

NEW MASSES

September, 1928

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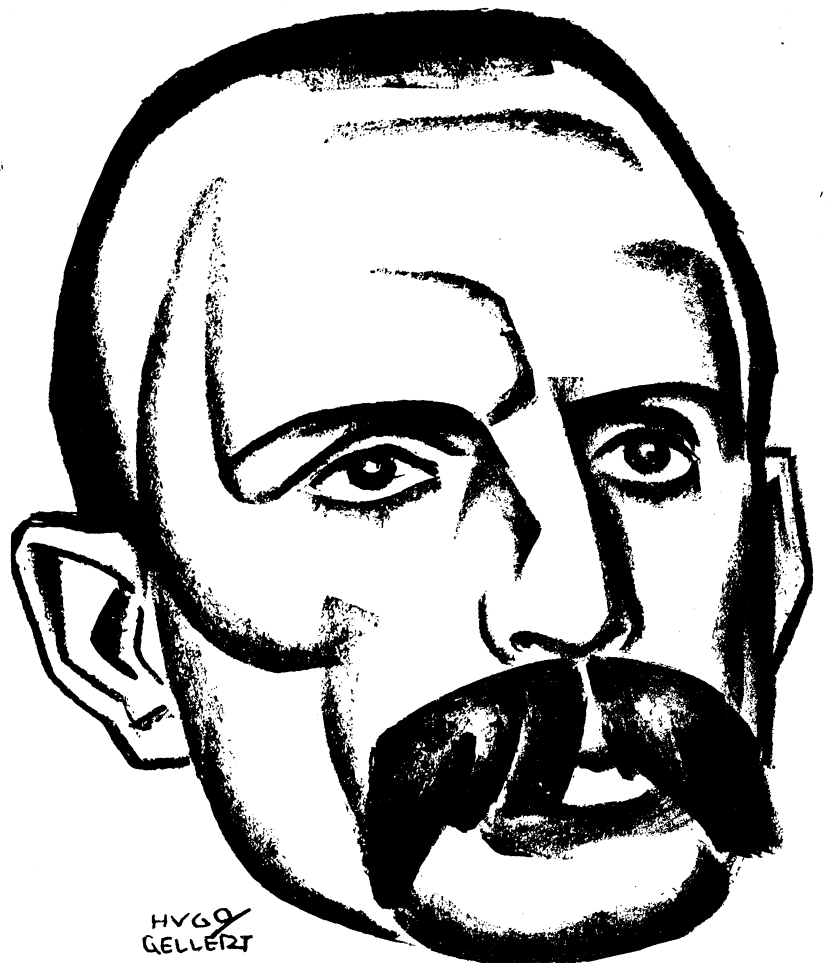
MURDERED!

one year ago

SACCO — VANZETTI



DEAD—THEY STILL LIVE!



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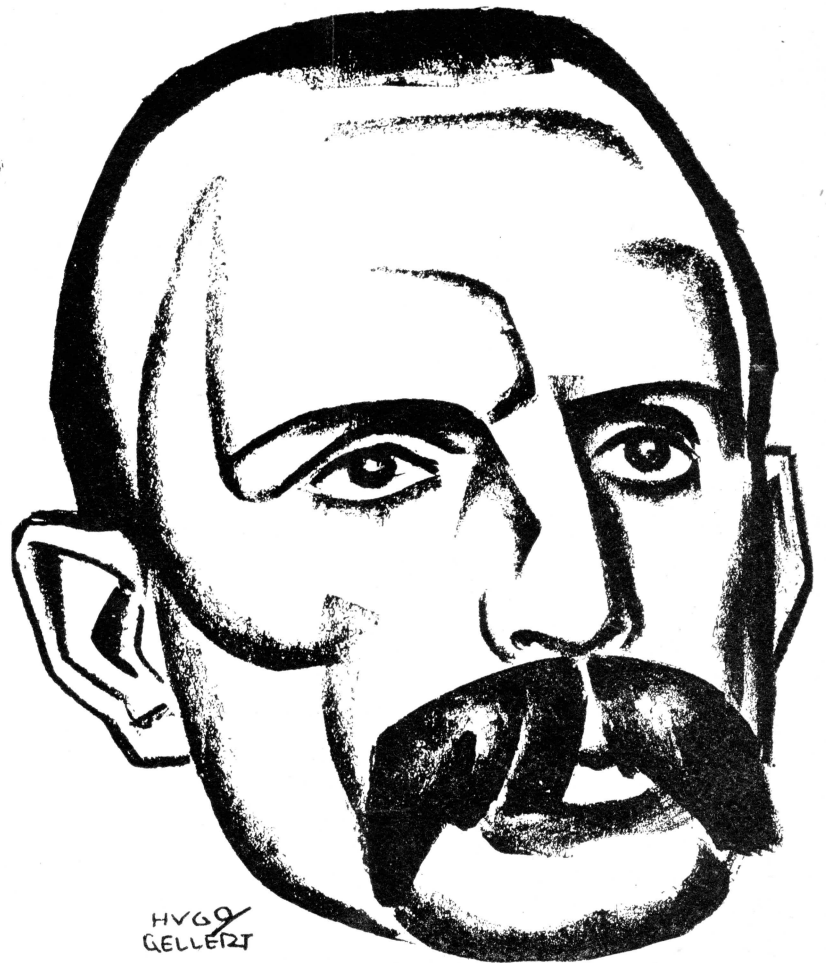
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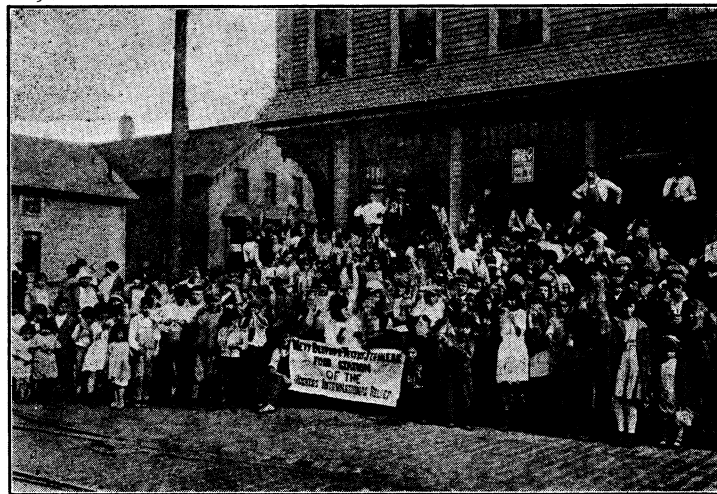
SACCO — VANZETTI



DEAD—THEY STILL LIVE!



HVGG
GELLERT



What is the Difference?

When nations go to war the trenches are filled with the victims of capitalism—When workers go on strike the jails are filled with the victims of capitalism

In New Bedford and Fall River, Mass. 35,000 Textile Workers Go Hungry

They are striking against unbearable living and working conditions. Four times wages have been cut in the past six years and then came the fifth wage cut and the strike which is now in its 18th week.

Tremendous hardship and suffering is going on among the workers and as always, it is the women and children who suffer most. Mass arrests are made. Women and men, 425 of them are either in jail or out under bond—why—just because they will not work for starvation wages.

W. I. R. TEXTILE STRIKE RELIEF
 49 WILLIAMS STREET,
 NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

Enclosed please find \$.....
 for the Relief and defense of the TEXTILE STRIKERS of NEW BEDFORD and FALL RIVER, MASS.

Signed

Address

City

State

THE WORKERS INTERNATIONAL RELIEF

IS MAINTAINING TWO RELIEF STATIONS, WHERE OVER 1,000 FAMILIES ARE FED EVERY DAY WITH SOUP, COFFEE AND MILK FOR THE CHILDREN.

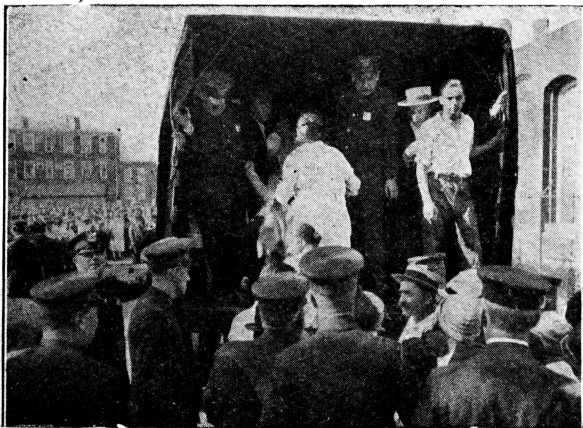
WE ASK YOU WHO READ THIS TO HELP US TO HELP THEM



SUPPORT THE TEXTILE STRIKERS







**SUPPORT
THE
TEXTILE
STRIKERS**



NEW MASSES

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HEAVENLY DISCOURSE

By CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD

God's In His Heaven—All's Wrong With The World

(God is sitting on the judgment throne. Below and around flows a crowd of angels and souls—in conversation)

(ST. PETER COMES IN)

ST. PETER: Omnipotence—Two souls wish to speak with you.

GOD: They may.

ST. PETER: Enter.

(Sacco and Vanzetti come forward and stand before the throne.)

GOD: Yes, Bartolomeo—Yes, Nicola. You may speak. But were you not before the seat of Justice on earth—Boston, Mass.? And judges, you know, are in my image. Holding life and death in their hands: but without passion or prejudice, seeking only the truth. Prosecuting attorneys are attorneys for no man, but for the State, which also is in my image, seeking no man's blood, but only the truth, giving the accused the benefit of every doubt. Prosecuting attorneys owe the sacred duty to protect those on trial against passion, prejudice and falsities.

INGERSOLL: They do that in England.

VANZETTI: In our case Frederick G. Katzmann in moral effect suborned perjury to execute us.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON: In Massachusetts? Impossible.

ROBT. INGERSOLL: "Massachusetts there she stands—"

VANZETTI: Listen. Captain Proctor, an arms expert, was asked if he had an opinion whether the "mortal" bullet came from Sacco's pistol, and he said yes—that in his opinion it was consistent with it.

INGERSOLL: Curious answer!

VANZETTI: Listen. He made an affidavit after the trial (never contradicted) that his answer was agreed on in its peculiar form between him and Katzmann and his associate Williams, because he found no evidence that the bullet was from Sacco's pistol, and his opinion really was, not that the bullet was from Sacco's pistol, but was from a Colt's automatic, from any Colt's automatic.

INGERSOLL: He conspired with Katzmann to deceive the court and jury?

VANZETTI: Well—

MARK TWAIN: "Massachusetts. There she stands."

VANZETTI: Of course the judge was deceived—He charged the jury that the effect of Captain Proctor's testimony was that in his opinion the bullet which killed Beradelli was from Sacco's pistol—and Captain Proctor had no such opinion.

INGERSOLL: And the attorneys for the State that seeks no man's blood let that go?

VANZETTI: They framed it to go that way—

MARK TWAIN: "Massachusetts—There she stands."

INGERSOLL: Why, in life and death cases new trials have been ordered for less than that—as in *People v. Montesanto*, 236 New York—

VANZETTI: But when we asked a new trial Judge Thayer changed completely and said Captain Proctor did not testify that

the bullet passed through Sacco's pistol but only that it was consistent with it.

INGERSOLL: Why didn't he make that plain to the jury — with men's lives at stake?

VANZETTI: O, Judge Webster Thayer asked to be assigned to try us.

INGERSOLL: A judge who asks to be assigned to the trial of a cause is not unprejudiced—He has a motive—One way or the other he is prejudiced.

VANZETTI: He was delirious with patriotism and hatred of "Reds." We were "Reds."

INGERSOLL: Like that other disgrace to the ermine of Justice —Kickshaw Landis, the baseball player.

VANZETTI: We were then in the very midst of the Reign of Terror.

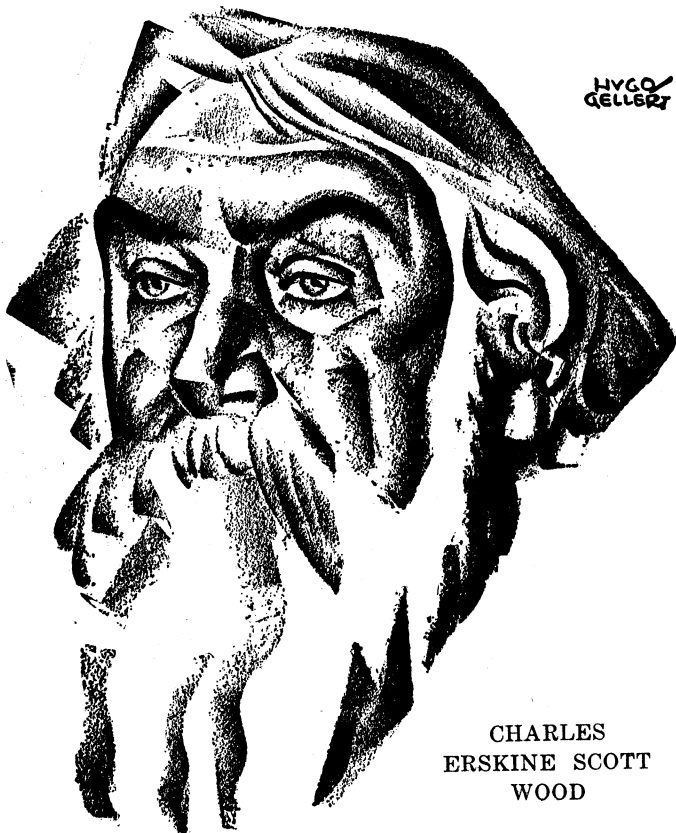
INGERSOLL: Started by that other disgrace, Mitchell Palmer, the Quaking Fighter, Attorney General of the United States.

GOD: I know, I know. A scandal to history, to humanity, and to the United States. A wild raid against innocent men because of their political beliefs, and because they were aliens. Hate, Hate, Ignorance and Fear, turning bankers, newspaper men and politicians to ravenous beasts. I know it all. Pass on.

VANZETTI: Sacco and I were "Reds"—we were for a better social order, but not by force. No anarchist can believe in force or he is not an anarchist. We worked steadily at our jobs, every day, he in the shoe factory, I pushing my fish cart. We were all wondering where the insanity would strike next. We had literature in our possession touching our doctrine, and we were frightened. Then our friend Salsedo was seized in New York. He was held incommunicado for days. Then his body was found on the pavement under the window of the room where he had been held. We did not know what to expect. That is why we carried arms. That is the cause of every act of ours which Judge Thayer called "Consciousness of Guilt." He and the prosecutors had three grounds of identifying us with the crime. First, eye witnesses—and that broke down. Second, the bullet thought to have been from Sacco's pistol, and that broke down, but unfortunately, only after the verdict, and when the conspiracy to mislead the jury by Captain Proctor's fixed-up answer had done its work. And, lastly, this "Consciousness of Guilt," which could mean anything you wanted it to —it all depended on the frame of mind. So all through, Judge Thayer, Governor Fuller and the Lowell Committee stuck to "Consciousness of Guilt." God, what evidence could we have brought which would have convinced such men of our innocence against their fixed determination to see only guilt?

GOD: I do not know. Call the Recording Angel—(to Gabriel). Tell him to bring the Book of Infamy. *(Gabriel goes out.)* Go on.

SACCO: I had my pistol a long time. From when I was a watchman in the shoe factory. Bartolomeo also a long time. He



CHARLES
ERSKINE SCOTT
WOOD

peddled fish and often late at night had as much as a hundred dollars with him—

MARK TWAIN: Packing a gun is nothing in the United States. I used to carry two. What hits me is that a witness who would have said that the fatal bullet did not in his opinion come from Sacco's pistol, but could have come from any Colt's automatic was made by weasel words and cunning twist to imply exactly the opposite, and the judge who was himself fooled by it and so charged the jury, yet afterwards said it amounted to nothing and refused a new trial. If that is the fair unbiased judge in the likeness of God—God help us—I call it murder—

GOD: Men must help themselves, Samuel. Ah, here is the Book of Infamy! Hold it ready. Go on, Bartolomeo—

VANZETTI: In this environment of delirium with hatred of foreigners in the very air—with a terrible vague fear of Anarchists, Socialists, Communists, any who challenged the perfection of the Social Order, we were tried.

INGERSOLL: Pretty easy to see the outcome—the Chicago Anarchist case over again.

MARK TWAIN: The breaking waves of hate dashed high on a stern and hidebound coast.

VANZETTI: Judge Thayer knew we were "Reds." He and the prosecutors knew the Federal sleuths were after us—to deport us. The United States detectives consulted with Mr. Katzmann to "get" us. If not by deportation—Burn 'em in the chair. And that temper never left those in power. Judge Thayer, Governor Fuller or the Lowell Committee.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON: Fuller? Fuller, the politician—Alvan T. Fuller—who as Representative in Congress hysterically shrieked from the floor for the deportation and destruction of all "Reds"?

(The Recording Angel lifts his pen)

GOD: Not yet. (To the Recording Angel). Go on, Barto!

VANZETTI: The very opening words of Judge Thayer to those summoned to serve as jurors began with eulogy of the brave boys who had dared death in France in the performance of duty—and called on these *venire* men to show the same patriotism, the same courage and devotion to duty—ending with "There is one thought which I would like to burn into the fibre of every citizen throughout this land, which is that he who is willing to accept the blessings of this government should be perfectly willing to assume his share of its duties and responsibilities." The Judge knew we were Reds, that we had been Pacifists, and refused to serve in the war because we believed it a wicked capitalistic war. He knew all this had nothing to do with whether or not we had killed Paymaster Parmenter, and his clerk, Beradelli.

INGERSOLL: That's why he asked to be assigned to try you—Jeffries over again.

VANZETTI: And afterward, the first words of his charge to the jury itself were "Although you knew that such service (jury duty) would be arduous, painful, and tiresome, yet you, like the true soldier, responded to that call in the spirit of supreme American Loyalty. There is no better word in the English language than loyalty."

GOD: That depends on what you are loyal to. It may be the supreme stupidity, the extreme of wickedness.

VANZETTI: I have given the first and last words of Judge Thayer to the jury men and you can guess for yourselves what our chance was—we "Reds," Pacifists—Draft evaders—Refusing to fight in what we thought a sordid capitalistic imperialistic war.

INGERSOLL: Omnipotence! If you only knew the weight of a judge with the jury. If you only knew how little evidence counts against prejudice and emotion and the views of the judges! Ah, you are smiling! Forgive me for instructing Omniscience! Of course you know!

GOD: My son might instruct you, Robert, on the fairness of trials when the Ruling Order howls for blood.

JESUS: Was there evidence against me? Was I guilty? Only as these humble ones are guilty. Guilty of trying to make a better world, where there is no war.

GOD: Go on, Barto!

VANZETTI: The very first question put to me by Mr. Katzmann, representing the State, which thirsts not for conviction, but only fairness without passion or prejudice—was "So you left Plymouth, Mr. Vanzetti, in May, 1917, to dodge the draft, did you?"—"When this country was at war you ran away, so you would not have to fight as a soldier?" I had to say, "yes."

INGERSOLL: Why, that was fatal. The war hysteria was still on and the Quaking Fighter, as Mark calls him, was shrieking against "Reds" and aliens. But what on earth had this to do with murder?

LINCOLN: Much. It meant conviction through passion and prejudice—not through evidence.

MARK TWAIN: Massachusetts. There she stands—

(Recording Angel lifts his pen)

GOD: Not yet (to the Recording Angel). Go on.

SACCO: It was the same with me. Mr. Katzmann asked me "Did you say yesterday you loved a free country?" And, God, I did love a truly free country,—that's what we came to America for. Barto and I thought we were coming to a free country. Then Mr. Katzmann said "Did you love this country in May, 1917?" It was hard to explain—I didn't speak much English—and he wouldn't let me explain, but kept hammering that: would not fight for the country.

VANZETTI: By this time, in the very beginning, the jury hated us. It was good to get rid of us. It was loyalty. Judge Thayer approved it. The Lowell Committee did not condemn this.

MARK TWAIN: Massachusetts. There she stands.

SACCO: What do you think, just God, how they identified me as a murderer? Mary Splaine and Frances Devlin heard shots and looked out of their factory window and saw a car sixty or eighty feet away at high speed and saw it for thirty feet, maybe two seconds at most—And on first examination before trial they could not be sure, though we were shown to them without others to confuse them—but in the trial they swore positively.

INGERSOLL: Dr. Morton Prince of Harvard College, Psychologist, said such observation in so short a time under such excitement, was humanly impossible.

SACCO: But we found a man after the trial—Gould, who was right at the car, and was shot at—a bullet through his coat; he said we were not in the car.

INGERSOLL: Great God! Couldn't you get a new trial on that?

VANZETTI: No. In denying the motion for a new trial, Judge Thayer said Gould's testimony was of no value—merely cumulative—and said these verdicts do not rest on the testimony of identification but on consciousness of guilt. We thought not he, but another jury should pass on these new facts.

INGERSOLL: And the Lowell Committee followed this idea?—That the testimony of a man watching the whole affair—close up—and shot at—was not important for another jury to pass on?

VANZETTI: Yes.

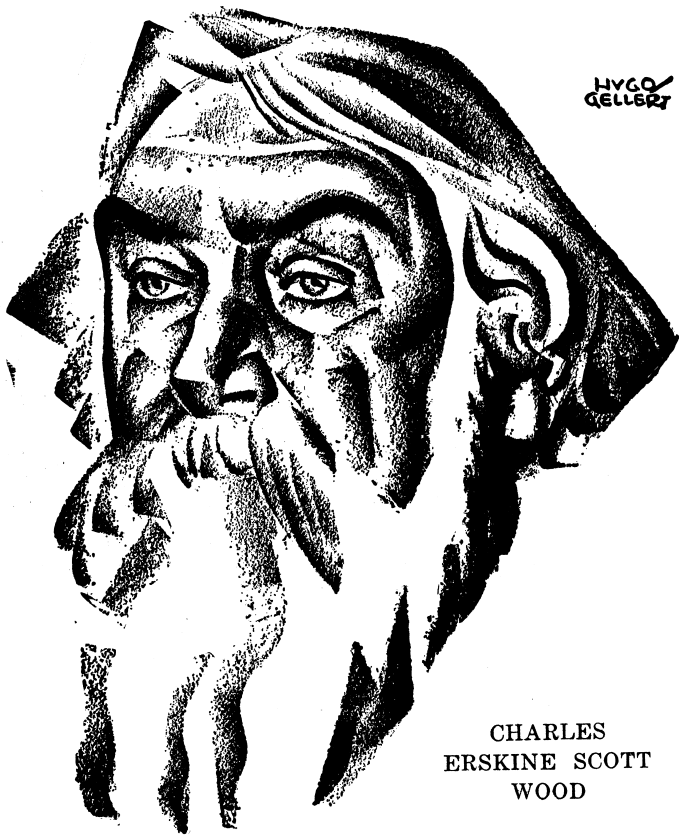
MARK TWAIN: Massachusetts—There she stands?—

VANZETTI: Both Gould and Burke, who would have said we were not in the car, told this to the prosecution, and were told to go—that their testimony was of no value.

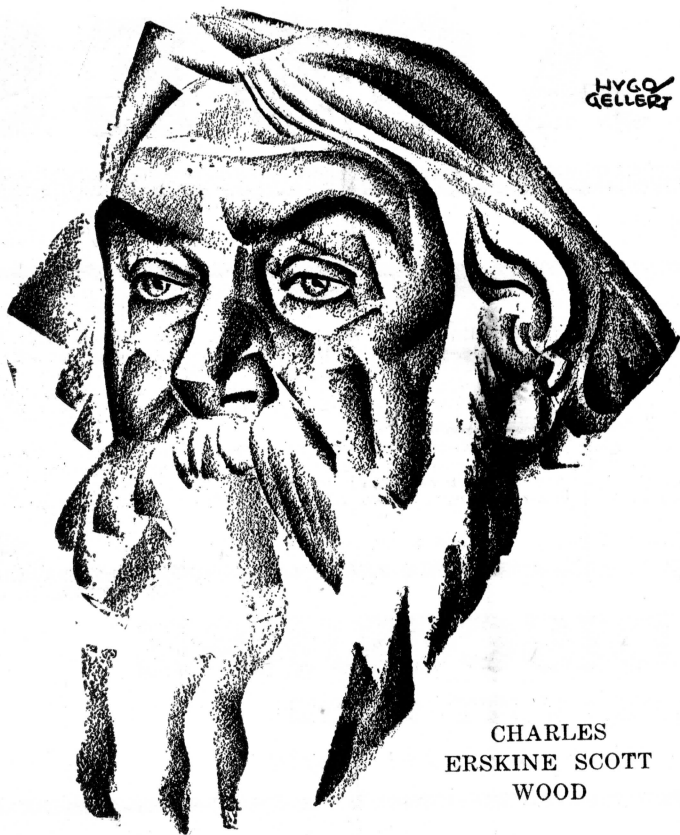
INGERSOLL: Is this fair? Is this seeking the truth—or is it seeking to convict in spite of truth?

VANZETTI: And the Lowell Committee especially approved this. Said it was not wrong.

HVGO
GELERT



CHARLES
ERSKINE SCOTT
WOOD



HYGO
GELLERT

CHARLES
ERSKINE SCOTT
WOOD

MARK TWAIN: Massachusetts! There she stands.—

SACCO: And I had a true alibi. My mother died, and my father was alone. I had some money in bank and I wanted to go to my father.

INGERSOLL: Wait a minute. You had money in bank?

SACCO: Yes; fifteen hundred. Savings for a long time. I worked in shoe factory a long time. I asked my boss if I can be off April fifteenth—that is the murder day. The first time I am off in two years, for I want to get a passport to go see my father. I take up a big photograph of me to the Consul's office, and everybody laugh that I should bring such a big photograph. The Consul's clerk remember this and swore I was there that day. Then I met in Boston Mr. Bosco, editor of La Notizia, and Prof. Guadagni. They talked to me about a dinner to be given Mr. Williams that day. They testified to the jury they were sure of the date because of this dinner.

INGERSOLL: Wait a minute. A. L. Lowell, President of Harvard University, when these gentlemen were before his committee, said that their evidence would be most important "if true."

LINCOLN: It certainly would be. It would clear Sacco. He couldn't be murdering in South Braintree and getting a passport in Boston at the same time.

INGERSOLL: President Lowell told Messrs. Bosco and Guadagni that they were mistaken—that the Williams dinner was April the 13th. These two gentlemen insisted they could not be mistaken. There was only one Williams dinner and it was April 15th. The President of Harvard lost his temper. Why lose his temper? Wasn't he seeking truth? He told these gentlemen in heated language—Why heat? not much veiled—that they were deliberate liars. They went off. Hunted up a newspaper that reported the dinner as April 15th. They took this to President Lowell, who apologized to them for his heated language and asked them to say nothing about it. He did not mention it in the report of the committee.

LINCOLN: But Robert—It must occur to you, as it does to me, that if this testimony was very important—as it certainly was—acquitting Sacco, "IF true"—why was it not important when proved true?

INGERSOLL: Ask Lowell.

LINCOLN: I'll tell you! — Everything from first to last, no matter how worthless as evidence, was evidently good to Judge Thayer and Governor Fuller, and the Lowell Committee, if it convicted these men and relieved Massachusetts of them; and nothing was to be believed if it acquitted them. No—Not even a revelation from this Throne.

MARK TWAIN: Massachusetts! There she stands—

VANZETTI: True. Nothing for us would have been believed if coming from Heaven. I had no need to murder. My people in Italy are well off. People of good standing. I worked every day. So Sacco. He asked just one day off in two years. Do working men making good wages stop off just one day for a planned murder with a regular band of professional murderers? All the police say the job was by professionals. If we were in the gang,—why only one day off from honest work in years? Where is the money we got? Not one cent has been traced to us. Why did we go on after the murder in our steady work just the same? Only, as it so happened, trying to hide our literature. I, too, showed my alibi. Men and women, good women, housekeepers who had bought fish from me that day. No—Nothing was believed. Where did my fish rot while I was away murdering? But someone murdered Mr. Parmenter and Mr. Beradelli. The police at once suspected the Morelli gang of professional bandits, who made robbing freight cars and shoe factories their business. All the State's witnesses agreed the driver of the murder car was blonde, thin, very white, sickly. They agreed there were five or six in the car. If we were there, where are our partners? The United States experts said the robbery was by professionals. But Sacco had been at work every day but the fifteenth. I had pushed my cart every day. No one called us professional criminals.

SACCO: The Lowell Committee said it was not by professionals.

MARK TWAIN: Well, they ought to be good judges.

VANZETTI: Then after our trial, Madeiros, one of the Morelli gang, under sentence of death for a later bank robbery and murder, confessed that the murder was done by the Morelli gang, and that he was in the car. He said he couldn't stand seeing Rosina Sacco coming to see her husband with the kids, and he knowing Nicola was innocent. He tried in jail many times to speak with Sacco, but Nicola was afraid of him as a stoolpigeon. Then he wrote. Not that he had a hand in the killing, but that he was in the car. I could not think much of that if he were surely to die any way, but his case was on appeal. He had much hope. But our lawyers only took his confession as a tip to run down the Morelli gang. After Madeiros' tip, everything come from

outside discovery. The band were Joe Morelli, and his brothers, Mike, Patsy, Butsy and Fred.—Also Bibba Barone, Gyp the Blood, Mancini and Steve the Pole. Bibba Barone and Fred Morelli were in jail at the time of the murder. Joe and several others were under five indictments for stealing shoes from the Slater and Morill factory, but were out on bail. Joe was afterwards sent up for this. It was the Slater-Morill pay roll that was taken by the murderers. The gang was evidently familiar with the Slater and Morill premises and payday. The murder car was a Buick. Joe Morelli owned at this time a Buick that the police say never could be found after the murder. At the trial all the testimony was that the driver of the murder car was thin, pale, sickly—a blonde—Steve the Pole, according to Madeiros,—drove the car. And everybody knew that Steve the Pole was a thin, pale and sickly looking blonde. The fatal bullet came from a Colt's automatic. Joe Morelli carried at this time a 32 Colt's Automatic. They never could fix on us the five other bullets found in the bodies, but Mancini carried a pistol of calibre and type to which the five other bullets found in the bodies fitted. When he was sent up for robbery, Joe Morelli made an arrangement with a fellow prisoner that if ever he needed it this friend would give him an alibi as in New York City, April 15, 1920. But he did not need it. When we "Reds" were arrested the Morelli gang were dropped. No one knows where they are. No one cares. They were not "Reds." They were not anarchists or socialists or communists. They were not agitators. They were perfectly satisfied with the government and the conditions.

MARK TWAIN: Why not? Most thieves are—So are Thayer and Fuller and Lowell and Stratton and Grant. Dreamers working for a better day for the workers of the world do not suddenly become bandits for one day and go murdering for money.

VANZETTI: And where is that money? Madeiros after the robbery banked \$2800, and went to Mexico. In planning his later crime with also a murder, he told his partner Weeks how the Braintree robbery was done. Weeks had nothing to fear. He was not under sentence of death, but only for a term of years. These things do not come from Madeiros, only the start—that the Morelli gang did it. All the rest is from the outside—much from the police—and from records.



Drawn by William Siegel



Drawn by William Siegel

INGERSOLL: As once a lawyer I cannot stand this—Surely Judge Thayer felt here was matter which another jury should have a chance to consider, like the Gould testimony.

VANZETTI: No, like the Gould affidavit that we were not in the car.

INGERSOLL: Gould was the man shot at by one of the bandits.

VANZETTI: Yes, Like the Proctor affidavit about his twisted testimony at the trial and that in his opinion that the fatal bullet was not from Sacco's pistol. Like everything in our favor—Judge Thayer said it amounted to nothing—was only cumulative.

INGERSOLL: And Governor Fuller and the Lowell Committee followed suit.

MARK TWAIN: Good dogs! Good yellow curs following their master!

LINCOLN: Ah. But their master was not Judge Thayer. Their master was their class—The Ruling Class. Which was howling for blood. Remember that the ruling class that knew none of the facts, but only that these men were "Reds" were howling for their blood.

VANZETTI: Governor Fuller's statement and the Lowell Committee report are both so full of misstatements of record facts that either they did not read the record carefully or distorted it.

INGERSOLL: The judge is all. How could there be a fair and impartial trial with a judge of patriotic hysteria?—Hating those men as "Reds" and Pacifists—Determined to get rid of them.

MARK TWAIN: His opinion of sixty pages denying the motion for a new trial convinced the Boston Herald, (which at first was against us) that from facts he himself recited Sacco and Vanzetti should have a new trial—and it printed the famous editorial "we submit"—which reviewed the points of the Judge's decision one by one. It said the Judge's opinion "carried the tone of an advocate rather than an arbitrator." It received the Pulitzer prize as the big editorial of the year.

VANZETTI: Judge Thayer spoke to Mr. Loring Coes at the Golf Club, calling us "Those bastard anarchists down there." He said to him that parlor Bolshviks could not intimidate him and get us off, but he would show them, and "Get" us, and he would like to hang a few dozen of the radicals. Mr. George U. Crocker, a prominent Boston lawyer, made affidavit that Judge Thayer had cornered him at the Club to vent his spleen against our first attorney, Mr. Moore, and would read the decisions he intended to make against us, saying "I think that will hold the 'Long-haired Anarchist'" and frequently he said "Wait till they get my charge!" Mr. Frank P. Sibley, Dean of the Boston newspaper reporters, made affidavit that Judge Thayer embarrassed the reporters by discussing the case and showing his hate and prejudice, saying on several occasions: "Wait till they hear my charge!" Mr. Beffel, another reporter, the same, the Judge adding "that will get them!" The affidavit of Mrs. Lois B. Rantoul, "Observer" at the time for the Federated Churches, says the Judge was buttonholing outsiders to convince them of our guilt and twice endeavored to make her believe us guilty.

MARK TWAIN: O, wise and upright Judge! How I do honor thee!

VANZETTI: There is much more of this. None of it contradicted. The Lowell Committee found it true.

INGERSOLL: They did? They did?

MANZETTI: Yes, and said he had been indiscreet and guilty of a violation of judicial decorum. But it did not follow that he was not impartial and fair—on the Bench.

INGERSOLL: Holy Smoke!

MARK TWAIN: Suffering Moses—Massachusetts! There she stands!

LINCOLN: Have they no consciences?

GOD: No, their consciences are the approval of their own class.

MARK TWAIN: So were the consciences of the witch burners—"Indiscreet"—"Decorum"—The Morelli gang were indiscreet to murder Parmenter and Beradelli—it was a breach of decorum—
(Enter a Soul)

SOUL: I am one of those witches murdered at Salem, Massachusetts, by fear—ignorance—hate—
(Enter Roger Williams)

ROGER WILLIAMS: Though I taught universal love, the doctrine of the "Friends," I was obliged to flee from the bigotry and hate of Puritan Massachusetts.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON: I was threatened with death and my press was wrecked in Boston by Fear—Bigotry—Ignorance,—because I held there could be no property in human flesh and blood.

MARK TWAIN: Massachusetts! There she stands! Massachusetts of the Blue Laws—Massachusetts—fountain of every narrow bigotry that has cursed this puritan polluted land.

GOD: I know. Go on, Barto.

VANZETTI: In sentencing us to be burned by electricity the Judge was careful to say he did not do this—the Jury did it. The Law did it. But who pushed the Jury as putty? Who made the law of the case? Who said he would "get us"?—"Wait till they hear my charge?" Why, Judge Thayer said to Professor L. P. Richardson of Dartmouth College, who so wrote to Governor Fuller—"Did you see what I did to those Anarchist bastards?"

JESUS: O, Father: Did the man have no thought of the agony he brought to them—to the wife—the children—the old father?

MARK TWAIN: Massachusetts! There she stands—

JESUS: Justice alone without pity is cruel injustice!—You Father, have infinite understanding—but this man had neither understanding or pity—

GOD: Enough! Enough—Take up the Book of Infamy!—Write on the page with Jeffries—Torquemada—Caiaphas and Iscariot the name of WEBSTER THAYER! And I leave to Time the names of Alvan T. Fuller, A. L. Lowell—S. W. Stratton—Robert Grant!

SACCO: I hope my dear little Dante will find a better country than we did.

GOD: What do you think, Jesus?

JESUS: Give me another million years, Father!

GOD: O beloved Optimist!—Bartolomeo—Nicola—Come to the foot of the throne!—Look at me!—NOT GUILTY!

DEMPSEY, DEMPSEY

*Everybody give the big boy a hand,
a big hand for the big boy, Dempsey,
failure king of the U. S. A.*

*Maybe the big boy's coming back,
there're a million boys that want to come back
with hell in their eyes and a terrible sock
that almost connects.
They've got to come back, out of the street,
out of some low down, lousy job
or take a count with Dempsey.*

*When he's on his knees for a count
and a million dollars cold,
a million boys go down with him
yelling:*

*Hit him again Dempsey,
kill him for me Dempsey,
Christ' sake Dempsey,
My God they're killing Dempsey,
it's Dempsey down, Dempsey, Dempsey.*

*The million men and a million boys,
come out of hell and crawling back,
maybe they don't know what they're saying,
maybe they don't dare,
but they know what they mean:*

*Knock down the big boss,
o, my little Dempsey,
my beautiful Dempsey
with that Godinheaven smile
and quick, god's body leaping,
not afraid, leaping, rising—
hit him again, he cut my pay check, Dempsey.
My God, Dempsey's down—
he cut my pay check—
Dempsey's down, down,
the bastards are killing Dempsey.
Listen, they made me go to war
and somebody did something wrong to my wife
while I was gone.
Hit him again Dempsey, don't be a quitter
like I am Dempsey,
o, for Jesus Christ, I'm out.
I can't get up, I'm dead, my legs
are dead, see, I'm no good,
they got me and I'm out,
down for the count.
I've quit, quit again,
only God save Dempsey, make him get up again,
Dempsey, Dempsey.*

HORACE GREGORY.

THE RED FLOWER OF GIBRALTAR

By ARNOLD ROLLER

Every old rebel who has been repeatedly lodged and boarded at Government expense will remember the great excitement and the consciousness of his own importance which he felt when he found himself, for the first time, behind prison bars. He will recall his pride in having passed through his "baptism of fire" and in having received his confirmation in the faith for which he had risked his freedom. But just as an old prostitute remembers with melancholy smile the emotion caused by her first adventure, so does the old rebel, to whom imprisonment has become part of the normal course of his life, look back upon the passionate fervor which he felt during his first imprisonment. Another little jail and another big jail become merely a matter of routine in the course of time. In fact, if the terms for which he expects to be detained are not too long, it may happen that, after months or years of illegal activity of hunger and anxiety, he welcomes a little rest from worry and assured bed and board for a short period.

After a few harmless arrests during demonstrations I received my *accolade* in the fight for freedom in Gibraltar where I arrived after a long tramp through Spain. I was there arrested without having the slightest suspicion of the charge against me, and it was only after several days that I learned, from my prison neighbors and from newspaper clippings which were smuggled in to me, that I had attempted to kill the King of England. From the fact that I am writing these lines some of the more intelligent readers will probably have guessed that I was not hanged for that "crime," although, from the window of my cell, I could see the gallows invitingly stretching its arms out into the beautiful sky.

After a few weeks the Chief of Police got his medal for having "saved" the life of the King, who only arrived after I had already been lodged in jail. The case was dismissed and I was expelled from Gibraltar, told not to do it again and shipped to Morocco.

Of course at that time I took the thing more tragically than I do now. When the barred door was slammed behind me I felt like a trapped animal, the more so as the cell was very like a cage. Detectives continuously paraded before the bars to look at me. I felt myself a real martyr; now my revolutionary activity was not mere sport and adventure but the real thing.

The old Moorish fortress erected on the Rock of Gibraltar about eleven hundred years ago, in which my prison was situated, over looked the most fascinating view that one could imagine. The deep blue sky, the Straits of Gibraltar, which appeared like a wide river, and on which the large steamers, seen from a height of 1200 feet, looked like toy boats, with the coasts and mountains of Morocco and of Southern Spain the background of the huge gallows in front of my prison cell.

Thus I had the best view, being a privileged prisoner of distinction; the convicts saw only the gray walls surrounding the prison.

The eternal spring climate in that part of the world was alone sufficient to awaken in every young man, and prisoners are generally young, the strongest desires.

However, the prison administration charitably did all that they could to prevent spring from entering the hearts of the prisoners.

One of the methods used to obtain this result was the eternally monotonous food, the tasteless, unsalted and unflavored porridge, the lukewarm coffee without sugar and the pasty bread. The portions were never very liberal, yet it was rarely that a prisoner finished his bowl of porridge. Then the equally monotonous work of breaking stones also contributed to keep the convict's mind free from impure thoughts.

One day something happened. On the grey prison wall—such things sometimes happen in the southern climate—a red flower appeared.

That day all the convicts were absent minded, and their attention wandered from their work. Several of them struck their heavy steel hammers on their fingers because they were not looking at the stones they were supposed to break. The men were nervous and obeyed unwillingly the orders of the guards, and when the men are nervous the guards have still more reason for being so because their lives may be in danger. They looked for the cause of the trouble and found it. It was the red flower on the wall.

That little red flower on the gloomy grey wall was a call from the outside world, a ray of light in the dull days of the convicts. It stirred up a spirit of rebellion, it aroused in them a new desire to live. The blood ran quicker in their veins, just as we others, at "liberty" convicted to forced labor for life, feel life stirring within us when the red flag appears before our eyes.

The cause of awakening life of simmering revolt had to be ended. The following day ladders were brought, and with much difficulty and great danger, the little red flower was removed.

After that tiny red flag of revolt had been torn down the convicts within the prison walls resumed their existence as before, of death in life.





JAYCO
GELLERT



HUGO
GELLERT

(ANOTHER MONTH)

By SCOTT NEARING

Consolidating the Chinese Bourgeoisie

After 17 years of intermittent civil war the Chinese business class has at last consolidated its position.

Under the leadership of a group of bankers headed by T. V. Soong and with the co-operation of four principal military chieftans, the Nationalist movement has brought under one control all of the essential parts of China with the exception of Manchuria.

The consolidation of control in the hands of the Chinese business class, with the bankers in the lead, marks the rise of the Chinese counter-revolution to power. Two years ago, the issue hung in the balance. But when Chang Kai-Shih threw in his lot with the Nanking and Shanghai business elements the die was cast in favor of reaction.

Since 1927 the Nationalist movement has been "purged" of all labor and radical elements. Today it is just as respectable as the American revolutionists under Alexander Hamilton or the Republican Party under Andrew Mellon.

Incidentally the newspapers report a constant succession of "communist" uprisings. Some of these labor revolts are undoubtedly directed by Communist Party members. Others are just as certainly spontaneous outbursts of farmers and workers who have been reduced to conditions of indescribable poverty. At any rate, Economic Determinism and the Communist Party of China both seem busy on the job.

More power to them!

Kicking Japan in the Shins

No sooner was Chang Tso-lin dead (his train was bombed on property policed by Japan) than the Nationalist military leaders announced their plans for the occupation of Manchuria.

Japan yelled.

Manchuria is one of the finest plum trees in the Japanese imperial orchard. Probably 600,000,000 Japanese dollars are invested in the South Manchurian railroad line. Besides this property Japan has many another fine fruit ripening in fertile Manchuria. Nationalist plans to take control of Manchuria in the name of the most powerful business interests of China threaten Japan's Manchurian privileges.

Chinese Nationalists are Chinese business men who want to exploit China themselves. The Japanese are making huge profits in Manchuria. Both dogs are after the same bone.

Conflict over Manchuria between the exploited Chinese and the exploiting Japanese is inevitable. It began with the open fighting that took place a few weeks ago in the city of Tsinan-fu. It will continue in the not-distant future on almost any provocation.

Manchuria is too small to hold Japanese capitalist imperialism and the expanding capitalism of China at the same time. One or the other must go.

Uncle Sam Offers an Exploiting Hand

Japan is not to have a monopoly on the Chinese plum tree, even if the Chinese consent. Uncle Sam has stepped into the picture with a new trade treaty under which China is recognized as a sovereign state and given the right to fix her own customs duties. This is a momentous step.

Since the Boxer uprising, the imperialists have regulated and collected Chinese customs to the great advantage of imperial business and the great disadvantage of Chinese business. Chinese Nationalist business men propose to handle their customs for themselves, and the American State Department, acting in the interest of the American business class has been the first to see the desirability of having a powerful, well-organized and well-financed bourgeoisie in China.

How else can the eastward flow of Sovietism be checked?

Kellogg's Kidding

Secretary Kellogg almost always plays a comedy part. Newspaper men have not nicknamed him "Nervous Nellie" for nothing. Newspapers gave him thousands of columns on his new "multilateral peace treaties." Then Chamberlain burst the bubble.

Chamberlain gave a sober talk to his British fellow imperialists, in which he pointed out that under the proposed treaty it would be up to the United States to maintain the peace of the world.

Kellogg hit back at once. Said he, "the treaties contain no sanctions; the United States accepts no obligations for the actions of European empires."

Sanctions are teeth.

The treaties cannot be enforced. There is no means by which they can be utilized to compel peace when the great empires decide that the time has come to make war.

Kellogg's multilateral treaty is a false face that American imperialism has worn on its 1928 excursion into the fields of European politics. It is a bluff. Chamberlain has called it.

The treaty means nothing, as anyone who read it realized.

Apparently even Secretary Kellogg has discovered that now. Meanwhile the War Department and the Navy Department are getting ready for the next imperialist war.

Stay in Your Own Back Yard

Negro children in Harlem have a playground all to themselves. It was opened July 16th. Officials announced that other playgrounds exclusively for Negroes are contemplated for the near future.

New York City is joining the rest of its sister municipalities in segregating people whose faces are black. Even the children of a subject race must stay in their own back yards.

So says the white ruling class.

But will the Negroes stay?

Between 1916 and 1928 more than a million Negroes moved from South to North—from country to city. Thus nearly a tenth of the entire Negro population of the United States migrated within a decade.

American Negroes are on the move. They are moving toward higher living standards. They are moving up in literary and educational opportunity. They are moving into the trade unions and the Workers Party.

In these days of autos, air-planes, and social revolutions, back yards are back numbers. Mass labor is moving.

SOVIET ATHLETES

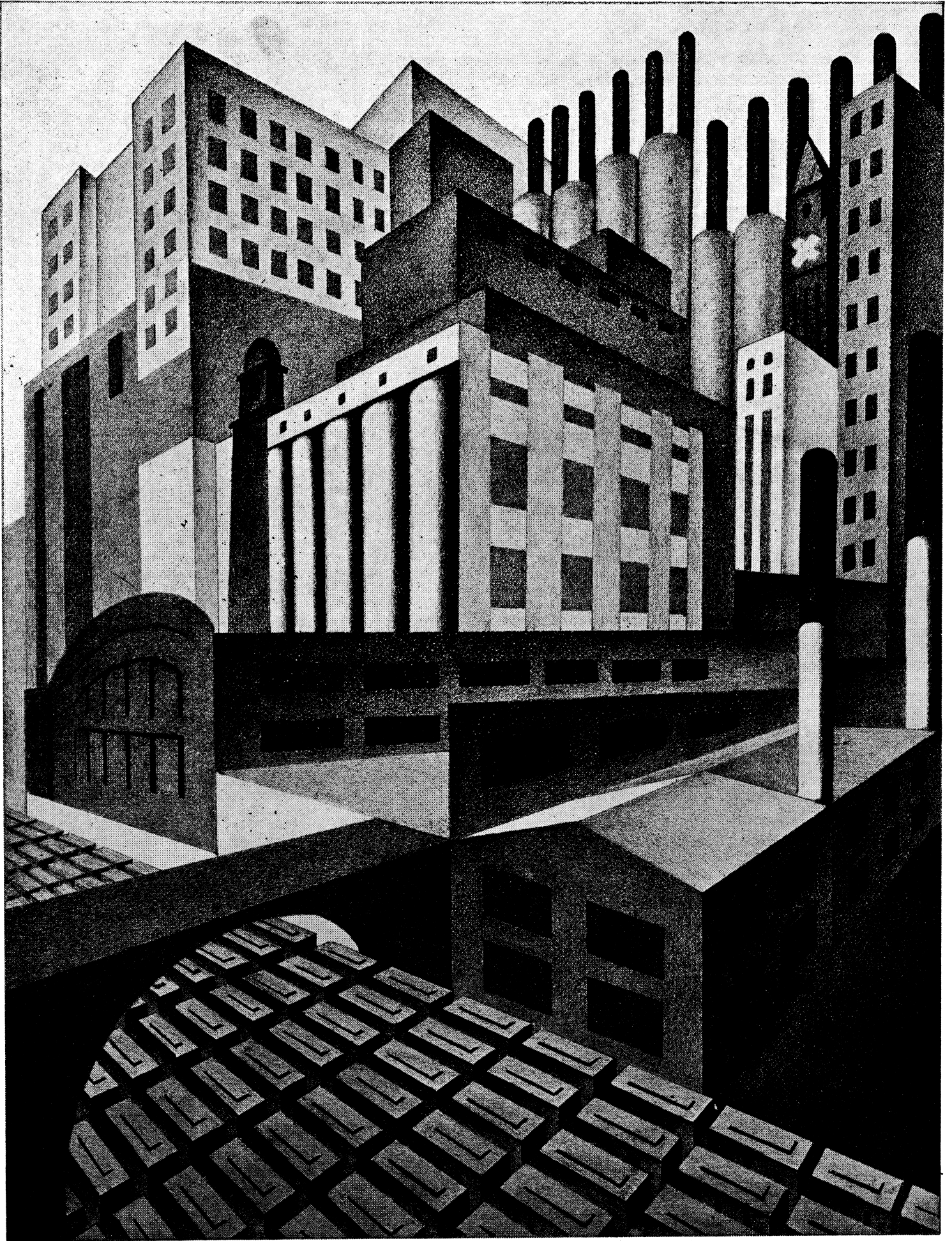
Once upon a time a Russian princess lived in a beautiful white palace in a great park. Workers were kept busy tending the gardens and grounds, so that when the princess walked along the garden paths or sauntered down to the river her eye might not be displeased by anything she saw. An inscription seemed written over the great marble pillars, "The Princess is Everything! You are Nothing!" that the workers who toiled day and night to carry out her wishes, might not forget.

Is this a fairy tale? No, it is a true story. The white palace where the princess lived and the other buildings still stand in the great fifty-acre park. The gardens are still beautiful and the river flows peacefully along. But now over the massive marble pillars, across the front of the palace a red banner streams, and on it is written: "Long Live Proletarian Physical Culture Education!" Four hundred young workers from all over Russia come each year to this Physical Culture Institute in the outskirts of Moscow. They learn chemistry, physiology, physics, German, how to work with children, book-binding. They play tennis on the seven excellent tennis courts, and train on the excellent track. They play basketball, water polo, volley ball. There is hammer throwing, disc throwing, swimming, dancing, pole-vaulting, shooting. They divide up into committees and take charge of the different school activities. They run a cooperative store. They organize orchestras, dramatic clubs, and have debates. For four years, these young workers from 17 to 26 years, learn the fundamentals of physical culture—with academic work besides—so they can go back to their own villages and districts to teach and organize physical culture groups among the masses in the factories, in the schools, and in the workers' clubs.

Some of the students, after graduation, go to another institute for a five years' course in medicine. They are given instruction and lodging free, and money each month for food, clothing and incidentals. They also get free railroad tickets and a big reduction in theatre and concert tickets. There are other such Physical Culture institutes throughout Russia. Before the revolution there was no such thing as physical culture among the workers. Now, in ten years, there are three million organized physical culturists in the trade unions of the U. S. S. R.

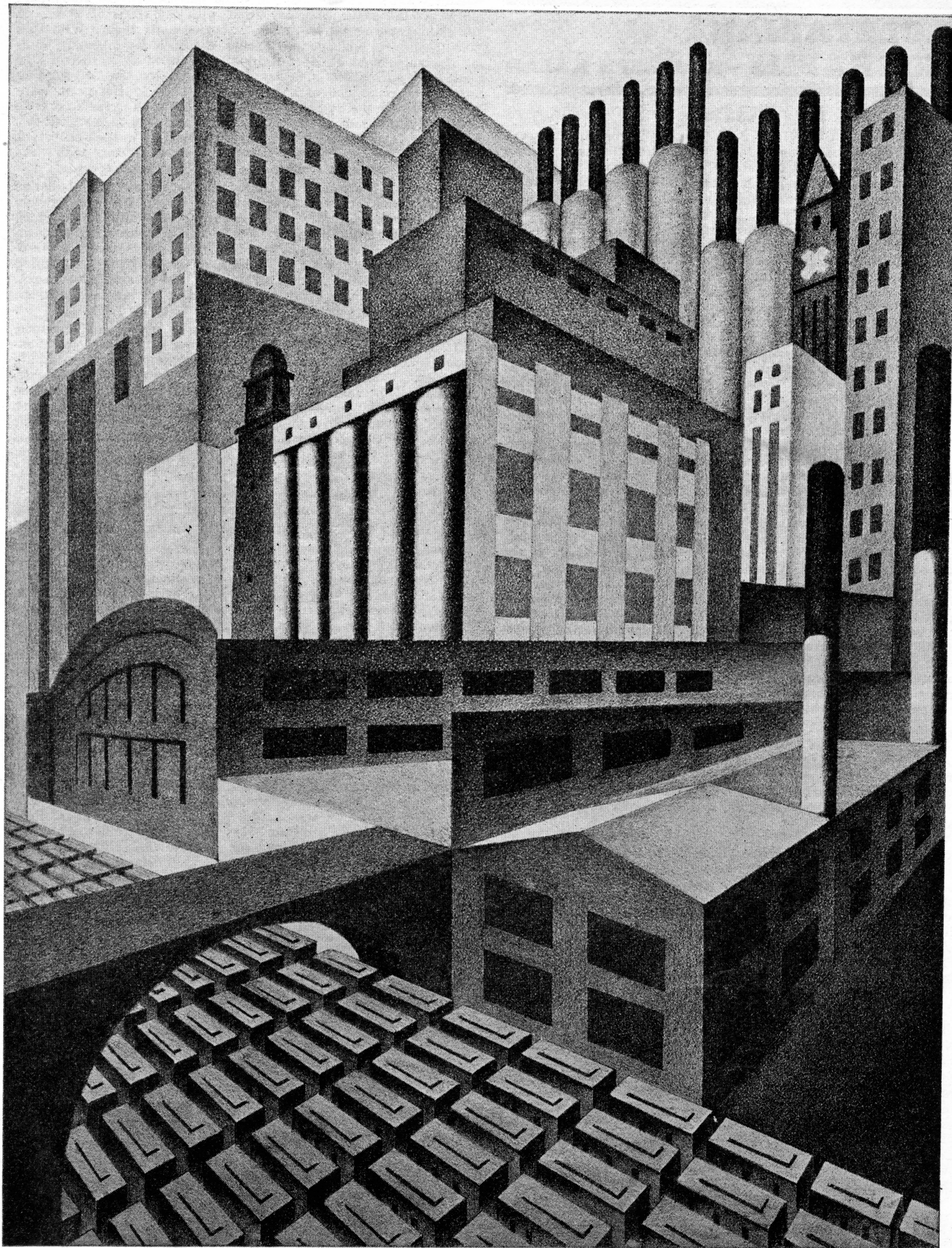
"Once upon a time—" the old stories began. But in Russia, under the Workers' and Peasants' government, fairy stories seem colorless and unimaginative.

CLARINA MICHELSON.



American Geometry

Drawn by Louis Lozowick



American Geometry

Drawn by Louis Lozowick

PROLETARIAN GEOGRAPHY—By JOSEPH KALAR

Mesabi

Eveleth, Chisholm, Virginia, Buhl, Mountain Iron, a patchwork quilt, little slabs of Bohunks, Wops, Swedes, Russians, Finns, Yanks, burrowing deep into the soil, clawing at the entrails of the earth, bringing up blood red riches. At twilight they emerge from the dismal depths, stinking the stench of iron ore, blinking like owls in the sudden light. They plod home—and to them, home, however poverty-stricken, means something. When lean days go limping by with belts drawn sharply in, the miners sit at home, dipping bread into warm wine, singing their folk-songs, playing concertinas, and wondering if their day will ever come to them, fat with the riches their hands have felt, but never harvested for their own enrichment. People, fat and complacent, white-collared workers, and even factory workers, will tell you the miners are no good, boozing, fighting, dreaming, and sentimental. It is true. Many sudden knife-thrusts, virulent blasphemies, furious brawls, but underneath it all the color and rhythm of an old civilization. Miners come up from the pits. They have put another day in. What though they have seen a comrade carried out, his guts dragging over the tops of his trousers, blood smearing his face the color of iron ore? Every day safely put away for the Oliver Mining Company, means just another escape from a cave-in, from a bursting watermain, from the dark and damp hells hidden in the bowels of the earth. Their natural impulse is to celebrate—but it is more than this, their wine-loving and singing is an attempt at the recapture of a lost ecstasy.

Someday the miners will do more than growl, shake themselves, and mutter. The Nordics here still remember the great wobbly strike; still remember the sudden anger and determination of the despised hunger retched Wops, Bohunks, Finns and Swedes.

The mines are running steadily, we were told, but they need no more men. The situation in the coal mines finds its parallel here—a persistent elimination of jobs by electrical motors and devices, an ever-increasing army of unemployed. At Hibbing, almost one-half of the miners are out of work, and Hibbing is supposed to be the richest village in the world. A miner can now either hit the freight out of town for another city just as bad, or start bootlegging. He makes his own grapevine now—how simple it would be to sell it to those at the top!

Brookston

All the night long fat loads of iron ore clanked their way through this drowsy village; all night long a locomotive groaned and screamed and puffed; and down below us the St. Louis river, a flat painting in silver and gold, slipped silently toward Duluth and Lake Superior.

We could not sleep, but lay by the river thinking of the big Cloquet fire and how it swept Brookston and the fat dreams of farmers before; thinking of the ground smeared a blood-red with iron ore dust; thinking of Jim Hill and how he made the farmers change the name of their village from Stony Brook to Brookston, because it was shorter, and would cause less confusion, for Jim Hill.

And in the morning, on the wall of the Farmers' Co-operative Store, we saw the hammer and sickle, emblazoned in white on a background of deep red. . . .

The Black Hills

The trail to the Black Hills is full of sudden surprises and vivid enchantments. From the comparative peace and surface contentment of the rolling prairie—despite a drouth extending over the vital period of the year, effectively killing the small grain—one suddenly comes upon the bleak desolate hills of the grazing region. There is nothing here to impress the bum with a sense of prosperity; one can forget that this is the era of the Calvin Coolidge Golden Calf. Unpainted shacks, miles apart, predominate. In a valley, sheltered from the bitter winds that howl derision and futility in the winter, you see a shack, a small fence, a well. Nothing else. Somewhere, however, are small herds of cattle, bearded shorthorns, sheep, and horses. But not a tree, a river, to break the monotony of the steppes. . . . What a hell of a life some people must lead!

In the Black Hills proper one can find Van Wyck Brooks' much lamented "usable past." Deadwood still flourishes the scarlet memory of Preacher Smith, Wild Bill Hikock, Poker Alice, and

Calamity Jane. It dangles this virile bait before the effeminate tourist of the east. Calamity Jane, with the spirit of a wildcat and the mannerisms of a heman, is buried here, as are Wild Bill, "champeen pistol shot," and Preacher Smith, a rootin' tootin' gun-totin' evangelist and son of Arizony. Deadwood Dick, idol of Boy Scouts, is still alive, and has been caged by the enterprising Babbitts of Deadwood in a small cabin in the tourist park. Another old-timer, visiting his old stamping-ground for the first time in forty years, told us that Calamity Jane was a real hell-cat, running everything from a gambling joint to a hock-shop, but Deadwood Dick, visibly vexed, came to her defense with "she shore had a warm heart."

At Lead is the richest goldmine in the world. The bulletins issued by the Board of Trade assure us that every consideration is given the proletarian. In other words, the capitalism to which William Green and the yellow socialists have sworn undying devotion, presumably dominates. A library (does it put the NEW MASSES and the DAILY WORKER on its shelves?), swimming pool, athletic field, are all provided by this paternalistic despot. I wonder what the worker thinks about it all as he reads the annual financial report?

The hills rise blackly into the sky, deep gorges and canyons, cliffs of red shale, tumbling trout-streams, create their own enchantment. But there is an added beauty here. For over it all, over these mountains, these sunsets, these wondrous twilights, broods in silent majesty, the spirit of the strong and silent fisherman who silently fished here last summer. People here, I imagine, have to be restrained from breaking into the presidential latrine in their fanatic search for souvenirs. In this manner is greatness everywhere rewarded. . . .

Wyoming

Wyoming is a dusty naked woman rolling in the sand wearing a NO HELP WANTED sign between her warm brown breasts.

Wyoming is the damndest loneliest biggest country I have ever seen. Sagebrush, cactus, cows and sheep—what more is there to tell? Not even the red mountains and purple sunsets, not even the tanned cowboy with chaps, his knees pressed tightly into the ribs of his horse, can efface the desolateness of this country and the loneliness. Prairie dogs, sitting on thin buttocks, whistle at the sagebrush, even they seem lonely. Skeletons of sheep and cattle dot the semi-desert; the dried beds of small streams are white with alkalai.

Sheridan is an oasis. It is in the heart of the Wyoming coal-mining country, and is a sprightly, clean city. They boast their beautiful homes, these parasites, but are singularly reticent when it comes to the homes of the miners. Sheridan, and an industrial etching, a woman picketing a restaurant. Even a city of beautiful homes, apparently, has its industrial conflicts.

Cody, in the foothills of the Rockies, however, has a different face. Cody is a swaggering, muddy, braggart, hard-drinking cowboy. They tell you this is the place where the west still is. Pool-halls choked with silent men seated at green tables, gambling through the hot dusty day and far into the chill night. Booze is sold over the bar, and on the streets, drab unshapely wenches jerk buttocks in silent invitation. On the outskirts, oilwells are being drilled. Industrialism is slowly being ushered in by cowboys smeared with oil. The anarchistic freedom of the plains is being smothered by belching oil, and Buffler Bill, the founder of this city, may well weep.

NIGHTMARE

*I walked down West 11th Street
tired, cold, hungry
homeless, sleepless
and came upon a building
with a cross on top
and a sign below—
"Make this church your home."
It took time to realize
this stark hypocrisy—
then I cried
"Oh tear off that cross
and with it
strike me on the head,
and demolish that hideous
that meaningless
building!"*

ROBERT WHITCOMB.

MEMORIES OF A SILK WEAVER

By MARTIN RUSSAK

THE ARRIVAL

I came to Paterson when I was three months old.

My mother brought me here in her arms. We travelled alone but we were together.

I had been born in New York. My father, a hunted rebel, was in London. When no more money was left, my mother had wrapped me in a blanket and had had herself sent with me to a farm in Pennsylvania, where for several summer weeks she had worked as a servant girl among kind Germans. From that happy place we had fled back to New York after my mother had narrowly escaped an attack by a drunken farmhand. My mother was young and handsome.

She stayed for a while with a cousin. But he was a working-man intent on rising in life, and he told her that he could not keep her any longer. She bethought herself of girlhood friends in Paterson who, like her, had come to America from their little village on the Vistula. She had no addresses, but Paterson was a small town and those friends were comrades from the underground movement in Poland.

We rode on the train, clanging across the industrial landscape of Northern New Jersey. It was evening when my mother got off the train and stood by the red-brick depot. I am sure I behaved well; I don't remember having been afraid. My mother walked down Market Street, carrying me in a blanket, and had herself directed to Temple Street, which she knew was the Jewish section. For the first time, as she walked through the dusty streets, she heard the whistles of Paterson blow. The day's work was over in the factories of the town.

And for the first time, at the foot of Temple Hill, my mother's courage gave way. Under those great elms that, years later, I saw destroyed by lightning and storm, she halted, feeling the end of her strength. She leaned against the old iron railing and broke into tears.

There she stood at nightfall, weeping, homeless, that child on her arm. People were few, and went by discreetly. All at once a man, passing, turned, looked, and came close with a cry.

"Esther! Esther! Is it you? What are you doing here?"

"Bairish! Dear comrade!"

"Esther my old friend and comrade!"

Under the roof of the weaver Bairish I found my first home in this world. There we stayed for months, living in two rooms with Bairish and his wife and child, and half of their loaf was ours, until my father came back and we settled on the hill in the home of my early days.

I have no memory of Bairish. I never knew him. He is the first and deepest legend of my life. On mild Spring days I love to go to Haledon Woods and sit under the tree where years ago, in the time of the Great Strike, he hanged himself.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

All my early memories center in the house on the hill. Memories of 'home' are rare among workingmen. We, also, moved about too often for anything like 'home' to become real. But we were always moving back to the house on the hill.

It was a two-storied wooden shack with porches in front and a grocery store in the basement. It was perched on a ledge of the hillside, and we looked through the maple that came into our kitchen window down upon the great cluster of factories and houses that was the town. The street, roughly cobble-stoned, ran obliquely down the hillside. Straight before us, where the hill fell away steeply, was the Golden Stairs. That was the sober name of the wooden staircase that gave access over the difficult slope.

It was good to live so high and free; the sunshine of the porch, the shade of the old trees, were good. One was not so free, though. The town was eternally in one's eyes, and one lived in eternal consciousness of the town. There it was—you could not deny it, and it made you think about it, with its chimneys sticking up out of its drab masses of grey and brown streaked with intervals of dusty green.

Those chimneys! They were the actual gods that ruled over our lives and destinies, black and lofty above the humble roofs, forever breathing their brown and yellow smoke into the blue air, always roaring into the world their chorus of command, morning, noon, and night, year after year. Very high they towered to childish eyes; they seemed the pillars of the universe; they seemed to prop the falling edges of the sky, lest heaven, perhaps, be spilled upon earth.

Early in the morning the call of the whistles pierced the walls of the house; it might seem to you on your little bed a shepherd summoning his sheep into the fields, while the coils of smoke from the chimneys were the coils of his whip. But above the smoke and the hoarse whistling, was there not a sinister cracking of the shepherd's whip? And under the cracking of the whip all life passed by.

QUIET YEARS

How quiet those years were! People were always quiet, rarely boisterous or noisy. People worked hard, ten hours a day in the mills. The husband could never earn sufficient, so the wife worked too, and the children too, if they were big enough. People were tired when they came home. After supper they fell asleep. Few had energy left for meetings. Fewer had courage. One didn't know whom to trust. The next morning after going to a meeting, you would be met at the door of your shop by the foreman with your tools and your apron in his hands and a curse on his lips.

In our house on the hill there were many meetings. Big, sombre men, sometimes a few women, would stumble in after dark and fill the little kitchen with smoke and talk and violent gestures. I lay on my bed in the back room and could not sleep. There was a terrible sound in their voices that stabbed me awake whenever I dozed off.

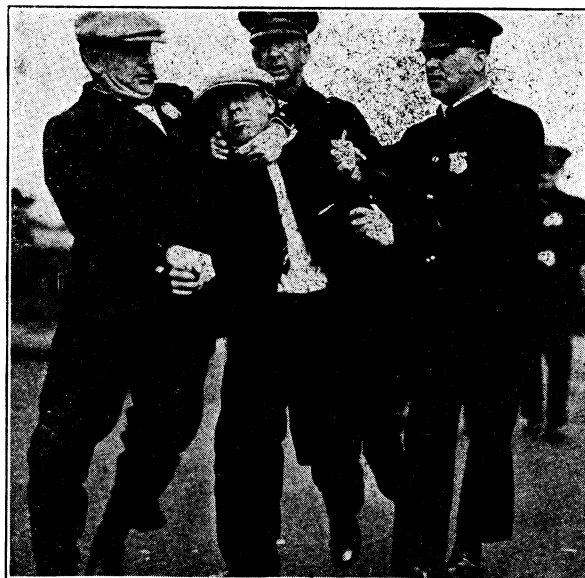
Very late at night they stumbled out again, leaving a death-like quiet, broken only by the ominous rustling of the maple tree.

WORK DAYS

My father and mother both worked; my mother at intervals, my father always.

The neighbor was paid to take care of me, but the neighbor had four children of her own.

My parents left for work early in the morning before I was up. I ate breakfast at the neighbor's, after waiting till the other



New Bedford

Or, Constitutional Government in a Textile Strike



New Bedford

Or, Constitutional Government in a Textile Strike

children were finished, and went to school. Often, on sunny days, I never got there.

When the first evening whistle blew, I put the pot on to boil. My mother, I knew, would be the first to arrive, and the last half-hour of waiting was a flutter of suspense.

Always she burst into the house with a startling suddenness and a tumultuous bubbling over of pent-up excitement, always out of breath, always overwhelming one with a flood of kisses, tears, and laughter. It was good to put one's arms around her neck and hold her tight.

She was well-built and attractive. Her long brown hair was beautiful. But she was a firebrand! A pure piece of impatience and liveliness, an effervescence, either all tears or all laughter, an absolutely ungovernable quicksilver imagination that ran wild with whatever thinking powers and sense of reality she possessed.

She had run away from a rich home to join the Bund. Her father was a doctor and the right-hand man of the first rabbi in Poland. She met Itsik Russak across the bars of a cell.

Inexhaustible energy was hers. Without a moment's rest after the long day at the looms, she bustled about the kitchen, singing in her strong sweet soprano, and pausing occasionally for a swooping kiss at me where I stood by the table lost in admiration and love.

My father was pensive, abstract, concentrated, a student, a revolutionary constantly occupied by activity, a bitter hater of everything bourgeois, dismissing with scorn all the opportunities for business and profit he encountered in the course of his life.

He would come in slowly, and always he first sat on the sofa and took off his shoes. I would stand between his knees while he talked to me gently and opened his letters. He had large, very clear blue-green eyes, perfect teeth, and the soft hands of a weaver.

He was an exceptionally good weaver. Years later, when I became his apprentice, I was to discover his superb craftsmanship. But he was forever getting fired. For he talked union and rebellion. He started handbills on their circulation through the shop. On May First he usually lost his job. It was fatal to stay out that day, and he always stayed out.

He was blacklisted. He left town. He went to New York, to Philadelphia, to Easton, to Cleveland. Sometimes we went along. But we all came back, every time.

I like to think of my father as he was on summer week-ends. Saturday afternoon he slept, like all weavers, ancient or modern; and Sunday morning, in the darkness before dawn, he left the house, climbed the Heights above the Falls to watch the sunrise, and lay reading in the grass while breakfast was preparing at home, under the roof below the Heights.

THE OLD MAN

In those days the looms rattled. Today they thunder. Today looms are new, powerful, swift. Then they were old plodders, serenely unperturbed.

The school and the Pelgram-Myers factory stood at the bottom of the hill, on opposite sides of the street. The factory din mingled with all we wrote and read.

In summer-time I brought my grandfather cold lunches at Pelgram-Myers. His looms stood in a favored position, near the windows; and he would grin at me over the rise and fall of his shafts and stroke his big black mustache while I worked my way down the center aisle and across to him. I sat on his box and we laughed to each other, both waiting for the noon whistle, he standing between his looms with one hand on the lade, moving backwards and forwards with it as if he were making it go, and rubbing his belly suggestively with the other hand.

At the first blast he threw his brakes and in the strange silence that filled the shop he said:

"And how is Prince Marty, and has he got some chew-chew for a hungry old man?"

He put his eye-glasses on the breastboard, hung his apron on a bolt, and made himself comfortable on the box that I yielded to him.

"How are your warps today, Grandpa?" I asked.

"Ach, sonny, I have two warps, do you hear, and they are worse than wops. If the ends don't break, a shaft-cord will give way and smash things generally. Two wops and they won't give me a minute's peace. Will you believe me, this is the first time I sit down this morning."

When he had finished eating and leaned back restfully, his thumbs in his suspenders, I said, "Grandpa, talk Turkish."

Out came a cascade of delightful sounds accompanied by tickling pokes to the ribs.

"Grandpa, now talk Chinese."

And, in another pitch, again the stream of magic gibberish.

"Grandpa, let me play with your shuttle-hook and your pick-bone?"

"Yes, Mart, but be careful. That pick-bone was my father's in the Old Country. If you're good you'll have it when my own weaving days are over."

While I played he went over to talk to "those who shoot alongside of me."

Sometimes I prevailed on him to let me stay for a while after the looms started up again.

"Yes, but your mother won't like it. She's terribly afraid of your getting caught by a belt or hit by a shuttle."

So I watched him at work, threading his shuttles, passing behind his looms to tie up ends, always guarding the glitter of yellow silk. I sat on the box, fascinated by the ceaseless rise and fall of the rows of shafts, the arrowy darting of the shuttles, the pick-wheel gradually revolving, the beam fattening with finished silk, the whirl of belts and pulleys, beaten into a stupor by the pounding din of the factory.

When I came outside I could not hear well in the sudden silence. All afternoon I would have a ringing in my ears.

SATURDAY EVE, EAST-SIDE

*corner delancey and norfolk.
jazzband from the radiostore
plays majestically, inspiring
noble emotions;
plays softly, sentiment
ally . . . weirdly, orientally.*

*a drift of fog comes from the north,
seeping through the electric landscape. . .*

*an elevated train at allen street
cuts across a lit chop-suey sign.*

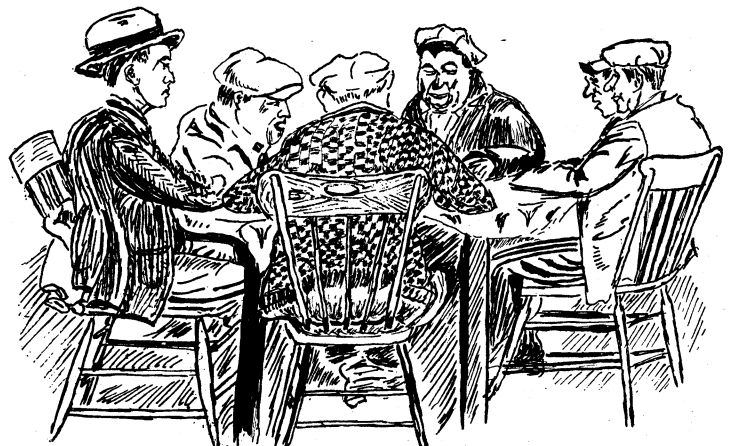
*the pavements, being drizzled on,
shine diamondly in pebble-wise
under a hail of shifting lights. . .*

*earth has not forgotten its sadness;
and whores have eyes, like legs have knees,
from skirts, from faces.*

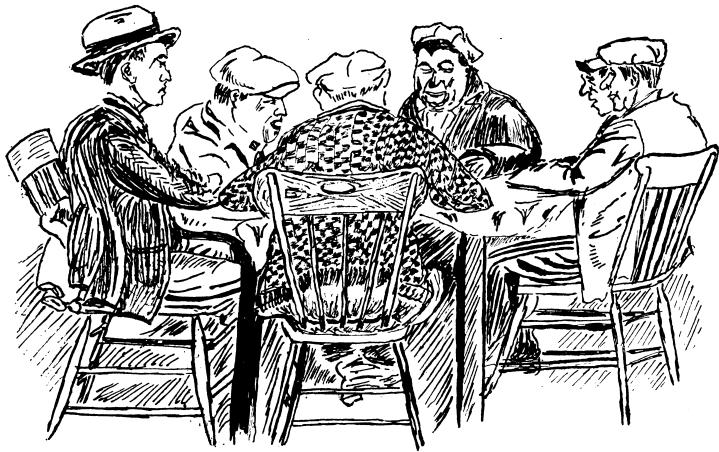
*within these urban angularities
and geometric patterns of despair,
the flowing lines of music trace emotion
in sinuous, vague curves through garbage-air*

*and a squat guy in a straw hat passing,
flips a stub of cigarette to the street. . .*

HERMAN SPECTOR.



The Sailor's Life on Shore



The Sailor's Life on Shore

3 SCHOOLS OF U. S. WRITING

By MICHAEL GOLD

The college professors and fat magazines have at last "recognized" the American literature of 1914-1928. Daring young instructors in English courses can now safely recommend Edna Millay; and Sherwood Anderson writes regularly in *Vanity Fair*. Carl Sandburg is no longer the hobo at the kitchen door, but the honored guest in the parlor, and in the *Woman's Home Companion*. (He has given Abe Lincoln a haircut and shave, perfumed him to meet the ladies.)

But there *was* a decade of revolt, of social passion, of pioneer axe work in American writing.

It is ended. Smugness has crept into the tone of the writing of the men and women of the Wilsonian decade. One sees the first proliferating buds of the fungus of their decay. They are puzzled. They don't know what there is left to be passionate about in America. They are "successful." They have gone soft; their friends must not criticize them, and they have been robbed of their enemies to help them.

One might recommend a year's residence among the miners of Southern Pennsylvania, or the tenant farmers of the Dakotas.

* * * * *

It was a great decade, a Renaissance, the last desperate geyser-pour of the democratic passion that had enlarged the hearts and pens of Walt Whitman and his contemporaries. It is interesting so many of these writers sought out Walt Whitman for their fountainhead. It was they who established him as America's chief poet. He taught them to see America for the first time; it was his great democratic oratory that inspired them to rise from their book dreams of Keats' nightingale and Tennyson's swans, to walk in their own strong American sun, to push and crowd with the American mobman at baseball games and picnics, to love their own dooryard lilacs, and the robins of America, and the traffic roar and wheatfield blaze of America.

It was Walt, and the mounting tide of Socialism in pre-war America that produced such startling phenomena as a nakedly feminist poet like Edna Millay, or one who chose to sing of ditch-digging hunkies and department store girls like Carl Sandburg.

Walt was politically conscious, as were all the Civil War writers, and he tried to put that consciousness into poetry. It affected the way he looked at women, or a tree, or a ferryboat. And the Wilsonian writers did the same.

* * * * *

Each age, each decade has its unifying idea that moulds the thought of the poets, engineers, statesmen, ditchdiggers of the time. Certainly there was an IDEA in the air of the Wilsonian decade, and the best writers were created and sustained by that IDEA, though none of them now but is sure he was self-created, like god, the originator of his own thought, environment, time spirit.

The idea was Democracy. No one used to define it very sharply; everyone was some kind of vague Socialist or anarchist.

It is an amazing demonstration of the Marxian slant on literature to look back and remember how most of the emerging writers of the time grew up in close intimacy with the ideas of the Socialist-anarchist-liberal movement. They were affected, not by some vague time-spirit, but by all their human contacts.

1. Eugene O'Neill called himself an anarchist then. He frequented the old Ferrer school; his friends were men like Hippolyte Havel, the last romantic anarchist in the world; or Scotty, a wild I. W. W. sailor; or John Reed, George Cram Cook, Max Eastman. He began by writing proletarian one-act plays of sea life. They were produced at the Provincetown theatre, a revolutionary organization formed by George Cram Cook and the writers on the old *Masses*.

But the college esthetes forget all this.

2. The first book written by Sherwood Anderson is a slim volume called: "Why I AM a Socialist."

3. The first rough worker's poems of the Socialist newspaperman, Carl Sandburg, were printed in the old *International Socialist Review*, edited then by no esthete, Big Bill Haywood.

4. Sinclair Lewis, who recently wrote in the *Nation* that his viewpoint is not different from that of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and that he is satisfied with capitalism, began his thinking and writing as a Socialist. He began to study Babbitty because

he was a Socialist. He once sought out Upton Sinclair, like some young disciple, and lived at Upton's highminded phalanstery in New Jersey.

5. There were about fifty other writers, now well-known, who revolved about the Masses-Provincetown group, and talked the same vague language of democratic-Socialist idealism.

It made them passionate about the common man, and everyday American life, to feel so "democratic." It made them writers. Now their IDEA is dead. Walt Whitman's IDEA is dead. That is why he sounds now, in moments, so old-fashioned, so naive and soft.

The idea of Democracy is dead in the world, it was slain by the hand of the last democrat, Woodrow Wilson, when he signed the treaty at Versailles.

And the writer who was unconsciously fed by that IDEA, and who unconsciously knows it is dead now, and who cannot accept the bawdyhouse comfort offered to sick souls by Mencken, or the Wall Street religion of Bruce Barton, that writer is in a bad way.

He must rot, flounder, sexualize, enter curious cults and churches, fling himself into abysses of mysticism, but nothing will give him again the vital and central emotion of being part of his world, of belonging, of being a voice of something greater than one's own neurotic fluctuations.

2. Transition Well-Named

In America today, where not prosperity, but the desire for it has corrupted almost everyone, there are few rebel writers. And it has become fashionable among climbing young money-makers of the pen and brush to sneer at "little" magazines, and "little" theatres.

The fact remains, however: not one American writer of the slightest weight in 25 years but has come through the little backstreet theatre and the little Quixotic magazine.

Has Broadway produced a playwright?

No.

Has the *Saturday Evening Post*, or *Scribners*, *Harpers*, etc., produced one writer?

No.

Craftsmen, money-makers, entertainers, sob-sisters, the most skillful near-writers the world has known, but not the real thing; no.

Edna Ferber and Christopher Morley are *not* writers. Where is their IDEA?

Knowing this as one does, one is not concerned with the lamentable circulation of a magazine such as *transition* (Paris). It has lived a year, made a small intense group of friends, it may fail tomorrow. But the college professors ought to read it if only to be able to denounce the American literature of the next ten years.

transition reflects the mind of the young writers who are destined to succeed the Sandburgs and Andersons. This magazine, and its blood-brothers, has already produced Ernest Hemingway, Morley Callaghan and others. It is possible by now to distinguish a tendency, a kind of school. The writers of this group grew up during the Great War. It is the dominating chord of their consciousness of the world; blood, guns, statesmen's hypocrisy, fake democracy, fake patriotism, the primitive in man breaking through the thin veneer, the capitalist lies for the battlefield, murder, rape, horror, insanity all legally cheered and encouraged; chaos, boredom, futility of war; all of this formed their minds when growing up.

It is reflected in all they write. It is their picture of the world. They know too much to believe in the lush old Socialist oratory.

Their political knowledge is nil, it is only a raw quivering wound, but they actively distrust the phrases of a pacifist Christian like Ramsay MacDonald. They went through all that with Woodrow Wilson, and it led to the battlefield.

They write like soldiers who have been betrayed by their commanders. It is good writing but full of despair. They believe in nothing but the empiric sensation, or in the undisciplined chaos of the subconscious.

They reject Reason, as it is taught by Woodrow Wilson and Ramsay MacDonald. It led to a World War. Better the dream.

transition is full of a furious anarchistic spirit that has too few roots in the world realities. Even to language is this spirit applied; to break down the old accepted words and phrases of the smug world-order.

A kind of desperate honesty that seems pathological in a world built on lies.

transition is a magazine that has faults. Some of the writers think being "different" means being superior. They strain for difference. They mince and are as affected as any cheap dandy. They are not rebels, but fashion-followers. They are silly snobs. I do not mean Joyce.

But to me it is stimulating to read any magazine that at least is not cut and dried. How sickening to read every month twenty imitators of Mencken in the *Mercury*. Eugene Jolas, the editor of *transition* is a poet with a tragic vision. This is the kind of bias an editor ought to have.

And finally: one finds in the latest issue of *transition*, an article that is the first clear ray of self-consciousness on the part of this group.

It is by the esthetic Matthew Josephson, who writes in an open letter to Ezra Pound that the time has come for young writers to reject the Bohemian pose, the esthetic pose, the chaotic or naive pose; but to aspire to strength and discipline, in a world rapidly dividing into two great camps of Fascism and Communism.

2. The Writer As Communist

I try to write. Being a Communist does not make it easier to write in America, but makes it harder. Everyone in America understands and approves of the writer who writes for the market. I do not despise money; it would be like despising food, shelter, leisure, travel, the books one wants to buy and can't. It would be despising the great mass strikes for more wages. Money is the greatest fact in our western world; you cannot despise that which cripples your life, and the life of your friends.

But if one thinks that all writing should be part of a great IDEA, and if that idea is Communism, as yet the most unpopular idea in America, one is maladjusted, and less tolerable to the literary authorities than the feeblest fairy of Greenwich Village.

That's Number One. Number Two is that there is no Communist audience for writing in America. No publishers, and maybe one magazine. What is worse, a feeling among a large group of American Communists, that all forms of literary activity are a childish self-indulgence, not useful, not functional.

It's a tough country, no doubt. One doesn't have to whine to say this. The idea of money is so dominant in this country that anyone not part of money is made to feel ashamed.

The movie, book, theatre industry has a billion dollar turnover. That everyone understands—it is amusement. But no one understands, not even many Communists, that is as difficult to make a living at revolutionary writing as it is at revolutionary political thinking. Or that writing is important.

I am not ashamed. But I see so many young writers with Communist orientation who go under, and who stop writing after they enter the party. There is a curious atmosphere in the whole country that operates against writing. Maybe we are entering an age where writing is to die as an art-form, where the radio and movie are to be our art. America is first in the new mechanic, and maybe that is why writers in America feel so silly at times, not serious and a part of life as in Russia or Europe.

The old Wilsonian Socialist writing is dead. The *transition* school is exactly named; it is a transition group groping from the dead Socialist-liberal spirit in writing, into the Communist or Fascist discipline.

I have chosen the Communist discipline. Because Communism projects into the future, and not into the past, as does Fascism, which is only a defense corps trying to save the rottenness of the past.

I know that Fascism is not creative. Italy has produced nothing in art or science under Mussolini. What Soviet Russia has produced the western world is only beginning to learn.

I choose Communism because its discipline is not that of the barracks, or church hierarchy, but is a creative self-discipline. We do not write on orders from above. We are volunteers helping to create a new table of values. It seems to be the only job of writing-creation left in the world today. Fascism commands you to rewrite the stale hymns to the old fatherland and the old church and the old capitalism. Communism is something still unborn; we are asked to be daring experimenters, smashers of the old values, life-bringers.

I loathe the vile decadent Mussolini cult of brutality for brutality's sake. I have been in Russia—there is no such sadism

there. Force is not worshipped; it has been used as a Hindu peasant uses it in protecting himself against a tiger. Where is the idea behind Fascism? With bombast and brutality, Mussolini clothes his empty soul.

Mussolini has always seemed to me a ham actor. His audience is of the sort that actually prefers the ham. He is a magnificent ham, maybe, but a ham. Contrast this ham with a simple, direct, profound man like Lenin. Read the speeches and writings of both these men, and the ham Mussolini will remind you of a male Elinor Glyn in medals and riding boots. The style of Lenin is curiously the style of Ernest Hemingway and other young writers of today. It is the Communist style; "Potemkin" has it. I do not want to be a ham like Mussolini.

There will be another World War soon. Everything we think and do in the next decade will fall within that shadow, as Walt Whitman's generation fell under the Civil War. There is no escape; there is no alternative for the writer as for other men, but struggle or suicide.

One will be forced into an attitude. I prefer life. It is life that has created the Communist movement, with a philosophy so tragic and honest that it can face the thought of the next world war, prepare for it, and go on building.

No prayers, or pieties, or hocus-pocus of Fascist rhetoric but the habit of facing every day the hardest facts of life; building with them, seeing beyond them, using them for a great new objective. That is the way to write well, and it is Communism.

MAY DAY

In the Red Square

On May Day,

When the soul of the new world was marching by,

I saw the man that I'd been wanting for so long.

I watched his face,

And a thought came to me

Of the child that I'd been wanting for so long.

To me that face was the symbol

Of the workers who are making the new world.

And suddenly the child was no longer a vague dream,

But a reality,

Beginning when my eyes met his eyes

In the Red Square

On May Day,

When the soul of the new world was marching by.

M. R.

CRYSTAL EASTMAN

Crystal Eastman lived so strongly and beautifully that it is hard to think of her as having died. She embodied in her rich and warm personality the modern revolutionary movements which are transforming the world. She was a feminist in the least narrow sense of the word, a feminist who knew that the struggle of women for freedom is a part of the struggle of the working class to take possession of the world. She had studied law and been admitted to the bar; but the kind of individual feminist triumph which was possible in the legal career before her was not just what she wanted; she dropped law, became an investigator of social and working conditions, and helped to make the Pittsburgh survey for the Russell Sage Foundation. She became the only woman member of the New York State Employers' Liability Commission, and as its secretary published in 1911 a report on "Work Accidents and the Law." Then came the suffrage campaign, into which she put her great energies, as state leader in Wisconsin, as a militant propagandist and organizer, and as a member of the Women's Party. When the war came she threw her strength into the pacifist movement, as a leader of the Women's Peace Party and of the American Union Against Militarism. In 1918 she and her brother started and edited the *Liberator*, successor to the old *Masses*, and devoted herself to the journalism of revolution during the two years which saw the rise of the Soviet Republic in Russia and the crushing of the workers' hopes and efforts throughout Europe. Recently, after a number of years spent in England with her second husband, Walter Fuller, and her two children, she returned to America and worked on the *Nation*. A condition of high blood pressure of long standing, similar to that which resulted in her husband's death in England just after she came back to America last year, became more acute a few months ago, and her death by nephritis occurred at her brother Dr. Ford Eastman's home in Detroit last month. Those who knew Crystal Eastman will never forget her courage and generosity, and the magnificent spirit with which she devoted herself to the cause of freedom.

FLOYD DELL.

A Page of POETRY

FOR SALE

I

At night all people suddenly are shadows;
Spirits are visible and flesh is blurred
In the soft darkness. But one street is stirred
Only with driftings of the ash of shadows.
Here in the night swagger the bold and tired
Women whose spirits long ago were burned
Low in their bodies; women who have learned
Their luck to have those bodies still desired.

This is the night-shop, the dark market-place,
Lit bitterly by yellow lamps, lit sadly
By orange streaks on faces made up badly
In small rooms darker than this market-place.
Here a sharp ice to scorch the heart is sold
Cheaply with fire to turn the body cold.

II

The gardeners are busy in the sheds
All night, unloading trucks and carts that hold
Blood-copper beets and the warm earthy gold
Carrots and brilliant watery lettuce-heads
And early strawberries from dung-warmed beds.
With steady hands that earth has stained with peace
The gardeners have labored, piling these
Into high, mildly glowing pyramids.

When all the night clubs close against the dawn
Men who have handled women with their eyes,
Women who watch mens' eyes eternally,
Come in creased evening clothes to look upon
The final players in night's variety,—
These gardeners, the brown, the slow, the wise.

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

CONVICTION

Am I
An individualist—
Wrought
By some
Supreme hand
Out of the chaos
Of earth
With
Mind,
Soul,
Individuality,
To nurse
As old wounds?

No.

I am
A social organism —
A son
Of the new masses
Conceived
In the common
Womb of life—
With
Brain,
Body,
Desires,
Finding expression
Only in the joyous life
Of Comrades.

JIM WATERS

BILLIARD ACADEMY

green tables spaced, alight
under yellow lights.
shirtsleeved young fellows pose
themselves in special attitudes
about them, stickinhand
or cigarette deftly
held, then slide cues
sharply through taut fingers. the balls
shine round and clear, quick blobs
of color on faultless fields
where rapid vengeance rolls
and clicks, returns
or poorly judged, deflects
to pass and spend itself in motion
rebounding gingerly from cushions . . .
this play of pallid youths
reflects, in poolroom atmosphere
psychology of waste.
grimly they twist
time into tangled skeins.
and pool-school students, lucubrate
the minutiae of nullities.

HERMAN SPECTOR.

ANGELINA

Angelina, turn your face away.
Let dark hands flutter over floors.
Scrub them bright and clean, Angelina, bright and clean.
Make them glitter in the sun so the rich will be happy
And pity you and smile at the bright clean floors.
Turn your face away, don't be standing at the window.
You will see the park with the green trees shining;
You will see the young men walking and the children playing.
(Why do your lips quiver so, Angelina?)

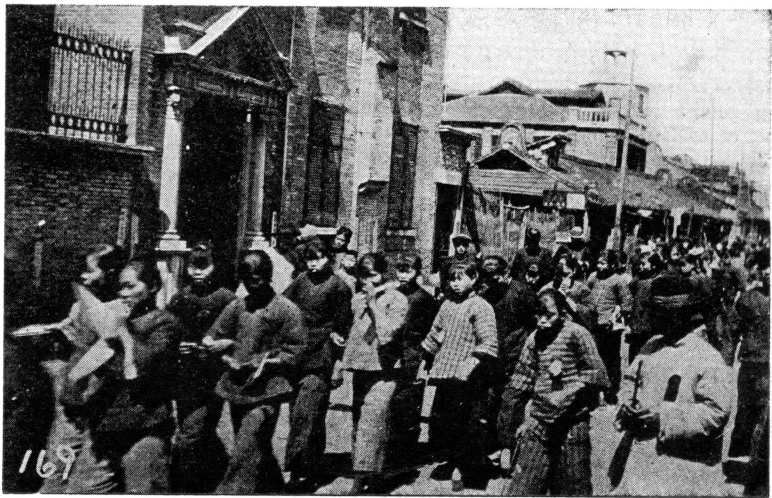
Your eyes are little dark birds, but they'll never fly away
To the green trees and the children and the young men walking
in the street.
Say this over to yourself a thousand times.

Angelina, turn your face away.
Strangle the birds in your eyes, crush out your brain,
Bury your body away where you'll never find it.
Be only dark hands fluttering over floors.
(Scrub them bright and clean, Angelina, bright and clean.)
The rich will be happy.

A. B. MAGIL.



Chinese Working Women



Chinese Working Women

EXILE ITCHING FOR DAYBREAK

By GEORGE JARRBOE

"O rushee do va hawallyee!"—"Hail, the dawn is coming!" Once free men sang that song. Silence! A workman stands with hands folded and begs for bread.

Sean in the shape. Sean! Once an Irish rebel with arms in his hands, now a longshoreman meekly asking a job. Did his best to look humble, but remembered his former talk to the bosses, pumped out of the muzzle of a good Krupp rifle. Sean cast his eyes down. On the Hoboken waterfront he knew he must cast his eyes down if he wanted to be "picked." The boss stevedore picking was beckoning Death. Death by wearing away, rupture, trauma, starved body, broken brain, bughouse. Slave's work! Once bright Freedom had picked Sean, in 1916, for the Easter Week they dare not mention now.

Ahead a cavernous entrance, hostile company flags overhead, darkness on his path. Oh, to get in Freedom's line again, singing, under the flag that is shot down but never droops, to a trumpet, bullet-riddled, that never calls retreat. Dared he hope? As he tramped in Sean visioned the pier surrounded by chateaux of its owners and exploiters, hungry children collapsing at gates of Florentine ironwork.

On pier. Heavy cases. Electric trucks. Jangling bells to get out of way of trucks. But no warning when a case fell. Tough place the docks. Slaves never knew when cased auto, case bacon, or steel rods of case would tumble on them; their unfortunate women in continual state of trembling. Sean's sweat began to show through his pants.

Sports of childish longshoremen. Jollyng an old gander; who's looking after your youngish frau? Goosing, poking a fellow who has supersensitive buttocks. Steady employee with bucket of paint. Goosed! Paint all over. "Say, that was damage! The bosses will get mad." Then "Booboo" gets goosed. "I'll break the devil's danglin' neck of ye!" says "Booboo." Snappers, or sub-foremen, get the childish men back to work.

"Bosses will get mad!" buzzed against Sean's drums. He though thought how mad bosses got in 1916. When reds marched. "The dawn is coming!" They sang, for all the world. Matchless companions gone. All shot, knifed or in pen. No song. Night, Night. When the dawn?

Rolls Royce hoisted aboard by steam and wretches with half a shirt to their backs: the old gander got fired for fingernail smear on its sixty coats paint.

Priest toddles by to anoint one of the industrial wounded. "Our comrade," snapped Sean, "maybe hurt trying to save another." No medal for him! only a lawsuit to enforce shred of claim he has against the company. Sean peeked at the street. Only the frowning chateaux and hungry children dropping at gates of Firenze ironwork. No host marching. No song. When daybreak?

Terrific tooting as ship pulls out. Lovely handkerchiefs, meal tickets departing, rich harlots weeping, pretty consolers beaming from ship's rail. Waving of national rags. Babies making puddles in their excitement. Catholic women alarmed at the inundations and mooring a religious ditty:

*"To the Virgin I vow a nice new torch
If my babe'll stop piddling on my front porch!"*

Wee perfumed doggies yammering. Stalwart priestly buckos waving good-bye to god knows whom, even sniffing, while an extra flutter of fine lace is seen on the liner. Unhappy crew observed of none wrestle with heavy lines, tearing fingers on prickly ponderous wires.

When dawn? Sean fumed to know.

Syphilitic musicians lazily playing, some feebly plinking inconsequential strings. Poor stuff. Small wonder. No parasite music is good. Sean itched to sing Tyrtaean song of free men who

*"Taught the languid wires
The sounds that Freedom gave."*

Wall Street thieves and their elephantine mommas. Girdle yourselves with hoops of brass, rich mommas, it is in vain, the blood of the poor you drink is bound to make you whalish. Little thieves from the sticks. Lackeys, lemans, preachers and cossacks for the thieves. These to visit the Parthenon! Sean choked, took a spit for himself.

Rich clothes and rotting minds! Longshoremen's minds rotting too. Only difference between them and aristos up above, raiment.

Suddenly Sean wiped sweat from eyes, saw the great comrades of history, looming like sun-bright mountains, their trumpet voices calling all the world's workers into the workers' army, above them red flags of brotherhood, ahead not cavernous darkness but topless towers of living light, blue marble porticoes bursting with roses and happy children. Maybe not so far ahead! With zest Sean hoodled the cases.

Terrific tooting ceased. The buck priests quit their sniffles and roamed around for new pardners and as their pockets were well-lined had no difficulty. Sour babies were snaked along, scented doggies gathered up tenderly. The liner had dropped into the river.

Sean looked from the snooty rich to the snotty longshoremen, all childish, all vacuous, all having much to do with nothing. Then he thought of the giants Connolly and Pearse, Connolly a docker, Pearse a schoolmaster, they were dead, shot dead, their lives and doctrines even their names blotted out from education in Ireland, by order of the church and the bosses. Think! No Irish gosling may learn of these supermen, or hear them mentioned within the schools of "free" Ireland. They fear to speak of Easter Week! When the dawn? The good Krupp rifles again? Songs? Freedom's hosts that march as one for daybreak?

A truck whizzed by, its driver eyeing a rich harlot's nifty calf and failing to ring his bell. Sean leaped to one side, the English ball in his right thigh stinging a little. He laughed. Poor Tommy, knowing no better, trying to kill republicans for two bits a day!

Another ship almost ready to back out. Aristos flocking aboard, heavy with gold and dogs; sneers for sweaty slaves, stale smutty jokes for each other. When the bulbous owner wasn't looking, Sean flipped a beast across the jaw. His overflowing momma kissed him and talcumed him, so he was soon all right. Aristos keep on pouring aboard. Sean tingled, as if something were going to happen.

Then boredom. Grayness. Will it never end? When the bright dawn? Ah, to go up the street again, rifle in hand, bayonets forward, singing, in Freedom's cause, toward a deathless dawn.

Steel rods fall from case, one hundred and seven of them, six-teen feet long, well-oiled, sliding out fast and neatly skewering a comrade. The lowbrow began to spout blood. Priest toddled up, to anoint the smelly feet. The rich never ceased their happy promenade, more kisses than ever showered on cute little dog-dogs. "Get a hose," bellowed a snapper, "squirt it on the mess." Already the company's investigator was getting evidence against the dead corpse, to do its unfortunate women and kids out of any cash they might crave. The company's rodent remarked the lowbrow hadn't much of a case. Sean took a long spit for himself.

Then the exile began to see things. Wide entrance, unfailing happy light, host on the march, tattered red flag that never droops, shot-riddled scarlet trumpet that never calls retreat, rifles talking out loud, the Gracchi, Eunus, Rienzi, John Ball, John Brown, Albert Parsons, Ferrer, Frank Little, Connolly, Pearse, Lenin, Djerzinsky, "O rushee do va hawallyee," chateaux burning, neat cottages rising, children fattening up, women straightening up, roses and blue marble porticoes, ecstasy, eternal daybreak.

The snapper booted his shins. Sean tumbled back to earth, fumbling as best he could in the dark, itching mightily for daybreak.

ME

*Eyes heavily laden with sleep,
With faces made up like chorus girls
On giddy high heels they walk
Dressed in their semi-evening frocks
Or sport ensembles with flowing ties
They troop in hordes to work each morning
These office girls, clutching their News or Mirror.*

*And I am one of that throng
But yet apart,
For I would seek the Elysian Fields
Or go to Russia.*

*What a struggle to live in this capitalistic world.
RUTH BISHOP.*

ASK ME ANOTHER

By WILLIAM EDGE

Some years ago I carefully followed the newspaper accounts of a railroad wreck. I have forgotten most of the details today, but this outstanding fact remains clearly in my mind. During the investigation which followed, several of the senior railroad officials were quizzed as to their negligence in the catastrophe. All of them denied the accusation of negligence for, they said, it was not their business to be concerned with details having to do with the safe running of trains. The blame was quickly shifted from the shoulders of the important officials to the broad shoulders of brakie, conductor, and engineer.

Admirable system!

When the profits are to be shared you say: "Because of my higher, executive ability; because of my massive brain and transcendent judgement, I am entitled to the greatest share of the profits." But when blame is to be assessed, when something goes wrong, you say: "No, not I, but the man in overalls attends to such petty details as running a train safely."

Let us now go or to something a little more serious—if train wrecks are not serious enough. I have worked on construction gangs, on railroad gangs, and in factories under dozens of foremen or straw bosses. In no case have I seen a foreman or strawboss who knew anything about the job.

I particularly remember a job I worked on in Washington, D. C., erecting one of the temporary war buildings. Our gang, a gang of perhaps ten laborers, had the job of raising heavy, wooden forms on concrete piers. What we did will be clearer to the reader if he will imagine a cube of concrete measuring five feet in every direction, resting on the ground. On this we had to "up-end" a sort of heavy box, fifteen feet long and a yard square at the base. The timbers of the box were extremely heavy; the weight must have exceeded six hundred pounds. When we got through we had something which resembled a chimney resting on a concrete base.

Now, do that with the help of nine men!

It can be done, of course. We did it. We did it twenty or thirty times. The first time it took us an hour, perhaps longer. And what tugging and pulling and cursing and sweating! After our fifth or sixth one we became pretty expert. Everybody had a place; some workers were in the middle because they were strongest; some stood on the concrete block because they were the smallest, and there wasn't much room up there. One of the men merely guided the wooden box; but he was given this easy task because he had a loud encouraging voice, good judgment, and good humor. He co-ordinated our activities with his: "Up-up! Whoa! Easy, Shorty! Watch her on the right! Now steady, steady!"

In brief, we worked out a system which was speedy, which eliminated strain and danger.

Where was the foreman? What had he contributed towards the technique of raising great, heavy boxes endwise on concrete piers? Nothing. He couldn't even say "Whoa" or "Steady" at the right time. He stood helplessly by, never straining a muscle, never straining his superior brain, and knocking down better wages than any of us.

I give this example because the problem happened to be particularly difficult, the foreman particularly stupid, and the gang particularly resourceful. But, to a lesser degree, I have seen the same sort of thing happen over and over and over.

I was once detailed to bring from Building No. 4 to Building No. 6 boxes of brass cartridges. They were being filled in No. 6. This was in a New Jersey munitions plant. Will you believe me if I tell you that to go from one building to another I had to plow through brambles, ford a stream, and go up and down a gully? A wheelbarrow or equivalent device was impossible. The result was that I carried only one hundred fifty pounds at each trip, and I made comparatively few trips each day. To make my job utterly absurd, I will say that the building in which I took the cartridges was equipped with very delicate, automatic machinery for weighing the gunpowder which went into my cartridges.

Well, I trudged under the sun with my load. It was really an easy job. No foreman to be eternally watching you. Sometimes I loafed a few minutes at the brook, and nobody was the wiser. I trudged along, I say contentedly; and yet my brain was evolving a dozen schemes for making my work more efficient.

Why did I care whether my work was more efficient or not? I was getting my forty cents an hour, and overtime; the boss

could go to hell. I wished he would, in fact. I was having it easy. I was not a scissor-bill or a speeder-up. And yet, I felt dissatisfied that my work was so futile. Why did the gang in Washington evolve a better and speedier method of raising those wooden forms? After all, it did not matter to them if they never finished raising those wooden chimneys.

I can only say that there is something—instinctive or universally acquired—that rebels against slipshod, careless, or futile labor. Universally acquired, I said, except by the foreman. This something is the instinct of workmanship, the instinct of doing a better job, even though it means nothing to you in the end.

I told my boss on the cartridge carrying job that a small boardwalk, and a little work with a scythe on the brambles would make it possible for me to do in three hours what I was doing in a day. The suggestion was followed; an old man who could do very little work was placed in command of a wheelbarrow; and I was transferred to hard labor. But I didn't care. Every time I saw old Whitey pushing his wheelbarrow filled with cartons of cartridges, I felt a little thrill of pleasure that my suggestion had been carried out and that the futile labor I had done was now being done intelligently.

There are several morals to be drawn from all this. I will put them in the form of questions.

1. What is the industrial function of the big boys who run the railroads?
2. What kind of a cockeyed world is this where intricate, expensive machinery goes hand in hand with stupid, primitive labor?
3. What is the function of the foreman and strawboss?
4. Why has he no technological skill?
5. Why pay him higher wages for his superior intelligence when the solution of problems comes from the gang?
6. Can you suggest a way of putting to greater social use the instinct of workmanship?

FINISHED BATTLES

Let's stop the car a moment, and look at this woods pasture. You see that old white horse slowly stumbling about? You see how indifferent he is to our approach? You see that great tree fallen its height of sixty feet? Convincing, aren't they? Finished battles.

If you had seen the Negro Joe Gans on the canvas at the end of his last long fight with Nelson, you would have been convinced, too. That black man was as convincing as a dry river bed. Finished battles.

The evening look of miners coming out of a zinc shaft in Joplin, the evening look of girls coming out of a thread mill in Pawtucket, the evening look of washwomen sitting on front steps along South Clark Street, the morning look of a passenger train arriving twenty-four hours late from snowbound Minnesota, carry a lot of conviction.

Yet over and over we are taken in, hornswoggled, by the return of strikers for the same old pay, by a presidential election, by a yarn in some history book, or by a treaty made in some Versailles or other.

Davis Junction

I have not seen the place in twenty years. I can't remember much about it—a depot, a lunch counter, and a hotel. Two railroads crossed there in the cornfields.

I got off a train in the twilight. One deep red streak was all that remained of day; the parting train was whistling in the night. By the smell and the litter, a crowd had just emptied the waiting room. In the dim light and dust no one was left but a man, a woman, and five kids. The man was nothing but a hacking cough. He sat slumped over on the bench, with his hands on his knees, and gazed at the red and green lights along the tracks. The woman was nothing but eyes, which saw that a bridge was out in the distance. The kids were nothing but underwear, which looked as if they had slid on the floor of a roundhouse. And thus I left them for the night.

Like statues in the fog and chill, I found them there next morning—the cough, the eyes, and the underwear.

I had learned about tragedy from college professors, who spoke of the ax, dagger, cord, and poison cup in and around Athens, Venice, and Inverness. At Davis Junction I got some ideas of my own.

CLARENDRON ROSS.

PROLETARIAN SNAPSHOTS

AS A DOCTOR SEES IT

Middle-aged worker, "spotter" in dyeing and cleaning shop. Finding out the spots on clothes and removing them. Standing on feet the whole day.

Using chloroform, benzol, ether, acetone, oxalic acid, acetic acid, ammonia, potassium permanganate, benzine and other chemicals.

He as well as other workmen feel they get dizzy, get headaches, are "knocked down" from the chloroform. Some have to quit the work or to absent themselves from the shop due to chloroform, as they explain. Neither he nor his colleagues mention the effects of the other toxic materials, but undoubtedly these are just as guilty.

The shop is crowded and insufficiently ventilated.

He is pale, weak, underweight. His appetite is poor.

Appointed according to a steady work scheme, he is never out of work. But in exchange he must work overtime in the busy season and the surplus work is not remunerated.

"When not working, as in the winter, I get my wages like in the summer," he says. "Do you mean to say that in the winter you are not working at all?" I ask.

"No," he replies, "we are working but little; for instance, now, in February, from eight in the morning to about five in the afternoon."

"And in the busy season?" I ask again. "Oh, then, I have to come at seven in the morning and often finish at about nine, ten or eleven at night. Often I am home at midnight only. I am so tired, I cannot eat and I go to sleep on the table."

In order to get to work on time, must get up at 5 in the morning. Insufficient sleep. Eating at odd times. Never able to eat when hungry. "Which really means," I conclude, "that in the busy season you are doing two days' work for one day's wages."

This man needs fresh air, leisure time for walking outdoors, a very sanitary shop—all things that I cannot give him and therefore I cannot cure him. All the "remedies" that he may get from a doctor, regular or irregular, are nonsense.

In A Cage

A 19 year old boy, shipping clerk, has been suffering from frequent attacks of dizziness. From time to time he takes off a few hours from his work or a Sunday from his resting time and goes to see a doctor. He has been treated with medicines, chiropractic, diet and various instructions. All to no avail. None of the healers could understand his case.

An exact examination shows that he has no organic or mental trouble whatever. He is—so far—physically in good condition. Of course, if he continues to live the way he is doing, something bad may develop.

The real cause of his dizziness is the following:

He is working in a very hot place, with little fresh air, with many lights, standing on his feet the whole day, ten hours, and his work is quite hard. Constantly perspiring, breathing stale air, his eyes hurt, his legs tire, his nervous system excited. His living rooms are bad, they have no windows communicating directly with the great outdoors—there still are many houses with such rooms in New York. No sunshine. He belongs to a large but poor family. Has younger brothers and sisters, some very small, and he must work. Hard to find another job.

Evenings he is so tired he cannot go out; on Sundays he needs as much rest as possible. No time to see friends or to play.

He is trapped in a cage, as it were. And he is in the age of development, where one is supposed to be healthy, jolly, care-free, happy.

There are many exactly like him.
New York City. DR. B. LIBER.

AMERICAN JUSTICE

In 1916 Bartley was first mate of the S.S. Southern Cross of the Hudson and Amazon Line. I was purser. When war came he went into the transport service and I drifted into the navy.

Last fall I saw this item in a newspaper:

"Captain R. B. Bartley, commander of the S.S. Southerner was arrested today charged with the murder of Juan Diaz, a Porto Rican pantryman on the Southerner. According to the ship's physician, Dr. C. L. Carson, who furnished the information on which the charge was based, Captain Bartley became enraged at some offense Diaz had committed. He struck Diaz, knocking him down, then as he lay on the deck kicked him several times about the body. The pantryman died a few days later.

"Officials of the Hudson and Amazon Line, owners of the Southerner, refused comment."

I remembered Bartley as a great hulk of a man with a voice like breaking surf and hands like sledge-hammers. He preferred a crew of trouble-makers; he liked to tame them. He used to dramatize the moment. A minute or two of caustic and profane criticism, an inviting pause, then a sudden, vicious blow.

Shortly after the story appeared I met Bartley on the street. He recognized me at once. He spoke of the doctor.

"Actin' like he gives a damn about a lousy Porto Rican pantryman!" said Bartley disgustedly. "He's tryin' to frame me."

"Frame you? Didn't you hit the fellow?"

"Sure I hit him. Once. I never have to hit a Porto Rican more than once. But the doc's lyin' about the kickin'. He wants to get me."

"What for?"

"I caught him sniffin' coke last voyage. I rode him and he's sore."

Bartley's humor is not subtle. I could imagine the form the riding would take. "O, Doc, time to go below for another sniff?", or "S matter, Doc, no appetite? Well you got private rations." Or, "Losin' your nerve, Doc? Y' been away from the snow too long." On deck, at mess, in the smoking room; before officers, passengers, crew. The very stokers must have shared the jest.

"Can he make it stick?" I asked.

"Not a chance. I logged him the day I caught him, and that'll kill his story. They let me get bail, and they're not even tryin' for a first degree. It'd be over now if it wasn't for money."

"Money?"

"Yes. I got about ten thousand put away and my lawyer is wise to it. He'll stall until he gets it, then the case'll be settled."

Later the papers reported that murder and manslaughter charges had been dropped but that Captain Bartley had been sentenced to a year in federal prison for assault on the high seas. A month later I met him again.

"Thought you were in Atlanta," I said.

"I am. Been there a month. Couple o' more months and I'll be paroled and go back to my ship."

"I don't get it."

"Simple. I hired a man to serve the sentence for me. My lawyer fixed it."

"I see. You're in Atlanta, so you'll just lay low in New York."

"New York and Bermuda. I'm running rum."

CHARLES F. WILNER.

New York City.

A Sailor's Life

America is prosperous. There's a job for everyone. I ought to know. I usually have two jobs.

During the summer I am a seaman. During the winter I am a laborer. Such is the prosperity in America that I've got to follow two occupations in order to be employed eight months of the year.

On the sea there are countless opportunities for energetic young men. For instance, note opportunities offered by the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company. You begin on \$45 a month on the two watch system. Thereby you are entitled to work ten hours one day and fourteen the next, broken hours, day and night. It gives the seaman opportunity for plenty of meditation and as much as four hours running for sleep. Golf is taught, with chipping hammers. Forepeaks are scraped at night while in the tropics in a temperature of 100 to 115 degrees.

The food isn't exactly what you get in college sorority houses.

On Sundays you can do religious work in the toilets scrubbing with lye water. By the time you have changed clothes and had a cigarette it's time to assist in fire and boat drills.

After twenty-five years at sea you may become a quartermaster. Great life.

And the seamen? No guts. They swear and spit; they bunch their muscles; but they love their captains and seldom strike. But it can't last forever.

F. C. AMES.

San Francisco, Calif.

Open Shop Benevolence

Some people seem to think that the Morris Plan is a benevolent corporation. Well, they ought to ask some of the employees what they think about their company.

I am a messenger for the company. I started working for \$60 a month with a promise of rapid advancement. I have been with the company six months and am still getting the same salary. Besides doing messenger work I have to dust and oil the manager's desk for him. One messenger claims to have worked three years before being advanced. He may have to work three years longer before getting another advance.

We have the usual salve, the salve they hand out in all open-shop corporations—employees' magazine, song writing contests, athletic teams, etc.

There won't be any improvement in our conditions here until the workers organize. If someone should come here to form a union, I think he would have an easy time lining up these slaves.

V. D. SCOTT.

New York City.



Drawn by Dorothy Owen



Drawn by Dorothy Owen

A SURVEY OF SOVIET RUSSIA

Soviet Russia in the Second Decade. A joint survey by the technical staff of the first American Trade Union Delegation. Edited by Stuart Chase, Robert Dunn, and Rexford Guy Tugwell. John Day. \$4.

We have heard much about the results of the Soviet revolution. Most of us have depended for our information on the sketchy reports in the daily newspapers, some of these reports being false, others accurate. The whole body of facts and near-facts proved to be confusing and unassimilable. This excellent survey by competent American educators and economists should do much to dispel mal-impression. It is a clear simple summary of actual conditions and accomplishments in the Russia of today.

I should like to say first that the accounts of a Russian renaissance in the theatre, cinema, peasant art, literature, and architecture, while inspiring and exciting, are not in themselves indications of Soviet success. We assume that an upheaval in the economic life of a people will give birth to a fresh vigorous art, particularly if that upheaval comes from the masses, as the Russian revolution did.

Furthermore, we no longer believe that we can judge a nation or a civilization by its artistic achievements. Egypt's pyramids may be eternally beautiful monuments, but what about the million slaves that built them? Greece gave us Aeschylus, Euripides, Phidias, and Sophocles, but she also gave us a class of degraded plebians that no age since has been able to match. The truth of the matter is that a civilization is now judged in terms of its basic economy, distribution of wealth, mode of production. We know that if the masses have material security and leisure they will create art. We know that it is not necessary to permanently endow a class of decadent parasites in order to insure the continued existence of literature and painting.

The Soviet economy, then, is what interests us first. 1913 is accepted as the peak-year of czarist production. We note that there was a gradual decline in quantity output from 1917 to 1923, due to allied blockades and counter-revolution subsidized by the liberal governments of England, France, and the United States. But from 1924 to 1928, the years following the complete downfall of the white armies and the christian blockade, industrial output increased enormously, until today production is greater than it was in 1913, even though in certain lines it is still backward, notably in the manufacture of iron and steel. Practically every form of transportation and communication has increased: telephone mileage three times greater; newspaper circulation four times greater; railroad mileage 35 per cent greater, despite the fact that many miles of railroad tracks were torn up by the retreating armies of Kolchak, Wrangel, and Yudenich. Telegraph mileage has also increased. Production per man is steadily on the upcurve; it is already much above per man output of 1913.

Expansion in industry has been matched by growth in agriculture. The disastrous years of the civil war period practically demoralized Russian agriculture. But by 1927 sown land was almost equal to sown land of 1913. Number of sheep, goats, and cat-

tle had increased over 1913 number. Number of horses was somewhat below pre-war number, due to the fact that the various armies had requisitioned horses for military purposes. I must add here that the Soviet government has steadily been teaching the peasants the principles of scientific farming. The peasants have learned the meaning of rotation of crops, and have learned that it pays to plant many different kinds of grains and vegetables. This should do much to lessen the pernicious results of crop failures. Further, the continued introduction of machinery on the farm will within a few years enormously increase productivity.

The question of standard of living now enters. Unquestionably, the Russian worker or peasant does not live as well, materially, as the American worker or farmer, when the American is employed. There is a psychological factor here, however. When

ily decreased. But since farm production increased, the conclusion is obvious. The Russian peasant is eating more today than ever before in his life. The worker in the city is certainly many times better off. His union card admits him, for a small charge, into the best theatres, concert halls, and museums in the world. The most enlightened social insurance system in the world is in Russia.

As for liquidation of illiteracy, enough has been written already on this subject. It will not be long before illiteracy will be unknown in the U. S. S. R. More books are being printed today in Russia than in most European countries combined, much more than in the United States. The schools of Russia are wide-awake, modern, experimental.

Perhaps all this will make you picture the U. S. S. R. as a utopia. It is not that. They have many serious problems over there. Agricultural prices have not kept pace with prices of manufactured articles. There is a distinct shortage of manufactured articles. There is a shortage of capital goods. Some of the goods manufactured in Russia are of inferior quality. And there are other problems. But nevertheless it is plain that the Soviet government has been making gigantic strides, that it has been overcoming all its handicaps, that it is gradually leading Communist Russia into a new life. The energy, the social consciousness, the will-power, and the intelligence of the masses and the government will, in a much shorter time than most of us predicted, build a tremendous industrial socialist system in one-sixth of the world's area.

One thing more remains to be settled. Is Communism being established in Russia, or is Russia returning to capitalism? We find that retail trade in private hands in 1924 was 59 per cent; in 1926 it was 39 per cent; in 1927 it was 36 per cent. Privately produced goods in 1924 was 25 per cent of the whole; 20 per cent in 1925; 18 per cent in 1926. Thus we see that both in production and in distribution, communization has been making headway. Already private enterprise is only a small part of the entire activity; in a few years it will be much less. There is no question about the matter. The Soviet government is creating a vital socialist society. This is the best kind of propaganda. It will not be long before the masses of the world wake up to what is going on in the Bolshevik state.

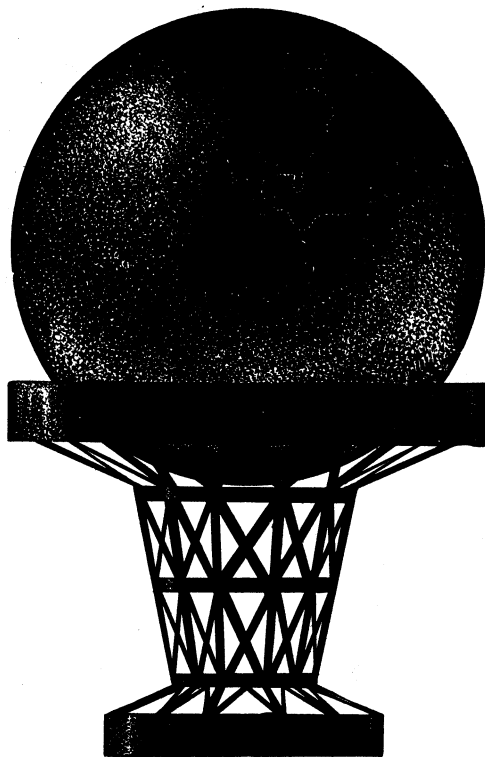
BERNARD SMITH.

RED-HEADS NEXT

But—Gentlemen Marry Brunettes, by Anita Loos. Boni & Liveright. \$2.

This is another of Miss Loos' researches into the mind and soul of the American professional gold-digger, as distinguished from the occasional, or respectably married, gold-digger. The humor in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* was the humor of thought and feeling. The humor in this sequel is that of action. It is every bit as funny as the other, but not quite as sly.

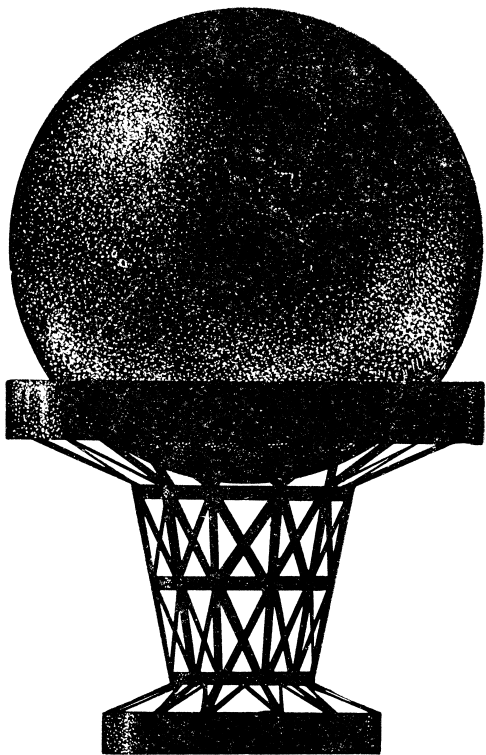
B. S.



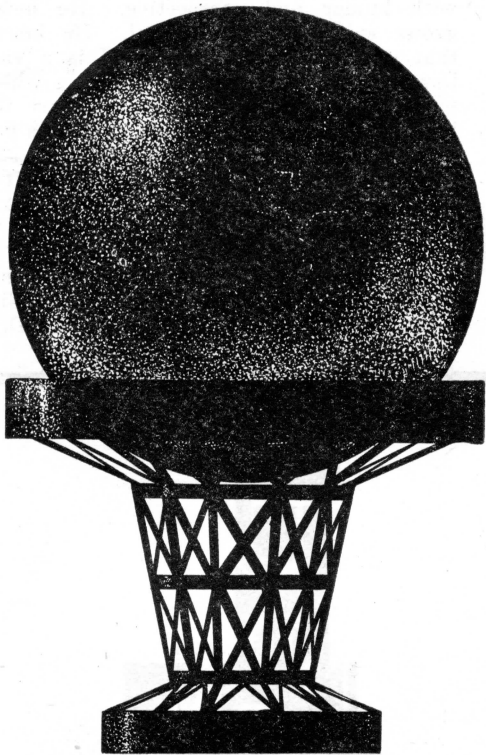
Drawn by Louis Lozowick

a small group lives in disgusting luxury, and the great masses live in comparative poverty, poverty is much more poignant, much more oppressing. Real poverty is hardly noticeable today in Russia. Everyone has enough to eat and clothes to shelter him from the cold. What if the Russian worker has not a radio or phonograph in his home? What if he does not have carpets and a bathtub? At least he knows that everyone else lacks the same things. He does not feel the social degradation that the American proletarian feels. Besides, the Russian can always go to his local club or village hall and get all the radio music he desires. His social advantages cannot be computed. He enjoys the best in pictures, plays, and athletics. He lives a truly socialized life.

But we are dealing here with statistics. We find that from 1913 to 1928 the amount of farm products going to the market stead-



Drawn by Louis Lozowick



Drawn by Louis Lozowick

✠ THE MORALS OF CAPITALISM ✠

The Road to Buenos Ayres, by Alfred Londres. Boni & Liveright. \$2.50.

One cracks a laugh when some baldheaded committee of the League of Nations announces that it has abolished slavery in another minor African possession. Is there anything more humorous than a League of Moral Cutthroats trying to reform the world?

If these uplifters are so concerned with slavery, let them wipe out child labor, or prostitution, or unemployment in their own utopian lands. Let them answer this book, for example: a piece of illustrious muck-raking which reports on the white slave traffic between France and the Argentine.

The author is a Paris journalist. He ingratiated himself with a gang of pimps in Paris, and stayed with them through every cycle of their scientific transportation of thousands of young girls destined for the South American "trade."

He shows how the girls are caught, how they are trained into obedience, how they are smuggled, like bootleg whiskey, past the Argentine customs, then how they are sorted as to quality and endurance, and placed in strategic positions.

The whole traffic is conducted by shrewd, respectable business men, who feel as complacent about their daily tasks as do bankers or generals or the Editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Most of the pimps are convinced they are doing the girls in their

charge a real service. On the face of things, they are perhaps correct; for they take lonely desperate shop girls, most of them hungry and jobless, and feed them, clothe them in fine silks, enable them to support their parents and save money. Surely Bruce Barton and other business "ethicists" would agree that anything that lifts a proletarian from the muck of her shiftless poverty in this royal fashion is in the spirit of the Wall Street Christ. It pays; it swells the bank book; it proves that hard work is rewarded. The author says that one girl entertained 230 men in a single week, and earned more money than she would have earned in a Paris department store in a decade. There is surely a smug Brisbane editorial waiting to be written on this one sweetly solemn thought.

Albert Londres writes of prostitution with humor and perspective. He never grows sniffly or puritanical. He knows that the whole capitalist world is a vast bawdy house of brain and body, in which poor little unfortunate shop girls are the least offensive of the victims. He tells you bluntly, at the end, that no League of Nation hypocrites can stamp out this traffic, for it is rooted in the economic system. There is not a prominent journalist in America with the courage or science to have written a book like this; certainly not creampuff fighters like Mencken or Sinclair Lewis.

MICHAEL GOLD.

A Half-Dozen Short Reviews

Sunset Gun, by Dorothy Parker. Boni & Liveright. \$2.00.

The bourgeois "critics" made plenty of whoopee over this book of so-called light verse. It is the ultra-clevah stuff of the Broadway bigtime wisecracker, interlarded with a wheezy cynical sigh or two for tragic effect. The result is obscene in its insipidity. Dorothy Parker, F. P. A.; Samuel Hoffenstein, Alexander Woolcott: they only charge two dollars a book

H. S.

The Temptation of Anthony, by Isidor Schneider. Boni & Liveright. \$2.00.

Schneider's poetry is the work of a highly sensitized personality. He is a remarkably clever workman, a master artist-of-words. He is at his best in description of the mood, of the isolated perception. There is no evidence of a major philosopher in this book, but rather of a cerebral and esthete pre-eminent in his own field. Schneider is one of our finest moderns.

H. S.

The Fifth Child, by Klaus Mann. Boni & Liveright. \$1.50.

The son of Thomas Mann is worthy of his father. His novel is short, cleverly

written, with some poetic feeling. It is not very virile, nor very vital, being evidently post-bellum. But it is a charming little story. The young Mann should achieve much when he rids himself of adolescent disillusion.

Sacco & Vanzetti

America Arraigned! An Anthology of Sacco-Vanzetti Verse, Edited by Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheney. Introduction by John Haynes Holmes. Dean & Co.

The execution of Sacco and Vanzetti inevitably led to a storm of protest by proletarian groups throughout the world. That was to be expected. Workers readily recognized the anti-proletarian, capitalistic nature of the execution. But very few of us anticipated a similar reaction from our poet-intellectuals. We had come to look upon most of them as hopelessly detached from all real human and social problems. That they too were deeply stirred, that they too added their voices to the passionate outcry against the Massachusetts horror, is a significant and heartening fact.

This slim volume contains some sixty poems inspired by the event of August 22nd, 1927. Some of them are technically poor, others excellent. Such men are represented as John Dos Passos, James Rorty, John Gould Fletcher, Arthur Davison Ficke, and William Ellery Leonard. Not one lacks sincerity, emotion, strength. And that is what really matters. Something at last awoke these intellectuals to feel deeply and strongly in a common cause. How long will the impression last? Must we have a succession of Sacco-Vanzetti murders to keep them conscious of the march of world history?

B. S.

The Malletts, by E. H. Young. Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.

A story about three sisters, two of them old spinsters and the other a young lovely girl. There is some kind of tradition among the Malletts that the women never marry. But the youngest of the three breaks the tradition. This is no doubt what is known as light summer reading: it doesn't mean a thing.

N. G.

Armance, by Stendhal. Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. Boni & Liveright.

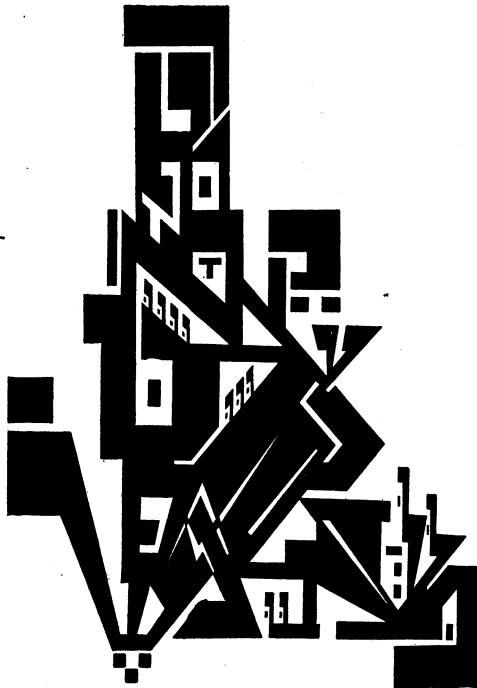
The interest in this old and forgotten novel lies chiefly in the fact that Stendhal is the author. It deals with an impotent man in the throes of passion. A modern writer, acquainted with contemporary psychology, would have done a much more interesting job with the problem, even without the delicate prose of the great French master.

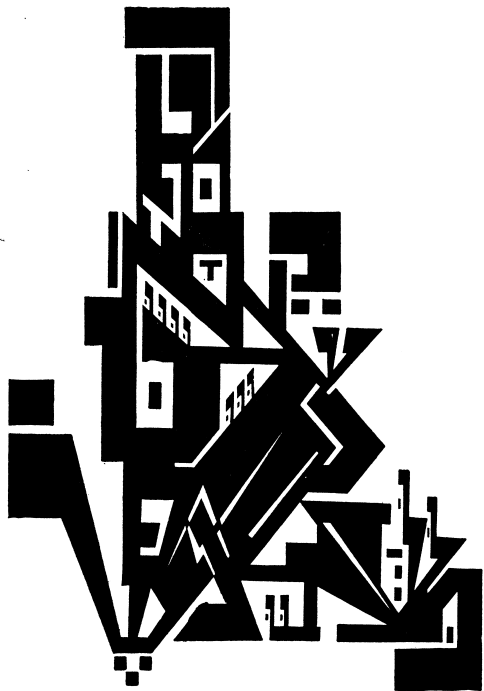
B. S.

While The Earth Shook, by Claud Anet. Bard & Co. \$2.50.

Romantic mush about the revolution in Russia, written from the standpoint of a knocked-down Duke. Movie stuff about the noble blood that flows in the veins of the noble-man; and how poorly dressed, in contrast, are the common people. It would do for a scenario with Pola Negri playing opposite Fatty Arbuckle.

H. S.





MINUTES

*Proud possessors of minutes
shaking down Eternity for a few spare seconds.*

And he dived through crowded State Street like a tit out of Hell around the corner risking his neck, and he said: "Saved a minute there; seconds make minutes and minutes make hours and hours make days and so on"—He hurled this over his shoulder as he streaked into a mass of Woolworth shop girls. Later in the day I asked him for a minute to talk about an innocent man who had spent twelve years in jail, and he said he was too busy and didn't have one of his proud minutes to spare. But I knew he was lying and in the afternoon I saw him talking for half an hour to a blonde cashier who wasn't busy—

A French newspaper on my wall says it took eight minutes to kill Sacco with a bolt of electricity and it took six to kill Vanzetti. Proud possessors of minutes what do you think of that?

JAMES A. MILLER.

A TEXTILE WORKER'S PRAYER

*No more, little one, can I pull your pink toes.
See my hand — all bloody gauze . . .
I hardly know how it happened. We, piece workers, all rush about
In hopes we'll make up for the ten per cent cut.
The skein of thread was snarled, I tried to straighten it out
And the hungry teeth of the spooler tore my fingers away.
But cheer up, pink toes.
We won't be very hungry long.
In a few months I'll get compensation, five dollars a week, maybe
six,
And I'll put a long dress on your sister, Mary, and she can take
my place . . .
But, oh, mighty whirling steel spooler, spare the girl.*

WALTER SNOW.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

Charles Erskine Scott Wood is well known to the readers of the *NEW MASSES*. He is the author of *Heavenly Discourse*, published by the Vanguard Press.

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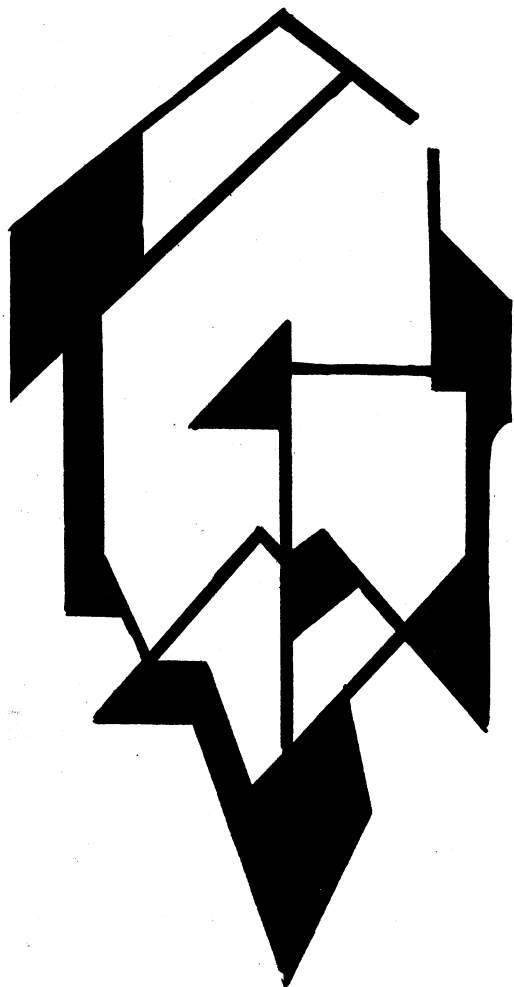
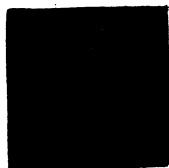
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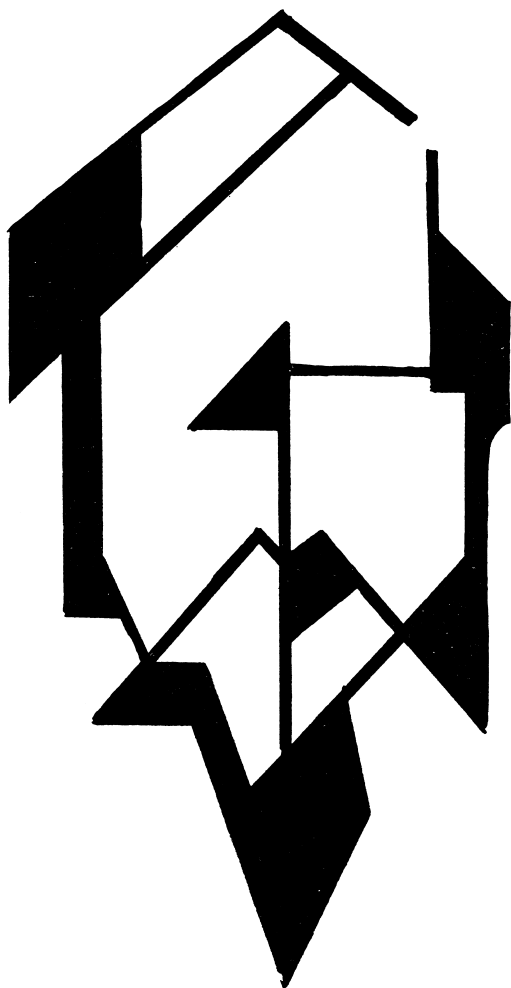
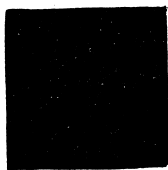
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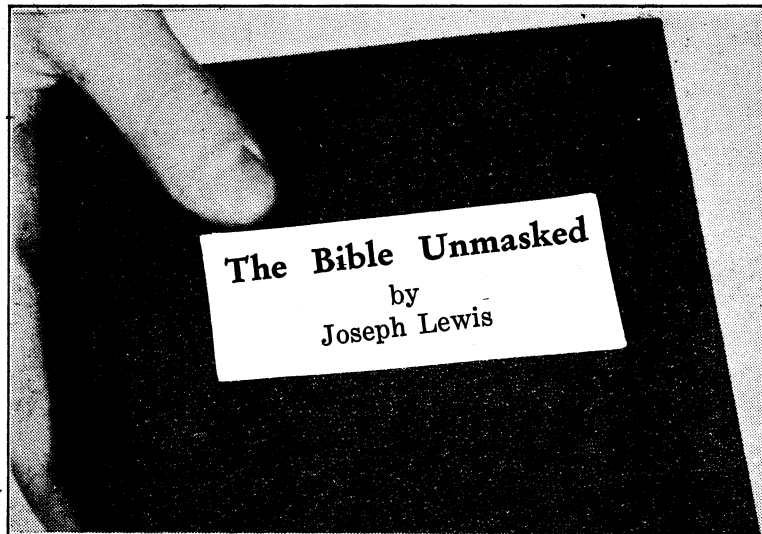
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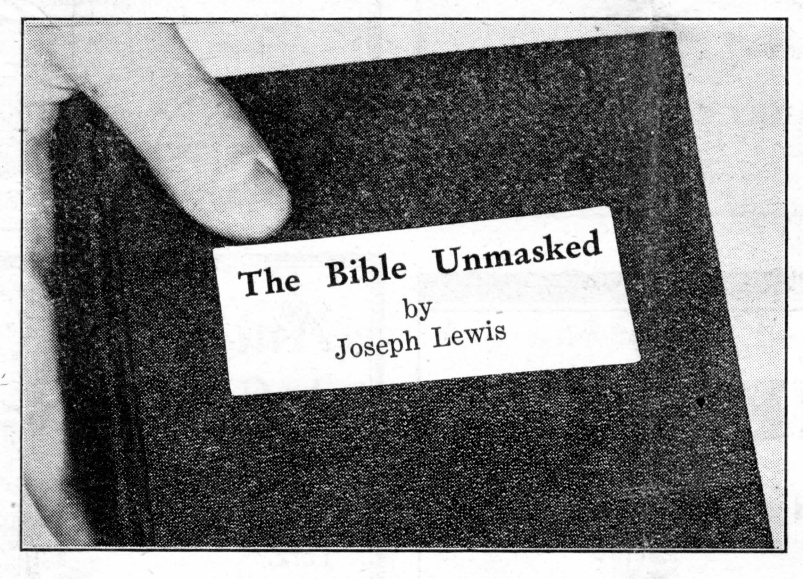
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