisive as ever about mysticism, and as determined that the church shall have no temporal power, property influence or educational prestige, but there is nothing barbaric about their haste in accomplishing their purpose. The churches are fresh-painted at government insistence. Many missionaries and sects, formerly suppressed by the Czar, have opened churches and conduct services. The debate held last summer in Moscow between the American tourist Sherwood Eddy and Michael Reissner, editor of the atheist magazine *Bezbozhnik* (The Godless) was an entertainment that drew eight thousand ticket buyers. The debate was on the existence of God and most of the proceeds went to the Association of the Godless, which has many branches all over the world, and held an international convention last year in Czecho-Slovakia. Religion, far from being a forbidden subject, is a debatable one, but irreligion is the popular side in the cities, and the government is a partial referee in all disputes between the anti-religious communists and the churches in the villages. Whenever religion comes up in the news, as it did last year in the "Monkey process" at Dayton, as the Russians called it, the whole Russian press editorializes on the side of evolution, and *Crocodile*, an illustrated satirical paper, and *Bezbozhnik*, organ of the atheist association, let themselves go in caricature and polemic.

The change in the manner of making anti-church propaganda is most obvious in this year's issues of *Bezbozhnik*. About three years ago, many Russians united in approval of its purpose, began to question the effectiveness of the magazine, which was a lavishly illustrated weekly, printed in three colors, in technical make-up one of the show pieces of the Soviet press. Did it deserve its subsidy? Was it effective? The test of its effectiveness was the Russian peasant. The final practical test of everything in Russia today is whether

it moves the Russian peasant in the direction of communism or away from it. The early issues of the magazine had been sent free far and wide into the villages. The chief features of the early numbers were merciless cartoons of the village priests, coarsely represented as fat and vulgar figures, overeating in the midst of famine. But they whanged on the string of hatred of priests too much and too long. Observant members of the local Ispolkoms began to report to Moscow that the magazine, *The Godless* was acting as a boomerang. Here and there even an irreligious peasant would say a kind word for a thin priest, or point out that humanly speaking, the village pope wasn't so bad. *The Godless*, objected those who had to bear the brunt of representing communist leadership in the village, was good enough fun for the hardbottled young communist to laugh over, but it wasn't

a good investment of cash for the winning of the village elders.

The magazine began to change its tables of contents, and its manner of distribution. It continues to be sent to subscribers and to certain party officials, and can be bought at the government bookshops in the larger towns and at the railway newsstands all over Russia, but it most often finds its way into the village in single copies, bootlegged in from Moscow as a sort of naughty forbidden fruit, one of the special purchases to be made by a peasant who goes up to Moscow and stays at the peasant hotel run by the government on the site of the once famous restaurant Hermitage. The reading matter is most of it above the peasant heads, but it serves to start discussion and doubting when a group of peasants are gathered together to look at the naughty pictures. A systematic series of articles on comparative religion,

and the economic and political history of established churches, has been running two years. The whole series amounts to a book the size of *Why We Behave Like Human Beings*, or Wells' *Outline of History*, and is calculated to disturb fundamentalist believers in one church. There are repeated articles on the saints' relics that the Bolsheviks are never tired of digging up, and historical accounts of the ill behaviour of priests in crises like the famine and constant reminders of the alliance between the church and Czarism.

But along with this obvious anti-church propaganda, the magazine is being filled with other material so interesting and various that opening the magazine at random one week, it seemed to be a *Popular Science Monthly* or a *Bulletin of the Edison Company*, for it is now making a specialty of running articles, illustrated in new and lively fashion, of the miracles of science, of electric light bulbs and electric irons, and electric churns, radios and aeroplanes, power houses and super power houses,—all the miracles that the bolsheviks claim are wrought by work and intelligence and science rather than by prayer. Opened at another page, the magazine has the appearance of an illustrated farm journal. Articles on dairy farming, on American methods of increasing the butter fat in milk, and the number of gallons of milk per day abound; accounts of experiments in feeding hens to increase laying, in incubator chicks and in using electric light in hen houses. Everything is accompanied by cartoons and illustrations, humorous and satirical, incredible American cows the size of Paul Bunyan's blue ox, for the Bolsheviks believe in pictures. A serious article on poultry breeding will be illustrated with an excellent drawing of a rooster and the proper American coop (often taken from the results of experiments of an American state agricultural farm) with, in the corner, a joke perhaps, in which two hens converse absurdly, and a bright page of Rhode Island reds with scarlet combs and buff feathers, and a ribald "Papa God" talking nonsense to a hen. Indeed "Papa God" in the Russian atheist newspaper is an irreverent stock figure not unlike a bewildered Foxy Grandpa of the American funny papers. The Russians intend that the peasants shall be amused with the notion of him, not afraid of him.

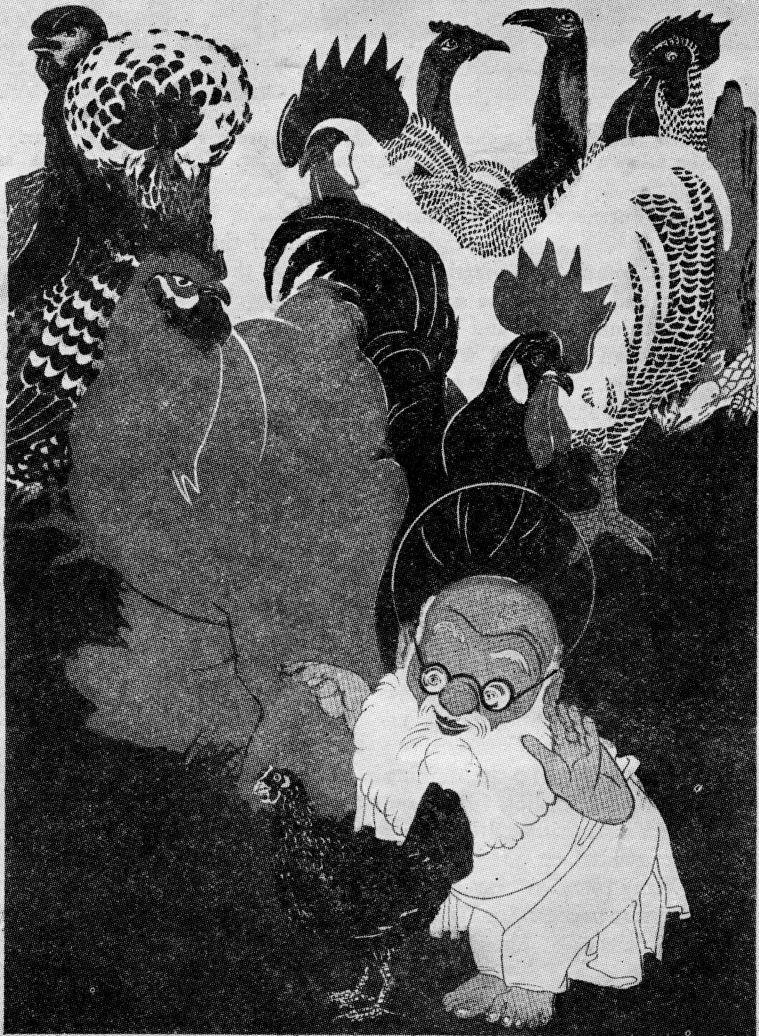


From a full page in six colors—*Bezbozhnik* Calling the new highly developed breeds the Devil's Artifice, "Papa God" reaffirms his faith in the scrub barn-yard hen.



— Некоторые породы человеком выведены—это все от дьявола,— выдуманные. Моя порода — вот она.  
Как у дедов, у прадедов. По старине, по обычаю.

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Calling the new highly developed breeds the Devil's Artifice, "Papa God" reaffirms his faith in the scrub barn-yard hen.



Батюшка нашего прихода.

The Priest of our Congregation: (1) With the rich man he shares the booty. (2) He impresses the poor by fear. (3) A child to the house, a calf from the house. (4) Go to the priest for marriage, and he takes a cow for pay. (5) The new order. The Priest is the same, but the congregation has changed.

From a two-page spread in *Bezbozhnik*.

*Bezbozhnik* abounds with tales of evolution and of prehistoric man—the scandals and ongoings that enliven the tabloids for the American masses being replaced theoretically by caveman stuff written by an anthropologist for an atheist weekly in Russia. And not only science but feminism is given its place in the paper. The free thinking, hard working woman is made the heroine of cartoons. She is given a red dress in the color printing, and dances to an accordion or runs an electric washing machine and is a much more preferable creature for the young peasant girl to identify herself with than the hag tide to the priest's apron strings, or drudging, who is used as the symbol of the superstition-ridden woman of the old order. Apparently the theory is that a woman who wears no corsets is more likely to become a free thinking atheist than one who wears too many petticoats and tightens herself with stays. The cartoons are passionately earnest about what corsets do to female ribs.

There is a regular page for little atheist kids, and they are always drawn as gay and lively, athletic, performing feats of play and work with their feet on the ground and their

heads high, but never on their knees in prayer.

There is constant idealization of the factory and school house as social and fruitful institutions and gathering places when compared with the cupola churches. Hardly a number comes out without a cruel cartoon of the kulak and rich peasants, together with the priests, promising the poor overburdened peasant rest from labor by and by, pigs and treasures like the whole of a mail order house catalogue, floating on the clouds, while he carries the kulak's burdens, and all are drawn with the spirit that went into making the I. W. W. song, "Pie in the sky by and by."

This last year the atheist campaign against the church has centered on one particular issue. To the running accompaniment of poking fun at the priests and church history, the priests have been attacked on one particular score. Many Russian novels have made American readers familiar with the church practise of charging a tax for a blessing of the fields. In case of drouth or of insect pests, the priests would come, for cash, or a share of the crop, seldom for nothing, and parade around the field with incense and prayers. Now even the

peasants who believed in the efficaciousness of the blessing, were reluctant to pay the church fee. Taxes to church as well as state are pulled like sound teeth from the moujiks. *Bezbozhnik* always pokes fun at the Orthodox popes for charging a fee for God's blessing, and to that it has added an educational campaign comparable to those run by the United States department of agriculture on good and bad insects. Whole pages are devoted to realistic illustrations in color of harmful insects, their effect on crops, and how to kill them. It is this curious and amusing mixture of destructive propoganda and interesting constructive material that makes the new *Bezbozhnik* a more dangerous magazine than it was. It is only sometimes amusing to the peasants directly but it is always amusing to the Comsomol (the young communists) and inspires them to new zest in joshing the mysteries. In time the contents of *Bezbozhnik* reaches the peasants by word of mouth; its cultural message becomes something in the soviet air.

Since 1924, the church has been a little robbed of the appeal of martyrdom. The Soviet government has encouraged factionalism in the

church, content to let the Living Church and the Old Church divide the faithful. It keeps *Religion is the Opium of the People* over the gate to the Red Square, but the rains tend to wash it out, and perhaps it will never need to be repainted in bright colors. The churches of Moscow have been whitewashed and blue and pink and green washed so that the visitor is at once struck by the prosperous air of the churches. But not all the churches wished to be made so spruce. Their forlorn look was a case against the Soviets until the Soviets required compulsory repainting, the bills to be footed by the congregation, which was an irritating tax on the religious. Where there were too many churches for the congregations to maintain, the Soviet government has simply taken over the church building and installed a cinema or library or lecture hall for peasant recruits in districts where the Red Army has training schools. At first the peasants have been frightened when the government has turned out the icons and brought in the motion picture, and have waited for the lightning to strike, but when it has not, and it seldom has, one by one they leak into the place of entertain-





*From a two-page spread in Bezbozhnik*

The Priest of our Congregation: (1) With the rich man he shares the booty. (2) He impresses the poor by fear. (3) A child to the house, a calf from the house. (4) Go to the priest for marriage, and he takes a cow for pay. (5) The new order. The Priest is the same, but the congregation has changed.



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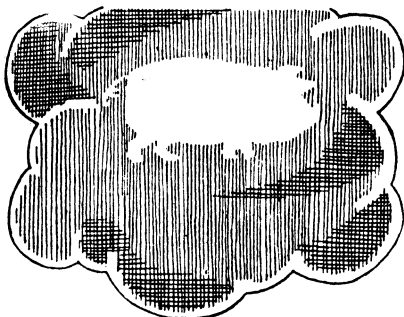
The Priest of our Congregation: (1) With the rich man he shares the booty. (2) He impresses the poor by fear. (3) A child to the house, a calf from the house. (4) Go to the priest for marriage, and he takes a cow for pay. (5) The new order. The Priest is the same, but the congregation has changed.

ment and fulfill the promises in Trotsky's famous series of feuilletons in Pravda on *Problems of Life* that the movies would compete aesthetically with church ritual.

On the other hand, in communities where there are no churches, there is no hindrance to the building of new ones. Several synagogues were built this summer in the newly formed Jewish agricultural colonies in the Ukraine.

There are undoubtedly a good many members of the Russian communist party who still keep in their hearts the faith of their fathers but they keep it dark. The leaders of the party have no sympathy with those who contend that religion and science are compatible and can divide the sway in the individual mind. The party member who attends church, who has the priest in to christen his child, or marry him, or bury his parents, or lets his wife have an icon in the isba is constantly being called on to explain his behavior and in many cases has been peremptorily expelled from the party. There are exceptions of course, where a good party agitator with a talent for moving factory populations to action is forgiven the fact that his wife has all the saints in copper and bright enamel to divide the wall with a black draped portrait of Lenin, and posters about national thrift, and that he is unable to order the interior decoration of his home. It is now admitted that all can not be destroyed in a day. Faith need not be blown up, but can be taken down brick by brick. The anti-religious propagandists need not make their own occasions, but can merely come in to point the moral when occasions have been made, as for example when a plague of grasshoppers was ruining wide miles of harvest last month. Government airplanes were sent to spray the clouds of insects, and the local group of *Godless* held a meeting to applaud the man-made miracle.

Sometimes the propaganda is even more informal, but none the less insidious and persistent. The fight of the *Godless* is not only against the organized power of the church but against superstition and ignorance. The peasants of a certain village have for centuries believed that the wood near their village is haunted by malevolent spirits. The young communist must spend the night walking in the woods, explain the strange noises that have been heard there, bring home the owl. He must be a tireless person if he is to fulfill the duties laid on him by the *Godless* Association. He must be ready with lectures on sanitation and saliva, a regular American anti-spitting campaign, apropos of the kissing of icons. At the sight of a root-eating beetle, he must be ready to deliver a sermon on the elimination of pests, with remarks



— Что ты смотришь на свинью земную, возри, брат, на свинью небесную, вечную и возрадуйся в сердце своем. From *Bezbozhnik*

The Priest takes the earthly pigs and promises pigs in heaven.

on fertility of the soil, and rotation of crops thrown in.

The anti-religious crowd are the party in control of the state, and in the manner I have just described they have put the burden of proof on the churches. Polemics and nagging are indulged in against the teachings and practices of the churches—but all this goes hand in hand with an indulgence toward religions formerly not tolerated by the Czar and the Russian orthodox church. It is felt that the socialist state can afford to be civil to Roman Catholic missionaries and protestant missions so long as the state controls the apparatus of popular scientific education. The American Bible Society reported in April that they were contributing over ten thousand dollars toward printing Russian bibles on Soviet government printing presses for distribution in the Soviet union. The Russians have extended a mild welcome to the Jesuits but at the same time the State Publishing House has issued new editions of Anatole France and of Thomas Paine. It remains illegal to teach any religion in the public schools to youths under eighteen. Eighteen is generally conceded to be too late to commence any successful religious education of masses of peo-

ple. Meantime the civil authorities undercut the church rate for tying marriage knots and furthermore do not tie them so tightly, and sanction divorce. The Communist party has devised the Octobrist ceremony as a substitute for Christening, a ritual commended as less conducive to infant mortality than the cold water of church fonts; and they have developed a flair for more impressive state funeral pageants with red cot-

ton and silk banners and troops of Red Guards and bare-legged Pioneers than the church with its brocade and ancient masses can compete with.

Under the circumstances, the Soviets can afford to alter their method of anti-religious propaganda, and depend almost entirely on a steady cultural press attack. The new generation is having its emotions and intellect directed wholly toward science and art.

## PAUL, KING AND MESSIAH

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

JAZZ has been called an art and it has been called noise, but the voice of authority has spoken and its status is fixed. Paul Whiteman, press-agent-crowned King of Jazz, has written a book (*Jazz*, by Paul Whiteman and Mary Margaret McBride. J. H. Sears & Co., Inc., New York, 1926. Price, \$3.00) in which he modestly acknowledges that his real mission in life is to save the country. "I do believe," says Paul the Messiah, "that spiritually jazz is saving America from calamity."

One can feel a great sigh of relief arising all over the land. The Democratic Party can stop looking for a campaign issue and we can junk Congress with finality. The armament problem can go by the board and flag-waving statesmen take a rest. The country is saved.

"Ha!" says Paul the saviour, "worry no more. Jazz is an intoxicant and, as an intoxicant, is a tremendous influence for good."

Now that sounds just a bit too fine. Not only is this fellow giving us something nice, he offers to make us drunk, to save the country and be a great power for uplift, all at the same time. Never since the day of the gentlemen of the gilded brick, the fellow who played with the shells and the little pea, and the man who sold us the oil stock have we heard of anything so wonderful.

When the high-brows became converted to jazz—the few who did—they built up an alibi for themselves, spoke vaguely of the "soul of America," the "barbaric, basic rhythm of the savage," "primitive music" and such-like things. Maybe, but my baby is Paul. He has the facts, and he don't mean maybe.

Jazz is straight from the soul of Africa—oh, yes! Its themes and motifs are stolen completely from the classics, from Mozart and Handel and Chopin and Wagner. "Do you know," says Paul on pages 180 and 181, "that more than half the modern art of composing a popular song comes in knowing what to steal and how to adapt it—also, that at least nine-tenths of modern jazz music as turned out by Tin Pan Alley is frankly stolen from the masters?" For

nearly a page the King enumerates song hits and the masters from whom they were lifted.

But it's all right. Don't worry. The people of this country are being educated to appreciate good music through jazz. "Yes, We Have No Bananas" makes the public appreciate Handel's "Halleluja Chorus."

It makes no difference to Paul that the "song-smith" of Tin Pan Alley has no more relation to the masters than the ordinary stick-up man has to Francois Villon; he is bent on the salvation of America—of the world—through jazz. Moreover, he is an artist.

He became one through the simple expedient of hiring Carnegie Hall and giving a concert, an exposition of jazz. The stage was set with dignity. Introduced with all of the trappings of a Stokowski or a Toscanini, Whiteman knocked the critics for a row of silos. They came to razz the Maestro and they stayed to snap their fingers and shake a knee with Paul.

Now Paul is an institution. A master. A success. Moreover, a Great Democrat.

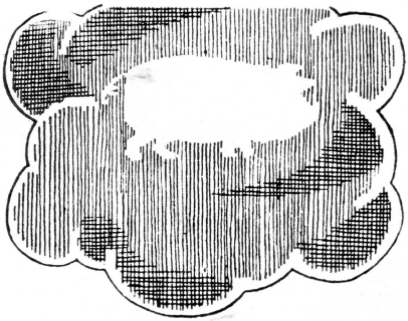
His orchestra had been engaged to play for a ball given by the Vanderbilts or some such poor white trash. Whiteman arrived for the engagement to find his men grouped about outside the house. "How come?" says Paul.

"These snobs want us to go in by the back door," his trusty band replies. "We told that there butler guy we'd come in the front way or not at all."

The manly democratic gorge of the Whiteman arose in Paul's throat, or somewhere. Straight into the house, even to the master thereof, he marched.

"Look here," says our hero. "My men are gentlemen. They wear dress suits that are made by a Fifth Avenue tailor. They are as good as you or your guests and in the front door we come—see?"

The man of vulgar wealth saw. The orchestra came in the front door and the plaudits of a delighted nation rang the welkin from the clam-baked rocks of Maine to the flea-bitten slope of California. Hail, Paul the First, King and Prophet!



— Что ты смотришь на свинью земную, воззри, брат, на свинью небесную, вечную и возрадуйся в сердце своем. . *From Bezbozhnik*

The Priest takes the earthly pigs and promises pigs in heaven.



**KEEPING THE OLD MESSENGER BOY BUSY**

Investor: "Frank, run down to Mexico with this, and hurry back for others. Shake a leg, now!"



**KEEPING THE OLD MESSENGER BOY BUSY**

Investor: "Frank, run down to Mexico with this, and hurry back for others. Shake a leg, now!"



**KEEPING THE OLD MESSENGER BOY E**

Investor: "Frank, run down to Mexico with this, and hurry back for others. S



**KEEPING THE OLD MESSENGER BOY BUSY**

"Thank you, run down to Mexico with this, and hurry back for others. Shake a leg, now!"

*Drawing by Art Young*



# POVERTY IS A TRAP

By MICHAEL GOLD

## I. FIFTY CENTS A NIGHT

THE East Side was populated then by pauper Jewish families and by pimps, gamblers and prostitutes. It was the city's red light district: a 606 playground under the management of the great business firm, Tammany Hall. The pious Jews could not understand: so *this* was America. But we children were at ease in the underworld.

Girls sat along our street, fat and skiany, nonchalant on chairs, red shawls over their shoulders. They lazily chewed sunflower seeds, winking and jeering at every male passer-by. Flowery kimonos draped their naked flesh, slippers hung from their feet, they were ready for "business." (Males were known as customers on our street.)

Once in the night I was awakened by shots. I ran to the window; neighbors buzzed like bees at the other windows; the tenement was audience. In the dark backyard there was lightning of orange pistol fire, and fierce male voices. In the morning we children found blood on the stones; gamblers had been fighting.

One election day, at the polling booth in the barber shop, we children saw Tammany Hall blackjack a man, cave his head in, and jump on his face until it was a red sponge. The man shrieked murder, and a policeman turned his back and walked carefully away. We saw many such slug-gings, official and otherwise.

Jake Wolf the saloon keeper was a grand kindly man. Everyone looked up to him, he was an East Side grand duke. He had curled moustaches, a great glittering gold chain, and we admired him as he stood before his saloon mornings, a toothpick in his smiling gold teeth. He was the friend of everyone in trouble, the man my father respected, the man who gave children nickels, the man who was regent on earth of the remote awful mystery, *Tammany Hall*.

From his saloon, men in sporting clothes were bounced forth, scraping the hard pavement with their faces, drunken men, weeping sentimental tears. Once a great tattooed sailor sprawled over the sidewalks and raved of China and the Philippines; he seemed queer to children.

Harry the Pimp bought me my first book of Mother Goose rhymes, though he himself read no English. He was a successful young Jew in the strange land, well adapted and an amusing visitor at our home, where he relieved my father's depression, and treated him to handsome cigars in silver foil.

The sun glowed; the sky was freshly blue; the air was exciting with spring odors, the sap mounted in children. We were mad with spring, as though new life stirred under city stones. On the East Side pushcarts came out in spring, the way dogwood does in other parts of the world. The pale bearded peddlers rose from the cellars of winter, and shouted in the street like triumphant warriors. Apples and oranges glittered on their carts; there was clothing for sale, gloves and tropical calico; sweet potatoes, herrings and clocks. Spring ushered in a huge ragged fair. And on the roof an Italian gangster was busy at the gangster's sport; he was flying pigeons in headlong, joyous circles across the sky. Singing Irish teamsters passed in blue flannel shirts for the spring. The horse cars blundered by and we stole rides. We were cursed, pushed, crippled, we were under the million feet. We spun tops, we dodged trucks, we stole apples from the pushcart of a patriarch with a white beard, who sat dreaming of the Torah wisdom. We flung dead cats and tin cans into the steamy den of the persecuted and sinister Chinese laundryman; we jeered the shawled prostitutes at their posts; we taunted the policeman; it was Spring.

I recollect the prostitute Rosie; she was a sullen, drab girl, with pimpled face and sad ox-eyes. One spring morning we children ran up and down before Rosie at her post, screaming, "Fifty cents a night! Fifty cents a night!" She bit her lips and pretended not to hear us, but we persisted with the joyful cruelty of children. She fled into the tenement. Then my mother called me from the window. I obeyed reluctantly, and there in my house sat Rosie crying. My mother slapped my face and Rosie begged my mother not to be so angry, and I cried, but my mother was very angry.

This is my first clear memory.

## 2. FATHER AND MOTHER

My father was a romantic; my mother was a realist. My father had been a Roumanian tobacco smuggler on the Russian border; a young hobo for years along the Danube. He had wandered in Hungary, Turkey, Besarabia, and had run a flour windmill for his father, and a pottery store. My mother's people had owned a dairy farm in Hungary; she was vibrant and dark, like a gypsy. She had worked since the age of nine, raising a family of orphans. She worked as a servant for rich Jews in America, and had saved pennies and

sent for her family one by one; she worked on like a horse after marriage.

My father met her through a professional Jewish matchmaker; a droll bearded trickster, who had many other startling trades; he was a sexton and real-estate broker, a grave-digger and wine salesman. This man made the match, and got his commission; then I was born, five bawdy houses, saloons and tenements from the wild Bowery. There was a birthday party with cake, herring and brandy for the neighbors.

My father was a housepainter and hated the trade; the lead poisoned his very bones. He would come home at night, vomit into a bucket, and groan. He had once owned a suspender shop with a cousin; the cousin had been shrewd and had cheated him out of the partnership. My father's one vast hate was this man, this scoundrel who had plunged him into misery, who had locked him into the trap of poverty, out of which the ownership of a shop was the golden key.

—That thief, that murderer, my cousin! moaned my father. I will kill him. I will take my shop back!

It was a winter day and my father had been sick for two weeks with the painter's sickness. A knock came at the door, a voice, and my father recognized his cousin's cough.

—Don't let him in, that thief! he shouted weakly. I won't talk to him, I'll kill him!

But the stocky little Jew, stylish and sad, entered timidly and started suddenly to cry.

—Chaim, forgive me! he said, the tears rolling down his fat cheeks. I have gained nothing by cheating you! I am a sick man, the doctor says I haven't long to live if I don't go to the country. God has punished me for taking the shop; it has been a curse to me, not a blessing.

—Go away, you thief! said my father.

—Chaim, listen! said the cousin. Spit on me, curse me, I did you wrong! But please take back the shop! Maybe God will forgive me then!

My father leaped out of bed joyfully and embraced him with new found vigor. My mother put on a kettle of tea, the neighbors came in and there was rejoicing in the tenement. But the shop proved a curse to us, as to my father's cousin. It was not the key out of the trap.

It was in a long damp gloomy basement on Chrystie street; three sewing machines, and a cutting machine. Roar and grind all day, dust flying

and giving us asthma, heads worrying over bad business, monotone like the drip of water in a morgue. My father worked, and my mother worked all day, between cooking meals and tending the baby at the back where we lived. I worked, after school hours, sometimes by candlelight until one in the morning. It was a nightmare of work and worry, and out of it all my father averaged \$12 a week, often less than his workers were earning. But he was a *Boss*. This pleased his romantic soul. The workers smiled affectionately and called him Chaim the *Boss*; they didn't keep books or worry, yet earned as much as he did; it was better to be a worker. But he felt like a *Boss*.

But everyone liked my father; he was a sport; and his "workers" and other friends came many nights and played cards with him, until my mother was disgusted and threw them all out; and then we often went to the Roumanian wine cellars of the East Side.

Moscowitz's cellar was on Rivington street, then, and in the smokefog a hundred Jews in derby hats sat sweating and drinking and chattering as though the world were about to break up. It was an insistent machine-gun rattle of talking, and glasses tinkled, and workers laughed, and Moscovitz played the dulcimer. It was a sweatshop holiday, Egypt's slaves around the campfire, in the shadow of the man-murdering Pyramids. And Moscovitz played the dulcimer. Red peppers dried in festoons on the wall behind him; a jug of good wine was at his elbow; and he beat with little hammers on the sweet dulcimer, Moscovitz the musician.

—Yi, yi, yi, that song! sighed Srul Leichner, a little man with a mild, sad, wasted face, who wore rubber collars, and was nicknamed Pickles, because for years he had worked in a pickle factory on Orchard Street, until the brine ruined his eyes. Do you know what that song is, Mechel?

—No, I said.

—That is better than an American ragtime! he sighed, sentimentally. But you are an American and can't feel it like we feel it, Mechel. That is a song the shepherds sing in Roumania when they are watching the sheep in the fields and playing their flutes. Yi, yi, yi! Those summer days in the fields, Mechel!

They gave me wine to drink. I liked it, and there were nuts, pickles and pretzels to eat. And my father made me get up on a table and recite a poem I had learned in school:



"Hey, Pop! I gottim. He jes' crawled in me shoe!"

Drawing by Otto Soglow

*I love the name of Washington,  
I love my country, too,  
I love my flag, the dear old flag,  
The red, white and blue.*

There were many cheers. Look! he speaks English already! exclaimed Mottke the Blinder, (so-called because of his cross eyes), and I am in this country six years and can't speak a word! It's a wonderful! He will become a doctor at least!

—I want to be a fireman, I protested.

—Tsst, Mechelka! said Wachsmann, the anemic cloak operator, severely, that's a job for Irish bums, not for Jews.

The more wine my father drank the more jokes he could tell, the more wisdom he would impart. Tolstoi was the greatest writer in the world, because he had made the Czar be kind to the Jews. And the Talmud was the greatest book in the world; in the Talmud stood everything.

—It takes the Angel Gabriel six flaps of his wings to come to earth; the Angel Simon it takes four; but the Angel of Death comes with one flap of his wings. So it stands in the

Talmud, said my father.

We were out on the street, we were going home at last. I was a little drunk. The store windows glared; the night was frosty and black over the roofs; the East Side masses paraded. One felt a little sick, as if at the end of a Coney Island day. My father sang and declaimed.

—Your father would have been a great man, Mechel, a rabbi or a doctor, if he had had a chance! cried my father theatrically. No, your father is not a fool, and maybe he will yet show the world, maybe there is yet time!

—Yes, popper.

—But you, my sweet son, will have it different from us. You will have your chance; your mommer and I will work our fingers off to make a somebody out of you!

—Yes, popper.

My poor mother was very angry and scolded us when we came home after a visit to the campfire at Moscowitz's. Women suffer without wine and laughter to help them, and so they grow angry at men.

### 3. SUMMER TIME

Summer is terrible on the East

Side. The stone tenements are prison walls, and shut out the world's winds. The asphalt bubbles underfoot; you can't breathe for heat. You choke; you grow thin and irritable; you can't sleep at night in the bedrooms; there is everywhere the garbage and sick cats, and flies, bedbugs and roaches in millions. You hate to see so many people forever; they strangle you, they steal your air. The sun is a murderer, he fells men, women and horses in the street; he creates the pitiless flies, and gives them joy, but the weak little Jewish babies he murders. Down the air-shaft one heard all night twisting and moaning of restless sleepers, and sad ghosts walked the streets all night, it was too hot to sleep.

On the most impossible nights my mother took bedding and pitched it like a tent on the sidewalk before our tenement. There in the Oriental street I and my sister slept. This is still done on the East Side occasionally, though the Board of Health now frowns on the practice, though not on Poverty itself. I was sleeping thus one humid summer night; it was just before the Fourth of July, and

there was much shooting of revolvers and cannon crackers. I was exhausted by the heat, and slept through the uproar, when suddenly I sprang up with a great scream of fright. Some careless person had thrown a cannon cracker at me and it had exploded at my very face. A big slice of flesh was torn from my left arm; I still bear the scar. And for weeks I would leap up out of my sleep in delirium, with that explosion at my face, and would see planets whirling and meeting in catastrophe, and tremble with fear. I have never forgotten that Fourth of July.

One Sunday we escaped to Bronx Park, it was the only country I ever knew till I was eighteen. We fought our way through the mobs of flustered Yiddisher mommers and poppers in the elevated train; at every station a new mob assailed us; sneezing, crowding, spitting; it was worse than a crowded bedroom. But my mother was happy.

—I will take off my shoes and walk on the grass, said my mother hopefully. I haven't done that for twenty years.



"Hey, Pop! I gottim. He jes' crawled in me shoe!"

Drawing by Otto Soglow



"Hey, Pop! I gottim. He jes' crawled in me shoe!"

*Drawing by Otto Soglow*



Drawing by William Siegel

## CHINA'S AWAKENING

Profiting by the Lessons of Militarist Imperialism the Dragon is at Last Showing his Teeth.

Ach, one could breathe in Bronx Park, there was room, there were great grass meadows, and trees, and the sky was so big and blue you had never known how big it was before. And my mother took off her shoes, and my father lay on the grass, smoking, and singing his Roumanian shepherd songs, and my sister and I explored for daisies. It was wonderful. And then, as we were eating lunch, a drop of rain splashed on a cheese sandwich in my hand, and we looked up and saw the miserable rain. And we rode home in a hot clammy elevated train, packed with East Side families as miserable as ourselves, all prisoners of the East Side summer,

all of us cut off from escape. But there's sweet in the bitter. Many summer nights we'd climb to the tenement roof; my father and his friends, and drink cans of beer and listen to my father's stories. My father knew hundreds of stories; he could spin out a yarn over a month of summer nights; he crouched there in the dark, twirling his moustache, speaking with grave, quiet assurance. He knew he was a master here, he knew the power of his honeyed words, he acquired a strange dignity on the roof.

—Once upon a time, he began impressively, there was a hunter in a little Roumanian village, and one

cold morning he went out to shoot a bear. The wind was howling, the snow was everywhere, the frost bit him like a tooth. He hated the winter, this hunter, he wanted to travel to warm countries where the sun is always shining, but he was poor, he had no money, and it made him angry to be so poor and cold. Would he never escape? His poverty was like a trap, and the more he struggled the faster he was caught. Then he saw the marks of a huge bear. He followed the marks until he came to a cave, where he entered and found three little cubs. He was about to kill them, when a large beautiful Golden Bear stood before him, and

with tears in her eyes, spoke to him in a mother's sorrowful voice. Please, good hunter, she said,—I will give you—

This story of the Golden Bear took weeks to tell; it was the eternal fable of the lucky wanderer to whom all the good things of life happen by magic; all poor men believe in this story. And I heard it there, on the tenement roof. Hung with lamps, the buildings of New York stood like tall ships against the sky; tropical airs fanned our faces; the East Side beat like a muffled savage drum.

—Yes, and how does this help our shop, asked my poor mother. This wine-drinking, this story-telling? And you even tell them stories in the shop.

—Silence! I do my work, shouted my father. No one can say I fail to do my work.

—But some weeks we haven't even a quarter for the gas meter, my mother cried angrily. And I have two little ones to feed, and soon there'll be another.

—I wish I were dead, said my father, miserably.

### 4. THE CHRISTIANS

My mother said the Christians weren't all good or bad; it was like a dog, if he bites you he is bad, if he doesn't he is good. But we children feared the Christians. Christians burned a cross on your face if they caught you; or they cut off your ears; or did other unimaginable things. Christians had driven a nail into the head of Joey Cohen's father in Russia. When you passed a Christian church you had to spit three times, or you would meet hard luck that week.

There was a Christian family in our tenement. The man was a tall angry giant with a red face, who came from work with his coat over his arm, and pushed us out of the way when he met us on the stairs. His wife was a washerlady, and she had a little boy we had never seen. One day she said she'd give me a nickel if I'd go upstairs and play with her boy. But I ran away and told my mother. I was frightened. My mother, however, said I ought to go.

—The little boy is sick and lonesome, it will be a good deed, she said.

I ventured up one afternoon. The Christian lay in bed, with a curious wrinkled face white as the pillow. Steel braces supported his head, and he smiled timidly when he saw me. I showed him how to spin a top, and he watched me fearfully, ready to cry. I had been frightened of him and now he was frightened of me. I hadn't known Christians were like that. I thought they all chased you, like the Italian boys west of the Bowery, throwing stones and yelling



*Drawing by William Siegel*

## **CHINA'S AWAKENING**

Profiting by the Lessons of Militarist Imperialism the Dragon is at Last Showing his Teeth.



*Drawing by William Siegel*

## **CHINA'S AWAKENING**

Profiting by the Lessons of Militarist Imperialism the Dragon is at Last Showing his Teeth.

Christ-killer, Christ-killer. (When we'd never heard of Christ! Who was he, we'd ask our parents, and they'd shake their heads, as if this were the saddest topic in the world for Jews.)

5. LITTLE SISTER

My sister Esther was always dogging me, nagging me, shaming me before the boys. She was always reading my fairy tale books, when I wanted to read them. She was always trying to find out what I knew. There was a livery stable next door, and Esther was jealous because the drivers took me on rides. They took me on funerals. I sat on the high seat with Fishel, the roaring driver, and saw the long black box brought from the tenement, and the neighbors wailing and keening, and the street crowded with fascinated people, looking up at us. Then we drove over the Brooklyn Bridge, and the box was put in the ground, and we all went to a restaurant in the cemetery grounds, and ate sour cream, pot cheese and black bread—this happened at every funeral. It was thrilling.

One night, just before supper time, my mother told me to find Esther. I searched everywhere and couldn't find her. Then I saw a crowd at the corner, and when I got there, I saw a big Adams Express truck. The crowd was booing the driver, a big Christian with red hair who had a hard time holding his horses.

—Murderer, murderer! He killed a child! they screamed.

—No, I didn't! the driver said. Honest to God I didn't! I'm a father myself!

I watched for a time, and saw the

crowd hit the driver, and then a policeman came, and the crowd was shoved aside. The fun was over and I went home. And there I found another big crowd in my father's shop, all crying and talking loud, and in the middle was my sister Esther, bloody and quiet on one of my father's work tables.

—Don't scream so! they said to my mother. Quick, bring her some water!

—Where is the doctor, the ambulance?

—So many children get killed on the East Side! A curse on the East Side! A curse on Columbus! the neighbors were wailing.

My sister Esther died in the hospital, and there was a funeral, but this time I sat inside the coach, instead of on the seat with Fishel. And a lawyer came to the house, and he asked us to sign a paper, and the company would give us three hundred dollars. My father wanted to sign, but my mother wouldn't let him; it was blood money, she said: it was Esther's blood. And she was sick for a long time; she sat by the stove and never went into the street. She couldn't bear to see other children playing, and the big trucks still rolling by. She read her prayer book and sat by the stove.

6. POVERTY IS A TRAP

My mother got well, and then my father took sick. He was sick a long time, and my mother and I ran the shop. We grew poorer and poorer. Poverty is a trap, my father would say, the harder you struggle, the faster you are caught. I never played. I came from school and worked in the shop. I hated the shop,

but my mother and father said I must be patient; the shop would help me go to high school, and then to college. I was a bright boy at school, and they were proud of me, and were sure I would be a doctor.

Then the shop failed. And when I graduated from public school I had to go to work. We all cried at home, when my mother broke the news to me. My father said he'd kill himself, but I lied to comfort him and said I didn't mind going to work. But I did mind. I was sick with a kind of fever the first week after I graduated, and couldn't go hunting for a job. I lay in bed and brooded on college, and all the glamorous reports I had heard of college. I wanted to die.

The first job I found was in a factory loft in Chatham Square, where they made incandescent gas mantles. The dark loft blazed with white lightnings from the gas mantles men were testing at a long table, blue glass screens before their eyes. Other men dipped racks of mantles in a black chemical stew. Five other boys and myself, working in undershirts, stood before ranges spurting with 40 gas jets and burned the coating from the mantles. There was a hot, sweet, nauseating stink in the shop, and once a girl fainted. The Boss, a little Jew in white vest and pink silk shirt, prowling bitterly up and down, with the cold face of an assassin, came over and said bitterly:

—I knew she was too weak for this job, and couldn't stand the heat. Tell her she's fired.

The boy over me was an Italian nicknamed Monkey Face, and he hated and persecuted me because I

seemed stupid. I sweated and stifled; I felt I would die; I wanted to rush out and vomit. Often I could not eat my lunch; we ate it in the shop; often I wondered what life was about, and why the Boss was so bitter.

I worked there for six months at five dollars a week; and my mother worried, for I had lost ten pounds. And often I would remember my father's saying, Poverty is a trap, and with a sinking heart I would realize that I, too, was caught in that trap for life.

At this time I was twelve years old.

THE NEGRO AND THE BAWD

One day a large crowd had gathered to see a street parade go by and in the crush a Negro buck jostled a bawd.

"Get off my foot, you God damned smoke," exclaimed the bawd, not ill-naturedly.

"You'd better be careful how you act around white women, black boy," growled the man with the three gold incisors, standing nearby.

The man with the purple jowl overheard this and he cried out: "A nigger has insulted a white lady!"

"A nigger has assaulted a white lady!" bawled the mob.

\* \* \*

The sun was going down, and two men stood watching a black form sway in the wind.

"What did he do?" asked the man with the rheum-rimmed eyes.

"He raped a nun," replied the man with the three gold incisors.

George Milburn



HORNED BY THE HORN OF PLENTY

Drawing by I. Klein

Cotton Planter: Oh, Mister Boll Weevil, this bumper cotton crop bumped the shirt off my back. Let's get together again.





*Drawing by I. Klein*

## **HORNED BY THE HORN OF PLENTY**

**Cotton Planter:** Oh, Mister Boll Weevil, this bumper cotton crop bumped the shirt off my back. Let's get together again.



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*Drawing by I. Klein*

Cotton Planter: Oh, Mister Boll Weevil, this bumper cotton crop bumped the shirt off my back. Let's get together again.

# IN THE EMPTY HOME OF WHITMAN

From the French of **MAGDELEINE MARX**

THREE weeks ago, I went to visit Walt Whitman's home—his little home in Camden, New Jersey. It was a stormy evening, and only after an exhausting trip did I reach the end of my pilgrimage. The wind blew harshly along the dismal, deserted street; the rain beat relentlessly upon the scant foliage around the windows of the little grey cottage.

But the instant I entered, my mood changed. I was filled with calm emotion. Intimate things of the great Walt were in there: the arm-chair on which his hands had rested, his lamp, the looking-glass that had reflected his image, the walls that he had last looked upon. . .

The poet's room became a question, a great question pressing upon me on all sides. What, since that great voice fell into silence, what has been brought into the world that he did not say, or, at least, that he did not have a presentiment of?—More than thirty years—years surcharged with events—have rolled by since he lived. We are living in an entirely different age, in new times. Have we a spokesman for our day such as Walt Whitman was for his day? Have we a literature which bears the stamp of this age? Have we a poet who foretells the times to come? . . .

I don't pretend to possess the sentiment of our age more than anyone else, and yet, I think, for a few minutes, carried away by Walt's impetuous genius, I sensed the essence of it. It is a tragic era, a bloody era, a titanic, and yes, a wonderful era, because it comes upon the eve of the greatest change that the world has ever undergone.

Ah! how much this beautiful and terrible time of ours needs a poet to suit its dimensions, a poet who can say to us: "See, this is what you are, you creatures of telegraphs and telephones, of killing machines, of leviathan steamships, of airplanes, of radio, of a madly throbbing life, of an infernal life. Writers would make you believe that you live and love and suffer and enjoy like men of other times, when the days went at a leisurely gait, when distance still existed, when the proletariat had not yet begun to gather itself into a solid mass.

That it is not so.

You know very well that an iron law weighs down upon you more and more, that mechanical production, steam and electricity, in a word, capitalism has created a social order which determines the form of your most intimate feelings. In the glow of tomorrow's rising sun, great social changes are preparing, from which a new morality will spring, from which the new man will grow.

Where is the clairvoyant, the seer, who will reveal the palpitating humanity of today to itself?

I look about me in France, and I do see, to be sure, a sprouting crop of young talent, a blossoming of strange and sometimes dazzling works, a production possibly never before equalled in France, but, with the exception of the work of only five writers, there is nothing, absolutely nothing corresponding to reality.

The works of a Paul Morand, or a Giraudoux, to cite the most characteristic, are written in a form that may be called modern, because they have the jerky, breathless, whirling

which, through a glitter, life appears like a sinister farce, and human beings like marionettes who are not fooled by the farce. They are like butterflies that flash and charm, but, when they are touched, leave only a bit of colored dust on the tips of one's fingers.

Of course, it would be unjust to say that literature owes nothing to these young writers. Not to compare their contribution to that of a Bossuet or a Descartes, or a Montesquieu, who introduced theology, philosophy, jurisprudence into letters, still, taking from our era its speed, its bluff, its love of precision in work, its *laissez-aller* in leisure hours, they have opened the door of literature to a whole strange vocabulary—sporting and scientific terms, and even slang with its astonishing verbal short cuts.

Hamp—have approached our modern actuality. Though entirely different, their works have one trait in common: they show confidence in the proletarian masses, and they give the impression that tomorrow will be a great day for him who has the courage to face tomorrow with a valiant heart.

And this is what I thought as I left Walt Whitman's modest room:

In spite of being painfully conscious of all that is lacking in the literature I know best: a real collective sense, a gaze fixed upon the only part of humanity which holds the future in its hands: the mass which produces, a deep understanding of the world today with its obedience to the dynamic force and the enormous contrast it offers between the progress of science and the backward



Drawing by William Siegel

## ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF FREE SPEECH

Mussolini: Now, if you have anything to say against me, speak!

way of our actual life. People think they are modern because these works resemble motion-pictures, pictures in which scintillating images flash by, ride so close one on the heels of the other that each wipes out the memory of the preceding.

As a matter of fact, however, the works of these men are not at all modern. They do not really bring us anything new, nor have they youth nor health, nor do they show a seeking, nor do they make for discovery.

Leaving out entirely the rise of the working-class, these works are the sparkling products of decadence, in

That is something. But, Oh! how little alongside what there is to say, what there is to discharge, what there is to denounce, what there is to depict! Every time I read a new French book, I cannot help being strongly impressed with the fact that those who suffer most from the iron economic law find no place in the literature of their country. Nothing, almost nothing of their humble hard days, of their true reactions has been described.

Only five writers in France—Jules Romains, Henri Barbusse, Jean Rich-

ard Bloch, Charles Vildrac, Pierre state of the human conscience, although conscious of this great lack, went away, nevertheless, full of confidence; perhaps, I was affected by Whitman's spirit.

I walked out again into the dismal street, I braved the wind and the rain, feeling certain that soon, whether in America or Russia or France—it matters not where—the man would arise, who would speak to people of today, the man who would be in the realm of poetic expression the Lenin of our day.



*Drawing by William Siegel*

**ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF FREE SPEECH**

Mussolini: Now, if you have anything to say against me, speak!



*Drawing by William Siegel*

**ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF FREE SPEECH**

Mussolini: Now, if you have anything to say against me, speak!

# SEVEN POEMS

By ERNEST WALSH

## PSALM FOR A DAYE OF GRATE JOYE

Only the angels came with my bride andde me to our home.  
The rest of our peple we left atte the cherch,  
Her father andde mother like two olde berds  
Whose winges hav colected dust wentte home  
To thum home with thum eyes onne the grond  
Like berds that look for food hunger or no hunger  
Andde her yonger sistern and her yonge brothern ranne home  
Through the feelds like blosoms blone offe the trese  
By a strongge winde. It was harde to saye iffe thay  
Pushed the winde or the winde pushed thum along.  
Ah the childits! We forgot thum that daye.  
Ah the olde peple! We forgot thum also that daye.

We two entered our house with only the angels for servants  
Andde only the angels herde our lips mete. Com soone,  
Wen we hadde eten andde had wined andde ben warmed  
By the fir I neded my bride. She came to me  
In the large cedar-smelingge room andde layde off her  
Wite linen shirt that she hadde made withe her own handes  
Andde then she gave me the freshen ripe bresties  
Andde drawingge to her I harvested her full yelde  
Wile the angels sat onne the egge of the wite linen shirt  
She hadde made withe her own handes andde kept itte from  
blowingge awaye.

## CORN ON COB

Here the Queen of Sheba reigneth and wades  
About in smells and rosy gloom pots gods  
The lordly pot my boiled potatoe dries  
Clean floury bursting to flaky warmth on plate  
The corn in golden excellence on cob  
With the great good flavor of the earth bacon  
Frying crisp by the roasting silvery fish  
Fowls plump turning on the spit Sheba turns

This heavenly dungeon reverently  
I invade but not as Solomon his  
Manywived bedroom for Sheba is a  
Jelly Queen my gizzard yields I breathe not  
I fiddle I fume I squirm I crawl die  
My grave forgot beneath a pumpkin moon

## ROLLS-ROYCE

I cood mayke a roze if I hahd a Rollys-Royce  
And a gud strayt road shinningge ryght up to the sun  
If she sat besyde me in my wagon I cud get closse  
Enough to heaven to lysten and ask my way backe  
My memory is always badde after her kissys and  
I can remember nothyng but how to mayke a roze  
And the way of its folding in and out in and out  
Untyl there is nothyng but its heart and my heart

○ I cood mayke a roze of her brests and thyghs  
Folding over and over untyl beautye blooms in the darke  
And the moone is afraid to com and the sun  
Has left us entyrelly alone and only the stars  
Shyver and whysper but com no neayrer  
Like the toppe of Niagra Falls breaking

## AMERICA'S TOO BIG

Here I taste the foul stale air of heaven  
As I write telling of how heaven's roof  
Pressed down upon me as I walked the aisle  
Up the altar where a million called  
Master master master and Lord Lord Lord  
And the gargoyles spit and bit off their hands  
And the birds screeched the angels have gone gone  
And the postcard merchants asked have you any

In America like this meaning the  
The Dome and the half-shown postcard depends  
Whether you are male or female I shake  
My head and say America is uptown  
And downtown overhead and underground  
But we can't get it on a postcard yet

## ACTION

Action. Let it come from anywhere. Action.  
Write it on a slate anyone can rub off with a wet sponge.  
It was there a minute ago. It came. It went. But this  
That settles down among my scattered thoughts vainly  
As a lamb to nurse a lone unbroken colt vainly as warm  
Winter winds come to nurse a few fallen leaves out of  
A brown gutter—there is no winter in this place where  
Spring is always promised and always delayed and where  
The gentleman and the lady bloom again in greenhouse  
Colors. Never the colors of spring. Never the calendar  
Opening itself like a fan held by a careless lady naked  
To the shoulder. Never a laugh heard like a light off the  
Sea that says I am well is dinner ready. Never a homecoming  
In out of the fog and the danger, not going to bed early.

## SAINTE BILLY OF LAIGHT

No sneezyng younge loggs  
But a fir that spits from its mowth  
And a glasse of real whisky in my perrier sparkling  
O swete brests of my grande ladye  
That hydes her buttockes in bed till late noon  
And my sons and daughters alive at dawn  
When the moon is pale and my passion gawne  
And my chariot cold in thy garage synce last nyghte  
O I bring thee a belly welldynnered and wined  
With Chateau Yquem and Grand Chambertain and  
The praises of her who lyves with the Kyng  
And sleepes with the Queene and loves but me  
O Rockefeller and the Bible must be ryghte  
We aint gonna wear no clothes in heabben

## EDITORIAL

All white haired old men should have beautiful  
Young daughters and all white haired old ladies  
Should have handsome young sons every time I  
See an old man with white hair I think of spring  
And I wish I was old and had white hair and  
Something to make me put the morning papers  
Aside I just go to work every morning with the  
Newspapers tucked in my coat pocket until  
Lunchtime comes and I find out what the weather  
Will be like tomorrow I have thirty minutes of lunch  
But in the evening I eat dinner alone and I take  
My time because in the evening the day is over

# HEINZ — A STORY

By JOSEPH FREEMAN

HEINZ's father was a diver in Hamburg. The old man used to get 18 marks an hour. That was before the war. Heinz's father used to give him pocket money and say, don't tell mother. His mother used to give him pocket money and say, don't tell father. Heinz took the money and kept his mouth shut. One night he went out with a girl. That was in 1914. The war was just starting. Heinz was sixteen years old, and this was his first girl. He stayed out all night, and came home nine o'clock in the morning. He waited outside the house. He waited for the old man to go to sea. But the old man didn't come out. Finally Heinz had to go into the house. The old man said, I've been waiting for you. He took a switch and threw Heinz across his knees. The old man was a six-footer and strong as a bull. He threw Heinz across his knees and socked the pants off him.

The old man got killed in the war. In fact, he got drowned in the battle of Jutland. When Heinz was 18 he was drafted into the German coast patrol. You should see the kind of bread they got in Germany during the war. It was black bread. You couldn't even call it that. Everything stuck out of it, straw, sawdust, potato-peelings. You ate one lump and were full. You had to lie down, you couldn't eat any more. Just before the armistice they had nothing to eat. Plenty of meat but no bread or potatoes or anything. They got sick of it. One day they were supposed to go fight the Limies in the Channel. Next morning they ran up the red flag on the ship's mast. They told the captain they wanted to go home. The captain wouldn't take them, so they put him off the ship and the first mate took them home. They tried to sell the damned ship in Holland, but it was no use, they wouldn't buy it. Everybody was trying to sell everything they had. Fellows in the cavalry would sell their horses to farmers for a couple of marks or a couple of meals. One day Heinz's brother came home with a machine gun and ammunition.

—What are you going to do with it, said Heinz.

—Sell it, of course, said his brother.

That wasn't all. After the armistice, you had to look for a job. There was no work, nothing to eat. That time Heinz was a member of the Democratic Party in Hamburg. The Communists were trying to capture City Hall. Heinz was one of the seventy-five who defended City Hall against the Communists. The Communists licked hell out of them. They had to sneak through the cellar and

run out the back way. Heinz took no chances. He had a red band in his pocket. He put it around his sleeve and passed through the Communist lines. After that, he always carried two hand grenades in his pocket, but he kept out of politics.

After the war there was nothing to eat in Germany. You couldn't get work or food. Heinz's brother looked and looked for a job, he couldn't get any. He became a member of the *Schutzpolizei*. Later he went with Hitler and finally he became a *Hackenkreuzler*.

Heinz's brother was crazy anyway. The war made him a nut. One day Heinz came home and found his brother crawling around the floor with a mop in his hand. All the chairs were upset.

—What are you doing, said Heinz.

—Cleaning up the trenches, said his brother.

Sometimes Heinz's brother used to get mad as hell. His eyes went red, he bellowed like a wild animal. Everybody had to run out of the house. When they came back, maybe a chair or a few plates were busted. His brother sat in the corner crying like a baby.

Heinz couldn't get a job himself. Even if you had money, the farmers wouldn't sell you anything. Once his mother was sick. He went to a farmer to buy milk, but the farmer wouldn't sell it. Heinz said to himself, all right you son-of-a-bee, I'll fix you. He and four of his friends took their bicycles one night. One of them carried a revolver. If they got caught, they wouldn't give a damn, they'd shoot. They'd killed too many in the war to bother about a little thing like that. They crept on their bellies through the farmer's field, just like in the war. They filled up bags with potatoes and beat it.

They did that lots of times. Finally they got a job cleaning up mines in the North Sea.

There was a girl in Hamburg that Heinz knew. She was pretty as hell and came from a good family. She lived a few houses away. Well, Heinz finally did it. Never sleep with a girl who lives in the same neighborhood, Heinz said to himself afterward. Go where people don't know you. But it was too late, the girl got in trouble. Heinz went to her father and mother and said he would make good. Where was he going to get the money to get the girl out of trouble? He was working for a rich boob who manufactured baskets. Heinz was the bookkeeper and could easy fix up the books. He thought, this bastard won't miss a couple of hundred baskets. When

the old man was away on his vacation Heinz swiped a couple of hundred baskets and sold them. He gave the girl the money. But he was afraid of getting locked up, so he said to the girl:

—Don't worry, I'll go to America; I'll make lots of money and come back and marry you.

Heinz got a job on a ship and came to New York with three dollars in his pocket. Three dollars, that's all he had. New York made him drunk, God, what a place. Heinz didn't know where to go. He knew a little English from the *Hochschule*. He could read signs, bus-boy wanted, waiter wanted. Finally he got a job as a waiter in a Third Avenue restaurant. He worked there about six months. You couldn't make money so easy in America. Heinz was broke nearly all the time. At last he said to himself, now you got the American slang in your mouth, beat it. A politician got him a job as a waiter on an American ship going to Hamburg.

Heinz came back to Hamburg broke but he was going to marry the girl anyway. He had had a couple of doses in his life and wanted to settled down. But the wench hadn't waited for him. She had married Heinz's best friend. She had a baby, and Heinz was the father of it. It was born after Heinz had gone to America, but Heinz's best friend married her just the same. The husband was nice to Heinz's baby. He was nice to everybody. When Heinz came back to Hamburg he was nice to Heinz.

Well, Heinz became a bum. He didn't give a damn any more what became of him. He thought, hell, I'll always be a bum. The war had spoiled everything for him. He had had a bellyful of the war. If he ever caught Old Man William, he'd break his imperial nose for him. All these governments were no goddam good anyway; they squeezed the life out of workers and let them rot in the gutter. Heinz was never what you might call a socialist until the war. Maybe he wasn't a socialist either. All he knew now was girls. When he got near girls he went crazy. He worked steady as a waiter on ships. Every trip he carried silk stockings or waists or garters with him. The first thing he did when he hit a port was see a girl and give them to her.

Once he sailed from New York to Hamburg on a swell boat as a waiter. He had a steady girl in Hamburg. She charged him less than the other sailors because she thought he was good looking—really a nice boy. On this trip the boys went into a saloon and everybody bought everybody else drinks. Everybody mixed their drinks. Heinz got pickled. In the middle of the night he woke up.

Where the hell am I? He saw a girl next to him.

She said, that's all right, you are safe.

Heinz said, I know I am safe, but where are the silk stocking I had with me and the silver powder puff case?

She said, you gave them to me.

Well, now I must stay with her, Heinz said to himself.

Meantime his steady girl went around asking for him. People told her, your feller is with another girl. Next day she saw Heinz and asked him about it, and he told her the whole story. The other girl had the silk stockings and the silver powder puff case, so he had to stay with her. The steady girl said it was all right. She was a fine girl.

Every time Heinz landed in a port he made a beeline for the girls. He thought the war did that to him, but sometimes he thought maybe it was because the girl he really loved married his best friend, and then again, he would remember how his old man socked the pants off him when he was sixteen, because he stayed out with a girl all night.

A girl could have anything Heinz had. He went bugs when he got near any girl, but mostly he stuck to whores and respectable passengers. On passenger ships there were lots of respectable girls that fell for Heinz. He used to tell them that he was a German student working his way through Michigan University. They figured they'd never see him again.

He used to keep women for a little while but no more. You can't trust them, not one. The last time, he was walking along Eighth Avenue in New York and saw a girl standing in the street and crying. She was pretty as hell, young, with blond hair. She was a real American too; her parents were Swedes, but she was born in Duluth. She told him she had run away from home. Heinz went and bought her two dresses, shoes, stockings, an overcoat, a raincoat, and a hat. He even got her a job as a maid. But he never touched her. He wanted to, but she said she was a virgin. Heinz didn't believe it.

She said, well, let's go to any doctor you like, and I'll prove it.

Heinz said to himself, all right, I'll call her bluff.

He took her to a doctor and before he could stop her she rang the bell herself. He lost his nerve. They told the doctor some hard luck story about something else altogether and Heinz forked out two berries. It cost him two berries to call her bluff but he believed her. He made up his mind the next trip he came back from Hamburg, he would marry her. He came back, but she was gone. She left no address, no letter, or anything. Probably she wasn't even a virgin.

# SUBWAY CONSTRUCTION

By JAMES (Slim) MARTIN

THE guts of the town laid open, in lineal fashion, from city line to harbor line. Under the river, the gash reaches to where the green of Long Island flees before the machinery, brick and concrete, the steel, and belching smokestacks of bedlam New York.

Rock cut, and open cut—exposing water mains, high pressure water mains carrying seawater for fire-fighting purposes, trunk telephone lines, Edison Power lines, Consolidated Gas mains; sewers, carrying tons of the city's refuse to the open riverway. All are laid bare to be bent aside that a clear right-of-way may be had for the shining steel rails. Another transportation artery to carry New York's insane millions to and from their crazy tasks! Wonderful New York! The curse of all the gods, sideways and forward upon you!

Gasoline-driven whirleys, mounted on caterpillar treads, creep up and down the cut, pausing in their squat manner to swing the booms over a hole and to drop the loadhook down for a scalebox full of stone and muck, or a great chain-slung rock, divorced from the city's bulk by dynamite.

The load is made fast, the signal man raises a hand, the engineer throws in his friction, up comes New York's guts. The boom swings, and deposits the load in dump trucks, to be hauled off to scows moored along the North River and dumped out at sea.

The cut goes steadily down. As the mains are reached they are torn out. The cut fills with timber and steel falsework, and is decked over with planks to carry the street load of city traffic.

Water runs along the bottom of the cut. Water drips through the cracks of the deck planks, when it rains or snows. Water drips from the top of the rock cuts on the sections solid enough to be tunnelled. Water runs along in the temporary open sewers. Not just water you know. Everything is slippery and slimy with damp evil sweat.

At the face of the cuts, soft-ground miners using air driven drills, are putting down holes to be loaded with stick powder. The drill-steel kicks back a steady stream of white fine rock-dust. When the holes are shot, the dynamite leaves a thick fog of yellow smoke, that slowly rises and drifts, to cling, in cirrus clouds, against the top of the cut, bringing headaches to the men and dealing none too gently with their throats and lungs.

Drills bite into the concrete foundations of buildings, sheering them off to back of the right-of-way. As

the driller feeds the steel down into the hole, the heavy concrete dust rises where drill bits impact on rock, and is breathed in by the driller and his helper.

Muckers are toiling at the face, loading the scale boxes with the waste. The boxes are set on small trucks that run on narrow gauge tracks. The power to move these cars? Monkey-motion. Put your back into it, and grunt.

Here you are. Broke. A good construction worker, going to seed and in need of a flock of pay envelopes. "Hey, buddy, who's Superintendent on this section?" A Southern drawl answers, "That's him, going you way—the tall man in boots and Mackinaw." "Thanks,—before I tangle up with him—what do they pay on the subway—timbermen for instance, or riggers?" "Wall, they starts you at eighty cents an hour, and if you're a good man they'll raise you to eighty-five!" Can you beat it! In a town like New York. Eighty cents an hour. To pay rent, to buy food and clothes for wives and kids, to send the kids to schools, to buy boots and woollens to keep the water and cold out.

Eighty cents an hour and bum booze costing sixty cents a shot. That's prosperity. Ten shots of hootch for a day's pay, and twice that many would not keep out the damp. Nor cut the dynamite smoke from their throats.

Eighty cents an hour, for carfare, insurance, books, theatre tickets, a pack of Camels, laundry bills, payment on an electric sweeper, a graduation dress for the oldest girl, doctor bills for the last case of measles. Hey, Euclid, get out of bed; come

on back and take lessons in mathematics from the pasty-faced wizards who are building New York's newest subway.

Eighty cents an hour; and a few blocks to the east great crowds milling in and out of great department stores. Fur coats and silken wraps on display in street windows. Spats, canes, Tuxedos. Bags, steamer rugs. Shining, purring motor cars. A charming woman comes from one of the stores to enquire solicitously if her chauffeur has yet had lunch. I liked that woman. Her manner. Her graciousness. And I'm class conscious. I despise the subway mathematicians over on Eighth Avenue spreading eighty cents an hour over all life's necessities. I feel like socking them on the nose. Because I'm in that fix too.

## O + .I. = BRANCUSI

"WHEN we are no longer children, we are already dead." —Brancusi in the catalogue of his New York exhibition.

I believe I have heard that before. The eternal wonder-child of some immaculate conception — the artist. Walking through this life innocent, star-eyed. . . It is about time the artist—like every other human being—grew up. Imagine the builder of the Brooklyn Bridge announcing "I am a child." Or the man who conceived the plans of the Hudson Tube—or a scientist. Why then is the artist so boastful of his immaturity? If art is that great thing it is cracked up to be, how then do its high priests expect it to be the sputterings of infants? Is it that the diaper affords an excellent protection for their desire to remain vague and non-committal, and thus enable their creations to become "timeless?" (Pure, above the battle, etc.)

When you put your back into the work and grunt, don't forget to laugh about yourself and the whole mess, sometimes. It's comical, isn't it now? Eighty cents an hour to wear out your life in the slime and the smoke, the stink and the wet, tearing the guts out of "wonderful" New York; then healing the wound with steel and concrete, shining rails, ties, switch points, block signals and white tiles. And, Oh, yes, station platforms with efficient turnstiles that will let you through with a click-clack after you have dropped a nickel in the slot.

Look things over, kid. You are on the bottom. Laugh that off. Oh, yes, that charming lady—she's on the top, and if she knew, she'd get hysterical; and she'd go see a show to forget you and everything.

There is at least one definite principle of Art. . . and that is that Art is bound to time and space—and you cannot dodge this. Those who try to get around it, only cause their works to be still-born.

One of the pieces of the exhibition is marked "Portrait (1916)". What is that Brancusi worked upon in 1916 during the War in Paris? What had he to say? He cut a huge phallus into marble—that is what he had to say! Men are slaughtered, men are crazed. The artist, the divine, toys with the phallus. . . It is Art, it is pure, it is above good and evil. Hurrah! Long live Art.

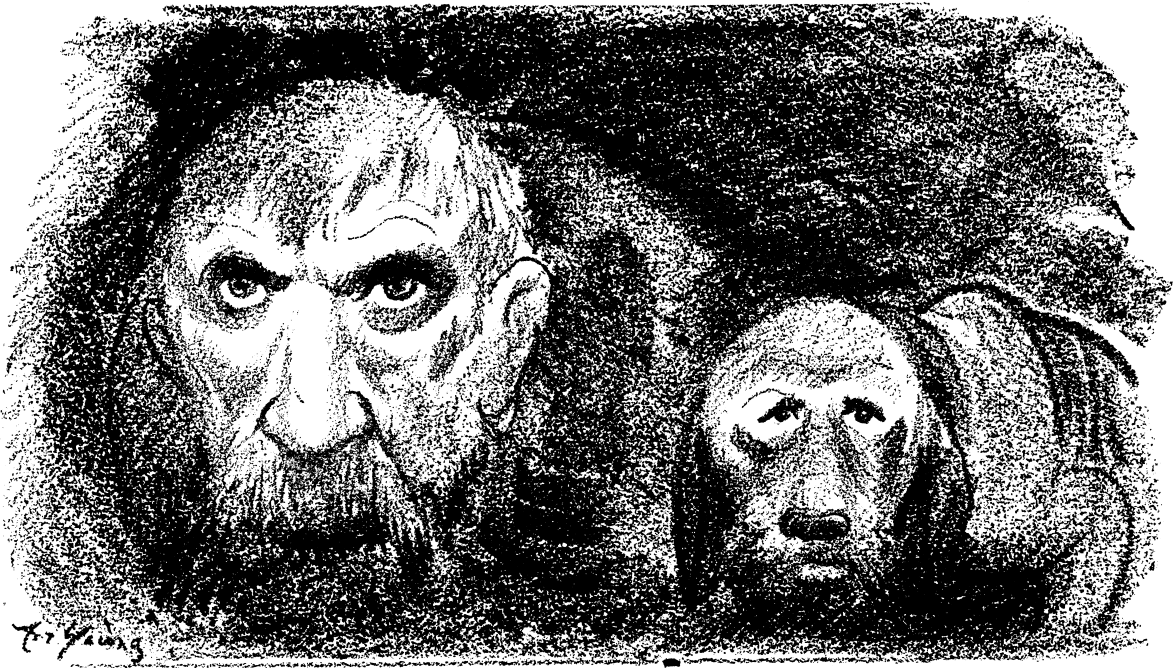
Brancusi is a great craftsman. No one I know of has a better understanding of the possibilities and the limitations of the materials he uses—be it stone, bronze or wood. But he satisfies himself with his equipment as the end. It is only the means. *Hugo Gellert*



Drawing by Art Young

## A DOG'S LIFE





**A DOG'S LIFE**

*Drawing by Art Young*



*Drawing by Art Young*

# A DOG'S LIFE

## THE VANGUARD BOOKS

WHY the American reader has to pay \$2.50 for the average book, while the effort of the Continental publisher is to get the book into as many readers' hands for as few francs, shillings, zloty, and marks as possible, is one of the mysteries of evolution. Surely Henry Ford has proved by now that it pays to produce for big masses at small profits. But the American publisher, for perhaps sufficient reasons, is forced to narrow down his clientele. But knowledge will not be popular in this heathen country until good books are as casual, as omnipresent, and as purchasable as the Saturday Evening Post.

That immortal big business man, Haldeman-Julius, split a large crack in the tight little publishing world. Other pioneers like Horace Liveright have widened it still further with their popular reprint libraries. Now comes the Vanguard Press, with a list of some 35 titles which it offers the studious and underpaid worker of hand and brain at the amazing price of fifty cents—(forty cents if you join the Vanguard Society.)

Some of the best of the radical classics in first-class type, and cloth binding at 40 cents the copy! This is a great event. A crate of the books

has just arrived at this office. Some of them have been sent out to reviewers and will be discussed in later numbers of the NEW MASSES. In the meantime, one can only cheer and say to the young labor student: Here are the foundations of your education. You can't go wrong on this collection; it comprises the landmarks in the progress of revolutionary thought. William Morris and Lenin are some of the extremes that meet in this forum; Veblen and Postgate and Scott Nearing are some of the interpreters of the living present.

It is a splendid selection. The present writer has one special complaint to make: Why is no effort made to print the poetry, short stories, pictures and plays of the American labor movement? There is not a publishing house in this country interested in this material, as are the Labour Publishing Company in England and the Malik Verlag in Germany. The American radical isn't different from his European brother; he will read good fiction and poetry if it is bone of his bone. But no publisher as yet seems to have the knowledge or desire to push the art of the American labor movement. "We want to know why."

Michael Gold

## WANTED—A SHOWMAN

*The Garbage Man*, by John Dos Passos. Harper & Brothers. \$2.00.

Here is the modern, or future, theatre at its best, not as a futurist or expressionist "experiment," but as a show. Dos Passos has given us a thoroughgoing and at times thrilling entertainment—yet it is not completely satisfying. *The Garbage Man* has most of the elements of a corking play—sheer dynamic poetry of speech, rich color of a kaleidoscopic spectacle—but there is a gap which the author has failed to bridge, the great gulf between the art theatre and the popular theatre. The negotiation of this gulf constitutes the main problem of the current playwright.

This play illustrates the case: a brilliant piece of work, executed in a style which is purely and effectively theatrical. Why is it that only about three-quarters of it clinches the theatrical effect? There remains an undigested fourth, made up of literature, words, undigested ideas. Here on the printed page, titled vigorously and directly as *The Garbage Man*—which is certainly a whole lot better than the sentimental *The Moon is a Gong*, as the piece was somewhat inadvertently billed for its metropolitan presentation—the play still

retains a little of the uncertainty and softness of the former title.

Why? Dos Passos clearly possesses an equipment which will enable him to do great stuff in the theatre. One can attack his first play from two points of view: in the first place, technical; in the second place, psychological. Curiously enough, it is my own impression that he is most successful in the former respect. His play stands as an object lesson to all those who are seeking ways and means of bringing the living American scene into the dead American theatre. He has crossed that magic and dangerous line between actors and audience carelessly and with astonishing skill. He has done this largely by doing everything which the Broadway technician says is impossible, thus proving again the profound truth that *showmanship* in any broad and reasonable acceptance of the term is directly at variance with what oddly passes for technique in the white light district. I do not mean to infer that, by neglecting the art of the theatre as practiced by the brothers Shubert, you can quickly and automatically capture the art of the theatre as practiced by Aristophanes. The one overwhelming problem, and a highly technical one at

that, is the problem of showmanship. The fact that such wise persons as Broadway producers are generally all wet on this subject, does not make it any easier. But I believe that Dos Passos, at least potentially and as revealed in this play, has great skill as a showman.

What then, am I complaining about? For one thing, the story content of the play is weak. The narrative repeats and fluctuates. But aside from this specific defect, there is a more important difficulty of a psychological sort, concerned with this horrible gap between the art theatre and the people's theatre, between a planned design and the red

stuff of entertainment. Strict communists talk about a proletarian theatre, which may mean everything or nothing. It is certainly true that the theatre, more than any other art, exists for and of the crowd. When Dos Passos approaches this crowd directly and in the glow of the spotlights, something happens: he whispers to the electrician, the spotlights turn rose-colored, and the magnificent parade of his play is suffused in an unfortunate pink. Something should be done about this. And Dos Passos, having come so near to creating a real downright American show, is the person to do it.

—John Howard Lawson

## OUR FOREMOST CRITIC

*The House of Satan*, by George Jean Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf, 1926.

Having achieved the 295th page of Mr. Knopf's elegant book (Bodoni type set up by Vail-Ballou Press, Inc., Esparto Paper manufactured in Scotland, etc., etc., etc.), we find that we have learned the following from Mr. Mencken's boy friend:

1. Art is not ennobling. Oh, quite the contrary.
2. Good drama, children, is never intelligent.
3. Unions, you fool, are meant for hod carriers, not for actors.
4. Criticism: "Whatever interests me is good. Whatever doesn't interest me isn't good."
5. "The greatest of all secrets to human happiness: the philosophy of indifference."
6. Newspapers don't always carry good dramatic criticism.
7. The trouble with those French

revues is that they are Frenchier than the French.

8. After all, when you want a real night in the theatre, boy, go to a burlesque show. (Of Mr. Nathan's other eight books of criticism).

9. Noel Coward isn't as much as he's cracked up to be. Neither is Mike Arlen.

10. Here's what's eating the American theatre:

- (a) You get scalped for tickets.
- (b) The programs they give you are torn and dirty.
- (c) The damned houses are cold, especially if your wife's in décolleté.
- (d) Why don't they stuff some mohair in those seats and run a vacuum sweeper over them?
- (e) Lately first night audiences have been so vulgar!

Yes, sir, Mr. Nathan is our foremost dramatic critic—and so clever, besides. \$2.50 please.

Harbor Allen

## REVOLUTION AND SEX

*Sex Expression in Literature*, by V. F. Calverton. With an introduction by Harry Elmer Barnes. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

V. F. Calverton's book has its genuine merits, but I must be forgiven for beginning with personalities. My excuse is that he started it.

"Floyd Dell," says Calverton, somewhere in this book, "makes of love an art. . . ." This is intended, of course, as literary information merely, for he goes on to say that "Cabell (finds) in sex a symbol," that "D. H. Lawrence poetizes the erotic," and that "James Joyce transforms passion into a psychography which bewilders by its vividness." These phrases are intended to convey that we write more or less frankly about sex; so much so, indeed, that

"Swinburne and Whitman, Flaubert and Maupassant, precursors of the protest that has now become a trend, are but pale passion flowers beside the red Priapian shoots of their successors!" I can but disclaim the compliment and hastily turn over my share of it to be divided among Messrs. Cabell, Lawrence and Joyce.

And now to the book. . . It undertakes to show that the literature of a given time is an expression of the ideals of the economically dominant class. And it chooses to show this in the special and very interesting field of the literary treatment of sexual themes. Thus the book is doubly interesting, as a contribution to the young literature of sociological art-criticism, and as a study in class attitudes toward sex. As the former, it is one of the four books of the

sort yet produced in America, the others being Calverton's previous volume *The Newer Spirit*, Upton Sinclair's *Mammonart*, and my own *Intellectual Vagabondage*. It ranks as an important pioneer effort in a kind of criticism which may be expected to grow rapidly in importance and to crowd moral and aesthetic criticism alike from the center of the stage. While as a social study of sexual attitudes, it promises, and gives, something well worth thinking about in connection with this now popular theme.

Part of Calverton's thesis is not new. It has long been obvious that Elizabethan literature expressed in general the attitudes of the aristocracy, Puritan literature those of the rising bourgeoisie, etc. Calverton's contribution is a patient explication of these literary changes, with special reference to the treatment of sexual themes, from the Elizabethan era to the present day. The change from aristocratic sexual ideals to bourgeois sexual ideals is thus summed up:

"Along with the social characteristics that we have already described as peculiar to the bourgeois class would necessarily flow a strictness of morality and severity of religion that would but foster the growth and progress of the economic life of the class. Thriftiness of habit and looseness of morality are social incongruities, philosophically incompatible elements. To avoid annihilation the class had to live close-guarded, almost ascetic lives. Monogamy, a fiction with the aristocracy, became a religious reality with the bourgeoisie. Indulgence with the aristocracy became (was replaced by) self-denial with the bourgeoisie. Bastardy, a trifling mishap with the aristocracy became a heinous sin with the bourgeoisie. The theatre, a source of delight for the aristocracy, became a source of sin for the bourgeoisie. Expressed in terms of economics, what the aristocracy could afford, loose morality, indulgence of desire, merry mistresses, bastards, gay performances, the gilded pageantry of heathen tragedy, the bourgeoisie could not afford."

The change to a bourgeois idealism is pursued with much amusing and instructive data, through the Restoration riot into the "sentimental comedy" of the succeeding age, through the "realism" of the early English novel, through the complicated phenomena of the "romantic revival" which accompanied the French revolution, through the generous illusions and bitter disillusionings of poetry, on into the perfection of sexual repression in the Victorian era, and the revolt of the 'nineties . . . to the present day.

There is much to tempt one to discussion along this path, but the present review will pause only at the end to ask a question. Obviously the revolt of the 'nineties against Victorian hypocrisy was a part of the general and gathering revolt against bourgeois domination. Is the "sex freedom of the new literature" similarly a symptom of revolt? Calverton thinks so, and adds that "the anti-bourgeois attitude in morality is gradually being driven toward an anti-bourgeois attitude in economics." He does not document this confident assertion, and it seems somewhat doubtful. For, on the other hand, as

Calverton himself points out, the upper bourgeoisie, the dominant class in America, have reached the point where they "can afford to be immoral, as morality is conceived according to bourgeois standards." The "sex freedom" of the new literature might thus more realistically be explained as a reflection of the growth of leisure-class standards among the American bourgeoisie, and an expression of its own revolt against its former Puritanical ideals. It remains to be shown that "sex freedom" in literature has anything to do with the growth of a revolutionary working class.

Calverton tells us that "with the weakening of the private property régime a new ethic is born," and he goes on to prophecy that "sex will be neither maximized nor minimized, neither exalted nor degraded, neither concealed nor advertised." It sounds fine, but it is a little vague. What I wish to know—and I invite Calverton and Upton Sinclair and Charles W. Wood and Scott Nearing and Michael Gold and the other philosophers of the revolutionary movement to tell me candidly—what is the correct revolutionary proletarian attitude toward sex?

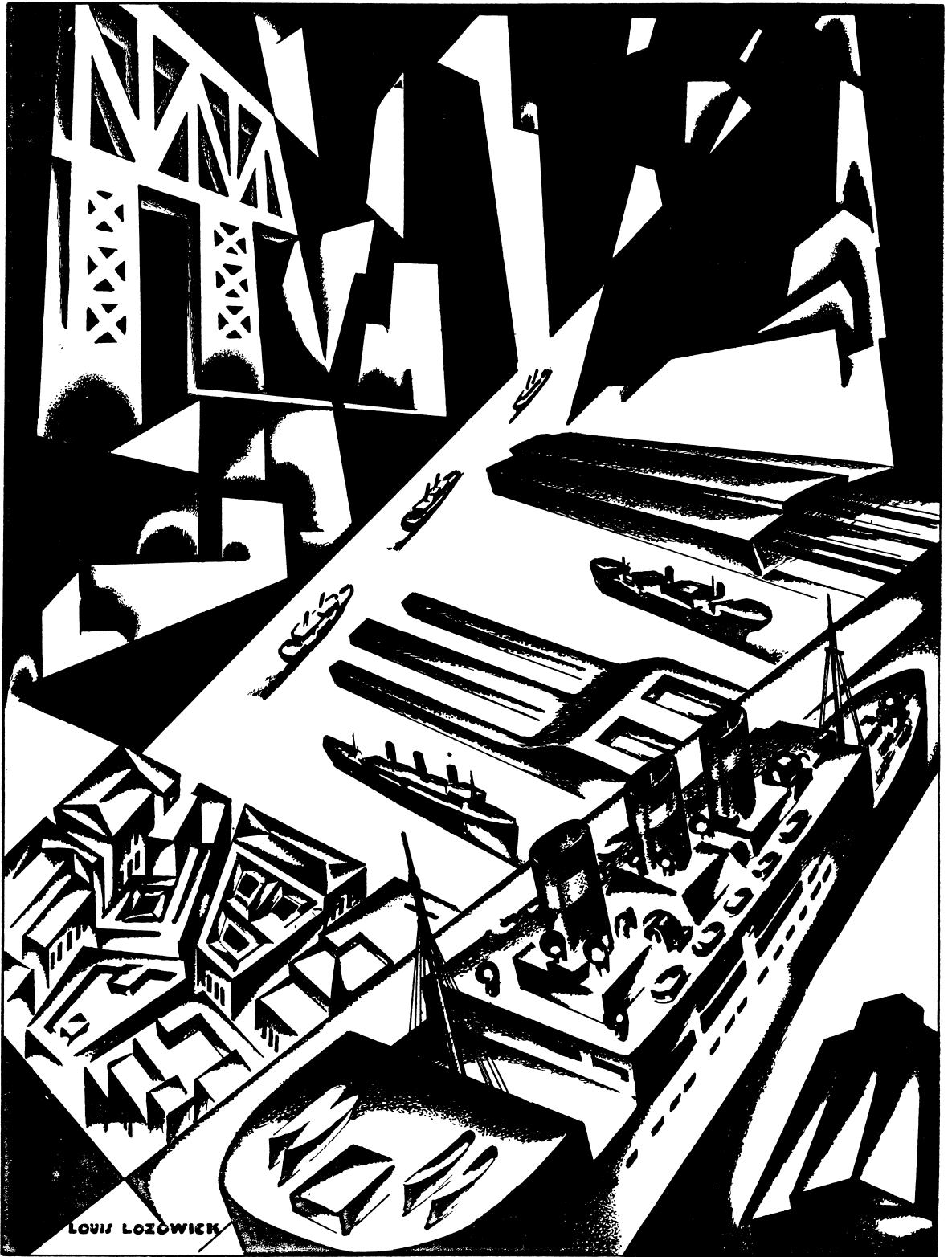
Floyd Dell



LOUIS LOZOWICK

THE HARBOR

Drawing by Louis Lozowich



LOUIS LOZOWICK

# THE HARBOR

*Drawing by Louis Lozowick*

## The Soviet Union Review

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## POETIC ASTIGMATISM

*Poets and Their Art*, by Harriet Monroe. Macmillan. 1926. \$2.00.

*May Days, an Anthology of Verse from Masses-Liberator*, Chosen and Edited by Genevieve Taggard. Boni and Liveright. 1925. \$3.00.

Reading two volumes of and about American poetry is a pretty dismal affair. Page after page of rubber-stamp emotions, ready-made phrases, shop-worn forms. The music of our native singers, barring a few exceptions, has all the originality of an electric piano in a nickelodeon. They turn out poems the way Henry Ford turns out autos: all exactly alike except for the license plates. Lyrics entitled *Indifference*, *Rain*, *Autumn*, *Retrospection*, *Spring in Paris*, *Solitude*, *Homecoming*, *Measurements*, *Entropy*, *Débris* and *Humiliation* may have been hot stuff back in the days when man was first discovering that he had a soul and that he could turn an honest penny by pitying himself for having one; but gosh, how in the meantime the colors have run!

The first of these books tells how Harriet Monroe with her little magazine *Poetry* touched off the Chicago or Midwest school of poetry. The Chicago school started out to be a great symphonic organ; but after a few resonant notes from two or three wooden pipes, it turned out that the rest of the organ was made up of tin whistles. Miss Monroe, who played the keys, knew, it soon became apparent, only two or three chords by heart and she couldn't read notes.

There is no disputing the contention that in its early days *Poetry*, under Miss Monroe's tutelage, contributed something very real and very vital to the American poetic menu. How she could do so and yet write so saccharine, gushy and superficial a book must remain forever a mystery.

Here, on the nicest kind of paper, with the trimmest kind of type, are 300 pages about Amy Lowell—of the New England Lowells, you know—at tea; about that “delightful Yankee” Robert Frost and what a dear farmer lad he is; about Edgar Lee Masters, quite the rugged mountain of American poetry, whose “occasional indelicacies” must be forgiven; about Ezra Pound, who ran off to Paris and “to pure poetry with no dusty alloy of baser motive than the sheer command of the muse”; about Maxwell Bodenheim, whose frightfully uncouth manners were, of course, caused by “Freudian tragedies of early suppression”; and about Wallace Stevens, who recalls “some quiet far-flung space in Florida,” where “the sky is cobalt, with mauve-white

clouds; the sea is sapphire, flickering into diamonds under the wind; the sand is a line of purplish rose and there are gaudy bathers on the beach”!

Of insight into the forces that moved these poets, of understanding for the social and economic conditions that produced the late lamented renaissance, there is in all its handsome typography no glimmer. Poetry, one gathers, is a genteel diversion for the intellectual élite: a little more than the bridge, a little less than dinner. No wonder the Midwest “muse,” as Miss Monroe calls it, wilted away in early infancy of malnutrition.

Miss Taggard, in compiling the *Masses-Liberator* anthology, did not choose always wisely. Some of the war poems, pertinent though they may have been in 1917, have lost their edge. Much of the satire and defiance about religion sounds old, like echoes of the riveting on the Woolworth Building. The love lyrics are as familiar as a threadworn mitten. How, in contrast, the objective and revolutionary verse stands up! Steel, smoke, iron, noise, city, soil—these give poetry a substantial, indigenous, open-at-the-collar flavor that nips and tingles at the palate after the soppy pap of the lachrymose rhymesters. Read, if you doubt me, Michael Gold's *The Strange Funeral in Brad-dock*, James Rorty's *What Michael Said to the Census Taker*, and, best of all, William Ellery Leonard's impassioned *The Heretics* and *Tom Mooney*.

Why is it that contemporary American poetry, having told us Chicago is “hog butcher for the world,” “Booth led boldly with his big bass drum,” and how Daisy Miller “contributed ten dollars and costs to the school funds of Spoon River,” clapped a muzzle over its mouth and subsided into innocuous whimpers? These two surveys produce evidence. Listen to this from Ezra Pound, approved by Miss Monroe: “Poetry is an art, not a pentametric echo of the sociological dogma printed in last year's magazine.” Listen to these phrases taken from the first ten pages of *Poets and Their Art*: “Poets tell their secrets on the printed page”; “dealing with naked souls”; “an artist who has kept the faith”; “breathing the perfume of the book”; “the eternal movement toward the mysterious city of hope.” Wade through the sighs and heart-beats and soul-sick tremolos that clutter the pages of Miss Taggard's anthology and convince yourself that no poet can look forever into himself without getting astigmatic and cross-eyed.

Harbor Allen

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**OUR WILL-TO-DEATH**

*In the American Grain.* By William Carlos Williams. A. & C. Boni. \$3.00.

Much of the criticism of American machinery culture is the case of Rousseau versus Rousseau. If Dr. Williams' *In the American Grain* lacked substance beyond the sentimentality of this idea, it might be shelved as representing contemporary America divided, in a minority, against itself. He attacks a romantic industrial civilization with another romantic idea stemming from the common source. But fortunately the idea gathers here a valuable context, and the volume stands for a new and significant spirit in American letters.

Precisely because it is a new approach, a transvaluation of our literature seen through history, and precipitates a special American mind in a personal, intuitive form, it stands also for the repudiation of criticism as an integral activity. It proceeds on the assumption that the possible traditions of orderly criticism in this country, with the exception of Poe, are irrelevant to the present situation. Dr. Williams wishes to know whether there is a sound tradition available. And he appeals to origins. His book is an instance of the very disease under diagnosis; in a living culture supporting satisfactory art-forms the immediate production is the exclusive interest of criticism, for the tradition is taken for granted. Dr. Williams believes that we are not sustained by a living tradition, and he has written a historical survey of the American spirit in search of one. The central tendency of our spirit is the apotheosis of death.

His conclusions are substantially the same as D. H. Lawrence's in

*Studies in Classic American Literature*, with a difference of emphasis. Lawrence portrayed a will-to-death in American letters. Williams goes beyond literature, even beyond formal history, into the documents that presumably offer an explanation of both. His purpose is to find out why we are spiritually conditioned to hatred of life—what is the origin of the obsession. His solution, deprived of the depth and power of its context, would be explicitly this: *The colonists conquered the New World but they refuse to accept it.* The extensions of the idea are enormous. The colonists necessarily lost the vitality of their European culture, but rejected the possibility of a new culture from primitive beginnings; so they founded American life in a hierarchy of dead forms.

Dr. Williams' appeal to origins is the uneasy attempt of an individual to define his tradition. (It is uneasy: his prose, which can be economical and sustained, is seldom explicit; it breaks off into purple writing and obscure divination.) The book is thus significant, rather than important, for this method of getting to what Mr. Brooks has called a usable past is like Mr. Brooks' own method to that end; it is usually its own frustration. It succeeds chiefly as recapitulation, and it sterilizes whatever it heroically tries to resuscitate. Nevertheless, it is not likely anything may come quickly to light that will render Dr. Williams' main contention false—the popular messianic criticism will hardly effect the rendition—and this volume will undoubtedly survive as one of the most interesting questions asked by the spirit of our time.

Allen Tate

**HUMANIZING PHILOSOPHY**

*The Making of the Modern Mind*, by John Herman Randall. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5.00.

Professional philosophy ain't what it used to be. There was a time when philosophers were the right-hand men of kings, if not kings in their own right. Now they merely warm chairs of philosophy and publish innocuous books. They build pretty systems to justify this or the other—usually the other—social preconception, they provide college students with snap courses, they drag in the universe to prove—like Santayana—that pretty poems and aperitifs are the right, honorable, and just concerns of the wise man—but all things considered they do little harm.

Of late professional philosophers have been concerning themselves with the affairs of this world. They have

discovered the industrial revolution and "social maladjustments." They are abandoning the Absolute, Space-Time and all compendious what-nots for a consideration of the ends of human action. They discuss moral ends and social ideals. They are humanistic. How very nice!

One of the most human of the younger humanists is John Herman Randall, Jr., assistant professor of philosophy at Columbia University, who has just published a book called *The Making of the Modern Mind*. The book has been acclaimed by Dr. Randall's fellow-humanist, Prof. Harry Elmer Barnes. It will soon be acclaimed by other enlightened intellectuals who voted the LaFollette ticket in 1924.

*The Making of the Modern Mind* tells you nothing about the making

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of the modern mind—but it is a fairly adequate exposition of the intellectual history of western Europe since the twelfth century.

Rather the material for such a history. Randall starts with the twelfth century renaissance and traces the intellectual history of western Europe through medieval ideals, the renaissance and reformation, humanism, the development of scientific thought, early nineteenth century romanticism, evolution, "social ideals in a growing world." He packs an immense amount of valuable material in 642 pages; but he has no feel for historical movement, no philosophy of history. Rich facts sprawl all over his book. They wander about motherless. They are unsystematized. Randall does not see history as a unit—the way Marx does—even as a series of units—the way Spengler does. History for him is a thing of shreds and patches, loosely, if at all, integrated, with no thread of meaning or direction.

Occasionally Randall does try to explain the genesis of an idea that he is describing. When he does that he explains the idea by another idea, seldom by the social forces which actually gave it birth. References are made now and then to economic background—humanists have caught the phrase—but the actual connection of ideas and social conditions is seldom shown. Kant's justification of freedom, for Randall, is a reaction against mechanistic deism and not a realization of rising capitalist econo-

## A BOURGEOIS PILGRIMAGE

*The Road Round Ireland*, by Padraic Colum. Macmillan. \$4.00.

Padraic Colum has a new book, *The Road Round Ireland*. Padraic is apparently tramping his way. He tells us the minutest details. Lots of big things he overlooks. 492 pages, worth \$4 if only for the apt illustrations, but literariously. A showing-off of carefully gathered scholarly bits. Written by an amiable person steeped in the half-light and the pale sweet shadows of romance, who has not one protest against the plight of the smelly poor. Colum has the right eye for fairy mounds, fiddlers and priests but not the young mind and the generous heart to appreciate the communistic ideas inspiring the heroes of Easter Week. He is cold to the vital literature that produced in 1916 what was really a class-struggle. Connolly proposed the Marxian machine-age to make Ireland free and happy; he worked, fought and was shot for it; this greatest of Irishmen is barely mentioned just once. Is it because Jim Connolly cried out against the Church? The author is blissful when he can drag in a priest; he seems to love these inky gentlemen who from St. Patrick's time have shaped most

my justified in economic theory by the doctrine of *laissez faire*. The popularity of Bergsonism is a reaction against mechanism rather than the mysticism that inevitably accompanies a decaying society.

In his last chapter Randall discusses contemporary social ideals. He contrasts the "ecstatic religious faith of the Communist and the Guild Socialist" with "the open mind, the firm knowledge of the complexity of social processes" that is represented by Will Durant's *Philosophy and the Social Problem*. Randall also pays his respects in this chapter to fearless pioneers like Joseph Chamberlain, Lloyd George, Hobson, Ramsay MacDonald, Henderson, Wilson, LaFollette, and sturdy Teddy Roosevelt—"who carried the idea of progress into the arena of national politics."

Philosophers have a habit of giving away—unnecessarily—fundamental prejudices which color their thinking. Hegel did it in his *Philosophy of Right*. Shelling in his *Methods des Academische Studium*. It's a rather superfluous business. Randall's prejudices, for instance, are fairly apparent from his eclecticism, his tendency to explain ideas by ideas, the tenderness with which he speaks of the monastic ideal, etc. It's unnecessary for him to express his admiration for urbane gentlemen who carry the ideal of social progress into the arena of politics.

Harry Freeman

of Erin's beauty into bogs, slums and churches, and the gay, free-thinking kiltie largely into a bigoted, apprehensive puddle-jumper. Sean O'Casey is featured in the book. Clum likes him. If not before, soon after Easter Week, Sean lost his sympathy with the revolution. "Ah," says the mother in *Juno and the Paycock*, to the boy who fought with the Irish Volunteers, "you lost your best principles when you lost your arm; them's the only sort of principles that's any good to a workin' man." "With this speech," says Colum blandly, "a cycle of Irish history is completed" Padraic tramps literariously on. He needn't worry; he has his place in the world, a secure one, in the pages of *The Bookman*, *The New York Times Literary Supplement*, and *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. Meanwhile, on the roads round Ireland, tramp worn confident men who look to happiness for all, Athens in art and Moscow in politics. Colum did not see these soldiers of the new day; evidently the fairies, slave-songs and priests were too much for moony Padraic.

George Jarrboe

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M. G.

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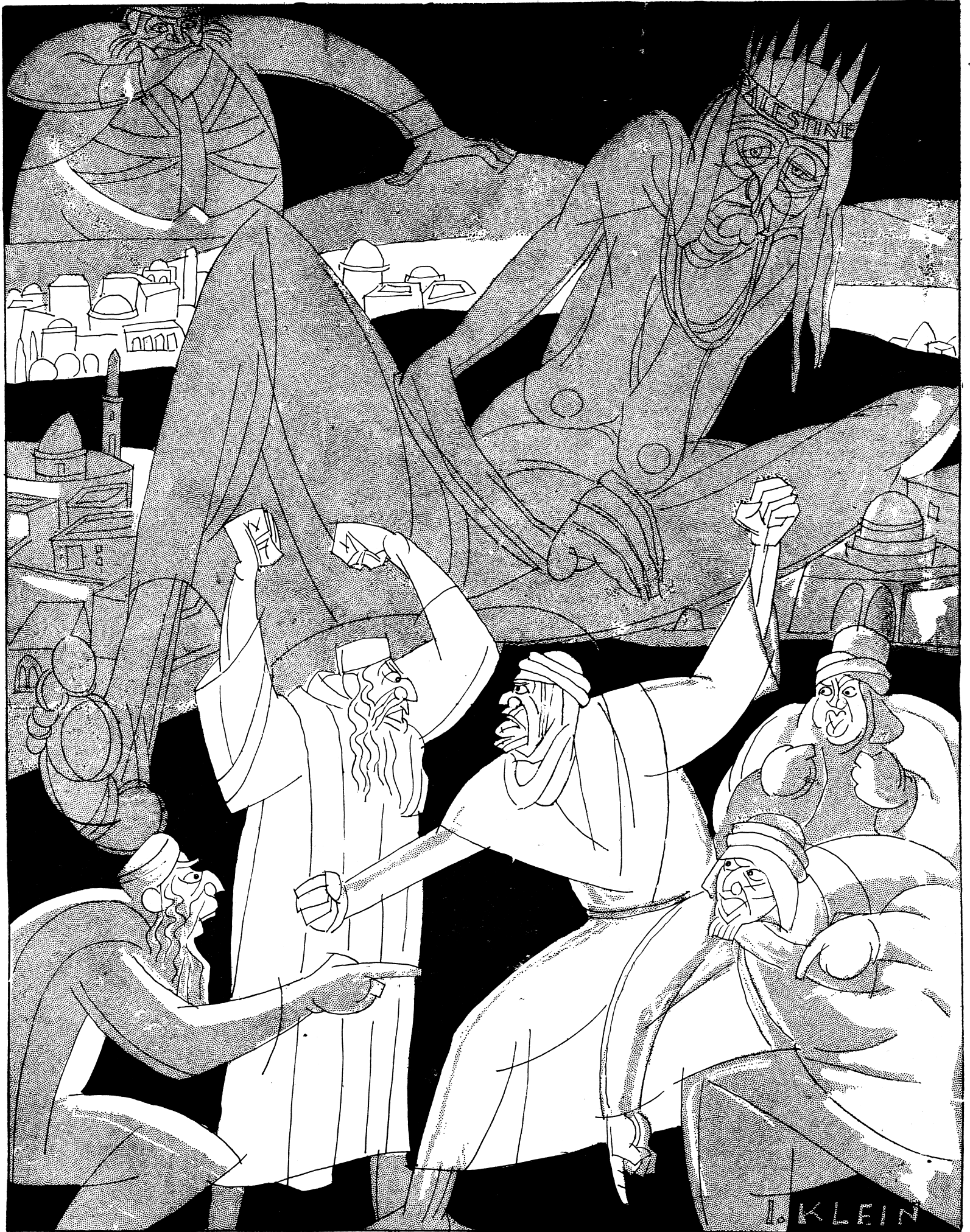
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