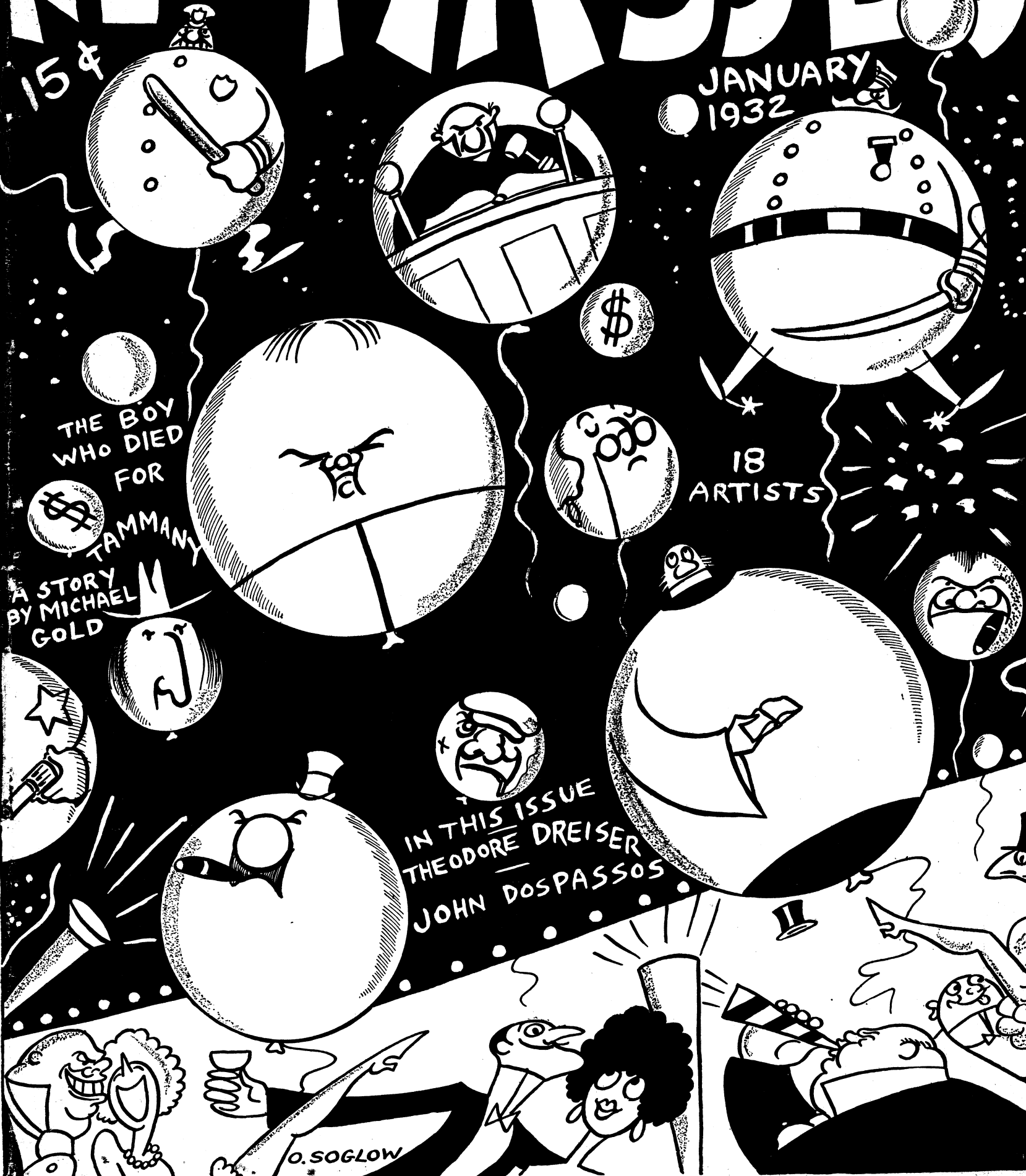


NEW MASSES

15¢

JANUARY
1932



THE BOY
WHO DIED
FOR

TAMMANY

A STORY
BY MICHAEL
GOLD

18
ARTISTS

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—
JOHN DOSPASSOS

O. SOGLOW



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THEODORE DREISER

INDIVIDUALISM AND THE JUNGLE

It is all well enough to study such instances of economic and social injustice as Harlan and the mining districts of Illinois, Eastern Ohio, Western Pennsylvania, the cotton mills of the South, and the textiles and other phases of New England and elsewhere, but far more important to me as a subject is the complete collapse of individualism which, as it seems to me, lies at the bottom of it all. We have, in America, as well as elsewhere throughout the world, and throughout history, allowed the individual of unusual force or cunning or greed to arm himself or, in other words, extend and multiply his natural powers while still proclaiming and looking on himself as an individual.

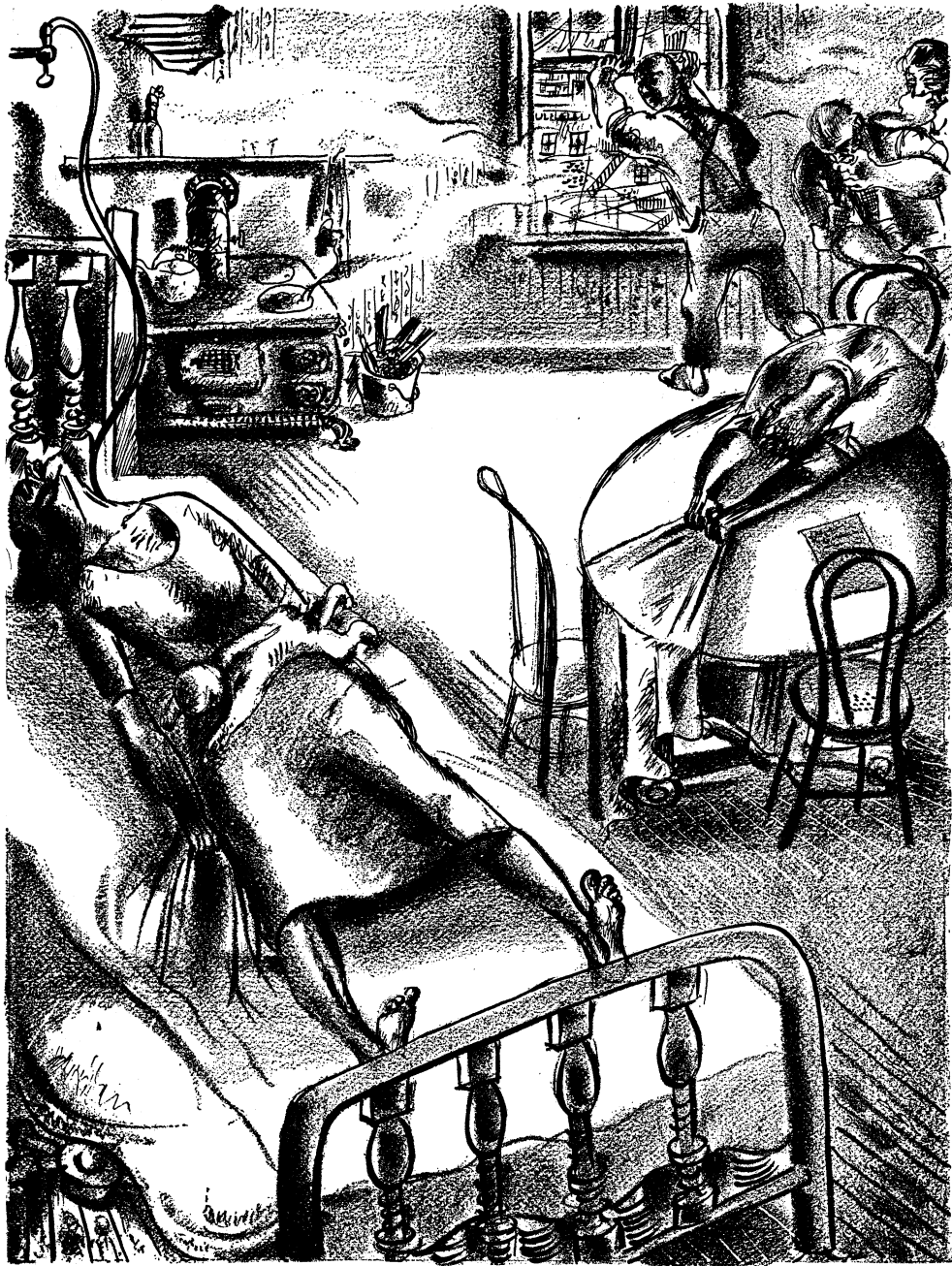
Perhaps in primitive times, and where fewer people were concerned, this was well enough. It gave a strong and protective center to a minor horde. But, with the growth of the force and the multiplication of the individual, there came, naturally, the clash of individuals of greater cunning; their rival ambitions and the exploitation of various groups for their own private purposes—usually their private comfort and glory.

When, by this process, these individuals grow strong enough, they set themselves up as kings or rulers and so, for thousands of years, we have seen tribes, nations and even races exploited for the benefit of a ruling class. That idea of a ruling class, headed, usually by a preeminent individual, is by no means dead. It brought on the great war of 1914, and it has developed the American trust and holding company with its pre-eminent financier which now, through a few of these central financiers and the great organizations which they command, seeks to dictate to and even rule the world—in other words, to make it safe for financiers and holding companies.

What I cannot understand is why the American people which has been drilled from the beginning in the necessity and the advantage of the individual and his point of view, does not now realize how complete is the collapse of that idea as a working social formula. For while, on the one hand, we have arrogated to each of ourselves the right to be a giant individual if we can, we have not seen how impossible it is for more than a very few, if so many, to achieve this. Also that, should it be achieved by so much as one, the rest of us would be mere robots functioning at the will and under the direction of that particular individual. It would follow, then, if we had the mental strength to grasp it, that it is really not complete individualism for anybody that we need or want or can endure even, but a limited form of individualism which will guarantee to all, in so far as that is possible, the right, if

there is such a right, to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and also an equitable share in the economic results of any such organization as the presence and harmony of numerous individuals presupposes and compels.

As it is now, though, we have gotten no further than the right of the most cunning and strong individuals among us to aggrandize themselves, enslaving the rest of us here in America, as elsewhere, to subsist on what is left after they are through. And if you will examine our American economic arrangement you will find that they are not through, since by now three hundred and fifty families control ninety-five per cent of the wealth of the country, and these families, their trusts and holding companies, are now not only not distributing that wealth in any equitable ration, but even if they are so minded, which they are not, they are not capable of so doing. Taken collectively, they do not constitute any central authority. And except through functions of government which they seek to and do always direct for their own private aggrandizement, they have no means, let alone any intention of so doing. More, our government which is supposed to represent all the individualistic ambitions of all of our people, is now in no position to do that. It too, in its turn, has become one of the instruments of this central group of individuals which now directs all of its functions to its particular and very special advantage. That leaves the American citizen, one hundred and twenty five million strong, with his faith in individualism and what it will do for him, but that is about all. Mainly he is without his rent, his job, a decent suit of clothes, a pair of shoes, or food. More, his faith in this free-for-all individualism has now led him to the place where his fellow individualists of greater strength, cunning and greed, are in a position to say for how much, or rather for how little, he shall work, for how long, and whether he shall be allowed to make any complaint or even seek redress in case he is unhappy or dissatisfied, ill-treated, deprived, or even actually starved. In fact, his faith in this individualism as a solvent for all of his ills, has caused him to slumber while his fellow individualists of greater greed and cunning have been seizing his wealth, his church, his press, his courts, his judges, his legislators, his police, and quite all of his originally-agreed-upon Constitutional privileges, so that, today, he walks practically in fear of his own shadow. He cannot now any longer openly say that he is dissatisfied with his government, or that he thinks individualism is wrong, if, actually, he as yet now thinks it is wrong; nor can he now any longer organize in unions which are not suborned and



GAS !

Phil Bard

so controlled by the very individuals from whose economic pressure he is seeking to escape. He cannot turn to his church, because his church will not listen to his economic ills here on earth; it calls his attention to a Paradise which is to come hereafter. The present earthly Paradise in its economic form, at least, the church blandly concedes to the very individualists of whom he now complains. Nor can he turn to his press, which by reason of economic advantages which only these great individualists whom he has so much admired have in their keeping and can bestow, turns not to him but to his masters. And for that reason, he may not be heard. Personally, as poor as he is now, he cannot bring to the door of the press that cash return which they now demand in order to do justice to those millions whose minute and underpaid labors still constitute the source of the wealth of the treasuries which his giant overlords, once lesser individuals like himself, now control.

In sum, by his worship of his own private right to individual advancement, as opposed to the rights and welfare of every other, he sees himself, if he is really poor and as he really is, an Ishmael in the land as well as the prosperity of the land which he creates. Actually, as a worker, he is laughed at and, in times of unrest and contest, spit upon as a malcontent, a weakling, a radical, an undesirable citizen, one who has not the understanding and hence not the right to complain of the ills by which he finds himself beset. Herded, in so far as the majority of him is concerned, in

warrens called towns, watched over as slaves of the South were watched over in the days before the Civil War, by the spies and agents of the immense co-operative associations of wealth, in the factories and mines and mills for which he now works, warred upon by veritable armies of mercenaries employed by those giants whom he still so much admires, in order to overawe him and subdue him; he finds himself discharged, starved, and then black-listed and shot down when he strikes; he finds himself, as I have said before, frustrated, ignored, and denied by his church, his press, his paid officials and his supine and traitor government.

Americans today should make an intensive study of individualism as such. They will find its best exemplar in the jungle where every individual is for itself, prowls to sustain itself, and deals death to the weakest at every turn.

The cries of the miners in Harlan, or of the cotton mill workers of Gastonia, or the textile workers of Lawrence, or the agricultural workers of Imperial Valley, or of the masses in general. They, like the zebra in the jaws of the lion, are the economic victims of those giant corporations, still posing as individuals, although they are armed to the teeth with purchased law, hired officials, and overawed and controlled courts. These are their teeth and their claws, and with these they strike, and their dead are everywhere, defeated and starved.

Again I say, Americans should mentally follow individualism to its ultimate conclusion, for society is not and cannot be a jungle. It should be and is, if it is a social organism worthy of the name, an escape from this drastic individualism which, for some, means all, and for the many, little or nothing. And consciously or unconsciously, it is by Nature and evolution intended as such, and desires to avoid the extreme and bloody individualism of the jungle. In proof of which, I submit it has indulged in more and more rules and laws, each intended to limit, yet not frustrate, the individual and his relations to his fellows. In fact, the dream of organized society, conscious or unconscious, has been to make it not only possible but necessary for the individual to live with his fellow in reason-

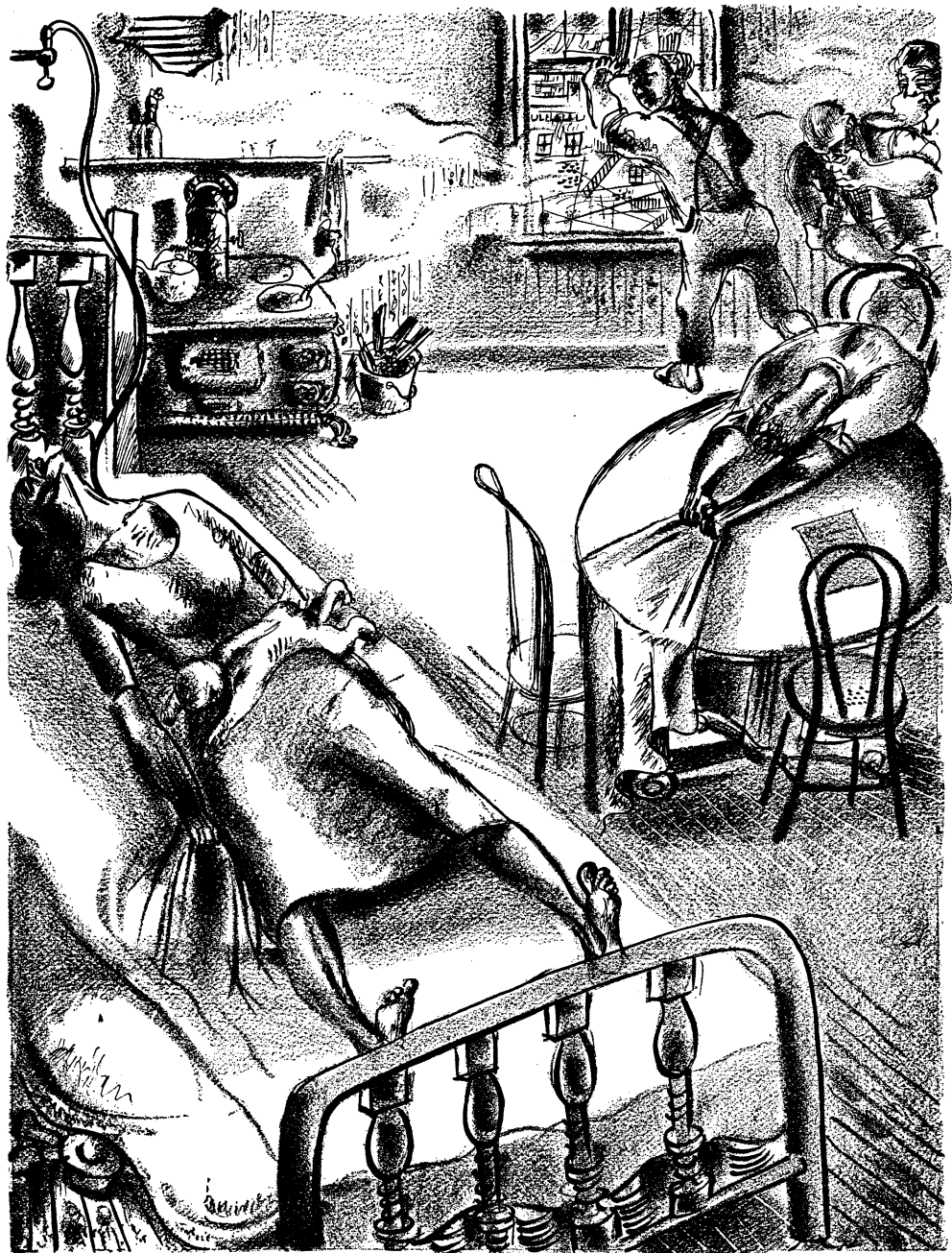
able equity, in order that he may enjoy equity himself.

If that is not so, why then organized society at all? If that is not so, then why the hope and the dream, in every heart, of a State in which the individual may not be too much put upon? Why hatred of injustice, cruelty, slavery, usury? Why our present social structure, with its courts, its legislative bodies, executives, its so-called representatives of each and every one?

If that does not indicate or spell a dream of true democracy, of helpful companionship in all this too disappointing struggle for existence, what does? And if that is true, then why should not this giant and rapacious individualism here in America, now operating for the whims and the comfort of a few, and the debasement and the defilement of the many, be curbed, or, as I would have it, set aside entirely?

LENIN MEMORIAL

On January 21, anniversary of the death of Lenin (April 23, 1870—Jan. 21, 1924) meetings will be held in all corners of the world and in this country in all cities. The Workers Cultural Federation, the John Reed Clubs of various cities, all workers cultural groups, writers, artists, intellectuals—all will join with the revolutionary workers of the world on this anniversary of V. I. Lenin, revolutionary leader. Join this world demonstration. Attend the meeting in your city. Read the works of Lenin.



MERIDEL LESUEUR

WOMEN ON THE BREADLINES

I am sitting in the city free employment bureau. It's the woman's section. We have been sitting here now for four hours. We sit here every day, waiting for a job. There are no jobs. Most of us have had no breakfast. Some have had scant rations for over a year. Hunger makes a human being lapse into a state of lethargy, especially city hunger. Is there any place else in the world where a human being is supposed to go hungry amidst plenty without an outcry, without protest, where only the boldest steal or kill for bread, and the timid crawl the streets, hunger like the beak of a terrible bird at the vitals?

We sit looking at the floor. No one dares think of the coming winter. There are only a few more days of summer. Everyone is anxious to get work to lay up something for that long siege of bitter cold. But there is no work. Sitting in the room we all know it. That is why we don't talk much. We look at the floor dreading to see that knowledge in each other's eyes. There is a kind of humiliation in it. We look away from each other. We look at the floor. Its too terrible to see this animal terror in each other's eyes.

So we sit hour after hour, day after day, waiting for a job to come in. There are many women for a single job. A thin sharp woman sits inside the wire cage looking at a book. For four hours we have watched her looking at that book. She has a hard little eye. In the small bare room there are half a dozen women sitting on the benches waiting. Many come and go. Our faces are all familiar to each other, for we wait here everyday.

This is a domestic employment bureau. Most of the women who come here are middle aged, some have families, some have raised their families and are now alone, some have men who are out of work. Hard times and the man leaves to hunt for work. He doesn't find it. He drifts on. The woman probably doesn't hear from him for a long time. She expects it. She isn't surprised. She struggles alone to feed the many mouths. Sometimes she gets help from the charities. If she's clever she can get herself a good living from the charities, if she's naturally a lick spittle, naturally a little docile and cunning. If she's proud then she starves silently, leaving her children to find work, coming home after a day's searching to wrestle with her house, her children.

Some such story is written on the faces of all these women. There are young girls too, fresh from the country. Some are made brazen too soon by the city. There is a great exodus of girls from the farms into the city now. Thousands of farms have been vacated completely in Minnesota. The girls are trying to get work. The prettier ones can get jobs in the stores when there are any, or waiting on table but these jobs are only for the attractive and the adroit, the others, the real peasants have a more difficult time.

Bernice sits next me. She is a large Polish woman of thirty-five. She has been working in peoples' kitchens for fifteen years or more. She is large, her great body in mounds, her face brightly scrubbed. She has a peasant mind and finds it hard even yet to understand the maze of the city where trickery is worth more than brawn. Her blue eyes are not clever but slow and trusting. She suffers from loneliness and lack of talk. When you speak to her her face lifts and brightens as if you had spoken through a great darkness and she talks magically of little things, as if the weather were magic or tells some crazy tale of her adventures on the city streets, embellishing them in bright colors until they hang heavy and thick like some peasant embroidery. She loves the city anyhow. Its exciting to her, like a bazaar. She loves to go shopping and get a bargain, hunting out the places where stale bread and cakes can be had for a few cents. She likes walking

the streets looking for men to take her to a picture show. Sometimes she goes to five picture shows in one day, or she sits through one the entire day until she knows all the dialogue by heart.

She came to the city a young girl from a Wisconsin farm. The first thing that happened to her a charlatan dentist took out all her good shining teeth and the fifty dollars she had saved working in a canning factory. After that she met men in the park who told her how to look out for herself, corrupting her peasant mind, teaching her to mistrust everyone. Sometimes now she forgets to mistrust everyone and gets taken in. They taught her to get what she could for nothing, to count her change, to go back if she found herself cheated, to demand her rights.

She lives alone in little rooms. She bought seven dollars worth of second hand furniture eight years ago. She rents a room for perhaps three dollars a month in an attic, sometimes in a cold house. Once the house where she stayed was condemned and everyone else moved out and she lived there all winter alone on the top floor. She spent only twenty five dollars all winter.

She wants to get married but she sees what happens to her married friends, being left with children to support, worn out before their time. So she stays single. She is virtuous. She is slightly deaf from hanging out clothes in winter. She has done peoples washings and cooking for fifteen years and in that time she saved thirty dollars. Now she hasn't worked steady for a year and she has spent the thirty dollars. She dreamed of having a little house or a house boat perhaps with a spot of ground for a few chickens. This dream she will never realize.

She has lost all her furniture now along with the dream. A married friend whose husband is gone gives her a bed for which she pays by doing a great deal of work for the woman. She comes here every day now sitting bewildered, her pudgy hands folded in her lap. She is hungry. Her great flesh has begun to hang in folds. She has been living on crackers. Sometimes a box of crackers lasts a week. She has a friend who's a baker and he sometimes steals the stale loaves and brings them to her.

A girl we have seen every day all summer went crazy yesterday at the Y. W. She went into hysterics, stamping her feet and screaming.

She hadn't had work for eight months. "You've got to give me something," she kept saying. The woman in charge flew into a rage that probably came from days and days of suffering on her part, because she is unable to give jobs, having none. She flew into a rage at the girl and there they were facing each other in a rage both helpless, helpless. This woman told me once that she could hardly bear the suffering she saw, hardly hear it, that she couldn't eat sometimes and had nightmares at night.

So they stood there the two women in a rage, the girl weeping and the woman shouting at her. In the eight months of unemployment she had gotten ragged, and the woman was shouting that she would not send her out like that. "Why don't you shine your shoes," she kept scolding the girl, and the girl kept sobbing and sobbing because she was starving.

"We can't recommend you like that," the harassed Y.W.C.A. woman said, knowing she was starving, unable to do anything. And the girls and the women sat docilly their eyes on the ground, ashamed to look at each other, ashamed of something.

Sitting here waiting for a job, the women have been talking in low voices about the girl Ellen. They talk in low voices with not too much pity for her, unable to see through the mist of their own torment. "What happened to Ellen?" one of them asks. She knows the answer already. We all know it.

A young girl who went around with Ellen tells about seeing her last evening back of a cafe down town outside the kitchen



William Gropper

"THE POOR THINGS . . ."



William Gropper

"THE POOR THINGS . . ."

PREDICTIONS FOR 1932

By a Few Leading Americans

door, kicking, showing her legs so that the cook came out and gave her some food and some men gathered in the alley and threw small coin on the ground for a look at her legs. And the girl says enviously that Ellen had a swell breakfast and treated her one too, that cost two dollars.

A scrub woman whose hips are bent forward from stooping with hands gnarled like water soaked branches clicks her tongue in disgust. No one saves their money, she says, a little money and these foolish young things buy a hat, a dollar for breakfast, a bright scarf. And they do. If you've ever been without money, or food, something very strange happens when you get a bit of money, a kind of madness. You don't care. You can't remember that you had no money before, that the money will be gone. You can remember nothing but that there is the money for which you have been suffering. Now here it is. A lust takes hold of you. You see food in the windows. In imagination you eat hugely; you taste a thousand meals. You look in windows. Colours are brighter; you buy something to dress up in. An excitement takes hold of you. You know it is suicide but you can't help it. You must have food, dainty, splendid food and a bright hat so once again you feel blithe, rid of that ratty gnawing shame.

"I guess she'll go on the street now," a thin woman says faintly and no one takes the trouble to comment further. Like every commodity now the body is difficult to sell and the girls say you're lucky if you get fifty cents.

It's very difficult and humiliating to sell one's body.

Perhaps it would make it clear if one were to imagine having to go out on the street to sell, say, ones overcoat. Suppose you have to sell your coat so you can have breakfast and a place to sleep, say, for fifty cents. You decide to sell your only coat. You take it off and put it on your arm. The street, that has before been just a street, now becomes a mart, something entirely different. You must approach someone now and admit you are destitute and are now selling your clothes, your most intimate possessions. Everyone will watch you talking to the stranger showing him your overcoat, what a good coat it is. People will stop and watch curiously. You will be quite naked on the street. It is even harder to try and sell ones self, more humiliating. It is even humiliating to try and sell ones labour. When there is no buyer.

The thin woman opens the wire cage. There's a job for a nursemaid, she says. The old gnarled women, like old horses, know that no one will have them walk the streets with the young so they don't move. Ellen's friend gets up and goes to the window. She is unbelievably jaunty. I know she hasn't had work since last January. But she has a flare of life in her that glows like a tiny red flame and some tenacious thing, perhaps only youth, keeps it burning bright. Her legs are thin but the runs in her old stockings are neatly mended clear down her flat shank. Two bright spots of rouge conceal her palor. A narrow belt is drawn tightly around her thin waist, her long shoulders stoop and the blades show. She runs wild as a colt hunting pleasure, hunting sustenance.

Its one of the great mysteries of the city where women go when they are out of work and hungry. There are not many women in the bread line. There are no flop houses for women as there are for men, where a bed can be had for a quarter or less. You don't see women lying on the floor at the mission in the free flops. They obviously don't sleep in the jungle or under newspapers in the park. There is no law I suppose against their being in these places but the fact is they rarely are.

Yet there must be as many women out of jobs in cities and suffering extreme poverty as there are men. What happens to them? Where do they go? Try to get into the Y.W. without any money or looking down at heel. Charities take care of very few and only those that are called "deserving." The lone girl is under suspicion by the virgin women who dispense charity.

I've lived in cities for many months broke, without help, too timid to get in bread lines. I've known many women to live like this until they simply faint on the street from privations, without saying a word to anyone. A woman will shut herself up in a room until it is taken away from her, and eat a cracker a day and be as quiet as a mouse so there are no social statistics concerning her.

I don't know why it is, but a woman will do this unless she has dependents, will go for weeks verging on starvation, crawling in some hole, going through the streets ashamed, sitting in libraries, parks, going for days without speaking to a living soul like



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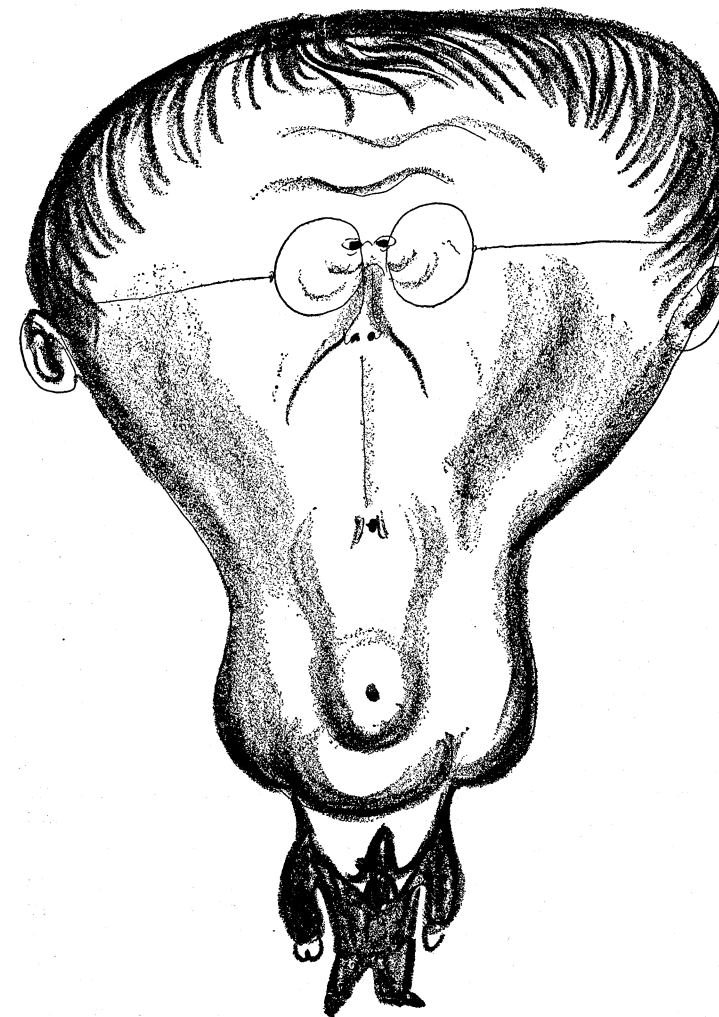
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Its no wonder these young girls refuse to marry, refuse to rear children. They are like certain savage tribes, who, when they have been conquered refuse to breed.

Not one of them but looks forward to starvation, for the coming winter. We are in a jungle and know it. We are beaten, entrapped. There is no way out. Even if there were a job, even if that thin acrid woman came and gave everyone in the room a job for a few days, a few hours, at thirty cents an hour, this would all be repeated tomorrow, the next day and the next.

Not one of these women but knows, that despite years of labour there is only starvation, humiliation in front of them.

Mrs. Grey, sitting across from me is a living spokesman for the futility of labour. She is a warning. Her hands are scarred with labour. Her body is a great puckered scar. She has given birth to six children, buried three, supported them all alive and dead, bearing them, burying them, feeding them. Bred in hunger they have been spare, susceptible to disease. For seven years she tried to save her boy's arm from amputation, diseased from tuberculosis of the bone. It is almost too suffocating to think of that long close horror of years of child bearing, child



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It is appalling to think that these women sitting so listless in the room may work as hard as it is possible for a human being to work, may labour night and day, like Mrs. Gray wash street cars from midnight to dawn and offices in the early evening, scrubbing for fourteen and fifteen hours a day, sleeping only five hours or so, doing this their whole lives, and never earn one day of security, having always before them the pit of the future. The endless labour, the bending back, the water soaked hands, earning never more than a weeks wages, never having in their hands more life than that.

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door, kicking, showing her legs so that the cook came out and gave her some food and some men gathered in the alley and threw small coin on the ground for a look at her legs. And the girl says enviously that Ellen had a swell breakfast and treated her one too, that cost two dollars.

A scrub woman whose hips are bent forward from stooping with hands gnarled like water soaked branches clicks her tongue in disgust. No one saves their money, she says, a little money and these foolish young things buy a hat, a dollar for breakfast, a bright scarf. And they do. If you've ever been without money, or food, something very strange happens when you get a bit of money, a kind of madness. You don't care. You can't remember that you had no money before, that the money will be gone. You can remember nothing but that there is the money for which you have been suffering. Now here it is. A lust takes hold of you. You see food in the windows. In imagination you eat hugely; you taste a thousand meals. You look in windows. Colours are brighter; you buy something to dress up in. An excitement takes hold of you. You know it is suicide but you can't help it. You must have food, dainty, splendid food and a bright hat so once again you feel blithe, rid of that ratty gnawing shame.

"I guess she'll go on the street now," a thin woman says faintly and no one takes the trouble to comment further. Like every commodity now the body is difficult to sell and the girls say you're lucky if you get fifty cents.

It's very difficult and humiliating to sell one's body.

Perhaps it would make it clear if one were to imagine having to go out on the street to sell, say, ones overcoat. Suppose you have to sell your coat so you can have breakfast and a place to sleep, say, for fifty cents. You decide to sell your only coat. You take it off and put it on your arm. The street, that has before been just a street, now becomes a mart, something entirely different. You must approach someone now and admit you are destitute and are now selling your clothes, your most intimate possessions. Everyone will watch you talking to the stranger showing him your overcoat, what a good coat it is. People will stop and watch curiously. You will be quite naked on the street. It is even harder to try and sell ones self, more humiliating. It is even humiliating to try and sell ones labour. When there is no buyer.

The thin woman opens the wire cage. There's a job for a nursemaid, she says. The old gnarled women, like old horses, know that no one will have them walk the streets with the young so they don't move. Ellen's friend gets up and goes to the window. She is unbelievably jaunty. I know she hasn't had work since last January. But she has a flare of life in her that glows like a tiny red flame and some tenacious thing, perhaps only youth, keeps it burning bright. Her legs are thin but the runs in her old stockings are neatly mended clear down her flat shank. Two bright spots of rouge conceal her palor. A narrow belt is drawn tightly around her thin waist, her long shoulders stoop and the blades show. She runs wild as a colt hunting pleasure, hunting sustenance.

Its one of the great mysteries of the city where women go when they are out of work and hungry. There are not many women in the bread line. There are no flop houses for women as there are for men, where a bed can be had for a quarter or less. You don't see women lying on the floor at the mission in the free flops. They obviously don't sleep in the jungle or under newspapers in the park. There is no law I suppose against their being in these places but the fact is they rarely are.

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William Hernandez

PREDICTIONS FOR 1932

By a Few Leading Americans



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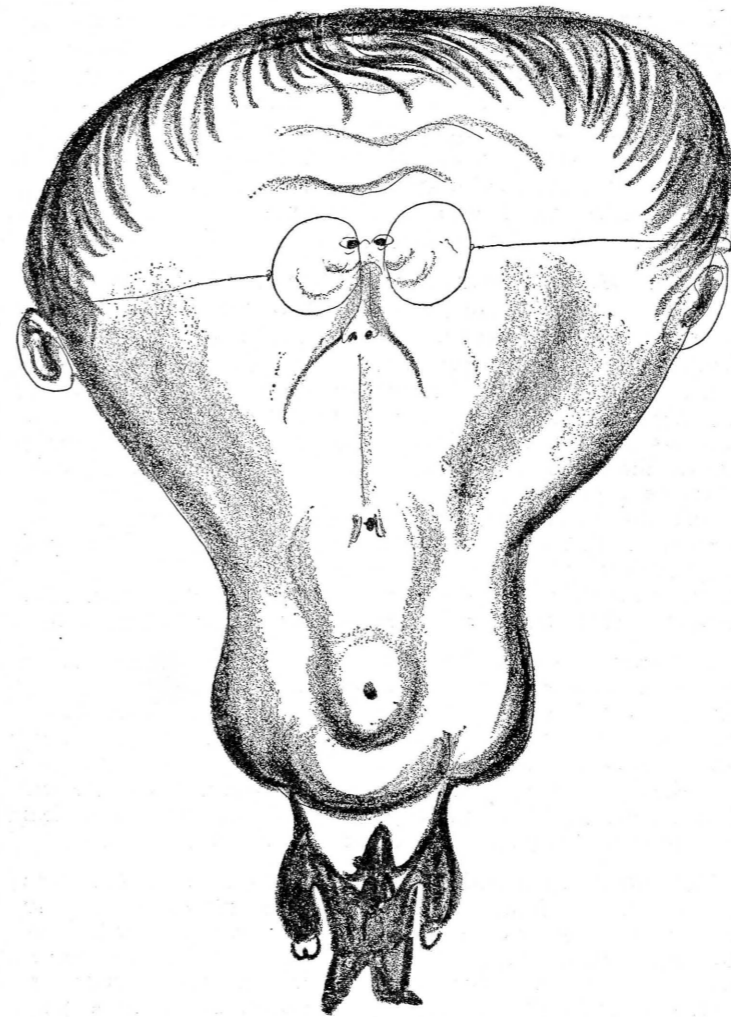
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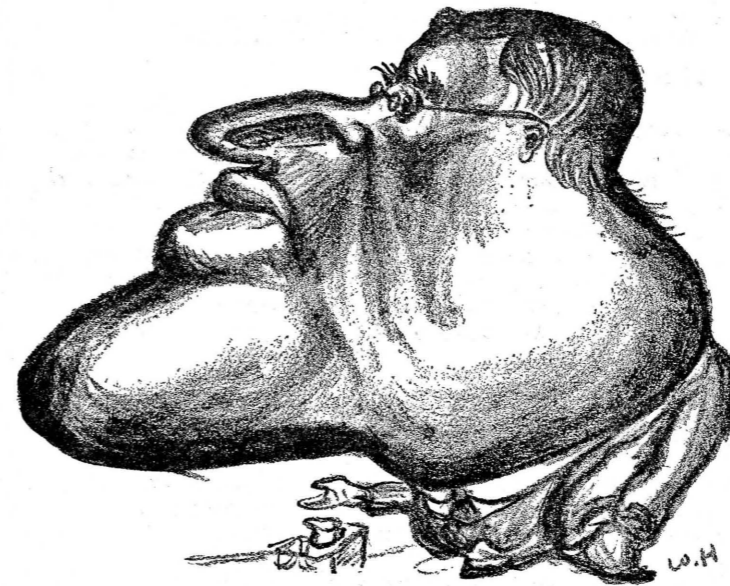
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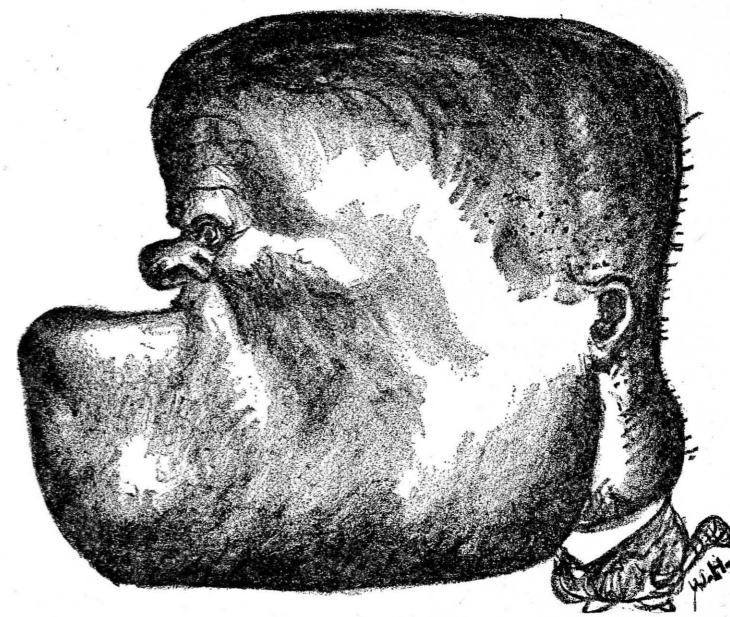
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"TO MY GOOD HEALTH!"

HINTS TO THE STARVING

by Nathan Asch

To begin: we should forget everything we learned from dieticians. Their object in life is to keep people in good appetite, and that is precisely what we do not want. Therefore we eat no vegetables, no fruit, and drink as little milk as possible. We place upon our menu foods that are hell to digest, like a nice hot-dog, or a fried hamburger sandwich. Our standard meal will be the classic coffee and a doughnut. We will always drink a glass of water before eating, not too cold because ice raises body temperature (expending energy); and we shall not eat too slowly, nor chew carefully (the point being if you can, never to help digestion.)

Our field covers many foods in many places: back-bacon sandwich in Canada, one filled with hot barbecue in the South; in New York there are beans (with much mustard and much ketchup), and in the Southwest there is chili. One can find this last dish in many other places, and (invaluable hint) if one can acquire taste for it, much of the problem will be solved. It is cheap, very filling, and has a pepper sauce so hot, that after eating a small bowl one is forced to drink many glasses of water, and the illusion of satiety is complete. The author has a friend, a painter, very prolific, who recently spent two months alternating: he ate one day a bowl of chili and on the following day a hamburger and coffee. The friend still paints, but he is not prolific.

Generally speaking anything which provokes our thirst is to be recommended. We should flavor anything we eat with salt, pepper, ketchup, and beefsteak sauce (the last will also make us think we're eating beefsteak.) When sometimes later the "tummy" begins to complain, we can attribute it to thirst, rapidly gulp down much water (water is usually free), and then act like we're romantics, and think that this is not today, but yesterday, or in the future, and then believe it. It's lots of fun. The author and his

before-mentioned artist friend once spent a pleasant evening composing and painting on a piece of cardboard a picture of the perfect Paris meal, with even the change the waiter brought back on a silver platter drawn nicely in a corner. The only quarrel was over the choice of wine, but they compromised on a middling hock, and an almost perfect bottle of 1911 Clos Vèugeot, lying in a basket with dust and everything. It's also possible (although quite gruesome and it takes a lot of practice) to hum a tune to the rhythm of the convulsions of the stomach.

But one needn't remember always that one is hungry, because it seems (why, the author does not know being a lousy physiologist) that on the second day after having eaten last, the stomach, absolutely discouraged, stops to act up, and the whole body reaches a state of lovely lassitude, approaching probably what the Hindus call *Nirvana*. There is a peace, a quiet, a perfect *m'enfoutisme*. One does not feel very energetic, but then one is able to reverse the familiar saying: no work, no food; and never need to worry about work, because food is no more needed. As a matter of fact in this state the thought of sustenance is quite distasteful. One sleeps a lot (here's where the necessity for a room with bed comes in); and upon weakly waking, one stumbles to the faucet, drinks water, wondering whether it is day or night, but only academically, because it really makes no difference. Soon one goes back to sleep.

Life almost goes on. Day and night, sleep and the ever shorter waking periods take on a sameness. There is a vague and not unpleasant feeling of despair, also a gentle fear of death. Neither mind nor body are capable of a violent struggle; and slowly reality turns into hallucination. Crickets crick, birds sing, there is a music, a tolling of the bells. Perhaps really the Heavenly Host approaches. (The author never got beyond this point, being of a cowardly nature, but on occasion he was tempted to.)

The standard remedies for leaving this state are bouillon and hot tea, but the author has not found them efficacious. All they do is to bring one back to normal, and produce the familiar and unwelcome hunger pangs. It is a mistake to coddle thus oneself. How much better it is upon finding or chiseling away a nickel and a dime, to buy a good old fried-egg sandwich, and a cup of black, none too fresh coffee; swallow them, then fired by ambition, to go out fighting, both the depression and one's own insides.

STORM FROM MANCHURIA

by KEI MORIYAMA

*From Manchuria and the Mongolian plains you come raging
Swallowing the mountain ranges and avalanching the valleys.
O, wind from the north, you come surging across the Great Wall
And the plain of Ho-Pei is sinking beneath your flood.
My heart is throbbing outside the castle of Peiping
Where the files of camels are marching beneath the sunset.
In times gone by the plain of Ho-Pei with corn was golden
But now, O wind from the north, you are bringing only
The scent of blood this autumn.*

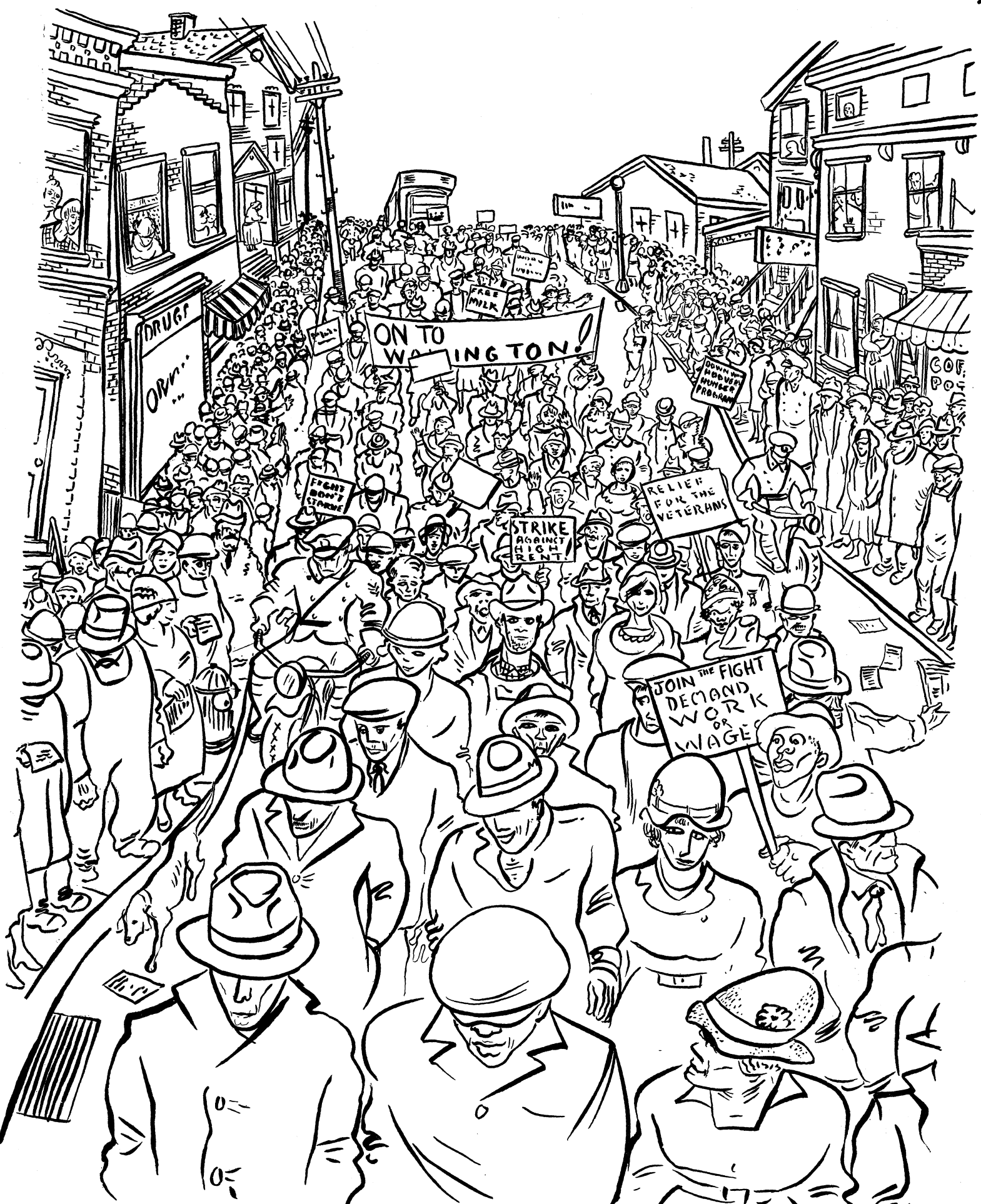
*I am marching in the wind's exposure from Manchuria
To war (and I know the Chinese workers are drowned with blood):
And corpses are smeared with the ravage of a continent.
The armored trains commute from the southward to Peiping
And the merchants stalk in the wake of the holocaust
To admire the beauty of Shikin castle and to gather
The imperialistic jewels of conquest in the west.*

*O, wind from the north, before my eyes I behold
The women of Peiping deserting the Confucian joss-house
And alien soldiers patrolling the foreign legations,
But I know that you are rising in the hearts of the workers
O, wind from the north, to steel us to our purpose.
We will attack the Japanese rear with warships and tanks
And icicles of the storm will bayonet the captains
As we rise from the ranks to establish common cause
With the workers and soviet soldiers of China
Who stand with their backs to a continent.*

Adapted from the Japanese by Norman Macleod and Masaki Ikeda.



"TO MY GOOD HEALTH!"



ON TO WASHINGTON

Sketched on the Hunger March, passing thru Delaware, by WALTER QUIRT

JOHN DOS PASSOS

THE BODY OF AN AMERICAN

Whereasthe Congressoftheunitedstatesbya concurrentresolution adoptedon the4thdayofmarch lastauthorizedthe Secretaryofwar to cause to be brought to theunitedstatethe body of an Americanwho wasamemberoftheamericanexpeditionaryforcesineurope wholosthis lifeduringtheworldwarandwhoseidentityhasnotbeen established for burial inthememorialamphitheatreofthenationalcemeteryatarlington virginia

in the tarpaper morgue at Chalons-sur-Marne in the reek of chloride of lime and the dead they picked out the pine box that held all that was left of enie menie minie moe plenty other pine boxes stacked up there containing what they'd scraped up of Richard Roe and other person or persons unknown only one can go how did they pick John Doe?

make sure he aint a dinge boys
make sure he aint a guinea or a kike
how can you tell a guy's a hundredpercent when all you've got's a gunnysack full of bones, bronze buttons stamped with the eagle screaming and a pair of roll puttees? and the gagging chloride and the puky dirtstench of the yearold dead

The day withal was too meaningful and tragic for applause. Silence, tears, songs and prayer, muffled drums and soft music were the instrumentalities today of national approbation.

John Doe was born (thudding din of blood in love into the shuddering soar of a man and a woman alone indeed together surching into forever and ninemonths sick drowse waking into scared agony and the pain and blood and mess of birth) John Doe was born

and raised in Brooklyn in Memphis near the lakefront in Cleveland Ohio in the stench of the stockyards in Chi on Beacon Hill in an old brick house in Alexandria Virginia on Telegraph Hill in a halftimbered Tudor cottage in Portland the city of roses in the Lying-In Hospital old Morgan endowed on Stuyvesant Square

across the railroad tracks out near the country club in a shack cabin tenement apartment house exclusive residential suburb sion of one of the best families in the social register won first prize in the baby parade at Coronado Beach was marbles champion of the Little Rock grammarschools crack basketballplayer at the Booneville High quarterback at the State Reformatory having saved the sheriff's kid from drowning in the Little Missouri River was invited to Washington to be photographed shaking hands with the President on the White House steps.

though this was a time of mourning, such an assemblage necessarily has about it a touch of color. In the boxes are seen the court uniforms of foreign diplomats, the gold braid of our own and foreign fleets and armies, the black of the conventional morning dress of American statesmen, the varicolored furs and outdoor wrapping garments of mothers and sisters come to mourn, the drab and blue of soldiers and sailors, the glitter of musical instruments and the white and black of a vested choir.

busboy harvestiff hogcaller boyscout champion cornshucker of Western Kansas bellhop at the United States Hotel at Saratoga Springs office boy callboy fruiter telephone lineman longshoreman lumberjack plumber's helper worked for an exterminating company in Union City filled pipes in an opium joint in Trenton, N. J. Y.M.C.A. Secretary express agent truckdriver Fordmechanic sold books in Denver Colorado: Madam would you be willing to help a man work his way through college?

President Harding, with a reverence seemingly more significant because of his high temporal station, concluded his speech:

We are met today to pay the impersonal tribute: the name of him whose body lies before us took flight with his imperishable soul . . .

as a typical soldier of this representative democracy he fought and died believing in the indisputable justice of his country's cause . . .

by raising his right hand and asking the thousands within the sound of his voice to join in the prayer:

Our Father who art in heaven hallowed be thy name . . .

Naked he went into the army; they weighed you measured you looked for flat feet squeezed your penis to see if you had clap looked up your anus to see if you had piles counted your teeth made you cough listened to your heart and lungs made you read the letters on the card charted your urine and your intelligence

gave you a service record for a future (imperishable soul) and an identification tag stamped with your serial number to hang around your neck, issued O D regulation equipment a condiment can and a copy of the articles of war

Atten'SHUN suck in your gut you bastard wipe that smile off your face eyes right wattja tink dis is a choir-social? For-war-D'ARCH

John Doe and Richard Roe and other person or persons unknown drilled hiked manual of arms ate slum learned to salute to soldier to loaf in the latrines forbidden to smoke on deck overseas guard duty forty men and eight horses shortarm inspection and the ping of shrapnel and the shrill bullets combing the air and the sorehead woodpeckers the machineguns mud cooties gasmasks and the itch

Say feller tell me how I can get back to my outfit.

John Doe had a head for twentyodd years intensely the nerves of the eyes the ears the palate the tongue the fingers the toes the armpits the nerves warmfeeling under the skin charged the coiled brain with hurt sweet warm cold mine must dont sayings print headlines

Thou shalt not the multiplication table long division Now is the time for all good men knocks but once at a young man's door It's a great life if Ish gebibbel The first years'll be the Safety first Suppose a hun tried to rape your my country right or wrong Catch 'em young What he dont know wont treat em rough Tell em nothin He got what was coming to him he got his This is a white man's country Kick the bucket Gone west if you dont like it you can croak him

Say buddy cant you tell me how I can get back to my outfit?

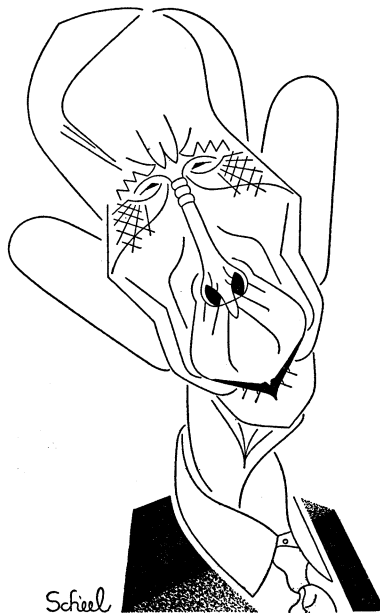
Cant help jumpin when them things go off give me the trots them things do I lost my identification tag swimming in the Marne roughhousin with a guy while we was waiting to be deloused in bed with a girl named Jeanne (Love moving picture wet French postcard dream began with saltpeter in the coffee and ended at the propho station)

Say soldier for chrissake cant you tell me how I can get back to my outfit?

John Doe's

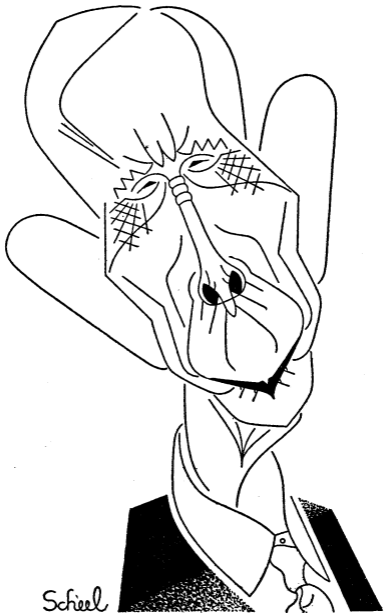
heart pumped blood

alive thudding silence of blood in your ears that down in the clearing in the Oregon forest where the punkin color pouring.. into.. the.. blood.. through the eyes and the fallcolored trees and the bronze hoppers were hopping through the dry grass where



JOHN

Theodore Scheel



Scheel

JOHN

Theodore Scheel



THE NEW ANATOMY LESSON

Jacob Burck

FORD: "You see, gentlemen, the stomach is atrofied!"

NEWS ITEM: Henry Ford uses Inksville, Mich., a suburb of Dear born, with a population mostly of Negroes, to prove that a family may live on a dollar a day.

tiny striped snails hung on the underside of the blades and the flies hummed wasps droned bumblebee buzzed and the woods smelt of wine and mushrooms and apples homey smell of fall pouring into the blood

and I dropped the tin hat and the sweaty pack and lay flat with the dogday sun licking my throat and Adams apple and the tight skin over the breastbone

the shell had his number on it

the blood ran into the ground

the service record dropped out of the filing cabinet when the quartermaster sergeant got blotto that time they had to pack up and leave the billets in a hurry

the identification tag was in the bottom of the Marne

the blood ran into the ground the brains oozed out of the cracked skull and were licked up by the trenchrats the belly swelled and raised a generation of bluebottle flies

and the incorruptible skeleton

and the scraps of dried viscera and skin bundled in khaki

they took to Chalons-sur Marne

and laid it out neat in a pine coffin

and took it home to God's Country on a battleship

and buried it in a sarcophagos in the Memorial Amphitheatre

in the Arlington National Cemetery

and draped the Old Glory over it

and the bugler played taps

and Mr. Harding prayed to God and the diplomats and the

generals and the admirals and the brasshats and the politicians and the handsomely dressed ladies out of the society column of the Washington Post stood up solemn

and thought how beautiful sad Old Glory God's Country it

was to have the bugler play taps and the three volleys made their ears ring

Where his chest ought to have been they pinned

the Congressional Medal, the D.S.C., the Medaille Militaire, the Belgian Crois de Guerre, the Italian gold medal, the Vitutea Militara sent by Queen Marie of Rumania, the Cheko-Slovak war cross, the Virtuti militari of the Poles, a wreath sent by Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York, and a little wampum presented by a deputation of Arizona redskins in warpaint and feathers. All the Washingtonians brought flowers.

Woodrow Wilson brought a bouquet of poppies.

To a Comrade

Stop patronizing the Volstead Distilleries, Inc.

Fancies out of a bottle go straight up and come down hard,

It's the same old world afterwards,

You may anaesthetize your beezers but that doesn't abolish the grindstone,

We cannot waft ourselves to communism by harnessing buzzards out of a bottle:

You have misinterpreted the manual.

Aren't the times themselves intoxicating enough,

Am I not drunken on the liquidation of the kulaks?

Quit sabotaging on yourself,

Get that film out of your eye so you can point iron straight.

Keep fit,

Keep fit

For the iron days ahead.

H. H. LEWIS



THE NEW ANATOMY LESSON

Jacob Burck

FORD: "You see, gentlemen, the stomach is atrofied!"

NEWS ITEM: Henry Ford uses Inksville, Mich., a suburb of Dear born, with a population mostly of Negroes, to prove that a family may live on a dollar a day.

Joshua Kunitz

Note on Lenin As a Revolutionary Writer

A great deal has been written about Lenin the Revolutionist, Lenin the Social Philosopher, Lenin the Statesman; little, if anything, has been said about Lenin the Scholar—Writer.

This is natural.

Lenin's writing was merely one of his many ways of functioning as a revolutionist. The proletarian revolution was the cardinal drive of his life; all his numerous activities, including studying and writing, were simply components of this one motivating force.

It is a real tribute to Lenin the Revolutionist that we rarely think of him as a writer. Yet if the purpose of writing is not the display of verbal pyrotechnics, but the conveying of thought and the communicating of emotion, then the prevailing unawareness of Lenin as a writer is indeed a tribute not only to his revolutionary leadership, but to his literary craftsmanship as well. The millions who have quivered to his message, have been oblivious of its form—so superbly is in his case the form a part of the message, so indissoluble is the oneness of his content and form.

Lenin knew so well what he wanted to say, he felt so poignantly the ideas he wished to express, that, whatever he did say, his manner of saying it possessed the inevitability, the finality of great art.

This quality of Lenin's writing struck the author of these lines with especial force when he had to translate into the English Lenin's collected editorials, resolutions, and speeches produced during the hectic days preceding the October Revolution.

How Lenin managed to turn out three or four editorials a day in addition to all the other tasks that occupied his attention at that time is difficult to understand. His daily analysis of the then rapidly unfolding political panorama appears now, in retrospect, almost clairvoyant. His ability to orient himself in every new situation—and in those days every hour brought its surprise—seems now little less than miraculous.

The wonder is even greater when we realize that each of Lenin's editorials—their real flavor can be found only in the original Russian—is a highly concentrated piece of writing—not an unnecessary phrase, or word, or punctuation mark; not an ambiguous sentence; not a vague idea. Now and then his language, vibrant with a perennially insurgent passion firmly directed by a powerful intellect, gathers a rhythm, a cadence, a glow which elevate it to the heights of the genuinely poetic. At such times Lenin is not only the revolutionary journalist, he becomes the literary artist.

Above all one admires the vast, almost encyclopedic knowledge implicit even in his most casual and hastily composed editorials and articles. I say *implicit*, for erudition did not weigh heavily on Lenin; it was always digested, assimilated—a part of his entire self. Erudition with him was a deliberately acquired weapon for serving the proletarian cause. Lenin was a genuine revolutionary scholar, not the self-conscious, dry-as-dust professor, or the literary upstart and charlatan who besprinkles his works with quotations and references so as to bludgeon the innocent reader into accepting the inane vaporings of his puny mind as the expression of oracular wisdom. Even in his ponderous economics and philosophical treatises Lenin *emanated* knowledge; he did not throw it forth in monstrous lumps.

From his earliest days in the movement, Lenin was the scholar-writer. "It is well known," reports Bonch-Bruievich, the noted Soviet scholar, "that Vladimir Ilyich worked a great deal in various libraries; that he was always getting books, either buying them, or borrowing. We know that while in St. Petersburg, prior to his arrest, he had studied much in the Public Library as well as in the library of the Free Economic Society. When he lived in London, he worked in the library of the British Museum under the name of Richter. When he came to Geneva in 1905, he spent most of his time in the library of the Central Committee of the Party and in the "Société de lecture" . . . During his second emigration, he worked in the libraries of Geneva, Zurich, Bern. We know that after the October Revolution, Lenin, on moving together with the Government to Moscow, found time to read voraciously,

borrowing books from the Rumiantsev Museum and acquaintances, and buying books all the time."

As a further illustration take this amazing list of Russian classics whose collected works Lenin ordered for his library in 1919. Nineteen hundred and nineteen—the year of economic disorganization, political counter-revolution and impending civil war!

Poets: Pushkin, Lermontov, Griboiedov, Maikov, Nadson, Koltsov, Tiutchev, Fet, Apukutin, A. K. Tolstoy.

Prose writers: Radishchev, Gogol, Dostoevsky, Goncharov, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Aksakov, Saltykov-Shchedrin, Grigorovich, Glieb-Uspensky, Lieskov, Zlatovratsky, Leuitov, Prutkin, Korolenko, Merezhkovsky, Chekhov.

Critics: Belinsky, Pisarev, Dobroliubov, Chernyshevsky, Plekhanov.

Not satisfied with these, Lenin ordered for his immediate work the following list of books published in the years 1917, 1918, and 1919:

1. Periodicals and books published by the various opposition parties, dealing with the February and October Revolutions, with the histories of the various parties, with anarchism; also Czarist documents	126	books
2. Agrarian Question	20	"
3. Sociology and History	13	"
4. Capitalism	12	"
5. Revolutionary Philosophy in Other Countries	10	"
6. Literature and Esthetics	10	"
7. Labor's Productive Forces in Russia	5	"
8. Religion	4	"
9. Natural Sciences	2	"
10. Cooperation	2	"
11. National Minorities	2	"
12. Statistics	2	"
13. Bibliography	3	"
14. Unclassified	3	"

total 212 books

The outstanding thing about the second list is the number of books that have a direct bearing on the theories, thoughts and actions of the political and social enemies of the Bolsheviki. *Know thyself*, said Socrates. Yes, said Lenin, *but also know thy enemy*. 126 books dealing with the enemy! Lenin was determined to know the foe in every detail. Real strategist that he was, he spared no time nor effort in the study of the theoretical and practical fortresses held by the numerous big and little enemies of the Soviet Union. It was they who in those years interested Lenin most. Purposefulness—this was the most characteristic attribute of Lenin's method of work. "He had the gift of concentration," tells us Bonch Bruievich, "the gift of focusing his full attention and brilliant power of analysis on the one thing that was most important at any particular time."

But if Lenin's ability to concentrate on one thing is worthy of our most enthusiastic emulation, his universality of interest, his regard for the classics, his utilization in his immediate work of books on statistics and esthetics, on religion and labor's productive forces, on natural science and literary criticism, is certainly not less so. Indeed, one can scarcely imagine a greater inspiration to our young and woefully ignorant revolutionary writers and artists than Lenin's effort in the midst of revolution and civil war to improve his education, broaden his outlook, and seek recuperation in the cool glades of poetry.

There is no inherent dichotomy between intellect and emotion. Surely the tendency among some of our revolutionary writers to be wary of scholars is pernicious and puerile. Read the works of Lenin—what magnificent combination of solid knowledge, keen intelligence, and revolutionary fervor! What splendid testimony that in the sincere and integrated revolutionist intellect and emotion are complementary, and are both augmented by knowledge.

To be really effective, the revolutionary writer must like Lenin build his work on the firm foundation of knowledge derived from direct participation in the workers' struggles, from a mastery of Marxian dialectics, from a thorough familiarity with the psychology and philosophy of the enemy class and from an intimate acquaintance with as many of the arts and the sciences as he can achieve. It is precisely this kind of knowledge that is the basis of Lenin's creative method, and that give to his style that peculiar convincingness and inevitableness which is found only in genuine art.



WAR ON RUSSIA SEEN AS AIM OF JAPANESE

Manchurian Activities Believed to Be in Preparation for Future Hostilities.

CONFLICT MAY COME SOON

Tokyo Said to Regard Present as Best Time for What It Thinks Is Inevitable Outbreak.

By HALLETT ABEND.

Special Correspondence, THE NEW YORK TIMES.

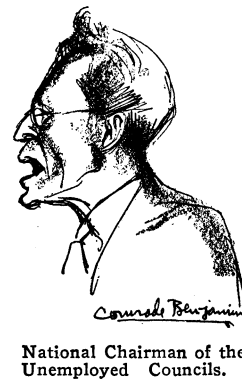
HARBIN, Nov. 26.—After leaving Mukden for the North, and departing entirely from the Japanese-controlled territory of the South Manchurian Railway, it becomes evident that Japan's present military adventure into Manchuria is primarily aimed against Russia. Although it may be that Japan will not engage in hostilities with Russia at this time, it is almost certain that the principal inspiration of her present policy is not the hope of adjusting treaty and other disputes with China, but rather the urgency of so establishing herself in Manchuria that she can be in a position to meet Russia with a chance of success whenever the conflict occurs.

Many foreign observers, and not a few of the Japanese leaders themselves, believe that Japan will force a war upon Russia in the very near future, believing that if such a war is inevitable Japan should push her advantage now rather than to wait until Russia can complete her Five-Year Plan, and becomes more efficient industrially and mechanically.

A DEVICE MANUFACTURED IN THE U. S. A.

HUGO GELLETT

Hugo Gellert



Phil Bard

ON TO WASHINGTON

From the East

WE DEMAND UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE!

It is a beautiful day in Washington. The sun is shining, the weather is crisp and clear. The capitol dome, a blazing, bulbous thing, squats against the cloudless sky; the tall white Corinthian columns of the congressional buildings look like a toy dream of the glory that was Greece. A perfect day for the opening of Congress. New clothes to be worn, new cars to flash through the streets and up Capitol Hill, new speeches about courage in the face of difficulties, rugged individualism, faith in the basic structure of our nation, etc., to be made—they smell a little of last year's camphor, but they'll look pretty good in print; a new party to take command of the House of Representatives and a new speaker to be installed (Jack Garner of Texas, a regular fellow). It is a beautiful day in Washington. But—

WE DEMAND UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE!

On Capitol Hill there are visitors—uninvited guests. 1600 workers, 1600 hungry faces, 1600 pairs of eyes flashing defiance and determination, 1600 voices roaring over and over again in march rhythms:

WE DEMAND UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE!

Victory March

*We'll demand relief from Hoover,
We'll demand relief from Hoover,
We'll demand relief from Hoover,
When we get to Washington!*

Delaware—

Wilmington, chief city of the state of Delaware, lies on the banks of the historic river that George Washington crossed, a four-square, two-fisted, god-fearing American city, minding its own business and asking no favors from anyone. Here is the valley of the Brandywine where Washington and his ragged Continental Army drove the British before them; and here are the chief factories of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., one of the largest manufacturers of explosives and war chemicals in the country (1930 net earnings: \$55,962,009), controllers of the U. S. Rubber Co. and owners of 25 percent of the stock of the General Motors Corp. The du Ponts also own about everything worth owning in Delaware, including the government officials. There are two branches of the family, one republican, the other democratic, and between them they manage to divvy up the plunder pretty well. Every radical meeting in Wilmington for the past few years has been smashed by the police.

What would happen to the Hunger March? We wondered as our trucks rumbled in from Chester. The astute police had de-

ecided to rush the trucks through and so be rid of the Reds as quickly as possible. But the hunger marchers had decided differently. On the outskirts of the city we get out of our trucks, quickly form in columns of four and—forward march! Into the heart of the business section we march while thousands look on.

Soon we are in the Negro section, with its wooden shacks and decaying brick houses, and here a real welcome awaits us. Negro workers lining the pavements eagerly grabbing the leaflets we hand out to them, pop-eyed Negro mothers with babies in their arms waving to us from windows, a Negro wearing a bundle of rags for a coat darting from a doorway and fishing out a dime for a workers' magazine, an Italian laborer rushing over with a bunch of flowers, cheers and handclapping as hundreds of voices thunder: *We—Demand—Unemployment Insurance, We—Demand—Unemployment Insurance—*.

There were 800 of us when we started, but by the time we reached the other end of the town, so many of the onlookers had joined the line of march that our numbers had doubled. It was a great victory. We had brought the message of struggle and organization to thousands of Du Pont serfs.

Maryland—

"This way, please."

I looked out of the car. It was hard to believe, but sure enough it was a cop.

"To the right, please."

Another cop. So gentle and polite.

The Baltimore papers the next day told how the wily police had outmaneuvered the hunger marchers. The Reds were looking for trouble, but the police simply handled them "with kid gloves," and it was all like a grand and glorious picnic.

It all went off like clockwork. The Salvation Army had everything arranged. Every marcher was given a numbered tag, the kind that is usually attached to baggage, informing the world that "the bearer is an official member of the Hunger March Delegation" and is entitled to one supper, a night's lodging and one breakfast.

It was all fine till you got a whiff of the food. Then you began feeling seasick. But if your hunger got the best of you, it was just too bad. The Salvation Army had done its duty.

And the night's lodging consisted of an iron cot minus a mattress in a stuffy, dirty place on the waterfront that some wag had dubbed Recreation Pier. Along about 1 a. m. the last group of marchers stumbled into the flophouse. There was no room for



Meyer Schlazer
LUTHER E. WILLIAMS, MINER
OF COVERDALE, PA.

them. But the police lieutenant in charge, well-trained in the kid glove technique, was very solicitous. "There's a gospel mission across the street you can go to. Only they don't allow no niggers there."

"You can't really blame them, boys," added the lieutenant affably. "Now if I had a place, I wouldn't want to have no niggers there neither."

There was something like an explosion among the workers. The huge figure of Norris G. Wood of Philadelphia, with his lithe, narrow face and ringing voice, emerged as the spokesman. Back in 1910 he had been a Salvation Army captain; now he's one of the leaders of the unemployed movement in Philadelphia.

Wood spears the lieutenant with a look. "The Negro workers are staying right here! If you refuse, every one of us will leave. Furthermore, we demand that you apologize for insulting the Negro workers."

And they stayed, both Negro and white. The kid-glove lieutenant decided that discretion is the better part of even southern valor and apologized.

Another meal was coming to them, but the hunger marchers had had enough of slop. They ate breakfast the next morning in Bohemian Hall where the Baltimore comrades had prepared some real food.

Here is a little problem in higher mathematics:

City appropriation to the Salvation Army for feeding the hunger marchers	\$2,400
Expenditure for food by the Salvation Army	\$ 100

Soviets on Wheels—

Every truck is a Soviet. No instructions needed; their own proletarian instincts tell the workers that the first task is to organize their life inside the truck. A woman comrade is elected chairman of our truck. Though she already has a grown daughter, she is really the youngest among us, full of fire and enthusiasm. She it is who arranges the discussions, leads the singing and advises the younger comrades. Where does she get the energy, this frail little woman with her black hair streaked with gray?

Another leading spirit in our truck is a young worker, a member of the Young Defenders. On the way to Philadelphia he leads a discussion on the Mooney case. When we stop for a while at some town, he makes a speech from the edge of the truck to the workers who gather to greet us.

Anna, the German girl, says little, but every now and then she explodes into a speech, stumbling over her words, eager to say all that's on her mind. Anna is new to the movement; only three weeks ago she joined the Unemployed Council, and now she already wants to join the Party.

On the way back we hold a lively discussion on the results of the Hunger March and our tasks for the future. Workers point out that it isn't enough merely to report back to our organizations; we must set about in earnest to build the Unemployed Councils, to enlist new tens of thousands in the struggle for unemployment insurance.

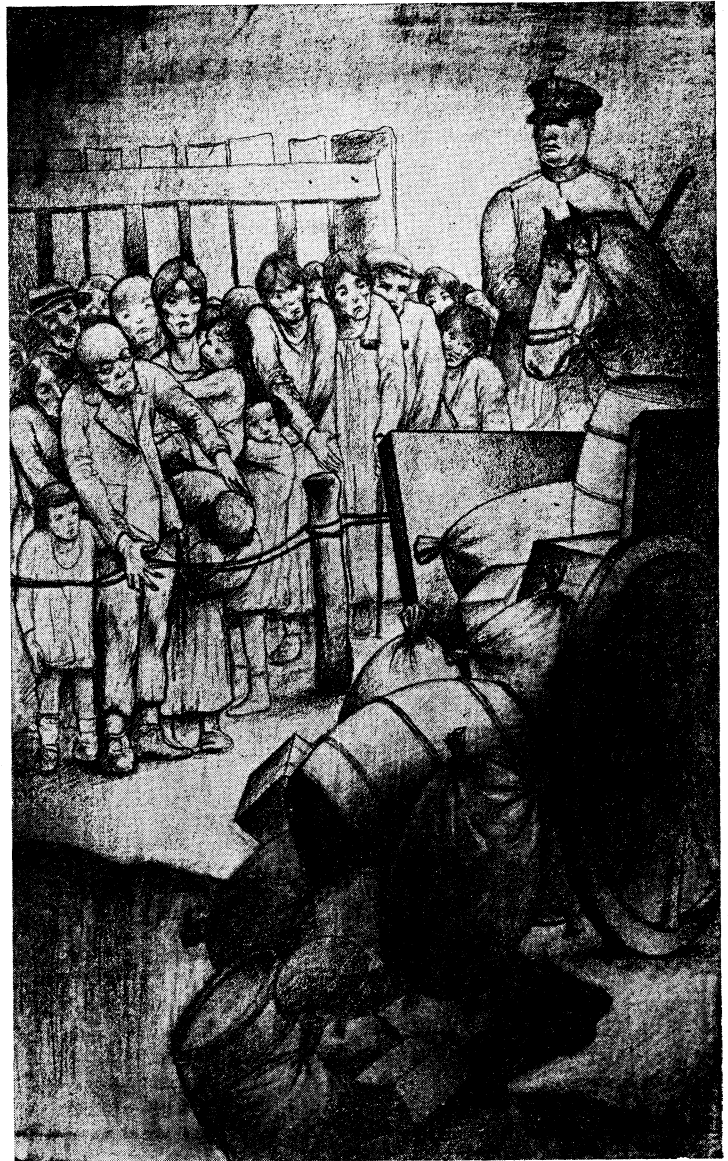
Hunger March Pedigree—

Who were the hunger marchers?

They are "a typical Communist gathering," shouted Congressman Fish over the radio on December 5, "composed of revolutionary agitators, both black and white, who care nothing about affording actual relief to the unemployed, but seek to exploit the suffering and misery among our needy unemployed citizens for Communist and revolutionary purposes."

But the hundreds of thousands throughout the country who saw and heard the marchers will hurl the lie back into the face of the fascist Fish. These 1600 marchers were a cross-section of America, 1931-32, of that America which the Fishes, the Wolls, the Hoovers and Norman Thomases try to insult and ignore. They were:

- elected delegates, all of them, chosen by thousands of other workers in Unemployed Councils and mass organizations, speaking in the name of the 12,000,000 starving unemployed of this country;
- native-born workers overwhelmingly—two Indians among them;
- Negroes, 25 per cent of them;
- new elements for the most part, only yesterday backward workers, today in the vanguard of a great mass movement;
- ex-servicemen, fully half or more;



NOT FOR THE HUNGRY

Joseph B. Schoor

women workers;
young workers;

They were American proletarians, fighters, those who will not stand outside Congress halls forever.

A. B. MAGIL

From the West

Hammond, Indiana. Steel . . .

The townspeople, jobless by the thousands, turned out in scraggly legions to view the Hunger Marchers. They crowded about our trucks—be-whiskered Slovaks, tattered Negroes, clean-shaven native 100%ers.

Jeers. Our speaker climbed to the top of a truck, his sweated frame outlined against the dull Indiana sky.

A policeman's club against his shins sent him hurtling from his perch.

"Let him speak" roared pro-Hunger March Hammond. Black, white, bony faces of Hammond's steel laborers shoved forward like spring ice cracking up in a freshet.

"Let 'em speak."

The police scurried here and there in their blue uniforms. A tear gas bomb exploded. The crowd surged—gave way in the cloud.

A line of super-patriots and pool-room denizens rushed into the fray. Townspeople resisted. The streets rocked with epithets. A store window crashed to the pavement. A windshield of a Hunger Marchers truck caved in. Women delegates screamed.

Hammond pro-Hunger Marchers labored against Hammond anti-



Hunger Marchers. The gendarmes cracked heads-firing into the air—shooting into the tires.

The rest was drowned in the back-fire of the trucks, rumbling away like a stampeded herd of elephants.

Maryland—

A half-dozen rabbits scurried across the road in the Cumberland mountains disturbed by the chant of 600 voices.

"We want unemployment insurance" a voice at the fore would call out into the swaying forests. A booming chorus would echo against the crags, "We want unemployment insurance."

Then they would chant—their voices cracking the icy winter air high up in the Appalachian range.

"We want—unemployment insurance."

Farmers left their barns, rushing to the road, pitchfork in hand. Cows turned wondering eyes on the scene.

A truck called a halt several score miles from Cumberland, Md. A speaker mounted the radiator, facing three dozen farmers.

One farmer turned to his wife, standing at his side, twisting her apron.

"Mary-Ann," he said, "bring these folks some o' the preserves." She sped homeward. Other farmers dragged bushels of fresh apples—hungrily snatched up by the Marchers. Near Hagerstown, Md. a farmer offered up a pig struggling in his arms.

"Here," he said, "take this along." Laughing Hunger Marchers slipped the pig into the truck.

"Thanks, brother," a delegate from Fargo, N. D. said. "How's the crops been this year?"

"Good year o' crops," the farmer said, "But ye cain't sell."

"That's how it is all over the country," the North Dakotan replied, "Worker can't buy. Farmer can't sell. That's why we're headed on to Washington."

The farmer pushed forward a leathery hand. "Good luck to ye," he said. "Tell Hoover us farmers ain't got much to eat."

Eastern Shore—

A Negro swung from a branch in the December moonlight—down on the Eastern Shore—the day before the Hunger Marchers reached the capital. Willing hands cut him down, dragged him to a flaming pyre, sang as his body burned to an ash.

I stood at the headquarters of the Washington Hunger Marchers in Washington the following day when an unbelievably emaciated Negro in tattered dementation approached. He took off his cap, twisted it. A leaflet calling on all Washington workers, "white and Negro, foreign-born and native" to attend the mass meeting in the Washington Auditorium in his hand.

"Now dese here Hunger Marchers," he said, pronouncing it "honger" "Are they all a'meetin' tonight?"

I explained.

"Well, now," he said, "is dat true I hears? About dem wantin' de black man to come jes' lak de white?"

I explained further.

"An' de nigger kin set down in de front o' de meetin', jes' lak de white?"

"Yes. The Hunger Marchers won't stand for jimcrowism."

"An' ye don' have to pay nothin' to get in?"

"No, free to all workers, Negro and white."

He twisted his cap. Finally he blurted out. "Ah'm from Salisbury, over on de Eastern Sho'. They lynched a black man down there yestiddy. Tain't bad enough ye cain't find work. But they lynches we-uns long wid it."

Washington—

We stood in a long semi-circle on Capitol Hill—our banners waving in the chill December morning.

Before us the greatest demonstration of armed Washington in history. Blue-coats mounted on balustrades, shiny-sawed-off shot-guns in hand. Two long lines of policemen stretched from the Senate to the House of Representatives. Machine guns nestled in the crevices of the marble structure.

The sans-couillottes chanted. "We want unemployment insurance . . . we want unemployment insurance." Their harsh Babel of voices—1600 in full—echoed against the capital buildings.

Their delegation, running a gauntlet of police—turned back by the Sergeant at Arms.

"You cannot enter the building," he said. They stood at the doorway.

"But we represent the unemployed masses of America," the

spokesman replied, while newspapermen scribbled. "We demand to be allowed to present our Bill from the floor of Congress . . ."

The discussion swung to and fro—while Congressmen edged through the crowd, elbowing the delegation of Hunger Marchers—also on their way to the 72nd Congress of these United States.

The senators entered. The Hunger Marchers were turned back. Before leaving Capitol Hill, a band brought by the New York delegation of Hunger Marchers burst into the *International*. The Hunger Marchers joined in. Those who did not know the words, hummed the tune.

"The song of Moscow . . ." the newspapers said.

"We'll come back," one of the Hunger Marchers—a small, lean native of Terre Haute, Indiana, shouted as they filed down the hill. "And next time," said, "you'll let us in."

And the Hunger Marchers, weary to exhaustion, hungry, cramped in the jolting trucks, trekked back across country.

And in a thousand towns, tens of thousands of jobless Americans awaited their return.

JOSEPH NORTH

Hunger March

William Gropper



Hunger March

William Gropper



Gropper

JOSEPH NORTH

Hunger March

William Gropper



MICHAEL GOLD

THE BOY WHO DIED FOR TAMMANY

A Story

A hawk flew into the sky. The hawk's nest was under the cornice of a Times Square skyscraper. The time was mid-July; and the nest held four fledglings, who flapped their deep, pursy mouths and whined and squeaked for food—everlastingly, more food.

The mother-hawk climbed high into the blue: then floated for a mile along the river of air. She came to rest above the tenements of Hell's Kitchen. In this region many flocks of pigeons were always to be found; it was her favorite hunting field.

She hung in the ether of New York, a tiny bark at anchor, swinging with the tide. She stared below at the patchwork of roofs and streets, her telescopic eyes fixing the details of two city miles.

She saw three flocks aloft. The pigeons did not see her; she was so high as to be invisible. She waited. One of the flocks wheeled upward; up, up, up, in the great circles of exuberant life. The hawk shot like fate into the flock. She stabbed one pigeon in the back, but failed to clutch it. She zoomed under another, stabbed it, and caught it as it fell. Done! Finis!

She clutched the dripping food in her talons and sailed the sky-river back to Times Square and her young.

* * *

"A hawk! a hawk!"

The boys on the roof yelled it together. They saw the murderer appear dark against the sky, no bigger than a flake of soot. Karl dropped the bamboo pole and rushed for a handful of corn. He scattered this with wide gestures, whistling to his flock. It should have brought them down, but the hawk had broken their disciplined ranks.

The assassinated pigeon had fallen on the roof. Joe picked it up, and examined the hole in its back, the blood on its wings, the coral feet twisted in death. He shook his head, then laid the corpse aside and helped Karl.

The boys whistled furiously and scattered corn on the roof. It was slow and careful work, hypnotism at long distance. At last, the frightened birds came blundering back by ones and twos. They bounced about excitedly on the roof, or pecked at the corn. Karl counted them.

"Three missing," he said. He stared into the sky, and bit his lip. The hawk was gone, but groups of pigeons still darted everywhere in panic. They belonged to other flocks; and the chief thrill of pigeon-flying was to capture such stray or confused pigeons. It was a delicate art, and wars had been known to start among the gangsters of Hell's Kitchen over the seduction of a few fluttering birds. The gangsters were all passionate pigeon-flyers.

"I think I'll take a chance," said Karl at last. It was risky; his own birds were on edge, and might wander off with the other pigeons, instead of bringing them in.

But Karl swung the long pole under his pigeons, and they skipped and pivoted to avoid the persecution. Then one after the other reluctantly took the signal and arose again to flight. The ranks were ragged, but Karl directed them like a symphony leader. He swung his pole in long circles and soon had them wheeling and maneuvering like a well-drilled squad.

The hunt was on. The boys watched prayerfully. A group of ten pigeons out of another flocked whirled distractedly in a corner of the sky. They were lost and leaderless. Karl pointed his own flock at them. His flock took the signal beautifully, and circled nearer and nearer, until they surrounded the bewildered strays; then the two groups merged, and flew as one.

The boys whooped for joy. They brought the flock down again with cracked corn, and examined the new birds. And then the sun changed slowly from metal to blood, from gold to scarlet, the day widened into a sea.

* * *

Karl Ritter and Joe Gottlieb were friends. They had fought and played together for ten years. Karl's father was a German immigrant, a furrier, and Joe's father was a Russian-Jewish tailor.

Karl was fair, tall and rather quiet; Joe was dark and restless, and took the lead in their adventures.

"God, she's a beauty!" said Joe, admiring one of the new pigeons.

"She's a red teager; worth about five dollars," said Karl, as he stroked the silky little nervous head. "I hope no one comes to get her; I'd hate to give her up."

"That was swell the way you brought them down," said Joe.

"Hell, it was nothing," said Karl.

Then the boys took a breathing spell. They stripped to the buff and lay on an old blanket in the sun. This was Saturday afternoon; it was their holiday. Joe worked in a big mail order house; a shipping clerk in the basement who never saw daylight. Karl drove a single out of the express company depot. They felt happy and good in the sun. They could look up into the pure sky until their eyes ached. They could see tugboats on the North River, and a golden haze above the Jersey heights.

The wilderness of red tin roofs blazed in the sun about them; squat black chimneys mingling in crazy perspective with distant skyscrapers. They could see windows glitter in a skyscraper. They could smell the coal smoke and chemicals in the New Jersey factories, then smell the Atlantic salt of New York. They heard horns and harbor whistles.

They shut their eyes, and baked in the sun. Then suddenly they began to wrestle for no reason except their youth. Joe finally got his legs in a scissor-hold about Karl's middle, and squeezed until Karl yelled, "Ouch!" and let his shoulders be pinned to the roof. They laughed. Then they rested on their bellies and talked.

"Just think! I'm nineteen years old, and haven't done anything yet!" said Karl, moodily.

"What do you want to do?" said Joe.

"I'd like to make a lot of money at fighting, maybe, then go to school and study something," said Karl.

"What would you study?"

"I don't know," said Karl. "But I'd like to get out of Hell's Kitchen; I don't want to end here like my old man!"

"Wouldn't it be great to travel all over the world?" said Joe. "Gee, I'd like to see China, Japan, Paris, all those places! Let's get a job on a boat, Karl, ship out somewhere!"

"No; I'd like to make some money fighting, and hand it over to my folks. Then I'd travel."

"You ought to read a book once in a while," said Joe.

"I know it."

"I'll bet," said Joe, drowsily, "there isn't a son-of-a-bitch on the west side who has ever read a book."

"Well, you have, Joe."

"A few, but I wish I had more time. That damn job wears me down sometimes. I wish I could box as good as you, Karl; God, what a wallop."

Karl said nothing, but looked into the sky. Joe put his hands behind his neck, and looked into the sky. The sky was blue. The sky was deep. The sky contained all that was, that is, that shall be. It lay over Hell's Kitchen, New York.

* * *

Bull Feeney had been drinking for two days, he was on one of his tears. His father was Honest John Feeney, who ran the saloon at the corner and was "democracy" and a political power in the ward. The old man had come home for lunch, and had found his son still floundering on the bed in clothes and shoes, exactly as he had fallen at six o'clock that morning.

"Get up, you overgrown hog!" bellowed the old man, as he socked his son in the jaw. "Ye've done enough hell-raising this week!"

Bull leaped up, and still groggy with the booze, swung a terrific punch at his father. The blow did not connect, or the politician might have played a harp in heaven years before the time fixed for him by circhosis and the bookkeepers of God.

Honest John hurled a chair at his only begotten son. The burly youth caught it, and ripped it to pieces. One leg he threw out of

the window, with an other he smashed the mirror.

"Francis! Francis! stop that at once!" said Mrs. Feeney in the kitchen. She was a sad little shrivelled woman who had never gotten acclimated to the full-blooded men of her family. Francis Xavier was the Bull's Christian name, and she could always subdue him when she called him that. Bull lumbered off into the bathroom and turned the water on his burning head; the old man returned to his daily corned-beef and cabbage.

"He's a chip of the old block!" the old man chuckled. "When I was his age, I did the same meself to me old man, and no hard feelings was displayed by ayther party."

"I worry for him," said the mother.

"Oh, there's no need," gobbled the fat old cabbage. "He's just sowing his wild oats."

"The neighbors tell some dreadful stories about him," said the mother.

"Och! lies, lies! Anny young buck like him has a raft of enemies, I had them meself! He's fightin' his way to the top wid his fists, which is how I got there, that and me brains, Maggie! The lad's all right!"

The woman sighed. Honest John always defended his son through thick and thin. Everyone knew it, including Bull. The neighborhood hated Bull, but feared the father's political influence. And Bull indulged himself with all the recklessness of a crown prince.

Bull came snarling out of the bathroom, rubbing his hair with a towel.

"Ah, shut up, you old son-of-a-bitch! You're always belly-achin' about me!" he said.

The old man purpled with anger, and threw a knife at him. Bull smacked him across the face with his open hand. The old man grabbed his son, went into a clinch, and with his left fist worked several powerful uppercuts to the boy's jaw. Bull beat his father in the kidneys with his own club of a fist. Again the mother intervened with the magic words, said: "Francis Xavier!"

Bull flopped into a chair, and drank several glasses of water.

"Feelin' punk, eh?" the old man sneered.

"Like hell," said Bull. "Gimme ten dollars."

"I will not," said the old man. "You'll spend it on booze."

"Yuh run a saloon yourself, donchye? Gimme ten bucks!"

"I'll see yuh in hell first!" said the old man indignantly. "Yuh becoming the stink of the neighborhood, me lad. They'll put yuh in jail one of these days again."

"Say, no jail kin hold me, any more than it ever held you, yuh old murderer! Gimme ten bucks!"

"I will not, I certainly won't. Why in hell won't you go tuh work at somethin'? I'm sick of keepin' yuh in idleness until the red jowls of yuh remind me of the rear end of a hog!"

"You never worked either, yuh old murderer! Yuh always lived by your wits! Gimme ten dollars!"

"Not a nickel!"

Bull jumped to his feet, grabbed his cap, and staggered out of the door. "Francis, have some breakfast!" his mother called after him. But he banged down the stairs, and never answered. The old man chuckled. "He's a chip of the old block!"

* * *

The street glared with sun. His nerves on edge, Bull cursed the light that hit him when he came out of the tenement. He lurched west aimlessly, growling to himself. He wanted a drink badly, and had no money.

An ashcan confronted him. He kicked it over, then waited there, staring. He wanted to fight. But the little bearded German janitor sitting on the stoop smoked his pipe quietly and pretended nothing had happened. It was Saturday afternoon, and half the neighborhood was out in undershirts on the stoops, or leaning for air from tenement windows. They watched Bull eargerly; everyone knew he was on one of his drunks.

A girl in a pink dress flashed across the street to avoid him. "Come here!" Bull yelled but, she fled like a rabbit. He sat down

on the curbing and scratched his head. Then he heaved to his feet and went into a crowded butchershop. He made the man cut him a half-pound slice of ham. He walked out without paying, tearing the meat with his teeth. He went into the grocer's, picked up a loaf of bread, and tore at that. The Saturday crowd of housewives drew away from him as if he were a leper. Their shrill voices followed him, and he heard the grocer cursing. But Bull didn't care; what he wanted now was a big drink.

A slim lanky lad in overalls went whistling down the street. It was Jackie Reynolds, home from work, and the envy of all the boys in the neighborhood. He was one of the famous "Dummy Boys" at the 11th Avenue railroad yards; it was his job to ride a tough little mustang a block ahead of the locomotives, waving a red flag to warn off traffic.

Bull ran up to the boy, grabbed him by the arm. Then he went through Jackie's pockets. The kid trembled; tears came into his eyes.

"It's my pay, Bull! Please don't take my pay!"

But Bull found the seven new one-dollar bills, and shoved the kid's face from him with his open hand.

"Beat it, kid!" he said, and the boy edged away, trying not to cry. Bull started for Paddy Dorsey's saloon on the next block. The lanky kid stood there watching him, then suddenly screamed in his high voice: "Gimme back my pay, yuh son-of-a-bitch!"

Bull picked up a brick and slung it at him.

The kid was desperate.

"Gimme back my pay!" he screamed again.

Bull made a short rush at him, and the boy fled, the overalls flapping about his long antelope legs. He was crying now, and the neighborhood saw it all, and muttered, "It's a shame that louse is John Feeney's son."

* * *

An hour later Bull was still bellied up to Paddy's bar, pouring whiskey down his gullet, and arguing with anyone and everyone about anything. He was drunk as a fool, and old Pat didn't like it.

Pat was proud of his saloon. His father had opened it before the Civil War; the place was still lit by gaslight, and the dark cherry bar, tables, armchairs and great barrel stove were among those antiques that no connoisseur will buy; they were alas, too, vulgarly antique and genuine. The smoky walls were covered with museum curios; old yellow newspapers and theatre programs, Lincoln's assassination, the Spanish-American War, Harrigan and Hart minstrels, faded photographs of ancient clambakes, fishing groups of big Irishmen with moustachios; burlesque queens proudly displaying the great fat hips of the heroic age.

"I'll bet any bastard fifty bucks this is the toughest street in Hell's Kitchen!" Bull shouted, banging on the bar. "The last bastard hung in New York come from this street, and the first bastard who sat in the electric chair!"

"And damned little to brag about!" said old Paddy dryly, as he stroked his silver sidewiskers.

The barroom was filled with calm, pipe-smoking, middle-aged Irishmen in overalls; there were some drivers from the express depot; under a stuffed dirty swan in the corner, a young policeman snoozed at a table, his cap, club and revolver before him. Paddy's old cat slept on the free lunch counter.

"Show me a cop that's got the noive to make an arrest on this street!" yelled Bull. "Hey, you big punk!"

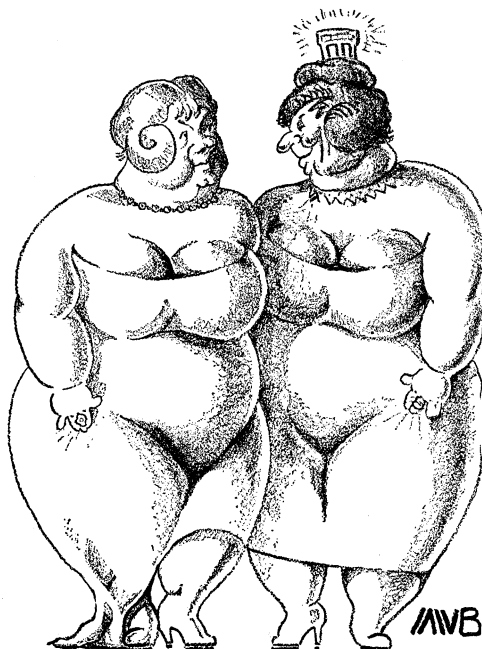
He shook the young policeman roughly. It was Fred Butler, a boy who had grown up in the neighborhood.

"Hey, Fred, you used to be a good kid once, but now you're a bastard! You're a big, stool-pigeoning bastard!"

Fred blinked his eyes open, took in the situation, and grinned good-naturedly.

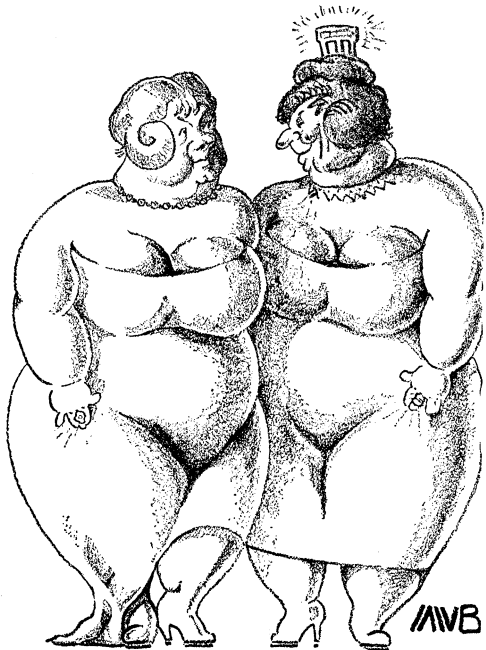
"Sure I'm a bastard," he said, "but yuh got to be one to stay on the force."

"I dare yuh to arrest me!" Bull shouted angrily in defiance. "I'll fight yuh for



SWELLS

Milton Brown



MVB

SWELLS

Milton Brown



William Siegel

"You'll need this new overcoat, Mr. Hoover. It's a very cold winter."

your gun! Come out in the street and fight me wid your fists, yuh big stool pigeon!"

The young cop stiffened in his chair; then he relaxed, sweating. This was John Feeney's son, the big boss's son.

"Maybe you're right, Bull," he said, with a sickly grin.

Bull grabbed his necktie.

"Come on, yuh stool pigeon!"

But Paddy had emerged quietly from behind the bar, and now tapped Bull on the shoulder. His white poll just about came up to Bull's neck.

"Look here, son," the old man said primly, though his blue eyes were blazing, "I've had enough of ye. Go out, and never enter me door again! Out!"

Bull growled, but edged away uneasily. Old Pat was his father's friend; and his father went into a frenzy when one of these old-timers complained of Bull to him; it touched his pride.

"I was just foolin', Pat; I wasn't goin' to fight," Bull stammered.

"Out!" and Paddy pointed majestically to the door.

Bull departed.

* * *

Bull stood there bewildered in the fiery street. The sun was a mad bonfire over the elevated tracks. Hoboken was in flames. The sky was aflame; Hell's Kitchen was deep in blood and light. Boys were playing baseball; their shrill cries filled the street. The old tenements, like a row of poorhouse paupers, stared at the sunset. A phonograph sang in a window. Bull saw the queer shapes of people. They annoyed him, and he punched at one. It went away. Then there were more.

He stumbled through files of people on their way home from work. He grabbed a man and said, "Gimme ten dollars!" The pale angry longshoreman shoved him aside. He saw a girl's face; then a driver yelled at him suddenly as he passed the express depot.

"Go tuh hell!" snarled the Bull, and drew back in time to avoid eight immense thundering hoofs.

On and on the sickening dream. The fire grew in the west. My old man is a punk. They're all a bunch of lousy punks. Then he saw May Carty on the Avenue. His head cleared. "Gimme ten dollars!"

She showed her black teeth in a sneer. "Where would I get ten dollars? Think I'm Rockefeller?"

He grabbed her by the arms. "Gimme a piece, then!" he said. She smacked his face, and screamed, "Lemme go, yuh big hunk of!"

She was May Carty, he'd known her since he was in petticoats, and she the kid a highly religious father had thrown out because she was too fond of dancing and good times. Everyone knew May, and her story. She was forty now, a fat sloppy hag always in the drink, weaving in and out of saloons, cellars, poolrooms, the stale joke of the neighborhood, with her swollen face and Charlie Chaplin feet.

"I want a dollar! I'm not goin' to be everybody's fool the whole of my life!"

"Ah, g'wan, I got a bottle; I'll give yuh a drink, May!"

"T'hell wid your drink; I haven't paid me rent!"

Bull grabbed her by the throat and shook her. She raged, cursed, clawed at him with her fingernails. Froth drooled from her gagged mouth. Passersby turned to smile at the comedy. The elevated roared overhead. The sunset burned in the bitter slum. Bull choked her with his powerful hands.

At last she accompanied him into an alley.

They drank up the quart of whiskey. He left her there snoring in the muck.

* * *

The sun was going down.

The sun was going.

The huge red sun guttered slowly behind the elevated tracks. The world's glory, the world's hope, was dying on the Jersey shore. The streets and tenements blazed. O'Toole the old cop soaked his tough feet in a pail of hot water while his wife fried the pork-chops for supper. The sun was setting. The bums and miserables shuffled with sunk chins in long patient line at the Municipal Lodging House by the docks, waiting for fumigation, a bed, a cup of coffee. The sun was going. McCarthy, the sewer digger, sat by the window and drank a pail of beer. And his five kids screamed for supper, and he tried to read the Evening Journal, and thought of the time he'd been a baseball pitcher, and won the 11-inning game at sunset.

"What time is it?" yawned Matt Casey the subway guard. A sword of fire had cut through the windowblind and waked him. "Six o'clock," his wife said, fixing his breakfast in the kitchen. Matt yawned again, and closed his eyes.

"Time for me to be off to work. And if I had three wishes, I'd wish I could sleep just once through the Saturday night, and wake up late on Sunday."

"Why in hell won't you look for a decent man's job, then?" exploded Mrs. Casey. "Ten years of nights in the subway, with never an off day! Your kids have never seen their father by daylight!"

"Ah, go to hell," he said, grumbling, scratching, blinking his bat's eyes at the sunset. There was singing across the airshaft. It was Daisy Burke, who worked at the slaughterhouse. She was in her chemise at the kitchen sink, washing off the smells.

Her father sat at the window in a rockingchair, his big iron-worker's arms hung from his undershirt, his bare feet on the table. He had finished three bottles of beer. There was a flatiron on the gas range.

"Say, mom, is that blue tulle waist of mine ready for ironing?"

"Yes, dear, I washed it for you myself this morning," said Mrs. Burke. "I thought you'd want it."

"Goin' to the dance at the Feeney Club tonight?" asked Mr. Burke glumly.

"Yeah," chirped the girl, "and what of it?"

"Nawthin'—nawthin'—but if I see yuh wid anny of them common hoodlums again I'll break your neck!"

"Don't worry, Pop, this little chicken can take care of herself."

"Yeah? Yuh think you're a tough baby, but them babies are a lot tougher."

Lallah O'Rourke's bed was by the window, so that she could see the street. The sunset amazed her. She had watched it for a full hour. Then her tired mother arrived from work, laid a package of food on the kitchen table, and came in to kiss her.

"Gee, Mom, it's been a fine day!" the sick girl said excitedly. "Gee, I was crazy to get out! Gee, Mom, I gotta leave this bed one of these days!"

She burst into tears, and then coughed, coughed. The mother, still in her street clothes and bonnet, bustled about soothing her child. It was tuberculosis. Lallah had worked five years in the same damp room in the packinghouse as Daisy. The other girl sometimes visited her, bringing fruit, flowers and the slaughterhouse gossip.



William Siegel

"You'll need this new overcoat, Mr. Hoover. It's a very cold winter."

The sun was goin down.

The sun was going.

A brass band played jolly vaudeville tunes on 9th Avenue. The red sun glittered from the tuba and the clarinets. The brass drew a mob of idlers about a large, glossy automobile. There were several well-dressed women in the car, and two soldiers. It was a recruiting meeting.

An exceedingly handsome girl in a Fifth Avenue gown, all pure white silk like a nun, white shoes, white stockings, stood up on the front seat. She unfurled an American flag and made a speech.

"We love our flag and country," she began; theatrically perhaps, clasping her lovely slim hands breast-high. "I know we do! Now the Huns have attacked our dear flag and country, they are trying to destroy our civilization! Shall we stand by and let democracy fall? Think of all America has done for us! Shall we let the Huns come over and make slaves of us? No, no! America is in danger, and every real man will come to her rescue!

"If I were a man, I would not be here, but in the trenches. I am a woman, but still I have volunteered to do my bit for democracy. I am one of an organization of women that has pledged not to sleep, not to eat, not to rest until every young American is at his post in the trenches!

"The Huns have attacked gallant little Belgium! they have raped women and cut off the hands of children! Think of it! and now they say they will destroy America next! Who will volunteer to stop them? We women, as you see, have volunteered; now how about you, and you, and you? Will you stay here safely at home enjoying yourself in comfort while your country needs you so badly? Now who will be the first to volunteer? How about you?"

She pointed her finger at a skinny, frog-eyed youth in a checked cap who was smoking a cigarette up in front. He blushed, and tried to wriggle out of sight. He was one of the slaughterhouse boys, on his way home from a bloody day's work. The white, pure aristocrat flashed her dazzling smile at him. He winced, and tried again to leave. She was a banker's daughter, a stockbroker's wife, a graduate of Wellesley College, and enjoying this lark. She wore a bunch of violets at her white breast. She unpinned the violets and threw them winsomely at the boy. He could not help catching them.

"Bring them here," she smiled prettily. He did so with a hang-dog air. The crowd watched the little drama with relish. The lady in white leaned down to the slaughterhouse kid and graciously took his hand. She held it, and cried: "I know you are a brave young man and will please me by volunteering. Won't you?" The boy blushed painfully, and could not utter a sound. One of the soldiers, a professional with a red, bulldog face, leaned over and clutched the boy's arm. "Come on, Buddy, don't be a coward!" he growled.

The boy was very nervous. "Honest, lady, I got me mother to support," he stammered, but nobody could hear him. It was all painful.

The crowd shuffled uneasily. Young men at the fringes tried escaping, dribbled away one by one. The lady looked wistfully at the slaughterhouse boy. She was the Madonna.

Then the tension broke. Suddenly an insolent tenor piped in a brogue from the rear: "What about the Huns in Ireland? What about the Black and Tans?"

The women in the car arose in majestic unison and stared; and one, a beautiful stately matron with white hair, used a lorgnette on the man. The soldiers leaped off the auto and pushed into the crowd. A policeman shouldered in. There was confusion, then the Irishman was hustled off, and the band played Irving Berlin's battle jazz. The sunset glittered from the tuba and clarinets. The meeting went on.

And the sun was going down.

The sun was going.

The drivers in the express depot sweated and cursed; they would be working until ten o'clock that night, without overtime pay. There was a new rule that no driver could check out until all the freight was sorted and the depot clear. The sun was going. An old Yiddish junkman, I. Pesachowitz, bought a pile of lead pipe cheap from three kids; it was stolen out of a tenement on West 19th street. And the crowd in the Old Erin pawnshop on 10th avenue was in a cheerful mood; they were filled with the illusions of paynight; they were rich; they were paying their debts; but Tuesday night they'd be back here, glum and poor again.

Father McKenna was on his rounds, a large important old man

in a black mohair suit and straw hat. Bull Feeney met him suddenly. Bull's head cleared. He stiffened like a soldier and tipped his cap solemnly. Father McKenna saluted him cordially; this was John Feeney's son.

And the saloons were all crowded and bright with men flushed with their pay and the groceries and butchershops, too, Daisy sang as she ironed her waist, Lallah coughed, there was a dead iron-worker who'd fallen and broke his neck that morning, Father McKenna was going there to arrange for the funeral with the widow, the brass band brayed and the banker's daughter pleaded for proletarian heroes, war in Europe, war in Ireland, peace in Hell's Kitchen, civilization, Honest John, the sun going down, the swearing and rumble of elevated trains, the kids yelling in the street, steaks frying, rushing of the beer can, a moment in ten million years, slum at sunset, hot, foul, multitudinous, the tangle of a hundred thousand lives!

And the great sky floated above the roof. Karl and Joe lay on their blanket in the setting sun, and stared at the strange old sky.

"Let's ship out somewhere," said Joe. "We can get a boat if we try! Let's ship out; I'm sick of New York and my job!"

"Isn't there a war in Europe? It may be hard to go bumming there now," said Karl.

"That won't matter to us," said Joe. "Let's ship out."

"Look at that sunset; you'd think the whole world was an fire," said Karl. "Everything on fire!"

They stared at the sky. They saw the phantom clouds glitter in red steel; then the red giants revolved slowly and moved in state and mystery down the stream: were fused in ships, buildings, armies. What had happened? Was it a dream? It was so colossal and empty, then suddenly the burning truth. It was the Sky. And the hawk of war was flying somewhere, ready to scale these boys like pigeons. Karl was to die at Chateau-Thierry, saving the world for "democracy" and Hell's Kitchen. But who in America then could have known?

The sun was going down.

GANDHI

Gandhi's dead and his passive resistance movement and anti-machine ideology have gone down in triumphant Red rebellion.

No?

Why, haven't you heard?

Kicked on his diddy to hell away from the Round Table Conference at London and ordered to keep going as a common vagrant, he set out for India, overland this time, holding to the tail of his Sacred Cow.

He intended to trot unseeingly across western Europe and then to ease down thru the Balkans, into Asia Minor and on through the spiritual glory of Palestine,—

Intended to avoid the abomination of machinery as much as possible.

But Her Holiness shied at an innocent little cream-separator on on a French farm and happened to bolt leftward into all the steel clangor of Germany.

Across railroad yards, into downtown motor congestions, zig-zagging headlong into great industrial works, crashing thru the windows of laboratories and Einsteinian studies and what not—baaa—a—a—a, went that Bawl!

With Mahatma upon her tail,

Fluttering Jesuine robe greened by the very quintessence of her sacredness,

Hurtling toward Red Russia!

The climax is that, in trying to swim the Dnieper, both were drawn down into the hydro-electric station at Dnieprostroy—biggest in the world—and there sublimated into just a few more watts of machine-age energy.

Saint and cow were not seen again.

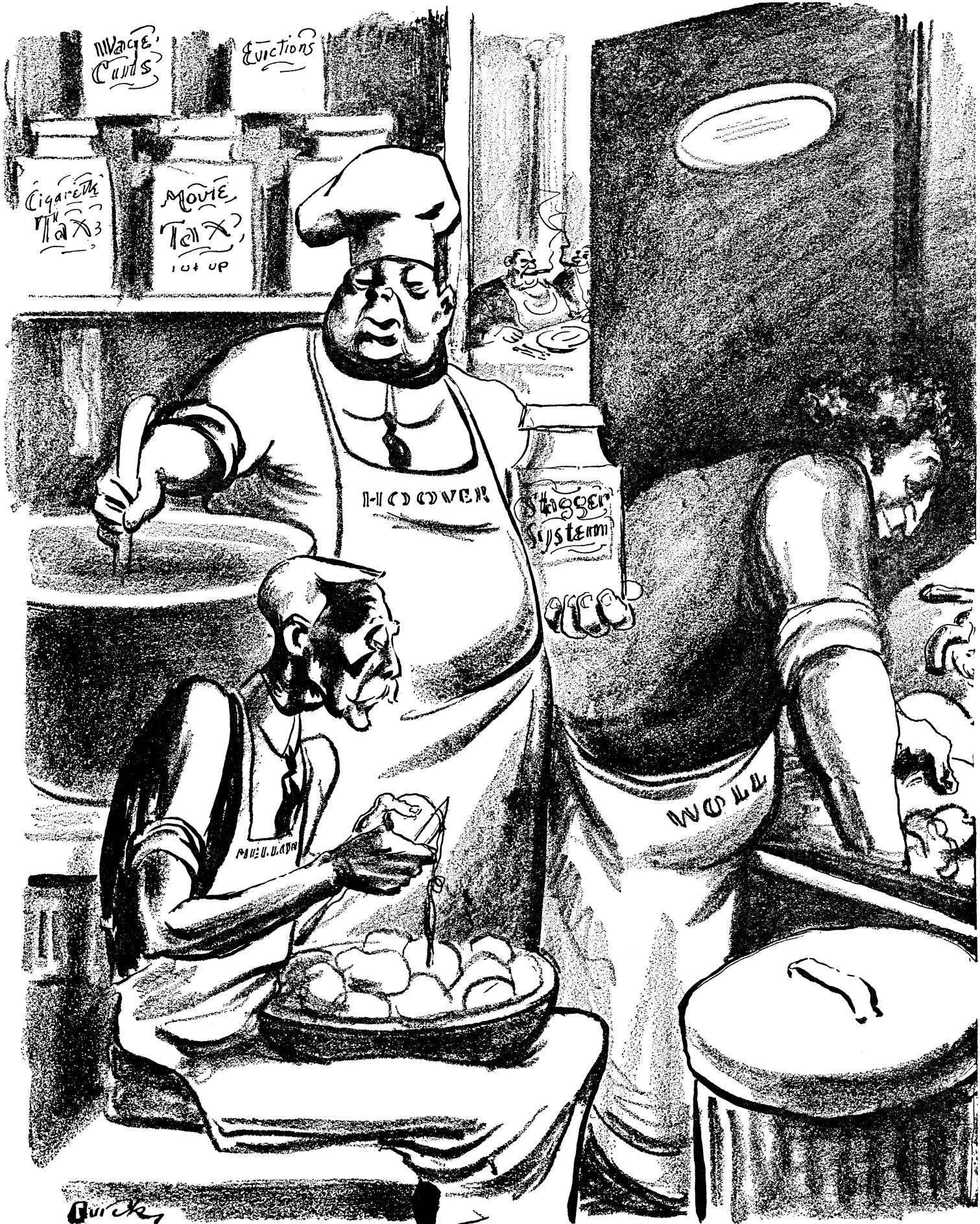
That's the climax and the moral.

Thunderstruck by new revelation, peasants from pagodas and workers from minarets cried out:

"There is no god but Socialism and Lenin is the prophet."

Then the popping started in old India.

H. H. LEWIS



THE "RELIEF" KITCHEN

Jacob Burck

EUGENE GORDON

BLACK CAPITALISTS IN AMERICA

There has spread among the American colored folk the naive superstition that if the masses could only procure wealth and culture they would thenceforth be free of oppression, immune to persecution, and above and beyond all the subtle but insidious influences of white chauvinism as represented in the august person of Colonel James Crow. Belief in this superstition has spurred countless rugged — and ragged — individualists-opportunists to feverish emulation of Rockefeller, Ford, and parasitic white "high" society, causing them to forget the very masses they purport to love; causing them to leave the plodding masses to be overtaken by the bloodhounds of capitalism: the employer, the landlord, and the policeman.

I cannot say why the superstition has gained so wide a currency, but suspect that it owes its spread largely to the seeming security of Rockefeller, Ford, and parasitical white "high" society. The place where it assumes the importance of a religion is in the South, although the North, too, has adherents aplenty. The reason that the superstition flourishes more luxuriantly in the South is that jimcrowism has driven the blacks into race-conscious compactness. Race-consciousness, not class-consciousness, motivates the Negro's southern existence (and much of his existence on the upper side of the Mason and Dixon line), and race-consciousness, until the coming of Communism, meant to all Negroes of that section the same thing that class consciousness now means to the worker. The Negro of the South who still hopes to achieve the Ford and Rockefeller class, and to see the delicate, blue-veined, manicured hand of white society extended to him in fellowship, believes fanatically that, race-consciousness having elevated him to his present eminence by compelling a kind of race autonomy, it will further elevate him to a plane equal to that occupied by the most rarefied of American aristocracy. He believes just as earnestly that when that plane has been reached, white "high" society will suddenly realize its errors of generations and welcome him within its immaculate and sacrosanct portals. For these reasons there is little or no likelihood that the Negro bourgeoisie will turn back contritely toward the masses. Everything they cherish is ahead, not behind.

If this last statement seems to be a contradiction of my earlier assertion that the Negro bourgeoisie believe in race solidarity through race-consciousness, let me explain that there is no contradiction. The Negro upper class does believe in and preach race-consciousness as a policy of racial advancement, those advanced being themselves; but race-consciousness to the Negro middle-class does not mean race-exclusiveness so much as it does auto-propulsion. The value of race-consciousness lies in its potency as a propellant of individual achievement within the race. The masses should be willing to see members of their own race advance; the masses should advance them, as a matter of fact. Once the more gifted, the more favored, the better qualified, of the race, have reached the heights, these great men may then, perhaps, turn round and draw the masses up there, too.

It is the purpose of this paper to examine briefly the charges of the South and the counter charges of the North, the questions raised and answered being these: Is the Negro capitalist of the North more secure than the Negro capitalist of the South? Is the Negro capitalist in free America secure in either the South or the North? Has white chauvinism any respect for education or culture when it is possessed by a Negro? The answers to these questions are furnished by the news columns of the Negro press.

II.

Charles Clinton Spaulding, of Durham, N. C., is president both of an insurance company and a bank. For years he has been associated with capitalist enterprises in Aframerica. He is a member of the Inter-Racial Commission at Durham, member of the ex-

ecutive committee of the National Urban League, and a respected deacon in the Baptist (Negro section) church. He is vice president and chairman of the executive committee of the National Negro Finance Corporation, vice president and chairman of the executive committee of the Bankers' Fire Insurance Company, and is of the National Negro Bankers' Association. He has been awarded the first prize of \$400 and a gold medal by the Harmon foundation for "creative achievement in industry, including business." In short, Mr. Charles Clinton Spaulding represents the type of Negro that both the southern and northern colored bourgeois boast about as the kind of man every colored boy should strive to be. A man like Mr. Spaulding, they tell you pridefully, is respected by "the best white people" even of the South, and respect of the "best white people" of the South as a matter of course implies respect of those whites who are not of the "best." The rich white man, they say, as well as the middle-class white, whether in the North or South, respects wealth, no matter who possesses it; therefore get wealth, and respect will be added unto you. Emulate Charles Clinton Spaulding and be respected by all the white folks. Don't be a common worker all your life. Be somebody.

Well, not long ago Charles Clinton Spaulding, Esq. (Charlie, to the good white folks of Durham) was visiting in the neighboring city of Raleigh, when, the weather being warm and he feeling expansive, decided that he would like a drink of coca-cola. He entered Conyer's Smoke Shop, at the corner of Wilmington and Horgett streets in a building said to be owned by a Negro capitalist, and (quoting the Baltimore *Afro-American*) "the white clerk, Brown..... ordered him to go outside and drink it, and when the customer refused, the clerk shoved him out the door, and when Mr. Spaulding cursed him, he went to work on him with his fists." The Negro millionaire, born and bred among the good whites of North Carolina, apparently did not care to do anything to hurt their feelings, for it was a colored friend who had Brown arrested, charged with assault and battery. Describing the trial, the *Afro-American* goes on:

"Mr. Spaulding, who is about 60 years of age, stated that the clerk smacked the bottle from his hand, threw him out of the store, and kicked him several times as he lay on the sidewalk. He denied that he had used profanity and declared that he had not the slightest intention of causing trouble.

"John W. Hinsdale, white attorney employed by Brown, asked Mr. Spaulding if he had not recently returned from Europe with continental ideals of social equality which he wanted to establish here....."

Commenting editorially, the newspaper says: "... Unless the white law machinery as well as the white public opinion in the state clears itself of the stigma Brown has fastened upon it, North Carolina will stand condemned in the eyes of thousands of citizens throughout the country." The editorial then appeals to the "liberal white citizens" of the state to "bring their attitude of everyday human justice up to the educational standards" (which, although low, are higher than they are in other southern states). What was the result of this fervent editorial appeal from an influential Negro newspaper? How did the "liberal white citizens" respond to this indignity upon a native black son, a millionaire with a fine cultural background?

Brown, the petty-bourgeois clerk who represented a black bourgeois's drinking from a bottle in a white drug store located in a Negro landlord's building, was fined the staggering sum of \$15. Indignantly appealing the outrageous fine, Mr. Brown was held in \$25 bail — which he immediately paid.

The Negro workers of the South, where rich colored men are free because segregation and oppression have compelled them to



Lydia Gibson



Lydia Gibson

develop race-consciousness, are used to such acts of playfulness as this of Mr. Brown's, the soda jerker. Mr. Spaulding himself seemed rather pleased with the outcome of the trial, indicating that he was accustomed either from experience or observation to what happened to him and was hardly astonished at it. For immediately after the trial he declared that he was satisfied, saying that the matter was a "closed incident" with him. The South is still the best section of this best of all good lands for the Negro capitalist.

"Three thousand whites," says the Pittsburgh *Courier*, "gathered around 4600 Columbus avenue, Minneapolis, on the night of July 15th, and on the following evening more than 4,000 assembled in an effort to intimidate A. A. Lee, Negro post office employe, into evacuating the home he had just purchased.... The mob was defiant of the police and openly threatened Lee and 20 of his friends who had gathered in the home to help him protect himself, family, and property."

In Washington, D. C., some of the more militant Negroes are growling because of the "appointment of a jimcrow committee.... to outline activities for colored participants in the George Washington Bicentennial celebration in 1932," the *Afro-American* reports; and that incident reminds us of another in which the United States government is kicking patriotic and loyal Negroes in the face. This other incident is that of the Tenth cavalry, which is being disbanded by the war department, the Negro troopers being dispersed. It may be that Washington has not yet forgotten the bloody stand made by these black men at Houston, Texas, against attack by the whites of that benighted and god-forgotten hole. Anyway, loyal, devoted, patriotic Negroes who are begging on their knees for Uncle Sam to give them another chance to die defending his benign democracy are being told to go to hell. For Uncle Sam is becoming chary of having Negroes armed in peacetime, what with all this Communist propaganda, and such, going around. No telling what these Negroes'll do. If they turned on the police of Houston they might also turn on the police of Washington.

Minneapolis, where the 20 Negroes stood against 4000 to protect a friend's house from destruction by envious neighbors is not in the South; but neither is Philadelphia. Yet, look what happened in the Quaker City. A news item in the Negro press tells us that "Dr. Burnett and his companions were returning to North Carolina from New York, where they had gone to consult a radium specialist, when they were stopped on the outskirts of Philadelphia about 2:00 a. m. by the police." Why did the police stop the doctors? Did they resemble crooks a police dragnet had been spread to catch? Let us see. "Although they identified themselves and told the police that they were doctors, the officers refused to accept their cards, license, etc., asking them tauntingly, 'What kind? Horse doctor or root?' The police demanded to know whose car they were driving, and when told that it belonged to them, the police called them liars and stated that in North Carolina Negroes are not allowed to drive cars like that." The answer to the question why these men were arrested is in the reference to the car. It was too good for Negroes.

This story was reprinted from the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* by the Baltimore *Afro-American*: "Congressman Oscar De Priest, together with some friends, was driving on a road detour between Waterproof and St. Joseph, in Louisiana, when the car in which De Priest was riding forced the car containing a white highway engineer off the road. When the white man called to the occupants of the DePriest car to aid him in pushing the car back, all but the congressman got out and helped. The white man walked to the car and said: 'Aren't you going to help push?' 'You don't know who I am, do you?' DePriest is quoted as answering. 'I don't care who you are,' the engineer is said to have said, and with this statement he drew a gun, telling DePriest to get out and help. According to the story DePriest got out and pushed."

Keep in mind that DePriest runs neck and neck with the Ku Klux Klan in persecuting the foreign born and the Reds; that he represents one of the richest districts of Chicago; that he is a government official; that he is a millionaire and an influential citizen of a great and free country; that, like Spaulding, he is the kind of Negro held up for emulation by Negro leadership, because a man like him is respected and honored by the "best white people" even of the South.

The spectacle of the pompous and boastful DePriest pushing a white bully's automobile out of the mud in darkest Louisiana must have been more pathetic than humorous. I wonder that he can still hold his noble head up.

But speaking of exclusiveness, here is a case of it in its most acute form. The incident offers further testimony that culture as

a cure for the evils of Jimmy Crow lacks potency. The Associated Negro Press says that "More than 300 whites signed a petition at Memphis protesting the erection of the proposed College for Girls, at Tate and Orleans streets," while Tonawanda, N. Y., a little town near Buffalo, "allows colored people to work here, but at nightfall they must wend their way to Buffalo, the nearest city." It is significant that this second incident involves foreign born whites, who only a little while ago protested hotly that they were being persecuted because they were foreigners. Evidently they have learned the ways of Uncle Sam not only quickly but well. As the upper class Negro who is persecuted by the white man above him turns and spits upon the black man below, so these foreign born whites, having no one else to feel superior to, turn also upon and persecute the black worker.

A Macom, Ga., correspondent of the Pittsburgh *Courier* writes that an invitation to Mayor G. Glen Toole to speak at a "harvest drive" for the Greater Sunday Schools was abruptly cancelled following the mayor's statement that "the colored man is the greatest curse in the country today," while a Negro woman is reported in the press as lynched in Virginia because she stood firmly against a number of white men taking her daughter out riding.

Finally — not because there are no more incidents to cite but because I think my case is already proved — there is the shooting to death in Atlanta of young Dennis Hubert, a college student and son of "a prominent colored family, whose members are noted all over the country for their culture and their enterprise in the field of education." The youth was standing on the sidewalk when some white men got out of an automobile and assaulted and shot him. They charged that he had insulted a white woman. The man who killed this cultivated son of wealthy Negro parents will serve from 12 to 15 years — perhaps.

This is the state of Negro capitalists in free America. This is the pretty bauble that the Kelly Millers, the Gordon Hancocks, and other Major Generals of Negro Leadership are holding out to the masses as preferable to organization for the class struggle. This is the superstition that has the standing of a state religion among thousands of our best Colored People.



NEW YEAR CARD Botticelli (also known as Mitchel) Siporin

Tomatoes Are Cheap



1932

NEW YEAR CARD

Botticelli (also known as Mitchel) Siporin

BOOKS

Porto Rico: A Broken Pledge, by Bailey W. and Justine W. Diffie, Vanguard Press. \$2.00.

The Capitalists and Colombia, by J. Fred Rippey. Vanguard Press. \$2.00.

Here are the two latest books in the American Fund for Public Service studies on American investments abroad. As such they are both fine jobs. They heap up mountains of historical and current data on the investments of Wall Street in both these Latin American countries. And they show clearly the effects of these investments.

If they stopped at this point they would be books to recommend to members of the Anti-Imperialist League of the United States and to any workers engaged in fighting imperialism. But instead of this, they proceed to conclusions which follow the usual liberal pacifist line.

Take Dr. Rippey, for example. He conceives imperialism as a sort of coercive attitude of a strong Power toward a weak country where bankers of the strong Power have made investments, preferably profitable investments. The governmental policies growing out of these investments, in so far as they are aggressive and coercive, he terms imperialism. But the strategy of a Wall Street government with regard to its trade, its army and navy, its Panama Canal, is something apart from this. Imperialism, according to his limited view, is something that must spring from force following investments. He is totally blind to the larger aspects of imperialism; he apparently never heard that Lenin wrote a book on the subject. He would probably be greatly surprised to learn that workers and peasants in Colombia are organizing now against Yankee imperialism and that the Communist Party there is growing steadily.

Out of his myopic view of contemporary imperialism spring all the false focusing of the last chapter of his book. Conceiving imperialism as an investment policy, accompanied by coercion, he advocates a policy of "cooperation" for our government. This of course means Andrew Mellon's government. Mellon's Gulf Oil Co. recently landed a new concession in Colombia from a Liberal President whose acts Rippey has frequently praised in his monthly notes on Colombia in *Current History*.

Rippey seems much troubled, as do the common run of liberals and socialists, that Colombia is being developed by "absentee capitalists without the incentive of patriotism to stir them to benevolence toward the Colombian people." Of course if they were native capitalists they would not butcher the workers as the United Fruit Co. did in the Santa Marta banana zone in 1928! Mellon, as a native capitalist in his native Pennsylvania has always been sweet and benevolent to Pennsylvanians, for example, John Barakoski, murdered by the Mellon private police of the Pittsburg Coal Co.!

The Diffie book contains solid material which shatters completely the Hoover-Roosevelt propaganda of "proud progress" in Porto Rico under "free institutions." It shows that the sugar, tobacco, fruit, banking, public utility and railroad interests of the United States run this slave colony; that the soil of the island is now in the hands of these companies while the former owners have been crushed out, becoming workers on the large plantations; that the sugar lands are notoriously under-assessed, for the sugar barons control the Governor and Legislature; that health conditions of the people are worse than in 1898 when the island was seized in the war with Spain; that more than 60% of the people are unemployed; that the wages of those who have a job are "just at the subsistence level"; that the cost of living is about 25% higher than in New York City for workers with wages running from 25 cents to a dollar a day.

Looking at this "hungry, diseased and dispossessed" country the Diffies, who call themselves "anti-imperialists," ask: "Can we govern the Island for its own best interests?" The answer, of course, is "No," but the implication they leave is that it might have been otherwise. The United States should not have "muddled" the

situation; the pledge of the conquering army of General Miles should have been kept; the imperialists should not have been imperialists; they should have been humane and enlightened pacifists.

The chapter on independence is particularly weak, confining itself largely to quoting demagogic statements from reactionary politicians. And it is also misleading in dealing with Santiago Iglesias, the yellow socialist, secretary of the Pan American Federation of Labor and a tool of imperialism if there ever was one. Senator Iglesias recently warned the workers against attempts to undermine "our democratic American regime"; and he affirmed in a memorial to his master, Hoover, "that the natural American institutions of freedom (sic) established and maintained nobly and loyally by our people have been a blessing in fostering and encouraging public liberty and the progress of civilization in Porto Rico."

"Civilization in Porto Rico," by the admission of Governor Roosevelt himself, has meant 160,000 who lack even one good meal a day, at least 200,000 undernourished children, 600,000 persons suffering from hookworm, malaria widespread, and a death rate from tuberculosis higher than in any country in the western hemisphere.

ROBERT DUNN

The Modern University

Universities, American, English, German, by Abraham Flexner. Oxford University Press. \$3.00.

Flexner asks the question: "What should a modern university be?" He finds that it "has to address itself wholeheartedly and unreservedly to the advancement of knowledge, the study of problems, from whatever source they come, and the training of men, all at the highest level of possible effort." Therefore "pursuit of science and scholarship belongs to the university, but neither secondary, technical, vocational, or popular education." From this point of view he studies the universities in three countries. He finds the German institutions nearest to his heart, the English lacking in many respects, and the American meriting the sharpest criticism. He is not afraid of attacking institutions dear to the American bourgeoisie such as Columbia, Chicago, Yale and even sacred Harvard. The exposition of the high powered salesmanship employed at Columbia to sell second hand education, or the drug-store level of the Harvard Business School are the best parts of the book. It shows clearly the evil influence of men like Nicholas Murray Butler on American education. The general thesis of the chapter on American schools is that there is a small, select, group of first-class scientists at every prominent American university, but its activity is modest and nearly imperceptible compared to the noisy alarm made by an army of fake scientists and professional men, such as professors of journalism, business English, advertising, salesmanship, education and athletic coaches. This tendency has grown stronger and stronger in the postwar period.

In many respects Flexner's results are extremely valuable. He shows how the decline of capitalism has affected the universities, how the employing class degrades its own holy places of education into training schools for Rotarians. Flexner holds up the mirror to his own class associates and they see with amazement how far the degeneration has proceeded. The clear and quiet documentation makes the book a convincing contribution to the study of the decline of higher education under imperialism.

This is, however, not the way the author himself sees his argument. Flexner is a liberal and entirely middle class in his outlook. He does not analyze the connections between the development of the universities and the development of capitalism. He has an abstract ideal of a university and describes how far it is realized. He shows how the universities waste their large endowments, not why they get them and why they have to waste them. There is no analysis of trustees and interlocking directorates, as Upton

Sinclair has attempted, and such an analysis is not essential for Flexner. He hopes to convince these trustees to his viewpoint, because they allow at present the development of natural science, medicines and some other branches of science to a certain extent.

If even university economics and law are accepted as sciences without criticism, then we cannot expect an analysis of the value of natural sciences and medicine as taught and explored at the modern capitalistic university. The education to Babbitry is here too subtle. The best analysis of this field is still Lenin's *Materialism and Empirio Criticism*, although it does not deal with the post-war development.

Flexner reminds one of those reformers who want capitalism without militarism, without alcoholism, without poverty or without prostitution. He wants the capitalist university without the evil outgrowths, as the German university before the war, with a less pronounced feudal character. But the intellectual growth of the American university, the time of Gilman and Eliot was between the civil war and the beginning of imperialism, when the bourgeoisie had certain ideals and were willing to work for them. This period is over and will not return. Flexner will succeed in the realization of his ideals just as efficiently as all the other reformers.

RICHARD B. WINTER

Poor Whites

The Ozarks: An American Survival of Primitive Society, by Vance Randolph. Vanguard Press. \$5.00.

Recent labor uprisings in the South, as well as the agricultural crisis, have focused a considerable measure of attention upon the inhabitants of the Piedmont regions. Those who have remained upon their scanty farms as croppers or tenants and those who have faced the bitter disillusionment of hoping to improve their miserable lot in life by migrating to the mill villages or mining towns have both had the spotlight of public attention turned upon them in recent years. Their role is looming ever larger in the militant labor movement.

This volume calls attention to a geographically removed community which is composed, however, of genetically the same group as the southern workers and farmers. Between about 1825 and the Civil War the ancestors of the present southern "poor whites" migrated in considerable numbers from the mountain districts of Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia and the Carolinas and in the Ozark hills of Missouri and Arkansas settled down to a life very similar to that which they had left behind in the Appalachians. Until very recently these "hill billies" remained completely isolated from the rest of the country. Almost in the geographical center of the United States, they have been maintaining a civilization which is nearly a replica of that of the eighteenth century.

The speech of the inhabitants of these sections is still akin to that of Elizabeth's courtiers; the spinning wheels still hum in the dreary cabins; while the boys may go swimming in the summer time, many of the women have never been "wet all over" in their lives; even a crude outdoor privy may stamp its owner "a puttin' on airs."

Mr. Randolph Vance has spent the greater part of the last ten years in the Ozarks and has carefully gathered and recorded the details of the life and customs of these last of the old line Americans. He has collected their songs and ballads; studied their strange folkways and superstitions; their sex taboos; their methods of beating government revenue officials in the manufacture of illicit whiskey and countless other details of their day to day life. These are all woven into an interesting and fascinatingly written volume.

JACK HARDY

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MANUEL GOMEZ**A PROLETARIAN PLAY ON BROADWAY**

A proletarian play is a play for workers, in the sense that workers constitute its natural audience. It is a play, moreover, which is written from the standpoint of the class interests of the workers. Plays like this are rare, particularly in America. When one of them appears which in addition to being splendidly conceived and earnestly written is given a production which makes it move powerfully in the rhythm of the class struggle, it is an event well worth noting.

Such an event has just occurred where one would be least inclined to look for it: in the course of the current theatrical season on Broadway. The play is *1931*—, by Paul and Claire Sifton. It was presented by the Group Theatre Company at the Mansfield Theatre as the second production of a series which began with Paul Green's *The House of Connelly*. The critics declared with some unanimity that it was a bad play, a depressing play, a play which presented "the public calamity of unemployment" in crude fashion, without showing a way out. It was easy to see that their reaction to it was primarily one of dismay, for several cried out that it was a libel against the unemployment relief agencies and one reviewer wrote in the *Brooklyn Times* that he doubted the advisability of showing any plays at all "about the depression" at a time like this. The prize goes to Percy Hammond of the *New York Herald-Tribune* who told his readers that he could not allow himself to be depressed by the unemployment situation as set forth in the play because on leaving the theatre he had seen crowds of warmly dressed men and women waiting to get into the movie palaces on Broadway. Unemployment? It simply doesn't exist! All things considered, it is perhaps not surprising that the play ran for only nine days, in spite of ovations at every performance. (The Group Theatre Company is understood to be considering resumption of the run at a later date if it can get some assurance of support. It is to be hoped that this will be the case.)

1931—is concerned with mass unemployment not as "a public calamity" but as a sharpening crisis in the struggle of the victimized working class. The story is told in fourteen scenes, with six interludes at the gates of a warehouse where a lengthening line of workers clamors for jobs and is confronted by the police. Adam, the central figure, is a husky young freight handler of the hundred per cent American type, blithe, independent, sure of himself and of his place in the industrial scheme. As the play opens he is shown with a group of fellow workers unloading packing cases at double quick. He gets into an altercation with a slave-herding foreman and is fired. What does he care? He knows he is a crackerjack at handling a truck and expects to get a new job for the asking. He meets his factory-girl sweetheart in the park at noon and they plan a wedding for the end of the week.

But Adam finds suddenly that jobs have become scarce. He tramps from agency to agency, tries the want ads, beats his way to other cities via the rods, all without result. "Baby," he says to the Girl, "I've been everywhere; there just aint no jobs!"

He still feels that he must get "the breaks" sooner or later—but the wedding is postponed indefinitely. Finally, when he is turned out of his rooming house because he can't pay the rent, he gives up seeing his girl entirely. He is "on the town" now—but "the town" does not take him to its arms, despite his lack of proletarian rebelliousness. Like other unemployed workers all around him, he is just a bum to be eyed nervously by the ever-watchful police, and to be shown off to tourists in bowery missions where he goes to get the munificent charity of a hunk of bread and a cup of coffee. His God also fails him when, ragged, hungry and sick, he prays desperately for "just one little job."

His lonely spirit is utterly broken now; he is ready to do anything for a job, even to licking the foreman's boots. At last, after months of fruitless wandering broken only by an occasional day's work like shovelling snow for one of the Unemployment Relief committees, he is offered a steady job in a cheap lunch room. Twelve dollars a week, and he jumps at it, although the man whose place he takes has been getting fourteen.

Through these long months of unemployment, the mass spirit of the workers has been crystallizing. A big demonstration,

organized by "the reds," is taking place out on the public square in front of the lunch room where Adam works. The crowd has grown so large that their shouts pierce through to those in the lunch room. A cop dashes in to telephone for the riot squad and machine guns. Adam's fat boss peers through the window and remarks that he never knew there were so many good-for-nothing bums before. They are hungry. He is frightened and locks the door. Adam has no time to look out of the window; he is hard at work sweeping the floor for twelve dollars a week. When he looks up from his work for a moment he notices that a girl who had come into the lunch room some time before for a cup of coffee is the sweetheart he has been separated from for so long. There are hasty words of greeting, while he continues his sweeping, with one eye on the boss. He certainly can't afford to be fired now! The Girl had lost her job long ago and, not knowing where to turn, had finally become a prostitute. That was getting "the breaks" all right! Well, his pay is twelve dollars a week, he whispers. They can get married and try living on that. She says "no, it's too late." And then she tells him that she has contracted a venereal disease.

This is the last straw for Adam. He has been beaten at every turn. There is no place for him in the world where he had thought he "belonged." "That makes it a hundred per cent perfect," he says slowly, flinging down his broom and taking off his apron while the boss looks on in frightened amazement. "Rock bottom, there aint any more down to go." He takes his hat and coat, kicks savagely at a chair. "I guess I'll see what those guys outside are after!" And he breaks open the door and joins the demonstrating crowd of workers in the street.

Confronted with a play such as this, it would be a mistake to let one's critical sense stand in the way of a fulsome recognition of the achievement that it represents. Yet there are obvious shortcomings, which spring for the most part from the inability of the authors to identify themselves with the working class of which they write. The play does not show any symptoms of constructive effort among the masses of the workers with which it deals, much less any element of conscious leadership. It gives them no real ideology, even in embryonic form. Except in the experiences of Adam, and the mass implications that may be drawn from them, there is no dynamic motivation than the generalized influence of events. While the method of the play is essentially sound in singling out a character like Adam and following his development, and while every stage of his development is convincingly portrayed, the failure of the authors to create an integrated background of developing working class tendencies prevents his personal story from blending properly into the whole complex of forces. The audience is incompletely prepared for the burst of working class solidarity at the end and the outlines of the movement which Adam has finally approached remain shadowy.

Among other faults that might be mentioned is a penchant for giving undue prominence among the workers to types that are not truly proletarian, as for instance a hobo pseudo-red philosopher, and the actor, musician, reporter and college boy in the snow scene. The play fumbles in its treatment of the bourgeoisie, inadvertently leaving some room for conceptions that the lot of the workers might be less harsh perhaps if the representatives of the bourgeoisie with whom they came into contact were not exceptional, hard-hearted individuals. There are also various technical inadequacies, some of which are by no means purely technical, such as the superfluous and confused final tableau.

All these things detract from the social import of the play and weaken it as drama. Yet, with all its faults, *1931*—succeeds in being a profoundly moving experience in the theatre. It touches universal chords of the class struggle which carry it far beyond the journalistic implications of its title. Nowhere in it is there the slightest concession to sentimentalism or to bourgeois prejudices. The isolation of the workers with regard to the framework of contemporary American society, the operation of that framework as a force against them, are vividly indicated. The exposure of this separate status of the workers in society is driven home with

WORKERS ART

Reports & Discussions of Workers Cultural Activities



by Tina Modotti

such persistence that when Adam, working wearily in the snow, gasps out to a fellow worker: "If you don't like this country why don't you get the hell out!," and then collapses from hunger and cold, the hollow mockery of those words for all workers rings eloquently through the theatre. This is a magnificent passage. It is one of the few separate incidents in *1931*—that rise to the level of the material,—but a few are not too little to ask of our playwrights.

The greatest merit of the play is that, however unsurely, it takes its audience outside of the theatre, setting up a chain of connection with the demonstrations of Communist-led workers in the streets. This aspect of it is heightened of course because it deals with an issue of special immediate vitality. Whether a worker has lost his job or is merely threatened with losing it, whether he can still pay his rent or is about to be evicted, whether he is familiar with Communist propaganda or has never attended a mass meeting, whether he is already beginning to be class-conscious or is still swayed by bourgeois ideology—he cannot follow the story of Adam through its successive stages without feeling somewhere at least a point of identity. And from that point on the play acts upon him as a mirror of his own future, and consequently as an influence making for the acceleration of his progress toward class consciousness.

As presented at the Mansfield Theatre, *1931*—gained much of its power from the acting and direction given it by the Group Theatre Company and from the superb settings by Mordecai Gorelik. These are valuable craftsmen when they turn their hands to a proletarian play, though their program statement of "What the Group Theatre Wants" is a pretty ambiguous muddle of phrases and their first presentation was of Paul Green's futile opus. It was a bold thing to do to produce *1931*—in a commercial playhouse of the Broadway district. The natural audience for this play is not to be found among "the theatregoing public" and the relationship that it calls for between audience and actors is not that of the commercial theatre. When we have a Workers' Theatre movement in America such a presentation as this will not be at the mercy of hostile bourgeois critics. It will be given again and again, as a valuable instrumentality of the class struggle. Meantime, we are looking forward to the next play by the Siftons with the hopes that they will have thrown off those limitations of outlook which prevent *1931*—from being a finer proletarian play than it is.

RUSSIAN LESSONS—Native Russian, teacher of wide experience, gives individual lessons, also to groups very successfully. Reading and writing in 10 lessons. Moderate fee. Best references. *LYDIA LASKIN*, 30 Clarke Place, Apt 2-F. Bronx, New York. — Phone: Davenport 3-1457.

JOHN REED CLUB ARTISTS have organized a poster group with the aim of making posters in black and white as well as in color on themes of a strictly contemporary, proletarian, revolutionary character (anti-militarism, lynching, economic exploitation, etc.). These posters in two or three uniform sizes will be offered to workers' groups and organizations which can use them to decorate club rooms, to advertise meetings, to illustrate courses of study, to give away as prizes, etc.

We urge all workers' organizations to send us their own addresses and also the addresses of other organizations that may have failed to see this note; an illustrated circular will be sent out to them in the near future. *Joseph Kaplan*, care of *John Reed Club*, 63 West 15th Street, New York, N. Y.

JOHN REED CLUB WRITERS—have extended the time limit for all manuscripts to be included in the anthologies of American revolutionary literature for the U.S.S.R. and Germany, until February 1st. (Announced in the December issue of *New Masses*). Stories and poems should be sent in duplicate (for both anthologies) no longer than 8,000 words, to the *Anthology Committee*, *John Reed Club*, 63 West 15 St., New York.

THE WRITERS CONFERENCE called for Sunday January 10, to form a New York district federation of the proletarian writers and workers correspondents of all nationalities will be a *preliminary conference*. The committee in charge has decided that more time will be needed before the federation can actually be launched. The conference will be held not at the John Reed Club, as previously announced, but at the Workers Center, 35 E. 12th St., third floor. It will start at 10:30 a. m. All organizations of writers or workers correspondents, as well as all revolutionary publications, are asked to send delegates. For information address Writers Federation Committee, 63 W. 15th St., New York City.

THE DRAMATIC SECTION of the *Workers Cultural Federation* sent a letter and questionnaire to all groups thruout the country in regard to immediate steps toward the formation of a national Section of the International Workers Dramatic Union. A part of the plan calls for a National Workers Theatre Conference and a workers theatrical competition. Those who have not received this letter are invited to participate. Write *Dram-Buro*, *Workers Cultural Federation*, 16 West 21 St., New York.

THE NEW MASSES CLUB now grown to about 70 members, continues its regular bi-monthly meetings of interest to workers, students and all readers of *New Masses*. At recent meetings, in addition to reports, organization of activities and discussions led by members, talks have been given by various editors and contributors. Phil Bard spoke on the role of the revolutionary artist and illustrated with his own drawings, William Siegel was a recent and welcome speaker; Lawrence Gellert spoke on the South, on his work in collecting the Negro Songs of Protest, which appeared in *New Masses*, and soon to appear in book form. The results of these meetings have been interesting discussions and invaluable work in building the *New Masses*. All readers are invited to the next meeting, to be addressed by *New Masses* editors, on Monday January 11 at 8:30 P. M. at the office of *New Masses*, 63 West 15 Street.

NEWARK, N. J.—The Jack London Club of Newark, organized in June of this year with six members, faces the new year with a membership of seventy-five young workers and students, interested in developing proletarian culture. Our activities are as follows:

(a) A monthly publication, *The Rebel*—a 16 page mimeographed magazine. All work, contributions and technical, by members of the Club.

(b) A dramatic group of 25 players who produced *Mr. God Is Not In* before an audience of 200 this month. The play was enthusiastically received and the group is now at work on several



by Tina Modotti

mass recitations which will be used by other revolutionary organizations in the vicinity. Various members of the Club are writing plays and mass recitations for the group.

(c) A debating team has been organized which is challenging bourgeois organizations on subjects which concern workers and students.

(d) A basketball team has just been organized.

(e) A musical trio, with plans for an orchestra.

(f) A Glee Club is now in formation.

(g) An art group has been organized which plans an exhibition of its own work soon.

(h) The Jack London Club is taking a leading part in organizing a Workers School and Forum for Newark. Our members are taking a leading part in the work, and we are well represented on the directorate which will be responsible for the success of this vital organization.

Each of the above groups thus far established in the Club, is working well, the chairman of each group being on the Executive Committee, and giving their respective reports on the work accomplished at the business meetings of the entire club. All of these groups meet outside of the regular weekly meetings of the Jack London Club, and carry out their work in that manner.

The regular meetings of the Club, which are held each Tuesday evening at 5 Belmont Avenue, Newark, consist of a short business report, with the rest of the time devoted to discussions by all members on timely topics, both economic and cultural.

We invite all interested to attend our meetings.

THE JACK LONDON CLUB of Newark.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—*The Vanguard Club.* Half a year ago a group of young workers and students of Springfield, Massachusetts, and the vicinity gathered for the purpose of building a young workers club. While it is true that some members of the group inherited an interest in the workers problem, it is significant that as many more found their first guideposts to the labor movement through the work of this club. The Vanguard Club, as we soon named ourselves, crystallized after a few meetings into the Springfield chapter of the International Workers Order Youth Section, under whose banner it has rapidly grown from simply an enthusiastic nucleus to an efficient young workers cultural and fraternal organization.

In the brief compass of about six months the Vanguard Club has accomplished a few things which its members think are important.

We have collaborated with the W. I. R. and the I. L. D. in collecting funds for strikers relief and for the Hunger March which began in the New England district. We have participated in International Youth day, anti-war and other mass demonstrations.

The inner life of the club, however, has not been neglected. We read and discuss various chapters of *New Russia's Primer* during meetings as a part of our cultural program; we discuss current events as we know them from the capitalist and revolutionary press. We hold informal songfests frequently; we are at this writing at work on launching a play; we are slowly establishing a library to serve all the organizations meeting in the Workers Center. We distribute a bundle of *New Masses* and the *Young Worker*.

Last, but to us most important, we have launched the first number of *The Vanguard* in November. It is a mimeographed semi-monthly, letterhead size, with a printed cover. A 6x7 inch linoleum cut of Lenin serves as the cover design for this first number. Copies at five cents each. We invite contributions, ordinarily not longer than 250 words, and we encourage subscriptions.

We invite criticism and suggestions.

Springfield, Mass.

THE VANGUARD CLUB,

GARY, INDIANA.—There are several workers dramatic groups functioning in Gary. All of them are working as supplementary groups to some language organization. They do not act as independent groups, but perform sketches, plays, and arrange programs for their own organizations, the I. L. D., Communist Party, etc.

The Russian organizations have a functioning dramatic group. They have organized a pioneer mandolin orchestra. For the last couple of years the director of this orchestra was Grisha Haitowich of the Chicago John Reed Club.

The Hungarian comrades maintain a dramatic group in the Sick and Benefit Circles. Occasionally they stage a play.

The Bulgarian and Macedonian workers of Gary organized an educational club in 1921, with a dramatic director. The programs

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are presented in Bulgarian, though a few times they were done in English. Revolutionary plays, operettas, sketches, etc. were included. Last season they successfully staged *The Gypsy's Camp*, by M. Popovsky, both in Gary and in Chicago.

The Macedonian Progressive Group "Elinden", a national revolutionary organization, also has a dramatic group which stages plays in English. They have staged *The Twelve Old Maids* and *The Lost Child* with success. They are handicapped by the shortage of revolutionary plays in the English language.

The "Elinden" also has organized a dance orchestra of nine young workers. The orchestra is of great help to the various organizations.

There are more workers' groups of this kind in Gary. But they have no centralization, and much labor is wasted. There is sufficient material here for better work. We are close to Chicago and the John Reed Club can help us. We appeal to them. *B. Philips, 3848 Broadway, Gary, Ind.*

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A Seaman Writes from Germany

Hamburg, 1931

Martial law has been declared. The financial and economic crisis, severely affected by the world economic crisis, is extending. All leaflets must be O.K'ed by police. No more outside assemblies are permitted. Sixty-one workers newspapers have been suppressed. No more will we see the formalism and legalism of the old mass working class parades, where the captain of police comes to attention at the beginning of the column and with a click of heels salutes the comrade in charge who returns this act of deference. Demonstrations are illegal, but does this prevent the workers from organizing? Strikes are breaking out and mass demonstrations are taking place despite all terrorism.

The main struggle is on the waterfront. The International Seamen's Club has been raided three times and the General Secretary of the International of Seamen and Harborworkers, a member of the Burger-shaft (State Legislator) has been arrested together with the members of the strike committee. Those who were caught in the police net have been replaced and as leaders are arrested new ones are elected in their places. The "August" (police wagon) is in great demand. It took four of them together with a small army of green police to arrest the first strike committee. Spontaneously a demonstration took place. From mouth to mouth the news went around and workers gathered. Men, women and children assembled as the special bloodhounds of the law, well trained, quickly made off with their prey. The whole working class district is aroused in protest. Red flags are waving from countless windows in this street where heavy fighting took place in the 1923 revolt.

The Rote Hilfe (Red Aid) is holding a labor defense meeting in the largest auditorium in the port, the Sagebiel Hall,



Photo by Tina Modotti

MEMBER OF THE RED SPORTS GROUPS—GERMANY

against the present reign of terror and against the police protection of the Nazi murderers of Ernest Hemming, a Communist deputy to the reichstag.

Yesterday another marine worker was shot on the waterfront. It was during one of those demonstrations that assemble as if by magic. One moment there will be an almost deserted square then within five minutes a few scattered groups will have developed into a column singing and swinging along in disciplined formation. As quickly they will disperse only to demonstrate again at a later hour in another section of town.

Police in special cars with searchlights in front are continuously circling the waterfront district. Police assigned for this work, besides receiving special pay, are primed for action. Just like soldiers going over the top they are given a stiff shot of rum. Everything is done on the run. When they arrive in time for a demonstration they immediately wade in slugging all in sight—spectators and demonstrators alike. Men, women and children. They show no mercy. They show no hesitation in shooting. In order to prevent any attack from above all windows are immediately ordered shut. The order is backed with warning shots in the air. Not always are the casualties on the side of the workers.

The strike is over but the anniversary of the 1923 uprising is taking place. Red flags are flying from hundreds of windows in the working class section of town. The youth shock troops are mobilizing. Night marches are the order of the day. Last night a number of the youths were in the club in full marching order, with packs up. This morning an hour before dawn I was aroused by a marching patrol. With a girl leading their clear young voices, keeping time to the measured tread of their footsteps on the cobble stones, they could be heard down the canyon of the street. Singing with fearless courage as they march forward to the coming of the dawn.

JACK MARLOWE

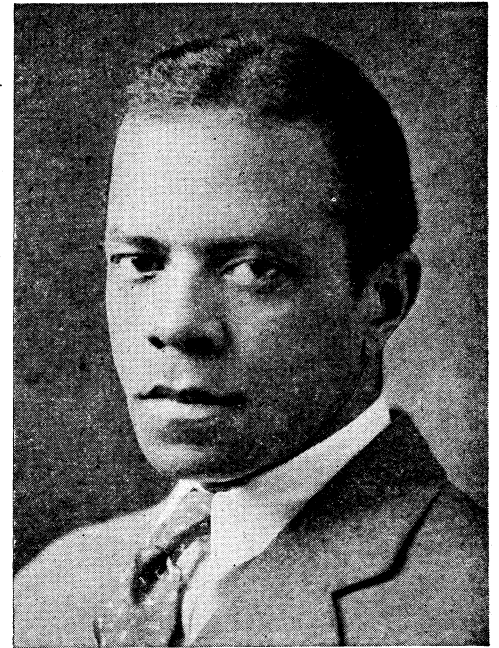
Walter Quirt—secretary of the artists group of the N. Y. John Reed Club, was a member of the N. Y. Hunger March delegation to Washington, D. C.

H. H. Lewis—working on a farm in Missouri, has contributed proletarian verse and prose to the *Left*, *Rebel Poet*, *Daily Worker*, and other publications.

A. B. Magil—member of the John Reed Club delegation in the Hunger March from New York, and Joseph North who participated in the Hunger March with the Chicago delegation, are co-authors of the pamphlet story *Steve Katovis—Life and Death of a Worker*.

Manuel Gomez—New York journalist, is former secretary of the Anti-Imperialist League.

Hugo Gellert—now contributing a series of portraits to the *Daily Worker*, has just completed a book of text and drawings based on *Capital* by Karl Marx.



Eugene Gordon writes of himself: "I was born in Florida; reared near the Mississippi waterfront of New Orleans and on a Georgia farm. Miseducated at Howard University (Washington, D. C.) and in special courses at Boston University. Educated in various jobs, including waiter on coastwise steamers and in restaurants; janitor's assistant, cook in a boarding house, houseboy, doorman for a swanky Washington apartment house, factory-hand, and soldier in the late imperialist war. On editorial staff of a Boston daily since 1919. In past have contributed to such periodicals as *American Mercury*, *Scribner's*, and *Nation*; been more at home recently in *New Masses*, *Daily Worker*, *Labor Defender*, and other revolutionary publications. Have written a few short stories for Negro magazines. Founded Saturday Evening Quill Club to develop Negro writers in Boston; edited *Saturday Evening Quill*, the club's annual. Organizer Boston John Reed Club. Deciding that I had something to say, am now writing a revolutionary novel."

IN THIS ISSUE

Milton Brown, college student of Brooklyn, N. Y. and J. B. Schoor, N. Y. commercial artist, make their first appearance in *New Masses*.

Theodore Dreiser—is head of the writers committee which recently investigated the conditions of the Harlan, Ky. miners. His latest book *Tragic America* is just off the press.

Jacob Burck—staff artist of the *Daily Worker*, has an exhibition of his work at the John Reed Club Gallery in New York until January 15.

Michael Gold—executive member of the board of *New Masses*, is now at work on a biography of John Reed.

Meridel LeSueur—making her first appearance in *New Masses*, now lives in Minneapolis with her two children. Has contributed to the *American Mercury*, *Scribners*, *Pagany* and other publications and has just completed a novel.

Nathan Asch—now in Texas, is author of *Pay Day* and other novels.





Photo by Tina Modotti

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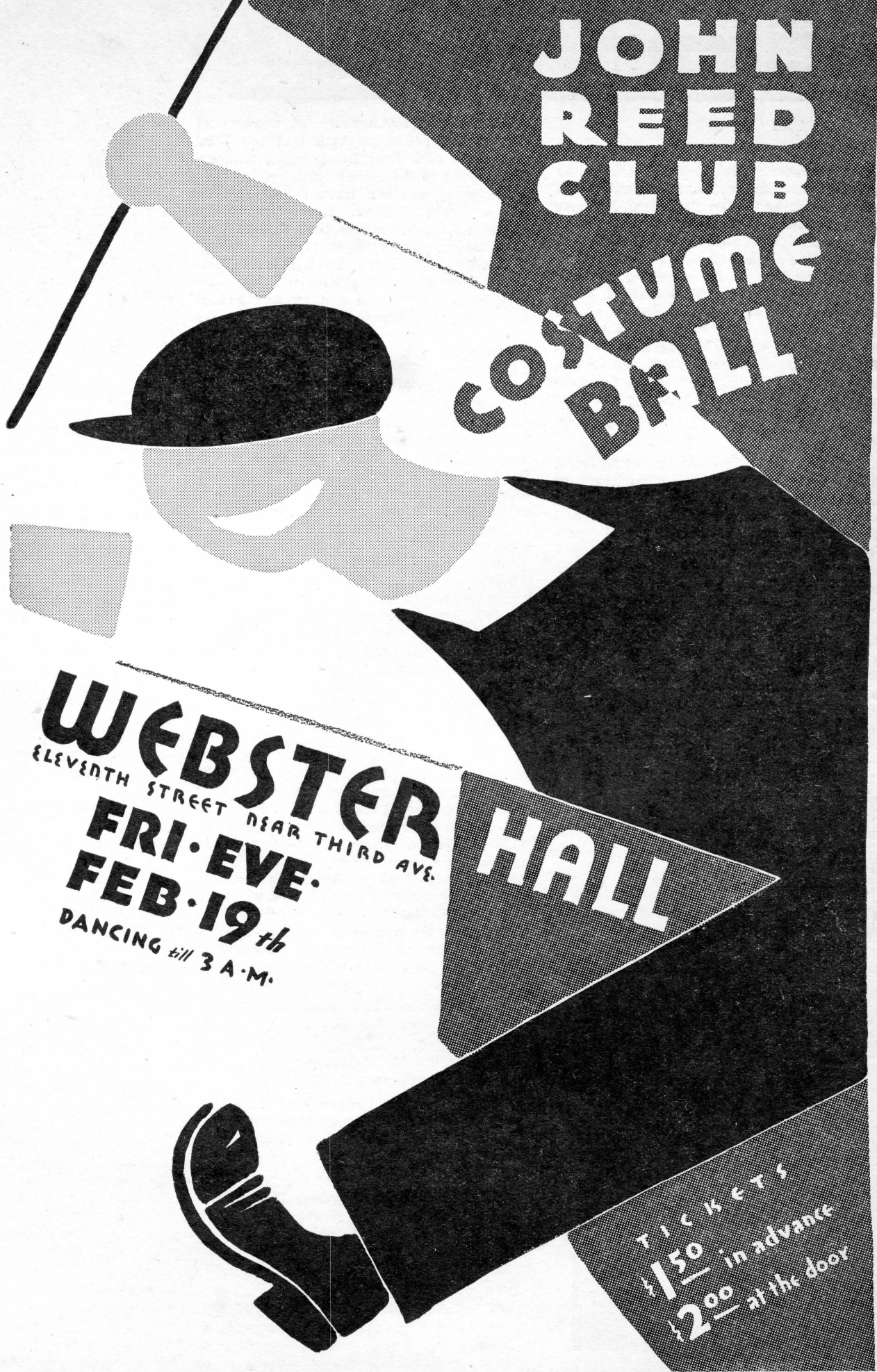
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