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NEW MASSES

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CONTENTS

	Page
Cover Design—by J. Pleush	3
Fifth Avenue Bus, A Drawing—by William Siegel	4
These Fighting Americans, Drawings—by William Gropper	4
Sacco and Vanzetti—by Max Eastman	5
Machine Ornament, A Drawing—by Louis Lozowick	6
Land and Liberty, A Drawing—by Diego Rivera	7
"They Are Dead Now," A Poem—by John Dos Passos	7
Sacco and Vanzetti, A Symposium	8
Playing Card, A Reproduction	9
Gloucester Fishermen, A Drawing—by Jan Matulka	10
Construction, A Painting—by Boardman Robinson	11
The Movies Join the Union—by Don Ryan	12
Broken Blossoms, A Drawing—by Otto Soglow	13
He, A Story—by Katherine Anne Porter	14
Elephants, A Drawing—by I. Klein	15
Kindred Spirits, A Drawing—by Peggy Bacon	16
Head, A Drawing—by Xavier Guerro	17
Backyards of Broadway, A Drawing—by Louis Lozowick	17
"Christ Dies on Cross"—by William Frea	18
Head of Christ, A Drawing—by Paul Lobell	18
Test for Presidential Candidates—by Howard Brubaker	19
In Hyde Park, A Drawing—by Adolph Dehn	20
Comrade Harvest—by Albert Rhys Williams	21
Old Barn in Connecticut, A Drawing—by Wanda Gag	22
Typewriter Keys, From a Photograph—by Ralph Steiner	22
Class War Bulletins—by Anna Rochester	23
Decorations—by Louis Lozowick	23
"When Do We Eat?"—by Slim Martin	24
Speak-Easy, A Drawing—by Frank Hanley	24
The Chinese Peasant Movement—by Earl Browder	24-25
Sketches—by Charles Cozier	27
I Will Change My Birds, A Poem—by Fryn Tibbitts	27
The Golden West, A Drawing—by William Gropper	28
Book Reviews by Rose Strunsky, Harry Freeman, Ernestine Evans, Francis Edwards Farago, Clinton Simpson, Kenneth Fearing, Paxton Hibben	26, 27, 28, 29, 30

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MARSTIN 435 PRESS

army of people, from all walks of life, forgetting their animosities and making common cause to save the lives of a fish peddler and a shoe maker. Perhaps, for a moment, some of us believed that if all these enthusiasts could be held together for a little while, Sacco and Vanzetti might not have died in vain. Undoubtedly a majority of these people were animated by some variant of the ideal of human freedom. But the entrenched class was too well organized against the onslaught of this gallant and sincere rabble. The idealists were painfully vanquished, and now the army of liberation is dissolved. The philosophic anarchists have returned to their books, the "practical" anarchists to their infernal machines, the Italians have gone back to Mussolini and the Catholic church, the sentimental old ladies to their teacups, the socialists to their red-baiting, the Nation under the caption *Next Steps* says "there ought to be an investigation" of this and of that (what matter?) and the *New Republic* gently chides "the influential members of society" for letting this thing happen:

"They have encouraged foreign-born 'radicals' who believe in violence to hug the delusion. . . . Finally, they have forced liberals who recognize the existence and danger of class-consciousness to question the possibility of uprooting it without the purging calamity of a prolonged and bitter class conflict. . . . Of course, liberals who believe that the hope of mankind depends upon the creative power of human intelligence cannot allow this kind of doubt to paralyze their actions. They cannot join either of the blind and fanatical class conscious sections."

And so forth, and so forth! Only the Communists say: "Organize! Organize!"

Now unfortunately it is the fashion among American intellect-

uals to despise the Communists. "They are always starting a fight. We prefer to think things out." The Communists respond by despising the intellectuals, forgetting that the Russian revolution did not spring from unplowed soil. But they are pretty near right when they shout: "The intellectuals are soft, flabby, sentimental, unrealistic. They are not to be depended upon, betrayers, defeatists. They are afraid of action. Human freedom can only be won by organized struggle!" Guts and brains, in this country at least, have not yet learned to work together.

Sacco and Vanzetti had guts. What a dramatic, what a heroic episode! Two men, before our eyes, walk calmly to death for the sake of an idea. For the intellectuals what noble vicarious experience! No wonder preachers preached brave sermons over Sacco and Vanzetti, editors wrote brave editorials and poets wept and swore and turned out passionate sonnets against injustice.

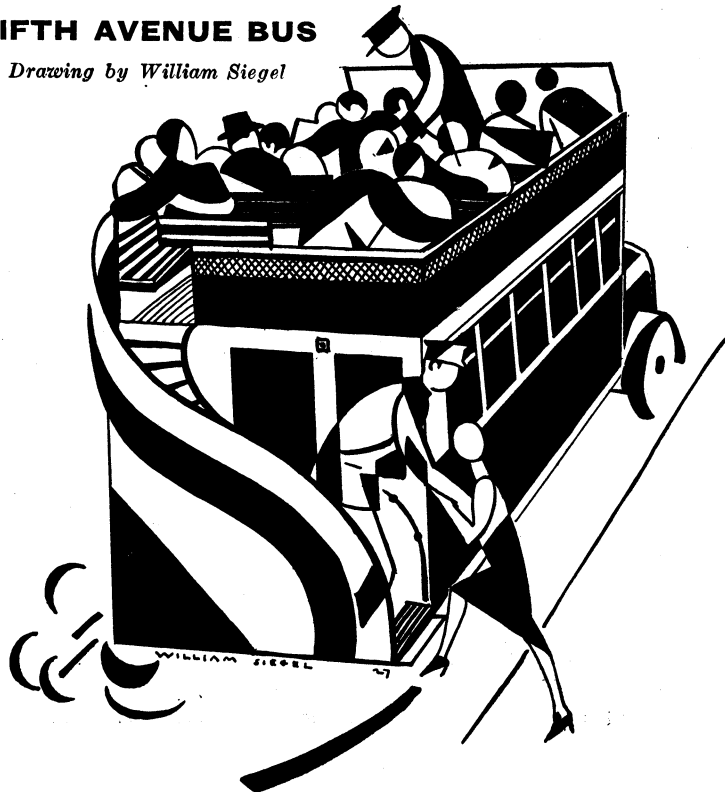
By all means, let's have more of this noble passion. That's what guts are made of. Make him real mad, and the sorriest pacifist looks more like a man. I wonder how many Thayers and Fullers it would take to make, let us say, Papa Villard go on from his inevitable "things are awfully rotten, they ought to be remedied" to "By God, they're going to be remedied if we have to organize and fight!"

The crying need, then, is for some skillful social surgeon who could graft some Truck Drivers' Union glands upon the impotent "creative intelligence" of our intellectual friends. Tough on the truck drivers, but what a rejuvenation!

Egmont Arens.

FIFTH AVENUE BUS

Drawing by William Siegel



ALREADY, no doubt, Governor Fuller's secretary has burned the thousands of telegrams, letters and petitions that piled up high on his desk over the Sacco and Vanzetti killing—and so, to all intents and purposes, the mighty storm of indignation over the execution has spent itself and to little purpose. The governor probably suspected all the time that the edifice of that great furor was held together by unstable cement and that it housed little which would be dangerous to himself and his like. It is true that the combined efforts of outraged liberals, philosophic anarchists and practical (bomb-throwing) anarchists, Christian idealists, anti-capital punishment sentimentalists, patriotic Italians, kind hearted old ladies, platform Socialists and "organize the unorganized" Communists had built up quite a sizeable tower of protest. But the governor con-

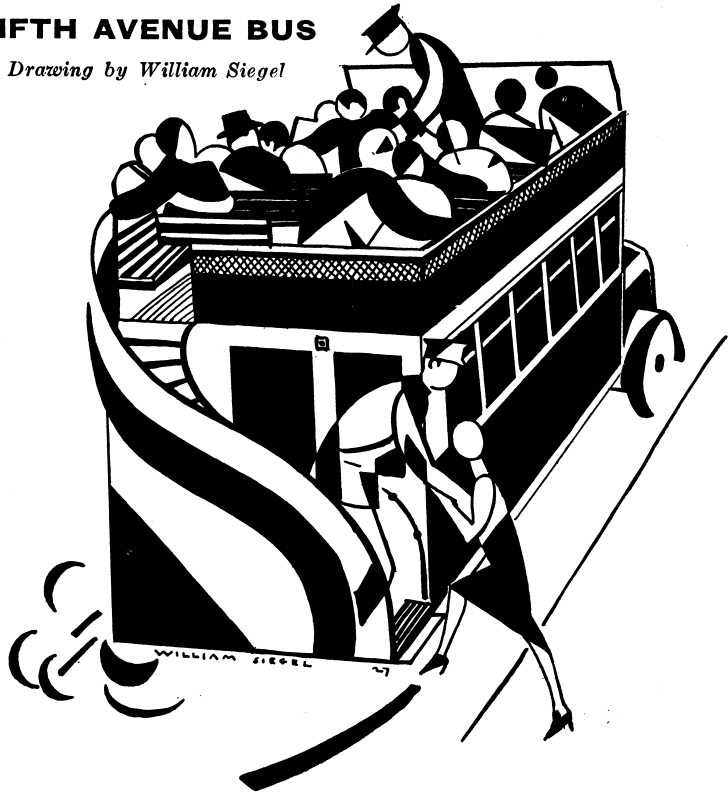
sulted some of the best minds of his community—the Lowell advisory committee—and they agreed that the tower would soon fall in a heap and hurt nobody. So Sacco and Vanzetti died.

No sooner were the death dealing juices turned into the bodies of those two martyrs than the great edifice of protest, which was to have awed the Governor, crumbled into dust. One can imagine the smirk on his honor's lips when he read the post execution editorials, not only in the let's-forget-it conservative papers, but also in the wasn't-it-dreadful and justice-must-be-preserved liberal weeklies. And less than a day after the event those ardent and high spirited idealists who had labored so faithfully in the great crusade were calling each other sordid names.

Now there was something very exciting and inspiring in that great

FIFTH AVENUE BUS

Drawing by William Siegel





Drawings by William Gropper



THESE FIGHTING AMERICANS

1. Battling Kid Fuller of Mass. floors Justice for next Pres. election. 2. Knock-Out Wheeler, the booze champ, will now clean up heaven. 3. Hon. Dempsey and Tunney, Esq., the well known bankers, at work. 4. Mary Baker Eddy pulls an early Messiah and puts one over on God.

SACCO AND VANZETTI

ANARCHISTS AND THE REVOLUTIONARY SCIENCE

By MAX EASTMAN

Sacco and Vanzetti

UNLIKE many martyrdoms, the death of Sacco and Vanzetti was of very great value to the cause they loved. They loved human liberty and fraternity—the ideal of a society free from oppression and exploitation. Their death may almost mark an epoch in the struggle for such a society in America. It will be an epoch in which the class character of the struggle begins to be generally understood.

The deliberate torture and murder of these men, who were not only innocent but devotedly good and heroic, has destroyed forever the myth of American liberty and democratic justice. Every thoughtful person in every land can know now that justice is a pretence in America. Liberty is a statue. Christian ideals are a crime. It was for preaching a Christian ideal that these men died. In spite of the absence of God from their thoughts, their evangel was as closely similar to that of the early sincere followers of Jesus. The wealthy and arrogant to whom in Boston who burned them to death, are closely similar to Nero and the rest of those triumphant Romans. The picture of an American prison surrounded like a castle-dungeon by thousands of armed men with weapons drawn against the "populace", while two idealists, innocent of crime and well loved by the poor, are put to death, is unfor-

gettable. It portrays as clearly as corpses burning in the sky the fact that this is the American Empire, and that it is ruled by a ruthless gang.

It is a great step forward in the progress toward liberty to have that truth known. The truth will not make us free, but we will never get free without knowing the truth.

The Inevitable Conflict

Justice and freedom lie in the future; they await a reorganization of the method of producing and distributing wealth; the way toward them is a working-class struggle. Sacco and Vanzetti understood this instinctively, and they preached their evangel of anarchism to the working class. They were workers themselves, and they organized the workers. It was as representatives of the revolutionary struggle of the workers that they died.

Nevertheless a conflict has arisen between their anarchist supporters and the Defense Committee of the Workers' Party. And the old tormented question of the relation between Marxism and anarchism is raised with a new passion, with a new—and old—bitterness.

The details of the conflict are unimportant. The underlying cause is familiar. Communists pay their tributes to Sacco and Vanzetti as martyrs of the working class, with a mental reservation: *The gospel*

they preached is "essentially bourgeois". And the friends of Sacco and Vanzetti accept these tributes from communists with an inward reflection: *Men of the same faith, and the same devotion, are imprisoned by the communists in Russia as enemies of the working class.*

The communists cannot change their opinion, and the anarchists cannot forget that fact. They cannot forget it, and they cannot understand it. It has never been truly explained. So long as Marxism remains a system of Hegelian metaphysics, it never can be explained. There is right on both sides, and wrong on both sides. There are clouds and mountains of confused thinking everywhere.

Restate Marxism in the form of a scientific hypothesis, and the clouds and confusion disappear. The relation between Marxism and anarchism becomes a clear one, familiar already in other fields. The real contribution of the anarchists can be seen and recognized. And the necessity of restraining anarchist agitators in Russia, while at the same time praising their devotion to the working class struggle in America, can be candidly stated and convincingly explained.

Again I have to let my reader guess what I mean by restating Marxism as a scientific hypothesis. In my book *Marx and Lenin* I have attempted to do that. There is room here only to state the solu-

tion which I think a true practical science of revolution would offer for this old problem of Marxism versus Anarchism.

Anarchism is Magic

Scientific procedure has to be distinguished, not only from religious ceremony, but also from magic, from all the relics of the profane practice of the Medicine Man—alchemy, astrology, and so forth. The distinction here is not one of emotional motive or general mental attitude, for both the magician and the scientist attempt to change, or adjust themselves to, a world which they conceive as impersonal. The distinction lies in their attitude to the unchangeable or uncontrollable element in that world. The magician ignores this element, or reduces it in his imagination to a negligible minimum. The desired end plays the predominant part in his thinking, the given facts play almost no part at all. The scientist not only pays attention to those given facts, but he spends the best of his time ascertaining their exact character and defining them. His effort to change and control the world is based upon and guided by a definition of what is unchangeable or uncontrollable about it. Thus, for example, the alchemists of the Middle Ages attempted by every sort of random device to convert various substances into gold, but they did not examine the interior structure of these substances

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Drawings by William Gropper

THESE FIGHTING AMERICANS

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or the laws of their behavior. The science of chemistry was born when Robert Boyle turned his attention exclusively to determining that interior structure and those laws. But the original purpose was in principle only postponed; the science of chemistry may yet succeed, it seems, in converting other substances into gold.

Now Marxism—in so far as it is a science, and not a philosophy—bears substantially the same relation to the efforts of utopian-evangelical reformers, that chemistry does to the efforts of alchemists. It defines the structure of human society and determines the forces which control it, and upon the basis of those given facts which are not changeable, it proposes a method by which human society can be changed. Revolutionary anarchism, on the contrary, clings to the attitude of the alchemists, and the utopians. It merely adds the mystic act of insurrection against government to the spells of reasonable eloquence, that were supposed to “call up” the ideal society. The relation of anarchists to a real science of revolution is the same as that of amateur “healers”—the survivors of wizardry—to the science of medicine. They survive by refusing to acknowledge, or concentrate their attention upon the unchangeable or uncontrollable elements in the given facts, to formulate these elements in “laws”, and thus arrive at a systematic procedure by which the given facts can be actually and not only imaginatively changed or controlled. The procedure of the revolutionary anarchist, generally speaking, is to dwell upon the idea of a true society, and assist at moments of crisis in destroying the existing order, in the faith that this idea will be realized. That this is not the procedure of practical science is obvious, and it could be explained very simply and convincingly by Marxists, if Marxism itself were a practical science.

Marxism Is Imperfectly Scientific

But since the practical science in Marxism was misborn and crippled to fit the forms of a metaphysical religion, its relation to anarchism is by no means so simple. There are certain respects in which Marxism is the less scientific of the two. It is less scientific in its attitude toward the goal of revolutionary effort. Just as the anarchists in their preoccupation with the goal, fail to consider the facts and the method of procedure, so the Marxists in their apotheosis of the facts and the method, fail to consider the goal. It was possible for Marx, under the guise of a “philosophy of history”, to define the relevant facts; and in the dress of

“historic necessity” it was possible to present a plan of action. But Marx’s religion offered no device by which he could adequately investigate the third problem essential to a scientific procedure, the problem of the possibility and appropriateness of the ideal, or objective end, of the undertaking. Instead of examining and redefining this ideal in the light of his definition of the facts, Marx merely ceased to talk about it. His dialectic religion assured him that the “contradictions” in capitalism must inevitably be “resolved” by an expropriation of the capitalists, and a collective ownership of the means of production. It also declared that the state, which had arisen out of these contradictions, would “die away” after they were resolved. This was sufficient for a preliminary definition of his purpose—a determination of the general direction of activities at least up to the conquest of power. And any remaining questions Marx answered by tacking on to these two conceptions, in a very undialectic and irresponsible manner, the most utopian of all the formulæ for the millennium: “From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs.” That is the extent of the Marxian science, so far as concerns drawing up a prospectus, or ground plan, of the thing to be achieved.

It was quite inevitable that Marx, imagining his own plan of action to be a description of what history was about to do, should thus leave to “history” the lion’s

share of the worry about the end to be arrived at. And it was inevitable that his followers, imagining Marx’s metaphysical personification of history to be a materialistic science, should resist as “unscientific” every impulse of simple and sensible-minded people to make some inquiries about it.

“What is the value henceforth,” says Plekhanov, “of those more or less laborious and more or less ingenious researches as to the best possible form of social organization? None, literally none! They can only testify to the lack of scientific instruction of those who enter upon them. Their day is past forever.”

If Plekhanov had been a practical man, he could not have failed to see that if there is no need of defining the goal of your efforts, there is no need of guiding them. If the economic God is taking care of the remote future, must He not take care of to-morrow? And if not, then at what point in the unbroken flow of events, does your jurisdiction end, and that of the economic God begin? A practical engineer could not fail to ask this question, for the simple reason that until it was answered he could not complete his plans—which reveals the incompatibility of all philosophies of absolute determinism with all practical science.

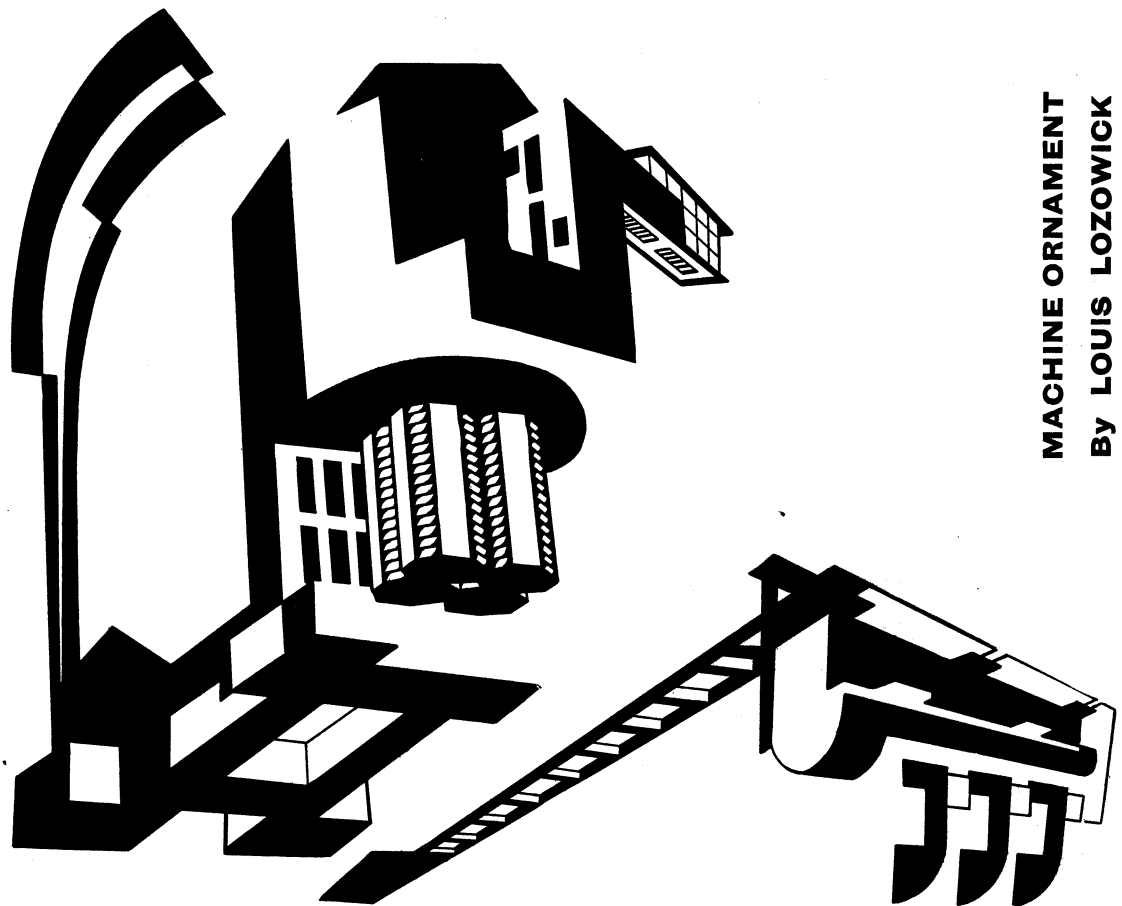
Where Anarchism Is Right

The fact is that a definition of the goal of revolutionary effort, while it must remain, during the early stages of the undertaking, abstract and free and subject to radical redefinition, is nevertheless in-

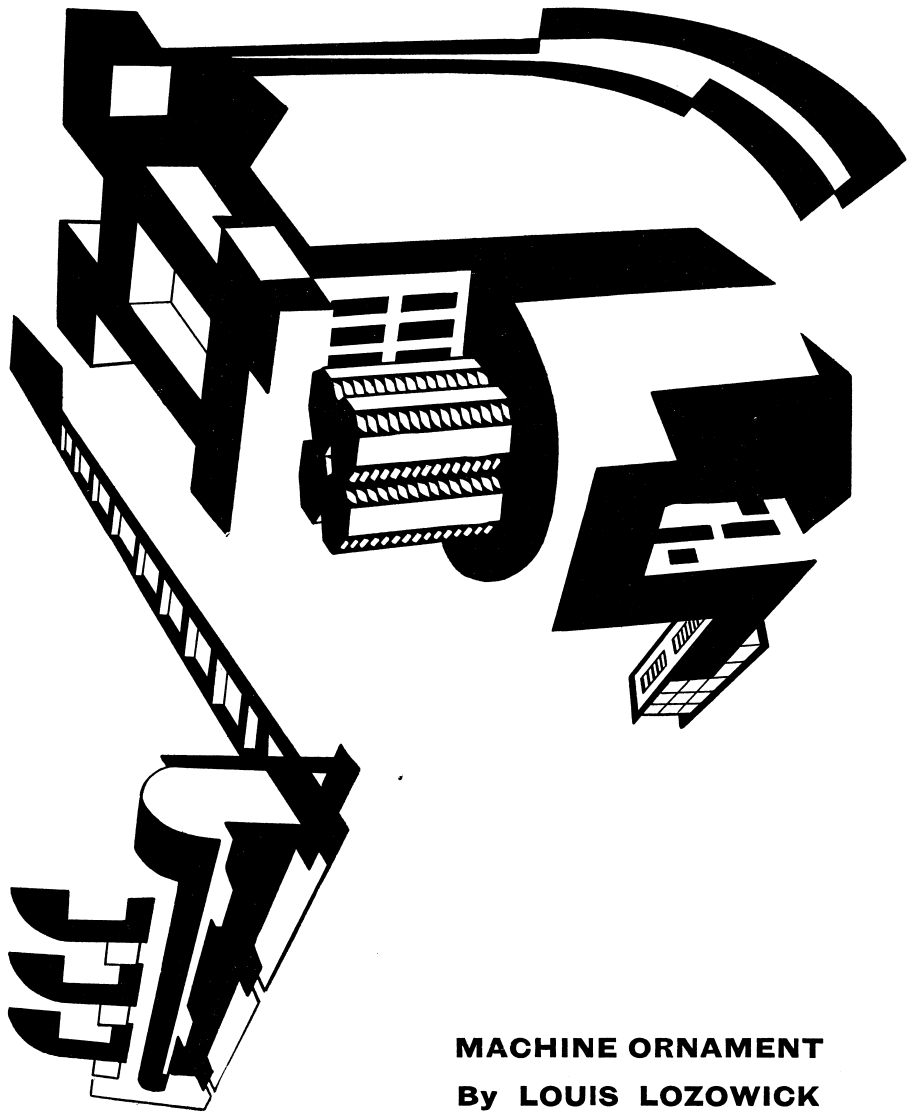
dispensable to scientific procedure. Without investigating at least the abstract possibility of the society aimed at, its compatibility with the hereditary instincts of man, and thus the probability of its enduring if it were once established, no maturely scientific person would devote himself to the effort. The utopian socialists had begun such an investigation, and in abandoning it Marxism took a step backward from utopian socialism. The anarchists have continued this investigation, and that constitutes their chief contribution to the science of revolution.

“The question put by anarchism,” says Kropotkin, “might be expressed in the following way: ‘Which social forms best guarantee in such and such societies, and in humanity at large, the greatest sum of happiness and therefore the greatest sum of vitality?’ ‘Which forms of society are most likely to allow this sum of happiness to increase and develop in quantity and quality—that is to say, will enable this happiness to become more complete and more varied?’”

Kropotkin brought a vast body of biological and historical data to bear upon this important—and in a proper scientific procedure, preliminary—question. His book *Mutual Aid* is of the highest revolutionary-scientific importance. He neglected, or refused to see, the relevance to his problem of the data supplied by Marx in his study of modern capitalism. And like all modern revolutionary writers he ignored the contributions of psychology. For these reasons his writings are inadequate and in need of revision. But they remain, both



MACHINE ORNAMENT
BY LOUIS LOZOWICK



MACHINE ORNAMENT
By **LOUIS LOZOWICK**

in their attitude and their information upon the question of the goal of revolutionary effort, a long stride in advance of Marxism.

Where Anarchism Is Wrong

In spite of this unquestionable fact, Kropotkin did not employ the methods of applied science upon the problem of producing an anarchist-communist society. Having investigated the question, *What social forms would guarantee to humanity the greatest sum of happiness and vitality?* he did not turn round and examine the existing social forms with a view to answering the question, *What social procedure will actually move us from the one situation in the direction of the other?* Having asked, and to the

best of his ability answered, that preliminary question, he abandoned the methods of applied science altogether, and adopted in its place two contrary attitudes, between which he shifted back and forth in a way that serves only the purposes of intellectual confusion.

One of his attitudes was an ineffectual pretence at "pure" science. That is to say, he objectively predicted the anarchist-communist society on the basis of "tendencies" which he professed to discover in biology and human history. It is needless to say that in proving the predominance of these "tendencies", he did not employ those methods of accurate definition, and real verification, which he advocated so eloquently in his attack upon Marxism. Kropotkin's as-

sertion on "inductive" grounds of the inevitability of the communist society, has no more scientific validity, than the Marxian assertion of the same thing on the ground of Hegelian Logic.

His other attitude was in the broad sense "practical", but it was no less utopian than that of his predecessors. It consisted of advocating evangelical miracles, and relying upon a magic supposed to reside in the mere act of revolution, to accomplish the transformation which he desired. A glance at any of his sayings about what-to-do will show that Kropotkin did not succeed, any more than the other anarchists, in substituting the methods of applied science for Marx's metaphysical approach to the social problem. The method of revolu-

tionary anarchism, speaking broadly and yet with technical accuracy, is to conjure up the communist society by the magical act of revolution.

This does not prevent a genuine co-operation between anarchists and scientific revolutionists in times of propaganda or preparation. But in a revolutionary crisis, the scientific procedure by which alone the forces in revolt can be made to produce a preliminary result in the desired direction—the proletarian dictatorship—seems to the anarchist to be the very obstacle preventing the complete magical transformation which he had anticipated.* The more naively sincere is his faith in that magical transformation, the more surely will he put himself in opposition to the scientific movement. He will become a counter-revolutionary force, and to the extent practically necessary must be unhesitatingly so dealt with by those who are trying to do something in real fact, and not only in emotional imagination.

It is obvious that such an adjudication of the conflict between Marxist and anarchist would not be accepted immediately or universally by anarchists. The conflict would continue. But it would lose many of its worst features. Communists of bourgeois origin would no longer be seen denouncing anarchist working-men as "bourgeois"—a thing that is disgusting to all straight minds, and ought to be especially disgusting to Marxists, who know, or pretend to, that "truth is always concrete". Communists who were compelled to imprison anarchist agitators, would do so with a more sympathetic understanding. They would not imagine that they are putting out of the way a class enemy, but would know that they are restraining an untrained ally, whom it is their ultimate task to teach. And with a clear understanding of what has to be taught, this teaching might begin to be done on a large scale.

*This is well illustrated in the writings of Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman about Soviet Russia. Every person who has learned how to face facts, knows that if it had not been for the Bolshevik organizations, the Russian Revolution would have produced nothing but an ordinary capitalist republic with modern improvements, or, what is perhaps more likely, a limited monarchy. Of this there is not the slightest scientific doubt. Yet these two sincere and devoted people, because they believe in revolutionary magic, go about denouncing the Bolsheviks for having "crushed", or "dammed up", some mystic entity which they call "the revolution", the "rising tide of the people's energies", the "free creative new humanity", etc., and prevented it from producing a miraculous transformation of Russian society into "non-governmental anarchist communism". (See "The Anti-Climax" and "The Bolshevik Myth", by Alexander Berkman, "The Crushing of the Russian Revolution", etc., by Emma Goldman.)



Drawing by Diego Rivera

LAND AND LIBERTY



Drawing by Diego Rivera

Diego Rivera

LAND AND LIBERTY

“THEY ARE DEAD NOW — ”

This isn't a poem

This is two men in grey prison clothes.
One man sits looking at the sick flesh of his hands—
hands that haven't worked for seven years.
Do you know how long a year is?
Do you know how many hours there are in a day
when a day is twenty-three hours on a cot in a cell,
in a cell in a row of cells in a tier of rows of cells
all empty with the choked emptiness of dreams?

Do you know the dreams of men in jail?
Sacco sits looking at the sick flesh of his hands—
hands that haven't worked for seven years

remembers hoeing beans at twilight in his garden
remembers the crisp rattle of the edger
remembers the mould of his wife's back
fuzziness of the heads of kids.
Dreams are memories that have grown sore and festered,
dreams are an everlasting rack to men in jail.

Vanzetti writes every night from five to nine
fumbling clumsily wittily with the foreign words
building paper barricades of legal tags,
habeas corpus, writ of *certiorari*,
dead spells out of a forgotten language
taken from the mouths of automatons in black.

They are dead now
The black automatons have won.
They are burned up utterly
their flesh has passed into the air of Massachusetts
their dreams have passed into the wind.

“They are dead now,” the Governor's Secretary nudges the
Governor,

“They are dead now,” the Superior Court judge nudges the
Supreme Court judge,

“They are dead now,” the College President nudges the Col-
lege President,

A dry chuckling comes up from all the dead:
The white collar dead; the silkhatted dead; the frockcoated
dead

They hop in and out of automobiles
breathe deep in relief
as they walk up and down the Boston streets.

These two men were not afraid
to smell rottenness
in the air of Massachusetts
so they are dead now and burned
into the wind of Massachusetts.
Their breath has given the wind new speed.
Their fire has burned out of the wind
the stale smell of Boston

Ten thousand towns have breathed them in
and stood up beside workbenches
dropped tools
flung plows out of the furrow
and shouted
into the fierce wind from Massachusetts.
In that shout's hoarse throat
is the rumble of millions of men marching in order
is the roar of one song in a thousand lingoos.

The warden strapped these men into the electric chair
the executioner threw the switch
and set them free into the wind
they are free of dreams now
free of greasy prison denim
their voices blow back in a thousand lingoos singing
one song
to burst the eardrums of Massachusetts.

Make a poem of that if you dare!

John Dos Passos

SACCO - VANZETTI — A SYMPOSIUM

Thirteen Thoughts

1. There is no white virgin daughter of Platonic perfection living in this bad world and named: “justice.” There is a bloody battle between classes, and one side wins or the other, and the victory is Class Justice. In Soviet Russia the workers imprison businessmen and their military allies. In America rebel workingmen are burned in an electric chair. This must go on until there are no more classes.

2. This Governor Fuller is a sadist. Revolutionists are not sadists. When their enemy is powerless, as in Soviet Russia today, they grant him wholesale pardons.

3. This murder was committed with all the etiquette and fine, delicate restrained manners of the old Boston families. A sensitive person, I think, would rather be killed by a cursing maniac longshoreman running amuck with an axe. Good manners have become the enemy of freedom in America. They are the last refuge of our scoundrels.

4. Mr. Villard of the *Nation* owes the world an apology. Because he had dined with Governor

Fuller, and found him a man of polite speech and correct table manners, he issued a page of fulsome praise of the murderer on the very day this sadist announced his decision to go through with the killing. Mr. Villard also deprecated violence so often that *Nation* readers must have gotten the notion Sacco and Vanzetti were men of violence. Also Mr. Villard seemed to believe the subway bombs and the bomb at the juror's home were placed by anarchists. If I were going to be hung, I should not want such friends to stand by me. They are too weak and faithless.

5. Others to be blamed were Walter Lippmann and his fellow editors of the *New Republic*. It was they who once proudly announced that they had “willed the war.” This case was one of the many gallows-flowers of the beautiful liberal Wilsonian war they had willed. I hope it will be tigers or monkeys or madmen who are to “will” the next war.

6. The highly-paid respectable lawyers for the defense tried for

many years to confine this case only to the law courts. They were indignant when workers all over the world roared in savage voices that Sacco and Vanzetti must not die. One must not trust lawyers in labor cases too much. They are as infatuated with their jobs as are policemen or society women. Fred Moore, the first lawyer in this case, was the only one who appealed to the workers of the world to save the two Italians.

7. Every recent immigrant in America now is certain that the immigrants who stole America from the Indians are a weak, dying, bloodthirsty, superstitious pack of assassins.

8. The death masks of Sacco and Vanzetti were on exhibition for three days at an East Side hall in New York. About one hundred thousand men, women and children passed the guard of honor, workers in red shirts. They saw the serene face, the long, gaunt face of Vanzetti, the peaceful face of the poet of revolution, who sees through the storms and reads the Red future of

humanity. They saw the bold, proud, gallant sneer on Sacco's face. He looked at judges, wardens, ministers, newspapermen and politicians in black coats around him at the electric chair, and called them: “Gentlemen!” and called them “*Merde!*”

9. When the bodies were taken from the chair they were bursting with blood at various points, as if President Lowell had been jabbing them with a knife, over and over again, with loud cries.

10. To become a legend for millions of fishermen, coolies, peasants, miners, steel workers, housemothers, Red soldiers, pick-and-shovelmen, war cripples, hounded girl prostitutes, prisoners, Negro slaves, poets, Einstein, Barbusse, ab-bodied seamen and Jewish tailors: to be their battlecry, their red flag:

That is a beautiful fate, it cheats the grave of darkness, it makes sweet even those last leaping fiery minutes in the electric chair!

11. Most of the world now hates America. When the war comes in which Europe and Asia unite to down the new bloody Em-

pire, the cry of "Sacco and Vanzetti!" will be on their lips.

12. Millions of American school children will remember the names of Sacco and Vanzetti, and will study their lives through curiosity when they grow up. Governor Fuller has sped the revolution in this country by ten years.

13. How Sacco and Vanzetti grew during their martyrdom! What great men live in the obscure depths of the ocean of the workers' revolution!

Farewell, Sacco and Vanzetti!
Hail, the World Revolution!

Michael Gold.

A Negro in Boston

For generations Boston Common has remained inviolate, the place where the voice of the people might be heard. But I soon discovered that the traditional right of the people did not include the right of criticism of a government bent on murder. I became one of a small group armed with placards bearing such inscriptions as "Gov. Fuller, is your conscience clear, have you examined the report of your advisory committee?", "Sacco and Vanzetti must not die!", "Is Justice dead in Massachusetts?", "Has the Cradle of Liberty become the arc of tyranny?". The effect of our appearance on the Common thus armed was instantaneous. There was little time given us to speculate about our reception. The preparations Boston had been put to, had a use value, and Bostonians were eager to measure its extent. Cheers mingled with boos, curses with words of sympathy, hand claps with cat calls, and then the first delegation of the reception committee, the mounted cossacks, charged down upon our line. One gently ran his fingers down my back, and lifting me off my feet, tenderly, yet in unmistakable terms of welcome, said, "You are the first nigger anarchist I ever saw. Just think of a nigger bastard a Bolshevik!" The placard was torn from my hands and destroyed, and I was marched to a patrol wagon which had been kept waiting at the Tremont Street entrance of the Common for those of Boston's visitors who had the temerity to comment upon her dishonor. There I was greeted by one of my comrades who had also been gathered in by the reception committee. She was assisted into the wagon, then one of our guardians said, "We can't put the nigger in the wagon with a white woman, we will let him ride outside." And there I rode to the building prepared to receive me, the ante-chamber of the house of Liberty.

William L. Patterson.

They Won't Eat Crow

THESE are people in the world who will never eat crow. They will die or kill first."

An old friend, a native New Englander who has lived in the vicinity of Boston for thirty years, offers this explanation of the Sacco-Vanzetti executions.

The interpretation seems plausible—more plausible than the theory, to which some of our liberal journals still cling, that Lowell, Stratton, and Grant signed a statement which fudged and distorted a legal record as crookedly as any hired shyster would have done it and yet remain honorable and sincere gentlemen.

I think my friend is right. The gentlemen just weren't men enough to eat crow. Instead they killed with a public deliberateness which has shocked and amazed the world. Now it remains for them to die, spiritually very soon, and ultimately of course in the flesh.

With the pack behind them they had just courage enough to kill, much as a sadistic old man continues to beat his child, to prove to his outraged neighbors that he is master in his own home.

They were so poor in spirit, even in simple physical gallantry, that they couldn't afford to confess how stupid, how terror-stricken they and their whole community of "respectables" had become.

How they must envy those two obscure Italians who remained so vibrantly true to themselves, who soared while they wallowed, and who at the last came to regard their slayers with simple wonderment and pity!

I don't believe that Sacco and Vanzetti died for anarchy. I doubt that these brave deaths will appreciably nourish the sick body of the labor movement. I think Sacco and Vanzetti, victimized by a chain of circumstances in which one almost reads the hand of fate, died for the honor and truth of humanity. They died to show the world once more the power and beauty which is given to men who steadfastly love something more than themselves. They died well, and for us who have suffered too much and too long from the spiritual ineptitude, the shoddy greed and cowardice of our America, there is healing and power in those deaths.

There remains a task: to hunt cowardice in high places; to redeem the mortgaged code of truth and gallantry by which alone men can live together on the earth. Let's get on with the task.

James Rorty.

Swamps Stink

LAST summer a southerner who has lived in Boston for the past seven years said, "It is a privi-

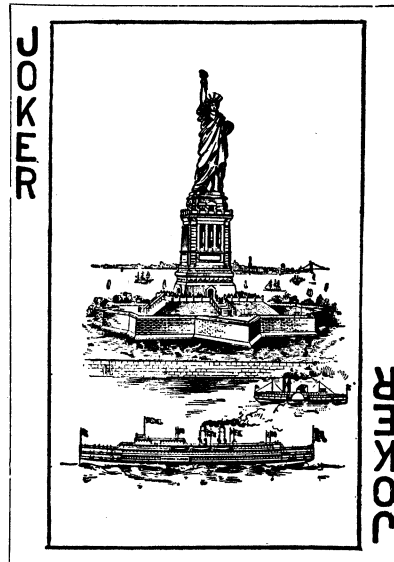
lege to rest in such an atmosphere of broadness. Such a center of culture tends to make the whole nation broader and finer."

Down in South Carolina we had a jingle that began like this:

The River Saluda
Salutes the Broad River.

and we played in the swamps made by the broadening of these rivers. The gnarled old trees were fascinating in their decay and the green gray moss hanging down from twisted limbs. But swamps stink. We couldn't play very long.

Sunday afternoon, the twenty-first of August, on Boston Com-



Playing Card, a Reproduction

mons the municipal band played *Nearer My God to Thee* while the police clubbed workers down near the gates. A Christian Scientist murmured: "It is terrible to bring forth this error of strife in human souls, but I see both sides and I know the Lord will bless all concerned."

During the evening of August twenty-second the Baptist Babbit in the State House welcomed all petitioners with Christian breadth of mind,—and with a Christian's devotion to duty stayed in his office until after twelve when, his work, for the day being over, he entered his closely guarded limousine and drove to his summer home like a snake crawling home through the bog. While the Baptist Governor sat in his chair in the State House,—out in Charlestown it was quiet—and dark. We had crossed the bridge, and were in the shadow of the buildings at the corner of two narrow streets. The air quivered with death. Across black houses, the only light that showed was a soft gleam, like a jack-o-lantern hovering over swamp death. Outlined by the light we saw a huge coffin shaped bulk, its base sunk into the general shadow—Charlestown jail and the death house.

Once, in South Carolina, while we were driving through the swamps late at night we saw a

gang of men get out of a wagon and carry a coffin into the woods close by. While we waited for the men to go, the coffin was sucked down by the broad waters of the swamp.

Grace Lumpkin.

Vindication Futile

THERE is only one thing more futile than to protest in behalf of martyrs, and that is to attempt to vindicate them. In the particular case of Sacco and Vanzetti, the only world which they loved and respected is satisfied with their innocence and needs no additional proof of it. The other world is the world which assassinated them, and surely they have no further reason for wanting to convince it of wrong.

Let them rest in peace; do not stir their ashes to prove that Judge Thayer was a bloody knave and Governor Fuller a heartless imbecile. Do not belittle their tragedy to make it serve so inconsequential an end. Their lives were too high a price to pay for the useless purpose of disturbing an evening at the club or an afternoon on the links of two estimable gentlemen whose remorse—should they be capable of it—is already provided for and condoned in advance by the salaries and the honors they get and by the assumption that the law is an abstract and impersonal force.

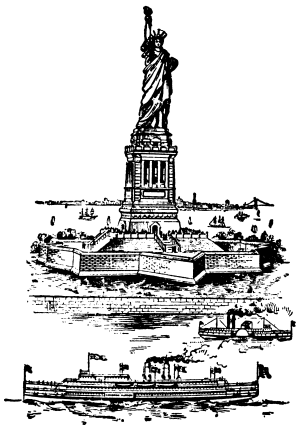
Sacco and Vanzetti were two inexorable enemies of that society of which the Thayers and the Fullers and the Lowells are the pillars and the props. They died like two soldiers in battle, or were killed like two hostages of war. It is useless to vindicate such men. Anarchists, like all true rebels, have no souls to save, anyway, and no reputation to rescue. The only important thing is the war. Renew the battle, and march on.

Arturo Giovannitti.

"A Million Men"

BOSTON is like a stagnant pool with a Book of Etiquette beside it. There are many things Bostonians do not think about, among them the Sacco-Vanzetti case. They feel they do not need to think or know about it. They bow humbly and reverently before Authority. Governor Fuller and President Lowell—one of the Lowells—neither of them crazy radicals, thank God, or foreigners. Authority and Good Form. After all, those are the only things that really matter. Well, of course, the children must be kept well, and your husband get to business on time. I always think if you live by the sea, it is wise to spend a month in the mountains. When we murder, you must admit we do it politely. The great

JOKER



JOKER

Playing Card, a Reproduction

gods Authority and Good Form have wiped out thoughts and feelings. Boston is like a stagnant pool. The only alive thing is Vanzetti's voice from over the wall; "Organize a million men!"

The needle trades workers of Boston know what it's all about. They know that Sacco and Vanzetti are going to be murdered tonight because they are workers, because they are radicals and because they are foreigners. They know, with Sacco, that all the petitions, all the cables, all the telegrams, and all the last hurried visits of respectables and intellectuals will not stir Fuller one hundredth of an inch from his place in the capitalist class. A strike-breaker for President; why should a Governor be untrue to his class? They know that the voice of the American workers shouting "Sacco and Vanzetti shall not die!" is not yet loud enough. And they know, with Vanzetti, what must be done; Organize a million men, and again a million.

Clarina Michelson.

Death House

It is difficult sensibly to attach a meaning to the set of a man's mouth, to the stare of his eyes, the tilt of his head, as he walks to his certain death. But it is easy to say now that on Sacco's face these marks meant eagerness. It is easy to say it now because he said it as he sat down.

"Viva anarchia!" He said it, rather, blurted it, as two keepers, utterly unperturbed, hastily strapped the spongy electrodes to his shins. Before the executioner, among whose duties is that of applying the death cap, moved furtively from behind, Sacco said something else.

"Farewell, my wife and child," he said, his voice much lower, but still steady. "Good evening, gentlemen. Farewell mother."

* * *

The witnesses didn't look to see Vanzetti, but he looked at them, interestedly, curiously, bravely.

He looked up to the bright electric light directly over the chair, and to the noxious smoke circling about it, and then he recognized the Warden. He shook hands with the Warden. He shook the hand of one guard, then another, and then, calmly, he sat down.

"I wish to tell you I am innocent," he said. "I never committed any crime,—but sometimes some sins. I thank you for everything you have done for me. I am innocent of all crime, not only this one, but all. I am an innocent man."

He paused so as not to inconvenience the executioner while he fitted on the death cap.

"I wish to forgive some people for what they are doing to me."

Those were his last words. They were hardly uttered when the Warden, with the slightest nod of his knobby head, signalled the end. The generator whirred again, the

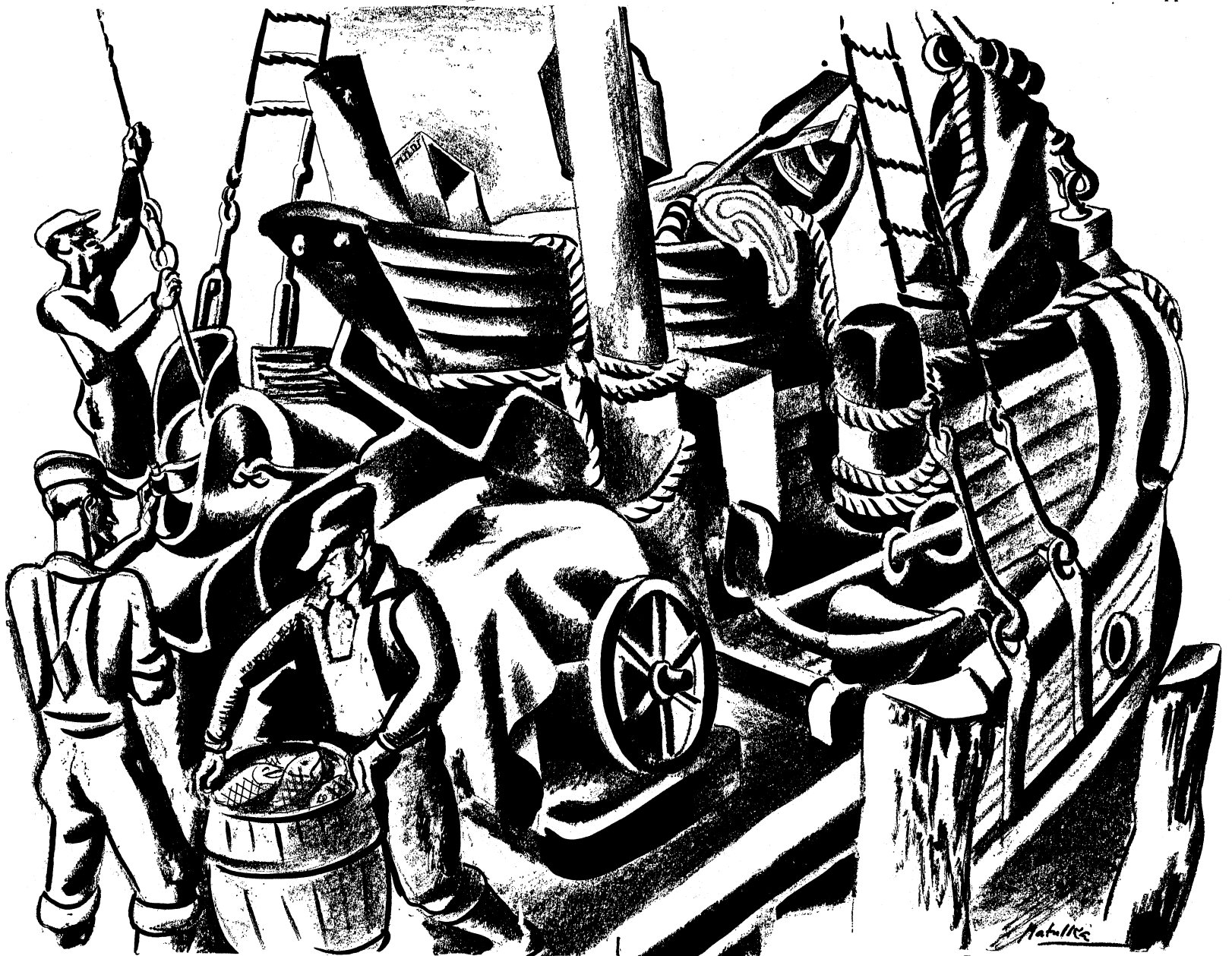
sparks dangled over the death cap, the smoke around the electric light became darker.

Joseph Lilly.

They Will Remember

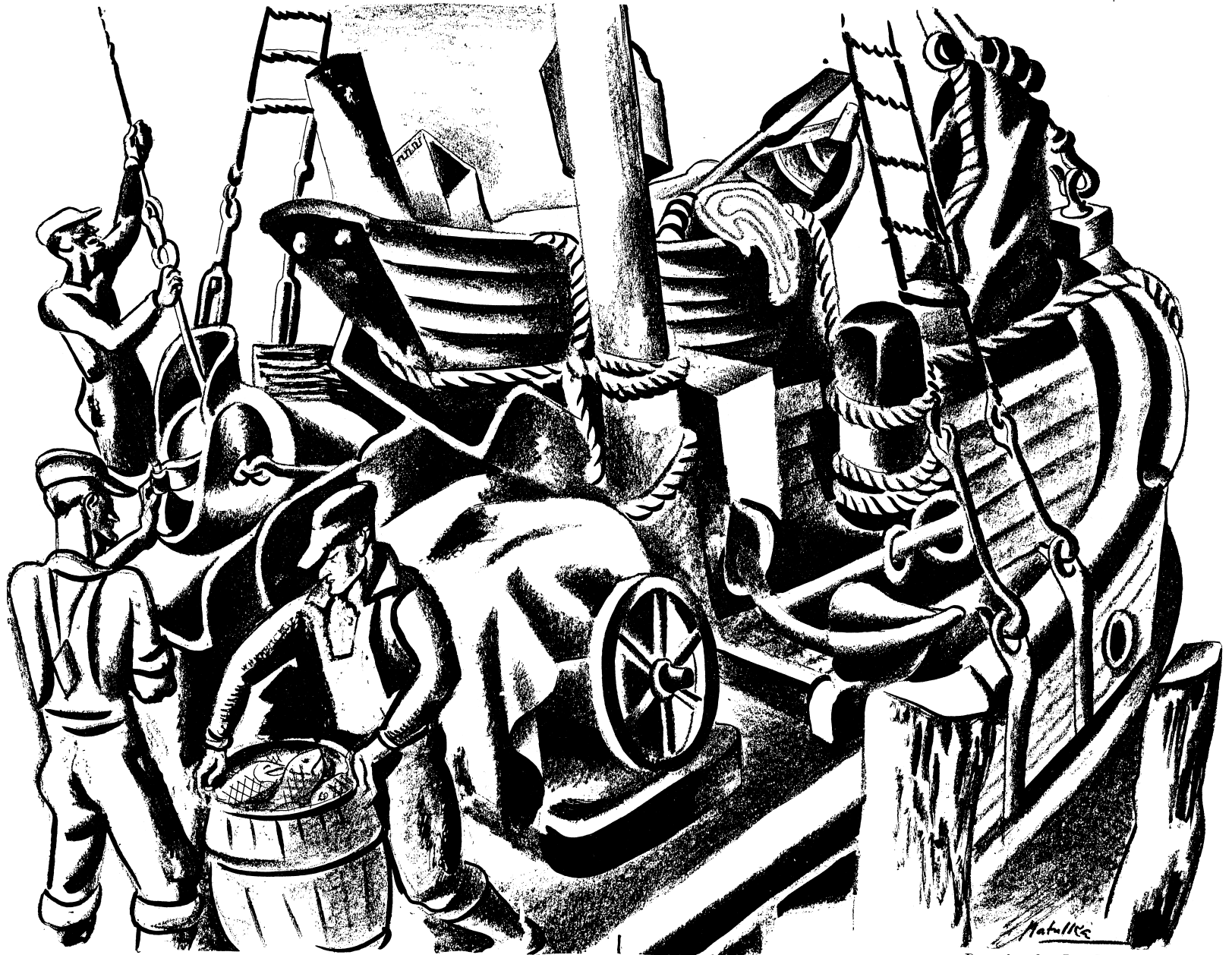
There stands on a street in Boston a huge clock with two black hands. I shall always remember it as the death clock, for there I with many others waited for the hour of twelve. Our eyes were lifted to that clock with its two black hands, and in terror we watched a hand crawl slowly towards the deadly middle with the Roman numerals. And then the clock struck and I heard someone beside me count slowly from one to twelve. He counted, and in that simple count I heard twelve little death songs. And soon on a board near us appeared the words, SACCO, VANZETTI DEAD. Then nothing mattered, nothing except the morrow, . . . for I knew the workers would remember.

William Gropper.



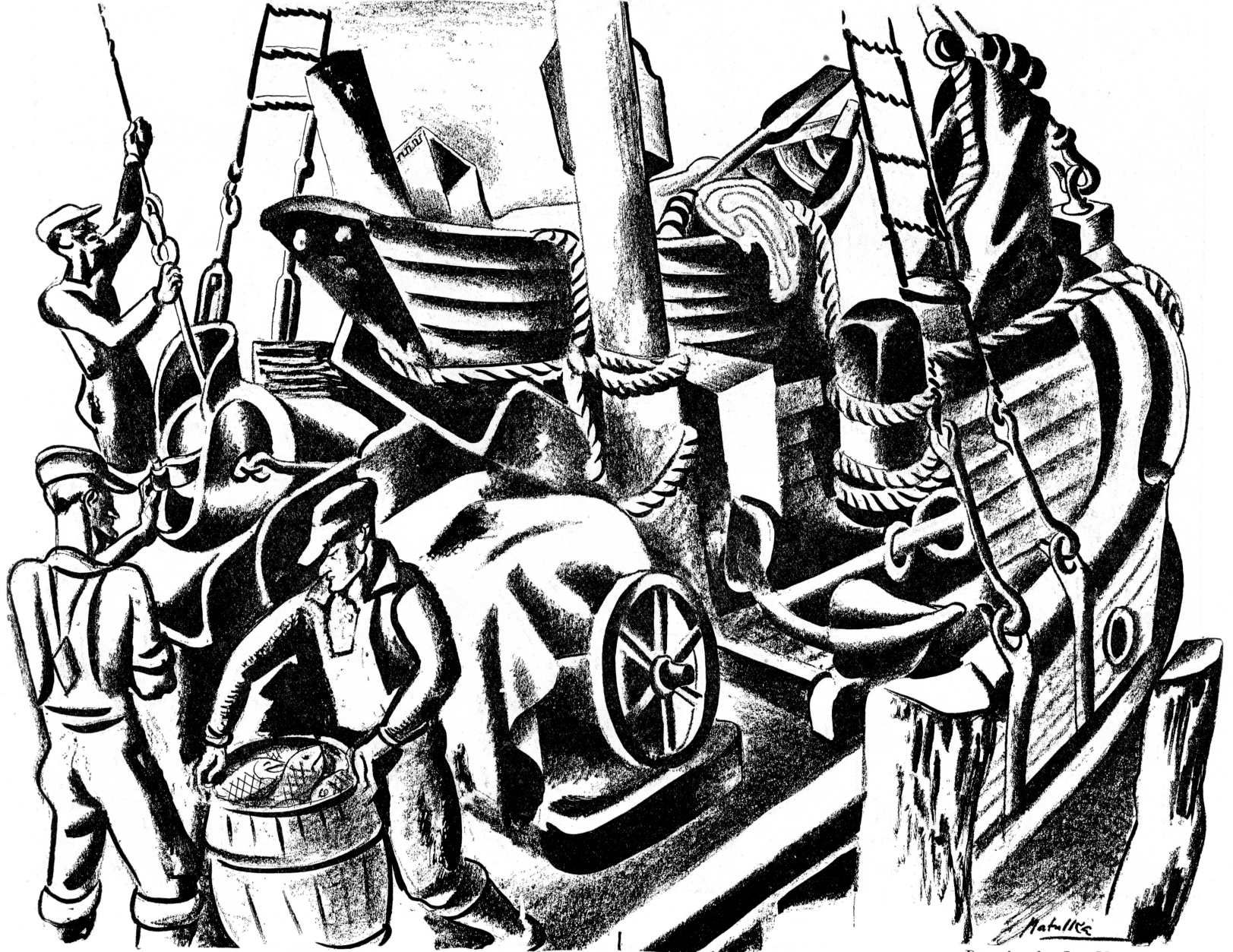
Drawing by Jan Matulka

GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN



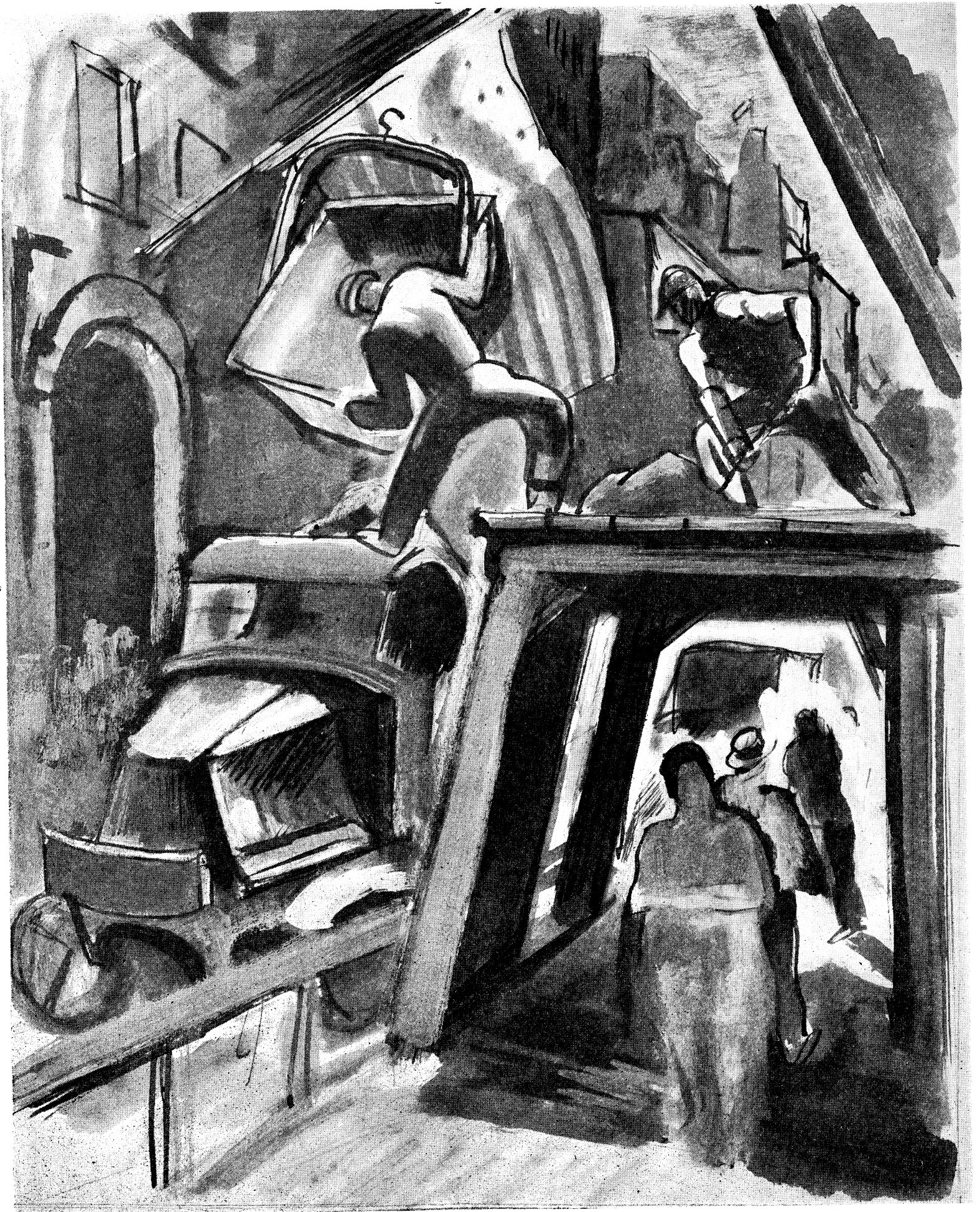
GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN

Matulka
Drawing by Jan Matulka



Matulka
Drawing by Jan Matulka

GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN



Sketch for a Painting by Boardman Robinson

CONSTRUCTION



Sketch for a Painting by Boardman Robinson

CONSTRUCTION

THE MOVIES JOIN THE UNION

By DON RYAN*

EVERY so often one of the fraternity of *belles lettres*, a *Frater* Mencken or a *Soror* Van Vechten, comes out here to Hollywood and then, having been neatly exploited by the ruminating Wampus, having been duly mugged with Greta Garbo, having performed the accustomed rite of listening to Charles Spencer Chaplin discourse on the World Revolution, this one returns hastily Manhattanward to write opinions about the movies.

That's oke—as we say in Hollywood when we pick a take. Oke—if these popular purveyors of opinions could catch one on the wing during their transient visits. I mean an opinion that is worth a whoop to any person interested in the future of the movies; to those who sense that sooner or later the real expression of America must come out of this new medium so dependent on the technique of mechanics which is the dominant technique of this land and age.

But the underdone opinions which are served up by superficial observers after being feted a few days in this movie megalopolis are calculated to give the thoughtful person a pain precisely where he sits. They remind me of what Sam Goldwyn said to Gilda Gray. The impresario was talking to the artiste about a picture in which she is to star and which he is to produce, the scene of which is laid in Tibet.

"And you know, Mr. Goldwyn, we must have an authentic looking lama in this picture."

"Yes, I know. A kemel we nidd wot I send for to Sout Ameerika."

Now the thesis of Fra Mencken on the hackneyed question of what is the matter with the movies is a repetition of what scores of others have written on this subject after superficial observation. Fra Mencken contends (Cf. his syndicated press articles) that the movies, which should be an art, are in the hands of a herd of untutored barbarians who are very shrewd business men but incapable of doing anything artistic. This is the common delusion of all America apparently. You hear it everywhere:

"Yes, these movie magnates are short on art—but wow! What business men!"

This is precisely the fallacy I wish to nail. The movie producers — men such as Goldwyn, Lasky, the Warners — are not shrewd business men. The average movie producer couldn't con-

duct the shamrock concession at an A.O.H. picnic without falling into the hands of a receiver.

Then how in blazes did they get where they are? The answer is ridiculously simple. When movies first began these men were accidentally on the spot. The movies grew by public demand for entertainment of the five-and-ten variety. It carried them along with it. And so they find themselves at the head of an industry which now ranks fourth in importance in America.

Adolph Zukor was running a little fur store when he took an interest in the new enterprise on a debt or something. The Warner Brothers had a five cent show in a small Middle Western town. This kind of entertainment was originally on a par with the shooting gallery and the penny arcade. By the way, that's how Marcus Loew got his start — he began with a penny arcade and then became a nickelodeon proprietor.

Let me present the low-down on the business end of moving pictures. A great industry—not an art—has sprung up like a mushroom, carrying with it the men who happened to invest the first dollars. As the movie mushroom grew and bigger productions became the order of the day, more money was needed to finance each succeeding venture. The heads of the infant industry went to Wall Street. And there the same thing happened to them that would happen to me if I should vauntingly enter the squared circle with Mr. Tunney. They were cleaned. Wall Street let them have the dough—oh, yes. But Wall Street sewed up these astute movie magnates — the former nickelodeon proprietors, second-hand fur dealers and penny arcade entrepreneurs — sewed them up tighter than a drumhead.

The producers kept on making bigger and better pictures—wasting millions—romping all over the pasture with the nice long rope that Wall Street always thoughtfully provides wherewith the fatted calf may hang itself. And at last the producers found themselves at the end of their rope. They reached the end during the last fiscal year. During this period nearly all the big companies lost heavily. Paramount in particular, with First National a close second. They lost heavily in spite of the fact that all the movie theatres of the land have been crowded day and night by a prosperous boobliariat (Fra Mencken's own word.)

Then Wall Street winked at itself and put on the screws. The

big business men of the movies were called in like schoolboys and told what they could do—pay the mortgage or lose the old homestead.

Jesse Lasky came dashing back to Hollywood aflutter and desperately announced that studio salaries would be cut from ten to twenty-five per cent. The twenty-five per cent slash was aimed at the fat envelopes—those of stars and directors working under long-term contracts for salaries ranging from \$400 to as much as \$7,000 a week.

How could Mr. Lasky pull such a thing? Because he is the mouthpiece of the Motion Picture Producers' and Distributors' Association—the gigantic movie trust, of which Will Hays is the official straw boss. More about this organization later. Now listen and rejoice at the outcome of Mr. Lasky's impolitic endeavor.

For years the Actors' Equity Association had been trying to organize the movie actors and directors. The trades-carpenters, electricians — are firmly unionized already. The Equity had been meeting insurmountable obstacles due to chaotic conditions of employment and the shifting throng of workers. Mr. Lasky's demand came like the drop of acid that precipitates the contents of a seething test tube. The cry of solidarity rang out. The movie workers rallied to the cause. An organizer for the Equity hopped the fastest train out of Grand Central and five days later he had the workers lined up. Too late the bosses realized the folly that had been committed — the supreme folly that bosses can commit. They were unionizing the industry!

The only thing to do was to retract—and that right quickly. The newspapers carried immediate announcements. LASKY BACKS DOWN! Not gracefully, not diplomatically, as the generals of steel or copper or steam are accustomed to back down when they find out they are licked by their employees. Lasky tumbled backward — head-over-heels. Withdrew the demand for reduction in salaries. Agreed to let things run exactly as before.

But the ball he set rolling is growing like a snowball going downhill. As these words are being written the studio-retained actors and directors are meeting at the Hollywood Writers' Club to organize and affiliate with the

Equity. The Equity's shop policy, including an eight-hour day, will be adopted. The Screen Writers' Guild, branch of the Authors' League of America, also will ask to affiliate. The producers tried to crab the meeting by calling some of the ringleaders for night work, but a little petty tyranny will never stop the movement for solidarity among actors, directors and writers.

And what does their capitulation mean to the big business men of the movies? To the Laskys and Zukors and all the other members of the trust? It means that Wall Street is going to move in. Going to move in on Hollywood. Wall Street has issued its fiat. It has said to the Hollywood wizards of finance:

"You boys have demonstrated that you can't run your own business. You're losing money — *our* money. You can't control your employees. Every time one of you opens his mouth he puts his foot in it. Now *we'll* take charge."

No, brothers of the pen, you'll not find any clever business men at the head of the Hollywood studios now—but just wait. There will be. Yes, in about a year, the naive pronouncements of Fra Mencken and his contemporaries will be fact. There will be men at the head of the movie industry who aren't much on art, but when it comes to skinning somebody in a business deal — Sadie watch your camisole!

To get back to this vexed question of art. Art in the movies. The Mencken clan find essay material in answering the question of why the present-day commercial movie isn't a work of art. As reasonable as to compose a blurb on why the manufacture of cloaks-and-suits fails as an art medium.

The movie industry is a trust. This trust controls distribution. Competition is stifled wherever it shows its head. The manufacture of moving pictures is completely standardized—formalized. There is no possible chance to produce the new, the imaginative, the so-called artistic — because the machinery is geared for the other product and there is no commercial reason to change it.

All critics persist in saying that the movies lack brains and talent. That if the movies only had a few artists working in them we should

*Don Ryan is the author of *Angel's Flight*, a radical novel, dealing with Hollywood, which is on the fall list of Boni and Liveright.

We see by the paper that Aristide Briand of Paris made such a passionate speech about "permanent peace" the other day that he and the whole League of Nations cried. That next war must be going to happen even sooner than we expected.

have cinematic works of art. I know many fine artists—actors, directors, art directors, designers of sets and costumes—artists in all lines, who are employed in the movies. (The German artist who designed the *Caligari* sets is starving in Culver City). They could make the much-talked-of Little Theatre Film in a week—make it cheaply and make it well—use the camera to write chapters of American tragedy and comedy and genre expression, instead of using it the way they are compelled to do now: photographing actors in stage settings doing things that could be better done on the speaking stage.

Well, it is asked, why don't they? Simply because they can't

get a release for any such picture. They can't get a release because the trust owns and controls the movie theatres.

As long ago as 1923 there was a healthy young movement in Hollywood actually called Little Theatre Films. This movement had brains; it had imagination; it had stories and directors and actors and cameramen—but to save itself it couldn't get any theatres.

Now there's no use making movies unless you can show them to somebody. A movie isn't like a stage play that can flourish in one theatre at a time. It requires at least fifty theatres at once. After the hardworking artists of the movies had invested their savings

in an abortive art movement they found this to be the condition for success: They would have to organize a chain of theatres reaching from coast to coast—little theatres for the movies in all the larger cities—in order to break even. And they couldn't begin to organize any such chain. The regular movie theatres were controlled by the trust. And the proposition of road-showing the little theatre pictures in the legitimate theatres entailed an impossible expenditure. So Little Theatre Films was delivered still-born—four years ago.

I think, just as the bright boys think, that there will be little theatre films eventually. But not until the trust is busted. And with

Wall Street running the industry first hand the trust is going to be a great deal stronger in the future than it has been in the past. Whereas there has been only a loose control from the financial mart of America, now there is going to be direct control with real efficiency of the kind you find in Henry Ford's plant. Movies will be more standardized, more formalized, more moronized than ever.

For after all, the celluloid industry depends upon a simple equation. The majority of our population, as Fra Mencken so aptly observes, possess the minds of eight-year-olds. Therefore movies will continue to be manufactured for readers of the *American Mercury*.



BROKEN BLOSSOMS

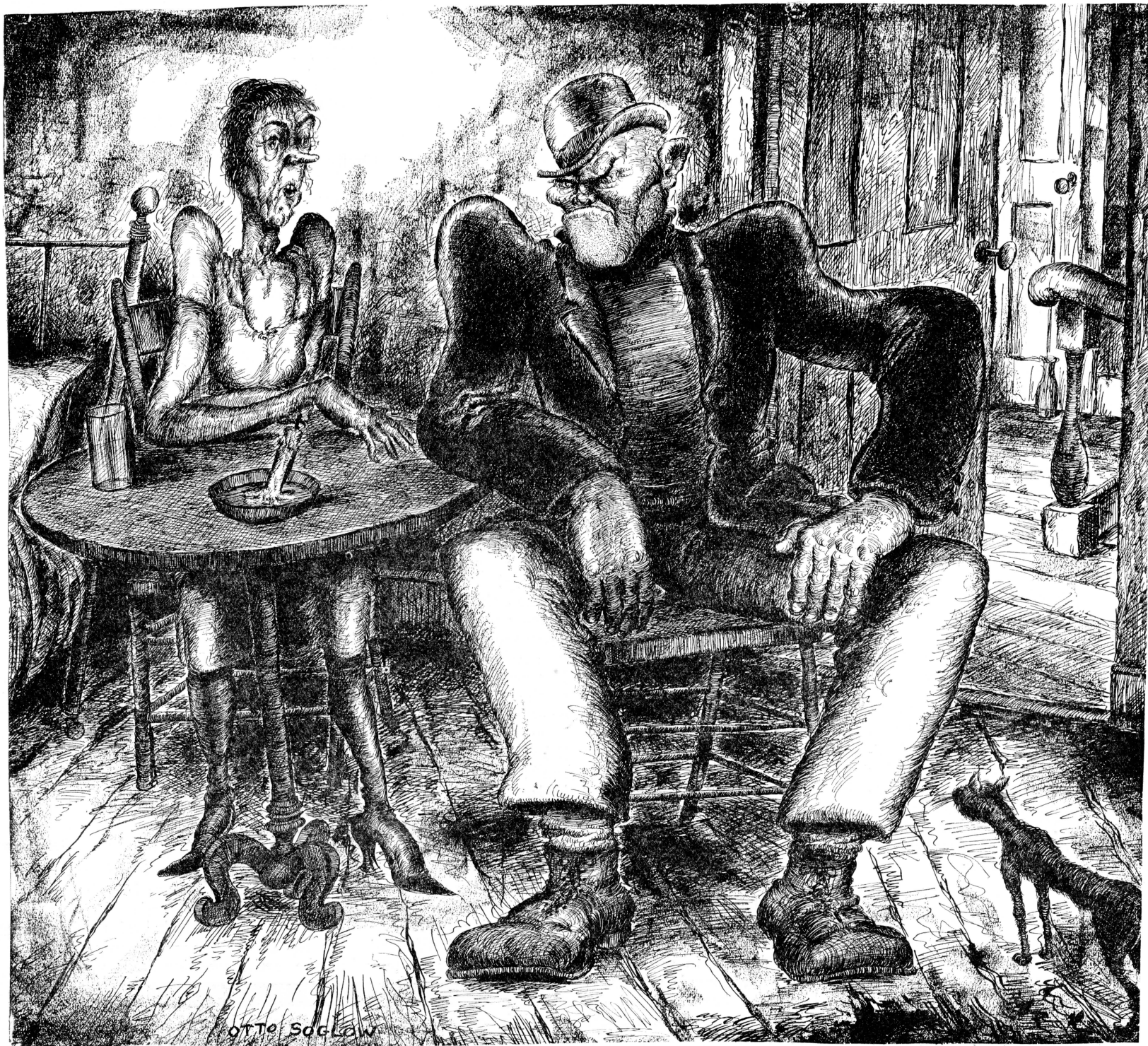
Drawing by Otto Soglow



OTTO SOGLOW

Drawing by Otto Soglow

BROKEN BLOSSOMS



OTTO SOGLOW

Drawing by Otto Soglow

BROKEN BLOSSOMS

HE

By

KATHERINE
ANNE
PORTER

LIFE was very hard for the Whipples. It was hard to feed all the hungry mouths, it was hard to keep the children in flannels during the winter, short as it was: "God knows what would become of us if we lived north," they would say: keeping them decently clean was hard. "It looks like our luck won't never let up on us," said Mr. Whipple, but Mrs. Whipple was all for taking what was sent and calling it good, anyhow when the neighbors were in ear-shot. "Don't ever let a soul hear us complain," she kept saying to her husband. She couldn't stand to be pitied. "No, not if it comes to it that we have to live in a wagon and pick cotton around the country," she said, "nobody's going to get a chance to look down on us."

Mrs. Whipple loved her second son, the simple minded one, better than she loved the other two children put together. She was forever saying so, and when she talked with certain of her neighbors she would even throw in her husband and her mother for good measure. "You needn't keep on saying it around," said her husband, "you'll make people think nobody else has feelings about him but you." "It's natural for a mother," Mrs. Whipple would remind him, "you know yourself it's more natural for a mother to be that way. People don't expect so much of fathers, someway."

This didn't keep the neighbors from talking among themselves. "A Lord's pure mercy if he should die," they said. "It's the sins of the fathers," they agreed among themselves, "there's bad blood and bad doings somewhere, you can count on that." This behind the Whipples' backs. To their faces they said, "He's not so bad off, he'll be all right yet. Look how he grows."

Mrs. Whipple hated to talk about it, she tried to keep her mind off of it, but every time anybody set foot in the house, the subject always came up, and she had to talk about him first, before she could get on to anything else. It seemed to ease her mind. "I wouldn't have anything happen to



Drawing by I. Klein

"Come on! Take home an elephant!"

him for all the world, but it just seems like I can't keep him out of mischief. But he's so strong and active, he's always into everything, he was like that since he could walk. It looks funny sometimes, the way he can do anything, it's laughable to see him up to his tricks. Emly has accidents, I'm forever tying up her bruises, and Adna can't fall more'n three feet without breaking a bone. But *he* can do anything and not get a scratch. The preacher said such a nice thing once when he was here. He said, and I'll remember it to my dying day, 'the innocent walk with God—that's why he don't get hurt.' Whenever Mrs. Whipple repeated these words, she always felt a warm pool spread in her breast, and the tears would fill her eyes, and then she could talk about something else.

He did grow and he never got hurt. A plank blew off the chicken house and struck him on the head and he never seemed to know it. He had learned a few words, and after this he forgot them. He didn't whine for food as the other children did, but waited until it was given him: he ate squatting in the corner, smacking and mumbling. Rolls of fat covered him like an overcoat, and he could carry twice as much wood and water as Adna. Emly had a cold in the head most of the time—"she takes that after me," said Mrs. Whipple, so in bad weather they gave her the extra blanket off his cot. He never seemed to mind the cold.

Just the same, Mrs. Whipple's life was a nightmare for fear something might happen to him. He climbed the peach trees much bet-

ter than Adna and went skittering along the branches like a monkey, just a regular monkey. "Oh, Mrs. Whipple, you hadn't ought to let him do that. He'll lose his balance sometime. He can't rightly know what he's doing."

Mrs. Whipple almost screamed out at the neighbor. "Don't you dare say I'd let anything happen to him! He's as able as any other child. Come down out of there, you!" When he finally got down she could hardly keep her hands off him for acting like that before people, a grin all over his face and her worried sick about him all the time.

"It's the neighbors," said Mrs. Whipple to her husband, "Oh, I do mortally wish they would keep out of our business. I can't afford to let him do anything for fear they'll come nosing around about it. Look at the bees, now. Adna can't handle them, they sting her up so, but *he* can do it, I haven't got time, and now I don't dare to let him. If he gets a sting he don't really mind."

"It's just because he ain't got sense enough to be scared of anything," said Mr. Whipple. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Mrs. Whipple, "talking that way about your own child. Who's to take up for him if we don't, I'd like to know? He knows a lot that goes on, he listens to things all the time. And anything I tell him to do he does it. Don't never let anybody hear you say that! They'd think you favored the other children over him."

"Well now I don't, and you know it, and what's the use of

getting all worked up about it? You always get so worked up. Just let him alone, he'll get along somehow." Mr. Whipple suddenly felt tired out. "Anyhow, it can't be helped now."

Mrs. Whipple felt tired too, she complained in a tired voice. "What's done can't never be undone, I know that good as anybody: but he's my child, and I'm not going to have people say anything. I get sick of people coming around saying things all the time."

In the early fall Mrs. Whipple got a letter from her brother saying he and his wife and two children were coming over for a little visit next Sunday week. "Put the big pot in the little one," he wrote at the end. Mrs. Whipple read this part out loud twice, she was so pleased. Her brother was a great one for saying funny things. "We'll show him that's no joke," she said, "we'll just butcher one of the sucking pigs."

"It's a waste and I don't hold with waste the way we are now," said Mr. Whipple, "That pig'll be worth money by Christmas."

"It's a shame and a pity we can't have a decent meal once in a while when my own family comes to see us," said Mrs. Whipple, "I'd hate for his wife to go back and say there wasn't a thing in the house to eat. My God, its better than buying up a great chance of meat. There's where you'd spend the money!"

"All right, do it yourself then," said Mr. Whipple, "Christamighty, no wonder we can't get ahead!"

The question was how to get the pig away from his ma, a great



Drawing by I. Klein

"Come on! Take home an elephant!"



Drawing by I. Klein

"Come on! Take home an elephant!"

fighter, worse than a Jersey cow. Adna wouldn't try it: "That sow'd rip my insides out all over the pen." "All right old fraidy," said Mrs. Whipple, "He's not scared. Watch *him* do it," and she laughed as if it was all a good joke and gave him a little push towards the pen. He sneaked up and snatched the pig right away from the teat and galloped back and was over the fence with the sow raging at his heels. The little black squirming thing was screeching like a baby in a tantrum, stiffening its back and stretching its mouth to the ears. He grinned and hugged it tight around the belly, his cheek pressed against the top of its head. Mrs. Whipple took the pig with her face stiff and sliced its throat with a long knife. When he saw the blood he gave a great jolting breath and ran away. "But he'll forget and eat plenty just the same," thought Mrs. Whipple. Whenever she thought, her lips moved making words. "He'd eat it all if I didn't stop him." She felt badly about it. He was ten years old now and a third again as big as Adna, who was going on fourteen. "Its a shame, a shame," she kept saying under her breath, "and Adna with so much brains." She kept on feeling badly about all sorts of things. It was the man's place to butcher; the sight of the pig scraped pink and naked made her sick; he was too fat and soft, young things were so pitiful. It was simply awful the way things had to happen. By the time she had finished, she almost wished her brother wouldn't come. Then she remembered that she must wash some clothes for *him*, and when she had done this she felt better.

Early Sunday morning she dropped everything to get him all cleaned up. In an hour he was dirty again, with crawling under fences after a possum, and straddling along the rafters of the barn looking for eggs in the hay-loft. "My Lord, look at you now after all my trying! And here's Adna and Emly staying so quiet. I get tired trying to keep you decent. Get off that shirt and put on another, people will say I don't half dress you!" And she slapped his face hard with the flat of her palm. He blinked and blinked and rubbed his cheek, and his face hurt Mrs. Whipple's feelings. Her knees began to tremble, she had to sit down while she buttoned his shirt. "I'm just all gone before the day starts."

The brother came with his plump healthy wife and two great roaring hungry boys. They had a grand dinner, with the pig roasted to a crackling in the middle of the table, full of dressing, and plenty of gravy for the sweet potatoes. "This looks like prosperity all

right," said the brother "you're going to have to roll me home like I was a barrel when I'm done." Everybody laughed out loud, it was fine to hear them all laughing at once, Mrs. Whipple felt warm and good about it. "O we've got six more of these, I say it's as little as we can do when you come to see us so seldom."

He wouldn't come into the dining room, and Mrs. Whipple passed it off very well. "He's timider than my other two," she said "he'll just have to get used to you.

unlaced her shoes before the fire. "You see?" she said to Mr. Whipple, "that's the way my whole family is. Nice and considerate about everything. No out of the way remarks. They *have* got sense. I get awfully sick of people's remarks. Wasn't that pig good?"

Mr. Whipple said, "Yes, we're out three hundred pounds of pork, that all. It's easy to be polite when you come to eat. Who knows what they had in their minds all along?"

"Yes, that's like you," said Mrs. Whipple, "I don't expect anything

ever known anything but hard times, and now to cap it all a winter like this. The crops were about half of what they had a right to expect, after the cotton was in it didn't do much more than cover the grocery bill. They swapped one of the plow horses for another, and got cheated, for the new one died of the heavens. Mrs. Whipple kept thinking all the time that it was terrible to have a man you couldn't depend on not to get cheated. They cut down on everything, but there are things you can't cut down on, and they cost money. It took a lot of warm clothes for Adna and Emly who walked four miles to school during the three months session. "He sets around the fire a lot, he won't need so much," said Mr. Whipple. "That's right," said Mrs. Whipple, "and when he does the chores he can wear your tarpaulion coat. I can't do no better, that's all."

In February he got sick, and lay curled up under his blanket looking very blue in the face and acting as if he would choke. Mr. and Mrs. Whipple did everything they could for two days, and then they were scared and sent for the doctor. The doctor told him they must keep him warm and give him plenty of milk and eggs. "He isn't as stout as he looks, I'm afraid," said the doctor. "You've got to watch them when they're like that. You must put more cover onto him."

"I just took off his blankets to wash," said Mrs. Whipple, ashamed, "I can't stand dirt."

"Well, you'd better put them back the minute they're dry," said the doctor, "or he'll have pneumonia."

Mr. and Mrs. Whipple took a blanket off their own bed and put his cot in by the fire. "They can't say we didn't do everything for him," she said, "even to sleeping cold ourselves on his account."

When the winter broke he seemed to be well again, but he dragged his legs and walked as if his feet hurt him. He was able to run a cotton planter during the spring.

"I got it all fixed up with Jim Ferguson about breeding the cow, next time," said Mr. Whipple, "I'll pasture the bull and give Jim some fodder in the fall. That's better than paying money when you haven't got it."

"I hope you didn't say that before Jim Ferguson," said Mrs. Whipple. "You oughtn't to let him know we're so down as all that."

"Godamighty, a man is got to look ahead sometimes. *He* can lead the bull over today. I need Adna on the place."



Drawing by Peggy Bacon

KINDRED SPIRITS

There isn't everybody he'll make up with, you know how it is with some children, even cousins." Nobody said anything out of the way. "Just like my Alfie here," said the brother's wife, "I sometimes got to lick him to make him shake hands with his own grand-mammy." So that was all right, and Mrs. Whipple loaded up a big plate for him first, before everybody. "I always say he ain't to be slighted," she said, and took it out to him herself. "He can chin himself on the top of the door," said Emly, helping along. "That's fine, he's getting along fine," said the brother.

They went away after supper. Mrs. Whipple rounded up the dishes, sent the children to bed and

else from you. You'll be telling me next that my own brother will be saying around that we make *him* eat in the kitchen! O my God!" she rocked her head in her hands, a hard pain started in the very middle of her forehead, "Now it's all spoiled, and everything was so nice and easy. All right, you don't like them and you never did—all right, they'll not come here again soon, never you mind! But they *can't* say he wasn't dressed every lick as good as Adna—O honest, sometimes I wish I was dead!"

"I wish you'd let up," said Mr. Whipple, "It's bad enough as it is." It was a hard winter. It seemed to Mrs. Whipple that they hadn't



Drawing by Peggy Bacon

KINDRED SPIRITS

At first Mrs. Whipple felt all right about sending him for the bull. Adna was too jumpy and couldn't be trusted. You've got to be steady around animals. After he was gone she started thinking, and after a while she could hardly bear it any longer. She stood in the lane and watched for him. It was nearly three miles to go and a hot day, but he oughtn't to be so long about it. She shaded her eyes and stared until colored bubbles floated in her eyeballs. It was just like everything else, she must worry and never know a moment's peace about anything. After a long time she saw him turn into the side lane limping. He came on very slowly, leading the big hulk of an animal by a ring in the nose, twirling a little switch in his hand, never looking back or sideways, but coming on like a sleep-walker with his eyes half-shut.

Mrs. Whipple was scared sick of bulls, she had heard awful stories about how they followed along quietly enough, and then suddenly pitched on with a bellow and pawed and gored a body to pieces. Any second now that black monster would rear and come down on him, my God, he'd never have sense enough to run.

She mustn't get the bull started, she mustn't make a sound or a move: The bull heaved his head aside and horned the air at a fly: her voice burst out of her in a shriek, and she screamed at him to come on, for God's sake. Her terror felt alive in her, separate but lodged in her throat, something that could be torn out with screams. He didn't seem to hear, but kept twirling his switch and the bull lumbered along behind him gently as a calf. Mrs. Whipple stopped screaming and ran towards the house, praying "Lord, don't let anything happen to him. Lord, you know people will say we oughtn't have sent him. They'll think we didn't take care of him! O get him safe home—safe home—safe home, and I'll look out for him better!"

She watched from the window while he led the beast in, and tied him up in the barn. It was no use trying to keep up, Mrs. Whipple couldn't bear it any longer. She sat down and rocked and cried in her apron.

From year to year the Whipples were growing poorer and poorer. The place just seemed to run down of itself, no matter how hard they worked. "We're just losing our hold," said Mrs. Whipple, "Why can't we do like other people and watch out for our own chances? They'll be calling us poor white trash next."

"When I get to be sixteen I'm going to leave," said Adna, "I'm

going to get a job in Powell's grocery store. There's money in that. No more farm for me." "I'm going to be a school teacher," said Emly, "But I've got to finish the eighth grade, anyhow. Then I can live in town." "Emly takes after my family," said Mrs. Whipple, "ambitious every last one of them, and they don't take second place for anybody."

When fall came Emly got a chance to wait table in the railroad eating house in the town nearby, and it seemed such a shame to miss the chance when the wages were good and she could get her food too, that Mrs. Whipple decided to let her take it, and not bother with school until the next session. "You've got plenty of time," she said, "You're young and smart."

With Adna gone, Mr. Whipple tried to run the farm with just *him* to help. He seemed to get along fine, doing his work and Adna's too without noticing it. They did well enough until Christmas time, when one morning he slipped on the ice coming up from the barn. Instead of getting up he thrashed round and round, and when Mr. Whipple got to him, he was having some sort of fit.

They brought him inside and tried to make him sit up, but he blubbered and rolled, so they put him to bed and Mr. Whipple rode to town for the doctor. All the way there and back he worried about where the money was to come from: it sure did look like he had about all the troubles he could carry.

From then on *he* stayed in bed, his legs swelled up double their size, and the fits kept coming back.

After four months, the doctor said, "It's no use, I think you'd better put him in the County Home for treatment right away. I'll see about it for you. He'll have good care there and be off your hands."

"We don't begrudge him any care, and I won't let him out of my sight," said Mrs. Whipple, "I won't have it said I sent my sick child off among strangers."

"I know how you feel," said the doctor, "You can't tell me anything about that, Mrs. Whipple. I've got a boy of my own. But you'd better listen to me. I can't do anything more for him, that's the truth."

Mr. and Mrs. Whipple talked it over a long time. "It's just charity," said Mrs. Whipple, "that's what we've come to, charity! I certainly never looked for this."

"We pay taxes to support the place just like everybody else," said Mr. Whipple, "and I don't call that taking charity. I think it would be fine to have him where he'd get the best of everything. . . . and besides, I can't keep up with these doctor bills any longer."

"Maybe that's why the doctor wants us to send him—he's scared he won't get his money," said Mrs. Whipple.

"Don't start that," said Mr. Whipple, looking pretty sick, "or we won't be able to send him."

"O well, we won't keep him there long," said Mrs. Whipple, "Soon's he's better, we'll bring him right back home."

"The doctor has told you and told you time and time again he can't get better, and you might as well stop talking," said Mr. Whipple.

"Doctors don't know everything," said Mrs. Whipple, feeling almost happy. "But anyhow, in the spring Emly can come home for a vacation, and Adna can come down on Sundays: we'll all work together and get on our feet again, and the children will feel they've got a place to come to."

All at once she saw it summer again, with the garden going fine, and white roller shades up all over the house, and Adna and Emly home, so full of life, all of them happy together. Oh, it could happen, things would ease up on them.

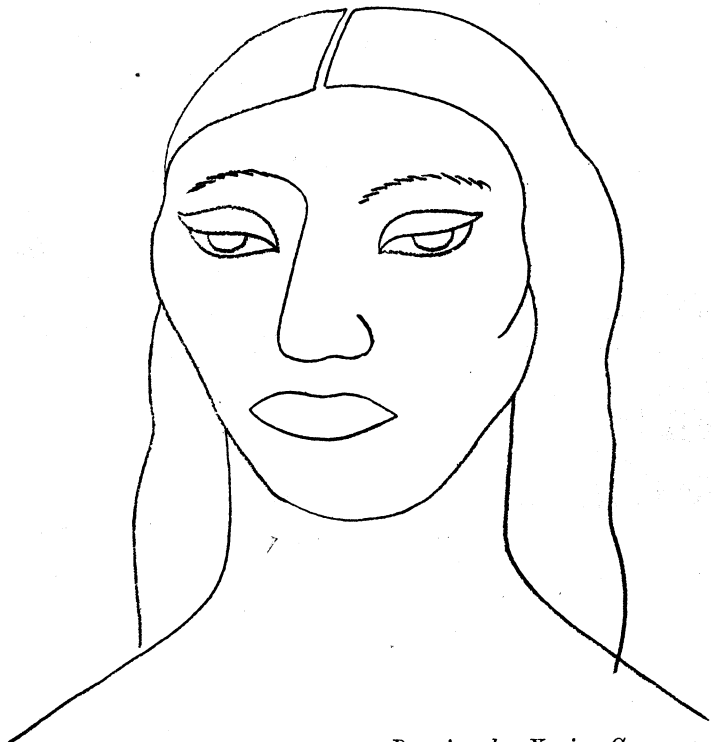
They didn't talk before *him*, but would go outside and whisper, because they never knew just how much he understood. Finally the doctor set the day and a neighbor who owned a double seated carry-all offered to drive them over. The hospital would send an ambulance, but Mrs. Whipple couldn't stand to see him going away looking so sick as that. They wrapped him in blankets, and the neighbor and Mr. Whipple lifted him into the back seat of the carry-all beside Mrs. Whipple, who had on her black silk shirt waist. She couldn't stand to go looking like charity.

"You'll be all right, I guess I'll stay behind," said Mr. Whipple, "It don't look like everybody ought to leave the place."

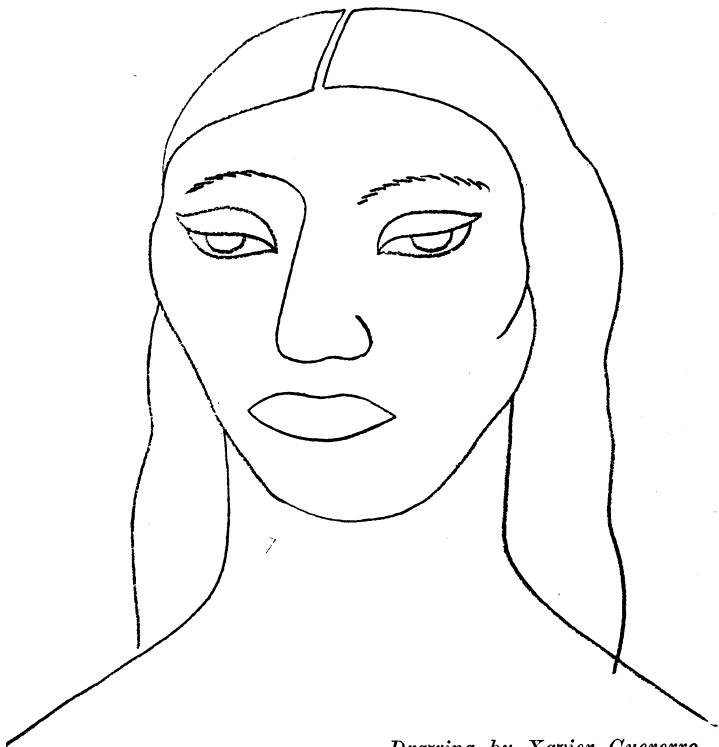
"Besides, it ain't as if he's going to stay forever," said Mrs. Whipple.

They started away, Mrs. Whipple holding to the edges of the blankets to keep him from sagging sideways. He sat there blinking and blinking. He got his hands out and began rubbing his nose with his cracked knuckles, and then with the end of the blanket. Mrs. Whipple couldn't believe what she saw: big tears rolling out of the corners of his eyes and him scrubbing them away. He snivelled and made a gulping noise. Suddenly everything in the world was too much to bear, for Mrs. Whipple. He seemed to be accusing her of something, she wondered what it could be: maybe he remembered the time she slapped him, maybe he had been scared that day with the bull, maybe he had slept cold and she hadn't known it: maybe he knew he was being sent away for good and all because they were too poor to keep him. She began to cry frightfully, and squeezed her arms tight around him. His head rolled on her shoulder, he kept scrubbing his nose. She had loved him as much as she possibly could, there was nothing she could do to make up to him for his life. O what a mortal pity he was ever born!

Then they came in sight of the hospital, with the neighbor driving very fast, not daring to look behind him.

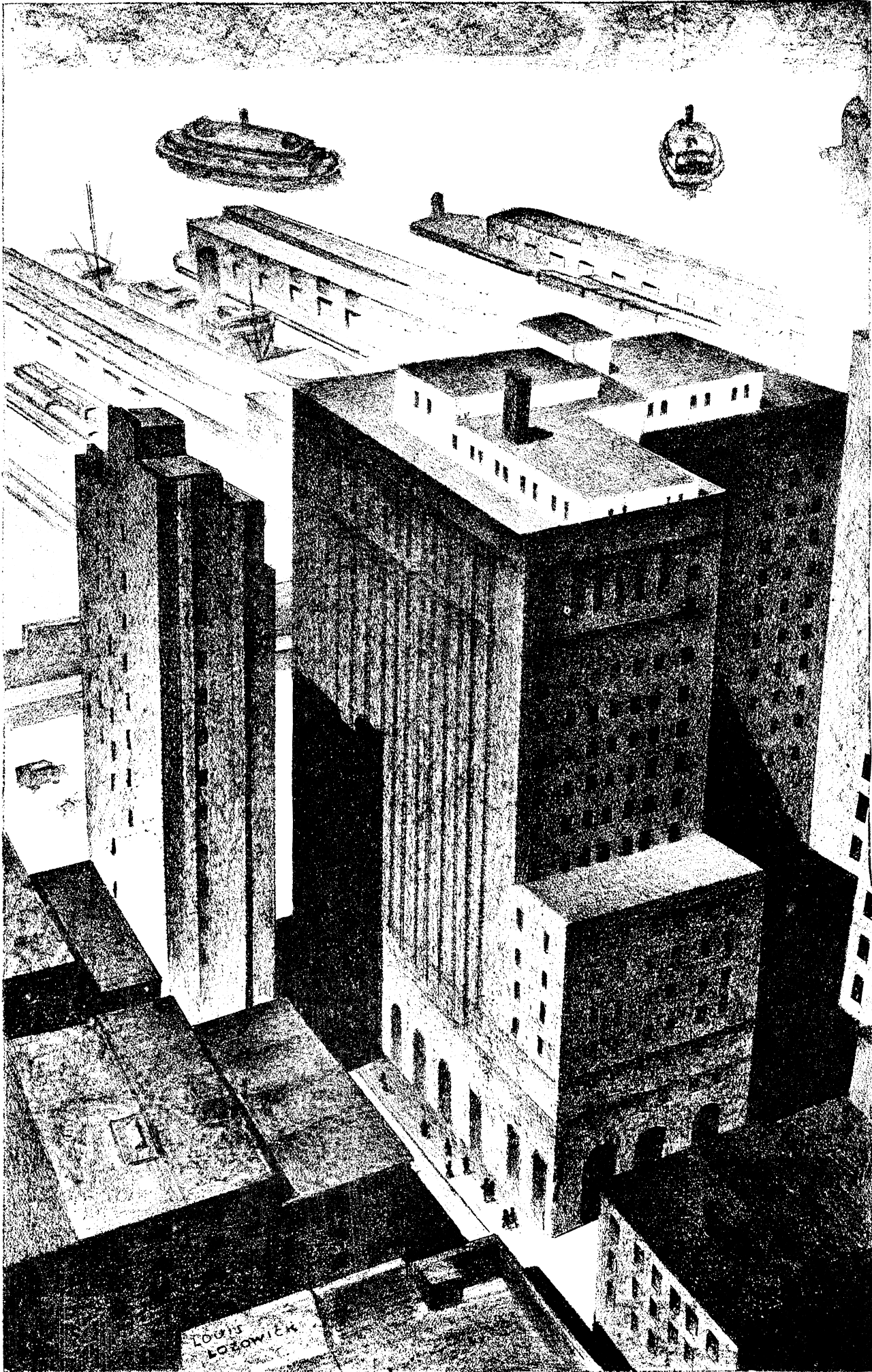


Drawing by Xavier Guerrero



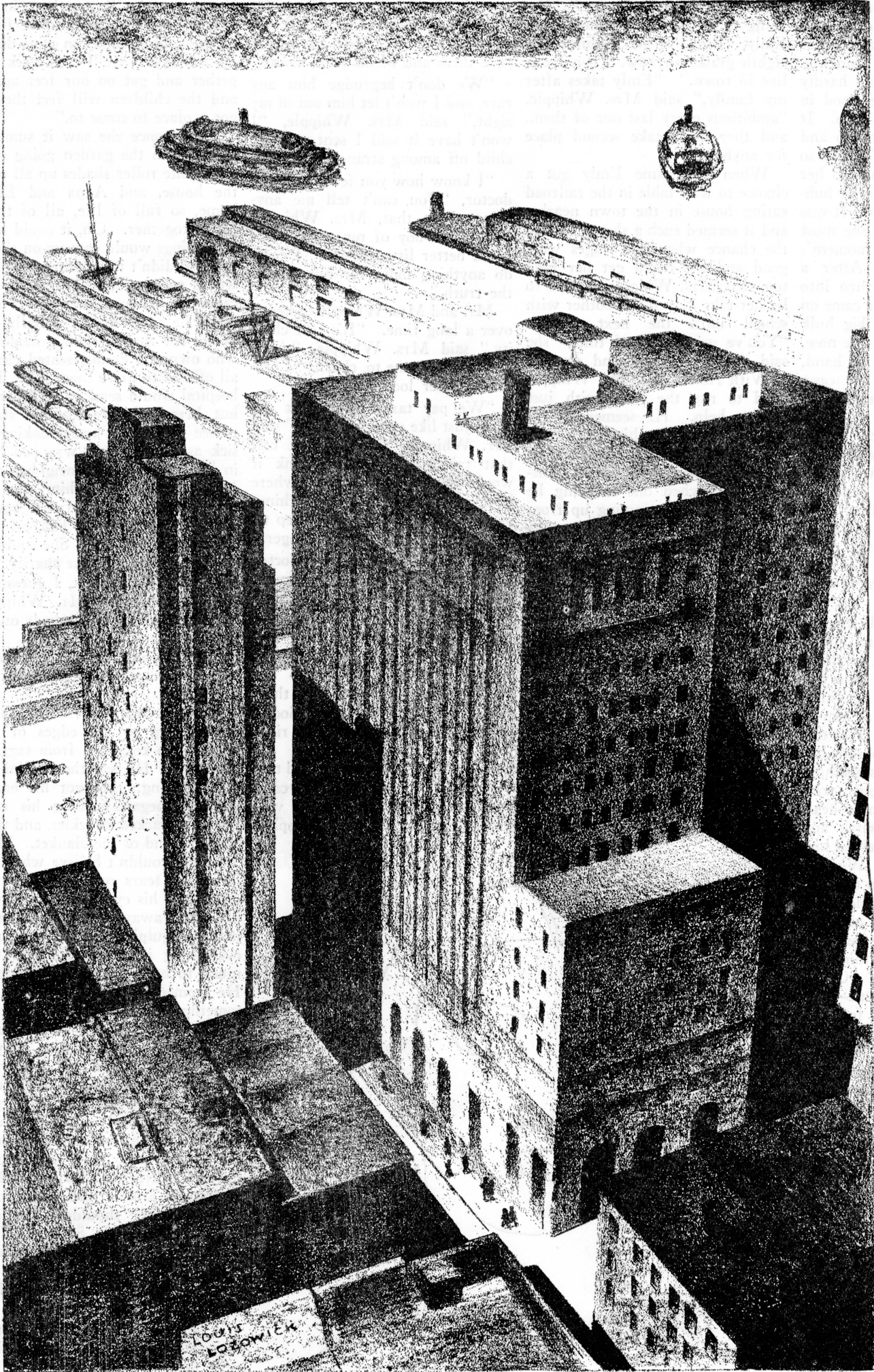
Drawing by Xavier Guererro

**Backyards
of
Broadway**



By
**LOUIS
LOZOWICK**

Backyards of Broadway



By
**LOUIS
LOZOWICK**

CHRIST DIES ON CROSS

A MODERN METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER COVERS THE CRUCIFIXION

By WILLIAM FREAN

EXECUTION TAKES PLACE AT CALVARY

"King of Jews" crucified between 2 thieves; converts one and promises him "heavn"

Roman troops unable to hold stampeding crowd as thunder and darkness follow death.

By RAYMOND BUNYON

(Cosmic Service Staff Correspondent)

EXECUTION HILL, CALVARY, April 17.—As Pontius the Pilate is wont to remark: "What is truth, anyway?" At all events there must be some truth in a belief that can send a man to face death as gamely as this up-country boy.

For he was little more than a boy, when all is said, and all the inkpots have run dry . . . a boy brim-full of youthful enthusiasm and idealism, never better shown than today, when he asked the Almighty Father to forgive those who sent him to his death.

"They're just a bunch of Sheenies who don't mean any harm," he said.

The heat was terrific. Your correspondent was in a streaming sweat all the way up the long hill. And the dust. . . .

(3100 words more)

JESUS OUT THREE DAYS AFTER

Unprecedented events stirs all Palestine; "Can't keep a good man down," said Jay C. Blynn.

Bulletin

PARADISE, July 21 (4 a. m. D. S. T.).—Jesus Christ arrived here at 3:55 a. m. and was given a great reception. The Chamber of Commerce will honor him with a banquet to be given tomorrow evening.

JERUSALEM, July 20 (L.P.).—Despite being pronounced "well and truly crucified" by official physicians Friday, and after spending the last three days in a sealed tomb, Jesus Christ was today presumably on his way to Paradise, after a sensational resurrection which he had foretold, but which nonetheless astonished even the most ardent followers of his cult.

The tomb, hewn from solid rock, and sealed by a great boulder, was discovered open by relatives of the dead man who came to pay their last sad tribute. The rock which sealed the tomb has almost disappeared under the chisels of souvenir hunters.

The soldiers on duty were found sleeping at their posts, and when awakened told confused and contradictory stories. They are today in the guardhouse on a charge of intoxication.

Today

News From The Jews

—By Martha Fishbrain—

JESUS CHRIST, Jewish cult leader, crucified three days ago, has ascended into heaven, after being three days in a sealed tomb.

THAT will interest millions.

JUDAS GIVES OWN STORY TO CLARION

By JUDAS ISCARIOT

(Copyright, 32, Cosmic Service)

JERUSALEM, April 17.—It's just too bad the way people are blaming me. It's true Jesus and I were not on the best of terms. I was born in the city, and I didn't like a hick like him making my bread all soggy with wine, and calling names.

But, for all that, I got on pretty well with Jesus, and would have been the last to wish this terrible thing that has happened.

When the Revs. Annas and Caiphas came to me with their proposition, I looked at it—frankly—as just a chance to make a little extra money in my spare time. I didn't think they meant what they said, and I didn't see how they could get anything on Jesus anyway. The most I looked for for him was a suspended sentence, or maybe a few days in the new Strait Street jail, which I thought would do him good and maybe knock some of the nonsense out of his head.

When the sentence came, I was as much surprised as anybody, and after the execution I went right to Rev. Caiphas and threw his dirty money in his face.

1927 YEARS LATER

(From N. Y. Times)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.—President Coolidge today sent messages of congratulation to five Central American republics on the event of the anniversary of their independence. The messages were addressed to Presidents Ricardo Jimenez Oreamuno, Costa Rica; Miguel Paz Baraona, Honduras; Pio Romero Bosque, Salvador; Lazaro Chacon, Guatemala, and Adolfo Diaz of Nicaragua.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.—Three bandits were killed and two others probably mortally wounded when an American marine patrol, after an all-night march, surprised a band under the command of the Hondurian bandit, Santos Lobo, west of Sanoto, Nicaragua.

The encounter occurred on the morning of Sept. 8, the State Department was told by the legation at Managua. There were no casualties among the marines.



AT THE TRIAL

Sketched by a Staff artist

"Regrettable Political Necessity" Says Roman Governor

Pontius Pilate "washes hands of whole affair"; declares no demonstrations expected.

JERUSALEM, April 17 (L.P.).—In a terse statement to newspaper men immediately after passing sentence on Jesus H. Christ, executed here today, Pontius Pilate defended himself against criticism of his action. He declared that they emanated from political opponents who desired to embroil him with the Federal Government at Rome.

"Much as I regret this action, it was an unavoidable political necessity," said Pilate. "In a long private talk I had with Christ shortly before sentence was passed, I endeavored to persuade him to renounce some of his inflammatory opinions and extravagant claims, but he was immovably obstinate, and of course I had to act in the best interest of the State, whatever my private feelings may have been."

Governor Pilate will leave tomorrow for Joppa for a two-weeks vacation at the beach. He will be present at the dedication of the new Amusement Pier and will be one of the judges at the "Miss Joppa" bathing beauty contest.

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AT THE TRIAL

Sketched by a Staff artist

TEST FOR PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

Do you take yourself as seriously as you pretend, or are you secretly snickering at yourself? At us?

Do you play games for recreation or for the rotogravure sections and newsreels?

Do you believe in freedom of speech for those :(a) who point at you with pride? (b) who view you with alarm?

Do you regard the frequent repetition of the words, "America," "Constitution" and "Abraham Lincoln" as a perfect substitute for thought?

Do you think that the voters are universally wise, honest and courageous? Give eight reasons why you lied.

Do you believe that the road to happiness is strewn with tax? Does government consist entirely of dues and don'ts?

Should foreign countries be abolished or merely encouraged to hate us?

Do you favor nasty investigations of governmental grafters or have you some recipe for painless truth extraction?

Will you accept all campaign checks or only those you can get?

If elected, would you make a fuss over a man (1) who had hopped on one leg from Dubuque, Iowa? (2) who had the

most luxuriant whiskers in Missouri? (3) who had voted for James K. Polk? For God's sake, why?

Would you address all delegations that came to Washington or only speak when you had something to say? Would you put the seal of your approval upon religion, education, fresh air, boy scouts, mother's knee and kindness to dumb animals, or would you leave something to Frank Crane?

Would you give your endorsement to all special days and weeks, drives, causes and campaigns? Could we have one day a month in which to lead our own lives, such as they are?

Is ignorance of public affairs a sufficient qualification for a cabinet position or would you also pay your honest political debts in making appointments?

Would you, as President, accept gifts of dogs, cats, alligators, emus and boa constrictors? Name three differences, if any, between the White House and the zoo.

Would you have an official spokesman or do your own lying?

Do you favor capital punishment for those who work for a living or would you commute their sentence to life imprisonment in factories?

Howard Brubaker



IN HYDE PARK

"Queer Looking, these Americans."

Drawing by Adolph Dehn



Adolph Dehn 1926.

IN HYDE PARK

"Queer Looking, these Americans."

Drawing by Adolph Dehn

COMRADE HARVEST

By ALBERT RHYS WILLIAMS

"How are things in Russia?" I called out of the car window to the Red Army patrol at the Riga frontier. For answer he pulled out of his pockets two loaves and holding them aloft, waved them laughing. Bread to him was the symbol of prosperity.

With all workers and peasants I soon found it was the same. It was likewise the measure of value. Invariably into all our conversations would be injected the questions:

"How much is it a pound in America?" "How many *poods* for an *arsheen* of cloth?" By bread they sought to get at the real conditions in America.

To the young giant striking north through the Archangel forest with three 15 pound loaves strapped to his back, bread was a measure of time. Usually, he explained, he told time by the sun.

"But there is no sun. There's been none for a week," I said.

"Then I tell it by the black bread in my belly. When I eat one pound I am hungry in three hours. Two pounds, and in four or five hours the worm demands to be fed." He was a sort of human time-glass with bread instead of sand running through him.

Most illuminating of all, the attitude of the rain-drenched man in Samara taking refuge from a June storm in my doorway. To my condolences over his wetting he replied:

"*Neechevo! Neechevo!* This isn't rain. It is gold coming down from the sky. It means bread for us all."

In such contacts I got an insight into the significance of bread in Russian life. It grew with my growing knowledge of the language. "Bread-ploughing", is the Russian word for agriculture. "Bread-bearing", the word for fertility. "Bread-bearer", another term for peasant. "Bread and salt", (*khleb-sol*) means hospitality. Always I was finding new words for bread, the cereals from which it was made, the processes of its making.

The Russian not only lavishes on bread every term of value, he waxes lyrical over it.

"Only the golden wheat fields know
The secret of their love.
Stand up erect bright ears
And hide the sweethearts true."

Thus goes on the favorite song of the village youth, the *Peddler* of Nekrasov. Bread appears in hundreds of songs and proverbs and in legends like this: "Fair and rosy did our Buckwheat grow. They invited her to visit Tsargrad. Off she set with Honorable Oats

and Golden Barley. Princes and Boyars met her at the high stone gates. They set her on the oaken table to feast. As a guest has our Buckwheat come to us."

Not only in legends but in life bread receives homage as a personage. At the peasant's board it occupies the place of honor. Never must it be laid upon its side or top, always it must be placed upright. Thus, "Bread turns the table into an altar." The piece that falls upon the floor is picked up by a peasant who may even kiss it reverently. The children are warned that every crumb swept from the table means one less golden apple for them to pick in Paradise. Even the drops of *kvass* must not be tossed out of a glass for it is made of bread. The loaf must be always cut to the right. Some peasants will only break bread,—to cut it with a knife would be disrespect.

Not only the peasants pay honor to bread but with bread they pay honors to others. It is in the hands of the relative welcoming the soldier home from the front. It rides at the head of the wedding procession. It is set on the table in front of the house as a tribute to the dead. With gifts of bread and salt the boyars greeted the tsars, and today in the back villages Kalinin is met by *mujiks* bringing him a great trencher with these ancient symbols of hospitality.

The American says "give me the luxuries of life and I can dispense with the necessities." When he prays "give us this day our daily bread", he means meat, eggs, cake and ice-cream. Not the Russian. He means literally bread.

"Six days without bread. Six days I starved!" exclaimed the shipper of a watermelon boat ending his tale about the big storm that stranded him on a sand bar in the Volga.

"But you had some 4,000 watermelons on board!" I pointed out. "Yes," he replied, "and we had fish and eggs. But no bread!" So he was starving.

If this seems far fetched, spread your table with the most ravishing dishes, but no bread. Then watch the eyes of your peasant guest constantly hunting about for bread. "Without bread," says the Russian proverb, "the palace is a prison. With bread it is Paradise under a pine tree."

Bread is the only thing he cannot do without. In famine years a ten *pood* cow he will trade for two *poods* of flour.

II.

Bread is the life of the Russian peasant. It is likewise the life of

the Russian state. Hard bent are her statesmen in building the industries. But for decades yet her riches will come not from her iron and textile factories, but from her bread factories; not from the gold fields of Siberia, but from the vast grain fields, spreading a cloth of gold over the Russian land. In them reposes the might and power of the state. On them hangs the weal and woe of the nation.

"May the stalks be like reeds, the grain like peas and from every grain sown may we gather a thousand!" This prayer of the heathen Chuvash around the *kasha* kettle in the fields of Yeromkhin is the prayer of all Russians at the time of sowing. From the day the seed is put in the ground until the crops are gathered in, a close and anxious watch is kept upon it. Its general condition from infancy to maturity is telegraphed to Moscow from all parts of the country. Its symptoms are carefully diagnosed by specialists, like a board of consulting physicians recording pulse, temperature and blood-pressure. Its state of health is daily bulletined by the newspapers with space and captions worthy of the first citizen of the republic.

These bulletins begin in the fall with the sowing of the winter cereals:

Kharkov, October 10. Abundant warm rains are falling throughout the Ukraine, East of the Don and along the Black Sea Littoral. Winter wheat stands at 5 balls.

Irkutsk, October 15. Continuous dry weather through Siberia had been extremely unfavorable and winter rye is rated as low as 2 balls.

Tambov, November 1. Heavy snow falling over the Central Districts had laid a protecting cover on the fields. All crops went under the snow at 3 balls.

In the five-ball system, the peculiar standard which Russians use in various fields, 5 means excellent, 3 average, 1 poor, etc. It is on this making that the cereals are rated in the bulletins even in their infancy and first early growth, until they disappear under the snow. But even then they do not disappear from the newspapers. Now there are bulletins upon the snow blanket and the cereals sleeping under it.

Odessa, November 10. Strong sun has melted away the snow, leaving the fields exposed to freezing winds.

Smolensk, March 15. An early thaw followed by bitter cold has spread an ice film over the ground. Winter wheat which went under the snow at 3 balls is coming out at two.

As spring moves on into an early summer, the bulletins come thicker and faster, taking ever more space in the papers. The public watches the crop scores with the same keen interest that it watches the baseball scores on the boards in front of the big newspapers in America. Always there is a series of disasters to record. August frosts in Archangel, blighting the oats. Cloudbursts in the Kuban laying low the wheat, preventing its flowering. Floods on the Kama. Hail the size of duck's eggs in Vladimir. Ground-fleas and pea-elephant in Yaroslavl. Gophers and marmots in South Siberia.

All quite normal. It spells loss but not disaster. Only when some great scourge looms up does the public become tense and excited. Then the bulletins take on the language of war. Bread, backed by all the resources of the republic, fighting against the destroying forces. Thus in 1926 the battle is recorded:

THE GRASSHOPPER FRONT.

Rostov-on-the-Don, July 15. The general situation in all sections is worse. Two new grasshopper armies are reported flying out of the Kalmik steppes. Favoring winds expediting their advance. In the Terek the spring crops were decimated by the first army which is moving up on the right bank of the Volga.

Stavropol is declared in a state of siege. *Troikas* with extraordinary powers have been organized and all civil and military forces mobilized. Scouting aeroplanes and cavalry patrols are reporting new movements of the enemy. Special trains with the chemical command and anti-grasshopper "artillery" rushed to the Don section have been delayed by insect masses clogging the rails. Telegrams marked "Grasshopper" take precedence over all others. All efforts are concentrated on reaping the crops of the poor peasants.

At last the invaders are expelled. But behind them is a devastated area as big as Belgium. The same year there is drought in the Tartar Republic. Unprecedented hail lays an ice-coating a foot deep over tens of thousands of *dessyatines*. The Volga flood smothers 200,000 *dessyatines*.

Even so, 1926 is a banner year and the papers break out in extravagant cartoons of Comrade Harvest and Comrade Peasant dancing a roundelay of joy together. There is not enough twine and hemp to bind and bag the grain, not enough cars and elevators to carry and store it. So vast is Soviet Union, it can well stand the shocks that would break a small country.

III.

It is only when disaster is piled upon disaster that the catastrophe becomes nation-wide, and famine stalks over the land. This has occurred in the history of Russia at not infrequent intervals and each time has left its impression on the oral tradition.

Every epoch in which the country has been stirred to its depths—the troubled times of Boris Godonov, Stenka Razin, Peter the Great, Pugatchev—has brought forth a host of curious tales and legends. The hunger years have particularly incited the folk-imagination to the creation of these weirdest legends in the weirdest, most fantastic forms. The famine of 1912 produced the black cow, the bull and deer speaking with human voice. Still more prolific was the last and most terrible famine of 1921-22. One widespread tale, a prediction of the coming horrors crops up in various places and guises. Here is a Siberian version of it:

In the spring of this year a *mujik* was driving his empty wagon to Tuloon. On the way he caught up with an old *baba* who cried out from the roadside:

"Give me a lift, little uncle!"

"Don't you see," replied the *mujik*, "the horse is tired. Twenty *verst*s we've gone already and it's heavy going."

"Anyhow," repeated the *baba*, "give me a lift. I'm light as a feather." So insistently did she beg that at last the *mujik* told her to climb on. They drove ahead, but in a short time the horse was panting, all covered with foam.

"Eh!" exclaimed the *mujik*, "you said you didn't weigh anything, but you're as heavy as a cow. The horse can hardly drag us."

"Neechevo (never mind)," said the *baba*. "Just look over your left shoulder." The *mujik* looked and turned white with horror. All around lay droves of cattle, dead and dying.

"Now," said the *baba*, "take a look over your right shoulder." The *mujik* looked and saw great stacks of corn and wheat, but all drooping and without ears.

"And now glance upward," said the *baba*. So he did and there was a long black procession of people with coffins and lighted candles.

"Here I get off," said the *baba*. "Have a care. I warn you to say nothing to anyone or I shall trample you to death."

The *mujik* turned around and saw beneath the skirts of the *baba* not a woman's feet, but the hoofs of a cow. Thus according to popular legend was prophesied the widespread famine of 1921-22.

Hardest hit of all were the bread bearing provinces of Saratov and Samara. Here all depends upon the caprices of the sky. Here is special significance to the peasant proverb. "It is not the earth that gives the harvest, but the sky." This year it flings down abundant rains and the crops spring luxuriant from the rich black loam. Next year only sunshine, and the crops shrivel and vanish before the eyes. One may read the story of these dread dry years in the *Old Chronicles (Letopis)* preserved in the parish churches. Thus from Ivanovka on the Volga:

1880. Blue skies all summer, the harvest was from two to six *poods a dessyatine*. Complaints about hunger more and more increase. Our answer to all those asking for the sake of Christ: "We ourselves are beggars."

1890. A cloudless spring. The hunger-wounded after four non-harvest years took heart, but from May 22nd, seventy days, not a drop of rain. Again despair.

"Blue sky." "Cloudless blue sky." These are the fair words that always preface the story of crop disaster in the Volga Basin. So it

was in the horror year of 1921. The blue skies of May and June turned blazen in July. Ninety rainless days. The crops burn to the roots. The cattle turn into bone-racks. The camel humps—reserve foods—shrink to flapping bunches of skin. The granaries stand empty-bellied like the people. The last grain is blown from the cracks. The last bread, mixed with grass, sawdust and horse-dung, is eaten. Despair seizes the villages. They sell their houses and horses for 10 *poods*, 5 *poods*, even a few pounds of flour. Panic drives them into flight to Moscow, Siberia, the Ukraine. On top of hunger, plague and typhus. No lights in the town. No wheeling flocks of pigeons. The stricken fall dead in the streets. Frozen corpses are corded in front of the hospital. The death wagons cart them away to trenches.

One of those death wagons now brings me word to Kvalinsk from the island, and I ask the driver to tell me about the famine.

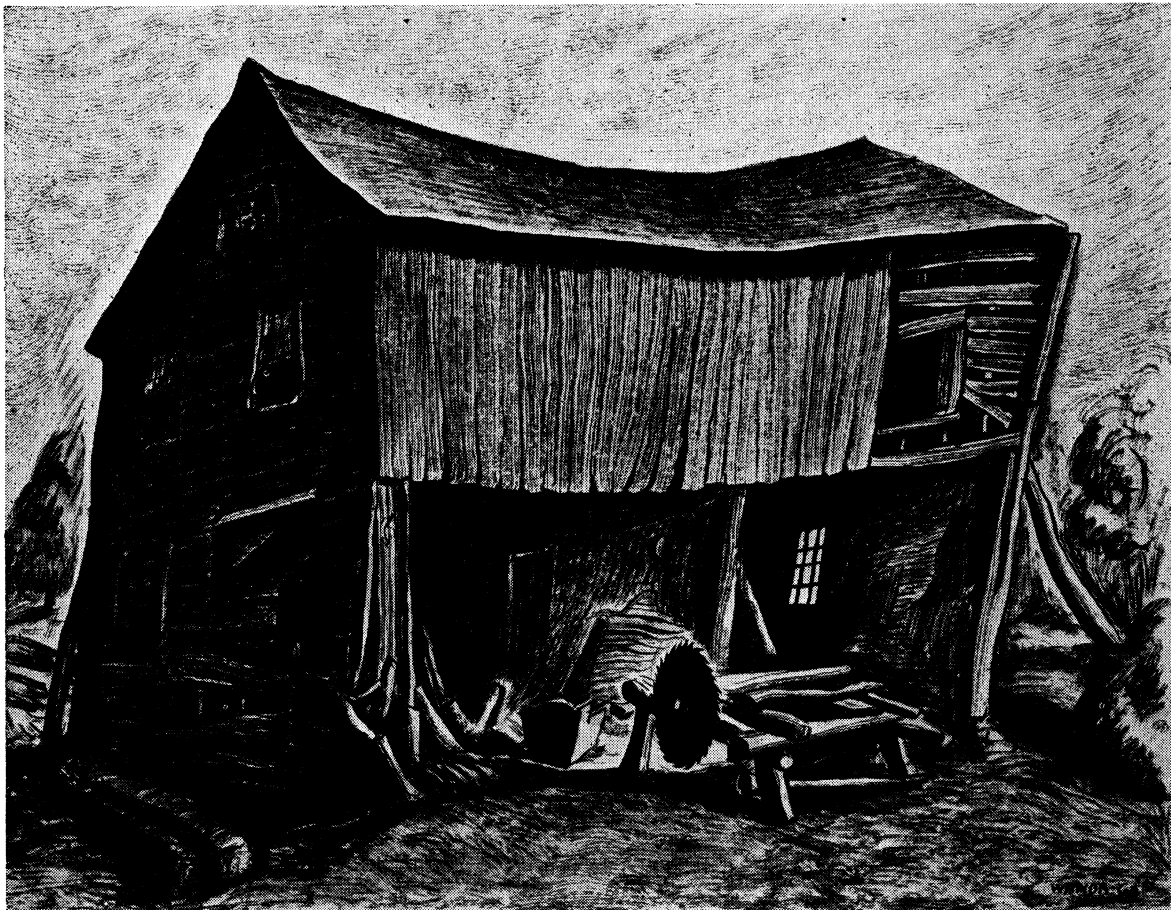
"There is nothing to tell," he replies. "We ate our bread. When that was gone we ate rats, cats, grass and weeds. When they were gone, we ate each other—then we died."

There, in brief, is the story of 1921. The living that one meets are survivors of a holocaust. All of them have a soul-shriving story of that hunger hell through which they passed—all these peasants thronging the bazaar today, shouting, trading, singing, scolding, offering their products to the passer-by.

I turn to the *izvoschik* row and listen to the story of Inazarov, the Tartar:

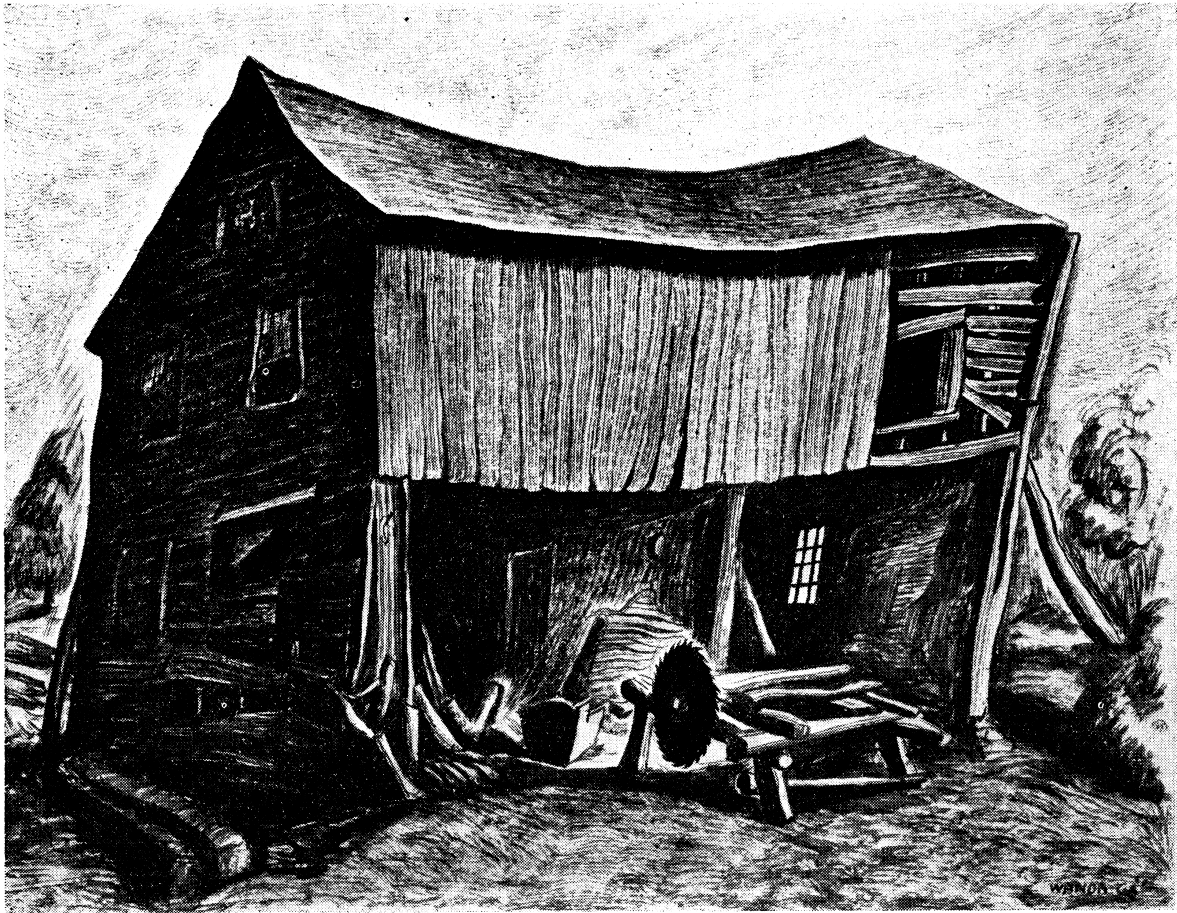
"One morning Tagir, my son, drove down by the mosque to sell a load of birch leaves. He didn't come back by night. I went up and down the bazaar a hundred times, there was no trace of him. Next day a peasant said he saw him driving off towards the big white church.

"I got the militia and following tracks of Tagir's *lapti* in the snow we came to the house of a man from the Eternal Khutor. We burst open the gate. The man swore he had never seen my son. But we found birch leaves in the courtyard. Then my horse's bridle. Then fresh horse meat salted away in barrels. Finally, we pried up the kitchen floor, and there under the boards, was Tagir and another boy, their heads hammered in. 'Allah! Punish him!' I cried. Before the militia could stop me I nearly brained the *Shaitan*, devil, with a *duga*. They bound his hands and with a rope around his neck led him to the jail while we rushed on him and beat his back with knouts. Three days later he died, but the judge let me go. 'Any



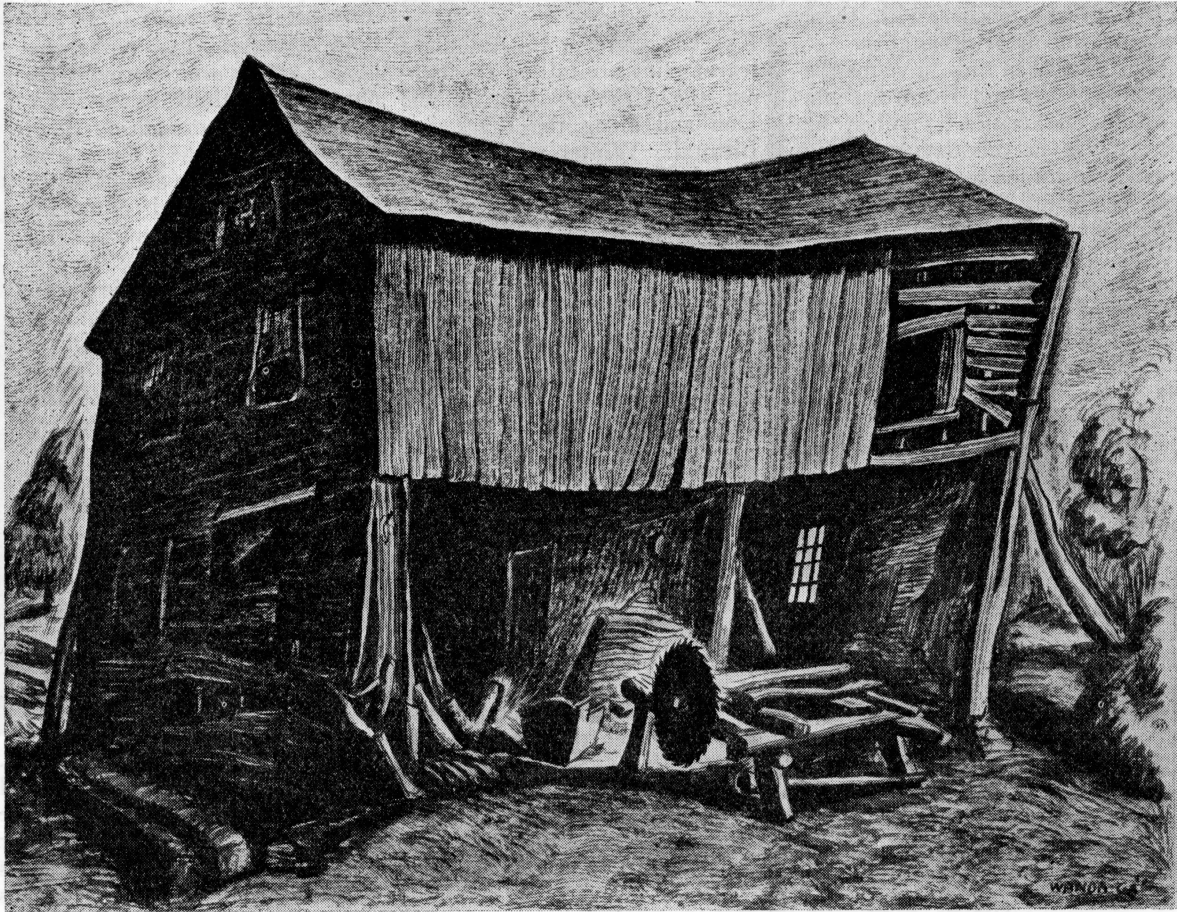
Drawing by Wanda Gag

OLD BARN IN CONNECTICUT



Drawing by Wanda Gag

OLD BARN IN CONNECTICUT



Drawing by Wanda Gag
OLD BARN IN CONNECTICUT

man would have done the same,' he said."

A few months later not only the horse, but the boys would have been salted away in barrels. To such desperation were people driven by starvation—to corpse-eating and cannibalism. Out of bushes human wolves sprang on the defenceless and killed them. Eight corpses were stolen at night from the morgue that Tsibooshkin, the Mordvian, was guarding. Fingers and ears were found in the meat jelly sold in the bazaar. The meat-pies at the wharf had unusual sweetness—human flesh. A taste for it developed. Brothers devoured sisters. Parents their children. Mothers the babies at their breast. Secret instructions came out of Moscow to be lenient with the flesh-eaters. In the jail they were put in separate cells to keep them from tearing each other to pieces.

The triumph of Hunger over Man! Maddened by starvation he sinks below the level of the beast.

But the record is not all grisly and ghastly. If the famine year showed the depths to which human spirit may fall it showed likewise the heights to which it can rise. The triumph of Man over Hunger. Men starving themselves to death to save others from starving. Not only dying for family and children, but for society.

There was the story of the grey-shubaed, deep eyed man crouched up on the wharf awaiting the night steamer.

"I was still in the cavalry at Kazan when news of the famine came. With eighty rubles collected by my comrades, I bought two bags of flour and hurried on to Buzuluk. Everything, everybody had a shrunken starving look. I didn't know my own home, no red geraniums in the windows, no straw on the roof. A strange, gaunt woman answered my knock.

'Come and sit down,' she said. But a sudden fear came over me, and I could not. I asked for my mother.

'Died on the way to Kazan for flour,' she replied.

'My father?' I questioned.

'Died of typhus.'

'My four brothers?' I named them each in turn. Three were dead from hunger. The youngest in the hospital. I covered my face with my hands and said, 'I will sit down while you tell me again, that I may believe what you say is true.'

"I got up and went up to find my brother. I found him dead. His head was swollen like a tub. In his mouth was still the grass he had been chewing. I ran out on the street, ran into an old woman, knocking her down. One bag of flour was still in my arms, I threw

it at her and ran on and on in the face of a storm. The snow was blinding me, a fire within was burning me and I fell.

"I woke up in a typhus barrack. From a skeleton on the next cot I learned how my eldest brother had died. He was a Communist in charge of an American Relief Kitchen. The food was rationed out for children only. Those were his orders, and that was the way he carried them out. He died of starvation. A week later came the order to ration the staff-workers as well, but it came a week too late!"

"You too are a Communist?" I asked.

"Yes, the world needs happiness."

"And your job now?"

"I'm an agronomist. The world needs bread."

IV.

"The world needs bread!"

Well, the world has bread. The Volga Basin is full of it. Nature has relented. Bread once more in the bread basket of the world. These fields, burned bare in the famine of 1921, and the half-famine of 1924, are staggering with the biggest harvest in decades.

Bread! Bread! Bread!

It pours down from the hills in long files of creaking wagons, and in camel caravans out of the steppe under the harvest moon. It pours into cavernous maws of the big elevators along the river front, into the roaring mills grinding away night and day. It pours life into the veins of the Russian state, loosing the tides of trade and commerce. It puts shining new shoes and dresses upon the girls. It sets forges glowing and anvils ringing in the blacksmith shops. It calls the pigeons back from the dead and sets them in blue flocks wheeling above the bazaar. It brings up deep welling songs from the new recruits rolling in from the villages. It puts laughter and hope into the masses of peasants crowding into the autumn fair.

This year it is a Harvest Festival. A Carnival of Bread. For it the bakers have turned out tens of thousands of loaves. They are stacked up all over the place.

Bread in bags! waiting to be carried on steamers.

Bread in cords! ready to be loaded into wagons for the workers on the new irrigation dam across the Volga.

Bread on legs! long files of it marching into the Tartar Children's Home. That's the way it seems, so enormous are the loaves borne on the heads of the little laughing Tartar boys. The beggars' sacks are crammed with bread, and the bazaar dog, that goes from stall to stall standing on his hind legs a-begging, has grown so fat,

he wobbles. An Epicurean now, he wrinkles his nose at the black bread—white bread, or none at all.

As for the peasants there is no holding them in. The harvest has gone to their heads, and with the help of vodka, all peasant caution and concealment are thrown to the winds. Today no lamentations about taxes, high prices on city products, low prices on village products. Today the peasants are boasting.

"I tell you, Victor Mikhaelovitch 150 poods from every *dessyatine*."



From a Photograph by Ralph Steiner

"Believe me or not, Ivan Petrovitch, I got 200. I don't know where to store it."

This is solemn truth. The teacher Matvey of Yershovka tells me, if there were no debts and taxes to pay, his wheat would suffice for 20 years; from this one harvest the village could eat white bread for seven years.

In the *samovar* tent by the grain kiosk the peasants packed three deep around the tables are in deliriums of delight.

"Hey, there, American!" They cry beckoning me with vodka bottles. "Come in and drink a toast to the harvest and Little Mother Earth."

"Two more years like this and we can dam up the Volga with it, we'll build up a wheat mountain to the moon," says Red Beard Borodin of Popovka.

"Yeh Bogoo! We'll flood up Europe with it," exclaims another. "American wheat has had its way too long in the streets of Europe. Now Volga wheat is coming on and boost him off the sidewalk. Like this!" He made a long lunging kick. I made as if to write this down in my note-book.

"No! No!" interrupted Peter Ivanovitch. "American wheat was good to us in the famine year. He saved our lives. Put it down this way: When American Wheat meets Volga Wheat in Europe, he will take his cap off and say 'Oh,

good morning, Volga Wheat! So you are here also. My high respects to you!' Like this!" He made a low sweeping bow.

Laughter. Another *samovar*. More vodka. The clapping of hands marking the clinching of bargains in the cattle market. Songs from the *mogarich* drinkers out of the tavern windows. Clatter of hammers and boards on new buildings going up. Crowds of buyers ten rows deep at the all cooperative counters. The rumble of tractors taking the hill back of the town.

And this is Kvalinsk, the *volost* hardest hit by the famine on all the right bank of the Volga; and across the river is Pugachev, in all Russia no district so famine-scourged.

Travelling along the highroads one still finds marks of that famine: Here the white trunk of willow peeled of its bark for food. There a nailed up house whose owner never returned from his long pilgrimage after bread. A coughing *mujik* with the city disease—tuberculosis—off to the peasant palace in Livadia. Deepest of all the famine mark on the budget—a third of all *volost* expenditures going to the five orphanhouses.

But all these scars are healing. Healing fast. Deep and fertile is the black Volga soil. Deep and mighty the virility of the Russian peasant. Tremendous the recuperative forces of the Soviet lands.

SALUTE, DAMN YOU!

A recent order of the Milan provincial secretariat of the Fascist municipal trade unions to their local secretaries reads as follows:

"Dear Comrade! From many sides I receive complaints to the effect that a large number of our colleagues, some of them deliberately acting contrary to the instructions of our general secretary, fail to use the Roman (Fascist) salute.

"Before I communicate to you the detailed cases of municipal administration which we have prescribed in conformity with the decrees of his excellency, the prime minister, I request that you remind all colleagues of their duty.

"Those suffering from rheumatism are requested to get speedily cured of this ailment, in order to avoid the necessity of an eventual salutary and energetic massage.

"Those who are unwilling to use the Roman salute had better remember that not only snow and rain, but also a thoroughly sound thrashing can descend on anybody who forgets this order. Signed with Fascist greetings by Jacchetti Francesco, head of the provincial secretariat of Fascist municipal officials in Milan."



From a Photograph by Ralph Steiner

CLASS WAR BULLETINS

By ANNA ROCHESTER

Our Own Little Coal Mine War

IN this latest drive to smash the United Mine Workers in their last strongholds of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, we have a relentless repetition of the old story: armed thugs masquerading as private guards, strikebreakers, pickets arrested even on the public roads, strikers' families evicted from company houses. Searchlights trained on the pit heads; machine guns, barbed wire barricades. Troops in the offing, to protect the rights of the owners.

And don't forget that the drive against the union had last year progressed so far that nearly two-thirds of the bituminous coal mined in the United States came from non-union mines.

Postscript of Passaic

ONE episode in the Passaic fight was a bomb frameup, successfully carried through. Today seven men are in prison in New Jersey for terms of not less than one nor more than three years; one for a term of not less than one nor more than five years; and one, Adolf Wisnesski, who is supposed

to have set off the bomb, is in for not less than five nor more than twenty years.

Jack Rubinstein in the course of the strike was sentenced for six months for assault and battery. He is at present out on bail and his appeal will be heard presumably during September. But four other charges against him also await trial.

Albert Weisbord is out on \$30,000 bail, charged with inciting to riot.

And forty men and women have yet to be cleared of minor charges entered against them during the strike.

Militant Turkish Wives

During the firemen's strike on the Anatolian railroad in Turkey, a train was derailed at Maamoaret station and the railway company tried to send a rescue train from Adana. Sixty Turkish women stretched out on the rails in front of the engine. They stayed there when the police turned a firehose on them, and the police had to drag each one from the track separately. Some returned to the rails again and again, and kept the police busy for several hours. (*Associated Press* story from Adana Turkey, August 14, 1927.)

Plantation Workers Rise and Die in Bolivia

SOME 40,000 Indian workers on the cocoa, coffee and rubber plantations in Cochabamba, Potosi, and Chuquisaca rose in revolt along toward the middle of August. They burned and looted the houses of the hated plantation owners and white superintendents. The Bolivian government, the bulwark of the small white minority in the country, at once let loose an army corps on these provinces and "unhappily with the shedding of blood" crushed the revolt—just as similar revolts have been crushed in the past. The general in charge was warmly praised by the Bolivian chamber of deputies, who overlook the unsportsmanlike character of his bloody advance. The A.P. tells us that the Indian workers had only macanas—primitive flint edged weapons—and slings with which to face modern rifles, bayonets and machine guns.

The Bolivian government put the blame on the dangerous Navarro brothers and rounded them up along with other communist agitators. It claims to have discov-

ered in July a revolutionary plot against the present government and to find authentic connection between this plot and the uprising of Indian workers. And just now, Bolivia has added to the confusion of nations a couple of "secret" documents revealing the deep laid plans of Moscow in that little tropical paradise. But *La Prensa* of New York, commenting on the revolt, points out that it was not necessary to preach communism to the Indians but merely to open their eyes to the reality of their situation. They "live in a miserable condition, with insufficient food, exploited, and performing oppressive labors." Cochabamba, by the way, enjoys a death rate of 61 per 1,000.

Many despatches refer also to the deep resentment against the white invader which has continued ever since he appropriated the land and turned the Indians into vassals. Evidently the plantation workers hoped that this time the miners and Indian city dwellers of *La Paz* would join the uprising. Without their support, it was foredoomed to failure.

"It is probably only a question of time" the A.P. correspondent wired from *La Paz*: "when disillusioned natives in more remote regions will be obliged to resume their ordinary labor as virtual slaves of the white population."

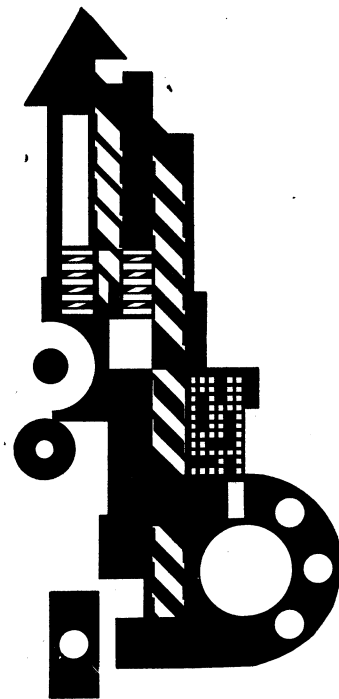
Prague Strikers Shot

In Prague the building workers have been on strike for a 20% increase in wages. They had resisted provocations—even when the police confiscated the strike leaflets. On August 8 they staged a great public demonstration. The police suddenly charged the crowd. Shots were fired. Thirty-two workers were wounded.

The Promised Land

To lead a demonstration of unemployed in Palestine is a crime. A British judge sentenced six workers, including one woman, to short periods of imprisonment with hard labor, besides exacting from each a fifty-pound guarantee that for a year they would refrain from political activity. Another leader of the demonstration was deported.

The Conference of Jewish Labor Unions followed shortly and made a vigorous demonstration against the repressive sentences. A left-wing proposal for more definite action was referred to the perma-



Decorations by Louis Lozowick

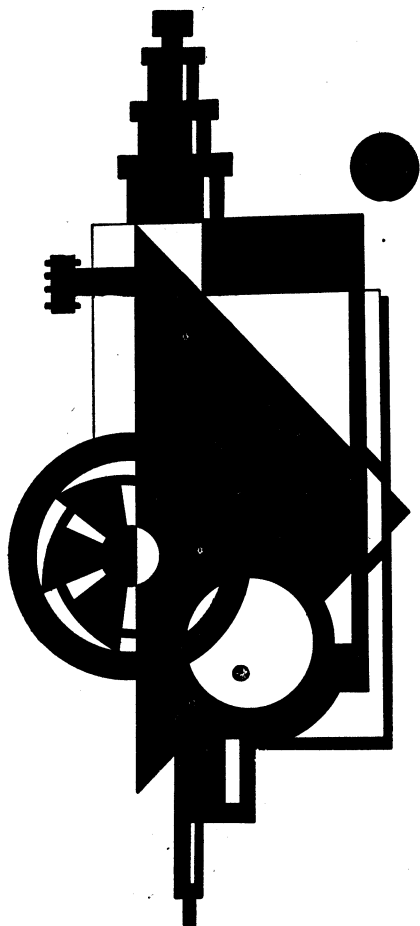
nent executive of the Conference. Meanwhile a delegation visited the Governor to demand release of the prisoners. But even at the moment that the protests were being made the prisoners began to serve their terms.

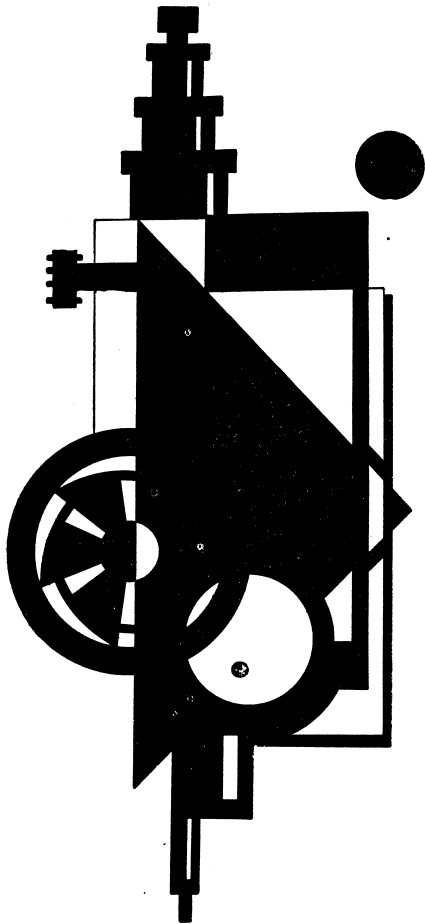
A few days later the communist Arie Karp was deported. He had been organizing International Workers' Aid for Syrian revolutionaries and had also done a pamphlet—*Under the Yoke*—in which he scored the brutality of the British regime. So Karp had to leave, with a passport so stamped that he was commended to the attention of the governments in Roumania and in Poland.

A 'National Opportunity' In France

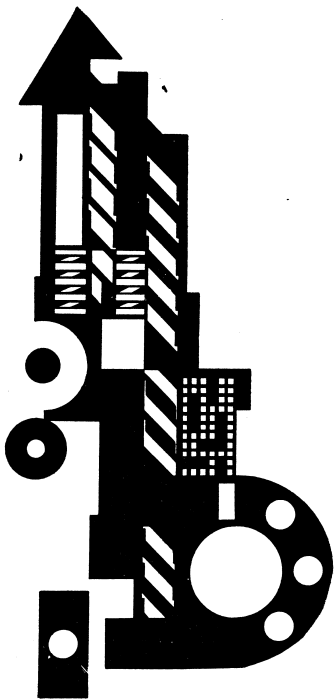
The French military authorities have been bothered by innumerable radical demonstrations among the reservists. The War Department began this spring—for the first time since 1918—calling out first one group and then another of reservists for a short period of drill and maneuver.

On the 22nd of July, the reservists of the 32nd regiment in camp at Ruchard staged a protest demonstration in which 700 soldiers took part. Two leaders were immediately arrested, jailed, and court-martialled. One was given 10 years of hard labor, the other 5 years of simple imprisonment. The prosecutor said openly, "This case is a national opportunity." He also openly blamed the communists for all the disturbances. It appears, however, that the two men whose sentences are meant to terrify the military into good behavior are outside the communist party and are not even members of a labor union.





NEW MASSES



Decorations by Louis Lozowick

"WHEN DO WE EAT?"

DEAR NEW MASSES:

WHEN the last war started, way back in 1914, a lot of citizens in this fair Republic never expected to find themselves Buck Private Number One, rear rank. It was a great life. Squads East; yeow! Form an army of two and lug G. I. cans down to fertilize French vineyards. Every corporal a Jesus Christ, each M.P. an emperor. The outfit all loused up with second looys who were pried away from civilian life to be soldiers of greater importance than were Napoleon, Hannibal, Attila.

Fatigue, K.P. and the guard-house all thrown in with the \$7.20, (or \$.30) a month actual pay which the best paid army in the world received and squandered on cigarettes, chocolate, omelettes, vin blanc, and, for the first time in history, leather shoes and pumps for the entire female population of the French Republic.

It wasn't a war of our making, but we were there, if not with bells on, anyway with small arms, full packs, a hundred rounds of ammunition, and a shovel. All of which helped, not a little, to keep "Democracy" from gasping out her life. Never caught up with her, personally, but saw lots of her pictures, and though I was one of the two million scissor-bills who went to France to fight for the dame, some other soldier bought her shoes. My sweetie's name was Celeste.

Up on The Front a few months, and the Alleman Army said "*kam-erad*." Perhaps the "Devil Dogs" (what hop-headed newspaper dub coined that moniker) scared them into it. Then again, there may have been no beans left for their field kitchens, and that stops the biggest war, no matter how much hair is on it. So home we came, and went to work at the mineface, on the farm, toploding, firing a road-engine, laying brick, driving rivets, hacking, selling ladies' foot-

wear. In *What Price Glory*, Stallings had Quirk, the hard-boiled topcutter of a company of "Leathernecks," complain, "What a lot of damn fools it takes to make a war." Hell yes; lot of different kinds of damn fools.

The British Army went home and couldn't go to work. And since the Armistice England has been paying her army an unemployment dole. She owes a hell of a lot of jack for the war, that can't be paid off with idle factories and workers. The British Lion is roaring again for the red meat of war, to take up the slack in her industrial belly.

The doles have the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" hanging on the ropes. The Empire is groggy from the terrific financial beating it took, and is taking. A Conservative Tory outfit guides British destinies these days, and dictates the policy of Downing Street. All they need to start a war is a good British principle, that the British workers will fight for. If Britain steps out, she'll steal land and resources enough to pay for three wars. Wise in her day and age, England is picking fusses with countries that will supply raw materials and consume manufactured articles. Such a non-industrial country would be easy to subdue.

There was China. And a principle. The Chinese had the temerity to declare China for the Chinese, and pre-empt extra-territorial rights. That is, China said, "We will collect our own duties, run our own postoffice, and elect our own judges to sit in Chinese courts." Now there was the good old standby, a principle that recruits Liverpool dock-wallopers and ex-convicts to keep Ireland in subjection. "Poor bawstards; they cawn't run their own country, so we do it for them." The white man's burden, you know.

The Cockshafer went out and started the war, or so "I see by

the paper." France, Japan and The States were to stand by and lend aid. But that war seems to have fallen through. Maybe the unemployed British veterans didn't swallow the bunk. England will rile you up to do the fighting while she does the grabbing. Maybe Uncle Sam saw the nigger in the woodpile, and wouldn't "go 'long." The last maybe is the best bet. If that war went over, and you soldiered in it, you would have seen the American Army paying rent for trenches and roads in China to the British Crown. For the present, looks like it flivved.

Now it's Russia, and a new principle; propaganda. Hell yes. Desperate word, and a just cause for war, that propaganda. Nice label on the castor oil bottle of war that will purge British industry of unemployment and discontent. Am writing because you and I are going to get some castor oil too, and find ourselves soldiering for Britain, all over again.

The Russians in England, said, "You're hungry. Ain't you?" The unemployed British ex-soldier answered, "I certainly am matey." "Well why don't you bust loose and do something about it?" asked the Russians. Knowing a little of the English we'll bet they did no more than march with placards demanding raisins in their handouts, but the Conservative fuss-pots of Downing Street ran the Soviet Ambassador back to Russia, and Britain is all set to war with Russia because of propaganda. If the British workers' bellies were full of curds and whey when they were asked if they were hungry, there wouldn't have been that principle. But there it is and it is as good as another. And lordy me, Russia is a rich country to grab.

A war with Russia, or China, will save Britain's goose; put her unemployed in an army on a foreign campaign, turn over her industries, and pay her debts with

the territory grabbed. You and I, soldier, will get another postal card telling us to hustle to some camp and drill into condition to help the British Army with this little stunt.

The way I'm fixed I don't own a bolt nor a nut in this whole cockeyed Republic, but those buccaneers, elected to tell Downing Street what to do, are fixed differently. They own, or represent England's industries. If they read history they would know Russia has swallowed every army ever campaigned on her soil. Where are the dumbbells at, anyway? If they are worried about a handful of Russians, in England, propagandizing the English people, wonder what will happen if a couple of million British soldiers go to Russia where the Russian people can educate them wholesale, and at leisure.

England owes most of the money for the last war to American interests, who would be glad to see her pirate lands and people, if she would meet her payments thereby.

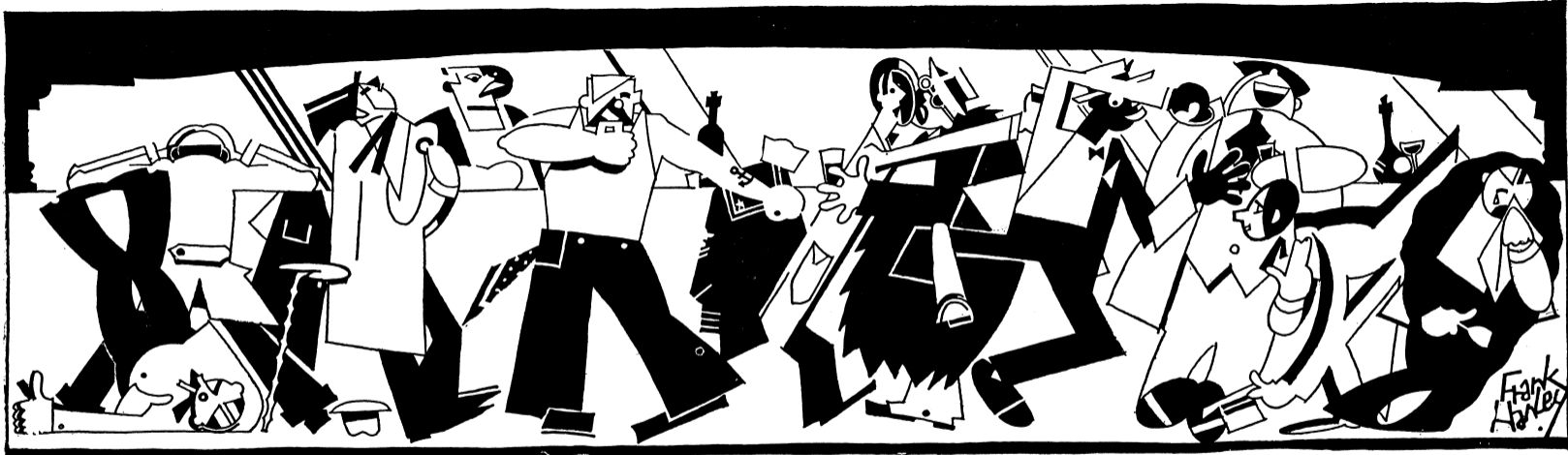
American bankers, munitions makers, shipbuilders and steel manufacturers best think, if this man's army is sent to help England on that adventure, we'll be contaminated by Russian propoganda too. We'd be hard to handle, if we busted loose, and you might have to leave us there. Already said I don't own as much as a monkey-wrench—so it won't matter to me. But if you will be foolish, and follow Britain into a jam—God help you when the homefolks start demanding their boys back. They will make tramps of you all—and it won't be Russian propoganda. This Republic will be a handful of hell, all its own brand, if the people ever boil over. Under a gun and over ironshod shoes the American boils at a low temperature—or have you forgotten the classical reply to orders—"When do we eat?"

Slim Martin.



Drawing by Frank Hanley

SPEAK - EASY



Drawing by Frank Hanley

SPEAK - EASY

THE CHINESE PEASANT MOVEMENT

By EARL BROWDER

ORGANIZATION of the Chinese peasants began six years ago. For four thousand years this body of people had been the most stable, conservative mass of humanity in the world. In these last six years they have become one of the most revolutionary factors. But I'm not going to write an article about them now; instead, I'll let them tell their own story in their own words, about how the peasant revolution was started and what it looks like.

First, a little story by the leader of the All-China Peasant Union, Comrade Peng Pai, telling how he organized the first peasant union in China (English Translations are all by Chinese translators.):

"In May, 1921, when I held the office as Director of Education in Hai Fung (a district in Kwangtung), I have once assembled the people and students of that district to celebrate May Day. But the Hai Fung gentry thought that communism and "nationalization of women" would come into practice, and they fabricated rumors. Besides, they spoke ill of me before Chen Chiung Ming (provincial governor) and eventually I was dismissed from office. For this account I made up my mind to undertake practical work in the villages. All my intimate friends opposed my action, and remarked: 'peasants are dreaming and backward. They are incapable of being united. Moreover, they are illiterate and so are not easily affected and moved by propaganda work. Hence any work with the peasants will mean a failure.'

"My family in Hai Fung is considered well-to-do and has a yearly income of several thousand piculs of rice and more than 500 farmers at work. The number of members of my family is about 30, and each has many farmers under his control. When the members of my family knew that I have determined to undertake peasant movements all of them except my third elder brother and fifth younger brother denounced me, especially my first elder brother who abhorred that project so much that he nearly killed me. Besides all the people in the village hated me just the same. But I paid no attention to their hatred and opposition. In May I started my campaign.

"At first I went to a village in Chik Shan. I wore a white student costume and put on a white sun helmet. When I arrived at the village, I met a 30 year old peasant who was spreading fertil-

izer on the fields, and who wished and asked me to smoke. He further inquired as follows:

"Are you coming to collect taxes? We have no theatrical performances just now.'

"I am not coming for taxes', I replied, 'but I come to befriend with and comfort you, because you farmers are working strenuously for the whole year.'

"The farmer answered: 'Oh, it is indeed a hard life! Mister, please

"Then I proceeded to another village. When I reached there the dogs barked at me. I found that the doors of the houses were closed and the farmers gone out to the fields. Thence, I went to the third village, but the time was late and I was afraid that the farmers may have suspicion of me. So I returned home. But no one cared to speak to me. When I have finished my dinner, I went to my room and tried to record what I

collect debts for you, because you have forgotten the debts other persons owe to you, and I come here to tell you.'

"The farmer said: 'Ah, it will be satisfactory when I owe no one, and how can anyone owe me?'

"I said accordingly: 'Can you not understand? The landlords are your debtors. They do nothing during the year, while you have to work and finally to give them your products as rent. The cost of one piece of farm is at most \$100, but you have been continually cultivating the same piece of field for many generations, and so just calculate the amount of grains you have given to your landlords. I find that it is unfair and so come to discuss with you the method of squaring the accounts with your landlords.'

"The farmer then laughed at my words, and said: 'If I can get some worth out of my work I am satisfied. If we owe our landlords a pint of grain we would be arrested and punished. Oh! this is our fate. It cannot be remedied. Those who are farmers will ever remain farmers, and those who are landlords, landlords. Now I have to go. Excuse me. Good bye.'

"I understood he was unwilling to talk further.

"I have travelled several villages that day, and the result was practically the same as that of the first day, except that I have spoken many more words. At night I thought over my events, and I found that my conversation was too polite, which the farmers could not understand. Therefore I translated all these eloquent sayings into rustic expressions, and determined not to go to the villages again but to the crossroad which was the public thoroughfare of the farmers.

"The next day I went to the Lung Shan Temple which is situated on a public road connecting Chik Shan Yo, Pak Kuk Yo, Chik Ngan Yo, and Ho Han Yo. Each day many farmers pass by and take a rest in the Temple. Taking this opportunity I talked to them on the causes of their sufferings and the remedies. At the same time I pointed out the proof of the oppressions of the landlords and the necessity of organization. At first only a few listened to me, but the number increased, and so my conversation gradually changed into a speech. The audience, however, was still suspicious. On that day, five farmers conversed with me personally, and more than ten listened. So the result was fine!



Drawing by Charles Coimer

have tea. We have no time to talk with you. Please excuse me.'

"When this was finished he went away. Meanwhile another farmer came up and asked me:

"To what regiment do you belong? And for what purpose do you come here?"

"I replied: 'I am neither an official nor a soldier. I am a student and I come to your village to be friends with you.'

"Laughingly he said: 'We are Incapable Persons and are unfit to be friends with you wealthy and honorable people. Please have tea!'

"He went away without saying any more. I tried to speak again, but he had gone far and would not listen to me. I was then very unhappy, especially when I recalled what my friends told me.

have done that day. But the result was equal to zero.

"I could not sleep soundly that night and when day break came I finished my breakfast roughly and again continued my new task. On my way I met many farmers carrying products to town. If on a narrow path, I stood aside to make way for them, because it is often that farmers must make way for city persons although they carry heavy loads on their shoulders. This way at least I give them an understanding that I respected them, though I was a city person.

"Again I proceeded to the same village as yesterday. On my way I met a 40 year old farmer, who asked me:

"Mister, are you coming to collect debts?"

"No', I replied, 'I am come to



Drawing by Charles Coiner

"From that time on I kept going to this place for half a month. Whenever I met farmers passing by, I either spoke to them or delivered a speech. Usually more than ten farmers were willing to talk with me each day and over thirty listened. Accordingly my work was improved.

"On a certain day when I was in town, the people looked strangely at me, and at the same time many of my relatives came to inquire after my sickness. I was greatly surprised by their visit but it was from my servant that I learned the reason for the strange happenings. My servant said: 'I beg you to stay at home and have a rest'. I asked what is the matter. He replied: 'outsiders said that you have been insane, so it is better for you to take a rest.' From this I knew that the gentry had begun to fabricate rumors about me.

"At the same time many farmers also thought I was insane, and hid away when they met me. But I still continued my propaganda work in the Lung Shan Temple.

"One day in my speech I put special emphasis on the fact that the farmers should have organizations, and thus they would be able to reduce their rents and get rid of the landlord's oppressions. As I finished this, an old farmer spoke harshly: 'Nonsense! Reduce rent? If your Ming Hup does not force us to pay our overdue rent, we will believe you.' (Ming Hup was the name of my family's establishment).

"I was on the point of answering him, when a young farmer spoke to the old one: 'What you have just said is wrong. You are cultivating the farm belonging to Ming Hup. And if Ming Hup reduces your rent, you are the only one who is benefitted. What is the plan in the case of those who are not cultivating Ming Hup's farms? Therefore our present problem is not to depend upon others, but to unite together. This is similar to playing chess: Whoever moves correctly, will win. If you have no plans for yourselves, and only depend upon others, the result will also be a failure. What we are planning for now is not for ourselves, but for the many'.

I was overjoyed with his words, and said to myself that I have found a comrade. I asked him his name, and learned that he was Cheung Ma On. I invited him to my house; he accepted and paid me a visit. He said: 'After we heard your speeches, we always argued with those unawakened farmers who were afraid that you were telling lies; several of us have belief in you.' I asked the names of the others, and they were Lim Pui, Lim Ying, Li Lo-si, and Li Yan-

ying, who were his intimate friends. I then enquired: 'Will you ask them to come to my house tonight? I shall prepare tea for them.'

"Accordingly he went away, and after awhile he and his friends came. They were all below 30 years and active. After the introduction we began on the subject of Peasant Movement. I asked them: "The first difficulty I have found is that the farmers do not listen to me or care to speak with me. Have you any suggestions?"

"Comrade Lim Pui answered: 'The reasons for this are several. Firstly, they are busy; secondly, they and even I do not understand what you say; and thirdly, there is no one who is well-acquainted with the conditions as your guide. I think it is advisable to go to visit the farmers at 7 or 8 o'clock tonight, and you must not use difficult language.'

"Upon hearing his plans I knew that he was an intelligent farmer, and simultaneously he warned me thus: 'Whenever you carry on propaganda work in the village you must not protest against their religion.'

"Then Comrade Li Lo-si said: 'Do you not think it advisable to establish a Peasant Union now? If in the future many join us, then it will be all right, but if there is no one joining our organization anyhow we must not dissolve it.'

"I seconded his proposal."

* * *

Thus was formed the Peasant Union. And many did join, slowly at first, until scores of thousands of peasants were in the Union. Then in 1924 came the reorganization of the Kuomintang, and its adoption of the labor and peasant program. The first head of the Kuomintang Peasant Department was Liao Chung-kai (assassinated the next year by the right-wingers in league with the British). Liao Chung-kai led the movement to arm the peasants, to protect them against the landlords who were trying to overthrow the Kuomintang.

It is of especial interest, in view of the tales of "excesses" of the peasant movement being printed in the imperialist press, to make note of the extreme moderation of the demands of the Union, and its extremely respectful approach to their enemies, the landlords. Here is a letter addressed to the landlords by the Kwong Ning Peasant Union:

This time we unanimously decided to reduce the rents of our fields which we pay to you. We were obliged to do so, because in recent years great troubles created by the bandits and unruly soldiers, droughts, and other calamities, occurred successively, prices of all sorts of commodities have soared, and we are unable to prevent ourselves from suffering from want of food and clothes. You know that in the past few months communications were interrupted, our peasants could

not find any means to sell our goods, and many of the laborers have become unemployed. In addition, this year is a deficient year, and our harvests are very bad. Seeing such poor conditions which our peasants are now in, many of the kind landlords have expressed their sympathy with us and had pity on us. We sincerely expect that you, our dear and kind landlords, will be so generous as to accept our request of reducing our rents by the percentage which we publicly fix at our meetings. We know that you will certainly accede to our request, so as to relieve our peasants from our sufferings and distress, and will surely not refuse our proper demands and pay no regard to our hardships. If you would comply with our demands, we will never forget your kindness and you will surely obtain your due reward. We hope you will take notice of this, our request.

Signed: Tenant Peasants of the Kwong Ning Peasant Union.
22nd Day of the 10th Moon.

But the "dear and kind landlords" could not see things that

were reduced by force of arms. This has been the universal experience of the peasant movement. Finally the peasants have learned that it is as easy to solve the landlord question entirely, by taking over all the land, as it is to reduce rents. Inasmuch as they must pay so dearly in blood for these gains, they now are openly demanding (and taking) the full possession of the land.

In this movement the entire population is mobilized and organized. Even the women, who have from time immemorial been the most oppressed of all human beings, are found in the front ranks.

There was a grand celebration in Kwong Ning District when the Peasant Union was finally victorious over the landlords. A few paragraphs follow from the official report in the files of the Kuomintang:

"Suddenly there came tens of women peasants, carrying six thousand piculs of 'revolutionary loaves,' which they themselves had prepared, and all laughing as they called, 'we have brought our revolutionary loaves here. Please distribute them to the peasant and soldier comrades.' Chairman Chow Ki-kam then called out. 'These loaves were prepared personally by the revolutionary women comrades of Chak Shek and Shi Kwong of Kwong Ning District. In our recent fighting with the landlords, the revolutionary women comrades have offered their services to us in as many ways as possible. They picked out the grains. They ground the rice into flour. They prepared tea and porridge and cooked rice for us. They carried the guns and undertook the transport for us. They consoled the peasants who are serving at the front. And today they present us with revolutionary loaves. You observe how eager they are in serving their revolution. Just see what word they inscribe on the revolutionary loaves. It is the word "Kemin" (revolution) which is colored red. We should thank the revolutionary women comrades for their kind gift of revolutionary loaves. Before we eat these revolutionary loaves, let us first acclaim loudly, 'We eat those revolutionary loaves; we will be more revolutionary in future.'"

These are just a few intimate glimpses into the life of the Chinese peasant movement in its earlier days, when it was still young, with only a few hundred thousand members in a single Province. Today it has 13 to 15 million members, in almost every Province of China. It is completely destroying the foundations of the old social order. It is the main force of the Chinese revolution. In close alliance with the trade unions, it will produce a Socialist China.



Drawing by Charles Coiner

way. They promptly inaugurated a massacre of peasant leaders; a civil war resulted. The peasants, supported by Liao Chung-kai at the head of the Canton Government, were armed, and defeated the forces of the landlords. The rents



Drawing by Charles Coiner

A HOST OF MEMORIES

By ROSE STRUNSKY

Memoirs of a Revolutionist, by Vera Figner. International Publishers. \$3.00.

TO ME the most fantastic thing in life is the forgetting we do. How is it possible to review Vera Figner's book and speak of it as of some long dead matter, "of far-off unhappy things, of battles dead and gone," as your reviewer in Book Notes of June does. Vera Figner's book is static. It hasn't the glow of Kropotkin's *Memoirs* or of Stepniak's *Underground Russia*, both dealing with the same period. But whatever the reason for her listlessness to the past, the reviewer in accepting that attitude mistakes his history.

Let us not forget that the Revolution of 1917 would never have taken place had it not been for the Vera Figners that had gone before; that all this present is meaningless without the knowledge that it was the tradition of the Land and Freedom Party, and the Will of The People Party as well as of the Social Revolutionaries who have helped to keep alive the Revolutionary fire which blazed so high in 1917. The reviewer is wrong in putting these fighters in the same class with those way back who might have fought under Pugacheff or Mazepa.

How vital and vibrant are the names in Vera Figners *Memoirs!* Perovskaya, Isayev, Kabalchich, Volkenstein, Karpovich. She speaks of them matter-of-factly. That is the fantastic part of life that she should be able to do so. But that I explain by her partisan interest in the present. But we, six thousand miles away, have not fought enough either with one side or the other to indulge ourselves in partisanship. We can only be watchers of history from so far a distance, as we are only students of history looking at a far past.

And the history in this case is patent. It doesn't matter that Vera Figner's revolutionary activity took place in the Eighties, her significance to the Revolution lived on till it was accomplished. It was only yesterday that she stood before us in all her fine and exquisite beauty, the Poet of Schlusberg, paying tribute to Anatole France on his birthday, celebrated in a little hall in Paris by the Russian refugees. Freedom-loving Russia to freedom-loving France. How beautiful she was, clad in white with a cluster of red roses pressed against her heart as if her heart was beating before us. She read the poem *To my Mother* which she wrote in Schlusberg and which is reprinted in the *Memoirs*. There

was no doubt then in anyone's mind as to the aliveness of Vera Figner, as to what her act did in keeping alive the concept of revolt—and with all due respects to the reviewer of the *Times* who could not understand how she did not regret the assassination of so valiant a defender of Constitutionalism as Alexander the Second—as to the death knell to autocracy which she helped to sound by that very act—it is not always that you can do your harvesting immediately.

And the other names in her *Memoirs*. The book has cast a spell on me for the visions it has recalled. Morozov, large of stature and bearded, fresh and strong for all his more than a score of years in the Fortress, coming to us with his young wife of eighteen whom he had just married. He was to begin again just where the clock of his life had stopped. I think of all that Old Guard, he succeeded best, that rich mind who, says Vera Figner sadly, when paper was so precious a thing, "used up whole reams of paper" in writing his *Structure of Matter*.

And S. Ivanov. What a hotel that was, the medical Hotel off the Boulevard Porte Royale! The rooms were grey and bleak and must have had a very familiar look to the refugees who flocked there, as of some improved prison

cells. There was even the peephole in the door for the nurse to watch her patient, for this was to have been a sort of private nursing home. Here S. Ivanov lived and here I happened to perch next to him. It was then that I saw more of Vera Figner for Ivanov fell ill of bronchitis and she came often to nurse him.

And Polivanov who was released in 1902 and who one year later shot himself while in Paris and in freedom. It was his son, Nikolay, with the same large Polivanov eyes, whom we saw off one autumn evening at the Leningrad Railway Station, known as St. Petersburg then, having provided lady, suitcases, flowers and passports to make it appear like an American bridal go-away, and so successfully pass the police and spies who were lined like a great wall at the station to catch just such as Nikolay. It was after a Customs house "expropriation" and it was very necessary to get him out of the city. He limped badly from a fresh wound, but the gay rush to the train of well-dressed Americans arriving just as the third bell was clanging, and Nikolay's loud display of "allright, allright" the only word he knew of all of English, saved the day for the time being. He was caught some weeks later and received "twelve years hard work in Siberia" his friend wrote us later.

And Karpovich, "The Benjamin" in Schlusberg, our Petya. It is he who stands before me most. I see him, a winter evening in London, drawing the plan of Schlusberg for me. Here was Vera Figner's cage, here Morozov, here Ivanov, here he himself. There where the cross is, Balmashov was hanged: Balmashov who was brought to Schlusberg a year after him, having killed the Minister of the Interior by order of the Social Revolutionists.

How tall and dark and handsome he was and proud with his head cocked to one side for always there was the eternal cigarette in the amber holder between his teeth and always he was trying to evade the smoke that reached his eyes. In Schlusberg, he took no heed of the prison discipline of the Older Ones, sang whenever he wished. They admired what they called his "youthful readiness." He sank in the North Sea, struck by a German submarine on his way to Russia. The ploughing and sowing these people did were not to be harvested by them. They had not the brawn or the muscle. They had not the toughness. To plough the Russian virgin soil for Freedom took great vision, great nobility of character, an asceticism equal to that of the early Christians, and all this was reflected in the exquisite beauty of their faces. Perovskaya, Figner, Karpovich, a handsomer breed would be hard to find. Nothing that happen in Russia can make them alien to the Revolution. One might as well speak of the French Revolution and leave out Rousseau and Voltaire, or even better, the Vaugirards or the Girondists.

The book has many entertaining notes. Especially is it amusing when under the Commandant Gangart, they were permitted to subscribe to the Imperial Library in St. Petersburg, or receive specimens regularly from the Circulating Natural History Museum. Later they were even employed by it to mount and classify plants and so exquisite was their work with delicate and fine leaves that it was sent to the Paris Exposition of 1900, where it won praise. Never of course was it made public that it was the work of political prisoners since the Eighties.

On the whole the book is a better document than literature, for the author writes of the past with a greater finality than it deserves. Only those with memory can fully understand and in them it arouses a host of emotions.

CHINESE NEWS FRESH

Civil War In Nationalist China, by Earl Browder. Labor Unity Publishing Association. \$0.25.

THERE are two new factors inherent in the Chinese revolution which are responsible for the decreased interest in events in China. The first is that the Chinese revolution has passed out of the stage of spectacular military advances; the second is that the revolution is no longer a simple struggle between a hero and a villain; between the Nationalists on the one hand and feudal war lords, aided and abetted by the imperialist powers on the other.

But despite the fact that China has been pushed off the front page by non-stop flights to Timbuctoo and despite the treachery of the Wuhan government, the Chinese revolution is very much alive. It has, however, taken the unromantic, but at the present stage extremely important form of intensified organization of the workers and peasantry, the arming of workers and the peasantry, propaganda within the Wuhan and Nanking armies, a campaign to expose the

role of elements like Feng Yuhsiang, etc.

Browder's pamphlet concerns itself with this transition from the spectacular military struggle of Nationalists against an alliance of feudal war lords and imperialist powers to the betrayal of the revolution by the big bourgeoisie and the landed gentry elements in the Kuomintang.

As a member of the International Workers Delegation and as secretary of the Pan-Pacific Conference, Browder had an excellent opportunity for observing at first hand the development of the Chinese revolution and the shifting of class forces. The developing conflict between the elements in the movement who wanted the revolution to be revolutionary and elements like General Feng who turned against the revolution because "the merchants, traders, owners of industrial enterprises and pieces of land are suppressed by the workers and peasants" (*Manchester Guardian*, June 25th) is briefly but excellently sketched.

Harry Freeman.

"NOT GOOD ENOUGH"

Your Money's Worth, by Stuart Chase and F. J. Schlink, Macmillan. \$2.00.

STUART CHASE is worried again about the tragedy of waste, or is it the comedy of waste, since he takes it lightly and gayly confesses that he proposes no revolutionary remedy. Together with F. J. Schlink, formerly of the United States Bureau of Standards, he has written a book proposing a number of minor game laws to protect the hundred million poor fish who take the spear of the sellers of goods for profit, transfixed by the lantern of advertising.

The book describes in lively fashion, with texts from *Alice in Wonderland*, and with great detail, the fantastic variety of the goods on the modern market, the rise of the package neat and hokum, food adulteration and fancy naming, patent medicines and quack doctors. It gives an account of the various agencies, established by large buyers, the United States Government chiefly, for scientific buying and testing, and standardizing of both goods and profit. All this is good. We see that the sellers are organized and that only corporate buyers are in any way armed to resist their imperial forcing, and their caddish seduction of the little woman with the purse strings and the big man who wants to catch up with the Joneses.

Chase and Schlink raise a sophisticated cry in the ear of the buyers, some of whom are certainly ecstatically happy with their buys, however extravagant, some of whom are slumbering from gluttonous overstuffing with all the right things for back and house . . . the best bedsteads, the shiniest bathrooms, the easiest books, every new and circuitous aphrodisiac except leisure. The cry is a whisper . . . "Did you get your money's worth?" This should trouble the Babbitts who hate to be boobed. And the non-babbitts are poor fish. I wish the warning were louder and funnier . . . that it went the whole way and set some wheel of revolution turning. One reads his excited warning against the outrageous price of boracic acid when called by a patent name and

REBELLION-LOUD

Vaudeville, by Aben Kandel. Henry Watterson. \$2.00.

A COUPLE of nations died in Europe, millions are moving as one singing flame in Russia and China, this is 1927 and we think and feel and know in terms of men and women—and any novelist who still tries to interest us in his one man and one woman is crazy. Yesterday, which was last year and

says to oneself indulgently, "Well, I nearly always get my money's worth, and if I don't I can afford it."

Of Schlink, the scientific expert, one can say that it is a shame that some big cooperative society of working people does not employ him at once to defend them against the sharks. I do not mind that he points no moral against society. But I cannot refrain from saying that the trouble with Stuart Chase is that he does not believe in the class war, nor any war at all, the risk of death or All for love. He misses the balance of power between production and consumption that once existed in Newburyport and dictated durable products and a sound aesthetic. He loves the old houses and the old ways; but a new population must have a new house, and the new house must be built on the old site. He should take heart when it comes to tearing down the old. He should go farther than he does, and denounce not what we all denounce, the quacks, and the circulation lists of cancer victims, the danger in close top stoves, and the meanness of cheap and shoddy electric apparatus, but the best that we have. I am far more shocked at the worthy doctors in the country devoting themselves to rich and neurasthenic women, than at twenty quacks feeding pumpkin seeds to tubercular patients. I mildly admire the government for its economical buying and testing of steel, even though the business in hand is a budget for battleships; but considering that the battleships as likely as not are for coercing poor fish customers abroad into buying more American goods, or in selling their own goods at bad prices and doing it quietly, what I really object to is any civility toward the embattled sellers. In other words, I want, primarily, a class conscious view of the process. I think Stuart Chase might become an excellent right wing servant of a left group; if only he could see that the cure is a world with two poles, and turning; as a lively left, snug though exasperated, to the organized right, I think his point of view and his lore, "not good enough".

Ernestine Evans.

last century, was the playground of the he and he, of the she and she—and mostly, of course, of the she and he. Today belongs to the they.

Kandel seems to have discovered the secret of the depersonalized individual, of the mass-man isolated as one but carrying the attributes of the many. Here is a John, who is all the Johns of this world, col-

lectively—and here is a Jane, in herself uniting perhaps all women ever born. They have a story, things happen to them, that makes a novel. Yet that novel, the tale of this pair, is but one version of the story of almost any other two people.

Let us say that life is a vaudeville show. Just that kind of a show because certainly it is not a drawing-room comedy, nor a bedroom farce, nor a melodrama. Because it is variety, hang it all, and vulgar, sensitive, fine, cheap, and blatantly subtle, this life is. Therefore, says Kandel, don't try to palm off on us just a couple of stars, puny headliners, because we are entitled to the whole show, acrobats, trained animals, magicians, movies included.

A sort of furious rebellion-loud song is this *Vaudeville*—a lyric to the tune of metals and silks and cardparties and flesh. It is a new kind of novel, a new pattern, an untried technique. Peoples' voices have a new texture in it,—their words make little poems which they never speak, of course,—and all through you know that here you have the inner articulateness of mute beings and that you are here permitted to read the speech of eyes and hands and nerves.

Yet, curiously, the author does not play fair all the time. After painting a rapid canvas in which he beautifully avoids the usual hysteria of the average novelist-ob-

FIRE AND BREAD

Bread and Fire, by Charles Rumford Walker. Houghton, Mifflin Company. \$2.50.

THIS might have been a very fine book, if the author had not tried to make a "novel" out of it, and if he had carried his story of mill life through to the end. It is the story of a young man's experience in steel and copper mills, in a "radical" organization in New York, and in love. As a novel it is pretty bad. The ineffectual "Social Policy Group" and the unreal New York society girl, which together take up about two-thirds of the book, seem to be dragged in for the purpose of making a novel by main force. At least, they are entirely overshadowed by the swift, vividly written account of the mills—the strongest story of its kind I have ever read, though it doesn't go far enough.

This young fellow got a real experience out of working in the mills, and he's not afraid to tell about everything that he saw and felt. Copper strip goes through the rollers. A furnace door opens and closes at the other end of the mill. You slop oil on the next copper strip that the helper hands you, and that goes through the

I Will Change My Birds

Go away little daydreams, naughty pigeons,
Perpetually cooing, messing up the eaves,
Wasting my clock.
A bird of prey, built for sinning
Built for doing, is worth a flock
Of little wists and yearnings.
Shoo, silly pigeons!
I will change my birds—
Make me a cunning thing of trill and feather
With wires and stops and call it nightingale.
I had a day-dream once, a little lark,
But I was young.
Go hateful pigeons. I will not have your nozzling twitter
In my ear.
Hens cluck at least and Roosters crow.
Slack ear and stupid heart,
Make me another bird to down this coo perpetual
That wastes my clock.

Fryn Tibbitts

server, he finds it necessary to sentimentalize about love and hint at its being a sort of final salvation, a downy haven and a Hope. And that after the just as beautifully brutal parting of two former lovers!

But, outside of an occasionally pretty phoney melting here and there, *Vaudeville* catches the beat, the cadence of our day and it succeeds in being true to its own particular stylized simple beauty. The book is as knowing as next year—yet never sophisticated.

Francis Edwards Faragoh.

rollers. And the next. And so forth for ten hours. Steam rises somewhere. The machines rumble and grind. You put copper strip through the rollers for days and months and years. The only change is when somebody slips and loses his fingers, or when you get a yellow slip on pay day, or when the fellow at the next roll goes a little off his head and gets fired. That part of the story is pretty good.

"No heat, I thought, like molten steel, no burns, no cinders, no filth, just a daily battle of machine oil, a little lifting, and a great deal of nothing at all. Like a million other jobs in the cock-eyed world. And there is, after two or three years, the routineer's refuge of day-dream and oblivion." "What had happened to McCarthy's grain, for example—what there was of it—he had been a sticker, he told me, for the first twenty-one years! It took boys, I noticed, two or three or four to get over a restlessness—like mine. A temporary period of discomfort must be faced—before the comforting coma settled down." "A roller starting to pull out a bar muffed it with his tongs. It rolled hot and threatening at his feet and I saw him raise his arms

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angrily and throw the tongs after it." "Past Rakhovsky's shoulder I could see men talking. Two men with overcoats. Both had neckties, stiff collars, and felt hats. I chose a fat coil and dug the tongs into it. Both of the men laughed. I looked up at them. They were not laughing at me. They weren't even looking at the hot rolls. I hated the two men in the coats. I thought I would go over and give the tongs to the first one and see what they would do. It would be worth it. Then my eyes fell on Rakhovsky. He stood poised ready to pick up the end of the red bar. It twisted at his feet, but he had turned his head and was watching the men laugh. I could see the wet short hairs on the back of his neck, as he twisted. When he brought his head around, I saw his face in a little light from the bar. There was hate in it; the eyes burned, and the lips were skinned back. All the time the bar slapped round his feet, needing to be stuck in again before it got wild. Rakhovsky stuck it in. When he turned for the next bar, I saw his face. It was just the way it had always been, expressionless, save for his awful attention to the job of rolling copper."

The book gives you a good idea of what it is like to work in a mill, and a good idea of what working in a mill does to the men. Without being sentimental about it at all—there's the Pole who had saved up a thousand dollars in ten years at the mill—half enough to buy a farm—when a lay-off took away every penny he'd saved. There's the Russian that worked eighteen years as a helper and then got fired one day when the roller didn't come in and he started to do the roller's work. There's the man who got fired because the boss, who didn't like him, and who was himself drunk most of the time, smelt whiskey on his breath. There's the man who got killed by a guard, and whose body was carried by the strikers as a kind of flag. There's the man who got laid off again after he was already starving, and who started to run headlong into a belt. The "I" of the story himself got fired, after four years of hard work, just because the boss "don't like your goddam mouth".

Well, there they are, and the book ends with them there, after cutting off every chance they have for a decent life. He has already dismissed the "radical" organization in the guise of his "Social Policy Group"—a loose, haphazard organization supported by a wealthy man, which is always changing its mind about what it wants to do and accomplishes nothing as a result. When, at the end of a long and serious "Group"

conference, a "Soviet" of the office stenographers is hailed with the utmost delight, the "I" of the story leaves it in disgust and goes to the copper mills in Connecticut—back to real work. "There are two kinds of people who do not understand us—the respectable people and the bright-eyed Utopian." Maybe so—though I don't see how any Utopias are damned on account of the "Social Policy Group."

The author doesn't allow his mill even the satisfaction of a strike. "During every hour from Monday to Thursday I had a strong sense of an explosive poison seeking an outlet from men's nerves. My Polish helper talked strike, men dropped the lightest of bars, and trucks collided with suspicious frequency as they moved down the aisle of the rolls. I felt as I looked about me the stuff of which strikes are made. To melt the crust of numbness, I thought, in three days' battle would be worth hell.

"On Thursday the infant of revolution died unborn and inarticulate in the womb. At five-thirty, we were paid off. In a long line, we waited to get our two by four envelopes from the paymaster. He had a little desk-table under the time clock, and opened his padlocked cash bag upon it.

"Somebody at the head of the line fumbled and dropped a yellow slip—the first lay-off. The line was silent. Then two men at the other end moved their feet and coughed. A silent and interior violence was taking the place of revolution. Unemployment had set in."

In fact, the only conclusion that the author comes to lies in his treatment of Dirty Reed. "Of all the men in the mill, it came to me that Dirty Reed, the contemptible, had alone preserved the complete integrity of his spirit. Dirty Reed alone (of the four hundred) told Halsey what he thought of him, told him brutally, and with oaths in his own kind, and with no backing but recklessness. When Halsey suspended, demoted, or fired him, he was tranquil and genuinely entertained. It meant a change for him inside or outside of the mill. And he inevitably reappeared, some years later, at a rush time and got himself ingeniously restored. It had seemed to all the foremen and finally to Halsey impossible permanently to break or destroy him. In the mill he was uniformly good-humored, and foul-tongued. He reviewed his travels aloud and in secret, and ultimately, when bored, resumed them. 'New mills,' was his dictum, 'new bosses, new women.' His independence and his zest for life remained unimpaired by the 'machine age'."

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Soon shall you come as the dawn from the dumb abyss of night,
Traveller birthward, Hastener earthward out of gloom!
Soon shall you rest on the soft white breast from the measureless mid-world flight;
Waken in fear at the miracle, light, in the pain-hushed room.
Lovingly fondled, fearfully guarded by hands that are tender
Frail shall you seem as a dream that must fail in the swirl of the morrow:
O, but the vast immemorial past of ineffable splendor,
Forfeited soon in the painful surrender to Sense and to Sorrow!

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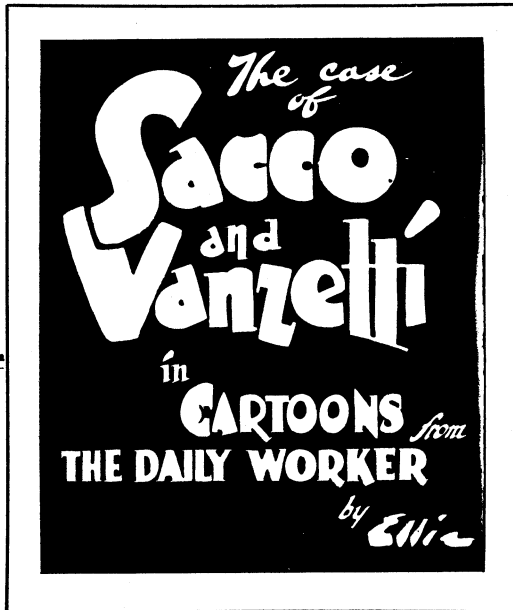
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Brimestone and Chili, by Carleton Beals. Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.

Justo Rufino Barrios, by Paul Burgess. Dorrance and Co. \$3.

ANN WATKINS says (and if anybody knows such things she does) that when the lives of the saints (and sinners, too) have been rewritten to jazz music to suit our jazz age, and all the dirt on the great and near great, from Cleopatra to Henry Ward Beecher, has become common as knowledge of prophylactics, then travel books will take the place of biography in the field of non-fiction best sellers. I must say that I have never understood how most of the recent biographies ever got into the non-fiction class; but that is nothing to the mystery of why travel books always cost \$5. The truth is, they are not worth it, and Carleton Beals' *Brimestone and Chili* is no exception. That's a pity, because Carleton Beals has taken the trouble to live in, not just visit, Mexico; to speak its language and acquaint himself with its history. He has done more. He has visited Spain, too—and no man can begin to understand any Latin-American land who does not know Spain and Portugal. *Brimestone and Chili* is said to be an earlier work. It must be, for Carleton Beals has gone far beyond these painstaking records of a mind one can only qualify, in this instance,

as too receptive. Too many things flow in and out of it. If one is in search of a picture of Mexican life, something like *A Visit to Mexico by the West India Islands, Yucatan and United States, with Observations and Adventures on the Way*, by William Parish Robertson, published in London in 1853, or *Mexico and Its Religion; or Incidents of Travel in that Country during Paris of the Years 1851-52-53-54, with Historical Notices of Events Connected with Places Visited*, by Robert H. Wilson, is vastly preferable to *Brimestone and Chili*. And if intimate knowledge of Latin-American revolutionary procedure is the desideratum, I cannot too highly recommend *Justo Rufino Barrios*, by Paul Burgess. Rufino Barrios, José Santos Zelaya, Cipriano Castro and Porfirio Diaz—there, ladies and gentlemen, are four as glorious examples of what Patriotism produces as the world has ever seen.

Paxton Hibben.

Our whole theory of freedom of speech and opinion for all citizens, rests, not on the assumption that everybody is right, but on the certainty that everybody is wrong on some point on which somebody else is right, so that there is a public danger in allowing anybody to go unheard. *George Bernard Shaw.*

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