

# ADVENT

FOUR POEMS by Pla y Beltran

Translated from the Spanish by Samuel Putnam

SIQUEIROS: PEOPLE'S ARTIST by Razel Kapustin

ARTICLES

POEMS

STORIES

FALL 1940

25 cents



# ADVENT

## EDITORS

Joseph Shober

Seymour Keidan

Robert Connolly

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# POLICY

The editors of ADVENT are introducing themselves to the readers in this, our first, issue by publishing samples of their own work.

We are all young men who are just beginning to write, and we are sure that there are many others like us throughout the country. It is for these people, the young writers, that this magazine is being published. Our philosophy is simple. We believe that the best literature is that of the people—written by, for, and about them. We don't write about anything that matters, as seen from the eyes of the "artists"—we write about little things, little people—guys named Louie and Herman. It is our idea that these are the things that matter in the end, and we invite all those who sympathize with us to cooperate in this endeavor.

We believe that there is no other magazine on the market that has the same aim that we have. True, there are many "little mags", as they fondly call themselves, being published today, but almost all of these magazines are "pure literature", the output of writers who have retreated to their ivory towers and have forgotten all about the people. These writers consider themselves to be important, and far above the common herd. We know that we are not important, individually, but we also know that we are important as a group, we young writers, and we wish to disassociate ourselves from the "artists", so that we can write what we feel is important, a literature of the people. Some of the persons who appear in these pages from time to time will become widely known, and even famous, but the great majority of them will always be ordinary people who like to write about what they and their friends do and think and feel, and who are not puffed up with their own importance.

Politically, we are a conglomerate group. Progressive in general, anti-war, and for the things that we think will help us and our friends to live a little better. Above that, we have no creed as a group.

We invite those who are interested in seeing ADVENT go forward to subscribe to this magazine and to submit material for publication. We want unknown writers, and we are sure that there are enough of these people who write good material to warrant further publication of ADVENT.



## COFFEE

The man with the red carrying case started up the front walk of the red patch house. Down the street a ways a group of Irish and Polack kids were playing around the edge of a cave-in; it looked like the school yard used to be there but now it was just a hole, with ragged grass growing here and there around the sides.

He yelled to the kids, "Any of you guys live here?" They all shook their heads, and kept chasing each other around the edges of the hole — too close for comfort the man thought.

The little girl from the last house came up the sidewalk consciously stepping on every crack in the broken concrete. She saw the man, and adjusted the rose in her hair, the rose she stole out of his lapel while he was giving her mother the coffee demonstration. Her dress was torn in the front, and she tried to hide it with her hand.

"You're not going in there, are you mister?"

"Sure, why shouldn't I?"

"But that lady in there looks like a kidnapper. She's real old, and she always chases us away when we play around here. All the kids are afraid of her."

"Don't worry yourself, kid, I'm not afraid of any old women, even if she does look like a kidnapper." He picked up his case and walked up to the door. He knocked again, and he heard the boards in the hall creak.

The woman who opened the door cautiously was old and lean

with tired grey hair and a peaked nose. She was dressed in a faded blue dress, very clean. Over it she wore an equally clean apron, again a faded blue.

"Good morning, I have that free sample I promised you yesterday when I left the card here. If I may step inside I'll give it to you." He stuck his foot in the door, and she opened it willingly.

"That's fine. Now if you don't mind, I'll step into the kitchen. It's no use musing your living room, is it?"

"If you're selling any thing, mister it's no use staying in here. I don't have any money. You see, I live here with my brother, and they cut off my old age pension because he gets one too. I don't know what to do, we can't get along this way, and we're both too old to work."

She led the way into the kitchen, slightly bending over as she walked. The kitchen was furnished with a wooden table covered with blue dishes. In one corner was a wooden ice box, with the door to the ice compartment standing open. There was no ice inside. There were two or three odd chairs sitting around the table. All the varnish was scrubbed off them.

"Polack. I bet," the man said to himself. "They're all crazy for blue. Maybe I can put in a blue coffee dripper."

"Here, Madam, is your free sample," opening the brown case, "It is a chocolate, one of thirty fine Wonder products. You just

add milk, and it makes enough pudding to fill one pie or serve four persons." He handed it to her. "But we are mainly interested in selling fine coffee to satisfied customers. You like a good cup of coffee, don't you?" "Well if I may have some hot water, I will just make you a cup of our coffee."

"I'll take some coffee," she said, "but you can't sell me anything, I don't have any money." She took a battered pan out of the cupboard under the sink, filled it with water, and went out in the out-kitchen and put it on the coal stove he could see through the door.

She came back in the room. "My sister could help me. She has lots of money, but she says she can't give me any money. But I know she can. She only has five children, and her man makes five dollars a day in number seven. Number seven is the only one working now." The man remembered the huge colliery he passed on the way to town. It stretched for four miles, including the yards, and it was fed by ten mine holes and two strippings. He had seen the immense shovels stripping and filling a coal car in two scoops.

"My brother used to make five dollars a day in number ten, but he got hurt, and they didn't call him back because he was too old. He never did anything else in this country, but back in Poland his father owned a farm. If we only had six acres and a cow, we could get along, but this pension won't keep us alive. When we came over here, we thought that a man always got five dollars a day, even when he was old."

He wished she would stop talking, and suggested that she go out and get the water.

He watched her go out, and remembered the pep talk the crew manager gave this morning. "Get out there and write up ten today, everyone of you. Make lots of dems and - get those coffee makers out, that'll sell them. Don't let those Polacks fool you, they got plenty of money stuck away. Now get out and bring in the orders, no excuses."

She came back in the room with the pan and set it down on the hot pad on the table. The pad was burned along the edges and the stuffing was coming out of the bottom. She wiped out two of the cups on the table and set them on saucers. One of the saucers was chipped along the edge, so she set the other one carefully in front of him.

The man opened his case, taking out a jar of coffee a measuring spoon, a drip pot and a folder. "Pretty, isn't it?", he said holding up the pot. She nodded her head. He put it on the table and picked up the measuring spoon.

"Do you like your coffee strong?" he asked. "Yes, we always drank our coffee strong in the old country. It keeps you warm on cold days." He measured out two spoonfuls, heaped over the top.

"You see, our coffee is strong, and, although it is a trifle more expensive per pound than ordinary coffee, it is less expensive per cup, because you use less." She didn't say anything.

He poured the water in the pot and started the coffee brewing. While the water was dripping he opened his folder and set it up like an easel. The pages inside showed the development of Wonder coffee from the growing "which is done in the mountain country so that the beans contain



more of the precious aromatic oils that you pay for", to the improved method of twenty-four hour delivery, "for which we must take our orders two weeks in advance."

"Now then, since I have shown you that our coffee is stronger, has more flavor, and goes further than ordinary coffee, you would just as soon favor me with an order wouldn't you?" He said it with an appealing ring to his voice, and lifted his eyebrows on the last phrase.

"I would like to, but I don't have any money. If I got in five dollars a day like my sister, I could afford to take it. But I must use American store coffee now because it is cheaper, and then I am not always sure that I can get it. No." She shook her head firmly.

"But not even with this pretty blue coffee pot that I will send with your first order? It costs you no money. You trade it out in consumer's profit sharing coupons, which we can afford to issue because we eliminate the middleman."

She stared at the coffee maker for a little while.

"No, I don't have the money to do it." The man gave up. He folded up his easel and put it back in the case. He poured out the coffee and they sat down.

She started talking again, telling him all about her brother and the pension and Poland and the way she used to go to church every day when Tsar was little father and how her sister had lots of money, getting five dollars every day besides what the kids could earn. No wonder she had an electric ice box and was pretty soon to get a new coal stove. And wasn't it funny, her sister had lot of little ones to go back in the hills

and dig coal out of the holes, but she wouldn't send any over to them. Her brother was back there now with an old wagon he made out of a box. He had to go back a couple a times a week because he couldn't carry much as he used to when he was working in number ten and wasn't hurt and earned five dollars a day, like his sister's husband.

He picked up the empty cups and carried them to the sink. Then he washed the pot while she fussed around the table, wiping off the cups and saucers that had not been used with the apron. She didn't want him to wash the dishes ("but it's not a man's work," she said), but he insisted. She stared at him while he was doing it, and seemed relieved when he had finished.

He packed up his case, picked it up; then walked toward the door. She ran in front of him and opened it.

"I'd like to have that blue pot, it's so pretty. If my sister would help me, I could get it, but she won't."

He stepped out through the doorway, and put on his hat "Well, goodbye lady, I hope you like the sample."

She mumbled goodbye and went back in the house.

The little girl from the last house was still near the gate, smelling her flower. "Gee, mister, you sure are brave, going in that old lady's house. She looks a kidnapper. Can I walk down the street with you?"

"Sure, kid, come along." They walked down to the corner. The man put his brown case down and sat on it.

The girl stayed and talked to him until the crew manager came along in the brown station wagon.

By PLA Y BELTRAN

## STRIKE

Impatience of clouds for the sky.

Tattered wires, now voiceless, on the arms of the wind one by one, two by two, promenaded their silence.

Cracked trumpet of slaughter

sounding again in the gashes of workers' bosoms,

lost now to the dawn and its rhythm, dreamlessly lost in the weary sleep of extinction.

The city is somewhere else.

Scaffoldings no longer know the good mason's blouse.

Window-shutters nailed fast.

The sharpest of weathervanes veer with the fear

of the Civil Guards on the corners,

showing the horns of their three-horned death.

Gray, leaden, cold,

they await the dawn and its whiteness for bringing black death to the one pure being, the worker.

An unexpected volley

snuffs out a score of proletarian lives.

Meanwhile, a telegram runs round the world:

"Preventive measures taken, perfect order prevails."

(Translated from the Spanish by Samuel Putnam)

By PLA Y BELTRAN

## CITY IN INSURRECTION

You rise  
with cries  
to the skies of midday!

Who

has given you this lift

for the heroic shift

of blood and bullets?

Who is it that inspires

you to stop the trains,

and kindle the volcanic fires

erupting in your eyes?

Who is it binds you so as one,

strong as the indestructible rock,

immense as the unfathomable forest?



Who?  
 Who?  
 The wheat  
 is green  
 like the eyes of girls in the North.  
 Black bulls imbibe  
 the dew of the prairie flower.  
 The red flower of the maize  
 is on the point of bursting.  
 Up! up!  
 Hear, hear its echo!  
 Follow on!  
 Run on!  
 Struggle, struggle  
 until the round bowl of the world  
 bursts into bloom in our hearts.

(Translated from the Spanish by Samuel Putnam)

By PLA Y BELTRAN

## FOUR GALLOWS

Look at the reaches of mallows,  
 rivers of green mallows.  
 On the earth, four hammers sing:  
 Clang, clang, clang, clang---  
 Four hammers, four nails driving, ring;  
 Clang, clang, clang, clang---  
 Four hammers on four coffins:  
 Clang, clang, clang, clang---  
 Four hammers as four gallows upward spring:  
 Clang, clang, clang, clang---  
 Four ropes for four souls.  
 Look at the windy mallows,  
 sea of mallows.  
 Shut your eyes. Stop your ears.  
 A thick moss shall populate your shoulder---  
 Yet they are four  
 ---hard, firm, sturdy---  
 as four axes.  
 Do you hear?  
 Clang, clang, clang, clang---  
 Four hammers on four planks!  
 Look at the yellow sun;  
 look at the white snow---  
 Yet they are four

---never forget it!--  
 four!  
 four!  
 four!  
 Four hammers on four gallows ringing!

(Translated from the Spanish by Samuel Putnam)

By PLA Y BELTRAN

## THAT IS THE WAY WE LIVE

Larks or wasps, which are they, your eyes in my flesh?  
 A dark weeping, dense as dark itself, comes from heaven and  
 earth.  
 The blood in my body is a fiery ant.  
 Open your eyes, comrade;  
 open your eyes.  
 Look:  
 The world is a cloud on which we walk,  
 endowed with feet, with knees that bend,  
 with eyes shut or open,  
 among the living and the dead,  
 among indescribable shades;  
 among black men on their way to being angels,  
 who know the hue of the swaying air  
 and the choking of a rope about the neck;  
 among men stood up against a wall,  
 that wall from which no man returns,  
 that wall where a hair of the head is a sigh,  
 a life a handful of earth.  
 Hear me, hear me, comrade.  
 That is the way we live,  
 we make our way through tempests,  
 preceded and locked in by weeping,  
 by the weeping of hut and hovel, city and cemetery,  
 an all-invasive weeping,  
 invading, inundating all,  
 that binds us body and blood,  
 and which shall end by fusing us in a single star.  
 Among shades and shadows, comrade;  
 among shades and shadows, groves and the weeping that  
 tears our frame.  
 Larks or wasps, which are they, your eyes in my blood?  
 The universe entire is a rounded tear.

(Translated from the Spanish by Samuel Putnam)



By RAZEL KAPUSTIN

## SIQUEIROS: PEOPLE'S ARTIST

The most pregnant comment on this painter has been made by the noted art critic Charmion Von Weigand. On the occasion of this Mexican's first New York show she wrote: "A painter may be revolutionary in technique and far from revolutionary in politics, like Picasso ... revolutionary in politics ... painfully academic in technique like many Soviet painters ... to few painters has it been granted to be revolutionary innovators both in painting and politics ... This rare combination is possessed by David Alfaro Siqueiros, a national figure in the arts and politics of Mexico."

It wasn't until 1937 that Pablo Picasso was jolted out of his disinterest in anything outside of his studio; the horror of the bombing of women and children in his native Spain by the fascists awoke Picasso. At last he remembered he was a Spaniard and he painted the agony of Guernica. It was an awakening.

But Siqueiros has been a passionate rebel all his life. At thirteen he was already rebelling against the slavish copying of Greek casts and second rate 19th century French art at the School of Fine Arts in Mexico City. He was among those who demanded reforms in the art life of the time. A six months student strike resulted in the foundation of Mexico's free Outdoor Painting Schools. Three years later he broke with his wealthy, conservative family and joined the Army of the Revolution under Carranza. Art was forgotten. One might trace a stern curve on a ceiling provided one

forgot for the moment the preciousness of bullets. Nevertheless he was growing in stature as an artist at this time. He came to know his country and its people and to understand the cry of the peasants for land, liberty, and schools. He was forever impressed. Hereafter if he would paint he would know what and why. The beautiful women and the more luring alcohol which have been the inspiration of many another artist were something apart here. No mixing of business and pleasure.

We know today that the Mexican renaissance in art was the direct product of the Mexican Revolution. It's painters who are now world famous were influenced profoundly by the struggle and found a corresponding expression in the plastic arts.

In 1917 when the liberal government was established Siqueiros could go to Europe to study again. He tried Spain, Italy and Belgium and wound up in Paris to learn from but not at the feet of Picasso, the leading light of the "School of Paris! Diego Rivera was there too, living the bohemian life. While other Mexican artists had been simple soldiers, Diego had fought valiantly and drawn blood from many a cubist problem.

From Barcelona Siqueiros published VIDA AMERICANA in which he elaborated his now famous "Manifesto to the Painters of America". This launched the Revolutionary Syndicate of Technical Workers, Painters, and Sculptors. The Manifesto declared the superiority of monumental (mur-

al) painting over the easel picture. He cried out for the necessity of collective work. "Indo Americans must embrace their traditions ... paint their own images ... identify themselves in spirit with their remarkable artistic ancestry ... Syndicate difficulties with the We must rebuild ... lost values ... and create at the same time new ones ... Like the classic artists we must achieve our purpose within the inviolable laws of aesthetic balance ... like them be good craftsman ... we must live our marvellous dynamic age. We must love modern machines which give us new and unexpected plastic emotions ..." Here was a flaming challenge and it bore fine fruit. The Syndicate was responsible for the development of such painters as Orozco, Rivera, Charlot, Guerrero, and many others. Thus began the greatest movement of revolutionary painting of our age. The Mexican Government because the patron of Mexico's revolutionary painters and many an American painter who has never seen a Mexican mural has been vastly influenced by the powerful frescoes of the Syndicate artists.

When, in 1922, Siqueiros returned to Mexico, he was commissioned by the liberal Jose Vasconcelos, Minister of Education, to paint part of the Colegio Chico within the National Preparatory School. At this time also Siqueiros was elected Secretary General of the Painters Syndicate. With the co-operation of Xavier Guerrero and Rivera (who now was troubled with revolutionary eczema) Siqueiros published the Syndicate's paper, EL MACHETE, which the Syndicate used to reach the Mexican people. And here began the Syndicate's difficulties with the government. The cutting satire

of the drawings and prints in the paper caused many faces to reddened in anger in government circles, and was the direct cause of the final dissolution of the Syndicate. Siqueiros' profoundly moving mural, "Burial of a Worker" was boarded up unfinished. Other murals of the Syndicate were destroyed partly or wholly by student vandals who were encouraged by the reactionaries. Oddly enough, the new government could still stomach that staunch revolutionary, Rivera. He alone was retained and was handed the monopoly of Mexican art on a platter which might have been fashioned of silver.

Of this period, Siqueiros says now, "We were Social-Utopians with little direct contact with the masses ... our murals were in places more or less inaccessible to the masses ... the aesthetics of the Manifesto still practised by leading Mexican painters are antiquated, archaic ... there was no real comprehension of the true problem of the modern mural ..."

For six years he organized miners. His dynamic personality and the utter simplicity of his character found expression in powerful oratory. He was the perfect organizer. Then in 1930 he was arrested in a political demonstration and sent to prison. The best he could do here was to return to easel painting. Prison was followed by a year of exile in the little town of Taxco where he was forbidden all political activity. It is significant that he could turn out superb easel pictures and further develop his understanding of Indian art and the Mexican "primitives". His color is sombre - luminous darks and startling whites applied to well built forms. The emphasis is all on the solid and



and the simple combined with a sense of drama that is supremely powerful. In his huge portraits he has been able to penetrate the character of his model and blend it with the impersonal stolidity that is found in the ritual masks of Aztec and Mayan sculpture. Many distinguished men came to visit him in Taxco, among them Sergei Eisenstein who was then working on a film, "Thunder over Mexico". Eisenstein received permission to see the boarded up "Burial of a Worker" and was so impressed he used the composition as the basis for the funeral scene in that unluckily picture which was later mangled to suit anyone who could get hands on it.

Eisenstein and Hart Crane sponsored a Siqueiros exhibit in Mexico City and as a result Siqueiros received an invitation to teach at the Chouinard School of Art, in Los Angeles. Here he was determined to do outdoor murals. Bitter experience had taught him that murals painted inside a building were seen only by a few people, and these few did not look very long at that. Outside the people would see. He would use modern industrial techniques and obtain the mass appeal of a chewing gum advertisement. Commerce does not despise collective work and the most modern equipment to meet its needs. He would work with a whole team of painters, using the electrically driven spray gun instead of the hand brush. After all, it is the brain not the hand which does the painting. So a huge mural was painted on the outside walls of the Chouinard School by thirty working painters. Cement, commercial paint, the spray gun and any other modern instruments available were used. And in the United States Siqueiros found all

the splendid machines our great industrial age has perfected. Siqueiros said: "Modern painters have been using archaic methods . . . techniques and instruments discovered hundreds of years ago . . . the modern fresco needs modern technical equipment . . . the still camera, the cinema camera catching all action does away with the old inaccurate pencil sketch . . . from this kind of enormous variety the artist can choose exactly what he needs . . ."

Two other murals were painted in Los Angeles, one at the Plaza Art Center; another at the home of the moving picture director, Dudley Murphy. And once more his political ideas expressed in paint brought him into conflict with officialdom. From California he went to Montevideo and Buenos Aires to lecture and exhibit his work. In the latter city, together with another group of painters, he painted the bar-room in the cellar of a private home, the villa of Don Torquato, a wealthy Argentine publisher. The semi-cylindrical room presented new technical problems to solve. He decided to treat the room as a single unit, consisting of walls, ceiling and floor—one decorative design, three dimensional in composition, dynamic in expression, the theme to be of all things, the nude. It is titled "Plastic Study", and a Mexican writer put it this way: "This painting gives the impression of fantastic and wicked movement. It storms the consciousness, suggesting unlimited depths of sensation".

Returning to Mexico Siqueiros continued his experimentation in modern mediums, using Duco paint which is strong, dries immediately, and is suitable for a painter who knows exactly what he is doing.

It might seem that the DuPont people had never intended it for automobiles but just for Siqueiros' murals. At this time he painted, "Proletarian Victim" now in the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art, New York City. This huge, over life-size rude, done on burlap with Duco is tremendously powerful; its size, heavy modelling and dramatic conception conveys a feeling of monumental sculpture, and was the first of his series of Ducos showing the limitless possibilities of that medium. Duco (nitro-cellulose) is the most modern medium in the chemistry of color. It was developed for a purely functional reason by the automobile industry and Siqueiros believes that the use of nitro-cellulose is as revolutionary to our age as was the revolutionary use of oil paints in the middle ages.

In February, 1936, the first American Artists' Congress against War and Fascism was held in New York City. This unique event in the history of American art brought together four hundred of America's leading artists, academicians and modernists, purists and social realists. Siqueiros, Orozco and a number of others attended the Congress as representatives of the League of Revolutionary Artists and Writers of Mexico, and Siqueiros delivered a stirring and thought provoking report of their work.

Siqueiros decided to remain in New York City and organize an experimental workshop. He drew about him most of the younger Mexican painters living in the city and some young American painters. Their work was to be of a varied and fascinating kind, everything from huge over life-size portraits, floats on trucks and smaller

posters to murals that were born and died in the workshop and Duco panels that are today owned by the Museum of Modern Art and a few discerning collectors. It was in this bustling, factory-like atmosphere (and yet the exact opposite of the factory) that I met the painter and his group.

I came to the Siqueiros Experimental Workshop on 14th Street to ask Siqueiros to speak before the Artists' Union of Philadelphia. I found no artist's studio or classroom; painters wore overalls, not smocks. Tubes of paint were not arranged carefully on palettes of fine wood; the paint stood in cans and odd receptacles and was being shot through the air with spray guns as it might be in a Ford factory. Every available bit of space was being utilized. People were in each other's hair but very nice about it. A warm vitality was the atmosphere of the workshop. Experiments were being carried out in various mediums—photography, painting, sculpture, bas relief plaques, etc.—all directed to reach the great numbers of people whose hunger for art had thus far been fed by the horrors of Five and Ten Cent Store reproductions and the saccharine Saturday Evening Post illustrations. Living history was being recorded in symbolic terms. Here was a group of serious artists, alive to the great forces that are molding present day society, making a definite attempt to answer the peoples' bashful prayer: "Give us this day our daily art"; they could not be satisfied with cheap chromos and "September Morns" or even the "artist of the year" motif: dresses this year will be "Van Gogh yellow" and next "Picasso blue". As an artist, I was profoundly impressed and



there and then joined the Workshop.

I fell plumb into the most terrific activity; the Workshop had accepted a commission to do floats, panels and posters for a Peace parade sponsored by the American League. Wooden frames were being made, canvas was being sewn, drawings were being projected. The hum of the spray gun didn't stop for three days and nights. I lived in paint splattered overalls. No one shirked a job. Siqueiros himself sawed wood and hammered in nails. All drawings were passed upon by the group as a whole. When it was necessary, work ceased, and a meeting called to discuss. And it was done with amazing rapidity. The results were gratifying. I was bound to see the peoples' reaction to this art and determined to go along with one of the floats the morning of the parade. We all went. It was thrilling. Many thousands marched in the parade and many more thousands lined the sidewalks. Going through Spanish Harlem we were greeted by a continuous shout of "Viva le Fronte Populare!" for the Spanish Civil War had begun and the Spanish speaking people of America were very much opposed to the Fascist invasion.

Siqueiros could not long keep out of this fight. He was offered a position by the Spanish Govern-

ment as head of Graphic Propaganda. The Mexican painters of the Workshop went with him to Spain to participate in the fight of the Spanish people for their very lives. A stream of superbly stirring propaganda posters came out of Spain. Again Siqueiros was combining his two chief interests, art and fighting injustice. Despite the important art work he was doing he could not keep out of the actual fighting, and when he returned to Mexico at the end of the tragic war he was a lieutenant-colonel in the Spanish Army.

The contemporary artist can no longer remain wholly deaf to the message Siqueiros' work embodies. His experiments with silicate and nitro-cellulose, using modern industrial instruments is a definitely great contribution to the technique of modern art. The plastic possibilities are endless as witness his most recent Duco panels now in the Mexican show at the Museum of Modern Art; even the paintings of the brilliant Orozco fade a little in comparison. As a fighter and an innovator he stands with the other great men of art, El Greco, Breughel, Rembrandt, Goya and Daumier. He has proved that the true significance of relations in art is reached only when there is a fulfillment of the wish and need to fuse the plastic form with the substance of profoundly felt experience.

By SEYMOUR KEIDAN

## THE FIGHTING LIBERAL

O darling of the divine cloud  
breeze of the fluttering flag  
where sits a soul so dead  
as you in the evening cannonade?  
O lover of the spiritual dream  
sleeper in the seventh round  
where is the left-hook belt  
you had before the evening cannonade?  
O terror are you out and dead for the count?  
Where is the come-back strength you spoke about?  
Is it true what the expert said  
This is the round you took the dive?  
Call for the trainer, call for the stretcher  
they're carrying the fighter out.

By SEYMOUR KEIDAN

## FOR S. HILLMAN and NEVILLE

Through the unholy manners ride sinners,  
turning Emily Devil's pages and reading rules,  
finding the ways best to crowd incidents  
into the calm hours, to disrupt the collected;  
who are these rules in the grand style of terror?  
Who are the living climbing over shattered glass?  
Who are these who leave black stains on marble floors?  
These are the moral men in an inverted world;  
these are the Munichmen; these are the leaders  
of unions trembling in paths of invasions from within;  
these are the kissers of men with false masks;  
these are the benevolent smilers on the humble;  
and these, all these, are Mr. Eliot's stuffed sufferers:  
these are the strong diapered whimperers  
in a shades-down, dark, no-lights nursery.



By ROBERT CONNOLLY

## O. K. AMERICA

O. K. America— live happily ever after—  
at least for a little while  
be Cinderella to Prince Charming Mars who fitted your foot  
in a shoe of silver ( per ounce from Montana  
or a million dollar order for steel from Sparrows Pt., Md.)  
be Charlie McCarthy made of the wood of the cedars of  
Lebanon—  
or a millionheiress in a Cadillac—  
or a book-shy backfield man (2 col. cut on the sports page)  
an All-American futurity—  
but don't forget while you're being all these things  
you see in the movies when you're spending that time and  
1/2 time plus bonus  
for making slashing, Stuka-smashing planes  
and beautiful colored, gut-gashing shells  
that you, America, will pay for all of it—  
by living (too soon, maybe) happily everafter in the  
everafter.

By ROBERT CONNOLLY

## THE POOR

Dunned by creditors;  
rathounded by interest grabbers  
who grin at thoughts of high rates;  
buying on time;  
timing their buying to meet installments;  
and tide over wages by borrowing on interest and dragging  
on wages,  
and the hole GROWS BIGGER:

The K. Mervyn Fredricks Professorship economics teacher  
never had to make a graph to show how \$720 a year will care  
for a wife and two kids.

AND WIDER:

That fast-talk, bull-speiling Senator (salary \$10,000 a  
year plus) never tried balancing a family budget on a W. P. A.  
income, never tried balancing a W. P. A. check against two  
kids and a wife.

AND DEEPER:

Dieticians trying to feed and clothe a family of four on a  
12-a-week job

—installment and interest rate, running to a pay check  
and salary—

AND A SALARY CUT.

ITEMISE

8 hours for the grocers  
2 for the shoes  
10 for the car

AND THE REST FOR INTEREST.

By MASON PARKE

## WHY?

It was just another subway car.  
The people were just the same as  
any others in New York at eleven  
thirty at night. A lot of them had  
just gotten out of the theatre and  
they sat holding their programs  
and looking at the other people in  
the car. There were a couple of  
middle aged men in working  
clothes who were going to or com-  
ing from work. You never can  
tell because they look discouraged  
and sad. Anyway it was just an-  
other subway car.

At 86th street some people got  
on, among them was this Nigger.  
There was a seat just across from  
me and he sat down in it. He did  
not look drunk but the way he  
acted later makes me think he  
was. He just sat there for a while  
with his big body hunched over  
and he kept rubbing his face with  
his big hard hands. He looked as  
if he were trying to control him-  
self and couldn't. As if he were  
afraid he would burst out laugh-  
ing or crying. He had an old cap  
on and his fingers touched it as  
he rubbed his face. I didn't know  
what was going to happen at first  
but then he hicoughed and his  
whole body shook. Then he rubbed  
his face and I knew what was the  
matter. He crossed his legs and  
hunched himself over still more  
as if he wanted to make himself  
as small as possible. His big hand  
kept rubbing his face and then  
he hicoughed again. He had  
given up trying to control it and  
just let his body take the rack-  
ing that came with each one. He  
was helpless, he just sat there rub-

bing his face with his hand.

I felt sorry for this big Nigger  
sitting here being shaken and it  
seemed that this was just an-  
other thing happening in his life.  
He took it so blindly and so miser-  
ably that I thought it must be no  
different than anything that had  
ever happened to him and that he  
was taking it just as he had taken  
everything else.

When we came to 103rd St. the  
Nigger looked up to see what sta-  
tion we were at, just as he looked  
up he hicoughed and I guess  
everyone in the car heard it. He  
looked at the people who were  
staring at him and then let his  
head drop into his hand. He made  
a sound as if he were going to say  
something, but he didn't. The peo-  
ple in the car kept looking at him  
and he hid his face with both  
hands for now he had to fight  
these people too. The people tried  
not to look but there was nothing  
they could do. So they glanced at  
the Nigger and evry so often he  
hicoughed and the people watch-  
ed his pain. They did not seem to  
understand that it was a human  
being sitting there. He was just  
another man, no different from  
any other except that he had the  
hicoughed. That was all.

Though the Nigger kept his  
hands over his face he knew that  
the people were watching him.  
Usually they just glanced at him  
with their cold eyes but this time  
they were looking and their eyes  
were just the same. All the eyes  
were looking and he couldn't do  
anything but sit there and try to



control himself. His throat tightened a little.

Then he put his hands down and his eyes looked back at the people. But only for a moment. He couldn't look at them. He hic-coughed once and then again. It was too much. One hand fell to his lap and he glanced at the people; he held himself for a minute, then said, "Stop gazing at me."

## THE CONTRIBUTORS

Play Beltran is a leading modern Spanish poet. He started as a Surrealist, but, laying hold of what social revolt there was in Surrealism, he has developed into a truly social poet. We believe that this is his first publication in English.

Samuel Putnam is the well-known biographer, poet, translator, and critic. Among his books are "Marguerite of Navarre" and "Rabelais: a spiritual biography".

Razel Kapustin studied art under Siqueiros in Mexico.

Mason Parke, short-story writer, is a student at Lafayette College.

He rubbed his face and shifted his body in the seat.

"You dirty rotten bastards, stop gazing at me."

Every person in the car was watching him.

"You bastards" and then he did not say anything else. He just sat and rubbed his face while the cold silent eyes of the people looked and wondered what was the matter.

## TELL IT TO SWEENEY

We are confessing . . . the last name of the guy named Louie and Herman is Sweeney. However, we have not seen Louie in quite some time. So if you see him tell him about our new magazine and hand him the subscription blank you'll see at the end of this request if you don't turn the page before you get that far.

Also, tell Louie and Herman to pass the word along to Flo and Sadie, his g'rl.

If you think by this time we are slightly crazy, writing about two guys and using the singular, remember, this is a singular magazine.

And anyway, no matter how many Louies and Hermans there are, each to the other is still himself. And we sincerely believe he'll like our magazine. And so will Flo and Sadie.

---

Enclosed please find one dollar (\$1.00) for a one year subscription (4 issues) to ADVENT.

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