

Vol. 20
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Nine O'Clock Theatre 221

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Literature Drama Music Art

MARGARET C. ANDERSON
EDITOR

SEPTEMBER, 1916

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Light Occupations of an Editor

The San Francisco Bomb Case:

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The Vers Libre Contest

The poems published in the Vers Libre Contest are now being considered by the judges. There were two hundred and two poems, thirty-two of which were returned because they were either Shakespearean sonnets or rhymed quatrains or couplets. Manuscripts will be returned as promptly as they are rejected, providing the contestants sent postage.

We hope to announce the results in our October issue, and publish the prize poems.

—The Contest Editor.

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THE LITTLE REVIEW

VOL III.

SEPTEMBER, 1916

NO. 6

The Little Review hopes to become a magazine of Art. The September issue is offered as a Want Ad.

. . . "The other pages will be left blank."



SHE PRACTICES EIGHTEEN HOURS
A DAY AND—



-TAKES HER MASON AND HAMLIN
TO BED WITH HER



SUFFERING FOR HUMANITY AT EMMA GOLDMAN'S LECTURES



BREAKFASTING



CONVERTING THE SHERIFF TO
ANARCHISM AND VERS LIB

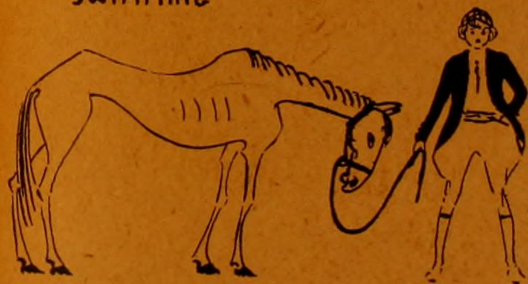




GATHERING HER OWN FIRE-WOOD



THE STEED ON WHICH SHE HAS
HER PICTURE TAKEN



THE INSECT ON WHICH SHE RIDES

•.b.

The San Francisco Bomb Case

What Can a Poor Executioner Do Against a Man Who Is
Willing to Die?*

ROBERT MINOR

I AM glad that it's Ed Nolan, Tom Mooney, Rena Mooney, Warren Billings, and Israel Weinberg who are in jail at San Francisco, awaiting death—or *friends*. Not that I want such men and women to meet death, but I wish the friends to be able to come to the rescue, knowing that they are worthy of the best effort that rebel ever put forth for an individual. We are so tired of the revolter who whines when his turn comes to pay. So we can almost laugh with an almost glee in the thought that we shall not be cheated this time; these rebels do not whine.

This is not a McNamara case. The prisoners are not going to "confess." Even if they wanted to, they'd have to get the prosecutor to write their confession for them, for they did not cause the Preparedness Parade explosion. I know they didn't, as you would know it had you read the transcript of the testimony on which the Grand Jury indicted them, or if you could observe their open efforts to provide every possible light on their actions.

Dirty Hearst tried to lynch them. So did all the rest. All the rats from the cellar of life—Pastors of the Lord, Broadminded Editors, Illustrious Exceptions, etc., turned tail and ran—or helped in the near-lynching. All except *one Catholic priest!*

They all thought it was 1886, that "the anarchists were to be hanged"—and one doesn't believe in that *kind* of thing, you know, and can't sacrifice one's great opportunity to good in general—and every skunk would stink alike, so all would be well.

But this is *not* 1886, and there *have* been some to come forward, and the men and woman are going to be saved. With all Prominent Persons in their holes, a few unimportant workingmen, between announcements of their own hangings to come, have stirred up some of the

*The facts of the bomb case in detail will be found on page 29.

labor unions to an extent that you would never believe possible, to do the unheard-of thing to be loyal to their fellow members.

The International Workers' Defense League, thoroughly discredited, as the papers announce, by having defended every labor rebel of recent American history, is taking contributions to the enormously expensive work. Simply to gather evidence and enlighten the few thousand who are not afraid, and to pay a high-priced lawyer to array the evidence—that is what we want your money for. Send it to the International Workers' Defense League, Robert Minor, Treasurer, Room 210 Russ Building, San Francisco.

And know that if we lose this fight it will be because a horde of "business men" have been judge, jury, and prosecutor against their five rebel enemies. It will not be because our men have flinched. When Ed Nolan says "the fear of death is the beginning of slavery," he speaks the spirit of the five. We shall not be ashamed of these.

The Labor Farce

MARGARET C. ANDERSON

I REALLY must say what I think about this ridiculous bomb business. You will find the facts of the case, about the five innocent people who were indicted and why the Chamber of Commerce wanted them indicted, on page twenty-nine. But what happened after the indictment is more interesting and more horrible to me.

The five victims were put into jail. Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman and a few other anarchists began a fight for them,—raising money for lawyers, etc. The labor unions began to raise money. After about three weeks of argument and hesitation and won't-it-be-better-to-go-a-little-slow and is-it-advisable-to-distribute-pamphlets, etc., etc., no lawyer had been engaged and none of the "workers" could agree about what "stand" to take: would it be better to express sympathy openly with the anarchists—(none of the five has ever claimed to be an anarchist, I believe)—or would it be wiser to try to prove they were not anarchists, or would it be safer to get a small lawyer who costs little and is worth nothing or a big one who costs too much and might do something, or would it be more expedient to keep out of it altogether, etc., etc., etc.,—or

shall we just do the best we can even if it isn't much? Do you think there was a single worker with the incredible inspiration to "do the most we can and make sure that it is very much"? I saw Emma Goldman and Berkman brooding over this strange and awful spectacle like two prophets whose souls are slowly petrifying under the antics of their disciples.

Just here some one told me a story. Once upon a time Björnstjerne Björnson, up in Norway, heard of a little French seamstress who was accused of murder in Paris. She was poor and quite unbefriended and there was practically no chance of her receiving justice. Björnson hurried to Paris, took her case, and won it in the French courts, in French, for the simple joy of doing something he believed in.

Can you imagine that happening in America? There isn't a single labor lawyer in the country who ever does it. If there are any who are willing they are not able; if they are able they are not allowed. C. E. S. Wood tried to do it for Caplan and Schmidt, but the workers themselves prevented him from taking the case. They kept him trotting between Portland and Los Angeles while they decided that it would be fatal to have him come straight out with the fact that it was a labor fight. Sometimes I imagine a young god springing up in labor ranks strong enough to rush in and fight the courts for his people, young enough to devote his life to it, naive enough to do it for an idea rather than for a fee, and ironic enough to do it whether his people want it or not.

But to continue about the bomb. Finally a prominent lawyer was found—one whose name carried enough weight to impress even the important and ignorant San Francisco citizens who were howling about "anarchists." But the fee he charged before even touching the case was so large that Emma Goldman and the unions could raise only half of it, and the rest was supplied by the daughter of a man whom the workers would call a capitalist and whose money they would repudiate as having been drained from the blood of their class. She not only supplied the money; she said she would stand behind the victims if it took the last cent she had—*not merely because they were innocent*; and the only thing she asked was that the money should be used in a direct and active way and not for the pretending and denying and covering up that characterize all labor fights in this country. Well, I wouldn't get half so disgusted with labor if it would ever acknowledge that vision is not necessarily a matter of class. It is almost terrifying to watch a

labor propagandist think. If he is talking about Henry Ford, for instance, he will sketch the picture of a man who has created a \$5 a day minimum wage only by such speeding-up of labor that labor is too nerve-racked to benefit by it; so that Ford becomes a clever rascal who makes labor rich only to make himself richer. Of course Ford is an idealist of appalling and marvelous simplicity, in quite the same position that an anarchist would be whose scheme had begun to work, and no more to blame for the spots in which it didn't work.

The propagandist can't think. But for that matter only one kind of mind really does *think*, and that is the artist kind. I mean this: only the artist mind sees that this is the way things happen in the world and refuses to sentimentalize over it or *to do nothing about it*. Here are five labor people misunderstood by "society," unchampioned by "labor," and rescued by the bloody capitalist who has neither the limitations with which labor endows capital nor the limitations with which capital endows labor. What fun! And some of the propagandists will feel like "Major Barbara" about accepting that money. Only the artist mind knows that it doesn't matter where the money comes from: money is money, and it is made of slavery whether it comes from a financier or a coal-digger. Only the artist mind.

Of course the point of the whole business is this: the labor farce isn't confined to labor: it is merely the farce in which all people contentedly luxuriate. It is a matter of rebellions that never become real.

There is the sixteen-year-old girl living in the midst of a typical American family. Now, no one can live long in such a place without losing his mind—unless he has none to lose. But let the girl try to get out of that hideous hell and the family detectives can have her back in a minute and arrest any one who tried to help her as an abductor.

Such a thing happened the other day in Chicago. It happens every few minutes all over the earth. The only way to get out of such a mess is *to get out of it*—detectives, jails, families and friends to boot. Follow through! Make it real! Your friends can't afford to be very real: one of them probably has a family to support and the others probably couldn't stand the horror of being in the papers! But a girl or a boy can stand up to *anything*. If they can't their old age will find them among the rest of the botched and the weak.

Ed Nolan says that the fear of death is the beginning of slavery. I think it may be that the fear of life is the very beginning.

And——

THERE is Frank Harris's *Oscar Wilde: His Life and Confessions*—a book that will never disturb Wilde's legend here, his peace of mind where he has gone, nor his reputation as an artist anywhere.

Chicago—always bragging about having a sooner eye for Art. . . . And Sokoloff out here in San Francisco. . . . And the Chicago Orchestra being led on to the goal of music by efficiency like the Germany army getting to Paris.

At the Grand Opera in Paris, in the première of *The Miracle*, an opera by two young Swiss, I saw the great Marthe Chenal, who will sing in the Chicago Opera Company this winter. I have had a creative memory of her for five years. But I wonder what will become of it up against that pinnacle of earthly glory, Mary Garden.

A. C. H. in *Poetry* has done all that can be done for the new quarterly *Form*. "Form"—that's a name to start hope and the imagination; and then . . . we have a story we'll print sometime called "The Funny Shape."

Why so much comment on John Cowper Powys's *One Hundred Best Books*? Powys should never write anything. People like Q. K. in *The New Republic* come about as near to getting Powys as they would come to catching a comet. Powys is not for culture-snatchers, matinee girls, or glorifiers of the obvious. He is merely for those possessed enough of their imaginations to fall for a miracle when they see one. Who goes to hear a lecture on Nietzsche and Dostoevsky to find out what Powys thinks of those men? You go—hoping through the gloom of Nietzsche and Dostoevsky to catch a flash of Powys. Powys is the best thing that has come to us—that mad wolf! I always feel sorry for Velasquez that he never had a chance at him.

"Everything is just perfect," as our Editor so ecstatically says: Paderewski will make three concerts in San Francisco this month.

The Roadside Press is to come out with a Chicago Anthology, a hundred and fifty poems, by Chicago authors. As *Poetry* would say: "Most of these appeared first in *The Little Review*; and will probably be reprinted without any acknowledgment whatever."

We have been waiting for what we hoped would be a good comment on Sherwood Anderson's first novel, *Windy McPherson's Son*. All we will say now is that it's so much worse than Sherwood should ever be.

A few years ago you couldn't talk to any one who wasn't writing a play. Now you can't talk to any one who isn't starting a theatre. If everyone is mad for theatres, who are they that aren't? Or why haven't we municipal theatres? One, out of all this, and that in the town of Northampton, Massachusetts; and that isn't what any one but a town would call a municipal theatre. Sometime I'll write about Donald Robertson's idea for a municipal theatre. He is always damned for being an idealist—a sure sign that what he has is an idea.

Rabindranath Tagore is coming back to America to lecture. Go, if you have never seen that slight presence with features drawn of air—with eyes that seem never to have looked out—and let him put that white spell of peace upon your complex futility.

You sometimes wonder why men like Dr. Coomaraswamy come telling us border-ruffians of Art about Ajanta frescoes and sculpture and the music of India. Perhaps they know our homesickness and know that alone we can't even find the road.

Bernhardt is coming again. Well, that's all right, too. And those who jeer at her age never could have appreciated her youth. But you, young ones, see her; and have the double joy of seeing her now; and, if you have it in you, you will see her then, too.

At bottom everything in literature is useless except literary pleasure, but literary pleasure depends upon the quality of sensibility. All discussions die against the wall of personal sensibility, which is flesh on the inside and on the outside a wall of stone. There is a way to turn it about, but this you do not know.—*Remy de Gourmont*.

New York Letter

ALLAN ROSS MACDOUGALL

A New Playhouse and a New Play

I have always felt that the hope of a new spirit in the theatre will come not so much from amateurs and their talking organizations as from the rebels within the theatre and the work they can accomplish. I agree with Gordon Craig when he says that no one has any right to meddle with, and potter about, the theatre who does not know it from the inside. In no other field is there such a gang of busy bodies—old women of both sexes, who have the ignorant reformers talking sense developed to such a pernicious degree. The air is dark with the empty words they belch forth, but from their deeds the world remains light and free. If the regeneration of the theatre from the base influences that now possess it, is to take place it will not, I am sure, be by the work of the drama leagues and so-called "art" theatres. The work of such managers as J. D. Williams and producers like Granville Barker and B. Iden Payne does more for the theatre by the working out of certain ideals than all the talk about those ideals and the jumbling with them by the old ladies' leagues and the "arty" amateurs. A plague on them all!

In New York this season a new theatre is to be opened. Helen Freeman, who for a time was a Belasco star and later the leading woman with William Gillette, is to own and direct this latest attempt to establish a new spirit in the theatre. With Miss Freeman will be associated a group of six professional actors. All of them, like their director, have ideals which they plan to work for. For the first few months they are to produce one-act things. Among them will be plays by Evreinov, a young Russian not yet "discovered" by this rapacious country; two plays by the Spanish dramatist, Jacinto Benveneto, of whose seventy-five excellent plays not one has yet been given here; plays by other unknown European dramatists; new plays by Zoë Akins, Witter Bynner, Rollo Peters, and other American writers.

Miss Freeman has chosen as a name for this interesting theatre the hour of the curtain rise. It will therefore be known as "The Nine o'Clock Theatre." Much is expected from Miss Freeman and much from her theatre. Success to it, and to her!

A New Play

When I heard that a new fantastic play was to be produced by Arthur Hopkins, and that the scenes and costumes were to be designed by Robert Edmond Jones, I booked seats as early as I could. I remembered the work of Jones in Anatole Frances's *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife* and his work on the inner scenes and costumes of the Shakespeare Masque. Both were the works of a new decorative genius who had much to give to our theatre that is barren of the work of artists. I expected much of the new play, and lo! what was disappointment was waiting there.

The play first. It is the story of a princess of a mythical land, whose lover has been killed in war and who in the last act joins him. (The play is name *The Happy Ending*). The curtain rises on a dark forest, through which the princess is wandering and posing, and mumbling and moaning to herself. Comes then three Maeterlincian maidens also mumbling and playing chorus to themselves. Exit the mumbling maidens and enter the King and Queen of this mythical land. Mumbleth then these two for a while, till, without any warning, the King bluntly asks the Queen for a child! Yes! Right there in the forest he does it. It's the last thing one expects in a fantasy, this realistic demand for a son and heir. But that's a minor point. Like many another thing that happened, it had nothing to do with the drama.

After a dreary scene, in which the wandering princess seats herself on some potato sacks and mumbles to the accompaniment of "yes, princess," "no, princess," spoken at half minute intervals by a dull-witted woodsman, the curtain rises on a scene, entitled in the programme "The Hereafter." What a Hereafter! A bank of sunburnt stage grass: a bilious yellow tree; much amber light. Crowds of children with squeaky voices lolled and pranced about the place. The authors seem to have taken their cue from the old hymn:

Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord in prayer;
In Heaven we all shall meet,
Oh that will be joyful!

I can assure you that it was anything but joyful. A sort of stagey joy was evident but not a sight of the real spontaneous feeling. There was a sort of Queen-hostess, who welcomed everyone. I have an idea

she was Mrs. God or maybe assistant to St. Peter. She wore an elaborate shiny yellow evening gown; and a set smile after the fashion of the ladies in charge of Y. W. C. A. hostels on earth. A nice, well-spoken motherly sort of person this Queen was, who did her best to make everybody feel at home.

When there was a wreck at sea or a railway accident, many male and female supers waddled their bodies in joyous movement across the stage and laughed and made mouthy noises. Oh, so glad they were to be in Heaven after the shocks they had gone through on earth. It was curious to note that they all entered Heaven with whole bodies and unmesSED clothes, these merry wreck and collision victims.

When the curtain rings down on the scene of the Hereafter it does so to the sound of cheering. And why? A whole army has just been annihilated, and to the tune of "John Brown's Body" their spirits are marching toward Heaven. And so the happy inhabitants of the Hereafter must cheer to think of this influx to their land. After the tawdry Heaven one is refreshed by the beauty of the unnecessary scene, "On the way to the islands of sleep." They still use rowboats in that land it seems, but as they are rowboats with beautifully lighted innards one doesn't object very much. One does object, however, to the next scene. It is called "Space." Imagine Space as a back-drop sprinkled with stars like an old-fashioned frosted Christmas Card. In the middle of this a scarlet circle with the continents of North and South America painted in a muddy brown color. A sorry picture of space to come from an imaginative artist.

The last scene, and the best from the scenic and dramatic standpoint, takes place in the palace of the King. Here comes the princess after having wandered through the forest awake and the Hereafter in a dream, and after falling in some queer kind of fit dies and so joins her dead lover and the rest of the cosmopolitan group in Heaven.

A mess by masters! A very messy mess. A sloppy play to start with. Bad acting to carry it along. Mediocre music and stage setting that seem to have been influenced by the play instead of rising above it. I await with interest to see the work that Jones is to do for the Russian Ballet. He will have his chance to re-establish himself. I'm sure he is artist enough to grasp it.

The Reader Critic

Infantile Paralysis

D. H., New York:

Congratulations! You have the capacity for suddenly turning back and becoming young enough to say "All or nothing." And subconsciously realizing that you will get mostly nothing, you threaten your readers with blank pages. And all those who thought that *The Little Review* did publish only artistic writing have had the veil torn from their eyes and their faith in you begins to waver. Perhaps to vanish altogether!

Is all of the *Meistersinger* one continuous "Preislied"? Is all of Beethoven equal to his "Ninth"? Is all of Pachman as marvelous as his Chopin? All or nothing! You would feast, and have your readers feast, upon the perfection of art and give them none of its strivings?

Your challenge will remain unanswered. If you dare, or through sheer carelessness, allow this to appear in the next issue, I shall suspect you of considering the writing of an artist a work of art—even though he speak not in his own tongue.

Your challenge will remain unanswered! For who are *you*, to expect a staff of ready geniuses to fill your pages? You should be grateful for one pearl you may find among hundreds of near-jewels. And the world is grateful for one *Ave Maria* (Schubert) among a thousand near-songs. I preach no gospel of meekness to you, for I know you will turn again and leave your youthful,—nay, puerile,—cry of "All or nothing." It is the cry of the mad—of the foolish, impatient ones! You only want the miracle? You are like the child crying for the moon and, like him, you will accept a round cheese instead.

Do come to New York, and I will play more than an hour uninterrupted for you, and perhaps for five minutes (if I am lucky) you will have a miracle. If I am unlucky you will have only a near-miracle, which will be just very good violin playing.

But what did I say about wanting only the perfection of art and none of its strivings? I said—Art. That includes the strivings, doesn't it? Surely we needn't go back to definitions. Ezra Pond has a nice analysis somewhere—to this effect: In such measure as an artist expresses himself truthfully, he will be a good artist; in such measure as he himself exists, he will be a great one. I want a record of the process of that "existing" from as many artists as possible. The process of each will include many things that are not perfection, but who ever told you that perfection and Art are synonymous terms? Some one sent me a sketch, in answer to my editorial, with this note: "You said you wanted Beauty. I am sending you something which I think has it." I thought it had beauty, too; but it had no Art. What do you people think I meant by the "miracle"? I meant simply those *strivings and achievements* which show that the great process is really "on." We published Ben Hecht's *Night Song*. It had much beauty and no perfection, but it had Art quite apart from either of those elements. Amy Lowell's poems (not *Off the Turnpike*) have an Art that

happens to include perfection. The "miracle" was very much present in *Malmaison*, for instance. Flint's *London My Beautiful* has it. The principal trouble is that miracles usually have to be explained to be recognized. It's like the painter who took a friend to hear Powys. The friend went to hear what Powys had to say—"and I told her what he looked like," said the painter.—M. C. A.

From your letter you sound like a lot of other young things paralyzed by smugness and complacency. You become a one-stringed instrument and you hope to play the violin. If you dared to be an artist, and all that means of madness and impatience and foolishness and crying for the moon, you'd dare promise more than five minutes miracle in an hour. It would be outside of promises.—jh.

A Word From Real Art

Frank Lloyd Wright, Chicago:

The less money *The Little Review* has the better it looks anyway! Your resolve is interesting—but it looks like the end. . . . I don't see where you can find the thing you need.

But miracles do happen—I wish I had a million or a pen.

Freudian

A Contributor, Chicago:

The Little Review sickens me. I don't understand why in the devil you talk imagism and color and beauty and fill your magazine full of that sputtering trash, that colorless-degenerate edgarleemasters junk. Why not leave blank pages? And your article. . . . Good Lord! . . . It was like warm candle grease just after the little candle flame has been sniffed out. I see and feel *The Little Review* as a case of feminine callowism gone mad.

The idea of writing anything about Masters fills me with disgust. Masters doesn't even inspire me with rage. I regard his work as a pretentious mediocrity. There isn't a poem in his books that I couldn't have written myself in twenty minutes on a typewriter. Why write about Masters? He's only one of the many dub artists overrunning the country. He isn't to blame, even if he is cocky about his success. In fact, he is to be commended for putting it over. The fault, in my mind, lies with the great tribe of morons who yap over his doggerel—pro or con. I have read three or four things in his first book, and as many in his second book, and I see no occasion for rubbing it in on him any more than on Luke McGlue, the poet laureate of *The Hickville Clarion*. Put him out of your head, why don't you? Criticism doesn't concern itself with the feverishly inflated mob banalities of the moment. Selah!

You say *The Little Review* sickens you? With the above temperature and tongue? I should diagnose the case as autointoxication.—jh.

Query

Mitchell Dawson, Chicago:

I have read the August number, and have read only the poetry—which makes me sad. Does the new cover represent the Western afterglow?

Consoling Us

Rex Lampman, Portland:

Don't you think you're asking a little too much of yourself and your contributors, that *The Little Review* be absolute in each number?

No. I don't mean that. It's fine to aim at Art, always, but it isn't failure to miss it most of the time.

As for me, *The Little Review* has been an inspiration and a delight. A paper that will publish anything so wonderful as John Gould Fletcher's *Green Symphony* doesn't need, so far as I'm concerned, to "do it again" for quite a while, and I'm quite content that you should fill in with such stuff as Ben Hecht's *The Poet Sings to the World* until you get something as good, again, as the *Symphony*.

I'm a newspaper man, and I'm supposed to "write something" every day. Of course, it can't be done; but once in a while, when the powers are kind, I am permitted to write something that delights me and others. That's the best I can do, so help me, and I am reminded of the Western epitaph, which went something like this:

Here Lies
JIM JONES.
He Done His Damnedest.
Angels Can Do
No More.

And so I hope you'll never get out a *Little Review* with any of the pages blank.

You are wonderfully honest—one of the honestest persons, I think, that I know, and I shout for joy at your godlike impatience with imperfection. But patience—pardon the platitude—is also a godlike attribute.

More Consolation

C. A. C., Chicago:

Bully! Since your outburst of righteous indignation towards yourself and your contributors I have been comparing your magazine with the others I receive. *The Forum*, *Vanity Fair* (Oh, dear, yes!), *The Masses*, and sometimes I see *The Bang*—a weekly pamphlet of Alexander Harvey's, which he distributes discriminately. Your wail seems not wholly justified. True, Arthur Symons's *Spiritual Adventures*, *Plays*, *Acting*, and *Music*, and other essays, are things to be sought after by any editor. His stuff is appearing in America in *Vanity Fair* and *The Forum*; it seems to lack his first fire, except that he has put a new ring to Cleopatra's statement of herself:

Kings have cast their crowns
Into the dust, and kings that are my foes
I can take up into my hand and cast
Into the dust for love of me. I am a woman
But I have power greater than any man's.

And his poems—Symons never was much of a poet. Then, again, that Wright person who writes for *The Forum*—any magazine is the better without his squibs on Art.

Max Eastman had an article in a recent number of *Vanity Fair* on "Magazine Writing." He claims it is amazingly well done, so well done that there is "not a speck on it"—the main fault being that "it is professional. It is work and not play. And for that reason it is never profoundly serious, or intensely frivolous enough to captivate the soul. It lacks abandon. It is simply well done." Now, the fact that the very essence of your magazine seems "pure living," brings it out of Eastman's indictment. One cannot say that Sherwood Anderson, Hecht, and Kaun, or even yourself, have been guilty of "earning your living" at the expense of play. "In that play alone is the heart altogether gay and inconsiderate."

And *The Bang* has been pounding away steadily for a magazine that exists for the fun of it, the joy of it, and is not built upon the circulation manager's point of view. Does Harvey get your magazine? Does he ever feel, if he sees it, that the "Ideal" he holds for magazinedom is being realized in your magazine?

Summing it up, Miss Editor, you who once declared you had none of the qualifications of an editor, it seems to me you have been doing rather well. We don't want you to stand still—you can't do that—or to stop trying. Please, for our sake, keep it up.

Casting a Slur Upon What?

Ruth C. Sweeney, Chicago:

I simply cannot understand how a person who could write such a beautiful thing as your poem, *Life*, could allow *The Nymph* to appear in *The Little Review*.

How can you hope to encourage Art when you will print such a thing? I have noticed these free-thinkers, and with the casting aside of "forms that have to be respected" has gone whatever taste they had. They gulp down everything, provided it casts a slur upon something. Does one have to lose all his finer sensibilities because he wishes to be free and open minded?

I have thought of you people when Nietzsche says, "Sensualists are they now become—a trouble and a terror is the hero to them."

I join with you in your cry of blank pages if *The Nymph* is the alternative.

Give over reading Nietzsche for a bit; you belong in the primary class. The person who wrote *The Nymph* has a background of life, if not of Art. And your hero? "A Trouble and a Terror" would make him appear the villain.—jh.

Why Editors Go Insane

Alice Groff, Philadelphia:

I am going to tear to pieces your "A Real Magazine."

No one ever reaches the "Ideal." The moment he does, there has ceased to be an "Ideal." Our ideal is an ever-advancing goal. Art is the embodiment of the human ideal—which ideal is the ever-advancing goal of human life.

Art is *not* the ultimate reason for Life. Life *is*,—for its own sake. Life lives for the ideal—for the ever-advancing goal, which embodies itself in Art—that Life may become ever more and more abundant life. Life continually seeks to express its absolute essence in Art, and it will never cease this seeking through all eternity. Such expression will always be compelled by the aspiration to reach the ever-advancing goal—the Ideal which will continually incarnate, and reincarnate, itself in an ever-renewing body—Art.

Art is the incarnation of the Ideal—the shed Chrysalis. The Ideal is the Psyche—continually wending its way toward a new goal and a new Chrysalis (which it continually sheds, leaving with us its mortal part only—Art.

Facts About the Preparedness Bomb

OUT here in the big West, a whooping, yelling mob of "Vigilante" business men is trying to wipe out the last labor union. Hiring an army of bristling gunmen for a spy- and strike-breaker system, they have slowly advanced from conquered Los Angeles to the siege of San Francisco.

The opening fight here was to force Labor, against its will, into a "preparedness" parade. Every organized man refused to move, and the parade for military tyranny was cut down to a handful of the unorganized who were bulldozed into line.

Organized Labor, victorious, was satisfied and completely through with the affair before the day of march.

But some individuals, fired by the wild propaganda for military violence, sent hundreds of warnings through the mails, saying that they would blow up the parade with a bomb. Employers and newspapers tried to keep this quiet, but Organized Labor men discovered it and requested their followers to avoid any chance for such a thing to be laid at their door, by abstaining from all activity and treating the parade with silent contempt. This was done.

The ranks of the unorganized marched down Market street behind their employers and society women, unaware of the warnings. A bomb exploded which killed six people outright, three more dying later. A prominent Chamber of Commerce man was heard to remark: "This is a fine chance for the open shop."

Immediately the Chamber of Commerce, through its tools in public office, swooped down on its most hated enemies in Organized Labor ranks. They took the leader of the recent attempted street car strike, Thomas J. Mooney (as well as his wife, an inoffensive music teacher), ignored his complete alibi and charged him with heading a "conspiracy." The chief of pickets of the recent Machinists' strike, Edward D. Nolan, was taken for vengeance's sake, without evidence, and they announce in the papers that they "have the hemp stretched around the necks of all." Israel Weinberg, prominent in the Trolley Bus Operators' Union, which is troubling the United Railways, was jailed and accused of murder. Warren K. Billings, past president of the Shoe Workers, was charged with the actual dynamiting, and an eye-witness who saw an altogether different man place the supposed suit-case bomb, was assaulted in the office of the prosecutor.

Five conspicuous enemies of the employers were thus caught and apparently doomed. The warnings in advance that had been received through the mails, were thereafter ignored. Direct evidence of eye-witnesses was ignored. The Chamber of Commerce had the men it wanted.

Every newspaper blandly declined to print a word without approval of the "Law and Order Committee." Several newspaper men working on the case came secretly to us to whisper that they knew the men were innocent, but "for God's sake don't mention us." One detective working for the prosecution told a member of the International Workers' Defense League that the men were to be convicted on fake evidence, now being cooked up, but "not to let on who told you." Only by keeping the men from having any defense could they be convicted, so the prosecution had the indecency to try to prevent any prominent lawyer from taking the case. A judge forced upon the principal defendant, fighting for his life, a greenhorn lawyer of one year's experience.

By making it clear to a prominent criminal lawyer that the accused are not guilty, we have gotten him, through a sense of justice, to take the cases for a fee much lower than his usual charge. But we have not even that much money.

Twenty-one Thousand Dollars blood money is in the sight of the horde of ex-Pinkertons and United Railways detectives, and they will not give up their prey without a tough fight. The prisoners are in the hands of men who consider labor unionism in itself a crime. They are now proving this by making peaceful picketing a prison offense.

We have demonstrated to many unions the innocence of the men and gotten them to send delegates to the League.

We are not defending bomb throwers, but innocent men. They will be executed practically without trial if we don't get the money to defend them.

Send money, and much of it, QUICK, to the International Workers' Defense League, Robert Minor, treasurer, 210 Russ Building, 235 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

The Truth From All Sides

"To understand all is to forgive all."

IN AN honest endeavor to present the truth about the great world war now raging, THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY authorized its London agent to obtain for publication in America books by eminent and reliable authors in all the belligerent states.

ROMAIN ROLLAND speaks for France in a wonderful appeal to humanity entitled *"Above the Battle."* Cloth, \$1.00.

HON. BERTRAND RUSSELL speaks for England and justice to small nations in a veritable classic entitled *"Justice in War Time."* Price, cloth \$1.00, paper 50 cents.

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These books should be read by every intelligent person, no matter what his sympathies may be. It will help to enlighten this world and drive away the hatred and prejudice which a one-sided view is bound to engender.

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