

in the habit of going away without telling him. Then I'd get a letter like the one he wrote me on August 5, 1941: "Dear Gilbert: I don't think it quite fair for you to drop out—with no word of your whereabouts. I'm struggling with my problems and feel so hopelessly alone. Rent goes on—everything goes on and the confusion yells at me—from telephones, newspapers, and from a hundred other directions. Oh for my old serenity! What a good helpful friend you have been to me—and I'm always in danger of not appreciating it—in the whirl of my problems—but I really do. Thanking you—your friend, Art."

It got so I had to arrange to spend three months at my own work and then three months with Art, but the inspiration of being around him, studying his work, sorting and cataloguing his drawings and writings, absorbing his philosophy, was fully worth neglecting even my own creative work in order to live as close to him as it was humanly possible.

I am, I trust, pardonably proud of all his many letters and cards. These almost invariably carried his whimsical sketches. If it was summertime, it was a tree and birds in the wind. If it was autumn, a few leaves blew across the lower corner. Once in the spring came a small portrait of Art with a single flower growing out of the top of his bald head. You could never predict his humor. And it could be tragic in tone, too, like the time a card came bearing nothing more than the hand of a drowning victim reaching up for help. The message was unmistakable, and brought me hurrying back east. Once when I was broke, I hitch-hiked. Happily I always found it possible to get enough money from a wealthy family in Terre Haute to support myself when I was with Art. This family also paid him \$750 for two of his drawings, and bought over a hundred dollars worth of his books which they distributed to their friends. They always bought directly from Art Young, giving him as much of the profit as possible. The royalties from all Art Young's books were a most negligible sum. Once a publisher's treatment of him brought on an attack of high blood pressure and sent him to a hospital. I happen to know that Art never felt secure economically. He lived on the verge of a constant unrest. Somehow, though, he seemed to accept the fact that since he was the kind of artist he was, it was to be expected. Hence, the famous closing chapter of his book, *On My Way*.

Art was always turning over to me bits of epigrammatic writing and small manuscripts through which he said he hoped to put himself on record. I believe, in his later years, Art actually thought of himself in the capacity of a philosopher. The past year he read a lot of the writings of Ben Franklin, Montaigne, and Marcus Aurelius. He seriously considered setting forth his own

thoughts in some similar fashion. I always urged him on when he would speak of writing, feeling that it was important for him to keep writing. He took a great interest in a proposed book of my own about himself—something that could present Art Young in his place as a truly incomparable American and world figure. And he wrote: "I am pleased that you think you ought to formulate your ideas about my part in the art scheme of this America and my trend as related to the wide world."

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

"SOMETIMES I'm lonely, but I am never discouraged," Art said to my sister Katherine, her daughter Frances, and me, when we were together at what was to be his last supper. He died a few hours later. In retrospect, it seemed as if he unconsciously spoke his own epitaph, not in a somber or foreboding spirit but in his naturally philosophical and calm manner. "I figure I should be able to live another twenty years," he continued, "and I know that in that time I will see socialism spread through the world." Our conversation was desultory—now serious, now gay, but with an undercurrent of the great changes taking place in the world, of which he was so keenly aware.

Art was tired from the task of sending out over 1,500 New Year's cards, to which he had added in red ink, after the four freedoms, "Also Teheran." He signed them all; on many he added personal greetings and he mailed them before he went to rest that night, at different boxes and post offices so that he wouldn't load down the postal employees. He must have been very weary.

He spoke considerably on longevity that night, of George Bernard Shaw and Mother Bloor and of our mother. He and my sister told stories, as usual. Kathie told him of a woman who came to her defense booth, a woman whose husband had walked out fifteen years ago to buy cigarettes and never returned. She confessed that she occasionally wondered what had happened to him. Art countered with a story of an enterprising reporter who went to the British Museum where Lenin used to go regularly to study. He described him to the musty old attendant who finally said, "Oh, I remember—a short, bald stocky man with a beard!" The reporter said eagerly, "Yes—yes," but the attendant continued, "I wonder what ever happened to him?" Art chuckled at how close to history the old recluse was and didn't know it.

Our family's acquaintance with Art Young goes back over a quarter of a century. He was especially fond of my beautiful Irish mother and we treasure particularly among his books the one he dedi-

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cated "To Mother Flynn from Father Young," in which he drew a little sketch of himself writing it.

He was a consistent and courageous admirer of the Soviet Union and the Red Army and described himself to me more than once as "A non-party Bolshevik." He had an extraordinary capacity to remain friends with people far removed from his social ideas—if they were honest in their views. But he would never sell his talents for what he disbelieved in, no matter how great his personal sacrifices. His friendship with Brisbane was on this basis. My son Fred went to see Art when he returned from Brisbane's funeral. "Maybe some people won't understand why I went," he said in a troubled manner. But Fred assured him everybody would understand, and said, "Well, maybe you'll get a chance to go to Hearst's funeral some day!" Art brightened at the thought and laid aside his worries.

Art Young was gentle in manner, kindly and reassuring. But he was a great fighter against injustice, poverty, inequalities, and against fascism in all its forms. He was never downhearted about the progress of the world. He spoke to us rather regretfully that night about having to sell his little place in Connecticut where he had always planned to have a museum for his pictures and which he had started to build, I believe, or at least had designed. "I got a little money to live a little longer," he said. He said once to his friend Marguerite Tucker: "If I was in the Soviet Union I would be a people's artist and would not need to worry about money."

I know that funds were raised by friends, but to Art, as to any of us, it was not the same as it would be if guaranteed by a people's government. My concept of a proper and fitting permanent memorial for Art Young would be to keep his pictures together, as a united whole, to be housed in an appropriate place where all his friends and admirers, thousands of trade unionists and others, could refresh their spirit at the fountain of his genius and where he would live on in his work with all future generations. This was his dream. This is why he kept his pictures together and hated to part with even one. All of us who loved and admired Art in life should unite now to accomplish this—his great personal desire. He did not know he was speaking his last words to us, nor did we, but what he said then was in the spirit of all his conversations and his life. He was, as he felt and knew, in all modesty, a people's artist. His works belong to the people.

Sherwood Anderson

IT TOOK your going up there to see Art Young and happening to mention me to make me realize what a fool I am. I never thought he'd like to hear from me.

God! To think that a man like Art Young should be pleased by anything I have done. Why, we should all stand in humble reverence of the great simple soul he is—that lifelong work he's done, and the example he has been. I could wish I had more of what he has, for in the final solution, that is the answer—to take it laughing as Art Young has. That is the way to keep our faith, our sanity—as people.—*From a letter written to Gilbert Wilson by Sherwood Anderson before his death.*

Adolf Dehn

OCASIONALLY Art Young would come up to my studio and it was a great pleasure to have him get going on old times. Once he was talking about his early newspaper days and told me this little story: How as a young man, at the offices of a great periodical he found himself standing where everyone must stand from time to time, this time next to the unapproachable editor. The august gentleman looked over at him and said, "Well, young man, we're all peers here!" I then told Art my very first memory of him was at the *Masses* trial in 1918. How at the noon hour recess I, a callow art student, was startled and delighted to find myself standing next to the great man, Art Young, under the same circumstances that he had found himself with the editor, and that the first words that the great cartoonist said to me were, "Well, young man, we're all peers here!"

We used to meet quite often at the Co-op cafeteria on Irving Place and after a few diatribes on the evils of nicotine while enjoying a forbidden black cigar, he would let his memory wander back over the years—how he tried to conform and become a regular artist in Paris under the academicians and how it didn't work—how life plays strange tricks on us and many of our most cherished schemes get whittled down by the system.

He asked, "Did you ever hear about my horse and buggy?" Art always loved the soft clumpy sound of horses' hooves clopping leisurely along toward evening. After the automobile arrived, displacing old Ned, and Art was living on his farm up in Bethel, Conn., he thought, wouldn't it be wonderful to have a horse and buggy; then he could ride about in the evening and smell the trees and flowers and the horse and call on a friend or two and the immediate cares of the day would vanish.

But a horse is an expensive proposition and when Art started figuring on the care that it would require and the cost of oats too, he decided maybe he should start looking first for the carriage. Once he had the carriage the horse would be sure to follow. As sure as the day the night. So Art combed the city of New York for a likely vehicle and finally unearthed a dandy—a fine