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HVGO
GELLERT

Strike!

THE LIBERATOR

Vol. 5, No. 5 [Serial No. 50]

May, 1922

Palm Sunday in the Coal Fields

By Michael Gold

EXCEPT for attending a meeting of the Central Labor union in Pittsburgh, and drinking, in a barroom decorated with the Soviet arms, seidels of a wonderful drink that really tasted like beer, smelt like it, and had all the other ancient virtues of beer, I saw little of the labor soul of the city—that soul which is present in every city in every nation on the globe—(though outsiders never see it and come away depressed).

Two and a half hours outside of Pittsburgh, however, I at last found myself in the heart of the great coal strike.

I had wandered into Brownsville, a town of 10,000 inhabitants, which is the centre of the coke industry and of the coal mines that feed this industry.

They were talking steel here, I found. Steel has to be made with coke, and coke is a kind of bituminous coal that is cooked in ovens until it is a gray, light porous lump of matter, something like lava. All of the coke used in the steel mills about Pittsburgh comes from the Brownsville and Connellsville fields. They are probably the most important coal fields in America for that reason, and for the past thirty years Frick and his fellow-Christians had seen that no union got a foothold here, using the blacklist, the blackjack, the assassin's revolver and other New Testament methods of persuasion to accomplish this. There had been no union held here since Frick and his comrades in Christ had shot the Knights of Labor out of existence in 1894.

Everyone, bosses and union officials alike, had imagined that this region would forever be the peaceful home of starvation wages, the open shop, and deputy-sheriff Americanism. Secretary Hoover had depended on this, too, and he had cheered the coal barons by announcing at the opening of the miners' strike that there was a surplus of four months' coal supply on hand, and that the miners would be starved into submission at the end of that time. Hoover had reasoned, in his New Republican way, that the Brownsville region would go on scabbing, as in the past. But a great miracle had happened. There had been a wonderful spontaneous movement of the masses; 28,000 miners in this sector, and as many more in the Connellsville area, had joined the union; every day hundreds more were downing tools and joining the strike.

As a result, three big steel plants had already been forced to shut down for want of coke, the Pittsburgh papers said. Hoover's helpful little capitalistic estimate discouraged no one any longer; it was proven false as the complexion of a chorus girl, or the heart of a Wilson liberal; it was as dead, in the light of events, as a herring or Pharaoh's scented, mouldy mummy.

The strike in the non-union fields was like America's entry into the war; it spelt victory, sooner or later, for all the miners of the nation. By good fortune I had chanced into this region, the most important strategic point in the great fight that had begun on April 1st to save the miners' union from destruction.

Hundreds of miners in their Sunday clothes were lounging about Brownsville's main street as I came into the town. They were big, brawny, self-contained men, of all the races in the world, and they stood about on the sidewalks in the yellow sunlight of the warm spring afternoon, smoking, chewing, and talking in quiet tones of the strike.

The stores were all open, and women moved in and out of them, like bees to and from a comb. The river and the rusty, rugged hills rising from its bank could be seen against the blue deep sky. Spring was in the air; there was in this town of lounging men the spring atmosphere of freedom, of holiday and of strange, unspoken unrest. Something silent and great was happening unseen beneath the mould of all the ploughed fields; and something was happening here. Grim-lipped big men walked up and down the sidewalks, with badges pinned on their coats, and police clubs swinging from their hands. They were keeping law and order. And the miners sat about the restaurants and the ice-cream parlors, and stood about the streets and thought and argued and talked to each other. Something great was happening.

The union hall was on the other side of the river, in an old murky frame building that had still the sign of a defunct co-operative store written across its face. In the long, dark hall on the first floor the organizers were seated at a table, conferring with the committee of men from different mines who poured in all the afternoon. They seemed to arrive from everywhere; one after another they announced the mines they came from, and as the names were repeated exultantly around the hall, one got the feeling as if the whole state of Pennsylvania was stopping work. It was a gay feeling.

"The crowd at the Lambert mine struck this morning," a huge, slow-moving American in blue overalls announced diffidently, almost as if he did not care. "The whole bunch is out; and I guess you'd better send us an organizer, and tell us how to get fixed for a local charter."

Then one of the organizers would take the name and location of the mine, and would arrange for a meeting the next afternoon. An international organizer for the United Mine Workers named William Feeney was in charge of the campaign in this section. He sat at the table near a dingy win-

dow, a frail, patient-looking man with a long Irish upper lip and friendly blue Irish eyes, who moved calmly and deliberately about this business, and seemed like the executive of some big corporation in his quiet business suit, white collar and natty bow tie. I had heard about him before I had come here; Feeney, I was told, had been one of the most daring organizers in the steel strike; he was considered a little conservative in his views, but everyone agreed loudly that "Feeney had guts;" and everyone said that he was honest and loyal, and would fight all the chariots of hell for the miners' union, which was his religion and life.

The miners' union is the religion of every worker in this district. In New York one gets the illusion that the class struggle is an intellectual concept that one can argue about, take or let alone. In these mining districts it is a living reality, and one can no more dodge it than one can escape from the weather. The miners' union is part of the trees and the hills, the sky and the air of this landscape. It grew here, out of the needs and dangers of the miners' lives. They suffered and struggled, and then a union was formed; and through it they found some relief. They know that the union is their only defence; for forty years fathers have been handing down its precepts to their sons in this region, and no one questions that the union is necessary or unnecessary; it is there; it must be there, so long as the boss is there.



Clive Weed

Mr. Public—"There's another big coal strike on."

"Yes, dear, but summer's here; we only need gas."

I talked to some of the other organizers who were helping Feeney in the work. One of them, Bill Henderson, a short, vigorous bantam of a man, compact as a mainspring, and with the alert light of a born fighter snapping in his eyes, told me about the meeting he had held yesterday at the Revere mine.

"I organized five hundred men up there," he said, his eyes burning. "It was the proudest moment of my life, too, and I'll tell you why. Thirty years ago my daddy was working in that mine, and he went out when the Knights of Labor called their big strike in '94. We lived in a tent up on the hillside, our family; I was only a wee boy, but I remember it all. I remember that we had mighty little to eat for a long time, and I remember my mother crying over us one night when she thought we were all asleep. And I remember that my daddy was blacklisted after the strike was lost, and how we wandered on from town to town till we found a place where they didn't know him. I tell you I was proud to go back there and organize those 500 men. I wish my daddy were alive; he'd have been proud, too."

The whole countryside was filled with stories of this Knights of Labor strike of thirty years ago. Everywhere I found miners who remembered it vividly, and who remembered all the other battles the region had been through. Other countrysides have their folklore and mythology, but in the nation of the miners there are only stories and histories of the wars for the union.

In the hall there was a lean, sombre-eyed miner in neat clothes, named Frank Gaynor, an American of Irish-Dutch descent and about forty-five years old. He looked as if he were a successful small-town merchant, but he was out on strike down at Roscoe, and had come here to volunteer in the work of organizing the non-union mines. He, too, told me some of the traditions of this region.

Gaynor's father had died when he was six years old, and at nine the boy went down into the mines to work with his grandfather, an ardent member of the Knights of Labor. His grandfather had been a miner since his own ninth year in this world, and could remember the days when there were no mule-carts or steam-cars in the mines, and the men had to transport the coal they had mined with wheelbarrows to the pit-mouth.

Gaynor was seventeen years old, and had graduated to pickwork when the big strike came in '94. This Monongahela Valley was aflame with it, and all around Brownsville meetings were held daily, the organizers walking from place to place because they had not the fare to ride. Most of the mines emptied their workers into the union, and in this section only Star Junction, or Stickle Hollow as it was then called, had not struck. Organizers were beaten up and chased out of the region there, and finally the miners decided to march on it en masse. These miners' parades are another tradition with them; the gesture of men instinctively militant and personally loyal to each other in an emergency. Five thousand men were in line that day, Gaynor said; some had walked ten and twelve miles to the assembling place; it was spring, and they were all hot and tired when they reached Stickle Hollow.

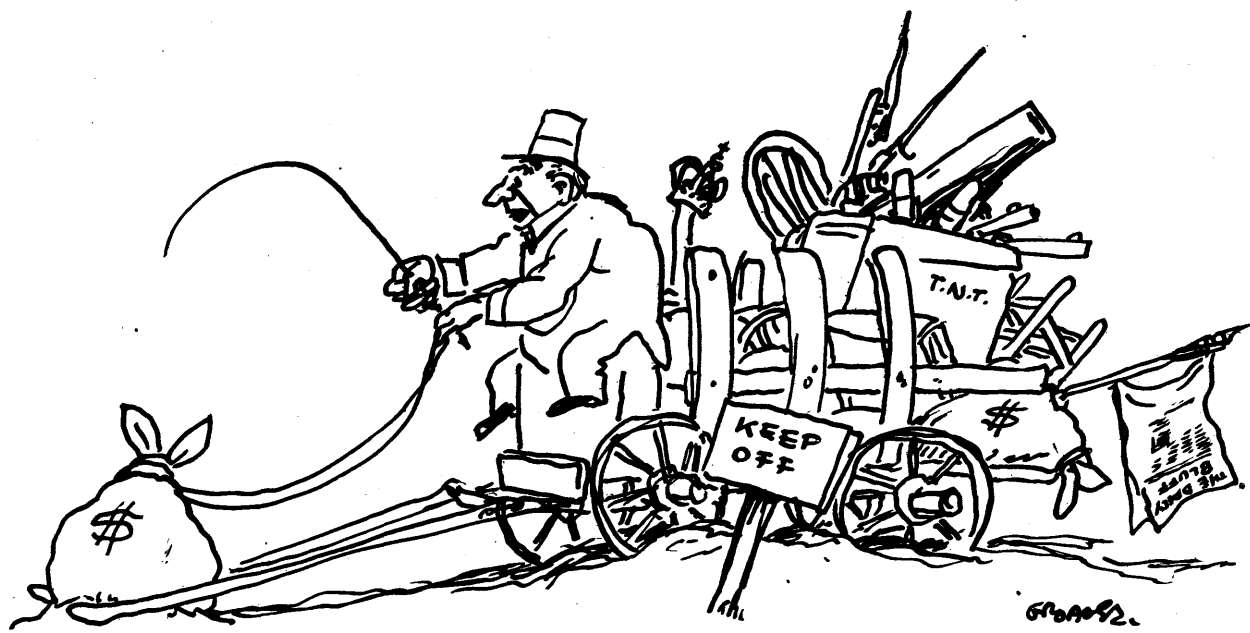
Suddenly, from behind a clump of bushes in the road near the mines, a band of deputy sheriffs fired on the peaceful, unsuspecting, unarmed regiment of miners. Seventeen of them were killed; many more wounded.

"It was awful to see our fellows lying there in their blood," said Gaynor; "good fellows, the best in the world."



Clive Weed

Mr. Public—“There’s another big coal strike on.”
“Yes, dear, but summer’s here; we only need gas.”



"You'll always carry us along, old \$, you can't fail!"

They were killed for daring to strike. I was young then, and the sight made a lifelong impression on me. It taught me a lesson I've never forgotten. No one has forgotten it around that region. The kids hear the story on their daddy's knee; they drink in its lesson with their mother's milk. The coal operators and their gunmen have been the best agitators for a union I know."

The coal operators were still continuing this form of agitation. The day previous there had been a miners' march through Masontown, a place about twelve miles from Brownsville. A squadron of members of the State Constabulary (Cossacks they are called by the workers of Pennsylvania) had suddenly appeared and ridden their horses full tilt into the parade. One miner had had his leg broken; about thirty others had been injured; there had been quite a lot of loyal union men made in the brief, uneven scuffle.

In the hall there was another miner who had gone through years of such struggles. He was Jasper Rager, about 70 years old, a miner since his childhood, but still brawny and self-reliant. He stood there quietly, in his flannel shirt and hob-nailed boots, a stalwart veteran with a white military moustache and leathery face spotted with blue powder marks, the seal of dangerous days that is on all miners' faces. Simply, casually, for miners never whine, he told me the most recent story of the methods coal operators use to make attractive the open shop and the American plan.

It was nothing very big; no one killed or wounded; merely that old Rager had answered the strike call, and had persuaded a few non-union men to come along; he was spotted, and the company had shut off the water in his company-owned house, and also had refused to sell him any more coal. He had two children sick with pneumonia, and his wife was sick of some fever; he was nursing all three at the time; but the company shut off his water and refused him coal; that is the way the coal bosses teach their men to be loyal Americans.

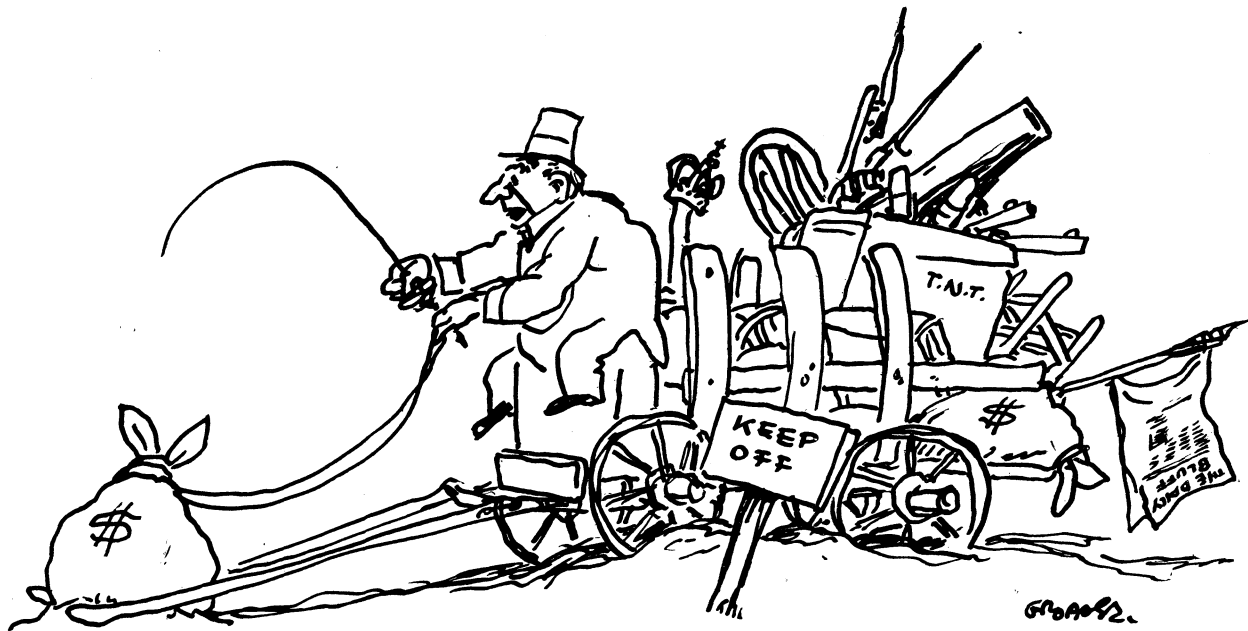
I heard many other such stories. There are thousands of them; they are the reality of the labor movement; they are the reasons why thousands of Fourth of July speeches by

corporation-owned Congressmen, tons of Americanization literature written by lecherous, booze-soaked press agents and paid for by murderous bosses, miles of editorials by prostitute newspapermen and oceans of oily lies flowing from the ministerial sewers can never divert Labor from the path on which its feet have been set by history. Workingmen know the facts about the class struggle; the facts have been shot into them with gunmen's bullets, beaten into them with Cossacks' clubs; they remember these facts; and forget soon enough, thank God, the lessons American social service has tried to teach them.

In all the newspapers this great coal strike was now being discussed. Everyone knew the academic questions involved in the situation. The miners and the bosses had an agreement that expired on April 1st, when it was provided that they meet to make another wage agreement for the following two years. The operators had refused to renew the argument. They wanted to make local settlements in each of the separate districts. They wanted to abolish the check-off; they wanted to cut wages; they wanted other concessions.

That was the faint, far-off newspaper story millions of Americans read, half-understanding, half-irritated because the miners and the operators could not iron out these tiny quarrels that after all amounted to nothing.

But they amounted to everything in the world for these men in this Brownsville union headquarters. Here were the men who made the strike a reality. These miners "knew" the facts. Big, strong men in overalls, jumpers, flannel shirts, hob-nailed boots, men of ten or twelve races, Lithuanians, Poles, Italians, Austrians, Croations, Slavs, Negroes, Welsh, Irish, British and Americans—bold men, men who faced death every day in the hot, dripping, airless mines; men with mutilated hands, powder-marked faces; these men had formed a union to get them a living wage for their wives and children, and to protect them against the gunman, the thug and the spy. They had fought for that union, and their fathers had fought before them. The union was their self-respect; it was their children's bread; and now the bosses were making a fierce new attempt to smash it.



"You'll always carry us along, old \$, you can't fail!"

I traveled about for several days with organizers in the non-union fields.

On Palm Sunday I went with Bill Henderson and a Pole and a Czecho-Slovak organizer to the mining camp of Bowood.

It was a warm, golden day, rich with spring odors and spring sunlight. In Masontown, where we left the car-line and got into a wild, young, untamed Ford for the five-mile ride inland, the churches were emptying, and miners and their women-folk dressed in their finest were moving leisurely up the main street. They were all carrying palms, the sacred palms with which the Jews hailed Jesus on that sunny, holy day when he passed through them on his ass on the way up to Jerusalem.

It was in Masontown, a few days before, that the state troopers had charged into the parade of miners, and had injured thirty of them. We saw one of the troopers resting his horse before a church and sitting quietly as if in meditation. He was a lusty young chap, with ruddy cheeks and broad shoulders and big muscles under his dark-green uniform; as fine an animal as the splendid horse he was straddling.

"The dirty Cossack!" the Polish organizer muttered, scowling darkly. "The damn trouble-maker; the damn murderer!"

Every labor man in the State of Pennsylvania hates the State troopers. These "Cossacks" are the most highly paid and best trained set of assassins of labor unionism in this wide country. They possess military efficiency—they crack heads skilfully, and trample women and children without a blunder in technique. Wherever they come they bring riot and death. They seem to love their jobs, these young men; it is more than the high pay that makes them work so hard; they enjoy being Cossacks, as some men enjoy war with its legalized rapine and slaughter.

A crowd of men and boys swarmed into the road as we galloped up in the Ford before the grocery and butcher store at Bowood, where the meeting was to be held. I sat around on the porch and waited while the organizers talked over matters with the local committee.

The miners gathering around were of the same type I had seen everywhere in this region—men of ten or twelve races, big, stalwart men with the blue tattoo marks of powder and rock on their faces, and with fingers missing and fingers gnarled and twisted on their hands.

A small group of American miners was looking at a cartoon in a Philadelphia newspaper. It was the usual "non-partisan" thing that newspapers are so fond of printing in big strikes. It was called Passing the Buck, and showed the Coal Operators, the Banker, the Railroads, and the Coal Miner passing the buck of high coal prices to each other, while a figure dressed like Uncle Sam, and marked The Public, was standing beside a tiny heap of coal, scratching his head in bewilderment.

The miners sneered at this cartoon in their quiet way. "I'd like to meet this guy Public sometime," drawled a tall young chap; "I'd jest like to kick his backside and see whether he's real enough to feel it."

A huge Hungarian miner with a flat nose, high cheekbones, and a chest like the bulge of a stove, was busy at another spot on the porch, explaining his views of life, liberty and happiness to a squat, brawny Austrian with thin, long moustache like a Mongol's, who was sucking his pipe and listening, his derby back on his head.

The Hungarian was in roaring good spirits. He was dressed in a clean white shirt, collarless and coatless, and his beady little eyes beamed with delight.

"Me strike, sure!" he shouted, thumping himself on the chest with a fist hard and round as a sledge. "Me strike twelve times in last two years—me like strikes. Me strike in Mesaba range with I. W. W.—me strike with anyone. I say to the boys, Ah, g'wan and strike! Me live once under blanket in winter with my children—for strike! G'wan, boys, it's summer now—me say—put up tent in fields, go fishing, strike! The bosses are all no good! The bosses in our mine bought big searchlight—cost two million dollar—what for? Me load forty tons a day, and the boss's gal she wears diamonds. What for?"

The mines in these non-union fields, some of them, had not been working for many months. I met on this porch a tall, self-possessed, middle-aged American miner, who spoke with a drawl, and who told me the most remarkable story I heard in this section. This man had ten children. And he had been out of work for the past fourteen months. On April 1st, when the union miners walked out, his mine opened up again, to scab on the rest of the country. The mine was soon rushed with orders.

This man and his comrades put in about a week's work, and then they walked out on strike.

I will repeat this statement—

The man and his comrades put in a week's work, and then they walked out on strike. After fourteen months of idleness. For the sake of a union. Ten children. Middle-aged and worn-looking; sad, brown, loyal, friendly eyes; square jaw, long nose, lanky figure in blue overalls, a torn black jacket, broken shoes. For the sake of a just cause.

"The whole family of us jest lived out in a tent all last summer," he said. "My ole woman's game, though it's hard on her, more th'n me. Yes, I've been blacklisted in a few places, that's what made it hard to connect up elsewhere. No, none of my kids was big enough to get into the army. I'd 'a' larruped them with a rawhide if they did—we'll do all our fighting right here in Fayette county—there's enough to go round. I fought a detective once—he put me into the hospital for five weeks, but say, he was laid up for nine! And once I saw the State Cossacks ride their horses over a bunch of miners' kids that got in their way. Yes, I seen it; I seen them bleeding and crying. I'll do my fighting at home."

The meeting was held in the back yard. Henderson and the other two organizers stood on the steps leading up to the house, and the crowd of men and boys filled the yard. The soft wind was blowing. The smell of grass in the sun was everywhere. A little dog ran about the edges of the crowd and whined for attention. A rooster crowed; there was a cow chewing patiently on the grass of the next field. Bill Henderson's militant words rang out like shot in this sylvan place, and the crowd pressed up and drank in every syllable. It was a proletarian holiday.

When Henderson called all who wanted to join the union to raise their hands, every hand went up, and every voice joined in the solemn oath which miners take when initiated into their union, an oath never to scab, never to betray a brother, never to desert.

I heard the oath repeated by about four thousand other miners later in the afternoon at Uniontown, where Bill Feeney and others spoke. It was thrilling to hear this mob of strong men repeat in deep, manly voices after him the

lity and vow, sacred as the vow of the Athenian citizens, that symbolizes the miners' attitude toward their union.

There had been not a single union meeting held in Uniontown for thirty years, I was told; this meeting was a red page in the miners' history. I asked why it was that the non-union men were flocking so unanimously into the union now. The reason was simple. In the non-union fields Frick and the other operators were paying one-third of the wages paid in the other fields, under the union contract. The non-union miners had been starving on the job; they had no redress against bad supers and pit bosses; for years the operators had been teaching them the value of a union, and they had at last learned the bitter lesson.

The half million miners of the nation are not striking for any big positive end at the present moment; they are fighting to keep the union intact. It is the most serious fight they have ever been in; yet they are only on the defensive, in a negative position. They have no choice in the matter; but some day, when conditions are not stacked so badly against them, they are going to strike for bigger and more constructive ends. They are going to strike for nationalization of the mines, and control of production, slack work, technical improvements, wages, bosses and other matters by the miners themselves. They are going to strike for the ownership of their mines—of the mines where they live the greater part of their lives, where they mine coal.

John Brophy, president of District No. 2 of the United Mine Workers, is the leading spokesman for this larger program of the miners' union. In the Brownsville district I found many miners who knew about this program, and were solidly behind it.

One was a lively, slangy, happy, scrappy young miner named Delbarre, an artist in living dressed in a battered derby hat, a ragged dingy suit, and a flannel shirt. Delbarre is president of the council of all the Brownsville unions; he stumps about on a wooden leg, and is called "Peggy" by everyone. Peggy Delbarre is one of the "radicals" in this district, but he is not the talky radical we know around New York. He has been a leader in all the union movements in this district; and he is simple, honest, unambitious and popular. And he works.

He has a rich sense of humor. "Say, kid," he answered with his wide, homely grin when I asked how long he had been a miner, "say, guy, I was a miner when I was a spermatozoa playing around in my daddy's insides. It's in my blood."

I went with Peggy Delbarre, Frank Gaynor, and a breezy, slangy young American miner, Louis Seignor, who was the son of Polish immigrants and spoke both languages fluently, on a long auto ride one day to Fairchance, where the men of seven or eight mines had walked out and were waiting to be formed into locals.

Peggy was a volunteer organizer, and so were the other two men in the car. On the ride they told me of the preliminary work that had been done to get the men to strike in the non-union fields.

A committee of a hundred volunteers had been formed in Brownsville Labor council, and these volunteers had taken the strike circulars into the non-union fields long before April 1st. They had tacked the circular on walls and houses in the towns, they had distributed them to miners on the "man-trips" into the mines, they had talked and pleaded and argued. Some of them had been beaten up, and run off the company property, but they had won, anyway. Their work

had probably saved the whole miners' union in this fight, for, as I have said, these non-union fields are probably the most important strategic points in the whole country. And they had brought the strike here; it is the work of such rank-and-filers, unrecorded and unrewarded, that maintains the labor organizations of this country.

Our first meeting was at Fairchance. Five or six hundred miners were waiting in the road near the general store as we drove up. It was another beautiful spring day.

We met in a small stuffy hall, the floor of which seemed to bend under the strain of this unusual mass. The miners stood with bare heads, and listened while Peggy Delbarre made his speech. He told them about the strike; he told them what the Mine Workers' Union stood for; he warned them against using violence; he gave a few practical lessons in organization.

"And don't forget we're all Americans. I'm an American, though both my parents were French. Forget what these hundred percenters try to tell you; they've got no monopoly on this country; they were only the first to steal it away from the Indians. Don't let racial differences stand in your way. Labor is a nation all its own, inside the other nation. Labor didn't get any nearer the last Republican and Democratic conventions than cleaning the spittoons, but that doesn't matter; we dig the coal for America, we're the real Americans; we keep the works going; we've got the real power."

He gave the men the union oath, and then they elected their president, secretary and treasurer. Louis Seinar spoke to them in Polish, and Gaynor made a fiery miners' speech full of deep, real passion.

We had tire trouble on the road, and were two hours late in reaching another meeting in Croatian Hall, on the outskirts of Uniontown. It was coming dusk, but the miners had waited patiently there; not one had lost his faith that the organizers would fail to appear. These miners, too, were organized, and given the oath to repeat.

"They're all jolly now; they feel as if they were going on a big picnic," said Peggy. "Later, when things get hard, there'll be a reaction, but most of 'em will stick anyway. That's what unions are good for; they teach the workers solidarity and discipline."

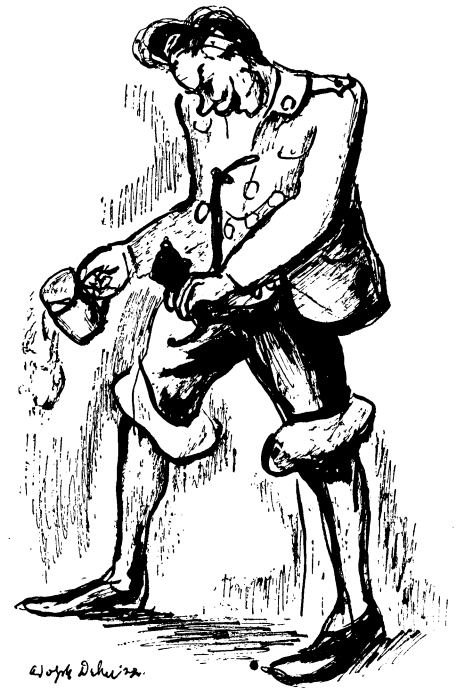
It was dark now. A few stars had lifted their silver faces to the world. The moon was appearing in the purple sky. We rushed up and down the steep roads, sharp as the inclines of a roller coaster at Coney Island. The wind beat against our faces, cool and laden with blossom perfume.

"Give her the gas," someone shouted, and the car leaped forward and hummed along with the roar of an aeroplane. Peggy sat at the wheel and laughed and sang. The dark masses of trees fled by like defeated ghosts. We caught the glimpse of immense bouquets of peach and cherry blossoms in the gloom. It was great to be moving, to be alive. We were going somewhere. Life was going somewhere. The American labor movement was going somewhere. This miners' strike would be won, and other strikes for greater ends would be won. Some day the miners would sit in the congress of workers that ruled America. Some day the men who were near to the sources of life, the men who were brave enough to make steel and mine coal, would be building a new civilization in America, a new art and culture, a new society. It would be a brave culture, a heroic culture for strong men and women, a culture near to the sources of life. It would move along in beauty under the stars, it would laugh and sing.



Adolph Dehn

The Monarchist Remnant



Adolph Dehn

Joseph, Master of Ceremonies.



Adolph Dehn

"Let's have some real fun, Katrina, now they're all drunk."



Adolph Dehn

Watzka, the scullery maid, dancing with Kuh, Liberator correspondent.

Cafe Scenes in Vienna By Adolph Dehn



Adolph Dehn

Jazz!



Adolph Dehn

The Mayor at 2 a. m.

Glands and the Hero

By Floyd Dell

YES, mes enfants, now we have got to learn all about glands. It's hard, I know. Just when we thought that old Doctor Freud had said the last word—when we had patiently and dutifully mastered the lore of the unconscious, when we had learned to tell a mother-complex at sight, and knew so much about dreams that we could look wise and rather shocked when an uninitiated friend told about a nightmare at the breakfast table—along comes this new science, and we find we must know something about it or else keep still when the talk gets really interesting. So let us get to work without further delay.

The glands under consideration are the endocrine or ductless glands. It is precisely in their having no ducts or outlets that their mystery begins. Ordinary glands, such as the salivary glands, had their functions discovered long ago. But the ductless glands remained a puzzle. They were not supposed to have any functions. They were regarded as biological curiosities. One of them, the pineal gland, in the brain, was speculated upon by the Greeks, who regarded it as a "third eye," and it has passed into mystical lore as the "spiritual eye," by which one sees into the fourth dimension! Oddly enough, this gland seems to be now regarded as the vestige of a real eye, which we possessed at some fish-like stage of development. But the real functions of the glands were not discovered until, in the surgical frenzy of the last century, doctors started to cut them out—on the theory that, like the appendix, tonsils and teeth, we would probably be happier without them. The results of these operations were sometimes, however, rather startling. It was discovered that when the thyroid gland (which is situated in the neck) was amputated, the amputee became a complete imbecile. It was further noted that the state of imbecility thus caused was identical with that of the cretins of certain localities. And these cretins were found to be without thyroid glands. And so the reverse experiment was tried, with equally startling results. Thyroid substances were taken from dead sheep and fed to cretins, whereupon they became sane! A cretin is born deformed, misshapen, grotesque—and ordinarily remains that way till death. But when these infant monsters were fed thyroid, they changed—their bodily structure altered, they turned into normal, healthy, beautiful babies. If the feeding of thyroid extract is stopped, the body changes again, back to its original horribleness. But if the thyroid dosage is kept up, the ex-cretin grows up to be just like the rest of us. It is rather startling, at first, to learn that there are in the world a certain number of young men and women who are as healthy and intelligent as any of the rest of us—but who would within a few weeks, if their thyroid dosage were stopped, relapse into deformed imbecility. But so it is. And the reason we are not all imbeciles is that we have thyroid glands, if you please. These glands pour directly into the blood certain fluids which maintain our physical and mental health.

Upon further investigation it was found that there is a glandular system, a complex mechanism of glands which pour different secretions into the blood and affect our growth and character in different ways. We are still at the beginning

of this new science, but something has been discovered about the specific effects of these various gland secretions. The adrenals, for instance, secrete a fluid called adrenalin, of which the chemical constituents have been discovered, and which can be made in a laboratory. Adrenalin, when poured into the blood, releases from the kidneys, which are the storehouses of our emergency fuel, sugar, a quantity of that fuel to be burned up in muscular energy. Hence in all the situations in life which require sudden expenditure of muscular energy—the "flight or fight" crises—it is our adrenals which enable us to meet these crises. A deficiency of adrenal secretion means an inability to meet such crises properly. Jack Dempsey is, I suppose, a markedly "adrenal type" of person.

However, for meeting situations which require, not sudden spurts of energy, but determination, planning, and the like, another gland comes into play—the pituitary gland, located in the front part of the skull, somewhere back of the nose. This pituitary secretes (from its anterior part) a fluid which bathes and stimulates those higher intellectual centers in the frontal lobes of the brain which furnish us our logical and mathematical powers, and which control all long-term or far-seeing actions. If you know somebody who cannot keep his mind on anything for more than a minute at a time, who lives from instant to instant, the creature of impulse, you can set him down (at some risk of being mistaken, for these glandular affairs are very complicated) as deficient in antepituitary secretions. The posterior part of this gland is responsible for a secretion which in some way stimulates the emotional and tender and imaginative workings of the mind. It controls also the growth of the bony structure of the body, and heaven knows what else. But let's not get too involved right at the start. Let's merely put down Bernard Shaw as probably a good example of the "ante-pituitary" type of person.

We turn back, then, to the thyroid gland, which among other functions, has that of making us sensitive to the outside world. Highly-wrought, "nervous" people have an excess of thyroid secretion, and dull, stupid, insensitive people have a deficiency in this respect. The poet Shelley is frequently referred to by our gland-experts as a splendid example of the "thyroid type." All artists, poets, and the like, are so by virtue of their high thyroid capacity. It is a capacity which, however, needs to be balanced by other endocrine capacities, or the result is the unstable and ineffectual sort of person that poets are supposed to be—and frequently are. The thyroid gland makes you *feel* poetry, but it takes the antepituitary to make you capable of *writing* it.

One more gland—among the many—and I am through with this introduction. The thymus, a gland located in the breast, is the gland of infancy. It *maintains* infancy by keeping in check certain other glands which would create adulthood. It postpones adulthood in order, among other things, to give the bones a chance to grow. But sometimes the thymus is absent in an infant—and that infant proceeds to walk and talk in a few months, and at the age of five has a moustache, adult sexual capacities, and an ability to discuss the higher mathematics; and dies of senility a few years later.



“Oh, give a feller a chance; you’ve been good long enough!”

And now, for further information concerning this fascinating subject, I must refer you to Dr. Louis Berman’s book, “The Glands Regulating Personality” (Macmillan). It is from this book that I learned all I know, or think I know, on the subject, and I hope I haven’t got anything I remember from that book too much twisted. Dr. Berman has a jazzy style, and verbally fox-trots, tangoes, toddles and camel-walks his way very gaily through this abstruse subject. It is no pain to learn from him, and I trust you to find out from his book all about the other interesting glands which I have neglected to mention.

Meanwhile, let us consider another aspect of these glands. What we call “masculinity” and “femininity” has nothing, or little, to do with the actual physical organs of reproduction which differentiate the sexes. It is a matter, largely, of the adrenal and pituitary glands. If an individual who, by this organic differentiation, is a male, has a large adrenal capacity, he will grow a beard, have a deep voice register, and be inclined to pursuits which involve a great expenditure of energy; in a word, he will be a “manly” man. If an individual who, by this organic differentiation, is a woman, happens to have a similarly large adrenal capacity, exactly the same traits will develop, including even the beard and the voice; she will prefer “men’s” clothes, activities and interests; and she won’t mind looking like a man, because in that sense she is one. On the other hand, if a man is lacking in adrenal capacity, he will be, in manner and disposition, what is called “effeminate.” These are extreme cases; and in cases not so extreme, there is little doubt that many people suffer from an effort to live up to an ideal of “manliness” or

“womanliness” for which they haven’t the glandular basis—trying to disguise from what they feel (often rightly enough) to be a hostile world how “unmanly” or “unwomanly” they actually are. It is the merit of civilization that it tends more and more to take people as they are, and to provide useful and ego-gratifying careers to men and women who do not fit in the traditional pattern.

Under certain conditions, then, people who do not correspond to the traditional requirements may be, in being permitted to be themselves, happy. But these traditional requirements were born of social needs, and we do not seem to have escaped very far from the pressure of these needs. Let us say that a young man is rather deficient in adrenal capacity, but correspondingly super-endowed with thyroid capacity. The latter fact, which manifests itself as an extraordinary sensitiveness to sound, form, and color, may very well commend the young man to the graces of a young woman, who will find him a person of taste, a lover of beauty, and a relief from the dull boobs who are pestering her with their attentions. But if, when they are out walking, a drunken man comes up and insults her, she is likely to look to her escort for some show of firmness and, if necessary, brute strength. If the young man faints or runs away, she will never speak to him again. Unless she happens to be an exceedingly manly young woman, in which case she will land the drunken bum a wallop on the jaw and see her darling safely home! But these happy matings of men and women who compensate for each other’s defects are not likely; and so, in the world as it is, people whose glandular system happens to be, as judged by traditional standards, out of whack, are likely to have a very miserable time of it.



“Oh, give a feller a chance; you’ve been good long enough!”

If the glandular lack of balance is extreme, then these people are doomed to frustration and failure, except through the intervention of the glandular expert with his pill. If it is less extreme, the pill may still be important, it may even supersede the elaborate technique of psycho-analysis to a great extent—but it can be assumed to be a disarrangement not so much inherent as due to early environment and education. There is, for instance, no doubt that a naturally "manly" and courageous boy can be turned into a "sissy" and a coward by a mother who brings him up in a state of emotional dependence upon her, or a father who brutally punishes his boyish enterprise. In this way a glandular inharmony may be established, so that for many years, and perhaps for life, men and women may fail to live up to their endocrine capacities for happiness. They may be frustrated in work and in love by what we are familiar with as "complexes," though it would seem that the actual residence of these troubles is to be found in the body as well as in the mind.

Undoubtedly a great many people are the victims of these difficulties, whether innate or acquired. Men are not by any means all like the heroes of magazine fiction, nor women all like its heroines. I suppose that accounts for the popularity of such fiction. If it were possible to find in real life what we want, we wouldn't have to go to fiction for it. Yes, I think that popular fiction preserves, along with a whole mess of silliness and prudery and fake idealism, something that represents the best aspects of the traditional norm of "manliness" and "womanliness." And I think that fiction has its hold precisely because the conditions of life in this machine era are breaking down that traditional norm in actual life. Whether it is building up a new and better norm is an open question. I think so; but these things happen slowly, and destruction comes first and lasts a long time.

I would have supposed that these views were rather "pessimistic." But I find that other people regard the process as having gone much further than this—so much further that my views seem positively optimistic. Two or three years ago I reviewed in these columns a book called "Peter Middleton," by Henry K. Marks—who is, by the way, something of an expert on this subject of glands. His book was an admirable and realistic presentation of a man who was doomed to frustration by his very nature. I ventured, if I remember right, to suggest that this extreme case threw some light upon the unhappiness of normal people. But today a book, similar in theme, a story of helpless and apparently hopeless frustration, is being reviewed by others as a *typical* story of American life. I refer to Webb Waldron's poignant novel, "The Road to the World." The title is the one gleam of optimism in the book, suggesting as it does that the hero is on the way to getting somewhere. But the story itself shows him getting nowhere. I spoke a little way back of the pitiful situation of the boy who isn't "manly" enough to resist aggression, even with his girl looking on. One of the most agonizing episodes of this book describes just such an incident. And this hero's life is stamped with this same inadequacy. He has charm, he has intellectual ability, this young man; but in love, and in work, in all that requires the traditional aptitudes of manliness, he is not there. And he is tormented by the knowledge that he is "not there." He spends twenty-six or more years of his life trying to muster up the courage for a sexual adventure—which he thinks of not as an adventure, but as a kind of awful moral duty—from which nevertheless he always runs

away. But let me quote from a review by Ruth Underhill in the Greenwich Villager:

"It is a distinctively American book about a distinctively American temperament in an American background. . . .

"Are other people like that? Of course they—we—are."

Is this a true picture of a state of affairs at which we have already arrived? Is this the ordinary American? Is *this* the truth which our magazine fiction seeks to disguise?

Eastward Ho!

IT'S a long time since Romance went East. For a few centuries it was Westward Ho! In the West it settled down and died, when the engineer and his understrapper spanned continents with steel rails and transmission standards. For many generations Europe roamed across the Atlantic, the yellow-haired roaming to Montreal and New York and the swarthy sons o' guns following the post road southwards by Cape Verde and Fernando Noronha to the River Plate. Romance started many of them on their way, but coffee and puchero soon killed Romance.

And now Romance lies eastwards. Kuzbas is eastwards—and westwards, too. But eastwards is a safer and quicker way than going West; my boys! The "Adriatic" started the Kuzbas service on April the 8th, and bore away as goodly a freight of full-sized men and likable useful women as ever she carried away before. Of course they travelled third class, as most useful folks do, when they don't travel in the glory hole with shovels and coal. They were a goodly cosmopolitan crowd. Twenty-five Finns, who are returning to the place where their forefathers lived before they moved to the edge of the Baltic Sea dozens of centuries ago. The rest of the Argonauts were citizens of twelve countries. One of them, Bob Bryan, worked on the East-to-West railway in Australia where the custom prevailed of shooing all undesirable straw-bosses down the track to Port Augusta, 200 miles away, where the desert runs into the sea. And the completely unionized crew of the ballast train would sooner go without beer than let the perisher on board. For out in the lone Australian "Never-never" the laws are union-made.

Another was the lanky American lumberjack, who waltzed in from Tampico with a wobbly card, and consumed his last few days swearing that New York hardware merchants didn't know a real axe from a garbage can. The last thing he did before the lines were let go was to throw ashore a mixed heap of tens and fives and a list of clothing he didn't have time to buy. The clothes will go with the next party—which probably will have to send a search party to listen for falling trees to locate the man from Tampico.

As for the rest of them—they're men. They are going to Kuzbas. Kuzbas is in Russia, which never had such visitors since the revolution. They are hipped with ordinary proletarian weapons like axes, picks and such.

Oh, I felt quite lonely when the old scow tracked downstream, bearing the advance guard on their way to Kuzbas and a Siberian spring, and leaving me to worry my head in the wilderness of New York to reach the pioneers who read the Liberator and convince them that Kuzbas needs men now. And to convince the non-pioneers that Kuzbas also needs things like books and seeds and nails and tools, hard cash, greenbacks, to match the courage of the 68.

Come on, young men! Come on East! Let's go!

TOM BARKER.

Let's Get Them Out

By Robert Minor

I HAVEN'T been in jail "on my own hook"—the only prison that I know from the inside is an old-fashioned little shack on the Rhine. It has damp stone walls of a homespun quality with cracks running crooked ways and mortar falling loose. It has individuality—that jail.

Ben Gitlow's jail is a damned, soulless, characterless, hygienic, concrete-poured cross between an East Side model-tenement flat and a Child's restaurant. There is not even a fly-speck, a spider web, nor a picturesque leak marking the ceiling that you can fasten your eyes on. It is as monotonous as the inside of an enameled wash-bowl.

The god of prison is monotony.

One of our labor prisoners tells me that the first six months in this God-curst, model, mechanical flat a man gets awfully interested in his new friends. But after six months you learn that they are just as mean as the people outside, as sordid in their thoughts. And then the little mystery there was in life goes away and leaves it. You live on the inside of this iron tub more listlessly each day.

Did you ever hear a laugh ringing through the iron walls of a penitentiary, knowing that that laugh comes from a man condemned to death? Well, a lot of the best-natured fellows in this world couldn't laugh over again unless they laugh that way. Do you remember when the dicks' torture

of Andrea Salsedo ended with Salsedo's corpse tumbling from the fifteenth floor window to the sidewalk below? You may recall that Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti started public protests against this horrible death of their comrade, Salsedo. And you may remember that Sacco and Vanzetti were caught, arrested for daring to protest, were questioned as Reds, and then thrown into prison and condemned to death on a charge of highway robbery and murder, with a long string of hired witnesses—just a repetition of the Mooney case.

"Hah, hah, hah, hah"—I hear the happy Italian laugh through the Dedham jail. The laugh has a mechanical, scraping tone like a phonograph, because of the iron and concrete jail walls. That is Niccola Sacco laughing.

There is Big Jim Larkin, the giant leader of the workers of Ireland, whose life is being blotted out in Comstock Prison, while the British Nero snares the Irish race that needs him. There are the keen, clear-minded Ferguson and Ruthenberg and Winitzky, Alonen, and so on, and so on, enchained in prison here in New York State.

There are Frank Keeney and Fred Mooney in West Virginia, with all the other decent men of Labor that could be caught with them, threatened with jail for murder, treason and various other types of crime. There is Alexander Howat, jailed in Kansas. There is the old, old crime of California, where Sam Quentin and Folsom prison walls are bulging with the heavy load of Labor's prisoners. There are eighty-nine members of the Industrial Workers of the World in Leavenworth, many lying broken and hopeless after five years' torture for the crime of organizing workers.

See a fellow dreaming dreams of something better in a lumber camp of Idaho? See a man with his eyes flashing, rising in a union hall in Tennessee, to turn his voice loose on some sort of thought with substance in it? These two guys will soon be stuck away in that bedbugless flat somewhere—that sanitary, soulless, fleckless, womanless hell of concrete and iron.

Ben Gitlow says he thinks we ought to begin on Tom Mooney, that we ought to let Tom Mooney's case be the first pivot of our fight, for Mooney and Billings have been in now since July, 1916, and being in a death cell awaiting the noose is a rather heavy form of imprisonment. And more particularly—the Mooney case furnishes the most striking example of what a "labor case" is.

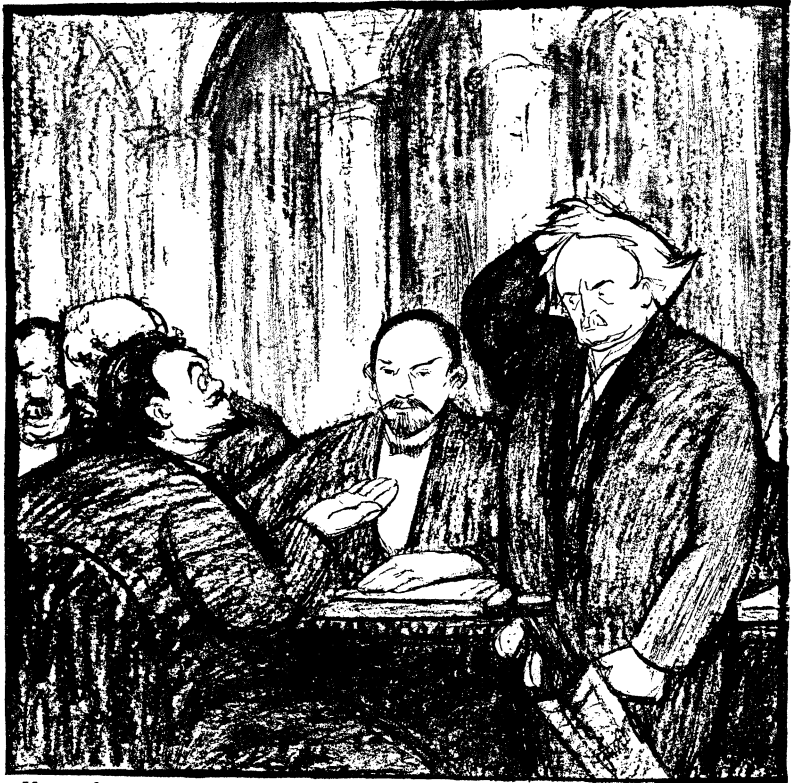
It is a little cameo, a little standing example of the labor movement in America.

The typesetters of labor papers have got tired of setting the 72-point type for the name Mooney, and all over the world, through sheer fatigue; thousands of persons are persuading themselves "Well, now he will get out." And when I pick up a letter from San Francisco, almost thinking I might hear some inkling of good news, I learn that five more labor men are about to be sent to



Hannah

Lloyd George hears there are no golf links at Genoa.



Hannah

Lloyd George hears there are no golf links at Genoa.



Maurice Becker

Mexican Peons.

the penitentiary in California.

At the time when everyone was terrorized and silent, a man came over from Oakland to San Francisco, the editor of the *Oakland World*, a Socialist Party paper, and got into the fight for Tom Mooney. This meant a lot at that time. A lady of the neighborhood was writing to all inquirers in the party private letters stating that Mooney was guilty, and an Anarchist anyway, and should not be defended by Socialists. But—it is a thing of the past.

In the midst of this night of terror, a few other breaks of light came through. Eugene V. Debs wrote and offered his name and help. And Snyder, editor of the *Oakland World*, plugged away, fighting day by day in his able newspaper style for the Mooney defendants. And no, they are not releasing Mooney—they are putting Snyder into the hellhole of a penitentiary—and four more of his kind.

Those of us who live in America have a peculiar situation before us. Step back and get your breath and look around the distances. You will see that all of the political prisoners are let out in nearly every country in Europe. Why is that? They are let out in Europe as a matter of course, automatically, as political routine. As soon as the crisis which caused their imprisonment has passed over, they are let out. Everybody on earth, except the peculiarly dirty political hypocrite type, which is the unique curse of America, knows that in the struggles of the classes for domination, men who are imprisoned for acts or words used in that struggle cannot be regarded as criminals. At least, those that are fighting

for the cause which is to dominate in future cannot be regarded as criminals; only reactionaries can be regarded as criminals. European politicians do not like to admit this, but they have to. As a matter of automatic decency, which they know they have to concede, the European politicians release after every war or revolutionary outbreak every person who got into prison as a result of espousal of the working-class's cause. We want to catch up with Europe in this respect.

We want all working class prisoners in American jails let out. Every one of them. Every man who got into prison as a result of any phase of the class struggle, of the labor struggle, of strikes, lockouts, fights, quarrels, words, opinions, political speeches, writings of manifestos or what not.

We want Tom Mooney out, we want Sacco and Vanzetti out, we want the 150 I. W. W.'s out, we want to keep the West Virginia coal miners out, and the Kansas coal miners. We want to keep Snyder out. We want Matthew A. Schmidt out of San Quentin, and Dave Caplan; and we want McNamara out—yes, we want the American Federation of Labor prisoners, and the I. W. W. prisoners, and the Communist prisoners, and the Socialist prisoners, and the Anarchist prisoners, that are being thrown into jail or beaten up or murdered for organizing coal diggers in the non-union fields.

We want a united, single drive to break down this smug, reeking, stinking, institution here in America—the institution of jailing everybody for the best part of his life, for daring to speak or act for the working class.



Maurice Becker

Maurice Becker
1856-1922

Mexican Peons.

Spring Sonnets

By Claude McKay

Negro Spiritual

THEY'VE taken thee out of the simple soil,
 Where the warm sun made mellow thy tones
 And voices plaintive from eternal toil,
 Thy music spoke in liquid lyric moans;
 They've stolen thee out of the brooding wood,
 Where scenting bloodhounds caught thy whispered note,
 And birds and flowers only understood
 The sorrow sobbing from a choking throat;
 And set thee in this garish marble hall
 Of faces hard with conscience-worried pride,
 Like convicts witnessing a carnival,
 For whom an alien vandal mind has tried
 To fashion thee for virtuoso wonders,
 Drowning thy beauty in orchestral thunders.

The White House

YOUR door is shut against my tightened face,
 And I am sharp as steel with discontent;
 But I possess the courage and the grace
 To bear my anger proudly and unbent.
 The pavement slabs burn loose beneath my feet,
 And passion rends my vitals as I pass,
 A chafing savage, down the decent street,
 Where boldly shines your shuttered door of glass.
 Oh I must search for wisdom every hour,
 Deep in my wrathful bosom sore and raw,
 And find in it the superhuman power
 To hold me to the letter of your law!
 Oh I must keep my heart inviolate,
 Against the poison of your deadly hate!

To the Intrenched Classes

YOUR power is legion, but it cannot crush,
 Because my soul's foundation is cast-steel,
 And myriads of unseen bodies rush
 From hidden bowers and shrines my wounds to heal.
 Your petty irritants are tiny spears
 That cannot pierce through my protecting mail
 To mortal hurt, and all your Bourbon fears,
 Quite warrantable, never will avail.
 Mine is the future grinding down today,
 Like a great landslip moving to the sea,
 Bearing its freight of debris far away,
 Where the green hungry waters restlessly
 Heave mammoth pyramids and break and roar
 Their eerie challenge to the crumbling shore.

The Night Fire

NO engines shrieking rescue storm the night,
 And hose and hydrant cannot here avail,
 The flames laugh high and fling their challenging light,
 And clouds turn gray and black from silver-pale.
 The fire leaps out and licks the ancient walls,
 And the big building bends and twists and groans.
 A bar drops from its place; a rafter falls
 Burning the flowers. The wind in frenzy moans.
 The watchers gaze held wondering by the fire,
 The dwellers cry their sorrow to the crowd,
 The flames beyond themselves rise higher, higher,
 To lose their glory in the frowning cloud,
 Yielding at length the last reluctant breath;
 And where life lay asleep broods darkly death.



"Blow, breezes, blow."

Claude McKay.



“Blow, breezes, blow.”



Wanda Gäg

Her First Spring Day.

The Italian Seamstress

By Arturo Giovannitti

THE Italian Seamstress! Sartina! The sweet, impudent, petulant, darling young thing! I shall never be able to write worthily of her. She should not be written of—rather, she should be sung in chirping triolets to the accompaniment of the lute, or she should be chanted in the sonorous octaves of Ariosto and Boiardo like the Armidas and the Clorindas, or in canto fermo, religiously, as the male choirs do to the pale and fragile madonnas.

But I, alas! cannot do either. For though she has grown

considerably since the days I used to spank her across my knee at week-end meetings, to me she is still the cross and peevish little girl of fifteen years ago. Except for a little touch of rouge, for a couple of gold teeth, for a sparkling diamond or a sedate golden bar around her anular, she is still the sweet young imp of those adventurous days when I used to make my weekly forays in her strike hall in search of songs and my mate.

But it is all for the better. For although I am no longer now in the marriage market, neither am I compelled to feel like a grandfather and act like a schoolmaster as I had to do then to my sorrow.

Now I don't have to fear any more their distressing giggles if I tell them again that their stitches are quite as important to the world as the spiking together of railroad ties and the pinning and basting of the green garments of the earth with telegraph poles and telephone wires.

I must no longer dread their sudden chilly silences when I tell them that to go to church is not quite as important as to go to their meetings, and that Jesus loves the heavy smoke of cheap tobacco in a union hall much more than the smoke of frankincense in a gilded basilica.

I must no longer go through the gruelling ordeal of their wild applause if I call them a flock of brainless geese good only for the fat of their drippings under the rounding spits of the sweat-shops. And, for sure, I don't have to repeat any longer the ancient sing-songs of "Join the Union. Assert your Womanhood!"

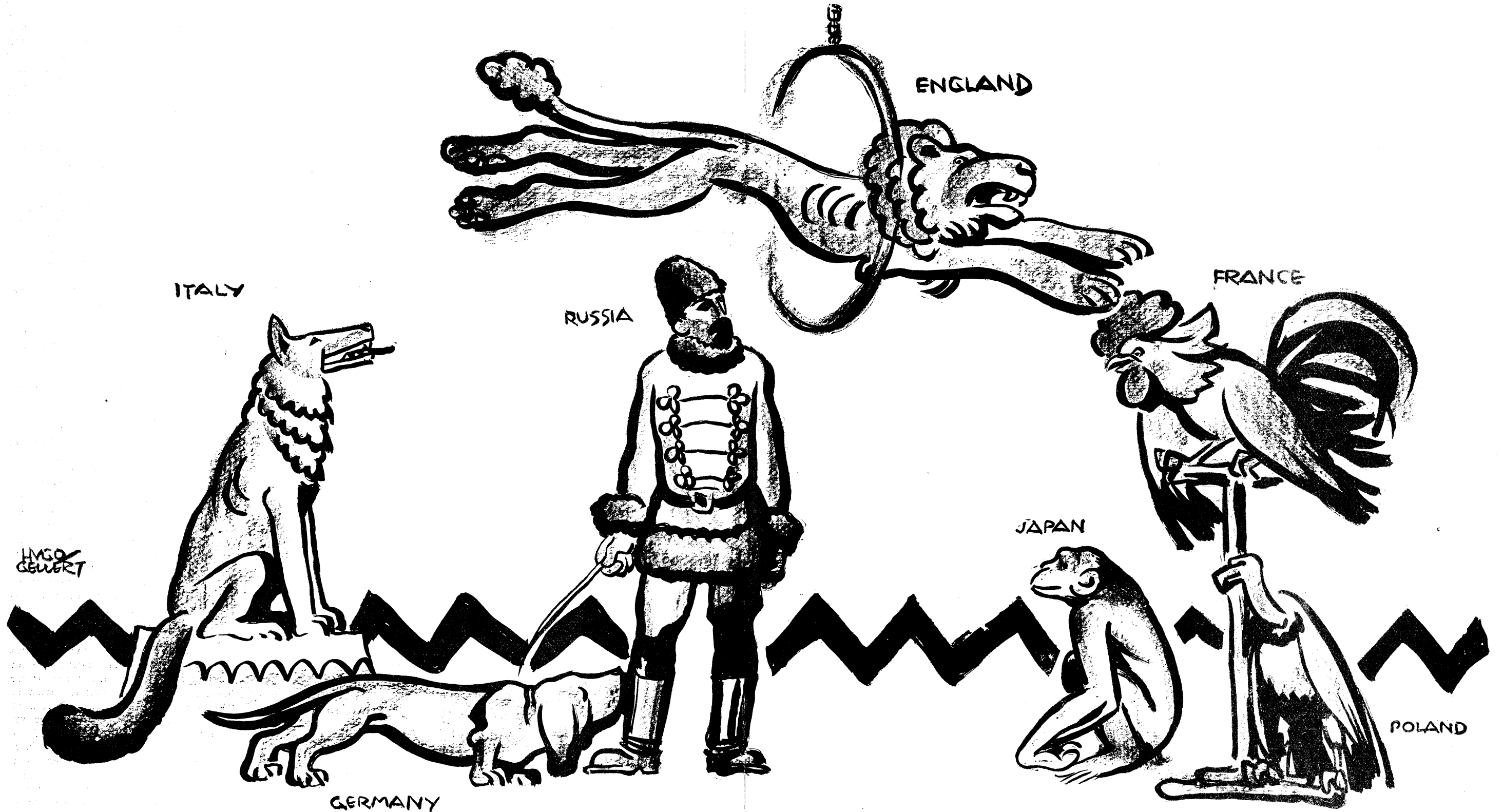
"I don't have to fear these things any more. They are geese no longer, the sweet Italian sartinas — they are tough young

hawks with manicured talons; even if they look as garish as tanagers and orioles, they are hunters and fighters and high fliers of all the skies of the ideal. Yes, they have grown up considerably. They are no longer the domesticated females of half a generation ago. They have cut their hair and shortened their skirts and have exposed their ears and their legs the better to listen to the new voices of the day, the faster to walk, on all the highroads of the modern world. They have grown up in intelligence, in vision, in experience, in the understanding of their function in life and the problems of their trade. The hours of labor, the minimum wages, piecework, hire-and-fire, all the old pills and patent remedies of the family doctor, they know now by heart and they know when they help or fail, without a special examination. What



Wanda Gág

Her First Spring Day.



The Circus at Genoa

they need now is no longer the old leech; they need a chief operator, a great specialist in social surgery.

They want to know now about unemployment and its permanent cure. They want to know about war and how to prevent or stop it in its tracks. They want to know about birth-control, or rather, as someone described it, death-control. They want to know about Bolshevism and why it is so dreadful a thing when all the bosses are against it, and why some of their leaders don't praise or defend it as they do the closed shop, the 44 hour week and other such things the employers attack. And, finally, they want to know whither their union is heading ultimately, and when and how and under what conditions their eternal warfare against their exploiters is going to end.

Sweet, darling Italian seamstresses, svelte, nimble-footed, lovely sartinas! How far have you traveled from those drab and taciturn days when jaded millionaire old maids used to serve you jam sandwiches and weak tea and Bible verses in your cold strike halls! How tall you have grown, how more sensible, how better looking and healthier, by the help of your larger pay envelope and your smaller powder puff, the supreme invention of decorative art!

Where are now those pinch-faced, haggard, bedraggled, anaemic, flat-footed things, the girl-hags of the not-long-ago that nobody ever saw save in the gas light of the tenement hallway? For you used to work then from the end to the new beginning of the night and no one could see you in the sunlight, save your bosses, the physician, and on Sunday, the peddlers and the priests of the neighborhood.

That was the time when you used to make those dreadful old clothes—long skirts and puffed sleeves and wasplike waistlines and saddle-hips, horrors and nightmares of the now blood-curdling styles of the early century. There was no beauty in your work then for there was no beauty in your lives. Your work was the apotheosis of the elephantine figure, for to be fat has always been the highest ideal of the starved and the underfed. Yes, though they may not know it, the splendidly dressed girls of today owe their beautiful slim lines not so much to the whims of Paris as to the healthier and fuller lives of the makers of their clothes.

Yes, you have moved very fast and far since those days. You work now 44 hours; you have now a chance to look at the sun and the clouds and the trees from the streets and the parks instead of dreaming of them under the yellow gas jets of the sweat-shops. You have won back a part of your youth that had not been yours since childhood—the dawns and the twilights are yours once more, and so are the morning calls and the evening farewells of the birds and the rising of the early stars, the noblest joy of man's eyes.

I don't know whether you work harder, nor do I care, for I cannot think of work harming the mistresses of ever-changing beauties—but I know that you are no longer afraid of going up the fast elevator of the factories. I know that you fear no longer the steps of your masters and his overseers through the shop, nor the glare of the foreman's eyes over your shoulders, for if you have not yet become the owners of your jobs, you are protected by the safe conduct of your union card through the disputed territory where your enemy is no longer the absolute ruler.

I know that you are paid every Saturday noon, if not the full measure of your worth at least a not humiliating share of your effort, no longer computed by greedy eyes and doled out by cheating hands, but supervised by the stern accountants of your organized power. And I know that because of

these things you are much younger for your years than your mother or your big sister used to be, and that you are better housed and better fed and better dressed and better thought of in your neighborhoods than they were, and that because you are so, you are prettier and livelier and healthier and more interesting when you talk and less distressing when you keep silent. For you who used to chatter like the little winds in the leaves, have learned at last the lesson of the gales that save and gather their breath for the big storm.

How did all this happen? You know it. It was the miracle of your getting together—your union. All praise to your union! Stay together! No matter what happens today, stay together! No matter how fraught with individual promise tomorrow, stay together! There is a big storm brewing silently on the heights. Stay together, sing and your united breath shall break and scatter the clouds, after the thunder and the hail. Stay together and remember that you are sewing the last and everlasting banners of the human race, the ones that shall forever wave over all the pinnacles of the world, in the eternal sunshine of justice. Stay together and there shall be no greater glory than that of your fingers, oh my beautiful sisters, Sartine, comrades of the last affray!

Tahitian Holiday

THIS girl dancing under the uru trees
Is made of the flesh of golden mangoes;
Her arms flow in the dance, and her body
Undulates in the honey-colored sunlight,
Takes on new delight in the mauve shadow;

Yesterday she studied French verbs
In starched calico, at the convent;
Walked stiffly in coarse cotton stockings
Denying the syncopation of her feet;
And learned lies out of the catechism.

Today holidays, today the village,
Today reed houses under the uru trees,
Today boys and girls singing in the oteah,
And herself dancing golden in the light,
Herself the dance, herself the sung music.

Lydia Gibson.

Song of a Woman

OH, let it be the night again
And me in your embrace,
And my face held slanting
Against your face.
Then silent lips and fingers
The willing homage pay
That at proud noon, ungraciously,
They would not say.
And once again you'll raise me
In my own self-esteem,
And confidently lead me
Into my favorite dream
Where I shall be a princess
And not this plodding clay. . . .

Oh, let it be the night again
Banish the day!

Jean Starr Untermeyer.

Poems

To An Outgoing Tenant

I WALK, a stranger, in my heart
That once so well I knew.
The fittings have in every part
Been re-arranged by you.

I stroll a stranger through these halls
Which once I knew so well,
You've changed the paper on the walls
Here where you used to dwell.

The chairs have all been moved about,
Rugs where no rugs had been!
You've thrown my favorite etchings out,
And left your favorites in.

I walk, a stranger in my heart.
And since I can't forget
You, while I see your fingers' art,
I've hung a sign "To Let."

And other hands will move the rugs,
And break my tea-cup handles,
And search suspiciously for bugs,
And re-arrange the candles.

Mary Carolyn Davies.



A Drawing.

Design for a Perfect World

I SAID the sun had never burned for you,
That yours was still a world of glacial light
And frozen ecstasy. An icy blue
Hardened your heavens and a bright
Stone-polished glitter that could never glow
Flashed on an iron earth—a sharp, unreal
Dominion that you forced yourself to feel
And no warm child of earth could live to know.

But now I learned that such things could be so.
A freezing wind had blown through last night's rain
And sealed the flowing earth into a plain
Of rigid fantasy. A heaven of ice
Flattened the rocks that turned against the skies
Their mirrors of cold steel. The stiffened grass
Thrust wire-like blades in scabbards of thin glass.
Here were hard gems and harder jewelleries
Set in rock-crystal, and the metal trees
Were all bronze trunks, gold twigs and copper boughs,
With every burnished leaf hammered and curled
Like wooden branches on the prows
Of battered ships. No wind that blew could rouse
This tinsel and metallic world.

Here was your carved and final purity
That shone and kept its brilliance without heat;
A clean and passionless retreat,
Purged of disquiet, fear, imperfect song.
And you were right, it seems, and I was wrong.
Here's peace at last, cooler than ivory,
Flawlessly shaped, a world in filigree;
And you can live in it. . . . But not with me.

Louis Untermeyer.

Complexity

THERE is within Myself a nun,
A creature hidden from the sun.

It likes the gray and austere lines
Of rain-splashed fields and hilled confines;

Flinty roads that twist and turn,
Cut through shoes that ache and burn;

Sharp boulders grown in rusty grass
And solitary birds that pass;

Unwavering hills that rise high
Toward a gray, relentless sky;

Humble trees in rigid rows,
Frozen white and stiff with snows;

All these delight the Self in Me
That loves all gray severity.

Judith Tractman.



C. BERTRAM HARTMAN

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The Declaration of Independence.
And you will cut loose from the factory machines,
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Shout your anathema at the smoke pots bulging on the horizon.

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Cut loose, with our timid, time-clock ways and our afraid-of-losing-a-job faces,
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Bouquets For May Day

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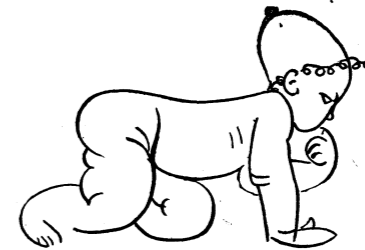
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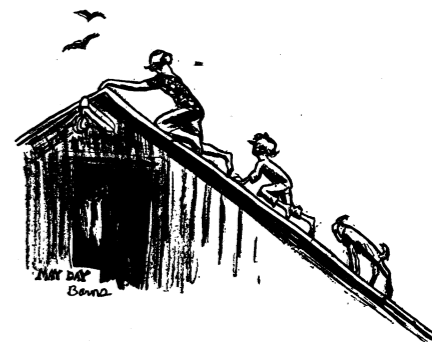
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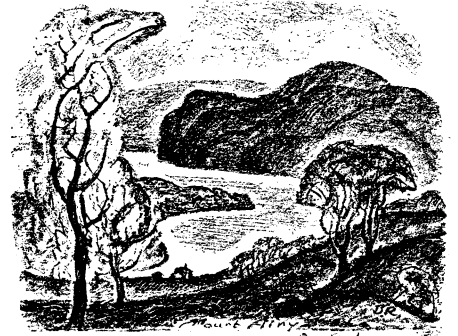


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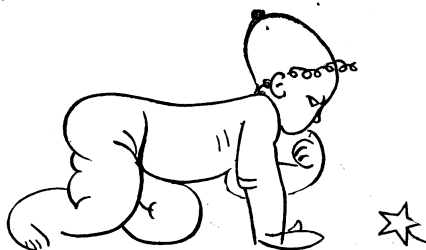
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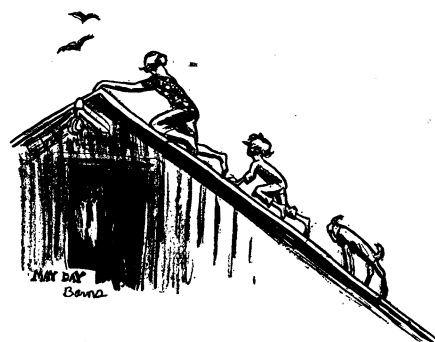
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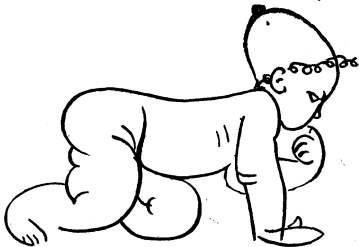
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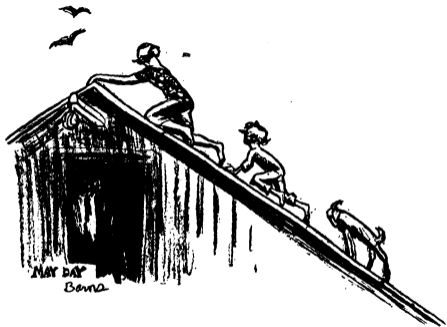
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He Who Gets Slapped

By Claude McKay

“WOULDN'T your dramatic critic like to see 'He Who Gets Slapped'?" So, very graciously, wrote the Theatre Guild's publicity agent to the Liberator. Our sometime dramatic critic, Charles W. Wood, having deserted us for the season, I elected myself dramatic critic by acclamation. It would be pleasant to sit in a free front-row parquet seat along with the "The Press," instead of buying a ticket for the second balcony. And as for the other seat—free seats come in pairs—I decided to take along William Gropper, Liberator artist of the powerful punch and vindictive line, and master of the grotesque.

So on the appointed night we presented ourselves at the box office of the Fulton. It was with keen pleasure I anticipated seeing this fantastic play of Leonid Andreyev's—"He, The One Who Gets Slapped." A curious and amusing theme!

The stubs were handed to Gropper and we started towards the orchestra. But the usher, with a look of quizzical amazement on his face, stopped us. Snatching the stubs from Gropper and muttering something about seeing the manager, he left us wondering and bewildered. In a moment he returned, with the manager. "The—the wrong date," the manager stammered and, taking the stubs marked "orchestra," he hurried off to the box office, returning with others marked "balcony." Suddenly the realization came to me. I had come here as a dramatic critic, a lover of the theatre, and a free soul. But—I was abruptly reminded—those things did not matter. The important fact, with which I was suddenly slapped in the face, was my color. I am a Negro.

"He, The One Who Gets Slapped"! . . . Gropper and I were shunted upstairs. I was for refusing to go, but Gropper, quite properly, urged compromise. So brooding darkly, madly, burnt, seared and pierced and over-burdened with hellish thoughts, I, with Gropper beside me half averting his delicate pale face, his fingers run through his unkempt mop of black hair, shading his strangely child-like blue eyes, sat through Leonid Andreyev's play.

Andreyev's masterpiece, they call it. A masterpiece? A cleverly melodramatic stringing together of buffonery, serious-comic philosophy, sensational love-hungriness and doll-baby impossibility, staged to tickle the mawkish emotions of the bourgeois mob! So I thought. I sat there, apart, alone, black and shrouded in blackness, quivering in every fibre, my heart denying itself and hiding from every gesture of human kindness, hard in its belief that kindness is to be found in no nation or race. I sat inwardly groaning through what seemed a childish caricature of tragedy. Ah! if the accident of birth had made Andreyev a Negro, if he had been slapped, kicked, buffeted, pounded, niggered, ridiculed, sneered at, exquisitely tortured, near-lynched and trampled underfoot by the merry white horde, and if he still preserved through the terrible agony a sound body and a mind sensitive and sharp to perceive the qualities of life, he might have written a real play about Being Slapped. I had come to see a tragic farce—and I found myself unwillingly the hero of one. He who got slapped was I. As always in the world-embracing Anglo-Saxon circus, the intelligence, the sensibilities of the black clown were slapped without mercy.

Dear Leonid Andreyev, if you had only risen out of your introspective Nihilistic despair to create the clown in the circus of hell, the clown slapped on every side by the devil's red-hot tongs, yet growing wiser, stronger and firmer in purposeful determination, seeking no refuge in suicide, but bearing it out to the bitter end, you might have touched me. But your veiled message means nothing to me and mine. In the great prison yard of white civilization in which Negro clowns move and have their being, your play is a baby babbling in the bedlam of the Christian market-place. And a baby has no chance under the cloven hoofs of the traders in the mart. It is marked for destruction even as I am marked; for, to the hard traders I am a mere pickaninny grown up, that has no claim to the privileges of a man. The purpose of the great traders is clear. They have a little place, a groove for their pickaninny. He must not think, hope, aspire, love in his own way, utter himself and delight in the wonderful creative experience of life as other men. For thousands of other pickaninnies who feel their painfully tragic position in the trader's world may be aroused to action.

I cry my woe to the whirling world, but not in despair. For I understand the forces that doom the race into which I was born to lifelong discrimination and servitude. And I know that these forces are not eternal, they can be destroyed and will be destroyed. They are marked for destruction. Mesopotamia, Egypt, Greece, Carthage, Arabia, Babylonia, Tyre, Persia, Rome, Germania! The whole historical pageant of the human race unfolds before me in high consolation.

Big Business thrives on color lines and race differences. Its respectable institutions and criminal governments draw strength and power from race hatreds, class distinctions and social insults and discriminations against Negroes. I know the mighty world forces that reach out to control even such organizations as the tiny Theatre Guilds that are doubtless, so far as they can be, radical. So when the representative of the Guild talks over the telephone to the Liberator: "So sorry about Mr. McKay, but you will understand why we must give him a balcony seat," I, too, understand her quite perfectly. I know of the cruel competition in the theatre business. I know that most of the productions are financial failures. And so, not I would ask any theatre or any business, however exquisitely artistic, however moral and aloof from the market, to shoulder the burden of the Negro race.

Poor, painful black face, intruding into the holy places of the whites. How like a spectre you haunt the pale devils! Always at their elbow, always darkly peering through the window, giving them no rest, no peace. How they burn up their energies trying to keep you out! How apologetic and uneasy they are, yes, even the best of them, poor devils, when you force an entrance, blackface, facetiously, incorrigibly smiling or disturbingly composed. Shock them out of their complacency, blackface, make them uncomfortable, make them unhappy! Give them no peace, no rest. How can they bear your presence, blackface, great, unappeasable ghost of Western civilization!

Yet for the Negro pilgrim there is sometimes a gleam in the dismal, gloomy wood. A little light that saves the sensitive, swarthy face, bruised and bloody, from constant butting



Gropper

Old Adam in Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah."
A Theatre Guild Production.

against the lignum-vitae trunks of deep-rooted trees. In the populous Sahara of the whites there are little oases where the black pariahs may quench their thirst. Yes, even in the little section of the Metropolitan theatres. For example, at the "Chauve Souris" we had orchestra seats, but at that time

the whole atmosphere, audience and all, was so un-American, so foreign-looking, that it must have made no difference. The patrons seemed so simple and Bolsheviki-like—they probably didn't care if I was a Negro. They seemed so different from the philistine art lovers of the Greenwich Village Theatre, where I was placed apart in the balcony when the Liberator sent me to see Bernard Shaw's "Candida." And again, at the Princess Theatre, when Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones" was being played, I suffered no annoyance—maybe because Gilpin, the Negro actor, was the leading man! Could the "non-commercial" Theatre Guild venture on a play like the "Emperor Jones" with a Negro as the star? How would it solve the problem of the hundreds of well-off Negroes in New York, interested in the artistic achievements of their race, who would demand orchestra seats? Easily, perhaps, in the traditional one hundred per cent. American way of not noticing such a situation. Easily, for judging from the list of plays the Guild has produced, the best talent, for it, is outside of America.

Damn it all! Good-night, plays and players. The prison is vast, there is plenty of space and a little time to sing and dance and laugh and love. There is a little time to dream of the jungle, revel in rare scents and riotous colors, croon a plantation melody, and be a real original Negro in spite of all the Tom Dixon crackers and the subtly sneering fictioneer Stribling's "Birthright." Many a white wretch, baffled and lost in his civilized jungles, is envious of the toiling, easy-living Negro.

Cherish your strength, my strong black brother. Be not dismayed because the struggle is hard and long, O, my warm, wonderful race. The fight is longer than a span of life; the test is great. Gird your loins, sharpen your tools! Time is on our side. Carry on the organizing and conserving of your forces, my dear brother, grim with determination, for a great purpose—for the Day!

In a Southern Prison Camp

IN October of 1921 I found myself in Mobile "flat." I had relatives in the city of Jacksonville, Florida, and decided to go there.

On Sunday morning, October 30, I reached River Junction, Florida, close to Tallahassee. Having seen nothing of the deputy I had been cautioned about, I decided that the "boes" had exaggerated conditions there and, putting aside caution, I clambered out of the refrigerator car I was riding in and seated myself on the roof. But shortly after leaving River Junction, one of the train crew approached me, demanding \$8.00.

"Ain't you even got a dollar?" he whined.

"The most valuable thing I've got is my labor card," I smiled, "and it's a red one," I added foolishly.

"Cain't honor them," he said. "The rest of the crew'd get sore—red or white cards. You'll have to git off at Tallahassee. Cain't hide you for nothing."

A few moments after he was gone I was surprised by the sudden appearance of a man approaching across the tops of the cars from the head of the train. There was something disconcerting about him. He was too well-dressed to be a trainman. When within ten feet of me he whipped out a

long-nosed "lead spitter," and before I knew what was happening a pair of bracelets adorned my wrists. "Don't try to get away," he warned me as he started for the next car. He found three other hoboes. One was a hopeless drug addict, the other two were young ex-service men.

Upon our arrival at the railroad station at Jacksonville, we found a large crowd there to greet us. The sheriff's auto took us to the county jail. The first floor was used for the Negro prisoners, and the second floor for the white. The inmates could communicate with others. Three auto thieves and two hoboes were the only white prisoners, and by calling out to our colored neighbors in the cells beneath us we learned that they were four, and one's name was "Jes Sam," who was a steady guest of the county because of "devilment."

The next morning we were tried. The judge said:

"You were all caught riding the same freight, so there is no difference in your cases. The offense and penalty are the same in each case. You're each fined \$25 and costs or 90 days."

"Ninety days for being broke!" cried one of the ex-service men. We stayed a week in the jail. One night, about the

MAY, 1922



Gropper

Old Adam in Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah."
A Theatre Guild Production.

middle of the week, I was roused from slumber by sounds of a man's weeping. The sobbing, mingled with an occasional groan, came from the Negro prisoners' quarters. Fifteen minutes later the man's weeping ceased, and he began praying softly in a simple, childlike manner. After a half hour of prayer mingled with sobs, everything grew quiet again, and I fell asleep.

Next morning before breakfast the Negro who called himself "Sam" asked us to be quiet. We asked him if any one was sick and he told us that a prisoner by the name of Ned Thomson had died during the night. We urged Sam to tell us something about him, but all he would say was that the man was returned from the "road" too ill to work and that now he won't have to work any more.

On the ninth day of my arrest I was sent to a lumber camp. The sheriff drove me in a Ford thirty miles from Tallahassee to a town called Perry, where I was put in the jail until after dinner. I had one cellmate—a native son of Florida. I asked him why he was imprisoned.

"Oh, nothing much, I jes' killed a good-fer-nuthin' feller in self-defense, and his friends formed a necktie party and tried to lynch me, as if I was only a dern nigger," he added, the indignation of race pride flashing from his eyes. "But you know," he confided smilingly, "my wife told me after that that there were ten of my friends to one of his'n, so there wouldn't have been much of a battle, even if twice as many had come to hang me."

The talk turned to my case, and he grinned. "You sure landed in hell, son," was his comment. "There ain't a man in three counties around here that ain't been a guard in the lumber camps at one time or another. I've did it myself," and his chest swelled with pride. He proceeded to give me information about the camps. The men were hired out to the Putnam Lumber Co. for \$20 each. The company took complete charge of them and supplied its own guards.

"They don't hesitate none to pull the trigger, bud," said my fellow prisoner, "'cause that's the orders, and if you make a move that smells the least bit suspicious, son, the chances is that you'll be buried in the swamps that night—the guard shoots in self-defense, you know," and he gave me a wise wink. "I've seen men whipped till they had to be carried in to the stockade," he continued, enlightening me.

"But why?" I asked, greatly puzzled.

Sympathy for my apparent ignorance showed on his face. "Well, for one thing, to make 'em scared, and another thing to get all the work out of them that they can. A six months' sentence means that a man will be worked within a quarter of an inch of his life. The longer the sentence, the less hard the prisoner is worked, 'cause if they work 'em too hard on a long-timer, he will die before his time's up and the company loses money on him. Figuring the present cost of labor," he went on, "the Putnam Lumber Co. gets about \$200 worth of labor out of you every month of your sentence, but if you was hired out to do the same work as a free man you would not get more than \$1.75 a day."

I asked him if prisoners were permitted to send and receive mail. "Well, you can send mail, but the camp boss reads it first, and if it says anything about the conditions here or complaints, they tears 'em up and you never hears tell of it again. Sometimes the mail is written for you, but you never get to know of it."

He gave me some writing material that his wife had brought him, and I wrote a note to my friends to send the money with which I could pay my way to freedom. I thanked

him for all I had heard, and he promised to mail my letter for me. . . .

We reached the camp at sundown and the sheriff turned me over to a Captain Higginbottom—the man in charge. He did the floggings and his word was law. After supper I was locked with the other prisoners in the wooden stockade, which was our sleeping quarters. The men crowded around, telling me I had come to hell. Eight of every ten were there for hobbing.

"They're so ignorant here," a tall, blue-eyed Westerner said, "that they must be run down and have shoes put on them. When I told the guard I was from Oregon he asked what county it was in."

Several had been whipped that day and their backs were red and swollen.

"One never does enough to suit the hounds," a poor, blistered devil told me. "From the moment the labor train dumps us in the woods in the morning until we stop work at sundown, we have to work as hard and as fast as we can. The guards make us do it."

"There is no one to whom we can complain," another one said. "A so-called state inspector comes here once a month, but nothing is done to improve our lot. By God!" he exclaimed, "I never dreamed that men could be so vile. I never seriously thought of suicide until I came to this place. A doctor comes here once a month, except in very urgent cases. Yet there is work for two doctors here each day, but the captain says there is not a case that he can't cure with either liniment, salve or the whipping strap."

A slav prisoner said: "I am going to Russia when I finish here; you're not arrested there if you have no money."

Another, whose face wore a perpetual sneer, turned loudly on the Slav. "That's the trouble with you foreigners—you don't appreciate a free country like this. Why didn't you stay in Russia?"

The tall Westerner nudged me in the side. "Look out for the guy that's squeaking to the Russian," he whispered; "every one thinks he's a stool-pigeon. We're trying to corral him out in the woods so he won't return for supper one of these days. Don't talk to him."

"We ought to be thankful we are not black," one fellow said. "The poor blacks are worse off than we. An old colored man named Ned Thomson was whipped even though he could not walk—not to talk about working."

"Ned Thomson!" I almost shouted the name, for I suddenly remembered the name of the Negro who had died in the Tallahassee jail.

"Do you know him?" they asked.

I told them what I knew of the dead man, and they said that he was sick at the time he was brought into the camp and could not work, and that when the captain whipped him he lamely arose from the ground and, smiling at him, told him he had just whipped a dead body. It was because of this incident that the prisoners particularly remembered him.

I was an extra man at the camp, so a blanket, sheet and mattress were spread for me on the floor. I was quite sick. . . .

At 5:30 a. m. we were awakened by the prolonged ringing of a gong. I managed to get into my clothes and form in line with the others.

There were two tubs of water in front of the eating shed, but we hardly had time to use them. The meal prepared the previous evening, and carried by the prisoners in tin pails, consisted of boiled lima beans, a small

piece of fat pork, and a piece of corn bread, invariably half raw. We were required to return the unused food, which was cooked into the next day's dinner. The work train carried us to the end of the track, and we walked from that point still deeper into the trackless swamps. The guards and overseers wore rubber boots, but the prisoners waded through the swamp water to their knees. It rained hard that first day, but we worked in the mud and water—drenched to the skin.

After dinner, Captain Higginbottom appeared and whipped two of the prisoners. He used a heavy strap about four feet long, five inches wide and from a half to three-quarters of an inch in thickness. The first to be whipped was a young boy. On his knees he implored the captain not to beat him, while the tears streamed down his cheeks. Seeing what was about to happen, the other prisoners spurred their tired arms to more frenzied efforts. The captain grew angry at the boy's entreaties and shouted to him to lie down or he would use the handle on him. Trembling like a leaf and pale as death, the lad lay on his stomach in the mud. His cries of pain as the heavy leather stung his back will ever ring in my ears. After this he whipped another man, who uttered not a sound as the thong was laid to his back. I ached in every limb, the rain beat down and made the work trebly hard, while my eyes swam in their sockets from the pain in my head. At length the day came to its close, and for nearly an hour we trudged wearily to the train. Getting back to the camp, I fell off the train, and being unable to walk as fast as the guard ordered me to, he planted two vicious kicks on my buttocks. I slowed up my pace, and Captain Higginbottom gave me a hard punch on the back of my neck, enquiring at the same time of the guard, "What in hell's the matter with that damned Jew?" . . .

That night I had neither appetite nor desire for food. I trembled with chills in my wet clothing, and my fellow prisoners seeing my condition, peeled off my clothing and covered me on the mattress on the floor. In the morning I was in a fever, and when I attempted to rise I fell dizzily to the floor. The other prisoners put on their wet clothing and went out to the swamps. After breakfast Captain Higginbottom entered the stockade.

"Jew, what's wrong with you?" he asked me. Too ill to make reply, I lay there on the floor, where I had fallen after my first attempt to rise. "Oh, I'll make you talk," said he

as he left the stockade. He was gone a while, and when he returned he carried "Black Aunty"—the name of the strap used for whipping.

I lay face up on the floor, and he rolled me over on my stomach with his foot. When he had me in this position he proceeded to "make me talk." I was too sick even to groan, and so seeing the uselessness of whipping a body that neither cried out nor quivered under the lash, he ceased applying the "leather" and left the stockade with the threat that I had better be either "dead or better" in the morning.

But the next day, Wednesday, I grew worse. One of the prisoners that night worried me into sufficient consciousness to give him my name and address, saying his time was about to expire and he would let my folks know of my whereabouts. On Thursday the fever was gone, but the pain in my stomach remained. The doctor was called and said I was suffering from acute indigestion. He took the address of my relatives, saying he would write them to come and take me out, for, as he explained to Captain Higginbottom, I was not of much use.

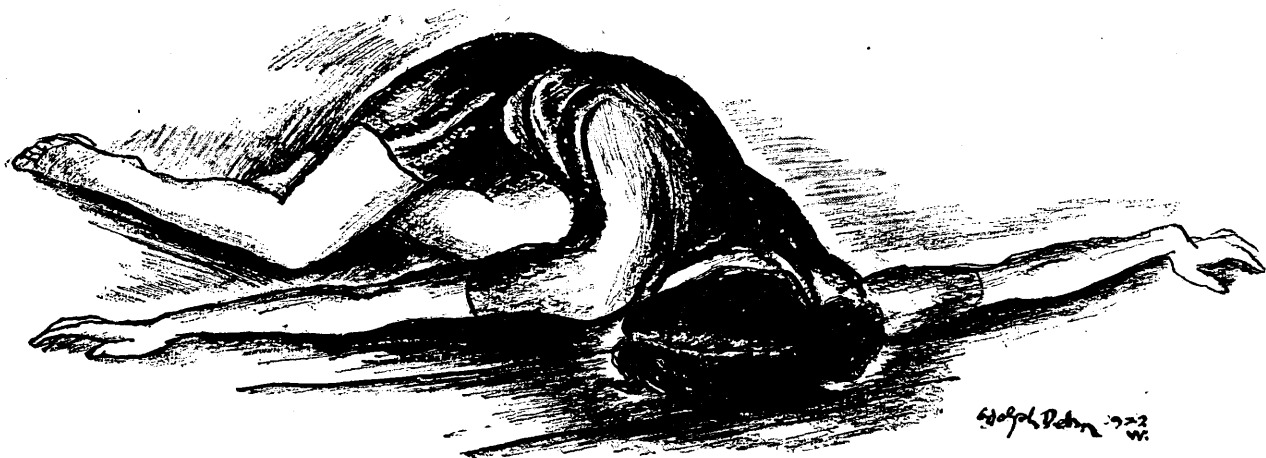
The State "Inspector" came about the middle of the week. A man whose palms were so blistered that he could not work showed him his hands, and the inspector asked him if he had tried to urinate on them as a remedy. Having settled this case, he passed on to the next man, who had been frequently flogged and whose back bore the marks of it.

"You did not expect a nursery here, did you?" the inspector asked him. "Besides," he continued, "you have no cause for complaint unless the flesh shows through the skin, and I see no evidence of that."

A boy of fifteen had a running sore on his feet, which caused him such pain he could hardly hobble along. He broke down and wept before the inspector. He promised to "see the captain about it," but it was nearly a week before a basin of water was warmed for the boy's feet.

On Tuesday of the second week I was put in the "Hospital Squad" to do 'light work,' hauling railroad ties and shoveling sand. I felt myself sinking wearily under the burden without any will to resist. But on Friday evening of that week when I returned to camp, I found, to my great joy, that my uncle, having received my letters, had come from Jacksonville to get me out.

ISAAC H. SCHWARTZ.



Adolph Dehn

Desolation.



Adolph Dehn

Desolation.

*Adolph Dehn 922
W.*

BOOKS

A Critic Faces Himself

Upstream, by Ludwig Lewisohn. Boni and Liveright.

THIS book is "an American Chronicle"; it is the mercifully searching chronicle of a sensitive spirit torn and suffering, yet bearing up valiantly under the harsh cuffs and blows of an unsympathetic environment. The younger generations of writers and critics, whose faces one sees everywhere reproduced in the magazines and the literary supplements, have good cause to rejoice that Mr. Lewisohn has spoken out the literal and unequivocal truth of his own life. Mr. Harold Stearns in his peevish way may lash America in company with a group of irritable liberals; but the reader remains at bottom unconvinced by his artificial pumping up of irate scorn and muddled disdain. Lewisohn is not confused or confusing. He has faced the American as a teacher and a writer, and what he has seen and felt and heard and personally experienced he writes down with that candour and integrity that will smooth the way for those younger men who have been brooding over the bitterness of our civilization and have not yet found the courage within themselves to rail against it. They have not had the courage of even laying bare their own stigmata.

Mr. Lewisohn does not scruple to unveil his bleeding stigmata. As a Jew he was for a long period kept from his rightful inheritance as a teacher in our universities. His critical maturity was held back because he was compelled to earn a livelihood by cheap hackwork. During the war he was made poignantly uncomfortable because he was suspected of being pro-German. All these matters are set down with a courage that is fearless and uncompromising—an unflinching honesty that commands the respect of all those who are intent on healing the hideous sores of American life.

Mr. Lewisohn has written an American chronicle; some will say it is biased and extremely one-sided. It is not only one-sided, but frankly insurgent. Mr. Lewisohn is a non-conformist, perhaps a born non-conformist, but not a vain and idle one. His gifts are precisely such as America needs today. And, above all, we are deeply in need of just such impassioned revelations as he has given us in a book, which possesses a certain high-minded beauty of temper and style.

PIERRE LOVING.

A Prize Fighter Novelist

Emmett Lawler, by Jim Tully. Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1922.

IF Emmett Lawler had not read Gibbon, Balzac and others of the ancients, there might have been breathing space for Spike Robinson; and Vivian, the working girl gone wrong would have developed into something more substantial than a gush-blurred apparition.

The story should have all started with the day when he first knocked out Ryan the Wop, and ended the day before Greenwich Village knocked out of him the stuff of which literature is made.

He might have created another Martin Eden—another confession to the tune of a brass band, but creation nevertheless.

As it is the autobiography of the orphaned tramp, circus clown, lover, poet and pug is a tragedy of style.

Emmett Lawler had a story to tell. It was a tale of bludgeon and blood; a scream out of the abyss, a clattering of wheels and rail against star-riveted silences. There was hunger filing frantically on the bars of life; there were slinking alleys making ugly eyes at arrogant avenues; ladies of love reeling out of dope dens into the wasted arms of louse-ridden bums; a battery of naked fists spattering gore upon iron doors.

It might have been told with every verb, adjective and phrase in a grammatical rout.

Instead of that the author washed his battered face, took a shave and Boncilla massage, had his fingernails trimmed, his shoes shined and his hair plastered down, hired a full dress suit, borrowed a few airs and echoes, thinned his powerful voice down to a Polyanna purr and calmly butchered the story of an interesting life.

"If only books were made of asbestos pages, I might write words so fiery that the sight would sear those who read," he thunders in a moment of pain. A weak confession of impotence. The fiercest castigations in the book, when he knouts the Southerner for peonage over the black man, or phillipicizes against Christianity's un-Christianity to Christians could endure quite peacefully on tissue paper.

There is a saving distinction in the book. It is a novel without a villain. Poor and rich alike are very, very kind to Emmett. The pages are lead-weighted with benefactions and benefactors, until at times the reader is almost roused to join in "Come to Jesus."

Perhaps the keenest disillusionment comes when it is remembered that Jim Tully is an Irishman, and the book is neither naughty nor witty. The few touches of sexuality are blurred with pious praying; the various attempts at humor would make a Sunday supplement cartoonist blush for shame.

There is a great deal, however, in the book that should encourage Jim Tully to write a novel, where he will forget everything else but himself, where he will write in the American language and not in stilted composition English; where he will shrug off the burden of a little self-education and tell his story freely. When he has condescended to use the ordinary language of his life, he will create.

S. A. DEWITT.

White and Black in Texas

White and Black, by H. A. Shands. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

THIS book is by a white Texan. It deals with a small rural community of white and black, shows us the two races living side by side, and is quite as swift to see the shortcomings of the white as of the black. This is the first thing one thinks of on closing the book. A white southerner is not engaged in special pleading, but is showing us a slice out of life. There is no talk of the Leopard's Spots—every one is spotted more or less, except the pallid white women. The Ku Klux are not Sir Galahads, but dangerous, evil-minded people. The Negro tenant is no more shiftless than the white one; and white men are only too ready to accept overtures from colored girls. "Life is real, life is earnest," as Shands describes it in Compton, Texas.

If Shands does not write with distinction he certainly writes with sincerity. And he knows of what he writes.

BREAD and IRON

vs

BLOOD and IRON

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Soviet Russia has fought her way valiantly through to a right to life and an opportunity to lay the foundation of a better world. Genoa had to be and Russia had to be there. Cowering behind their painted masks and meek beneath their blatant boasts, the capitalist diplomats flocked around the hated representatives of Soviet Russia to bargain insidiously against each other for the best terms they could get.

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Every worker will benefit by the achievements of Soviet Russia, and the children of all the workers will inherit greater security and richer life. Take part, therefore, in the great work. Though the skill of your hands and the love of your heart must remain afar, send your tools to help build the mighty structure. Contribute in money whatever you can, whether it be to buy a hammer or a saw, a tractor or a thresher. Join with the comrades in your shop, in your organization, to make a united gift. Workers, sympathizers, generous and true!

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The book has a good deal to say about miscegenation. "Wherever niggers are in the majority (no one in Compton ever says anything but nigger), or at least in large numbers, miscegenation is very common, particularly in the rural districts." So says the Methodist minister. (It is certainly common in Compton.) He gives as the reasons for this: "the comparative defenselessness of the niggers, passion and vanity in black women, lust in white men, timidity, poverty, and lack of faith in the teaching of the church." This minister is a decent sort of person, who views with sorrow the church's timidity. The church has much authority in Compton, keeps the youths and maidens playing dominoes instead of cards, and forbids their dancing. For excitement it provides the revival, and it is significant that the young hero first finds a Negro girl attractive after he has been received into the church.

Poverty stalks through the book, attending black and white. A pathetic figure is the wife of a poor white whose daughter dies from an assault by a Negro and who thus for the first time receives any notice from the community. She had a nice coffin, and her funeral was fine. Her mother, coming back from it, says a little excitedly to her husband: "Sim, wouldn't it be nice to have good clothes all the time?" And when he chides her for thinking of clothes she bursts into tears, "her spirit bowed down under the desolation of poverty and of bereavement, overwhelmed with the realization that for her neither would ever end."

The Ku Klux stalk through "White and Black." There is a black man burned alive and a white man murdered. The book ends with a white boy's saying over the body of his dead friend, "I'll find out who done it, and I'll kill him, so help me God." Lawlessness is always around the corner in Compton and her men go armed. Some of them we learn to love. None of them are able to bring order and reason to their community. They play a losing game.

We remember the well-worn joke about the man who, owning hell and Texas, rented out Texas and lived in hell. It is quite understandable.

MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

BOOK-LOVERS' GUIDE

SOCIALISM AND PERSONAL LIBERTY. By Robert Dell. Seltzer.—A semi-anarchist argument for personal liberty as against Communism. Mr. Dell explains why, judging from Russian conditions, he can no longer support a dictatorship of the working-class. "There is a centralizing tendency in Marxism," he says, "which in practice result in a system dangerous to personal liberty." In other words, the theory of Revolution is fine, but not the practice.

A REVISION OF THE TREATY. By John Maynard Keynes, Harcourt, Brace & Co. In this book the author of the Economic Consequences of the Peace prescribes his cure for the sickness of international capitalism.

OPIATE ADDICTION. By Edward Huntington Williams, M. D. Macmillan.—A broad-minded treatise on the handling and treatment of drug addicts.

PROLET CULT. By Eden and Cedar Paul. Seltzer. — The authors of "Creative Revolution" write on the workers' education movement.

BIRTHRIGHT. By T. S. Stribling. Century. "A remarkable novel which adds to literature an entirely new figure—the modern, educated, high-thinking Negro."—From the jacket. Review later.

RAHAB. By Waldo Frank. Boni & Liveright.—A thought-provoking novel. Review later.

FACTORY ECHOES AND OTHER SKETCHES. By R. M. Fox. C. W. Daniel, London.—Good pen pictures of factory life by an English worker, now a student at Ruskin Labour college.

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Is This a Boycott?

AND is book reviewing a public service or a private vendetta? An open letter to the Literary Editors of the New York "Times," "Tribune," "Herald," the Chicago "Tribune," "Evening Post," "Daily News," the Boston "Evening Transcript," the Baltimore "Sun," the Louisville "Times," the Kansas City "Times," the Los Angeles "Times," the San Francisco "Chronicle," the Seattle "Times" — Gentlemen:

There is an old story of a Kentuckian who knocked another down. "Did he call you a liar?" asked some one. "No, sah, he proved it." Two years ago the writer of this letter committed the offense of proving that American journalism serves private instead of public interests. He proved it concerning the news and editorial columns of the American daily press. He now asks: Do those who conduct its literary departments desire to enter a plea of guilty to the same charge?

Last fall we published a work called "The Book of Life: Mind and Body." The book did not deal with any "radical" subject. It was a quiet and friendly exposition of the laws of sanity and wisdom in thought, and of health in body; a book of practical counsel, seeking to tell people what they need to know in order to live wisely in the modern world. So far as we could learn, there was no book in existence covering quite the same field. We purposely published it, for a test, through one of the most respected of American publishing houses, the Macmillan Company. The book was advertised, and review copies duly sent to the leading newspapers: and with what result? Two papers reviewed it favorably, and two reviewed it unfavorably; this is the total — out of some five hundred papers which regularly give space to book reviews!

We might take this extraordinary phenomenon as a compliment to the effectiveness of "The Brass Check" as a controversial agent. But we are more concerned about the question of standards of fair-play in book reviewing. We ask — and we think the general public will be interested in the answer: Is book reviewing a public service, or is it a special privilege? Is the function of a literary editor to tell the public what is new and worth while in letters, or is it to punish men who dare to lift their voices against the rule of finance capital in our country?

Concerning "The Book of Life," H. G. Wells wrote to the author: "Why do you always think of things first?" Georg Brandes, dean of European critics, sent a message to express the "pleasure and profit" he had derived from the book. These are two of a score of European opinions which might be quoted; for, as it happens, the man whom the American press has chosen for boycott has been chosen by both the critics and the readers of every cultured foreign country of the world to be the best known of living American writers. "The Book of Life," which you ignore, is appearing serially in "La Rassegna Internazionale," (Rome and Geneva) and "Cahiers Internationaux" (Paris.) It is being published in book form in Great Britain, Germany, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries. Do you really think that this has no significance in American letters, and no interest to the American public?

We are happy to afford you an opportunity to reconsider your decision upon this book. We have now completed the second volume, which contains "The Book of Love" and "The Book of Society." The former is a discussion of the art of health and happiness in sex: a frank and friendly, wholly modern and practical study of love and marriage, birth control, chastity, monogamy, jealousy, divorce. Floyd Dell wrote: "I envy you the courage of exposing in print your views on the subject of love; I should not dare to do so, myself." Reading the manuscript, he excepted to two chapters, which he insisted had been written by Billy Sunday! "The rest of the book makes me happy. We need sanity in sex. The book attacks the personal problem very vigorously and helpfully." Albert Rhys Williams writes: "I marvel again at your range of reading and your tremendous power in co-ordinating all the facts into a fascinating scientific discussion. I not only read it myself, but had it read aloud to a number of others. They regarded it as a very masterful treatise."

As for "The Book of Society," it discusses the modern man in relation to his fellows, his rights and his duties, the process of social evolution, the stage which the world has now reached, and that into which it is moving. It explains modern industrial problems, and is a guide book to the new era. Many people ask: "Just what do you radicals want, and how do you expect to get it?" Here is the answer.

We have taken over volume one of "The Book of Life" from the Macmillan Company, and are publishing the two volumes complete in one, at a lower price than that formerly charged for the single volume. If we emphasize this aspect of price, it is because we live in a world in which even beautiful thought is sold for profit, and there are people who, when you offer them a book, imagine you are trying to make a dollar out of them! So we record the fact that during the past four years we have sold over three hundred thousand of our books, and have yet to "make a dollar."

We are sending you a copy of "The Book of Life" in its complete form, and we respectfully offer you the opportunity to review it. If you do not review it, we ask you to state why not, and we shall be pleased to give publicity to your replies. We feel it only fair to point out that if you ignore this communication, the average interested person will conclude that you are subjecting literary criticism to the prejudices of political controversy and of economic interest. We shall wait two months for your answer, and advertise the results in this place.

Respectfully,

UPTON SINCLAIR, Pasadena, California.

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DO NOT FORGET! Infamous Law Resurrected.

These men were convicted under the infamous Criminal Anarchy Act of 1902, resurrected after 17 years' oblivion by the labor-baiting Lusk Committee.

Lack of sufficient evidence did not trouble the prosecution. The General Strike at Winnipeg, Canada, was dragged in and alleged horrors in connection with it were magnified to create the necessary hysterical atmosphere.

Judge Weeks, especially appointed, furnished the essential "interpretations" to supplement any inadequacies in the law.

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Such procedure constitutes a menace to every labor organization, and to all their spokesmen. It is a violation of the most elementary civil rights.

JOIN THE DRIVE FOR THEIR RELEASE!

The Amnesty Alliance for New York State Political Prisoners has been organized to conduct a drive for their release. The co-operating organizations urge you to do your utmost in this work.

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It is charged that the public is intellectually incompetent. Is this true? It is charged that the public is afraid of ideas, disinclined to think, unfriendly to culture. This is a serious matter. The facts should be faced frankly and honestly.

Without Cultural Leadership.

The main criticism, as we find it, is that the people support ventures that are unworthy, that represent no cultural standards. The public is fed on low brow reading matter, low brow movies, low brow theatrical productions, low brow music, low brow newspapers, low brow magazines. As for ourselves, we think the criticism is unfair in that it does not recognize the fact that the public is without cultural leadership. Those who have the divine spark get off by themselves. We believe the public has never had a real chance, never had an opportunity to get acquainted with the great and the beautiful things of life. Given half a chance, we think the public will respond.

We believe there has been enough talk about the public's inferior taste.

The time has come to give the public an opportunity to find out something about philosophy, science and the higher things. And the thing must be done at a low price, because the average person's pocketbook is not fat. As it stands, the publishers charge about five dollars a volume, and then wonder why the people stand aloof.

We believe we have hit on a way to find out if the people are interested in the deeper problems of life. And the first thing we decided was to fix a price that shall be within the reach of the person with the most slender purse.

We have selected a library of 25 books, which we are going to offer the public at an absurdly low price. We shall do this to find out if it is true that the public is not going to accept the better things when once given the

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Once the contents of the following 25 books are absorbed and digested, we believe a person will be well on the road to culture. And by culture we do not mean something incomprehensible to the average mind—genuine culture, like great sculpture, can be made to delight the common as well as the elect. The books listed below are all simple works and yet they are great—all great things are simple. They are serious works, of course, but we do not think the public will refuse to put its mind on serious topics. Here are the 25 books:

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