

NEW MASSES :: MAY, 1926

IS THIS IT?

Is this the magazine our prospectuses talked about? We are not so sure. This, however, is undoubtedly the editorial which, in all our prospectuses, we promised faithfully not to write.

As to the magazine, we regard it with almost complete detachment and a good deal of critical interest, because we didn't make it ourselves.

We merely "discovered" it.

We were confident that somewhere in America a NEW MASSES existed, if only as a frustrated desire.

To materialize it, all that was needed was to make a certain number of prosaic editorial motions.

We made the motions, material poured in, and we sent our first issue to the printer.

Next month we shall make, experimentally, slightly different motions, and a somewhat different NEW MASSES will blossom profanely on the news-stands in the midst of our respectable contemporaries, the whiz-bangs, the success-liturgies, the household aphrodisiacs, the snob-baedekkers and the department store catalogues.

It's an exciting game, and we'd like very much to draw you, our readers, into it. What would you like to see in the NEW MASSES? Do you want more cartoons? More labor stories? More satire—fiction—poetry? How about criticism of books, theatre, art, music, the movies?

How would you feel if the NEW MASSES went in for some confession articles? America is going through a queer period of stock-taking. Maybe we'll get some well-known tired radicals to tell what made them tired; or induce some quite unknown people, who are, however, rich both in experience and in honesty, to describe their experience in print.

We would like to fill a page with letters from all over the country telling of industries, occupations, changing social customs, the daily work and play of Americans everywhere. We see this as a possible feature—a monthly mosaic of American life, in which the tragedy and comedy, the hopes and dreams of the most obscure American mill town or cross-roads village will be chronicled with as much respect and sympathy by our correspondents as if they were reporting the political or artistic events of a European capital. Will you write us a letter of this sort? Will you send us ideas for other features?

A PRIZE OF \$50

In order to add zest to this game of cooperative editing which we invite you to play, we offer a prize of \$50 for the best letter of 500 words or less submitted between now and July 1. The editors will judge the contest and announce the winner in the September issue, meanwhile publishing usable letters as they are received.

OUR COMING-OUT PARTY

The NEW MASSES had a great coming-out party in March, with a huge debate at Manhattan Opera House between Scott Nearing and a speaker from the National Security League. About two thousand persons attended, and the discussion was broadcast over the radio. The subject of the debate was "Recognition of Soviet Russia."

About the second week in May there will be another party to greet our first issue. Representatives of all the big labor unions, the various radical parties and poets, musicians, playwrights and other artists will be present. There will be a concert of modern music, speeches, and then the audience will be invited to criticize the make-up of this issue.

Watch the radical press for an announcement of the place and time.



DRAWING BY A. RONNEBECK

SIGNS OF SPRING

NEW MASSES	MAY, 1926
Volume 1	Number 1

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EDITORS:

Egmont Arens, Joseph Freeman, Hugo Gellert, Michael Gold, James Rorty and John Sloan.

EXECUTIVE BOARD:

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Ruth Stout.

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE WRITERS

BABETTE DEUTSCH, winner of this year's "Nation" Poetry Prize, has published two volumes of poetry. She has recently visited Soviet Russia.

ROBERT DUNN is the author of "American Foreign Investments" and co-author with Sidney Howard of "The Labor Spy."

ROBINSON JEFFERS' "Roan Stallion, Tamar and Other Poems," published last year, established him as one of the important contemporary American poets. He lives in Carmel, Calif.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS is well known as physician, modernist, poet and story-writer, and is the author of "In the American Grain."

NATHAN ASCH is the author of a collection of vivid short stories published last year under the title, "The Office." He lives in Paris.

NORMAN STUDER is one of the editors of the "New Student."

M. H. HEDGES, editor of the official organ of the Electrical Workers' Union, is the author of several labor novels.

ART SHIELDS is on the staff of the Federated Press. He has covered scores of strikes in the industry of which he writes.

KAROL REMBOV is the pseudonym of a young student and writer in the field of labor.

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE is a member of the faculty of Yale University.

EDWIN SEAVER is a young poet and critic living in New York.

GEORGE STERLING is San Francisco's poet and First Citizen.

SCOTT NEARING, recently returned from Soviet Russia, is well known as a radical educator and author. He lectures to tens of thousands of American workmen yearly.

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS is a young poet, who recently left Columbia in protest against the censorship of the undergraduate literary magazine.

THE ARTISTS

WILLIAM GROPPER, remembered for his drawings in the "Liberator" and "Dial," is now drawing regularly for the "Sunday World" and "Freiheit."

ADOLPH DEHN is a young Minnesota artist, who has been spending the past two years in Paris and Vienna.

STUART DAVIS is a painter and one of the first contributors of the old "Masses."

ART YOUNG was with the old "Masses" from the start. He was a contributing editor of the "Liberator" and is now embellishing the pages of "Life" and the "Saturday Evening Post."

I. KLEIN is a young artist of promise whose work was first seen in the "New Yorker."

BOARDMAN ROBINSON is known for his fine drawings in the old "Masses" and "Liberator." He accompanied John Reed on his first trip to Russia during the war.

WANDA GAG is a young painter who will hold an exhibition at Weyhe's Galleries in the fall.

LOUIS LOZOWICK is a painter, and author of "Modern Russian Art." He designed the sets for "Gas," the mechanistic play recently presented in Chicago.

F. S. HYND is a student at the Art Student's League. The NEW MASSES presents his first published drawing.

OTTO SOGLOW was one of the younger contributors of the "Liberator."

HANS STENGEL, formerly one of the editors of "Simplicissimus," now contributes to many American magazines.

A. RONNEBECK is a sculptor whose exhibitions in New York and Europe have attracted wide attention.

WE ARE BORN

Writing in the *Emporia Gazette*, William Allen White greets the NEW MASSES, is delighted that the infant seems so lusty, and gives it six months to live!

Mr. White is wrong. Despite his chronic obstreperousness, he remains like all liberals, a loyal child of our old mother capitalism, not realizing that she is now some years dead; that neither in life nor in the arts can she continue to nourish the children of the new world, who, even in America, are rapidly outgrowing their intellectual swaddling clothes.

However, Mr. White unquestionably gets us. He says, in effect, that we come not to chide the old woman, but to bury her. Right. And as for our own likelihood of survival, we submit that the future of this new world is probably a better gambling chance than the awkward and uncertain present of capitalism. Here is what Mr. White says about us:

Fancy what will happen to a magazine like this when the Watchers and Warders, the Defence Society, and the Minute Men wake up to a realization of its implications. So, if you are going to get a copy, buy it quick. For by this time next year the NEW MASSES will be a memory. We give it six months—and costs!

* * *

We bid welcome to the NEW MASSES, which makes its bow on the news-stands today. Looking over the first number, we find ourselves in hearty disagreement with the whole point of view it reveals; nevertheless we find it amusing, which is the main point. Since the demise of the old *MASSES* and the *Freeman* we have had too little thunder on the left; the tumult and the shouting have lacked their old-time zest. So, although the editors seem to have an infinite capacity for being wrong, good luck to them, and long may they rave.—*From an Editorial in The World, New York.*

* * *

That bull about consulting your readers is old stuff. You could not have started the magazine again without the same rabid bunch of opinionated idea mortgagees, who would murder you for indulging in real thought. . . . Hurrah for the Cops and the Capitalists! *Louis Siegel.*

* * *

The first issue of the NEW MASSES is a stunning number and gives great promise for the future. You have already achieved originality and power, and this means everything. Best wishes to the great adventure.

John Haynes Holmes.

* * *

I had been looking forward to the NEW MASSES with such hopes that the disappointment is great indeed. . . . I felt so badly over the matter that it knocked me out for the good part of a day. *Harry Jaffe.*

* * *

At last the long-heralded and eagerly awaited NEW MASSES! Having been one of those fortunates who were able to secure copies of your magazine, I read your request for suggestions. It would be difficult to improve the NEW MASSES.—*Rupert Cuthbert.*



DRAWING BY D. BURLIUK

SO THIS IS MIAMI!

NEW MASSES—JUNE, 1926

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE WRITERS

John Dos Passos is an American novelist and playwright whose most recent book, *Manhattan Transfer*, was published last year by Harpers.

Marguerite Tucker is a writer and musician living in New York.

Grace Lumpkin was on the editorial staff of the *World Tomorrow*.

Esther Lowell is one of the New York representatives of the *Federated Press*.

Arthur Garfield Hays is a well-known New York attorney who has often represented the American Civil Liberties Union in its fights for free speech.

Margaret Larkin is a young poet and playwright of Santa Fe, New Mexico, who has been acting as Secretary to Albert Weisbord during the Passaic strike.

Norman Thomas was the Socialist Party's candidate for Mayor of New York at the last election.

D. H. Lawrence, the noted British novelist, has spent many months at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Alfred Kreymborg is a poet and playwright, first editor and founder of the magazine *Broom*, whose latest volume of poems, *Scarlet and Mellow*, has just been published by Boni and Liveright.

Chard Powers Smith's first volume of poems was published last year by the Yale University Press.

Arthur W. Calhoun is a teacher at the Brookwood Labor College.

Stuart Chase is the author of *The Tragedy of Waste*, published last year by the Macmillan Company.

John Howard Lawson, author of *Roger Bloomer, Processional and Nirvana*, is one of the most distinguished of the younger playwrights of America.

Roland A. Gibson is librarian of the Brookwood Labor College.

James Fuchs is a well-known writer for the radical press.

Jim Waters is a painter—of houses, not canvasses—who works at his trade in Chicago.

THE ARTISTS

David Burluk is a Russian futurist painter, who has lived in America for the past five years.

Cornelia Barns is remembered for her work in the old *MASSES*. She is now living in Morgan Hill, California.

Maurice Becker, cartoonist and painter, was with the old *MASSES* from the start. His cartoons have been reproduced in radical papers in Europe, Japan and Australia. He was represented in the American exhibition in Paris (1924) and his work appears in the current International Exhibition in Dresden.

A. Walkowitz is an American painter who used to contribute to the old *MASSES*. He is one of the Directors of the Independent Artists.

CENSORED!

ON April 30, the NEW MASSES received word from the New York postmaster that no more copies of the May number of the magazine could be put in the mail because it had been declared unmailable. This was the answer to our application for second class mailing privilege filed on April 12, when the first copies of our May number came from the presses. Inquiry at the New York postoffice revealed only the fact that these instructions had come from Washington and that further information in the matter must be sought there.

A member of our staff went to Washington and was told by the Post Office Department that the first number, the May issue, had been declared unmailable because it came under Section 211 which bars lewd and obscene matter.

The portions of the issue adjudged by the Post Office Department to be obscene were a single brief poem, the general tone of one story and passages in several other articles and stories.

Our representative was cordially received by the post office officials, who evinced no disposition whatever to attribute any deliberate pornographic intent to the publication of the passages questioned.

Because the NEW MASSES, although primarily a magazine of arts and letters, does express radical economic views, arousing the opposition of organizations and societies such as the National Security League and the Women Builders of America, the magazine undergoes intensive scrutiny. We do not believe that if the verse or prose in question had appeared in any magazine with a more conventional economic point of view—or none at all—it would have met with censorship.

The post-office authorities are, as we see them, hard-working officials, somewhat harassed and bewildered in the exercise of a somewhat ambiguous responsibility. But we too have a responsibility which is briefly this: to print not the most innocuous manuscripts and pictures which are submitted to us, but *the best*; to refrain from disgusting our best contributors by making editorial changes dictated by the fear of censorship; to keep faith with our readers who would be the first to resent any attempt to imitate the policy of hypocrisy and innuendo which enables dozens of magazines to commercialize actual salaciousness without imperiling their mailing privilege.

That game is not worth the candle. In the first place, plenty of others are playing it. In the second place, we don't know how. That, we feel, is our chief distinction. We shall endeavor to keep that distinction.

The May issue, which was barred by the Post Office after it had been mailed third class to our subscribers, sold out on the newsstands within a few days after its appearance. *The decision of the department now makes it impossible for us to mail any further copies of the May issue.* The June issue went through the mails third class. It has not been declared unmailable. This, the July issue will be reviewed by the Post Office department in connection with renewed application for second class mailing privileges.



DRAWING BY SANDY CALDER

SO THIS IS MIAMI!

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 1 JULY, 1926 NUMBER 3
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IN THIS ISSUE

THE WRITERS

Ivan Beede is one of the young American writers brought out by Ford Maddox Ford's *Transatlantic Review* in Paris. He is now in New York.

Lola Ridge, author of *The Ghetto* and other books of verse, is well-known to readers of the old *MASSES*.

McAlister Coleman is a well-known labor journalist now doing publicity for the Passaic strikers.

Joseph Vogel, formerly a railroad laborer, is now a senior at Hamilton College.

Howard Brubaker, columnist of the old *MASSES*, is also well-known as a fiction writer.

Esther Fradkin is a seamstress and a student at the Workers' School.

Clarina Michelson has been active in the radical movement for years. She is at present secretary of the Emergency Committee for Strikers Relief.

MacKnight Black is shortly to publish a book of poems with decorations by Louis Lozowick.

Waldo Frank's latest book, *Virgin Spain* is reviewed in this number.

Charles W. Wood's association with Bishop Brown is one of the religious experiences not chronicled in the present article. His new book will be published in the Fall by the John Day Company.

Whit Burnett is a former San Francisco journalist now living in Paris.

Lillian Symes, who at eighteen was secretary of the Socialist Party of California, is now a free lance journalist in New York.

Leon Srabian Herald's first book of verse, *This Waking Hour* was published last Fall by Thomas Seltzer.

Colonel Charles Erskine Scott Wood, veteran Indian fighter, corporation lawyer, poet, and one of the best known radicals on the Pacific Coast, is now living on his ranch at Los Gatos, California.

THE ARTISTS

Sandy Calder has been drawing for the *Police Gazette* and other pink sheets. Here for the first time his drawings are reproduced on white paper.

Leonard Scheer is a seventeen-year-old student at the Stelton School, whose work is reproduced here for the first time.

Bessie Cushman, a former student of John Sloan, has exhibited at the Independent salon.

Louis Ribak is a young painter of the modern school.

Peggy Bacon is a young artist whose satiric etchings have already attracted wide attention. Some of her most amusing drawings, with verses by the artist, have been collected and published in a limited edition under the title *Funerealities* privately printed by the Aldergate Press, Edgewater, N. J.

Rose Pastor Stokes, well known in radical circles, has exhibited at the Independent Artists' Exhibition. The NEW MASSES is the first magazine to publish her drawings.

MAILABLE!

WE USE the exclamation point because we need it for the reassurance of our subscribers and our potential subscribers, especially the latter. The publicity which followed the action of the Post Office Department in declaring our May issue unmailable on the ground of obscenity has caused the rumor to get abroad that the NEW MASSES has been suppressed. Nothing of the sort has happened or is likely to happen. Here are the facts to date:

In compliance with the order of the post office department we submitted our July issue to the New York post office for decision as to its mailability. On June 24 the department answered as follows:

According to advice from the Department the July, 1926, issue of the New Masses may be accepted for mailing, the responsibility for any violation of the law resting upon the publishers. Application for entry of the publication to the second class of mail matter will therefore be accepted on the July, 1926, issue.

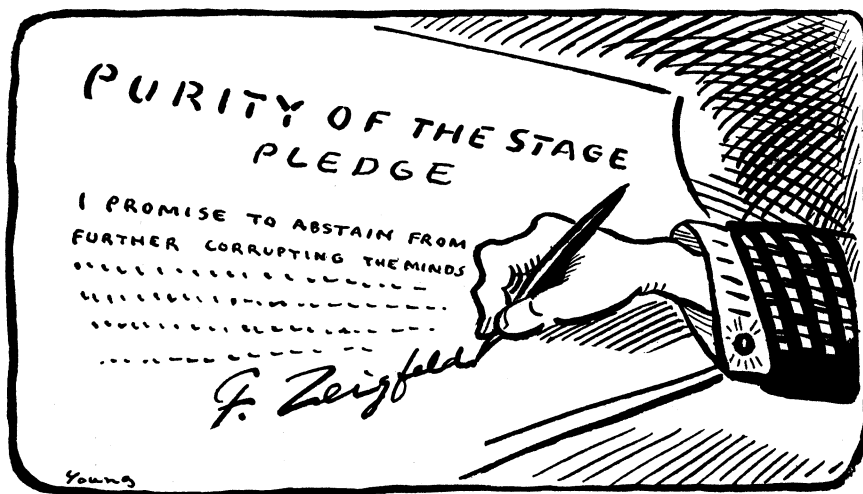
We hope and believe that no further difficulty with the post office department is to be apprehended, not because, like Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld we have repented our sins and undertaken to scatter safety-first sawdust on the primrose path but because the charge of "obscenity" lodged against the NEW MASSES is disingenuous and absurd.

The policy of the NEW MASSES remains unchanged. Undoubtedly, however, the various patrioteering societies will continue to camouflage their real animus—the radical economic and social views expressed in the magazine—by complaining to the post office about our alleged "obscenity." They will do more. Already our distributors in certain cities have reported to us the activities of volunteer smut-sniffers and radical-baiters who attempted to achieve by illegal bluff and coercion what they cannot accomplish by law.

Our friends can help us in combating such activities in three ways: by properly reporting to us every case of this volunteer extra-legal censorship which they encounter; by establishing an effective newsstand demand for the magazine which in most cases solves the problem completely; by helping us to build up a subscription list which will give us increasingly the ammunition we need to fight the daily battle shared in common with every magazine or newspaper that directs a radical critique at the phenomena of contemporary life.

As for the "obscenity" charge—frankly the issue is beginning to bore us. We are especially bored and disgusted by the hypocrisy of an editorial writer of the *New York World* who charges us with publicity-seeking at the same time that his paper is unctuously conniving in vice crusades with such eminent exponents of virtue, intelligence and law and order as John S. Sumner. Assuming that the *World* is what it claims to be—"sophisticated"—the only possible motivation of such crusades is an increased circulation among the prurient-minded.

The whole business is one of Puritan America's "stale family jokes." Even Bernard Shaw, from whom we borrow the phrase, has stopped laughing at it.



DRAWING BY ART YOUNG

WHEN GLORIFYING DOESN'T PAY

NEW MASSES

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by John Damon, Michael Gold, Charles W. Wood, James Rorty and Dorothea Brande



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IN THIS ISSUE

THE WRITERS

David Gordon has passed from the employ of a great American corporation to serve as wiper in the engine room of a transatlantic passenger ship.

Eugene Jolas, born in America, reared in Alsace Lorraine, returned to this country at the age of 17 and after several years of newspaper work has recently returned to France. He is now on the staff of the Paris edition of the *Chicago Herald-Tribune*. The Adelphi Company will publish a book of his poems in the Fall.

John Dos Passos, author of *Three Soldiers* and *Manhattan Transfer*, is well-known to our readers.

Colonel Charles Erskine Scott Wood, poet, satirist, and corporation lawyer, is shortly to issue a collection of *Heavenly Discourses* in book form.

Virginia Moore's first book of verse, "Not Poppy," was published this Spring by Harcourt, Brace & Co. and is reviewed in this issue.

Moissaye Olgin is a well-known radical publicist, now editor of *The Freiheit*.

Thurber Lewis is a radical journalist who is now living in Chicago.

Waldo Frank's latest book, *Virgin Spain*, was reviewed in the June issue of the NEW MASSES.

Martha Foley is a New York newspaperwoman now living in Paris.

Margaret Latimer, formerly of Portage, Wisconsin, is now writing fiction and criticism in New York City.

Louise Townsend Nicoll is well-known as a writer of fiction and verse.

William Ellery Leonard, whose *Two Lives* has received much praise from critics, is a professor of English at the University of Wisconsin.

Carl Rakosi's poems have appeared in the *Nation* and other periodicals.

Beulah May lives in Santa Anna, California. Her verse has appeared in the *Lyric West* and other West coast magazines.

John Damon's point of view regarding crime and criminals is the outgrowth of field studies pursued over a number of years.

Dorothy Brande is on the staff of the *American Mercury*.

THE ARTISTS

Adolph Dehn is now in Paris. His recent drawings may be seen at the Weyhe Galleries, 794 Lexington avenue.

William Siegel received his art education in Russia. He is now living in New York.

Peggy Bacon is spending the summer at Woodstock.

Wanda Gag has secluded herself in the remote parts of New Jersey where she is cultivating cabbages and painting.

Glenn Coleman was a contributor to the old *Masses*.

Jane Harris is a young artist living in New York.

"FUNNIER AND LOUDER"

A CORRESPONDENT whose sincerity we do not question but whose signature is quite undecipherable, makes a difficult demand on the NEW MASSES. He writes:

"I enclose a check for a year's subscription. On the whole I like you. But won't you try to be a little funnier—and not quite so loud?"

We know what our unknown correspondent wants. He wants a miracle, and so do we. But so far all our efforts to add the White House spokesman to our (numerous as rabbits) contributing editors have proved unavailing. Meanwhile, we struggle on and muster what substitutes we can find. Most of them, we admit, are pretty loud. Take Slim Martin. And take Passaic. After all, it is a rather loud-mannered civilization. We wandered all over that town looking for sweetness and light, especially the light touch. We were told to move on at least a dozen times and not one of the cops had a Harvard accent. Take Chapman's Hanging. Funny. Loud, too.

Of course, maybe we'll get the White House spokesman yet. Meanwhile give us credit for discovering an articulate Western Union messenger boy—articulate and very snooty. We have also enlisted the interest of a genial and philosophic waiter—you have undoubtedly met him if you have gone the rounds of the night clubs. He promises eventually to give us the economic, sociological and aesthetic low-down on that chic New York Night Life.

We live and labor and read the impossible demands of idealists like our unknown correspondent. We take them with a grain of salt. On the whole, we prefer the simple and direct critique hurled from the vaudeville gallery on amateur nights: Louder and funnier!

* * *

Mr. E. Haldeman-Julius, who lives, edits, and abstains from cigarettes in the wilds of Kansas, which heaven knows, is no joke, writes us:

"Your magazine is amusing. You deserve a big bunch of readers and I hope you will get them. At that, why shouldn't you be good? Sixty editors on a 32-page magazine. An editor for each half page!"

Mr. E. H-J. exaggerates. There are only fifty-seven as we remember it, representing all the varieties. Anyway, why not? Every contributor and every reader of any magazine worth its salt is in a sense one of its editors. A magazine is either frankly a commercial venture, adapted to the routines of our exploitative civilization, or it expresses a creative relation between its contributors and its readers. Its very essence is cooperative. The active editors direct the orchestra but the contributors—and the readers, too—make the music.

Our business department alleges that this cooperative enterprise of ours is threatened with success. Nonsense. Our business department makes us nervous. "Success" is the great American bore. And with your help (see our house ad) we'd like to continue as un-American and as interesting as possible.



DRAWING BY WILLIAM GROPPER

DELEGATION OF VIRGINS MEETING TO PROTEST AGAINST ART YOUNG'S CARTOON IN THE JULY NEW MASSES—IS NOTHING SACRED?

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 1 SEPTEMBER, 1926 NUMBER 5
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IN THIS ISSUE

THE WRITERS

Ivan Beede, author of *Chapman's Hanging*, which appeared in the July issue of the NEW MASSES, is one of the young American writers brought out by Ford Maddox Ford's *Transatlantic Review*.

Max Eastman, editor of the old MASSES, is now living in southern France.

Kenneth Fearing is a young poet living in New York. He has contributed to the *Nation*, *Whiz-Bang*, *This Quarter*, *Telling Tales*, and the *New York Herald-Tribune*.

Raymond W. Postgate is assistant editor of *Lansbury's Labour Weekly* and the author of several books on labor economics.

Whittaker Chambers is a young poet who recently left Columbia in protest against the censorship of the undergraduate literary magazine.

Michael Koltsov is a Russian journalist, whose articles have appeared in many Communist publications. Bessie Weissman, translator of the *A Renegade Peasant*, is working with the Russian Telegraph Agency.

Libbian Benedict is a free-lance writer, a native of Kansas City, now living in New York.

Samuel Ornitz, author of *Haunch, Paunch and Jowl*, published anonymously two years ago by Boni and Liveright, is now connected with the MacCauley Co., publishers.

Harry Freeman is a young newspaperman living in New York.

Harbor Allen is publicity secretary for the Civil Liberties Union. He has contributed to *Current History*, *Poetry*, and numerous other periodicals.

Powers Hapgood has worked as a laborer in the coal mines of America, England, China, and Germany.

THE ARTISTS

Xavier Guerrero is one of the first founders of the famous Syndicate of Painters in Mexico. He has decorated many public buildings in Mexico, and is now editing a paper called *El Machete*.

Adolph Dehn, now in London, writes: "The miner's fight interested me so much that I went down to the Rhonda Valley in South Wales to make drawings and see the life. . . . The miners aren't overeating these days!"

Marty Lewis is a student at the Art Students' League. The NEW MASSES presents his first published work.

Frank Walts, whose theatrical posters amuse New York's bill-board fans, made many covers for the old MASSES.

Otto Soglow has recently been appearing as cartoonist in the *New York World*.

LESS GARGANTUAN ?

Many indignant letters have come to this office from readers who say the magazine is too big in format. "Your damnable sheet is simply too unwieldy for subway reading." "It cannot be stuck into one's hip pocket for a canoe trip." "It is too obvious; its size is an advertisement to the world that one has taken to literary Bolshevism." These are some of the wails.

What do other readers think? We are seriously considering cutting our size to some less Gargantuan shape. The artists like the meadow-like spread of white space in which to cavort, but their case is weak as compared to the subway riders. Let's hear more on this.

* * *

It would be impossible to print all the letters that have come regarding the magazine. They arrive from Peking, Peoria, Leningrad, Melbourne, Budapest, San Francisco, Mobile, Scranton, Prague and a thousand other places where human beings work and think and rebel. We have covered an amazing amount of territory for a magazine which has no money for advertising or promotion work. And the summary of the letters is this: The NEW MASSES, in six months, has built for itself a host of friends who love it and hate it quite sincerely. There is little indifference.

The magazine is going to be a lot better. It is going to furnish fresh surprises as more and more of the youth of America learn it is their organ.

Our weak point, however, is the fact that too few of our friends have the faith in us to invest in a two-dollar subscription. We are selling too many copies on the newsstands, and there is no profit in this. A magazine lives on advertisements and subscriptions.

If you want the NEW MASSES to continue, you must sit down at once and subscribe. You must get your friends to subscribe. You are a piker if you do less for the magazine. No one is making money out of this magazine, and no one is ever going to. It is as much your magazine as it is that of the artists and writers who create it. If you want it to live—subscribe. If you don't want us, here's hoping you get a Mussolini in America.

* * *

THE POST OFFICE has finally given us our second class mailing privilege. In effect, this means we are no longer obscene. We are not grateful for this belated recognition of our purity. We knew we were pure all along—though a little off-color as to capitalism. And we still believe some anonymous official in the post office is not the proper person to pass on all the new thinking in art, science, politics and sex in this country. If we must have a censor, let him come out in the open where we can see him. No more of this cheap sabotage, this petty persecution in the manner of the mosquito or Methodist. But maybe America is too addicted to hypocrisy for anything as frank as a censor. After all, the frame-up is America's contribution to international statecraft. Mooney, Sacco and Vanzetti, Joe Hill—and many others have suffered at the hands of Deacon Sam, the virtuous murderer.



DRAWING BY XAVIER GUERRERO

WORKERS OF THE WORLD UNITE!
A MEXICAN LABOR POSTER

NEW MASSES

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IN THIS ISSUE

THE WRITERS

Edmund Wilson is a contributing editor of the *New Republic*.

Joseph Freeman, one of the editors of the *NEW MASSES*, is now visiting Soviet Russia.

Yossef Gaer is a young novelist and story writer whose work is shortly to appear under the imprint of Frank-Maurice.

Gene Cohn is a columnist and special writer for the *Newspaper Enterprise Association*.

Jacques LeClercq, formerly an instructor at the University of California, is now living in New York.

Ewald Sandner is an Illinois miner, until recently a student at the Brookwood Labor College.

Don Ryan was at one time a movie critic and special writer for the *Los Angeles Daily Record*.

Margaret S. Ernst writes for the *New Orleans Times-Picayune* and is chairman of the editorial committee of the Women's City Club of New York.

Ann Washington Craton is a direct descendant of the Father of His Country and was for a number of years an organizer for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers.

Slim Martin, a structural iron worker, is the author of *It's a Hell of a Game*, which appeared in the July issue of the *NEW MASSES*.

Mary Heaton Vorse edited the *Passaic Strike Bulletin*. She is now working on a new novel.

M. H. Hedges, editor of the official organ of the *Electrical Workers' Union*, is the author of several labor novels.

E. Merrill Root has contributed verse and criticism to *The Liberator*, *The Measure* and other magazines.

Hyperion Le Bresco is the pen name of a newspaperman living in New York.

The parables in this issue by Charles Garland, who has devoted his inherited wealth almost entirely to the service of the radical movement, are his first published work.

V. F. Calverton is editor of the *Modern Quarterly*. His second book, *Sex Expression in Literature*, is being published by Boni and Liveright.

Ernest Walsh is one of the editors of *This Quarter*.

THE ARTISTS

Ernest Zilliak presents in this issue his first published work.

A. Walkowitz has recently completed a set of mural decorations for the country home of A. Kaplan.

Ilonka Karasz, one of the founders of the M. A. C. (Modern Art Collection) is now in France.

Hans Stengel is a staff artist of the *Herald-Tribune*.

Franz Heinz is a young German radical now living in America.

THE NINTH YEAR

THIS is the ninth year of the Soviet Republic. League of Nations Socialists, brass-check liberals, fainthearts, trimmers, lapdogs, shopkeepers, all were terribly sure it would not last for a week. Seventeen capitalist nations were sure, and sent their armies to invade the workers' republic. The *New York Times*, the *New York World*, and other great organs of truth, justice, free speech, etc. slandered and lied and invented sordid libels about the Socialist fatherland. The tide of opposition rose high and dirty as never in the world's history.

But the Red Flag still waves over the Kremlin, and the hammers and sickles still build the Co-Operative Commonwealth every prosy day of the week.

And in millions of proletarian hearts in every corner of the world the Workers' Republic is still enshrined as fresh, as new and beautiful as first love.

There is much to say about Soviet Russia. It is a new world to explore. Americans know almost nothing about it. But the story filters through, and it rouses heroism.

As long as the Red Flag waves over the Kremlin, there is hope in the world.

There is something in the air of Soviet Russia that throbbed in the air of Pericles' Athens; the England of Shakespeare; the France of Danton; the America of Walt Whitman.

Yes, there are heartburnings, defects, defeats. It is not a dream of John Ball or a honeymoon. It is not Utopia. It is a realistic battle with ignorance, greed, imperialism, and conservatism. This is not mysticism but life. This is the first man learning in agony and joy how to think. Where else is there hope in the world?

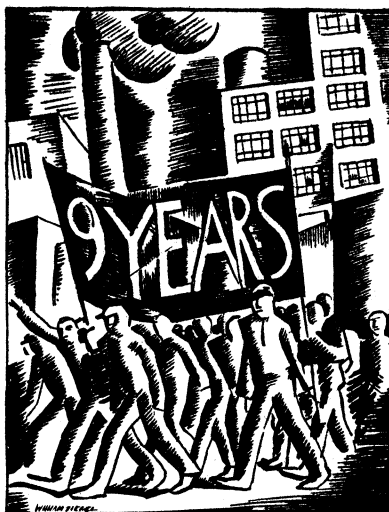
Hail, great artist-nation, great scientist-nation, great worker-nation! There can be no more defeat; your nine years of creation are themselves the greatest victory in world history. Hail! red youthful giant, as you go marching and singing out of the tragic present into the glorious future! Our deepest hopes are centered in you, our right arms are yours to command, our life is your life. You have killed the dogma of capitalism as surely as the French revolution killed monarchism. Hail!

M. G.

THE NEW SIZE

This is the new size of the NEW MASSES, and now our brave readers can hide their copies in the subway from reactionary eyes. You will note that we have used no color in this issue. This is also done to protect our subway readers.

What do you think of the change?



DRAWING BY WILLIAM SIEGEL

IN THIS ISSUE

THE WRITERS

Charles Ashleigh is a poet and I. W. W., who spent five years in Leavenworth prison for opposing the war. He was deported to England, where he is now news editor of the *Sunday Worker*, London.

Arnold Roller is a writer who has spent many years in Latin America.

Charles W. Wood began his writing career as a Methodist evangelist and locomotive fireman. John Day will publish his second book next spring.

Raymond Fuller is a teacher and writer of New York.

Eugene Lyons is a New York correspondent for TASS, the world news agency of Soviet Russia.

Howard Brubaker was one of the famous wits of the old *MASSES*, and is still going strong.

Tom Barker is in charge of the New York office of Kuzbas, the great Siberian industrial enterprise that was begun by Bill Haywood and other I. W. W. workers.

John Haussman is a young English wanderer who is now doing newspaper work in Kansas City.

Kenneth Fearing is one of the best of the younger school of hard-boiled American poets.

Martin Conroy is a working miner who occasionally writes for the labor press. He has been active in the United Mine Workers of America for fifteen years.

S. S. Adamson is the pseudonym of a teacher in a Chicago high school. He uses this disguise to keep his job, he says, there being mighty little free speech for American teachers.

THE ARTISTS

Jan Matulka is a Bohemian artist who has worked in America for many years. His paintings have been exhibited at the Neumann Galleries.

Aladjalov is a young Russian artist, who has contributed to several American magazines. Accent the 'ja.'

Jean Charlot is a French artist who is living and working in Mexico.

Reginald Marsh has just returned to America after a year abroad—playing and painting.

Adolph Dehn made a special trip from London to South Wales to sketch the striking miners for the NEW MASSES.

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 2 NOVEMBER, 1926 NUMBER 1

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DON'T GET TOO CLEVER

Dear NEW MASSES:

I like your magazine. I will write for you. I've been so damned rushed the past few years that I've not had time to read as I should. But I read a literary tramp piece in your last issue and smiled at the classical phrases which have no more to do with tramps than I have with the possible seduction of Coolidge. I'm doing Chaplin now for *Pictorial Review* and will then get my circus book ready for Boni—most of the stuff has been published. I've got tales of whores and tramps and other things that you fellows can only publish serially or in sketches, if at all. I intend to do some of them in the next few years—money cannot turn me from the things that ache around my heart. In *Jarnegan* you'll find that that poor devil liked all who struggled—I was a Union chain-maker—only one of twenty-six percent who remained loyal during trouble. I'm here now, rather tired, and trying to get a focus on things. I want to rest for a while after I get Boni fixed up on next years' two books, but I intend to do something that drips blood—it may even cause the *New Republic* menopause. If you people go on, I'll do something for you—not as propaganda—but with passion, pity and vitality, and I hope, understanding.

O. B. Stade, Hollywood Book Store took my subscription. He's your friend. Of course, I'm genuinely with you—but, Oh God, and his virgin mother—don't get too clever.

Jim Tully

TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL

Dear NEW MASSES:

The October NEW MASSES is clear-eyed, steady, vigorous, appealing, unified. It speaks the language of struggle for a workers' world. Do it again and again!

There is one other thing you should do. You should say to every boy and girl; to every young man and woman who dreams of the New World through pen or pencil or brush: "This is your magazine. Write for it! Draw for it! Paint for it! Make it the battering-ram with which your generation smashes the confines of the old world! Send us your drawings and manuscripts! We pay for them—a little. But above all we offer you a chance to speak the language of the new social order."

Some thousands of young folks are waiting for just that signal.

Scott Nearing



DRAWING BY ADOLF DELU

CONFESSIONAL

"Go, my child, and sin no more!"

NEW MASSES

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A FIGHTING MAGAZINE

For a long time I have been praying for a fighting worker's magazine; and now, who can doubt the efficacy of prayer? The October NEW MASSES seems to me the best magazine I ever read. Of course that may be just my youthful fervor; I may not remember all the old *Masses*! But anyhow, Mike Gold's article is a trumpet call, which a lot of us will try to answer. Yossef Gaer reveals a new writer. *The Great God Valentino* is a fine piece of social criticism. Slim Martin and *Mine Shots* show us how the workers ought to write. And *Those Terrible Americans* is one of the most charming things I ever read about a strike. Also the story about the Czar in Hoboken—in fact, there isn't one really poor thing in this issue. I have only one mild suggestion. I don't understand these new cubist pictures, but I remember the cartoons the old *Masses* used to have from Art Young, Bob Minor, and Boardman Robinson. —And, oh, I forgot—the advertisement of the *Vanguard Press* on the back cover gives us one of the biggest pieces of news of our moment. Is it permitted to praise the ads?

Upton Sinclair

GROUCH DISAPPEARS

I feel very happy about the New MASSES since the last few issues. Doubtless it is just because you have got going. The first numbers of a magazine are always bad, but I was especially disappointed in the New MASSES. It seemed to me you had no standard of excellence at all, and no sense of humor. . . . In short, I had a terrible grouch on you, and it has disappeared entirely with the August and later numbers.

You are young again and you are funny, and you are beginning to subordinate your art-theories and sociological preoccupations to a general standard of excellence. In other words, you seem to have published most of the things in these numbers because you liked them.

Max Eastman

POUND JOINS THE REVOLUTION!

I find five numbers of NEW MASSES waiting me here on my return from Paris, and have read most of the text with a good deal of care. For the first time in years I have even gone so far as to think of making a trip to America; so you can take the blame for that if for nothing else.

If it's not too much trouble, send on any material about Passaic. John Reed's *Ten Days That Shook the World*, Nearing's *Dollar Diplomacy*, or whatever you think most necessary for my education.

Exra Pound