

Four of his fellow vice-presidents—Emil Rieve of the Textile Workers, R. J. Thomas of the Automobile Workers, S. J. Dalrymple of the Rubber Workers, and Reid Robinson of the Miners and Smelters—lean toward the Hillman view. Philip Murray occupies a middle ground. He is not as anxious for comity as Hillman, but he wants it far more intensely than does Lewis, who finds little pleasure in any such prospect. James Carey, C. I. O. secretary, whose relationship to Lewis is that of an adoring adjutant to his general, will do anything his chief commands. And the order of the day is still "no truce." Until

some social inventor can devise a chairman-of-the-board post that in an A. F. of L.—C. I. O. merger would endow Lewis with an importance at least equal to that of the presidency of the organization, he isn't likely to sacrifice the fame, the power, and the glory he currently enjoys. He is an able, gifted, intelligent man; and he likes being top dog. So does William Green, of course, even if his own authority is of a more titular kind. Yet Green is not young, he is no longer a fighter, and if he were convinced that his resignation would insure labor unity he would step down. The next move is up to Lewis.

Winter Miscellany—Four Poems

SELECTED BY JOHN BERRYMAN

A Vision of Labor

BY WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

In my head the juxtapositions
impossible otherwise to accomplish:
two young rubber-booted ditchdiggers
beside the bed of the dying bishop—
cracking obscene jokes
at the expense of the flabby woman in
the white bathing suit, the weak breaths
of the old man masquerading under
the double suck of the mule-pump
—by the edge of the sea! the shore
exploded away—but in this case
a bomb of construction,
the sewer going down six feet inside
the seawall along the front of
the cottages—not through them
unfortunately—a *cloaca maxima* like
the one under the Roman Forum
which alone made that possible in
that place.

That's it! There, there!
That's the answer.
Alone made that possible there
in that place.

The girl lying there
supine in an old rowboat reading an
adventure magazine and the two guys
—six foot three each of them
if they were an inch—washing their
hip-boots off in the stream jerking
from the pump at the finished manhole,
washing their hands, their heads
and faces, cupping their hands to drink

the stuff. Geezus! what the hell kind
of water is that to drink? But
they probably know what they're doing
—and looking down the bank at her
lying flat out there in the heat with
her five-and-ten dark glasses on
to protect her eyes from the sun's glare
—looking down and smiling over her
like insane men.

When you've been broke
and damned near starving for
five years you get to look that way,
said my cousin who had had a taste
of it. You can't help it. That's
poverty. Both your mind and your body
are affected. But they're just mechanics
damn good ones most of them, like
anybody else.

—the white suit
pulled up tight into her crotch the
way she was lying there facing them
—till they threw the switch and
the pump stopped and
the bishop died
and they turned their backs on it,
threw their boots over their shoulders
and went home.

My Country

BY EMMA SWAN

My home is among mountains my race
is one of pioneers who fought
and lost who fought and found what
did they find? say a land where

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