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 dissociate 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.
By JOSEPH SHORE

COFFEE

The man with the red carrying case started up the front walk of the red brick house. Down the street a ways, the group of Irish and Polish kids were playing around the edges 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, "Aren't you boys home?" They all shook their heads, and kept running 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 confidentially stepping on every crack in the broken concrete. She saw the man, and adjusted the rose in her hair, the rose she stole from his jacket while he was giving her mother the coffee demonstration. Her dress was torn at the front, and she tried to hide it with her hand.

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

"Sure, why shouldn't I?"

"But that hole in there looks like a hole. She's wild, and she always comes or 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 hag."

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 you mentioned you yesterday when I left the card here. If I may step inside I'll give it to you." He shook 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 not using your living room, is it?"

"If you're selling anything, misster it's too was staying in here. I don't have any money. You see, I live here with my brother, and we 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 leaning over as she walked. The kitchen was furnished with a wooden table, covered with with blue dishes. In one corner was a wooden jet box, with the door to the compartment standing open. There was no fire place. There were two or three old chairs sitting around the table. All the walls were scrubbed off there.

"Polakie, I bet," the man said to himself. "They're all crazy for blue. Maybe I can put it in a new coffee drapery."

"Here, Misster, is you free sample," operating the brown case, "it's a chocolate, one of thirty fine Wonder products. You just find milk, and it makes enough pasting to fill one pot or serve four persons." He handed it to her. "But we are mainly interested in selling fire 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."

"You can. I'll take a cup of hot water and fill it from the water, and went out in the out-kitchen and put it on the coal stove be 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 coffee he had passed on the way to town. It stretched for four miles, including the yards, and it was fed by ten men today and two stowaways. He had seen the immense boats, stripping and filling a coal car in two scoops.

"My brother used to make five dollars a day in number six, but he got hurt, and they didn't call him back because he was too old. He never did anything else in the 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 could work on five dollars a day even when we was old."

He wished she would stop talking, and suggested that she go out and get the water.
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, it's more flavor, and goes further than ordinary coffee, you would just as soon serve me with an order wouldn't you?" He said it with an upending 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 get 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 sell it. No!" She shook her head firmly.

"But not even with this pretty blue cup that I will send with your first order? It costs you no more. You trifle it out in consumer's profit sharing coupons, which we can afford to lose 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 case 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 see in church every day when Tzar was little father and how her sister had all the money, getting five dollars every day besides what the kids could earn. No wonder she had had no electric ice box and was pretty soon to get a new coal stove. And wasn't it funny, her sister had let 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 vagabond out of a box. He had to go back a couple 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 rinsed 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 wouldn't.

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

She mumbled goodby and went back into the house.

The little girl from the last house was still near the gate, smiling her flower. "Gee, mister, you sure are brave, going in that old lady's house. She looks a kid- napper. 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 man came along in the brown station wagon.
Who?
Who?
The wheat
is green
like the eyes of girls in the North.
black bulls inside
the dust of the prairie flower,
The red flower of the sage
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
vases into bloom in our hearts.

(Translated from the Spanish by Samuel Putnam)

By PLA Y BELTRAN

FOUR GALLOWS

Look at the reservoirs of mallow
rivers of green mallow;
On the earth, four hammers sing:
Clang, clang, clang, clang—
Four hammers, four nails driving, ying;
Clang, clang, clang, clang—
Four hammers on four columns:
Clang, clang, clang, clang—
Four hammers on four gallows:
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 palpitate your shoulder—
Yet they are four—
—hard, firm, sturdy—
—we four axes.
Do you have:
Clang, clang, clang, clang—
Four hammers on four planks!
Look at the yellow sun;
look at the white snow—
Yes they are four—

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

(Translated from the Spanish by Samuel Putnam)
BY MAZEL KAPJISTIN

SIQUEIROS: PEOPLE'S ARTIST

The most pregnant coment on this painter has been made by the poet-art critic, Cesareo Von Weygand. On the occasion of this Mexican's first New York show he wrote: "A painter way to 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 1951 that Pablo Picasso was jolted out of his denier interest 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 mobilized the army 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-month student strike resulted in the foundation of Mexico's own Outdoor Paining School. Three years later he broke with his wealthy, conservatist family and joined the Armys of liberation under Carranza. Art was forgotten. One might trace a stern curve on a ceiling provided one forgot for the moment the procession 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. Therefore if he would exist he would know what and why the beautiful women and the men (using alcohol which have been the inspiration of many another artist were something apart here. No matter 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 world famous were influenced profoundly by the struggle and found a corresponding expression in the plastic arts. In 1917 when the liberal government established Siqueiros could go to Europe to study. In 1924 he was called back by the Mexican Government because the patron of Mexico's revolution, painter and many an American painter who has never seen a Mexican mural has been vastly influenced by the powerful presence of the Siqueiros school.

When in 1925 Siqueiros returned to Mexico, he was commissioned by the liberal Jose Vasconceos, Ministe of Education, to paint part of the Colofe Cholo in the National Preparatory School. At that time also Siqueiros was elected Secretary General of the Painters Syndicate. With the cooperation of Xavier Guerrero and Rivera (who was now troubled with revolutionary ecstasies) Siqueiros published the Syndicate's book, EL MANIFIESTO, 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 "stirring revolutionary," Rivera. He alone was retained and was handed the monopoly of Mexican art on a plaster 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 anarchy of the Manifesto still persisted by having Mexican politicians are antiquated archives - there was no real comprehension of the true problem of the modern man."

For six years he organized unions. 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. Rivera was followed by a year of exile in the little town of Tepoztlan where he was forbidden all political activity. It is significant that he could turn superb easel pictures and further develop his understanding of Indian art and the Mexican "primitives." His colors are sombre - luminous and his figures are painted with but little study.
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 solidity that is found in the ritual masks of Aztec and Mayan sculpture. Many distinguished men came to visit him in Taosco, among them Sergei Eisenstein, who was then working on a film, “Thunder Over Mexico.” Eisenstein received permission to see the headless body of “Burlan of a Worker” and was so impressed he used the composition as the basis for the funeral scene in that uncompleted picture which was later changed 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, but outdoor murals paint inside a building were seen only by a few people, and those few did not stay very long at that. Outside the people could see. We would use modern industrial techniques and obtain the mass appeal of a chewing gum advertisement. Compositions, not deep impressionistic 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 outside the 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 etc; 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 movie camera, catching all action does away with the old inaccurate pencil sketch... from this kind of erroneous 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 movie picture director, Dudley Murphy. And once more his political ideas expressed in paint brought him into conflict with officialdom. From California he went to Montervelo and Bienes Aires to lecture and exhibit his work. In the latter city together with another group of painters, he painted the floor room in the room 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 use the sphere as a single unit, consisting of walls, ceiling and door—one descriptive design, three dimensions in composition, dynamic in expression. The theme was 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 wild movement, it stirs the consciousness, suggesting uncalled-up thefts of sensuous beauty.”

Returning to Mexico Siqueiros completed his experimental work in modern mediums, using Duco paint which is strong, dries immediately, and is suitable for a muralist who knows exactly what he is doing. It might seem that the Duco paints had never intended 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, four life-size nude done on board with Duco is tremendously powerful; its also, heavy modelling and detailed conception conveys a feeling of monumental sculpture, and was the first of his series of Duco showing the limitless possibilities of that medium. Duco (polyester) 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 polyester 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, socialists 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. 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, every-thing from huge life-size portraits, busts on trunks 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 building, 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 to the artists’ Union of Philadelphia. I found an artist’s studio or classroom; painters were overhead, not smokers. 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, has 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 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 feasts that are molding present day society, making a definite attempt to answer the peoples’ basic prayer: “Give us this day our daily art.” they could not be satisfied with cheap chromos and “September Morris” or even the “artist of the year” costume; 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 protected. The buns of the spray gun didn't stop for three days and nights. I lived in paint spattered overalls. No one shirked a job. Sigmapros himself saved wood and hammered 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 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 Frente Popular!" for the Spanish Civil War had begun and the Spanish speaking people of America were very much opposed to the Fascist invasion. Sigmapros could not long keep out of this fight. He was offered a position by the Spanish Government 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 Sigmapros was combining his two chief interests, art and fighting injustices. 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 due to the message Sigmapros' work embodies. His experiments with silicate and nitro-cellulose, water modern industrial instruments is a definitely great contribution to the technique of modern art. The plastic possibilities are endless as witness his most recent Dorico murals 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 Durer. He has proved that the true significance of relations in art as 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 command?
O lover of the spiritual dream
sleep in the seventh round
where is the left, foot belt
you had before the evening command?
O terror are you cut and dead for the count?
Where is the come-back strength you spoke about?
Is it true what the expert said
This is the crowd you took the dive?
Call for the trinity — call for the stretcher they're carrying the fighter out.

By SEYMOUR KEIDAN

FOR S. HILLMAN and NEVILLE

Through the unpenetrating side windows, turning Emily Diller's pages and reading rules, binding the warp best to crowd incidents into the calm hours, to attempt 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 gable doors?
These are the Munchenians; these are the leaders of union trembling in paths of invasions from within;
these are the kissers of men with false masks; these are the beholding smilers on the humble;
and these all these, are Mr. Elise's stuffed sufferers;
these are the slyly dispersed whimperers
in a shades-down, dark, no-lights nursery.
O.K. AMERICA

O.K. America—live happily ever after—

By ROBERT CONNOLLY

at least for a little while

be Cinderella to Prince Charming Mars who fitted your foot

in a shoe of silver (per chance from Montam—
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 millionaireness in a Cadillac—
or a bookish buckfield man (2 col. cut on the sports page)
an All-American Natty—

but don’t forget while you’re being all these things
you see in the movies when you’re spending that time and

$200 a month plus bonus

for making slashing, Stuka-smashing planes and
beautiful colored, gut-punching shells

that you, America, will pay for all of it—

by living (too soon, maybe) happily ever after in the

everafter.

By ROBERT CONNOLLY

THE POOR

Dunned by creditors;
rathounded by interest grabbers
who grim at thoughts of high rates:

buying on time;
timing their buying to meet installments;

and the over wages by borrowing on interest and

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-spelling Serioz (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:

Dietetics trying to feed and clothe a family of four on a

12a-week job

—installment and interest rate, running to a pay check

and salary.

AND A SALARY CUT.

ITEMIZE

8 hours for the grocers

2 for the shoes

10 for the car

AND THE REST FOR INTEREST.
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 hiccupped 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 gawking at me.”

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

“You dirty rotten bastards, stop gawking at me.”

Every person in the car was watching him.

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

THE CONTRIBUTORS

Pia y Belman is a leading modern Spanish poet. He started as a Surrealist, but, lying 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 “Kabalah: a spiritual biography.”

Rosed Kapustin studied art under Siqueiros in Mexico.

Maurice Parker, short-story writer, is a student at Lafayette College.

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 Fls and Sadie, his girl.

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 Fls and Sadie.

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

NAME

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CITY

STATE

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