

new

MAY 29, 1934

10c

Masses

"In Dixieland We Take Our Stand"

A Report on Alabama's Nazis

By JOHN HOWARD LAWSON

The Proletarian Physician

By DANIEL SUMMER

Rivera's Counter Revolutionary Road

By DAVID ALFARO SIQUEIROS

Children of the Twilight

By JAMES T. FARRELL

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HAROLD RALSTON,
 Defendant in Judge Abernathy's Court Room—Jefferson
 County Court, Birmingham, Alabama, May 17, 1934.

**ALABAMA STRIKE
 PROTEST MEETING**

at IRVING PLAZA

FIFTEENTH STREET and
 IRVING PLACE, N. Y. C.

Monday Evening, May 28, 1934 at 8:30 P. M.

SPEAKERS:

HAROLD RALSTON

An Alabama organizer for the Communist Party, recently arrested and released

JOHN HOWARD LAWSON

Playwright, arrested while reporting strike in Alabama for the Daily Worker

EULA GRAY

Alabama sharecropper organizer

Chairman:

PAT TOOHEY

Editor, Labor Unity, recently returned
 from Alabama

ALLAN TAUB

Assistant Secretary, National Committee
 for the Defense of Political Prisoners

Admission: Fifteen Cents

All proceeds for defense of Alabama striking miners

Joint auspices: National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners
 John Reed Club and New Masses

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**THE
 ECONOMICS
 COMMITTEE**

meets every Monday evening at 8 P. M., at the organization's headquarters.

new Masses

MAY 29, 1934

A WAVE of resentment and indignation is rising in Germany. The Nazis are hysterical. "We demand that killjoys and agitators of every color be placed against the wall," screams the Nassauer Volksblatt of Wiesbaden. Goebbel's newspaper promises concentration camps to all "grumblers." Nazi spell-binders are sent out to all public places to berate the "grumblers," the "critics," while storm troopers are at the doors watching that no one leaves. The workers are grumbling. The peasants are grumbling. The Jews are grumbling. The Protestants are grumbling. The Catholics are grumbling. The "Marxists" are grumbling. The Communists are carrying on an effective underground campaign against Hitler. They cannot all be placed against a wall; they cannot all be put in concentration camps. Even within the Nazi ranks there is friction. "German Army Resists Nazi Effort to Dominate It," reads a headline from Berlin. Even the much heralded Nazi May Day celebration was a flop. "Hitler's speech was received with lukewarm applause," reports the N. Y. Herald Tribune. "This year's manifestation was lukewarm," states the London Times. Similar reports appeared in all the leading papers of the world. Lukewarm indeed! The extent of the "lukewarmness" of the masses can be judged by what took place on the day following the May Day celebrations, in the Siemens-Shuckert Works in Berlin. Five thousand were entitled to vote for the "confidence council" in the factory. But three thousand *refused* to vote; 800 used their ballots for jotting down anti-Hitler slogans; 300 returned their ballots blank, 400 voted for revolutionary candidates, and only 500 voted for the Nazi candidates. This is not lukewarmness; this is opposition. No wonder the Nazi scribes "demand that killjoys and agitators of every color be placed against the wall."

PRACTICALLY every news item from Germany affords a glimpse of the approaching collapse. Germany's unfavorable trade balance reached 136 million marks since January 1. April witnessed a precipitous decline in ex-

ports of textiles, machines, potash, chemicals, paper, ironware, electrotechnical articles. As compared to March, the April exports fell by 21 percent! It is significant that of the 95 million mark drop in exports, 68 million was in trade with the Soviet Union. Furthermore, due to the lowering of exports and rise in imports there has been a steady depletion of the Reichsbank's gold reserves. On May 15, the reserves had shrunk to 166 million marks, of which 161 million marks was gold. Compare these to the figures for the same date in 1933—459 million marks, of which 372 was gold! To stop the

A LA CARTE

th Street
t City

Dinner
5 CENTS EXTRA

Cherrystone Clam Cocktail
Canapé Pate de Foie Gras
Fruit Cup, Melba

Consomme with Rice

BROKEN A LA KING on Toast,
Fried Egg Plant

PEREL, Beurre Noir
Country Style

SPS, Sauce Remoulade
la Hollandaise

Home Made Noodle

EF, Mushroom

DUCKLING
Caramelized Sweet Potatoes

NER, Potatoes

TS, Sliced

SPS, New

I, Russian
Anglais

aked Potatoes

ginia

ocolate Square
Raspberries

Stewed Pears,
Vanilla or Coffee

Buttermilk

's 75c.
AND COFFEE)
15C. EXTRA

Beurre Noir, Lima Beans

de, Brussels Sprouts
as, Lima Beans

Thursd

SA
SA
SA

15
15
15
25

POTATOES

Boiled 15 Mashed 15 Saute 25 Baked 20 Lyonnaise 25
Hashed Brown 25 French Fried 25 Hashed in Cream 30
Au Gratin 35 Saratoga Chips 40 Julienne 30
O'Brien 30 American Fried 25 Gaufrette 30
Fried Sweet Potatoes 25

ES (on Toast) with Chiffonade

Beef 40
Imported 35
Sandwich 50
Cucumber 30
Beef 25

OLD BUFFET

Roast Beef 75
Corned Beef 80
Slices Chicken 1
Steak 90 with
(POTATOES SERVED WITH)

SALADS

Vegetable 50
Fruit with Cream 65
Chiffonade 25
Cucumber 30
Asparagus Tip 50
Endive 40

DRESSINGS: MAYONNAISE, RUSSIAN, ROQUEFORT

DESSERTS AND FRUITS

Pastries 20
Pudding 10
Ice Cream 30
Slices 35
Cakes 20
Apple 15

CHEESE

Roquefort 30
Swiss Gruyere 20
Cream 25
Whipped Cream 30

COFFEE, ETC.

(potatoes) Cream 15
Certified 15
Coffee Hag 20
Whipped Cream 25

"... Fifty-one cities showed in this year an advance in food prices of from 10 to 27 per cent."—The Darrow Report.

catastrophic flow of gold from the country, the Nazis, in desperation placed an embargo on the import of raw materials—wool, cotton, copper, etc., essential to their export industries. This is bound still further to intensify the economic crisis. So it goes all along the line. The newspaper industry is declining. Advertising is declining. Trade is declining: the turnover in retail trade in 1933 was considerably below the level of the preceding year, and this tendency has become even more manifest in 1934. The "hereditary home-stead" policy is a failure, and Hitler has been forced to close Berlin and

th Street
t City

Dinner

5 CENTS EXTRA

Cherrystone Clam Cocktail
Canapé Pate de Foie Gras
Fruit Cup, Melba

Consomme with Rice

CHICKEN A LA KING on Toast,
Fried Egg Plant

CREPES, Beurre Noir

Country Style

PS, Sauce Remoulade

la Hollandaise

Home Made Noodle

EF, Mushroom Sauce

DUCKLING

Candied Sweet Potatoes

PIZZA, Potato Egg

TS, Sliced Turkey

OPS, New York, Extra

l, Rossini (Extra)

Anglais (Extra)

Baked Potatoes

Virginia

Chocolate Square

Raspberries

Stewed Pears, Apple

Vanilla or Coffee Ice

Buttermilk

75c.

AND COFFEE)
15C. EXTRA

Beurre Noir, Lima Beans

de, Brussels Sprouts

de, Lima Beans Parsley

Thürsch

SALE 15
GO 15
CLUB 15
..... 25

A LA CARTE

POTATOES

Boiled 15 Mashed 15 Saute 25 Baked 20 Lyonnaise 25
Hashed Brown 25 Freshly Fried 25 Hashed in Cream 30
Au Gratin 35 Saratoga Chips 40 Julienne 30
O'Brien 30 American Fried 25 Gaufrette 30
Med. Sliced Potatoes 25

OLD BUFFET

Beef 80 Chicken 40
Lamb 80 Pork 80
Veal 80 Turkey 80
Duck 80 Fish 80
Poultry 80 Game 80
Specialties 80

SALADS

Green 60 Fruit with Cream 65
Dressings: Mayonnaise, Russian, Roquefort, etc.
Cucumber 30 Asparagus Tips 50
Endive 40

DESSERTS AND FRUITS

Pastries 20 Puddings 20
Cakes 40 Ice Cream 30
Fruit 15

CHEESE

Roquefort 30 Cream 25
Swiss 30 Gruyere 30

COFFEES, ETC.

Coffee (pot) 15 Cream 15
Certified Milk 15 Kaffee Hag 20
Whipped Cream 25

"... Fifty-one cities showed in this year an advance in food prices of from 10 to 27 per cent."—The Darrow Report.

th Street
t City

Dinner

15 CENTS EXTRA

Cherrystone Clam Cocktail
Canapé Pate de Foie Gras
Fruit Cup, Melba

Consomme with Rice

CHICKEN A LA KING on Toast,
Fried Egg Plant

CREPES, Beurre Noir

Country Style

CRAB, Sauce Remoulade

FILET a la Hollandaise

SOUP Made Noodle

SOUP, Mushroom Sauce

DUCKLING

Candied Sweet Potatoes

EGG, Poached Egg

CHICKEN, Sliced Turkey

SOUP, Noodle, 15c. Extra

SOUP, Rossini, Extra

Anglais, Extra

Baked Potatoes

Virginia

Chocolate Square

Raspberries

Stewed Pears, Apple

Vanilla or Coffee Ice

Buttermilk

75c.

AND COFFEE)

15c. EXTRA

Beurre Noir, Lima Beans

Baked Potatoes

de, Brussels Sprouts

de, Lima Beans, Parsley

Thürsch

SALE

COFFEE

CLARET

15
15
15
25

A LA CARTE

POTATOES

Boiled 15 Mashed 15 Saute 25 Baked 20 Lyonnaise 25
Hashed Brown 25 French Fried 25 Hashed in Cream 30
Au Gratin 35 Saratoga Chips 40 Julienne 30
O'Brien 30 American Fried 25 Gaufrette 30
Med. Sliced Potatoes 25

EGGS (on Toast)

Break 80 Beehive 40
Imported Swiss 35
Leucine, Hollandaise 50
Cheese and Eggs 30
Plum 1.00 Western 25
Special Pecker Sandwiches 1.05
Eggs with Lettuce

COLD BUFFET

Flakes, Daint 70
Tongue of Beef 1.00
Assorted Pickles 90 with
(POTATOES SERVED WITH)

SALADS

Vegetable 60
Dorset 70
Fruit and Potato 70
Cucumber 30
Asparagus Tips 50
Endive 40

DRESSINGS: MAYONNAISE, RUSSIAN, ROQUEFORT

DESSERTS AND FRUITS

Pastry 20
Pudding 20
Cakes 40
Pastries 60
Ice Melba 35
Strawberries 20
Apple 15

CHEESE

Swiss 30
Roquefort 30
Swiss Gruyere 30
Cream 25
Curd 30

COFFEE, TEA, ETC.

Cream 15
Certified Milk 15
Kaffee Hag 20
Whipped Cream 25

"... Fifty-one cities showed in this year an advance in food prices of from 10 to 27 per cent."—The Darrow Report.

other urban and industrial areas "against immigrants from the country seeking gainful employment." Wages are falling. Living standards are falling. In the fiscal year ended in March, Prussia alone had a deficit of over 17 million marks. In 1933 the operating loss of the German railroads was 136 million marks against a loss of 69 million marks in 1932. "Total loss after paying the contribution to the Reich, debt service, dividends on the preferred stock and allocations to reserves, was 468 million marks, which was covered out of reserves and tax credit certificates."

THE failure of Hitler in Germany is almost matched by that of Mussolini in Italy. Here is a fascist state that has been consolidating its power for about twelve and a half years. Yet here too the result is fiasco. A disastrous decline in foreign trade, in national income, in wages, in living standards; unbalanced budgets, critical financial situation, cultural decay. Read Hugh Quigley's splendid analysis of fascist achievement in Italy, published in the June, 1934, issue of *Current History*. Hugh Quigley is no Communist. He is chief statistical officer of the Central Electricity Board in Great Britain and a close student of Italian affairs. The four main conclusions he arrives at as a result of his exhaustive researches are:

1. Italy has gained, on balance, nothing in the cultural, economic and political spheres during the period October, 1922—March, 1934, which can justify the Fascist experiment. It has lost, on the contrary, twelve years.
2. Industrially and socially, Italy has definitely lost ground. It is only necessary to wander up the Valley of the Oglio and visit manufacturing centers in the vicinity of Milan, Turin and Venice to discover how paralyzed industrial equipment has become.
3. In art and culture Italy has painfully reached the state of development of 1921, but the population is poorer, less effectively educated and less capable of supporting any cultural movement that lacks State aid.
4. Deflation has so undermined the structure of State finance and banking that only further desperate measures of restriction can keep it intact. Its collapse, under the present regime, is only a matter of time.

Such are the achievements of the Aryan Brownshirts and the Roman Blackshirts, saviors of the capitalist world from the ravages of Communism. While in the Soviet Union the workers



and peasants under the leadership of the Communist party are triumphantly building socialism, are developing their industries and agriculture at a rate unprecedented in the history of Man.

UNDETERRED by the failures of the Hitlers and Mussolinis, their picayune analogues in Austria, Latvia, and Bulgaria are also hoping to solve the irreconcilable contradictions of their economies by means of fascist violence. Of course, there is no logic in it. But desperation is not conducive to logic. Capitalism today is drowning in its own excrescences. It clutches at straws. It cannot be saved. Fascism, as proved in Germany and Italy, has nothing constructive to offer to the overwhelming masses of the population. Communism alone offers the way out.

ROOSEVELT'S first year in office, ending in March, was marked by the greatest series of strikes in United States history. Babson estimates 2,654 strikes during 1933. The first quarter of 1934 finds strikes more numerous than in any similar period with the exception of 1920. The past week showed no let-up. On the contrary—the graph rose to unprecedented heights. A remarkable characteristic developed the last seven days: the appearance of a wide united front movement. But it was two-edged. Partisans not only of the strikers joined in the struggle—partisans of the employers took up cudgels, literally, for their class-fellows. Minneapolis provided the finest example.

The teamsters' strike was backed up by the 35,000 workers in the Building Trades Council. The employers enlisted a united front of Minneapolis' society and Minneapolis' thuggery. As the *New York Times* stated, "Sheriff John Wall sent 100 special deputies to the battleground. Among them were socially prominent persons who dropped their work in bond houses and grain firms to join the volunteers, including Al Lindley, former all-around Yale athlete, who wore a padded polo helmet to protect his head from blows." The pickets found proletarians, their wives and children on the firing line. After the battle Tuesday the casualty list was approximately this: 45 seriously injured, among them were 31 special deputies. One strikebreaker died from injuries: C. A. Lyman, 50. He was vice-president of the American Ball Company.

AT the moment a truce has been declared. The pickets have been called off by their leaders. National Labor Board emissaries from Washington are on the scene. Negotiations have been transferred to the arbitration chamber, away from the din of picket-line so that compromise, delay, and betrayal can be adequately arranged. But the embittered workers of Minneapolis have shown their hand; and Governor Olsen, Farmer-Labor demagogue, has not yet dared to carry through his earlier threats to call the militia. Washington royally hands down the decree that the Regional Labor Board end the strike. The heroic Minneapolis proletariat—veterans of two major engagements in the past sixty days—will have considerable to say. If they heed their only friends, the Communists, the Trade Union Unity League and Unemployed Council, they will extend the united front into general strike, and take up the challenge of the polo-helmeted "socially prominent."

EXCEPT when embattled lines of 15,000 longshoremen swirl across Pacific coast waterfront streets, the usual workday on the long coast line looks like perennial Sunday. The strike continues solid. The mayor of Seattle declared "the longshoremen's Soviet rules," after 300 striking seamen stormed the Todd's drydock and pulled scabs from three ships. These seamen were out in sympathy with the longshoremen. In San Francisco the teamsters climbed down from their seats to join the dockers. The seamen too are on strike.



After a large mass meeting, a crowd of sympathizers, including the Building Trades Council of San Mateo county, International Labor Defense members and students of the Social Problems clubs in local universities, demonstrated on behalf of the strikers. This, despite the literal state of siege the authorities have declared. Not only the teamsters refuse to haul scab goods, but the boiler-makers are out; ship clerks are out; shipwrights are out. Marine engineers refuse to transport strikebreakers. While lines picket the docks, the strikers have two tugboats guarding the waterfront. Meanwhile, the A. F. of L. officials were closeted with the authorities and the employers. The compromise on the usual terms—betrayal of the workers' interests—is being prepared.

THE longshoremen's strike, embracing their allies from the ships, the seamen, continues to spread. The sailors of the S. S. Edgar Luckenback struck May 22 at New Orleans, in solidarity with their fellows along the shore. The Marine Workers Industrial Union leads that movement. The crews of the Point Salinas, Greylock and Marjorie are preparing to tie up their craft. Already over 70 pickets have been arrested by

the New Orleans police. At Port Arkansas, Tex., the seamen of the Ulysses have climbed off the deck to shore. The great significance of this coast line strike lies in its bearing upon war plans. The waterfront industry is the War Department's Achilles' heel in time of war mobilization. If longshoremen and seamen emerge from their far-flung picket lines with a powerful union, the Departments of War and Justice will perforce think several times about their plans for the next conflict.

AND as if this is not enough of a headache for Johnson, Perkins, Roosevelt et al., the preparations of the workers in the steel industry for strike proceeds at top speed. In Cleveland one hour strikes have already taken place in the Otis Steel. The workers were victorious. The tendency toward unification of the rank and file of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers and the revolutionary Steel and Metal Workers Industrial Union is vastly worrisome to the Mike Tighes and other A. F. of L. chieftains. The rank and file have posed a six point program of demands: union recognition, a six hour day and five day week, a \$1 minimum wage, abolition of differential between North and South, H. R. 7598

(the unemployment insurance bill) equal rights for Negroes, and abolition of speed-up. When the Republic, Carnegie and Youngstown Sheet and Tube steel companies rejected the demand for union recognition May 21, the Steel and Metal Workers Industrial Union issued a call for all metal shops for a mass meeting. Their plans are for strike. When a newspaper correspondent asked "Do you consider some legislation necessary to meet the summer strikes?" Johnson replied with an emphatic affirmative. Strikes are not only struggles for immediate demands: Communists declare they are dress rehearsals for revolution. Doubtless Washington knows this, considering the extent of the terror unleashed nationally against the rebelling strikers.

The Week's Papers

WEDNESDAY — P. W. A. allocates \$37,558,550 in loans and grants to New York City, believing Mayor LaGuardia's assertion city budget is balanced. . . . Mt. Vernon, N. Y., schools about to close for lack of funds, with \$200,000 due teachers in back pay. . . . Under A. F. of L. negotiated agreement, Fisher Body plant strikers, Flint, Mich., vote to return to work on promise of company to "discuss grievances later." . . . Senate leaders decide to favor plan to nationalize silver. . . . In cities and counties representing 64 percent of the total urban population of the country, the number of families "on relief" increased from 1,428,818 to 1,975,273, according to Administrator Hopkins. . . . Bankers launch campaign for return to greater "private initiative" era, although praising N. R. A. benefits so far. . . . Roosevelt by special executive order—on recommendation of Gen. Johnson — authorizes resumption of "home work" outlawed by codes. . . . Roosevelt fails to act on protests against the gun murders of strikers in the South and West by armed deputies, sworn in by hundreds.

Thursday — New York balances its budget partially: Emergency Home Relief Bureau takes back \$25,181 in past few weeks from "undeserving" relief recipients, calling them "fakes." . . . Roosevelt prepares to submit an entirely new "social and economic plan to Congress, including establishment of permanent system of public relief." . . . San Francisco Federal Court denies habeas corpus writ for Tom Mooney. . . . Judge

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Published weekly by the NEW MASSES, INC., at 31 East 27th Street, New York City. Copyright, 1934, NEW MASSES, INC., Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 10 cents. Subscription, \$5.50 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico. Six months \$2; three months \$1; Foreign \$4.50 a year; six months \$2.50; three months \$1.25. Subscribers are notified that no change of address can be effected in less than 2 weeks. The NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers, in prose and verse, and of artists. MSS must be accompanied by return postage. The NEW MASSES pays for contributions.



admits court isn't competent to decide question "on its merits" because of "delicate jurisdiction" questions, so Mooney stays in San Quentin. . . . 100 university heads send signed letter to Roosevelt demanding he prevent war. . . . Six arrested for protest demonstration at Madison Square Garden where Nazis brazenly acclaimed Hitlerism. . . . La Guardia promises lower milk prices. . . . Assets of national banks reported risen more than billion dollars in first two months of 1934. . . . Vincent Astor at Washington shipping irregularity hearings indignantly denies he ever asked Roosevelt for a job for himself or others. . . . Birmingham police arrest John Howard Lawson in court where Ralston and five other workers defend themselves against charges trumped up under the reign of terror.

Friday—Steel and Metal Workers' Industrial Union pushes preparations for big national steel workers strike. . . . After two years of the Bolivian-Paraguayan war, Roosevelt suggests an arms embargo to those countries—under a pact signed with other nations in 1925. American arms exports, 1933, to Bolivia: \$1,050,045 worth; to Paraguay: \$94,483 worth. . . . Display of red flag in New York State held legal by Appellate Court which did nothing about the many persecutions and sentences imposed under the illegal law. . . . Appeals for party funds by important office holders held "highly improper" by President. . . . Steel barons and Gen. Johnson amicably agree on code revisions. . . . Dickstein committee conducts secret hearings in New York into Nazi activities. . . . Wool market continues dull. . . . Police try

to smash picket line of striking truckers in Minneapolis. Twenty hurt. . . . La Guardia issues statement favoring lower milk prices.

Saturday—Drought states' relief needs are \$800,000,000 immediately, Congress is informed. . . . Minneapolis swears in 600 extra deputies in effort to smash truckers' strike. . . . San Francisco striking stevedores add tugs to militant land picket lines. . . . Ryan, A. F. of L. official, orders New York pier strikers back to work, although they won nothing. . . . A parade, 10,000 strong, marches through Fifth Avenue, New York, against war—keeping respectable by barring the League Against War and Fascism from participation. . . . La Guardia still for lower milk prices. . . . La Follette group in Wisconsin forms "third party" combining the "best" features of the old two.

Sunday—Teachers' College, Columbia University, suggests "model" menus, \$9.45 weekly for family of five, 49 cents a day for single men, 44 cents daily for single women. Typical women's breakfast: 1 pint milk, 1 shredded wheat biscuit, 1 banana, 1 teaspoonful sugar, 1 teaspoonful cod liver oil. . . . Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey reports net income of \$25,084,310. . . . 2,000 made homeless by \$10,000,000 Chicago Stockyard fire, started when cigarette was thrown into tinder-dry, non-fireproof structure. . . . Capitalism is not a principle of our form of government, says Nicholas Murray Butler.

Monday—Maybe our form of government is just a principle of capital-

ism, replies Ted Cook. . . . Norman Thomas arrested for trying to speak in Christian Co., Ill., courthouse to workers. Undaunted, he goes on to address bankers' luncheon in Springfield the next day. . . . 35,000 building trades workers vote to join strike of militant Minneapolis truckers after 19 strikers, 16 cops, are injured as pickets repel attack. . . . Prof. George F. Warren says his gold theory would really work out if other gold countries would only go off the gold standard. . . . May 25 set for arguments before Alabama Supreme Court on appeals for Heywood Patterson and Clarence Norris. . . . Darrow and Johnson continue barrage of verbal attacks. . . . Authorities release six Birmingham workers, who now are threatened with torture by the White Legion. . . . La Guardia goes to Albany, promising to lower milk prices.

Tuesday—Union Theological Seminary warns radical students they will not be tolerated in the institution. . . . Youngstown steel barons flatly reject demand for union recognition. . . . Roosevelt seeks authority to increase use of silver in monetary stocks and to nationalize metal. . . . Forcing park recreational workers to pay \$6 to \$9 for uniforms out of \$24 relief pay seems "neither reasonable nor just" to highly indignant World-Telegram editorial writer. . . . N.R.A. saves profits of cotton textile industry, threatened by over-production, by ordering 25 percent curtailment of output for 12 weeks. . . . La Guardia, at Albany to redeem promise of lower milk prices for New York City, finds milk board expects to raise price one cent more instead.

Little Business Man, What Now?

LAST summer, while N.R.A. was still largely on paper—and while Socialist leaders were seeing in it a "step" toward Socialism—the Communist analysis of it was made and published. Of the "New Deal's" main features, which include inflation, military and naval preparations, etc., one of the most prominent and easily recognizable—even ten months ago—was its purpose to further concentrate monopoly, and to set up legal apparatus for eliminating the small business man as a

serious contender for a share of capitalism's profits. Now comes the Darrow report, which, on this one point of trustification under the N.R.A., documents the Communist analysis.

The N.R.A. is a citadel besieged. The Darrow report is received like an attacking army, with a throwing up of breastworks and a barrage of denunciation. General Johnson is outraged; the liberal Donald Richberg, chief mouthpiece for the Blue Eagle, sputters like a damp fire-cracker; half a dozen code

administrators wheel into line with counter-statements to the Darrow report, explaining, protesting, excoriating.

As for the mechanics of making public the report, which certainly is the most important official document yet aimed at the archives since N.R.A. began, they resemble those employed by a swindling stock promoter who has just had word that the post office is aware of his activities. To confuse the public as to what had happened, the Darrow report was held up until all

the counter-blasts were fully prepared, and then the whole mess—some 150,000 words—dumped into the press' lap at once. To some extent these tactics succeeded: Johnson's denunciation of the supplementary report was displayed more prominently than the report itself, in some papers. A befuddlement on the part of the hurried newspaper reader was aimed at, and to an extent achieved. It was hard to tell, from some papers, when the Darrow report had come out and whether it wasn't "old stuff" which the N.R.A. chieftains were now proceeding to shoot full of holes.

But no amount of high pressure publicity tactics—no staccato orders by General Johnson—no charmingly toothy evasions by Roosevelt in press conferences—can persuade the American people that the Darrow report, as far as it goes, is not true. Everyone knows it's true. The report glances at the codes, and a glance is enough to show their monopolistic origin, purpose and method of operation. Johnson, Richberg and the other apologists for N.R.A. make a great point of the "incomplete," "hurried," etc. character of the investigation that the Darrow Com-

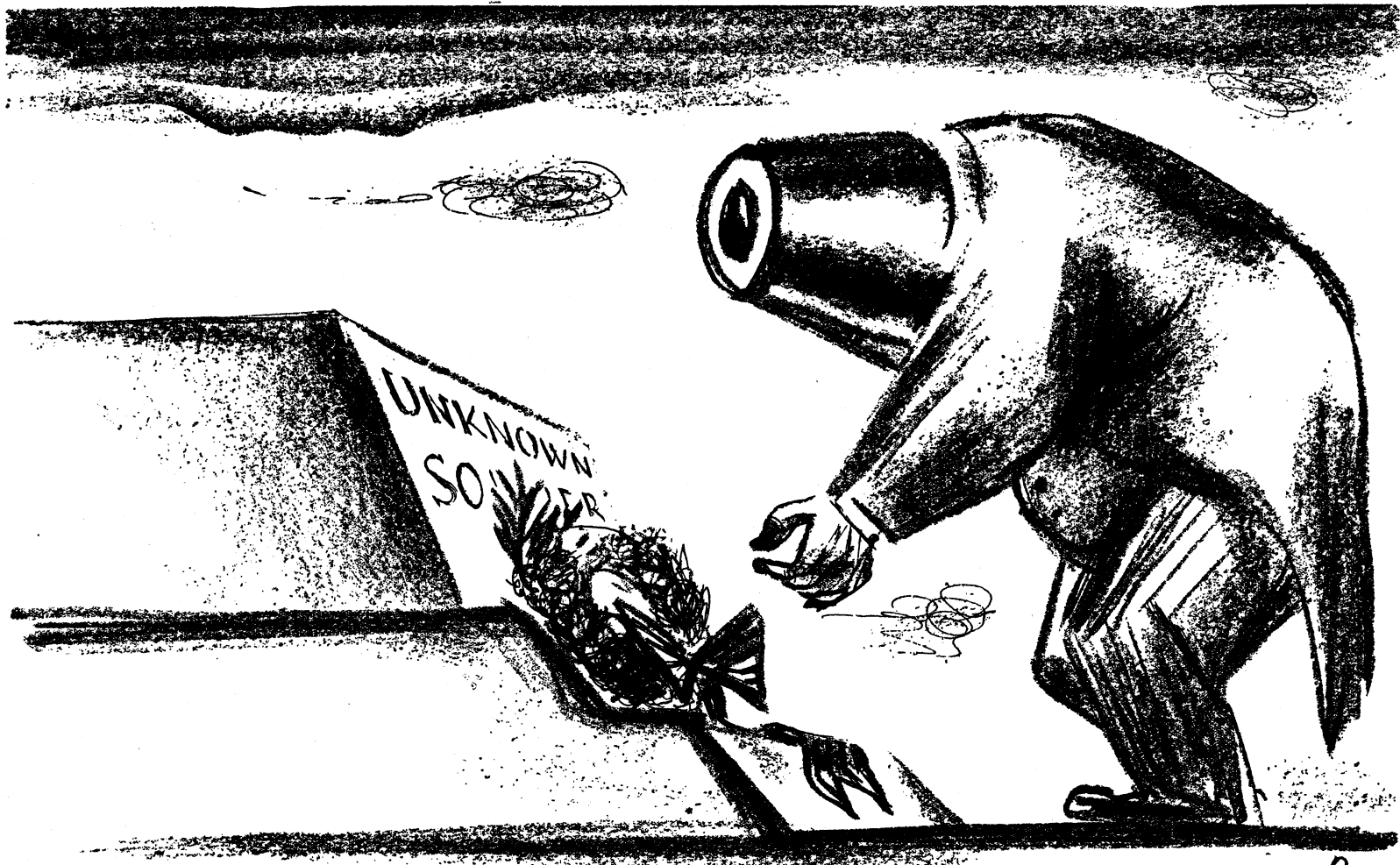
mittee undertook. They even go to the time-clock for evidence. Thus, it is a great point against the report, in the view of Mr. Sol A. Rosenblatt, administrator of the Motion Picture Code, that the Darrow Board only spent 14 hours and 20 minutes in hearings, whereas it took N.R.A. over 1,200 hours to draft the code. Well, a burglar may spend weeks in tunneling under a bank to reach the vault; it takes only a few minutes after you catch him red-handed, to show that he's a burglar. You don't have to put the Blue Eagle under a microscope; one good look reveals it as a buzzard.

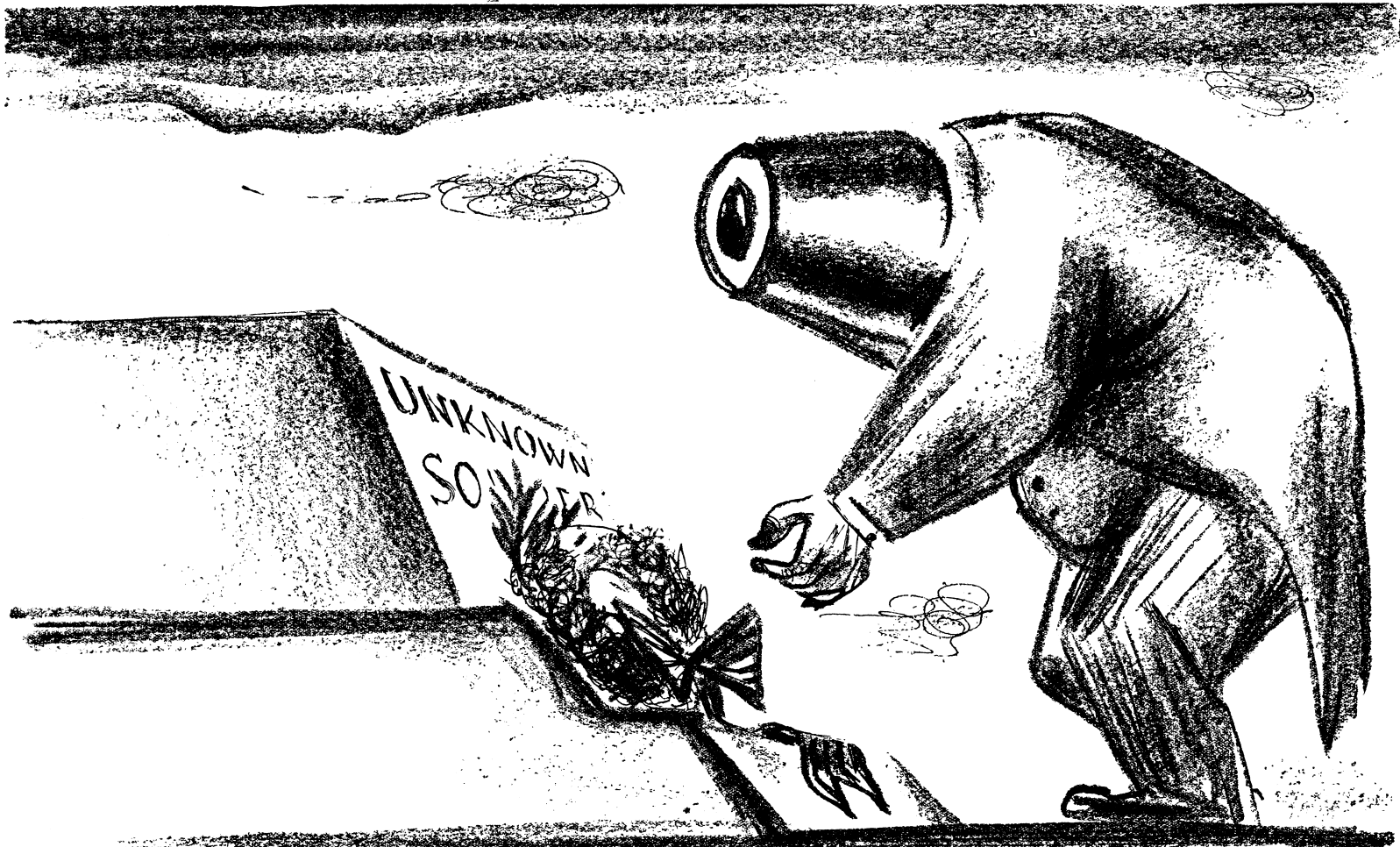
Suppose we direct this look at one excellent example of the kind of thing the Darrow report talks about. Take the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the billion-dollar pet of John D. Rockefeller. Does the N.R.A. favor monopoly? Well, Walter C. Teagle, president of Standard of Jersey, has been extremely active in Washington, ever since N.R.A., arranging the oil code. And last week Standard of Jersey reported profits of \$25,084,310 in 1933, compared with \$282,865 in 1932. But that is only half the story. The company also made \$24,972,490 "on

currency balances held abroad" when the dollar was devalued—illustrating the value of advance information. Taking the combined operating profit and the foreign exchange profit, the increase over 1932 comes to 18,000 percent.

(For those not impressed by percentages and big figures, let us suppose that a school teacher making \$30 a week or \$1,500 a year suddenly has her salary increased by 18,000 percent. The increase would leave her with an income of \$270,000 annually. Or say a family drawing \$5 weekly relief allowance is given an increase of 18,000 percent. It would begin getting exactly \$900 a week.)

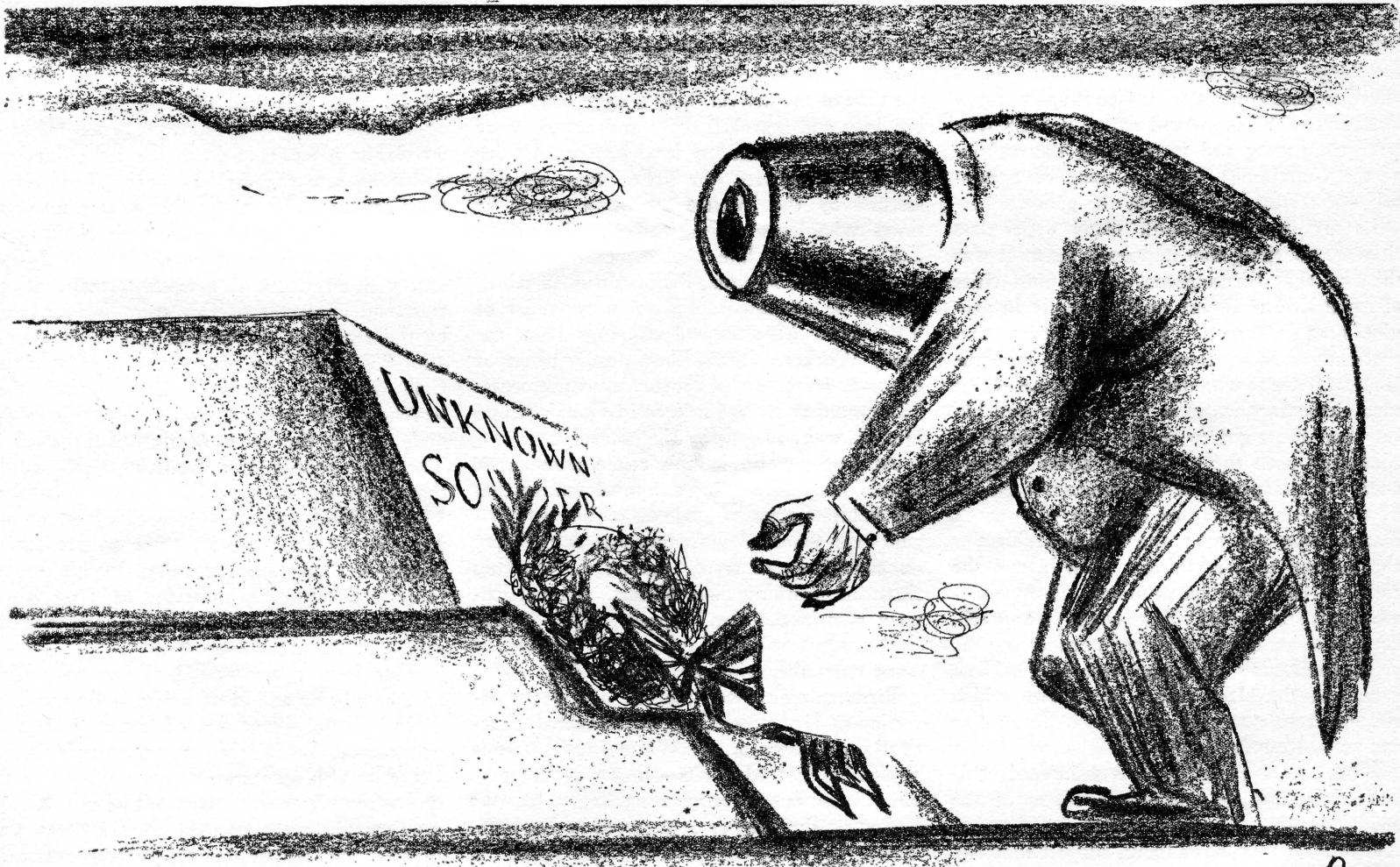
The dynamite in the Darrow report is contained in the supplementary report, signed only by Clarence Darrow and William O. Thompson. This points out that control by the largest producers is the inevitable result of "the sanction of government" being given to "self-governing combinations in the different industries"; that this control "maintains profits by diminishing or restricting production, that is by decreasing wealth and lowering standards of living;" that it also maintains profits





MEMORIAL DAY

Ref.
Anton Refregier.



MEMORIAL DAY

Ref.
Anton Refregier.

“by lowering costs of production, that is, by lowering wages.” It then concludes:

The choice is between monopoly sustained by government, which is clearly the trend in the National Recovery Administration; and a planned economy, which demands socialized ownership and control, since only by collective ownership can the inevitable conflict of separately owned units for the market be eliminated in favor of planned production.

There is no hope for the small businessman or for complete recovery in America in enforced restriction upon production for the purpose of maintaining higher prices. The hope for the American people, including the small businessman, not to be overwhelmed by their own abundance, lies in the planned use of America's resources following socialization.

To give the sanction of government to sustain profits is not a planned economy, but a regimented organization for exploitation. The N.R.A. is at present in the stage of conflict of interests; but in proportion as the authority of government sanctions regulation by industrial combinations, the inevitable tendency is toward monopoly, with elimination of the small business.

N.R.A.'s mission of saving capitalism in the United States becomes more clearly impossible. Wall Street complains that in certain directions—compulsory arbitration, company unions—N.R.A. doesn't go far enough; Federal judges flout its spurious wage “increases,” as unconstitutional; there is a movement now in Congress to investigate the Darrow report, and if it is verified, to abolish N.R.A. itself. On

the other hand labor shows every day a greater realization that it will gain nothing except by fighting for it, and is engaging in great mass struggles in the South, on the Pacific Coast, in the middle west—there is bitter class conflict in the streets of Minneapolis as this is written.

No doubt General Johnson thought he was giving a death blow to the opposition to N.R.A. when he said the supplementary report by Darrow and Thompson gave the American people just one choice—between Fascism and Communism. We doubt that Darrow and Thompson meant this, or that they believe it. Nevertheless, that is precisely the choice that exists today, in America as in most other “democratic” countries.

“In Dixieland We Take Our Stand”

A Report on the Alabama Terror

JOHN HOWARD LAWSON

DURING my stay in Birmingham, I had the privilege of encountering a representative cross-section of the town's population. I talked to many leading citizens, clergymen, “intellectuals,” officials of the large mining companies. I also maintained a close contact with Communist organizers and with Negro and white workers who were continuing and intensifying the activity of the Communist Party in spite of a campaign of terror carried on by the police.

In my interviews with many upper-class citizens, the thing that impressed me most was the fact that Birmingham, unlike most cities of equal size, is almost totally lacking in genuine liberal opinion. By this I mean that there are no upper-class sympathizers with the labor movement who dare assert themselves on such elementary issues as free speech, civil liberty and the right to strike. Every problem connected with the growth of strike disturbances and the growth of Communism is evaded by a reference to the race question. It doesn't matter *what* you ask: the Negro problem is the answer to everything. How about the right of collective bargaining? How about wholesale starvation? How about free speech, or the wage differential or murders on the picket-line? It's all on account of the black race, and the black race is a mystery which no one from north of the Mason-Dixon line can begin to understand.

This absurd racial myth is assiduously cultivated by all the reactionary forces of the feudal South. The newspapers, in editorials and propagandist news items, suggest that “ignorant” Negroes (who have apparently been perfectly content to starve and occasionally be

lynched under the kindly guidance of their white masters) are being stirred to rebellion by Northern agitators.

The terror against militant workers in Alabama started in the coal and ore strikes, and soon spread to the city of Birmingham. At the time of my arrival, houses were being broken into and searched daily and arrests were being made without any legal excuse. In this red-baiting activity, the police were actively assisted by the White Legion, a bunch of thugs who have reorganized the discredited K.K.K. The White Legion maintains offices at 1507 Fifth Avenue, Birmingham, at which address a window-display features copies of *THE NEW MASSES* and clippings from the *Daily Worker*. Across these deadly pieces of evidence are scrawled crayon announcements: “Communists do not believe in God,” “Communists want to destroy the home.”

At first one thinks this crude nonsense is merely laughable. But one must realize that the White Legion is made up of lynchers and gangsters whose definite purpose is to carry on a program of terror against the working class and working class leaders, and particularly to frighten the Negroes. They are in close contact with the police, and in fact, in many cases they *give the police orders*.

Birmingham's “Red Squad,” under the direction of Detectives Cole and Mozer, is practically a division of the White Legion. It is significant that Mozer is a notorious “nigger-killer,” and is said to have notches on his gun indicating the number of Negroes he has murdered. The activity of this “Red Squad” is incredibly stupid. As a matter of fact, it was not connected with the discovery and

arrest of the six Communists recently tried on vagrancy charges. These six comrades were arrested by Police Captain Mullins, who discovered them largely by accident. Cole and Mozer made the arrests of Alexander E. Racolin and Laura Stark in the office of the I.L.D. after they had been led to the office by White Legionnaires who proceeded to wreck the place, tear down the light fixtures and even saw the desk in half. Just after these arrests (May 12) a clumsy attempt was made to stir up hatred against the black race by charging a Negro bellboy, Nathan Johnson, with an attack on a white woman. The frame-up character of this story is indicated by the fact that the woman concerned, Mrs. June L. Daily, was the wife of a Tennessee Coal and Iron Company Deputy, and the search for the alleged assailant was immediately put in the hands of the “Red Squad.” The story published in the newspapers stated that Daily and his wife had registered at the Morris Hotel, that at one o'clock in the morning the man went downstairs to get some sandwiches and on returning to his room found the Negro in his wife's bed; the wife had not noticed the Negro's presence, and in some way the attacker escaped.

This fantasy was spread all over the Birmingham press and then suddenly dropped.

The brutal ignorance of these dicks and gangsters makes it fairly easy to outwit them; but this same ignorance makes them likely to go to murderous excesses. The six Communists who were released on May 21st, are in daily and hourly danger of whipping, torture, and possible death.

The main purpose of my Southern trip was

to gain a close contact with working class leaders, to estimate the effect of the terror and the functioning of the Communist Party under these difficult conditions. I therefore spent a large part of my time in dodging the "Red Squad," in close contact with working class leaders, and in attending secret meetings in the mining sections, among the unemployed, in tenement rooms in Birmingham, in shacks in the suburbs.

The workers talked in low voices; some neighbor might be eavesdropping; one of the comrades might be shadowed by detectives; raids were likely; a few days before, masked men drove up in four automobiles to a house where an I.L.D. meeting was in progress, and had left a fiery cross on the lawn. The discovery of Negro and white comrades at a meeting might be the excuse for a lynching.

In this conspiratorial atmosphere, in slow, thoughtful, halting words, an epic story was unfolded; the drama of the awakening Southern proletariat—a drama so gigantic in its implications that it is presumptuous for me to attempt to touch on it in a few hasty paragraphs. I have no actual record of these conversations. I was able to note down only certain phrases, which give no real indication of the strength or of the simplicity of what was said.

I was particularly interested in two questions: first, the race problem, concerning which I had heard such misleading phrasemongering among upper-class people; second, the effect of the terror on Communist activity. I asked these questions dozens of times, and the answers gave me a new perspective on the character and extent of the working class movement in the South.

The destruction of the deeply ingrained idea of black inferiority is a slow and bitter task. Among the dispossessed white workers, the pitiful racial myth is the only compensation for hunger and misery.

Many present party members were members of the Klan four or five years ago, at the time when the demagogic promises of the Klansmen were making a considerable impression on the working class. One evening I met six unemployed men gathered in a cabin on the hills south of Birmingham. A heavy rain was falling, and most members of the group had walked for miles wading almost knee-deep in mud to reach the meeting. One man had been a Klansman. Another had been a Wobbly. "It takes time to make 'em see clear on the Negro problem," said the former Klansman. "Sometimes you feel like it was no good going on talking, like talking to a goose that can't do nothing but cackle; but you got to go slow . . . you got to explain and then explain some more . . . the funny part of it is, the harder a man fights on this race question, the more prejudice he shows, the straighter he sees it once he gets to understand . . . seems like I was that way myself; I had so much prejudice in me I had to spill it all out before I could see straight." The former Wobbly broke in: "We all changed a lot, we plowed a lot of

ground in two years and there's a lot more to be plowed."

Communism has met with considerable success in "plowing a lot of ground" on the race issue. White workers emphasized this continually:

"We can't be free unless all the workers are free" . . . "As long as there's a differential in color, we're going to have a differential in wages" . . . "We can't improve our condition as long as there's other working people a little worse off than we are."

Communist children are playing a part in the campaign against race prejudice. They are carrying the battle into the schools. Parties of Young Pioneers, where colored and white children play together, have been broken up by police on several occasions. I talked to a fourteen-year-old girl, a Young Pioneer leader: "The white children get very angry at me, and throw rocks at me, but I tell them I like Negroes and I'm going right on liking them."

The thing that the Southern ruling class is unwilling and unable to see is that white men and women workers are tearing down the wall of race prejudice. Over a year ago, eight workers were arrested when a meeting was raided. Four of these were Negroes and four were Southern whites. The police were so infuriated at finding native white Communists with colored people that they disregarded their own jim-crow rules and threw all eight of them into the same cell in Jefferson County Jail. This case has never been settled, it has never been dismissed and never brought to trial, because the authorities don't dare permit the testimony of these Southern white men in open court.

Relief authorities estimate that one-third of the population of Birmingham is destitute. In many workers' homes that I visited, there was no furniture, no light, and in many cases almost no food. I saw a whole Negro family driving along a street in Birmingham in a wagon which was tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees because every wheel was of a different size and character—one wheel was a large carriage wheel, one was an old Ford wheel, one was only six inches in diameter. A mangy donkey dragged this contrivance, and perched precariously on its slanting surface were a man and a woman and five children and what appeared to be all their earthly possessions. I can't guess to what fate they were going, but the tragic absurdity of this starving family seemed to symbolize the crazy misery of the city.

I talked to the C.W.A. workers about the strike which was broken during my stay in Birmingham. Three hundred of them walked out because the pay for working was actually less than the amount obtainable from direct county relief if they refused to work. The C.W.A. pay ranged from \$12.60 to \$14.40 monthly. The strike was broken because the county authorities cooperated by threatening to cut off relief. At the same time, the sheriff and his deputies appeared and coerced the

strikers. One hundred went back to work that day, and one hundred and fifty drifted back on the following day. That evening I talked to one of the men who was still holding out: "Me and my family might just as well starve all at once as do it slowly." But he finally decided to return to the job the next day, and propagandize among the other workers for a stronger strike.

I saw the actual relief provisions on which a family of six was supposed to live for a week: One small piece of fat-back, one pound of coffee, one dime's worth of dried beans, the same amount of dried peas, one-half pound of sugar, one can of sausage. This ration would not be sufficient to sustain a dog in good condition for a week. The children were so excited by the sight of a bottle of milk brought by a comrade that the mother, sick in bed, began to sob brokenly. A doctor was called for the mother, but he found her illness easy to explain. "Starvation," was his only comment. The father of this family was fired from a C.W.A. project shortly before the recent strike. The foreman had heard him discussing wages with two other men. The three were fired on the spot: "Get out quick, we're not going to have any of that fighting talk around here." One of the men tried to answer: "I don't want to fight, all I want is to make a living." The boss cut him short: "I'll do my best to see you don't make a living around here; get out!"

The denouement of this story is important: The two other men involved in the incident knew very little about Communism. The next day they came to see the third man; they wanted to know more about it. The foreman had forced them to understand the issues.

In the early part of this article I mentioned another question which was raised at all the gatherings I attended: "How about the terror? Could the police interfere with the development of the movement?" . . . Individual reactions varied. Women were concerned about the possibility of arrest, particularly on account of the children: "Who will take care of the kids?" Another mother asked, "What will people say to my children if their mother's in jail?" To those who doubted or worried, comrades were ready with carefully considered answers: "We must be prudent, but we must redouble the work." "The terror is in proportion to our strength; the stronger we get, the more they'll try to bluff us." "We must not exaggerate the danger, but we must see it clearly." A young man denounced those who were weak in rather excessive terms: "If they're afraid of a little thing like this, where will they be in the revolution?" He was immediately stopped by an older comrade, "You mustn't be too quick to call people names, you must be patient, there's no sense in being scared, but there's no sense in boasting either. . . . It takes time to make a Bolshevik." He looked around the room with a smile: "There ain't one of us here was born a Communist; we learned it and it ain't easy to learn."

Since the terror began, the Party has answered with a quarter of a million leaflets

distributed in the Birmingham area. I heard a great deal of discussion of methods of distribution; I realized the infinite care with which this job is carried out, the sense that every printed and mimeographed sheet is of untold value, that the waste of a word of propaganda is criminal.

In the week preceding the trial of the six arrested Communists, sixty new members joined the I.L.D. and twenty joined the Communist Party. Many workers mentioned the fact that the arrests are excellent propaganda. One railroad worker said: "When they stopped the May Day demonstration, it got a lot of people thinking—they figured, if they won't let the Communists talk, they must have something important to say. If they were against the working man, they could talk all they pleased." The arrests stimulated this impression that there must be a *reason*: the men in the coal and ore strikes have plenty of evidence that the police and all the forces of the law are against them. The arrests were one of the main topics of conversation on the picket line.

A Negro miner (in Bessemer) told me that "most of the union men know by now that the Communists are taking a big part in this strike, and they see for themselves every word the Communists tell 'em is the sober truth."

The radicalization of the picket lines has

been proceeding so fast that the A.F. of L. leaders ruled against unemployed workers picketing with the union men, and ordered that every picket must show his union card. The reason for this was the number of Communists among the unemployed: this attempt to split the workers simply resulted in a clearer understanding of the issue. A colored leader of the unemployed laughed about it cheerfully: "We're just sitting back and waiting till they need us bad. We arranged so we get word if there's any trouble on the line. When there's trouble, we'll be right there with 'em—if you think we won't be there, you're crazy."

The Fascists employed by the Southern ruling class are completely unaware of the strength and meaning of this working class movement. They thought they had broken the back of Communism when they arrested six militant workers. Now that those six have been released, they are in imminent danger of being lynched by the White Legion. When Harold Ralston stood up in Judge Abernathy's court and made his historic declaration of working class solidarity, Negro equality and self-determination of the Black Belt, the court room was jammed with the lowest type of gangster legionnaires. Workers who thronged the court house were refused admittance. I was hemmed in during the trial by

men who were loudly discussing what they would do with the prisoners: "Burn 'em till they turn as black as the niggers they're so crazy about." . . . "I want him," said one of the thugs, "I want to cut out his tongue, 'cause he thinks he's a wise guy."

This is the atmosphere in which the law is administered in Alabama. It was at the conclusion of this trial that these legionnaires swarmed around Alexander E. Racolin, I.L.D. lawyer and myself, threatened us and forced our illegal arrest.

Communism is spreading rapidly in Alabama and the White Legion can't stop it. "They can't kill all of us," a worker said. "A few of us will get caught, the rest will go on with the fight." The working class spirit is expressed in a leaflet issued recently by Negro comrades and scattered by the thousands through the poverty-stricken streets of Birmingham, with the blazing headline, "We will not stand still and starve!"

Against this determination, the White Legionnaires play exactly the role of semi-official snoopers and torturers played in Germany by Hitler's degenerate Storm troops. Liberal opinion in the United States has been shocked and moved to stormy protests by the atrocities in Germany. How about Fascism in the United States? How about the Fascist terror in Alabama?

Down Among the Dead Men

I might be afraid of a dead man's ghost,
But worse are these daylight dead:
Very much worse are the dead I meet
Hurrying by on every street—
Corpses walking on earnest feet
When the grave should be their bed.

They were stillborn some; and some of them dead
Only a year ago:
They pretend flesh still: but when they talk
Their words come out of the tongueless chalk;
And under their bones the skeletons walk
Zigzag to and fro.

White maggots stir in their mouldy skulls,
And they call the stirring "*Thought*."
Their dead lips open, their dead lips close,
Over echoes of words long comatose:
By corpses (living, as they suppose)
The doom of the world is wrought.

They judge,—from sockets that have no eyes,—
The life that they cannot see.
In their hands of rigid bone they weigh
The rainbow, to prove that it must be grey.
And only a skull can know (they say!)
Life's osseous verity.

Their heart has died in its cage of bone:
Dust it has blown away.
Dead men decree it a waste of time
To set the dance of the suns to rhyme.
And Love is a lie of the fevered lime—
The wise white skeletons say!

This would not be such a frustrate world
If the dead would only die:
When, oh when, shall we shovel them in
To be the grasses' origin?
When shall death end and life begin
For live men under the sky?

MERRILL ROOT.

Plaint of the Petit-Bourgeoisie in Santa Fe

We are going on a journey to the country:
Along the way the desert will be
Fascinating with the memory of mountains
And smoke mirages of the sky.
A speakeasy world this is and we
Are punchdrunk with weariness:
Brass knuckles are the sound of sirens
Which epitomize the age,
Headed for destruction.
We will be witness to the accident
Of the grave (and hospitals
Will be the hothouse to nurture
Memory). The convalescence of the globe
Is prepared in the laboratory
Of mine and factory,
For the muscular arm of the proletariat
Works like a piston:
Already we are punchdrunk.
We are going on a journey to the country.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

The Proletarian Physician

DANIEL SUMMER

I, A PHYSICIAN, am a worker. I work in one of America's largest hospitals. It is not at all incomparable to a factory. Economically I am less than a wage-slave; I earn about fifteen cents an hour and my keep. Professionally I am pledged to an honorable tradition.

But there are certain peculiarities about my situation which serve to make me not a little bitter against the present social system. First, I had to train many years to get my job. To college, medical school and internship, ten years in all, I gave of my youth and energy. And money has never been abundant in the lower middle class. I ran elevators after school. I operated a switchboard. I worked in the freight yards with a crew of Negro and white laborers tossing cases of empty pop-bottles, one man to the other and he to the next in a chain toward the freight cars we loaded. I stood for hours in a post-office at night sorting letters. It didn't do my health any good. It did not make me a better physician.

Interested in my studies, I tried to keep down that resentment which class-consciousness always conditions. There were, too, the sectarian fraternities in both college and medical school. There was open prejudice against Negroes and Jews. I had to hate it. Negro students weren't allowed to live with us in the maternity hospital during obstetrical work in the senior year, and they could deliver only Negro women, though their hands may have been more skillful than ours. Five of us seniors every month in rotating groups did "district"; that is, under supervision, we delivered almost all the babies born to poor mothers who attended the dispensaries for prenatal care. We went out all hours of the day and night in rotation, and, in order to get a few winks of sleep before the next call, we were compelled to buy autos. My father sold his own truck to help me in this last outrageous demand. And for that privilege, among others, we paid four hundred dollars for a year's tuition, excluding books and fees and instruments. One of the boys began to bleed from a stomach ulcer under the strain of no sleep and hurried meals. Another got smashed up. An obstetrical resident was killed when his car skidded on a wet street in his rush to a patient's bedside. Compensation? Insurance? Not by a long shot: you had to risk your own wellbeing and life itself to fulfill the Hippocratic oath. They wouldn't even come out for you if your car broke down, as mine did one rainy night outside a house in the poor Polish neighborhood near the railroad tracks. I remember how my father, pale and worn with work and sleeplessness, came

to tow me home in the gray, wet dawn.

Finally you graduated and you had to scout around for an internship entirely on your own resources. The University Hospitals were already cluttered up with too many internes. Today there is still no systematic attempt each year to place the graduates where they are needed most. And men don't want to go into the hills of Kentucky or the broad farmlands. Hospitals and libraries are too scarce; an impoverished countryside is not attractive; and the government is too busy building battle-ships to think about creating adequate institutions for miners and farmers. Even in the large cities internships are not easy to find. Too many men flock there.

I came to New York. The only Negro in my class got an appointment at Harlem Hospital here. He had no other choice.

I served my internship. Luckily I didn't have to ride ambulance, but many do. Sometimes there are smashups: a broken arm, a fractured skull—and your own family foots the burial bill. If you accept money offered you—and you need cigarettes and razor blades—the superintendent suspends you and the Mayor rises up in holy wrath. Yellow journalism spits at you, as it spat at the Bellevue men last year for protesting against the unjust suspension of three internes. People think you get paid while your family goes on supporting you—if it can.

You work day and night. You do work without which the hospital couldn't get along. You do urines and stools and blood counts, spending whole mornings in the laboratories at tasks that a trained technician could as easily and satisfactorily perform. But you are a cheaper kind of labor. And you, a skilled assistant in a team of five or six, stand for hours in overheated operating rooms. In the private pavilion, the surgeon may get a couple of hundred or a thousand dollars and you too frequently get a good deal of abuse to season your enthusiasm for what you have learned. To share proportionately in the surgeon's fee as you share indispensably in his work—oh, no—that's against the apocryphal "tradition." However, it is true: some hospitals pay you a small sum; many attending physicians are cultured gentlemen and devoted teachers; a few directors act considerately but, by and large, economically and spiritually, you get a raw deal.

You have nights off. You may come from out of town with no place of your own outside the hospital. You can't bring a girl up to your rooms even if you aren't ashamed of the quarters. The moment the director hears that a female was in the "monastery," he gets a picture of you surrounded by sluts. You

are fired or suspended. The director, however, usually has a fine home provided by the hospital or a suite of rooms; and, as you pass by on any night, you may hear the sound of mixed laughter and you can see the figures of the guests through the lit windows. You have to keep your sex under cover. There are various ways. There is always a cheap hotel or an apartment some kind friend may loan you for an evening. Maybe after it's all over you wish you had money enough for a trip home to walk along the leafy avenues with the girl you love and had to separate from in the quest of the internship you couldn't get in your own city.

If you have a little more ability and a little drag you become a resident and you take charge of the younger internes. You direct them in the scientific "work-up" which consists of everything from the history to the finest laboratory test. The poor ward-patients are friendly and for the most part obedient. You like them. On the private pavilions you become chief servant. Frequently "political" patients earning several thousand dollars a year get admitted to the free wards. You are instructed to handle them with kid gloves. Or you are detailed to take care of the "compensation case" for which the attending physician may get as much as two hundred dollars for the work you have done. At best, you catch yourself hoping that, having been a victim of graft, some day you may get a "break." Usually, especially if you derive from the lower middle or the working class without "social connections," usually you get nothing.

Then you want to leave the hospital and suddenly you realize there is a depression. You hear practitioners bewailing their dwindling practices. You decide to take another year of specialization and then another. The hospital would rather keep its trained men than take in new, inexperienced ones. So, you read in the Journal of the A.M.A. that 2500 men stay in this year, about one-third of the total number of internes in the country, and the result is that many graduates can't get internships.

Perhaps you realize that, at least in the larger cities, private practice is becoming an anachronism. Any physician, rural or urban, will tell you that with the advance of medicine you can't do a patient justice unless you treat him among or near hospital facilities. You turn to institutional work, toward pathology, psychiatry, or physiology. But there are many doctors in the market, their time and training for sale, a highly trained commodity, like human labor anywhere, bought and sold in any industrial enterprise. You go to a city hospital in New York and after ten years of

training you are lucky if you can get even fifteen cents an hour with three cheap meals and a badly furnished room. You read that in certain cities men are being paid in "scrip" redeemable only at certain places at a discount and even that these wages are in arrears several months.

There is no organization that fights this state of affairs. Medical societies are almost farcical, catering to the will of established members with their outworn social and economic ideology and their quite general disinterest in the problems of the younger physicians. A typical, parasitic high-salaried officialdom is maintained, to no recognizable end except to absorb the \$20 you pay to join. So you take your job, at whatever pay, gratefully.

You work for fifty dollars a month, nine hours a day, examining eight to ten patients, often hurriedly. You work in a building for which a million dollars or more in graft went to Jimmy Walker & Co., arch scions of the venerable halls of Tammany. Then La Guardia gets elected and his Commissioner takes up the Holy Grail of reform. The present Commissioner of Hospitals is an unusually able man who enjoyed the distinction several months ago of being consulted in the plans for the All-Technical Institute of the Soviet Union. By now he has probably learned more thoroughly than anyone else how rotten to the core is the modern hospital system in New York. Yet, perforce, he continues trying to fill the holes of a leaky dike with silk handkerchiefs. He, a typical un-Marxist reformer, occupies the ludicrous position of an honest man in a den of thieves. He may cut out a crook or two, but the partly decapitated hydra sprouts many new heads.

He investigates. He discharges some men without rooting out their following. He takes power away from one Napoleonic director who has unjustly fired physicians. He allocates that power not to a militant council of medical men elected by the rank and file, but unto himself. Nor has he as yet reinstated those who were fired. Institutional physicians get panicky. Hysterically they talk about a union, in several hospitals. They are interviewed by the Commissioner and are assured of his benevolence and of their jobs—at the same pay minus an "economy wage-cut." Those who are whipped are too often grateful for small favors. They forget about the union. One hysterical, righteous female physician deriving vicarious sexual pleasure from tongue-lashing unfortunate patients—especially if they are pretty—takes to reading Ludendorff's psychopathic book on the Black Jews who are trying to gain control of the world. Fascism feeds itself. And the Commissioner himself is a Jew.

The Commissioner utters not a word about accident insurance for physicians. A male nurse gets his eye gouged out by a psychotic patient; he collects, and justly, a few thousand dollars. But if, the next day, you, a physician, are slugged over the head by a huge psychopath you get nothing but a healing wound for

compensation. You console yourself with an X-ray picture of your skull—oh, yes, they do that much for you.

Or, you work as a pathologist at the post-mortem table on a septic case. Your glove, sterilized too often, or of cheap quality, tears; your scalpel slips and nicks you. At best you get away with only a boil. But you might incur septicemia. You might be sick for months with chills and fever. You get condolences if you live—a little pity; your friends shudder to think what might have happened, and if you die, someone mentions your name sadly. Finis. Flowers.

Perhaps you are on the ward taking care of a child with meningococcus meningitis. You've been up all night or a good part of it and your resistance is low. Not long after, you have a headache and your neck gets stiff. You break out in spots. They give you serum. You recover, but one side of your face is paralyzed and you are deaf in one ear, handicapped for life.

And then you get a letter that your family is on the verge of starvation and eviction. You writhe in your chains as you look back at the long years of study, the hopes blasted by a rotten economic system and the love you cherished distorted and lost by separation and poverty. Is it strange then that your scientific aspirations are forgotten in your more immediate needs?

And then one day you hear that at Harlem Hospital a group of courageous dispensary physicians have united under the leadership of a fine Trinidad Negro and that they have petitioned the Commissioner of Hospitals, showing him how they are overworked, how inadequately patients are treated, and that physicians are paid nothing at all while the public believes them fully compensated. The Commissioner reads the petition, approves it and sends it to the Mayor with recommendation for action. But that's all that's ever heard about it. The Commissioner is a busy man. He is investigating.

Under the Hippocratic oath, every physician vows to treat his destitute patients. If he hasn't been roused into class-consciousness, he still believes that "the poor we have always with us." Probably not even good old Hippocrates, however, believed that charity, a personal virtue, should be "organized" and used to victimize the physician—to destroy his independence by reducing his practice as the dispensary system does—one of those "organized charities" that serve as apologies for the stupidity and greed of capitalism. It is not at all uncommon for people of the middle class to appear at dispensaries better clothed than the physicians and to ride away in taxicabs. The truly destitute patients wait in line for hours and we physicians pay for them.

You get fed up. Life sours and interest dulls. The whole profession seems to be going haywire: medical students, if they were lucky enough to have been admitted, are dropped unjustly—internes are browbeaten, overworked and unpaid—dispensary physicians

are victimized—institutional medicine applies corporative tactics—private practice becomes anachronistic—there is no end, your family is on the brink of pauperism, and you, you look for a way out.

You think of organization, union of the rank and file, a militant group of professional workers who will not rest until they have found a way to combat the evils under which capitalism holds them. You begin to achieve it; but you use subtle tactics. You lead them in the every day struggle against countless wrongs. You use the American word "council"—you never say "exploited"—instead "gypped," "cheated," "neglected" carry your meaning. And you don't—not at first anyway—talk about the Scottsboro case or the taxi strike or Hitler's murderous attack on the inviolability of their profession. Gently you lead them along their own dark corridors toward the light—you feed them on the abundance of their own gripes. They will learn that peaceful, dignified, and ethical means are weak in face of the greed and the power of undeserved wealth. And then the subtlety can become thunderous and shake them out of their lethargy. Like every other worker who at last understands his slavery, the physician's blood too will be ready to transfuse the Cause, keeping it vigorous, young, growing, triumphant.

You look forward to the barricades and after that to a new city, a new countryside, a new state. You look forward to real preventive medicine, preventive psychology. You envision, in the city, blocks and blocks of newly built workers' apartments with roof-gardens and solaria instead of the present tenement fire-traps and the desolate million roofs of New York. In the hills of Kentucky, among the miners, they forget babies that died of the "flux" (that you had yourself as an infant). You see medical units, efficient and convenient in every factory and in every farmland. You see yourself living among people whom you know and treat—developing as never before an exquisite personal relationship between physician and patient. Your unit, rural or urban, like every other unit, is in communication with large central hospitals and central academies. Scientific journals are free. The way to research opens. Regular vacations and health insurance are available. You marry early, or when you wish, not having to wait for a "fortunate" marriage, that cornerstone of careerism. You become a man among men. You know and enjoy real freedom.

And all this is real—not a Utopian dream. Every day, in the Soviet Union, its realization becomes more and more complete despite the handicaps that a Communistic society, hedged in on all sides by the atavistic brutality of imperialistic nations, must withstand.

But first—we need organization. We must act forcefully, concerting our power with that of all other workers. Proletarians together, we have barricades to build between us and the greed of capitalism.

Children of the Twilight

JAMES T. FARRELL

There little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh,—
There little girl, don't cry!
—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"**E**ITHER you will be here when I get home from work tonight, or . . . *never darken my door as long as you live!* I mean it this time. It's final!" the mother shrieked in a rasping voice.

"But mother . . . it's . . . it's Halloween."
"Don't talk back to me! When I say final, I mean . . . *final!*"

The Scarecrow stared vacantly at her mother. She was scrawny, and her features were thin, bony, and angular, like those of her mother.

"It's all right for a girl to have a good time, but it's the limit when a fourteen year old girl makes a cheap whore of herself. I'll not stand for your carryings-on one more minute while you live under my roof, and eat my bread. Here I am, an old woman, slaving for you. It's not fair. God knows that I tried to be a good mother. But what does it get me? What have you become? A slut. **SLUT!** I've fed and clothed and educated you. But you got your father's blood in you. You're like him. You're no good! I've done everything in my power to make something decent out of you. Now, I give up!"

The mother toppled breathlessly into a chair. Gawking at her, the Scarecrow moved towards the door, and tripped over her own feet.

"Gee!" she exclaimed in surprise, sitting on the floor.

"Ox! Cow! Can't you even walk straight?"

The daughter arose, and stood, petrified, staring at her mother.

"Sit down! I'm going to talk to you!"

The Scarecrow timidly took a chair at the other end of the room from her mother.

"You've got ugly cheek bones, and his consumptive chest. You're all skin and bone, with no figure, and your bow legs are like bent poles. You're a homely, dirty little devil. Those filthy little tramps ought to be able to find something better than a cow like you. . . But then, I suppose that pretty girls don't have to make sluts out of themselves for every little bum and high school bum that comes along the street."

The Scarecrow gawked at her mother.

"Well, *madam*, are you coming home tonight, or are you sleeping with some little cur? And, *madam*, shall I have your bawth? And perhaps, you'd like to bring home another of your *gentleman* friends to sleep with him in my bed?"

The mother arose, and nervously paced the floor.

"Answer me! Answer me! You're no daughter of mine. You take after that father of yours, and I wish to Christ he'd taken you along when he cleared out. I didn't want him, and I don't want his daughter. You! You! . . . You filthy little slut, you're no daughter of mine!"

Panting, the mother dropped to her knees, and buried her head in the Morris chair.

"Oh, God! Oh, God! God, why must I bear this cross!"

The mother lifted her head, and sat on the floor, her raggedly hair splattering down her back. She labored to her knees, and palmed her hands in prayer. The Scarecrow's face broke into a weak, slow-motion smile. Turning, the mother trapped the girl smiling, arose and slapped her face.

"Go ahead! Cry! Cry! Cry! Goddamn you!"

The mother's pathetic face contorted with pain and ecstasy, and the girl cowered to her knees under a reign of blows.

"Beg for mercy, you slut! God knows you broke my poor heart. You creased my face with tears. Cry! Cry and be damned! . . . You didn't cry, though . . . oh, no . . . you didn't bawl when you went into the boys' toilet at the Edmonds school. You didn't cry the night you brought that little pig into your mother's sacred bed. Well, go ahead and cry now! Cry!"

Wearied, the mother ceased beating the girl, and slumped back into a chair. The girl sniffed, and from the floor she looked through the window at the awfully sad day.

"You got his face, and his dirty eyes. I hate you!" the mother screamed.

The girl arose, and the mother leaped towards her, and flung her against the sideboard. She snatched a piece of rubber hose from the sideboard.

"That for your bastard father! And that! And that! . . ." Again exhausted, the mother returned to the Morris chair. She watched her daughter trembling like one shivering in the cold. Burying her head:

"George! George! I've suffered. I've been lonely, George. Please come back to this aching heart. Please! I'll forgive and forget everything. I'll work the skin off my bones for you. I want you. . . God, please send my husband, my lover, my sweetheart back to me. . . God, must I go on wearing myself out like this, carrying the heavy cross of a poor, helpless, lonely old woman? God, please send him back to me before it's too late. Oh, God, have you given any woman a cross as heavy as mine! Oh, God, if I was only dead!"

The mother gradually quieted. She went

to her bedroom, and the house was silent. The girl suddenly broke into hysterical laughter. Her bruised back throbbed like a rapid pulse. She went to her cot, and her tears slowly dried. Half asleep, she dreamed that she was the beautiful wife of a handsome millionaire, and he gave her beautiful clothes, beautiful yachts, beautiful airplanes, beautiful beach pyjamas, beautiful automobiles, beautiful everythings. She dreamed that she was a beautiful queen in a beautiful palace, wearing a beautiful dress of beautiful purple velvet, with a beautiful train, and that she was arising from a beautiful throne, surrounded by beautiful servants, and she stood in all her beautiful majesty, sending her mother to the horrible torture chamber, because she was a mean and cruel old thing. She dreamed that she was Cleopatra, dancing the dance of the seven veils, while all her marcelled generals, as handsome as Wayne, watched her with love in their beautiful eyes. She was asleep, and her thrashed ugly little body thrilled with disordered dreams.

The mother wearily departed for her job as a ticket taker at an Illinois Central suburban station, shouting a final, unheard warning to her daughter, and slamming the door.

When the Scarecrow awakened, it was dark and windy without. Sitting up on her cot, she rubbed sleepy eyes, and thought about how nice it would be, going to the party with Wayne, and how much nicer it would be if she could be with him all night. Wayne was nicer than Kenneth. She thought of how she had fooled her mother, and she laughed. Her mother had come home sick last night, and she had gone straight to bed, not even looking to see if she had come home. And she had stayed with Kenneth all night and then had sneaked in and gotten in her cot early in the morning, while her old thing of a mother was still asleep, and the old fool had not even noticed the difference. Ha! Ha!

When Wayne rang the doorbell, the Scarecrow met him in her dirty kimona. She told him to wait for her in the parlor. He said that he'd like to sit and watch a girl dressing. She said that gentlemen didn't watch ladies dressing in their boudoir. He followed her to her room, while she protested that it was not at all nice for a gentleman to watch a lady dress for the ball. He laughed. She giggled, dropping her kimona, and studying herself in the mirror in her soiled teddies. He told her that she was plug-ugly, but he excitedly kissed her, and said crazy-nice things to her, using the nicest grammar. Afterwards, he sat in the parlor, urging her to hurry. She fussed around with her long, black, ten-dollar dress, putting it on and taking it off until she was finally satisfied that she looked like a society lady. She combed out her stringy hair, layered

her face with cosmetics, and announced herself ready for the party.

Because they were late, Wayne took her in a taxicab. She was one more notch in his belt, even if she was ugly, and when he paid the cab bill, he felt and acted like a man-of-the-world.

II

The party was being held at Ray's. Ray was a good guy. He made big money selling wholesale groceries, and he was thick with Bill's dad, and like a kindly uncle to Bill. Whenever Bill and his gang wanted to throw a party, they called up Ray, and told him. He always permitted them to use his flat. He was well stocked with groceries and liquor, and did not care what they did, just as long as they broke no furniture, and cleared out before he came home with his lady friend.

Bill met them at the door, staggering, and insisting that Wayne had better hurry up and get down to business, because every one of the tanks was way ahead of him, and he had plenty of territory to cover. Wayne swiftly deposited his wraps, and joined the party, receiving boisterous greetings from the fellows, and sweet smiles from the girls, because Wayne was so handsome, and had such blond marcelled hair. George grabbed Wayne's arm, and pointed at Lois who lay on a couch sodden and unconscious, a cigarette dying in her hands, and wisps of black bobbed hair straying over her flapper's face.

"Lookat! Ain't she a sight for sore eyes. Boy, I'd love to have those nuns who teach her Christian Doctrine lamp her now."

"Hello, Scarecrow!" Bill exclaimed; the Scarecrow minced into the parlor acting out her conception of a real society lady.

"Hello, Nickel-Nose!" George greeted.

George clutched her arm, and led her to the center of the room.

"Ladies and Gents!"

They laughed, and Bill asked where the ladies were, because he, for one, could not see any. Joe asked did George think he was funny, or what, calling the Scarecrow a lady.

"Think of your mother," George said melodramatically; while they laughed, the Scarecrow stood picking her nose.

"Well, Bill, I most certainly like your nerve!" little Marge said, elevating her pug nose with studied cuteness in a gesture of mock indignation. She added that there were ladies present, but she could not, even with a microscope, see anything that even faintly resembled a gentleman.

"Aw, Hot Monkey Vomit!" Bill snapped.

"Why, Bill!"

"Ladies and Bums!" George megaphoned through his hands; the Scarecrow stood beside him, acting and simpering as if she were a proud lady. Joe interrupted George to ask him why he did not marry the girl, and George flashed the reply that it would be sappy, because she dished out the marriageable goods gratis.

"Ladies and Bums, I have here . . ."

"Doesn't he look like Harold Teen," the Scarecrow tittered.

George blushed, and was incoherent under the laughter he received. He handled the Scarecrow roughly, and shouted:

"Ladies and Dopes! Allow me to introduce to you a real celebrity . . . I have here none other than Miss Nickel-Nose, the best known virgin in all the grammar schools of Chicago."

"Razzberries," Wayne said.

"Put him out of his misery!" Bill shouted.

"Somebody experiment, and see if tickling his funny bone will make him amusing," Mary Jane said in a blasé voice.

The Scarecrow gawked, seeming to enjoy the attention she had received.

Jack, a bath towel flung over his left arm, entered with a tray of filled wine glasses.

"Garçon," said plump Marge in her best high school French accent.

"Now you found your work. It's being a bartender," the Scarecrow giggled; no one laughed.

"Listen, Nickel-Nose!" Jack hissed.

Scrambling for drinks, they spilled wine on the carpet. George, raising a wine glass aloft, proposed a toast to God's Guts. Lois, coming to, jumped upon the sofa, and shouted that George should be more scientific, and say God's Alimentary Canal.

Marge told Lois that it was shocking to hear such talk from a Catholic high school girl.

"Don't exercise your buccal cavity so much, old dear," Lois jeered in reply.

"Well, I most certainly like your nerve!" Marge exclaimed.

Mary Jane and Frances said that everyone was perfectly disgusting, but they joined in drinking the toast, the fellows and Lois emptying their glasses in one swig.

The Scarecrow dumped down beside Wayne in a manner which she considered to be queenly, and she whispered to him that he had nice hair.

"Save it!" Wayne said.

Little Marge made room on her chair and called Wayne over to tell him a secret. George said that everytime Marge got a yen for a guy, she had secrets to tell him. Marge said that George was unremittingly impossible. Wayne sat by Marge, and Lois immediately placed herself on his lap. Ignoring Marge's protests that Wayne was now her man, Lois called him, "Handsome," and fingered his red tie. Wayne fatuously accepted the attention.

The Scarecrow looked ready to cry. She asked for another drink, and Jack said that she wasn't a cripple. She hastened towards the kitchen. Sitting at the table, she drank a toast to herself, and thought of a tall, handsome, awfully rich millionaire's son coming to marry her and make her his beautiful happy wife with all kinds of beautiful things and clothes of her own. She smiled wanly, thinking of

how that would make those old girls in the front turn green and pink. She drank a toast to the tall, handsome, awfully rich millionaire's son who was going to come and make her happy. She cried.

Wiping her tears with the back of her hand, she arose, telling herself that a lady must always look her best. In the bathroom, she dabbed her face with powder, and smeared carmined rouge on her lips. She returned to the parlor, just as George concluded a joke about how fleas got in the preacher's soup. Amidst loud guffaws, Mary Jane protested that they were perfectly disgusting.

"Well, don't get shocked yet. That's only one of the mildest ones that we tell down at Tower Tech," George bragged.

They told smutty jokes, shimmy danced, drank, and shouted raucously.

"Say, that reminds me!" George said during a moment of comparative quiet.

"What?" Bill yelled.

"The granary," George answered.

They rushed to the ice box, and dragged out all the food they could find. While they were eating and drinking beer with gusto, the Scarecrow stood alone by the radiator, gorging on a chicken leg. Marge told her to be careful or she'd break a tooth. Mary Jane clucked with disgust, and said that she was just like a dog with a bone.

"I'll bet the mater kicked her out again," George said after tapping Bill on the shoulder.

"Hey, Scarecrow!" Bill hollered.

Wiping a smudge of grease from her lips, she looked at him.

"Did the mater toss you out into the crool, cold world?"

She cried.

"I told you so," George said.

"Well, it's nothing new," George said.

"Hell, no!" Bill said.

She wiped her tears with greasy hands, and continued with the chicken bone.

"Hey, Wayne, you're taking her home tonight, aren't you?" Jack asked, ranging himself beside George and Bill.

Marge and Lois, hearing Jack, looked contemptuously at the Scarecrow.

"What do you mean?" asked Wayne.

"Ain't you her boy friend of the moment?" Jack asked.

"Oh, I took care of that at her house before we came," Wayne smirked.

"Jesus, she's flowing again," George said, seeing the Scarecrow in tears.

"I hate my mother!" she sobbed.

"It looks to me like it's mutual. But anyway, whether she likes you or not, she don't feed you none too much. Boy, I never saw anyone stow away the grub at a party the way you do. Look out or you'll even get fat," George said.

"Yeah, Scarecrow, watch out or you'll get sick from over-eating," Jack added.

"The hell with her troubles. Let's have a drink," Wayne said, his mouth stuffed full of ham sandwich.

Jack prepared a round of drinks, and George hopped onto a chair, and proclaimed, with raised glass:

"To the Scarecrow, may she find a bed . . . I mean a home."

"Hell, she don't need a bed for that. She's used to the sides of garbage cans and hallways," Jack said; he gulped his liquor, spilling part of it on his coat.

"You boys are just horrid and cruel," Mary Jane said, laying her glass in the sink.

She approached the Scarecrow and with facile sympathy, told her not to cry. She listened to the Scarecrow's tear-stained tale of how her mother beat her for liking boys when it seemed that she couldn't help liking them.

"Say, what does it feel like?" Mary Jane interrupted.

The Scarecrow stared at Mary Jane, puzzled.

"You know?"

"What?"

"Well, I mean when . . . fellows and girls sin of the flesh."

"Some boys have awfully cold feet like Kenneth," the Scarecrow said, giggling.

Mary Jane said she wondered how it was when you were just a naturally cold person, and could not get warm, even if you wanted to because your blood was so frigid that it froze your heart. The Scarecrow giggled.

The doorbell rang, and it was answered by the entire party. Mike and Caroline entered. Caroline was a tall, gorgeous, and handsome girl, physically mature, although she was only sixteen years old. Her skin was milky, her blue eyes were expressive, and her head was crowned with a lavishness of lovely chestnut hair. She wore a long, black satin paneled dress which enhanced her narrow hip line. The fellows looked at her with unabashed desire, and greeted her with stupid remarks. Marge flung herself into the arms of her classmate, and they kissed.

"Carrie, dear, you look just ducky," Marge said.

When Marge and Caroline unclasped, George embraced her, and repeated Marge's words and gestures. Everybody laughed. Jack and Bill scrambled to procure her a drink, and she vamped into the parlor, swaying her hips. She accepted Jack's glass and drank it in one swallow.

"We learn to take our drinks like soldiers at St. Paul's," she said in a stagey amateur-theatrical voice.

The party proceeded with replenished zest. The Scarecrow sat isolated on the floor in a corner. Caroline, surrounded by fellows, eyed Wayne until he asked her to dance. They danced through three successive pieces. Marge cut in on the fourth dance, and Caroline majestically retired to the kitchen, where she ate a full jar of stuffed olives. The Scarecrow wandered lost-eyed to the kitchen, sat opposite Caroline at the table. She told her story to Caroline. Caroline listened closely, until

Lois, acting with challenging possessiveness, appeared on Wayne's arm. Caroline smiled invitingly at him, and forced him to take a sip from the glass she had just poured herself. The Scarecrow told Wayne that he had not danced with her once all during the party.

"Why don't you go ahead and eat while you have the chance? You'll find somebody to sleep with you tonight," Lois told her.

Caroline purposefully broke her beads, and asked Wayne to fix them. He gallantly complied, and she walked back to the front on his arm, bumping Lois as she passed her.

"I always thought that her big can was good for something," Lois said with great exasperation, as she watched them going down the hall.

In the parlor Caroline ogled Wayne. The Scarecrow came in as if dazed, and sat beside them. Caroline told her that she had taken someone else's place. Meekly she sat on the floor in a corner.

"Well, I say that when Ray comes home, he'll meet with a nice surprise," Bill said.

"He'll be bringing a damsel home to this mess, and you know, when he brings one home, he keeps her for breakfast, dinner, and supper," George said.

"No man knows how to treat a woman right," Marge said with unexpected judiciousness.

"Sure he does. Whip 'em! Treat 'em rough and tough!" Wayne said.

"Say, Tarzan!" Caroline challenged.

"I didn't mean you, darling. You're different, a queen. You're an ineffable empress of a glorious empire of Love and Dreams that no mere mortal can attain. You're an angel with orbs like stars, and skin as beautiful as the Milky Way. Why, a miserable worm of a homo sap like myself is not even worthy to kiss the hem of your dainty garment, or the sole of your lovely little slipper," Wayne said in his most polished high school fraternity manner.

"Hey, Wayne, there's a word for all that," Jack said.

"Who's been feeding the man?" Caroline asked.

"Why, he told all that to me tonight when . . ." The Scarecrow giggled.

"She's your speed," Caroline told Wayne with a sneer.

Laughed at, Wayne, went to the kitchen and consoled himself with a drink.

"See her! Ain't she the comely wench!" Mike said, toppling about with a glass in his hand and pointing at Caroline, who was surrounded by five fellows.

Mary Jane looked hatefully at her.

"Sure, she's a comely wench and I brought her here. Me, I'm the guy that brought her to this bacchanalian carousal. I am! Hey, wench! Hey, Caroline . . . didn't you make Wayne yet?"

"Boloney," Wayne said, returning.

"Mike, you're getting perfectly despicable. You're too mean for words, and if you utter another word like that I'll never speak with you again," Caroline said.

"Okay, wench!" Mike said, saluting.

Jack again appeared with the bath towel and another tray of drinks. The Scarecrow took a glass and quickly drank it. Her insides were warmed, and she laughed, forgetting that Wayne had ignored her, and that her mean old mother had beaten her. She sat in the center of the floor in an enjoyable state of child-like, animal elation. She twisted her foot, studying it with intent curiosity. A glance of surprise lit her face, and she giggled. She gazed about the room, and everyone seemed to her like strangers she might see through a window on a foggy night as she lay in bed. An awful sad feeling overcame her, and she whimpered like a puppy. She arose, sobbing, and looked at Wayne in dumb adoration. She sang in droning drunkenness:

My man, I love him so!
My man, I love him so!
My man, I love him so!

"Put a nickel on the drum," George said.

"She's maudlin," Caroline said.

"Go ahead, Wayne. Be charitable and satisfy the wench," Mike said.

She dropped onto the floor.

"Another shower bath," Mike said.

"Doesn't she ever stop flowing!" George said.

"I ain't got no home," she lamented.

"I got an idea, Scarecrow," George said.

"Spill it before it dies of Siberian loneliness," Jack said.

"Pipe down, Big Mouth! . . . Hey, Scarecrow, you'll be safe in the park now because it's too cold for the squirrels," George said.

"I'll bet she has already slept there," Mike said.

She gazed sheep-eyed from person to person, her face streaky from the tears that had corroded over her powder. Her thin hair tumbled down her back.

"I ain't got no place to go. If I go home, my mother will beat me 'n' call me bad names. She beat me awful today, and made my back all sore and red, and put lumps on it. I ain't got no home, and ooh, it's cold outside," she sobbed.

"You got pounded full of lumps, didn't you, Scarecrow?" George said.

"George, you're unnecessarily vicious," Caroline said.

"God's Guts! She's used to it," he replied.

"It's so cold, ooh!" she cried.

"What I want to know is, where did the Scarecrow get that awful hair. Look at it, it falls down her back just like the rain," Jack said, and while the fellows haw-hawed, the Scarecrow quivered. Staring about, she resembled her mother in the latter's convulsions.

"I got black 'n' blue marks all over my back, too."

"Let's see 'em," Mike said.

She stood up, and jerked her dress off. It dropped to the carpet, and she faced them in her dirty, flimsy underwear. They examined the welts on her bony back with curiosity. She revealed the marks on her chest, under

her small knobby breasts, and pulling her slip, she showed them the bruises on her legs and thighs.

"Well, where are you going tonight?" Caroline asked.

Kicking her dress into a corner, she swayed about the room.

"Can't you go back to Kenneth's? He's always hard up," Wayne said.

"I didn't like him so much because his feet were so cold, oh, almost like ice," she said. They laughed.

"Who's Kenneth?" Caroline asked.

"He goes to Tower Tech with us. His family, they are all nomads, and never home. The pater is a beer runner, and the mater and sister are nomads. Kenny and his brother are the only ones ever home, and the brother has enough to do to take care of his own damsels,

so Kenny can do anything he wants at home, bring in stray cats, dogs, wenches, anything," Bill said.

"Well, Scarecrow, are you going back to Ken's?" George asked.

"His feet are so cold."

"Well, where are you going?" Marge asked.

"My God! What a frau." Caroline exclaimed.

"She's so dumb, they've kept her in seventh grade for three years. The inside of her cranium is a jungle," George said.

"I wonder if I could bring her home with me?" Caroline said.

"She'll get you in trouble. She'd be flirting with the janitor, and once you got her there, she'd park, and you'd have to blow her out of the house with dynamite to get rid of her.

And then her witch of a mother would come down and throw a scene all over the place. I know because I took her home once myself," Marge said.

Bill cut them short by remarking how late it was. The Scarecrow was neglected in a bluster of arranging, furniture moving, and perfunctory bed-making. When they left, the Scarecrow tagged out after them. She was drunk, and had forgotten her dress.

"I would go see Kenneth, only his feet are so cold," she said, her teeth chattering.

Half seriously, half in humor, they discussed her plight. Gradually, everyone left. Mike and Caroline were the last to depart, and riding away in a taxicab, they glanced back to see the Scarecrow, staggering and shivering on the corner, with a cloth pulled tightly around her.

Rivera's Counter-Revolutionary Road

DAVID ALFARO SIQUEIROS

I DO NOT propose to deal merely with Diego Rivera's *Portrait of America* and its accompanying monograph. Such a particularized form of analysis seems to me to be mistaken. I shall discuss first the sum total of his work and of his actions and the nature of the movement that he represents.

Up to now, the method of criticism in the case of Rivera has been one-sided and scholastic, similar to that used by the academic critics. That is to say, a mechanical analysis has been applied (an anti-dialectic method), to his individualist, isolated work, to his personality as though it were a static and utterly detached thing. Only one of the effects has been studied—his opportunism—with entire neglect of the causes.

For this reason the discussion has become a vicious thing. And for this reason the arguments thus stated do not explain completely the subtle elements that the problem implies.

The controversy has unmasked the opportunist; that is evident. But the true nature of his actions remain in shadow. The revolutionary intellectuals and the workers by now recognize the demagogue. But little do they understand the "technique" he uses in his tasks. The microbe has been isolated, but the sources of its origin are still unknown. That is, the true technical and ideological nature (as well as methodology and strategy) of the incubator, the so-called "Mexican muralist movement," is still unknown.

The criticism must be a complete one in order to draw from it useful lessons for the making of a true revolutionary art. For this end, the political path of Rivera provides material of great eloquence.

Portrait of America, by Diego Rivera. Covici-Friede. \$3.50.



DAVID ALFARO SIQUEIROS

But, is it possible to portray in one article, the ever-tortuous political and artistic path of Rivera? Only in the form of synopsis. That is what I am going to do. Naturally, by doing so, I will only be able to make concrete statements, which I shall enlarge upon later in case objections should arise.

What is the "Mexican muralist movement?"

The "Mexican muralist movement" or the "Mexican Renaissance" is the first attempt at collective revolutionary art in the modern age. It is the first modern collective attempt at pub-

lic art. It is the first modern collective attempt at mural art.

These characteristics have given it international fame. The "left" intellectuals boost it. The professional critics advertise it in the bourgeois press. Its reverberations have conquered even real revolutionary ideologists.

The Mexican muralist movement comprises the works which we did from the time of the frescoes in the Preparatory School up to the paintings done by Rivera and Orozco in the United States. Those which I did in Los Angeles belong to a new impulse of revolutionary art.

What does Rivera represent in that movement?

Diego Rivera is the most spectacular representative of that Mexican movement. More than that—he is its most mature painter.

How did the Mexican mural movement burst forth?

The Mexican mural movement emerged from the Mexican revolution; I mean, it emerged out of a popular revolution (primarily a peasant one). This revolution was directed theoretically and in its military aspects by the artisan petit-bourgeoisie of the country. With that revolution it came into being, with it, it flourished, and with it, decayed. From the Mexican revolution it took its characteristics, at first, its Utopian confusionism, and always its constant opportunism.

Its founders and promoters, we were subjected on arriving to all the whirlwind and natural confusion of its ideology: its anarchic chauvinism. We shall thus be able to see how some were poisoned permanently and how others saved themselves from the venom.

Traditional Bohemianism—Dilettantes, we began to function. Nevertheless, we were not



Oscar Newman

Oscar Newman

DAVID ALFARO SIQUEIROS



Oscar Newman

Oscar Newman

DAVID ALFARO SIQUEIROS

cured of the Bohemianism from which we had been ailing for years. Rivera, the best adapted personality of the movement, went through the entire bloody epoch of the Mexican Revolution in his Paris atelier . . . and he it was who became, later on, one of the ideological directors of our pictorial movement.

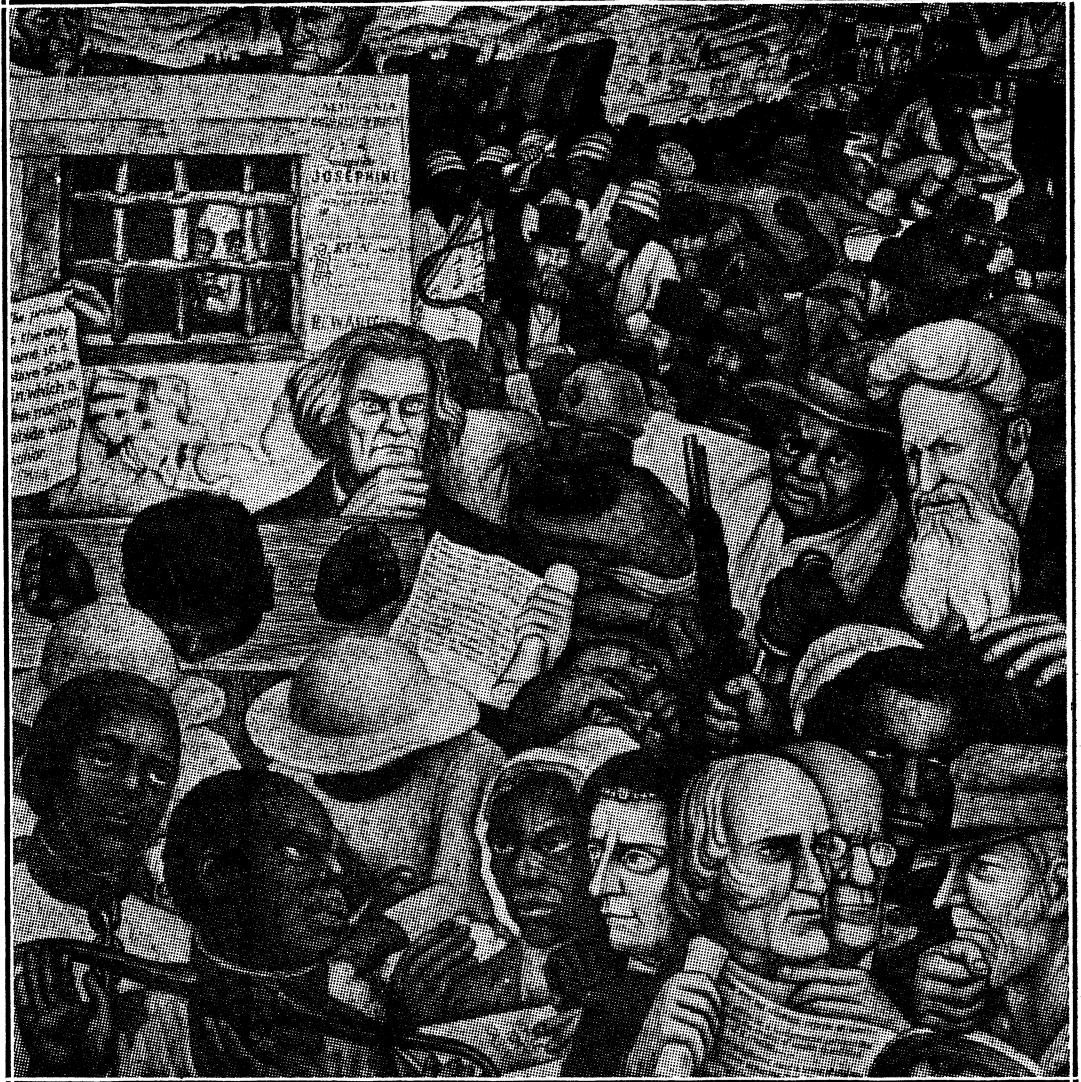
Typical Snob—In Paris, Rivera was the most outstanding mental snob of his time. He was the classic Montparnassian and Rotondeian. Nobody could get the better of him in speculative agility, in his stretch of imagination. His pre-cubist, cubist and post-cubist work in Europe demonstrated his absolute detachment from the social problem. Thus it was that he, the snob, later appropriated the revolution exclusively as a platform for his declamations.

Mental Tourist—Once in Mexico, Rivera was the mental tourist par excellence. Indianist, folklorist, archeologist. (Picasso in Aztec-land!) In Mexico he was the Mexican chauvinist of Indianism, when he came to the United States he suddenly laid stress on the continental aspect of his Indianism. His mental tourist attitude reaches as far as the introduction for his *Portrait of America*. In twelve years, Rivera has not managed to become a real internationalist! He continues to be the victim of the mystical soporifics of the bourgeoisie! He doesn't know even yet that revolutionary art is bound to reflect the international character of the revolution. He doesn't know that the regional and circumstantial influences will never prevail over class characteristics.

Economical Surrender—The snob, the mental tourist, didn't know and could not, later, foresee, the dangers that were bound to obstruct us in the completion of our work. Economically, it was unconditional surrender for him to the government as patron of the mural work. In the same form he delivered all of us over to the government. Thus he handed over to the official patron the club that was to serve later on as a weapon against the left wing of our painters' syndicate.

The Blind—After that it was a matter of finding an appropriate place for our work. At that time we had already written and spoken about our ideas of art in revolutionary propaganda. The snob, the mental tourist, was put in charge of the search . . . and found the most remote places in the buildings of the University and of the Government. That is to say, he found for our art, which was to be for the masses, just precisely those places that were most completely removed from the traffic of the masses. The Montparnassian was not then capable of understanding that revolutionary art is art which is politically functional. But did he learn this later on? We shall see that he unfortunately did not.

Confusionist—His idealization of the Indian was later converted to an idealization of the Indian peasant as the main political factor of Mexico. This was the essence of this political belief for a long period . . . until one day the springboard of his demagoguery propelled



From *Portrait of America*

THE PAST: The conflict over slavery. Portrait of the slave-owners and the Abolitionists—John C. Calhoun, Thoreau, etc. The complete symbol, the documented portrait.

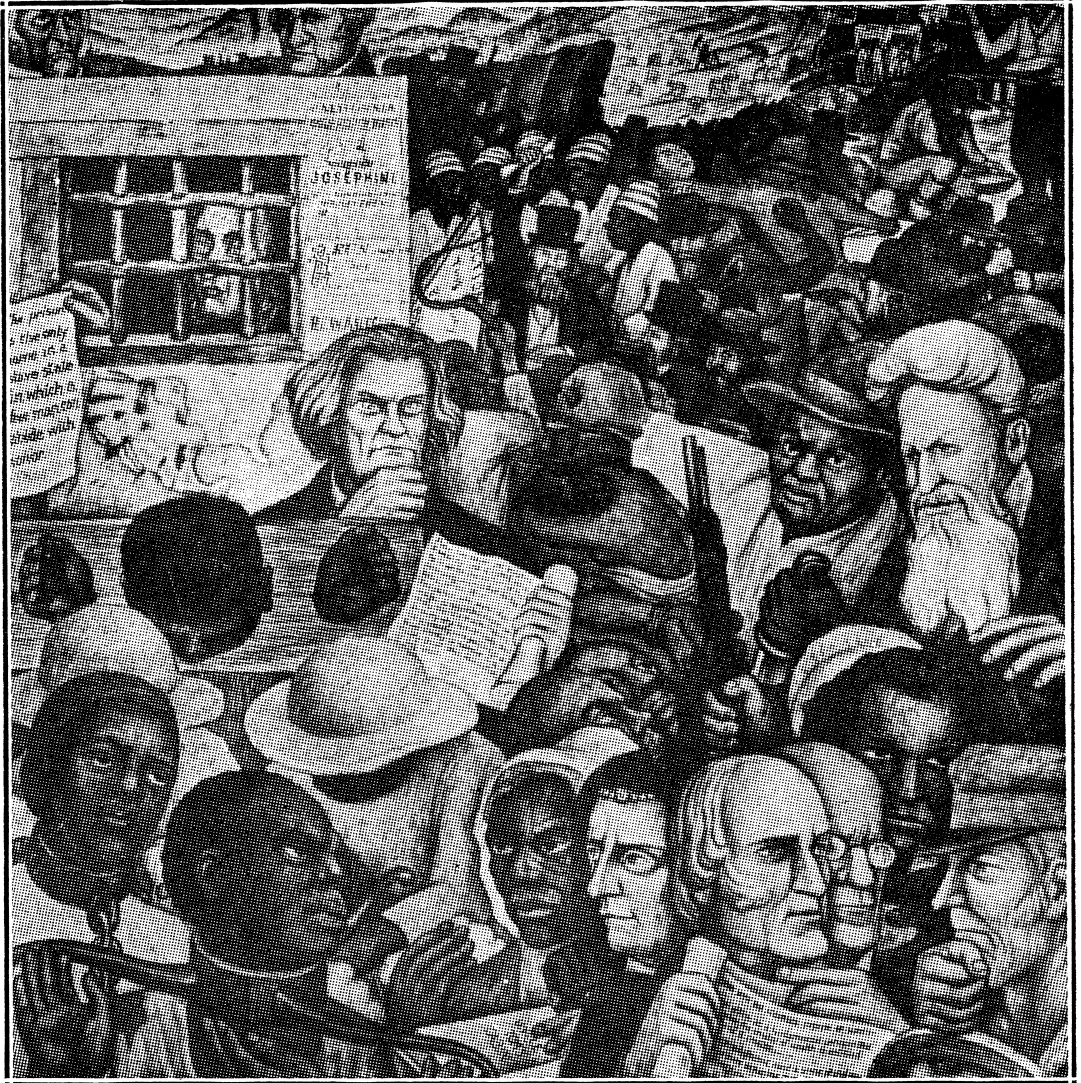
him to the other extreme: he became a "Proletariatist," a hundred percenter—a la Trotsky! We shall see when, why and how this happened. For the time being his passion for the peasant was simply material for ideological confusion. A theory of grave falsity for the purposes of the true revolution. Natural flower of the consistent irresponsibility of Rivera.

Trade-Union Opportunist—Even in the very first constitutional meeting of our Syndicate of Painters, Rivera showed himself to be a demagogue and an opportunist. To the same degree, Orozco displayed his aesthetic nihilism. The Syndicate, for Rivera, ought to have been the vehicle of collaboration with the Government by means of the Department of Public Education. To this end, he proposed that they give a banquet to the Minister Vasconcelos, the Medici of the "Mexican Renaissance."

The Syndicate ought only to back up the maintenance and development of official work. As something stuck to the belly of the Public Treasury. This explains why the strength of the so-called Mexican Renaissance was a bureaucratic strength.

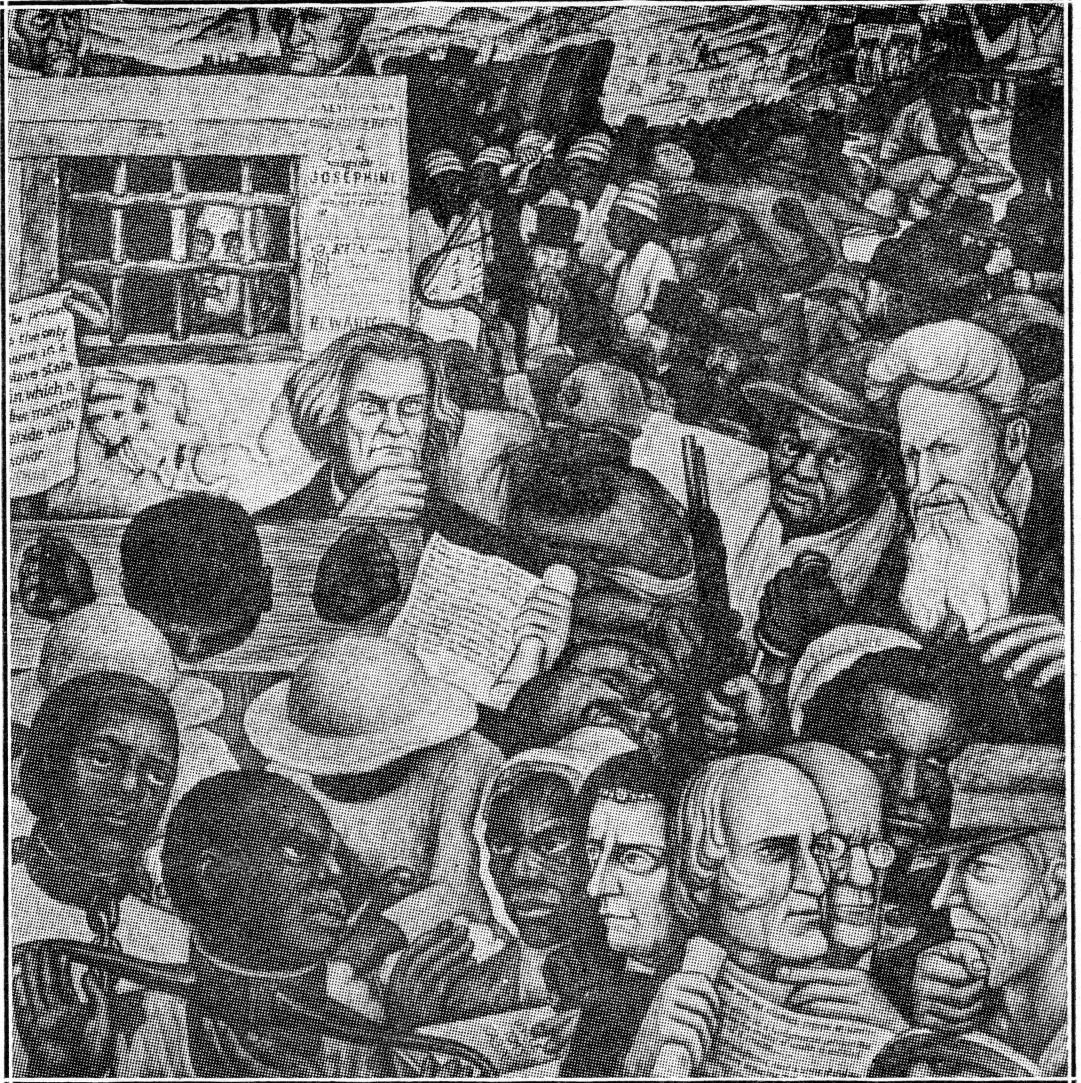
Saboteur of the Collective Work—Proclaiming the collective work, he destroyed all the possibility of working collectively. With his talk of imitating the Guilds of the Italian Renaissance, he appropriated for himself alone, as time went on, all the official work of the Government. Thus is explained the extreme chaos not only of the politics, but also of the technique, of our movement. Look at the places painted by us, and you will find all the mediums, all styles, all sizes! This fact does not discourage Rivera from continuing his international lying by his method as clever advertiser.

Saboteur of El Machete—The Syndicate needed its own publication. A natural instinct impelled us towards the real agent for spreading our graphic art amongst the masses. That is how *El Machete* came into existence. In order to neutralize Rivera, we included him in the Central Committee. This did not prevent him from constant sabotage. He never contributed a single drawing to it. He only did one little article in all the years of its existence. None the less, this does not stop him from calling himself, internationally, the father and the mother of the courageous crea-



From portrait of America

THE PAST: The conflict over slavery. Portrait of the slave-owners and the Abolitionists—
John C. Calhoun, Thoreau, etc. The complete symbol, the documented portrait.



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THE PAST: The conflict over slavery. Portrait of the slave-owners and the Abolitionists—
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ture. For Rivera, El Machete was a continuous source of friction with his good boss, the Government. It would have been better for him had it died! Rivera's road of opportunism was already well-planned ahead of him.

Agent of the Government—El Machete condemned, with the aid of skillful revolutionary drawings, the gradual surrender of the government of the new bourgeoisie, to imperialism. This was unforgivable; and we, Xavier Guerrero and myself, directors of El Machete, were chucked into the street. Our work-contract was rescinded. Although Rivera also figured as a director of our trade-union organ, he not only carried on his contract, but he increased his income, as well. For Rivera the one important thing was to continue to be a mural painter, it did not matter to him that for this purpose he had to sell his soul to the devil . . . and this was just what happened. The Syndicate split up into three factions. Rivera headed the one that surrendered to the Government. (Orozco, faithful to his traditional hermit-ism and misanthropy, sank into political passivity. He sank likewise into symbolic vagueness of pseudo-revolutionary art.) Rivera, through all this, was able later to become the corrupting hand of the demagogic counter-revolutionary faction operating among the masses of the Communist Party. This was possible at that time because of the political youthfulness of the party.

Technically Backward—The snob, the mental tourist, the opportunist on the make, could not be a technical innovator. He could not have found the technique and the methodology appropriate to revolutionary art. This is a functional problem. It cannot be solved by one ignorant of the function. The technique of Rivera, as that of the whole Mexican artistic movement, is mystical for the purposes of revolutionary art; interior walls, the anachronistic traditional fresco, the paint-brush, etc., etc. He never has had any inventive capacity in revolutionary technique. His are useless media and materials, not only for purposes of the art of propaganda, but also for the conditions of modern construction. I shall return to this in another article. Rivera declares that the Mexican Indian taught him the craft of painting, but in all his work he never used anything but the imported Lefranc colors. Rivera brought back from Europe the academic methods of composition, of the type of Lhote.

The "Fan" of the Revolution—The work of a "sympathizer" was all that Rivera ever accomplished. He has never had trade-union experience. He never took part in the daily struggles of the working class. The Communist Party could not use him except in showy kind of work. Spectacular stuff was the only kind for which he displayed enthusiasm; for which he was any use. For this reason he could never, and never will, become anything but a dilettante in revolutionary art. The artist to serve the revolution can only be a professional in functional revolutionary art, one who knows a craft that is fashioned from a profound understanding of Marxist doctrine

and from daily militancy. The others will always be the "ungrateful" ones!

Official Painter of the New Bourgeoisie—That is to say, the painter who has continued faithfully with the ebb and flow of official Mexican demagogy. The "master-painter," the bourgeois intellectual dilettante of the revolution, saw himself forced to give himself over to a slow process of concessions in exchange for the right to continue painting walls. The painter who did not understand that mural painting at all costs leads to dangerous opportunism, who pretends not to see that revolutionary mural painting belongs to the near future of society; that is, to the period of proletarian dictatorship. In Mexico Diego Rivera painted only general themes, abstract symbols, scholastic, pseudo-Marxist lectures. The academic and pedantic speech instead of the appropriate slogan of the moment. Not a single concrete question of the precise political portrait, he never employs, however, the figures of the Mexican feudal (land-owning) bourgeoisie who were in league with imperialism. Calles, its strong man, never appears on the scene in his role of

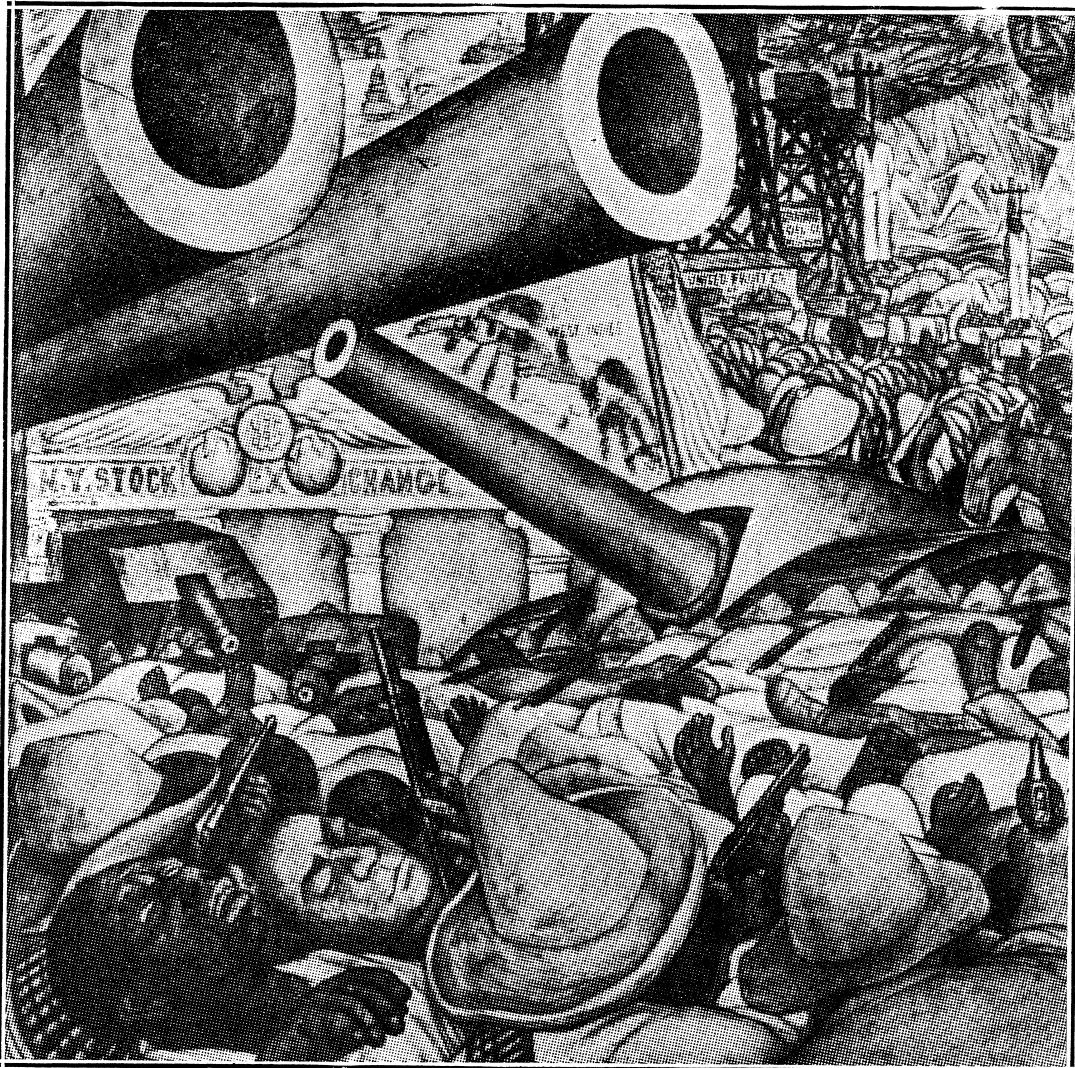
demagogue-hangman of the Mexican workers. He never painted Julio Antonio Mella, Guadalupe Rodriguez, Pedro Ruiz, none of the victims of the Mexican counter-revolution. And Ambassador Morrow? Rivera could not very well portray politically his patron, the man who paid him twelve thousand dollars so that he would condemn the Spanish Colonials in his fresco, as the symbol of oppression of the Mexican people, to be presented as a gift to the government of the respective state. Naturally, Rivera recalled Cortez of the Conquest. Cortez is long dead; but in no way did Rivera hint at the modern Mexican Cortez; on the contrary, the latter was a friend of his, and his widow is his god-mother in the United States.

The Renegade—When the "comfortable" era for Communism in Mexico came to an end, and the official counter-offensive began, Rivera's enthusiasm gave out. He had to get out of the Communist Party at all costs. To continue in it would have been to endanger his "sacred" mural painting. At the same time it was necessary for him to make a "revolutionary" exit. The solution was logical. He would get himself expelled from the Party,



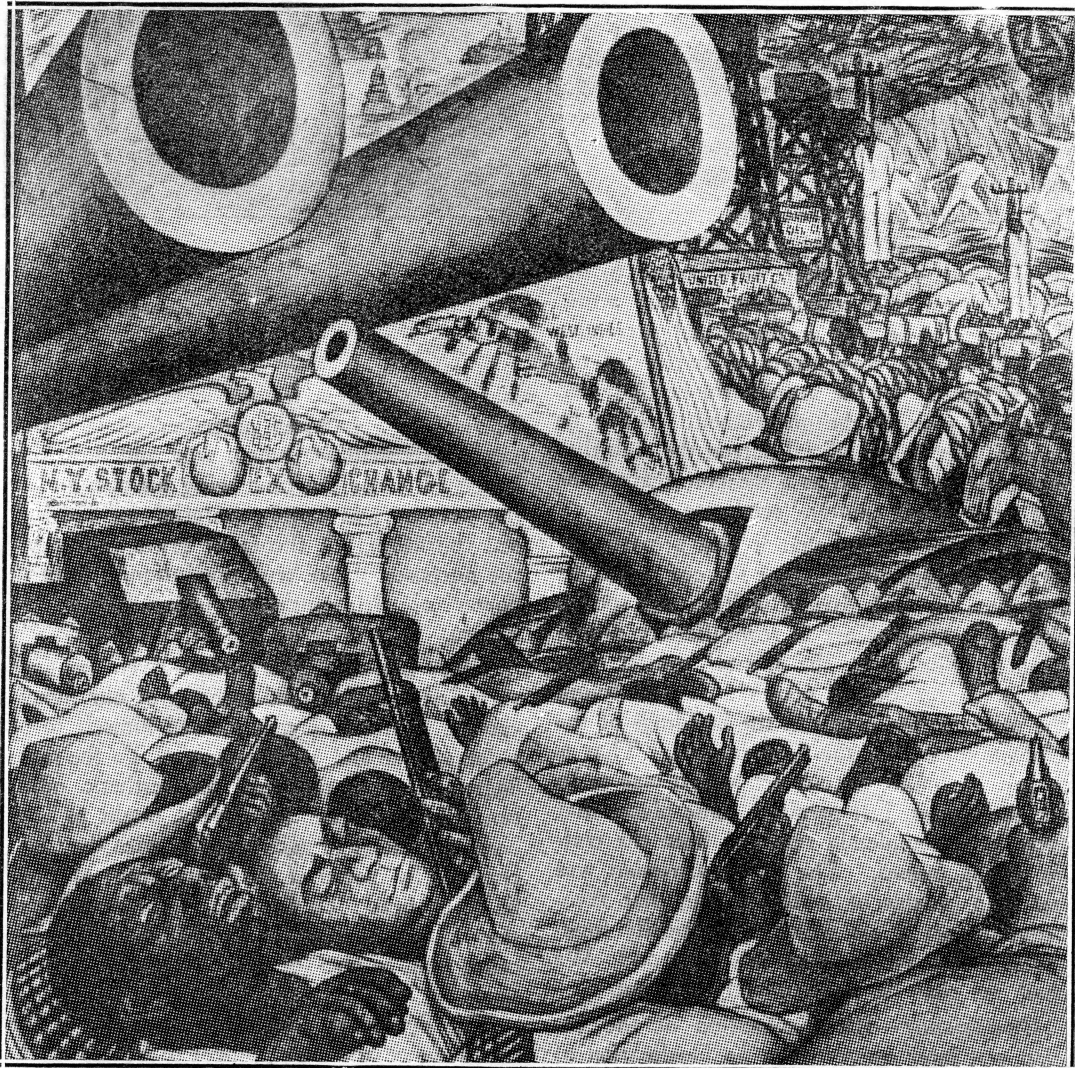
From portrait of America

THE PRESENT: The semi-colonies of today. And the symbolic portraits—? Where is Calles? Where is Morrow, the new Cortez of Mexico? And the anti-imperialist leaders, Mella, Mariategui? Where is the documented portrait of today?



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claiming to be more radical than the Party, that is to say, a Trotzkyite. Afterwards, he would attack the Central Committee of the Mexican Party in the bourgeois press. Finally he would receive in exchange as a prize, the directorship of the School of Fine Arts, in order to establish there a program of demagogic mystification. He was even to reach the point of penitently beating his breast in the trial of the Communists, when we were imprisoned the First of May, 1930, declaring that he was not in the radical demonstration, but in the Yellows, the adherents of the counter-revolutionary Mexican Government. A friend of the documented portrait, he proved his statements in court with a photograph so that the Government would have it as part of the records.

The Aesthete of Imperialism—Parallel with the penetration of imperialism into Mexico, came the penetration of tourism. The tourists found in Rivera their painter par excellence. Rivera found in them the augmenters of his fortune. The tourists wanted little paintings that could be shipped easily, and one had to comply with their commercial demands. Thus was the door opened to "Mexican Souvenir Painting," to chauvinistic painting, which had to be substituted for the mural painting which we had started in Mexico with healthy revolutionary intentions.

The Millionaires' Painter—The Government of Mexico and the American tourists took the name of Rivera out of Mexico and made it international. Afterwards they brought the painter to the United States; Rivera behaved here as he had there. The same consideration for the millionaires . . . but he was not bargaining for the sensitiveness of Rockefeller. The demagogic painter underestimated the "liberality" of his new patron. Besides, it occurred to Rivera for the first time to paint Lenin. In the frescoes in California and Detroit he employed the same opportu-

nistic technique, ideologically obscure. The same technical errors—interior walls, etc. He remembered Helen Wills and forgot Tom Mooney, the Scottsboro boys, etc., and all the immediate problems of the American proletariat.

The Painter of the Trotzky-Lovestone Coalition—Rivera had to achieve his political destination. With one arm he embraced the Lovestone-ites and with the other, he embraced the Trotzkyites. Thus he demonstrated that in this trinity there was counter-revolutionary unity. They all together attacked the Communist Party in defense of the "Master."

Rivera Portrays America—In this case, Rivera makes progress in location. But even in this demagogic necessity, Rivera has lost aim. The chosen place is a monstrous offspring of lack of discipline and confusion. However, we have to descend into the schismatic catacombs, where we will find the latest trumpet blast of Rivera. We prove the same old mistakes. Painting conceived for the static contemplation of the parasite or of the elite. And in no way, functional equivalence of the revolutionary spectator, of the mass-spectator. Conglomeration of figures, of banners, etc., which make necessary a microscopic examination. Insistence on the un-reproducible painting, that is to say, on the intellectual approach, on the painting which does not deal with revolutionary emergencies. And what about the subject-matter? The chronological itinerary will answer us. As we already know, Rivera is fond of the documented portrait as a tool of propaganda painting. Portraiture is his most frequent medium. In *Portrait of America*, this system he has carried to the extreme. We can prove it: Washington, Franklin, Paine, Jefferson, Adams, Lincoln, Margaret Fuller, Thoreau, Emerson, etc., etc. Portraits and more portraits! All the good ones, and

all the bad. The liberators and the dictators. But pretty soon . . . the portraits end. In their places appear impersonal symbols. What happened? The answer is very simple . . . We have arrived at the present time, at the period of the N.R.A., at the epoch of the greatest imperialistic penetration into Latin-America. There is a panel for the N.R.A., and another for the semi-colonial countries of Latin America. We strain our eyes. Where is Franklin D. Roosevelt? Where is Johnson? Where is Miss Perkins? What has happened to the method of documented portraits? Where is Calles? Where is Machado? Where is the clever Ambassador Morrow? The other panels are full of victims, of heroes. What is the matter with the victims of the present time? Julio Antonio Mella, Jose Guadalupe Rodriguez, do not appear in the panels of the semi-Colonial countries. Instead is a terrible melange of confused scenes and symbols. Once more, Rivera has been valiant with the dead and cowardly with the living, when it is a question of denouncing the hangmen of today.

Impenitent Sinner—Those who believed that between the Lovestone-ites, Trotzkyites, and the Mexican Government, there is a difference (in the general effect on political dynamism) have thought that Rivera had made progress when he approached those groups. Their disillusion has been great. Rivera returned to Mexico to work for the Government, and to shout in the Yellow governmental demonstration for the Fourth International.

Conclusions—The Mexican Muralist Movement was an Utopian movement on the road toward revolutionary painting. Of its tremendous and frequently repeated mistakes, we should learn some useful lessons. It has already enabled us to start the international team of revolutionary painters. But on this subject I can expand in another article.

English Communists and the Law Courts

JOE RIVERS

LONDON.

IN January last, Sir Ernest Wilkins, Recorder of London, in passing sentence upon two defendants took occasion to remark:

"There is no question of rank or station in life in this case. It is our proud boast that we administer the law to rich and poor alike."

Before him stood Lady Strabolgi and one Muller, who had been found guilty of conspiracy to defraud certain persons of sums running into thousands of pounds. Muller got twelve months, and the noble lady two. A little before this time, in November, the case of the Duke of Atholl came up. In an effort to keep good English money from being invested in Irish Sweepstake tickets, the Duke

had set about the collection of a fund for hospitals, subscriptions to which were by ticket. Although much secrecy surrounded the conduct of affairs, in the end the Duke was charged with breaking the Lotteries Act of 1823. It is interesting to note how far the prosecution went in the case. The sum of £168,892 was collected, and of this £73,889 went for expenses, commissions, and prizes. The prizes were less in amount than the expenses. But this astounding fact was not inquired into by the Crown officers: they were grieved only by the infraction of the law, and the nobleman was convicted and ordered to pay the fine of £25. Thus was the majesty of the law upheld.

It would look as though when members of

the peerage get into court, they get out again quickly or with insignificant fines. The peerage does not seem to fare as well, however, as the Fascists, for when the blackshirts are up for trial, they do not have to serve a term or even pay fines.

The facts are instructive in this connection, and there are several cases to show how the judicial mind is viewing their activity.

For the last twelve months at least, the Fascists have been holding street meetings. When they are heckled, they become abusive, and street fights sometimes develop. If hailed into court, the Fascists are generally given a reprimand, then set free. One of them on one occasion was actually "bound over" to keep the peace. It is otherwise with their hecklers.

In March a young laborer in London was set upon by a Fascist who had finished speaking, and jumped on. When the laborer fought back, he was arrested, found guilty, and sentenced to six weeks at hard labor.

Most revealing of all the Fascist cases is the Suffolk tithes dispute case. When a farmer in Suffolk was in danger of having stock removed to satisfy the claims of the tithe authority, the Fascists rallied to the cause of the oppressed (capitalist) agriculturalist. They got a good deal of publicity out of it, had fun digging up trenches and stringing barbed wire defences, and enjoyed a taste of pure country air. There were nineteen of them, and having been arrested at last, they had their day in court.

Almost any sort of charge could have been laid against them, but the Crown authorities chose to go to law on the grounds that they had conspired to effect a "public mischief, by obstructing the removal of certain cattle, lawfully impounded in distraint for tithe." All nineteen pleaded guilty, and listened to Mr. Justice Hawke give them sentence. They had committed a grave offense in law, he told them, and this *might* have exposed them to imprisonment or fine. But have no fear, boys, because of this: when you were arrested, you submitted peacefully. This matter of a pretty submission, it seems changed the whole complexion of the case. "I am told you are respectable fellows," he added, "and I feel sure that I can personally rely on you to keep the promise you have given to me." Just a family party: the headmaster of a good "public school," and some of the older "fellows" who have gotten a bit out of hand. Sir Thomas Inskip, Attorney-General for the Crown, said that there had been "grave interference with the duties of the police," etc., but hastened to indicate that in him the law had a lenient guardian. These chaps were men of hitherto good character, and so "It is a matter entirely for your lordship as to how the law shall be vindicated, so far as any sentence is concerned." The net result was that these wayward chaps were asked to promise to keep the peace for two years, that they gave the promise, and then went back to be patted on the head by Sir Oswald.

The Communists fall into the clutches of the law more often than do the Fascists, and they fare distinctly worse by comparison. The class nature of English "justice" is well displayed in their fortunes when up for sentence.

Alexander Moffat is a Councillor on the Fife County Council in Scotland. He and Comrade McQueen in October last were assisting a family who were trying to resist eviction at Lochgelly. There was a police charge with batons drawn, and the workers struck back. Thereupon Moffat and McQueen were charged with a breach of the peace. The magistrates refused the defendants a chance of proving that the police had made use of batons. Although the evidence of the government witnesses was repeatedly contradictory, the two Communists were sentenced, one for a month and the other for three weeks.

In South Wales, not long after, two leaders of the district unemployed were bound over for six months to keep the peace, and nine other men, who took collections of money to aid the Glamorganshire marchers, were fined each one pound. Fred Copeman was found guilty in the London area of causing obstruction, convicted on three charges, and fined forty shillings on each charge. At Aberdare in South Wales the following month other comrades were fined for collecting money to aid the marchers, and Will Jones was charged with "uttering words likely to cause a breach of the peace." Convicted on oral testimony of what the police officer said he recalled having heard Jones say, the judge found Jones guilty of the speech as reported, and sentenced him to be bound over for a year, or to go to prison for two months. Jones went to prison. At the very end of the year, Lawrence O'Connor of West Ham, leader of the unemployed of the district, was released from jail where he had been six months for having resisted an eviction order. He went at once to the office of the relieving officer and asked for his unemployment relief, but the officer in charge banged the window in his face. Either the police were in wait for just such an occurrence, or they were called in immediately, for he was arrested, taken to court, charged, and sentenced—all within less than an hour. He got a month for demanding money legally due him.

Lord Trenchard is the head of the London police force. Some time ago Lord Trenchard's men raided the premises of the National Unemployed Workers Movement, seized certain files and letters, and on the basis of some of this evidence secured a conviction of Wal Hannington. In January of this year four members of the N.U.W.M. brought suit against Trenchard in his official capacity, claiming alleged trespass, and conversion and detention of documents taken when they arrested Hannington. It was contended that the police had no right to seize documents without a search warrant, or to detain these.

The Attorney-General, friend of Fascists, argued that the police had done rightly because the documents in question were seditious. He added that they ought not to be returned to the owners, even after all use of them in connection with the conviction was done with. Counsel for the N.U.W.M. asked for substantial damages to mark the sense of gross illegality. Late in January the police agreed to return the papers, and Mr. Justice Horridge rendered an opinion in the case. He ruled that the police had no right to search, and no right to seize materials or documents. He added that they had no right or justification for holding the letters after sentence had been pronounced on the convicted man. He awarded damages of £20 in respect of the trespass, and £10 more in respect of the detention. The defense was ordered to pay the cost of the action.

The role of Sir T. Inskip in this case and that of the tithe disputes case is interesting. In the former case he used his influence to

keep the court from inflicting any severe penalties upon admitted lawbreakers; in the present case, he used his office to justify the actions of servants of the Crown who had broken the law, and argued that they had committed no infraction of it. As the Daily Worker justly observed, after taking pleasure in the vindication of the Communists' cause, "Nothing in this judgment should induce any worker to forget that the law is still a class law—a veritable arsenal of weapons that can be used against the workers, and that the main defence of the workers against attack is their organized power as a class."

Probably the most important case in which Communists are involved is still pending. This is the one in which Harry Pollitt and Tom Mann are concerned. Comrades Mann and Pollitt were arrested late in February after speaking to working class audiences in South Wales. Pollitt had delivered the substance of his speech many times before, and to about fifty thousand people in the aggregate, all over Britain. Nothing had been done about stopping him. But when he spoke in South Wales with Mann, the Hunger Marchers were drawing close to London, and the two leaders were expected back almost at once to take part in the great Congress of Action which was scheduled to be held at the same time.

Perhaps the Government wished to prevent the two comrades from taking part in this meeting, at which it was expected they would play prominent parts. Or again, possibly, the Government may have calculated that a sudden arrest of the leaders would incite the workers to retaliation, in which case the London police could employ force to the full in breaking the morale of the workers now assembled in London, or about to be assembled. In any event, the authorities struck, and swiftly. Pollitt and Mann were arrested, charged with making seditious speeches, and the way in which this blow was "timed" made it apparent to everyone with even a glimmer of sense that this was a frame-up.

To date preliminary hearings have been held on the case in South Wales, and the magistrates have held in respect of both Mann and Pollitt that prima facie cases for prosecution have been made out. The two comrades will be tried at the Swansea Assizes in June. Obviously the whole thing is cooked up, and unless there is a great use of mass pressure, these fighters for the rights of the workers will be found guilty. Pollitt has already demonstrated in the preliminary hearings that the evidence submitted to convict him is evidence manufactured after the delivery of the speech that he actually gave, but in spite of this, the magistrates did not permit his discrediting of their clumsy "stenographic reporters" to interfere with their duty to their capitalistic masters of ordering the trial for June. These cases will be among the most significant that will be heard in Britain for many a long year to come. British "justice" is about to be used in a whole-hearted effort to drive the Communist Party in England underground.

Culture and Fascism

ILYA EHRENBURG

IN THE course of a spiritualist seance, the Italian professor Luigi Belloti had a chat with several spirits. They turned out to be good patriots and gave the professor some very pleasant news: it appears that the author of *Hamlet*, of *King Lear* and of other well-known tragedies, usually known under the name of Shakespeare, is none other than the Italian Crollalansa.

The story of the cultural conquests of Fascism might have begun with that. It will not be amiss, however, to add, by way of counterclaim, another sensational communication. While I am far from being a medium, and am not guilty of excessive nationalism, I must announce that the founder of Fascism was a Russian, and that the movement which is now being compared with Humanism, the Reformation and other epoch-making movements, had its beginnings not in the city of Rome, but in the city of Minsk.

"The advocacy of the advantages, in the sphere of social relations, of a personal form of government, as a form which, by virtue of standing outside of class conflicts, includes the principle of arbitration is hostile to violent measures, and is inclined to justice. . ." Where were these brave words voiced—on the Piazza Venezia, or at the historical Potsdam session of the Reichstag? Who was their author—the ardent grandson of Julius Caesar, or the prodigious blue-eyed Teuton? No, these words of high promise are culled from a report submitted to Minister von Plehve by the chief of the Moscow Secret Police, who had begun his activities in Minsk and who was named Sergius Zubatov. Long before the march on Rome and the Reichstag fire, the ingenious guardian of law and order proposed a program of Fascist labor unions formed under the protection of a dictatorship which would, it was hoped, reconcile labor and capital. When Herr Goering was still an innocent babe Zubatov was already discussing "the desirability of organizing the hoodlums." We have hardly anything therein to be proud of, nevertheless it must be affirmed that Herr Rosenberg is only a humble disciple of the late Zubatov, and that the Moscow Khitrovka underworld held not a few supermen of the type of Horst Wessel.

Sergius Zubatov was not at all a mere vulgar "dick." He was given to "reading in" all kinds of books. He even happened to commend Bernstein on the ground that Bernstein had not commended Marxism. He was a connoisseur not only of the quality of cat o' nine tails whips, but also of political programs in their various nuances. However, a forerunner's mission is always limited. John the Baptist drove people to the river, but did not indicate the precise meaning of their immersion.

Zubatov had a vague fear of science, and he thought that literature was "just foolishness," but he was no philosopher and never dared to pass off the work of the Secret Police as "the creation of a new culture." He was not a "divinely appointed leader," nor the "savior of the race." When all was said and done, he was only a wide awake policeman.

The Fascists, on the other hand, pose as humanists, as creative innovators. They have hastened to dress the Muses in brown shirts; on their placards they have pictured criminal Bolsheviks setting fire to museums and libraries; in solemn addresses they have been exposing "base Marxism," which honors consumers' goods above Venus, and which has exchanged sublime metaphysics for commonplace blast furnaces. They, the Fascists, have come into this world to defend knowledge and art. No, they are not Zubatovs. They can express themselves in lofty language—but let us see them at their actual work.

The concept of culture is closely associated in our "base" Marxist minds with the concept of literacy. Germany had been justly regarded as a literary country (the land of the Book). The Fascists began their cultural activities with the memorable bonfires. They were thereafter amazed to find themselves before splendidly equipped printing establishments and tons upon tons of paper, but it was impossible to consign clean paper to the solemn auto-da-fe.

It was decided to subdue literature by starving it. The Berlin bookstores note that their turnover diminished in 1933 by 46 percent. The Fascists may well be proud: in the course of just one year they have completed half of their task, for they have set themselves a difficult goal indeed—to "overtake and to surpass" the ancient Germans. The followers of Wotan, as far as we know, managed to do without any books.

"Labor camps" have been established for German law students. The students are directed "to bring no books into the camp." To what end, indeed, is the gallant fellow to trouble himself with all sorts of ideas? The director of the Imperial Faculty of Physical Culture, Doctor Bode, explained recently, "The new German is distinguished not by profound ideas, but by ardent emotions."

The great publishing house, as for instance the Insel Verlag or the Fischer Verlag, reduced their production to less than one-twentieth. Forty-eight publishing houses have ceased all activity. Scientific publishers beg in vain for government subsidies. Foreign orders for German scientific literature having ceased, the consequent stagnation in the publishing business is explained by "Marxist plotting." The real issue, however, is not that of "Marx-

ist plotting," but of the quality of the books published. A professor of the University of Leyden writes in a Dutch journal, "I wrote recently to Berlin for several works dealing with higher mathematics. When I received the books, I found to my amazement that they contained disquisitions on the 'relation of mathematics to the concept of racial purity,' on its 'close association with the Nordic idea,' which follows therefrom, and similar raving."

After twelve years of Fascist culture it is possible to discuss its achievements in Italy. The best established publishing houses, as for instance Boca or Mondadore, issue several thin books each in the course of a year. The theoretician of Fascism, Signor Ugo Uietti, writing in the journal of which he is the editor, explains this phenomenon as follows, "Reader, let not the small number of books under review amaze you. Ours is an era of action, when not books but deeds matter. Instead of reading superfluous books, read rather—and re-read—the speeches of the leaders."

Another theoretician of Fascism writes in the journal *Tempo Nostra*: "We are opposed to the weak-willed democratic culture, born of Malthus and positivism, which leads to (?) Bolshevism. We are for a spiritual culture." In their language "spirituality," it seems, means ignorance. Not having read "superfluous books," they are not even aware that Malthus was a sworn enemy of democracy, that the followers of Comte are proper reactionaries, and that Bolshevism has nothing in common with Malthus, Comte, or "democratic weakness of purpose."

The Fascists aim to remove knowledge from circulation. Their educational policy is dictated by class fears. In Italy, they started off by closing the secondary school to the children of workers and peasants. Worshipers of "divine hierarchy," they have established for the "common people" a separate "continuation school," where arithmetic and obedience, but not Latin, are taught. Note that Latin is a prerequisite for further education. Prudently they have also forbidden free instruction in this subject. Latin has become a mark of class.

The Germans have acted even more resolutely. They have decided that there were too many students in Germany. They have therefore limited the number of young people allowed to take the examination for the "matriculation certificate" to the 1908 figure. No one knows why they chose 1908. But it may be hoped that this is merely the first stage on the way to the complete "liquidation" of literacy. It is to be followed by the standards of the splendid era of Frederick Barbarossa, and later, God willing, by the standards of the gay camps of the ancient Teutons.

In Italy, Latin is a required subject in all middle schools, including even the technical schools. The abbots teach catechism to the primary school children, and church history in the secondary school. When we recall that Italian education had been secular until 1932, we may appreciate fully the boldness of their cultural "revolution." The German pedagogs have not been content to teach the divine law. They hastened to introduce another innovation, based on the latest scientific findings in the field of child psychology—corporal punishment. Fascist teachers are now instilling spirituality sometimes with a ruler, at other times with a strap, or with their own manly palms.

Instruction in the art of expression occupies first place in the Italian school. The children are taught to favor the use of superlatives. The favorite adjectives of the school texts are: "sacred," "solemn," "epic," "legendary," "divine." It is assumed that, having learned to speak the language—is it in the manner of d'Annunzio, or in that of a corporal?—the children would cease posing inconvenient questions and would turn into "epic" dummies.

The civic ethics offered to the children is not at all complicated. Here is an excerpt from a textbook for children eight years of age: "A boy Bruno was playing with a girl Marylin. 'I don't understand,' said Bruno, 'why girls always play with their dolls.' Marylin answered, 'And why do boys always play soldiers?' Just then the mother joined in the conversation, 'Listen, sir general, if girls loved their dolls less, you would lack soldiers for your military campaigns.' 'Why,' asked Bruno. 'Because the dolls bear toy soldiers', Marylin answered for her mother."

Some words need not be taken literally: if Bruno is the son of a workingman, he may enter a military campaign, but certainly not with the rank of a general. His life history is obvious: He reads in the school text, "Never envy the rich! Everyone has what he deserves. The rich have much money, but also many cares. They have to provide not only for their own families, but also for the families of the poor." In inculcating this verity the compilers of the text have forgotten to use the language they teach their pupils. This is serious business, and they are not in the mood for poetry.

Little Bruno sings in school, "The dagger is our brother, the machine gun our teacher." His blond brother-Fascist by the name of Hans sings equally bucolic couplets: "We shall take our rifles and march on—up to Moscow. We shall shoot. How lustily the shells roar!" Thus, in full agreement with Doctor Bode's sentiments, serious books are exchanged for gay shells.

Between two executions, or between two demonstrations, the Fascists still find time for their teaching. Here, for instance, is a lesson in history. . . The Fascists are not equal to the task of throwing new light upon historic events—they rely exclusively upon the storm trooper's alertness rather than upon scientific

method. Well, that makes it necessary to change the events themselves. Herr Minister Frick, with his countrymen's predilection for the *kolossal*, decided to invent a complete new history of the world. It has thus been brought out that Germany was the cultural center of the world not only during the Middle Ages, but also during the Graeco-Roman era—firstly, because the Greeks were really pure-blooded Germans, and secondly because the Germans who struck at Rome did not destroy world culture but saved it. In connection with this discovery it has been proposed not to employ the word "vandalism" in its traditional meaning in the future, for the Vandals were not vandals, but quite the most civilized people.

It will not pay to discuss the doings of the Vandals in their own time: There are other historians in this world besides Herr Frick. Let us rather see what the neo-Vandals of our own "base" time are doing. The racialists have not contented themselves with bonfires and proscriptions. They decided to smash the scientific centers of Germany, her universities. To maintain the principle of racial purity they have displaced from their scientific posts the most prominent German scientists: the discoverer of the theory of relativity Einstein, the author of "Thermodynamics" Planck, the chemist Haber, the phenomenologist Gusserl, and scores of other workers of international reputation.

At the philosophical congress in Magdeburg venerable savants echoed the illiterate and incoherent articles of fascist newspapers about the "firm-lipped and clear-eyed Germans," the "highest representatives of human thought."

Learned societies are ceasing their activities, one by one. Dr. Bode may well rejoice. Thought is becoming not only superfluous, but burdensome.

So much for the manner of conversion of the more sober savants. But the fascists have another mission as well which is much more tempting—to inspire the ardent poets. We know the calibre of the writers whom fascist Germany drove into exile. Their names are known to the entire civilized world. Let us see whom the fascists put in their places.

First of all we see the well-known person of the author of pornographic novels, Hans Heinz Ewers. He is an old writer with professional experience. He chose a subject suitable to his talents: in duly ecstatic manner he described the life of the souteneur Horst Wessel. He obviously hoped that his work would flourish for there are not a few personages among the fascists capable of inspiring this venerable author. He could write for instance a biography of Herr Roehm. However, poor Ewers was silenced. Domestically minded storm troopers desired a literature as chaste as Gretchen's curls. The presidency of the union of the German writers was promptly thereupon occupied by Yost. This Yost has not to his credit an experience equal to that of Ewers, but he too has labored in the course of his life. Until the accession of the fascists

he had written dramas, the action of which took place preferably in houses of ill fame. He defended sexual freedom and condemned the school proctors. Having embraced the fascist faith, Yost was instantly "reconstructed." He wrote a tragedy dedicated to the agent of various counter-espionage organizations, the adventurer Schlageter. The French have taken the place of the proctors as the villains of the piece. After that Yost wrote another tragedy devoted to the infamy of the Semites. He then looked sadly upon the world. What else was he to write about? The fascists have two heroes, Wessel and Schlageter—the fame of both has been sung. There were two "ideals," to put the Communists in concentration camps and to demolish Jewish shops—both have been realized. There was nothing more to be done—except to receive royalties and to give the leaders the Vandal-Roman salute.

However, a poet with real revolutionary ideals has been found in Germany. His name is Baldour von Schirach. He writes miserable verse, imitating as well as he can the old romanticists. But his themes show a fertile imagination. He damns the Puritan church and calls upon the spirited storm troopers to offer sacrifices in honor of Wotan. He also proposes to supplant the enervating love for women by "masculine friendship." Born half a century earlier, this Baldour would have been one of the friends of the famous Eilenburg, a court favorite and "a pleasant young man." As noble as his *von* implies, he is now the beloved poet of "young awakened Germany."

Not only did the fascists drive out the writers hostile to them. They have begun baiting their own poets. They protest that Bronen is "twenty-five per cent Jewish." They call Gottfried Benn the "sidewalk singer." They find that Fallada "writes for the Jews and secret Marxists." They hate talent above everything else. For talent may allow a word of truth to escape inadvertently. They therefore prefer the old chatterbox Rudolph Herzog, who continues to write maudlin novels of the intimate life of the Ruhr magnates. If the lives of the Thyssens and the Krupps have not changed, why change the "literature" which is offered, along with meagre pfennings, to the Thyssen and Krupp helots?

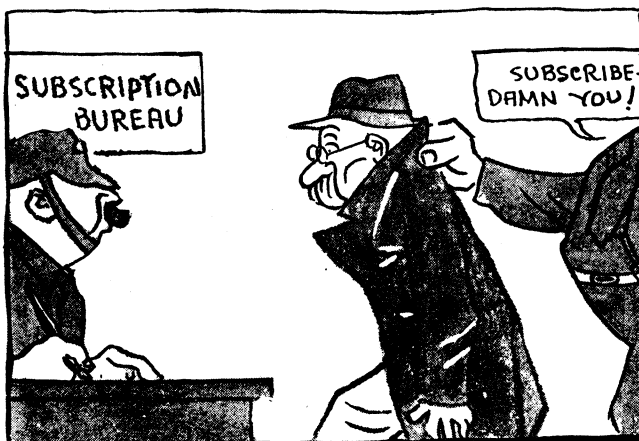
Of all the books that have appeared in Italy during the last ten years, the novel of the young writer Moravia, *The Indifferent*, enjoys the greatest literary success. This is a truthful account of young people spiritually desolate and dreaming only of money. The heroine of the novel forms a liaison with her mother's lover, because he is rich and her mother has nothing but debts. The heroine's brother decides at first on a "brave" act. He wants to kill the rich scoundrel. However, having changed his mind in time, he takes a drink with him instead. Why? Because these are "the indifferent." Such are the results of an "antique" education, heroic speeches, superlatives, and the other knick-

knacks of the vaunted fascist culture.

The Italian fascists demand the creation of their own literature. They even have a literary school *strapaese*. These Apennine Scyths aim at all costs to contrast Italy with the rest of Europe. Very conscientiously they seek out local peculiarities, relics of the Middle Ages, curious customs, archaic turns of phrase. They sentimentalize about the poverty-stricken lives of the shepherds of Abruzzi. This is a time-honored weakness in snobs, who go for their vacations to "wild spots." The poets *strapaese* themselves live, of course, in electrically equipped homes, and they tap their hymns to ignorance on American Underwoods. But they desire to give to their holiday occupation a philosophical aspect. The philosophy, it must be well understood, is fascist philosophy, "everyone is to keep to his own station." This fully coincides with the moral of the school texts, "Do not envy the rich." If the hero of Moravia's novel envies the rich adherent of the corporative state, the evil is not irreparable. It will all end with a bottle of liqueur or a new novel. But the shepherd of Abruzzi is not to be permitted to look angrily at the automobiles of the associates of Selvaggio. "Everyone must be content with his lot," has been dubbed "the philosophy of a sane, optimistic pessimism." In our opinion, there is a much simpler name for it. It recalls the theories of the practical man Zubatov.

I remember the debuts of the futurists in 1912. This movement played its part in the development of modern poetry far beyond the boundaries of Italy. The futurists welcomed youth, progress, industry. It was possible to assume that they would be inspired to dry the Pontine marshes or to build new sections of Rome. But the fate of the Italian futurists is the best instance of the tragic incompatibility of culture and fascism. Futurists wrote several hymns and received several prizes. Marinetti has been elevated to the Academy. And then the singers of the new life devoted themselves to the problems of male attire. They have achieved aluminum ties and glass top-hats. They are particularly attracted by one special province—that of gastronomy. We must not assume that they mean to feed the unemployed of Turin or the hired laborers of Calabria. No, they have heard the call to save some of "the indifferent," who perish from ennui in the midst of a "blinding pathos." For their sake they invent new hitherto unheard of phenomena. Here it is, the revolutionary poem of fascism—a menu printed in the newspaper *Secolo*. "Edible plastics in the execution of Taparelli, Frampolini, Filios, Munari. The celebration of futurist culinary art (?) in the presence of His Excellency F. T. Marinetti. Friday, June 16th, the eleventh year of fascism. A catalog of dishes. Sound from above. Gastronomic architecture. Edible meteors. Here one drinks roses and the sun. Stimulating chorus. Air feeding." What may we say about the political atmosphere which changes its faithful poets into poor barkers and suspect cooks.

It is not to be wondered at that one of the



A cartoon from *Crocodile*, the Moscow satirical weekly. The news item on which it is based states that the circulation of the press in Nazi Germany has fallen catastrophically, and that subscriptions are being obtained by force.

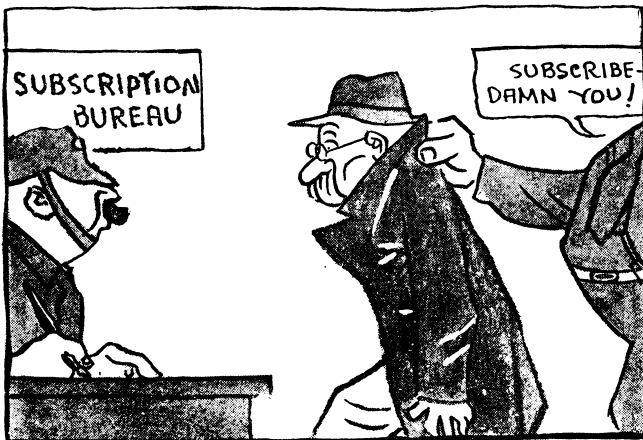
fascist critics remarks sadly in the newspaper *Risorgimento*, "We are increasingly convinced that fascist literature does not yet exist." Another mourner asserts in the journal *Fascist Criticism* that the only work really entitled to be called fascist was a miserable novel in which races were described in detail. "It is ours because the element of sport is emphasized there, and also because almost all the heroes are members of fascist organizations." It cannot be helped—when there is no ideal capable of inspiring the writers, they must be content with a routine approach. We must add that never before have Italians read as many translated novels as in the course of the last five years. It seems that it is easier to get writers out of the habit of writing than to teach the reader to read "sport novels." However, they need not despair—the Vandals so greatly beloved by Herr Frick had not made an end of ancient Rome in one attempt.

Goebbels commanded the German producers to prepare a fascist super-film in quick order. The producers had money, the remarkably equipped studios of the Ufa, and experienced technicians. Films, however, are not made only of reichsmarks and celluloid. Fascist films are striking by their frank stupidity. Their audiences are offered spectacles in which Communists appear as petty thieves or souteneurs. It is difficult to say what dictates the caprices of the scenario—political hatred or merely the desire of utilizing the rich experience of the new actors and supers, among whom there are not a few of Horst Wessel's companions. In the picture Young

Kwetsch a Communist turns to Fascism. He has perceived how entirely base Marxism is and how spiritual the broad-shouldered lynchers. The German public has little sense of humor, but even they must be grateful for the darkness of the hall which permits them to smile at the sight of this sort of "conversion." It is not even necessary to discuss another fascist "outstanding production," devoted to the life of Horst Wessel. It has been prohibited—not for its liberalism, but simply because of its obvious and pitiful inferiority.

The beneficence of fascism is proved in the Italian *Black Shirts* by a strike of telegraph employes, which the communists had instigated, thus wrecking domestic peace and happiness. The director tries in vain to imitate Eisenstein or Pudovkin. The result is not pathos, but unintended farce.

Not without reason did fascism address itself to the hearts of the petty bourgeois in its defense of the interests of the great bourgeoisie. Fascism is just as sentimental, cruel and petty in its creative work as a typical petty shopkeeper. He can not reach beyond military organization, a rendezvous in the moonlight, an executioner with his axe, and pansies. What is wrong with the fascists is that, having robbed the revolution of the red flag, of the word socialism, and of several superficial marks, they decided to act like gypsies in painting the horses they had stolen. They even made up their own words to the tune of the "Internationale." But to the sound of Potier's "Internationale" people have gone to



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the barricades, to exile, to death, to civil war, to guerilla warfare, to heroic deeds, and to strenuous labors. To the sound of their revamped "Internationale" people have been moved only to smash non-Aryan shops and to burn the verses of Heinrich Heine.

There is not a single field of culture in which Fascism has not shown itself to be a bully to whom of the entire human lexicon only these "heroic" words are known, "Entrance not permitted." Fascists have a mortal fear of modern architecture, which is based on clarity, simplicity and the importance of light. In Italy they prefer the Jesuitic Barocco style, and new streets in Brescia, in Rome, and even in the industrial Turin are in their entirety merely sad imitations of dead models. In Germany the Fascists insist on the return to Gothic architecture, to dark houses, and to high roofs with attics piled in several stories. They have issued a decree, "It is forbidden to build houses with flat roofs." Having read this remarkable decree, the orthodox fascists of Dortmund immediately dragged two unfortunate architects to the concentration camp, because they had recently built a house that looked fit to live in, and did not resemble either a rathskeller or the

Nuremberg museum of medieval torture.

Fascists swore to defend the achievements of past culture against the arrogant Bolsheviks. But, having broken the showcases of the department stores, the spirited boys have visited the museums. They threw out all the pictures of German expressionists. They are now considering the question of a further campaign in the interest of "wholesome art." They intend to eliminate from the museums the canvasses of the dissolute Frenchmen: Cezanne, Braque, Picasso, and Derain. They will, it seems, be appeased only when the museums have been turned into empty halls suitable for the detention of their prisoners or for fencing tournaments.

One is shocked not by the violence of the "cultural work" of Fascism, not by its stupidity, not by its brutality, but by the sense of death. The epoch of the so-called "sterile chamber" was not a happy time. The Bourbons and the priests returned to France hating ideas and fearing their expression. But no prohibitions could stop the cultural growth of the country. Delacroix began his work during these hideous years, the first books of Stendahl appeared and a brilliant group of young romanticists prepared for the

struggle. Is it necessary to recall that Pushkin, Gogol, Lermontov lived and worked during the terrible times of Nicholas the First? The bully is, when all is said, only in possession of good fists. He may kill the poet but not poetry.

Fascism is to be feared not because of its prohibitions, its prisons, or its executions, but because of the decay which has infected and poisoned entire countries. It was called upon to save a class doomed to disappear. However, it is possible to save one who is drowning, but not one who has drowned. Neither the neophytes of the Lateran nor the priests of Wotan can resurrect the dead. They may, however, poison the air with decaying matter, they may declare non-existent the sole good of humanity, and they may substitute for the living, many-faced world a tremendous necrology. They have not the power to change the current of life, but they have the means to destroy this life. The struggle for civilization now means the struggle for life, and against those cadavers which, having pulled varicolored shirts over their skeletons, are attempting to draw the whole world into a Holbein Dance of the Dead.

Translated by Leon Gheiro.

C o r r e s p o n d e n c e

The Case of Michael Hagopa

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Michael Hagopa is in jail—a class war prisoner. Hagopa is an Armenian boy of 26 years, and a resident of this country for five years. He is an unemployed presser and a member of the Needle Trades Workers' Industrial Union.

On July 5, 1933, a mass demonstration was called in Union Square to protest against the racketeering, scabbery and gangsterism used by the Employers' Association in the fur industry in collaboration with the A. F. of L., the Socialist Party and the right-wing union elements. These scurrilous activities were designed to break the powerful influence of the Left Wing Needle Trades Union in the fur industry.

Joseph Brandt of the Communist Party, who was chairman, had done no more than call the meeting to order when a sergeant and two patrolmen rushed through the crowd to the speaker's stand and demanded the permit for the meeting. Although no permit is required for a street-corner meeting, Brandt replied that he had procured an oral permit from the Captain at the police station. The sergeant demanded a written permit and then dragged Brandt off the platform. Immediately scores of foot police and several mounted police proceeded to smash their way into this peaceful and lawful assembly of people, in order to "disperse them." Billies and clubs were swung heroically, prancing horses were maneuvered viciously, and men and women were beaten in the now familiar manner of "New York's Finest"—hired guerillas. Hagopa was struck on the head by a cop's billy and ran with the others towards 7th Avenue. While being pursued, he collapsed near a taxicab on 7th Avenue. Here he was struck many times by other police, and a mounted policeman was seen spurring his horse onto the outstretched arm of the prostrate worker. He was then lifted into the taxicab and taken to the police station. Here, a lead pipe, wrapped in a newspaper

was shown to him as having been removed from his pocket. He was thereupon "third-degreed" by about a dozen of our valiant defenders of private property, necessitating 15 sutures in his scalp and a two weeks' stay in the Bellevue prison hospital.

Hagopa was indicted for felonious assault, carrying a maximum sentence of ten years imprisonment. The typical jury of "decent, law-abiding, elderly citizens" returned with a verdict of "guilty of 3rd degree assault" and recommended leniency.

During the trial, a telegram sent by the "Furrier's Open Forum" demanding the immediate and unconditional release of Michael Hagopa had been received by Judge Corrigan. He became violently incensed and immediately began conducting an unsuccessful investigation to discover the senders, in order to jail them for "contempt of court." The Judge insisted that he was going to sentence Hagopa in order to show that he could not be intimidated by telegrams. This vicious attack by Judge Corrigan on the worker's most important means of defense, mass pressure, evidenced in this case by protest telegrams to a presiding Judge, presents a serious and dangerous precedent.

The only means of combatting it is by more vigorous mass protest. Petitions have been prepared for the freedom of Michael Hagopa and the removal of Judge Corrigan, addressed to Governor Lehman, Mayor LaGuardia and the Presiding Justice of the Appellate Division before whom the appeal will be heard. Money for this appeal is urgently needed. Contributions should be sent immediately to the "Michael Hagopa Defense Committee," c/o The New Masses. Flood the Governor and the Appellate Division with protests and petitions!

E. LANSKY.

A Wage-Cutting Plan

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Let labor beware of the President's new plan for financing the construction, repair and alteration of homes.

It was early intimated, in preliminary reports, that to secure a greater spread this plan would require labor to "co-operate" by rendering its services at reduced cost. For example, if a bricklayer's regular union scale is \$10 per day, for working under this plan he shall receive \$6 per day.

The proposed plan as published is entirely silent on this vital point. The truth, however, seeps out in the remarks of Winfield W. Riefler, co-author of the plan and chief of the Central Statistical Board. He says, according to Arthur Krock in the New York Times of May 15th, that no specific legislation is necessary to cover this part of the plan; that it will be worked out by the local boards charged with control.

If this be true, it is positively inimical to the interests of labor. Labor must and will suffer obviously as follows:

1. The plan will serve to lower the standard scales of wages which have been achieved by many years of effort and sacrifice.
2. The plan will serve to break down labor's unions by forcing men to work for non-union scales of pay.
3. The plan will serve as a sop to the disgruntled unemployed in the building trades, breaking down the growing mass movement for real relief.

The working, not wording, of the plan (according to the same authority) also calls for reduced costs of construction material and lower railroad rates for transporting this material.

Here again the real sufferer is the working man. The industrialist will certainly not supply materials at a loss. The only way to reduce his cost is by reducing the one variable item: wage costs. What turns raw material into mortar, lime and cement? What fells trees, saws them into logs, and then produces boards? What changes shapeless clay to moulded brick? Always the answer is labor. Here,

we predict, will be created another force to lower wages in the construction materials industry. Thus the "co-operation" of industry becomes again the sacrifice of labor.

We await results on the effort to secure lower railroad rates for transporting these construction materials. If such an arrangement be effected, the railroads will not suffer. Their cost of operation is for the greater part fixed, allowing profitable carriage of additional freight at reduced rates. Moreover, if the railroads require additional workers to handle the extra freight, these men will have to work at lower rates by virtue of the same plan. Looking into the future, we can also see that when the time comes next year for a re-adjustment of railroad labor scales, the railroads will pervert the matter of lower rates into an argument for lower wages.

Of course there is the demagogic argument of providing work and wages; but a deeper consideration exposes the fallacy and its viciousness. No matter what angle of view is taken, the sole and immediate sufferer is labor. It is an interesting sidelight that none of the "recognized" labor leaders have protested. They must be either fools or traitors, take your choice. Let labor beware.

MORRIS POTTISH.

Broadside from Hawaii

TO THE NEW MASSES:

THE NEW MASSES, it appears to me, devotes a considerable part of its space and effort to enlisting the attention and support of "fellow-travelers," intellectuals or near-intellectuals. Speaking as one of the

latter, may I offer the suggestion that workmanship, and that a crudely done piece of propaganda whether in writing (as *Fantasy in Blue Eyes and Blond Hair*) or in cartoons (as *No Bread and a Bad Circus*) defeats the purpose of THE NEW MASSES. Does the person to whom the over-obvious and the crudely done appeal read THE NEW MASSES? I should think not, judging from the occasional penetrating and scholarly articles such as that on housing and the more popular but sound articles of information and propaganda such as "Empire of the Sun" and Spivak's letters. Why, then, such inequality of appeal? It goes against the grain of one reared on the moderately careful workmanship of the leading liberal magazines.

Then, too, what is the use of pontifical and, what is worse, unscientific statements such as some of the literateurs on your staff are sometimes guilty of? For example, when Mike Gold starts his attack on "The Gilbert-Sullivan Cult" by saying that "When a Nazi with hands dripping with the blood of workers begins to sentimentalize over Wagner, or an ex-Czarist officer who has hung and flogged peasants tells us that Dostoevsky shakes him to the very soul, one is perhaps justified in suspecting both Wagner and Dostoevsky," I feel like suspecting Mike Gold's—at least his digestion the morning he wrote that. Hitler (I guess him to be the Wagner fan in question) is only one Nazi; are the other big shots of Nazidom affected emotionally or ideologically by Wagner? Do they even care for music? How many Czarist officers used to read anything as solid as Dostoevsky? I'm willing to venture that a larger proportion of Russian Communists than of Russian officers read him. "It is difficult to separate

a work of art from the class out of which it has sprung, and the audience it affects"—but Comrade Gold hasn't shown that Wagner and Dostoevsky, or Gilbert and Sullivan for that matter—have had a detrimental effect on us workers; why the deuce, then, should he waste his artillery shooting at them when there are real enemy trenches to aim at?

Honokaa, Hawaii.

JOHN E. REINECKE.

A Tip on Horses

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Please may I make a suggestion for your consideration:

Millions are interested and attend horse racing daily in America. They follow the dope sheet, track reports, newspaper reports, radio broadcasts, megaphone announcements, etc. Now if you could get a good string of horses (maybe our fatherland has some they will sell you at one dollar down, balance of price to be paid after the American Revolution is over—get me?). Name the horses "Russian Bonds," "New Masses," "United Workingmen," "United Farmers."

Millions would soon become friendly and used to these names by hearing them at the tracks and over the radio and reading the newspapers and dope sheets. "Russian Bonds" horse will pave the way for billions of bond sales. The increased bond market should more than pay the cost of the venture. (Keeping Wrigley's gum and cigarette ads before the weak-minded public makes the market.) So will "Russian Bonds" horse prepare the mind for the sale of Russian Bonds, etc.

A FRIEND.

Books

Dr. Beard Straddles

THE IDEA OF NATIONAL INTEREST, by Charles A. Beard, with the collaboration of G. H. E. Smith. The Macmillan Company. \$3.75.

AMONG conventional intellectuals, including most of the academic fraternity, Charles A. Beard has a reputation for unorthodox interpretation. This has come about largely because of Beard's work in demonstrating the importance of certain economic influences in shaping government policy. It is now obvious that the "Fathers" of the Constitution and the advocates of Jeffersonian Democracy represented property interests which sometimes conflicted. But when Beard first presented detailed evidence showing the tie-up between property and government, the performance impressed numerous romanticists among the "social scientists" as unpardonable iconoclasm.

Dr. Beard will doubtless shock more of the tender-minded in this book by indicating that the policy of the United States in relation to its "stake abroad"—territorial possessions, trade, and investments—has been motivated by a desire for profit. Beard himself frequently reveals that this lack of altruism—"earthly morality," he calls it—distresses him. He is indignant, for example, over the refusal of Congress to assume a mandate over Armenia

because no material advantage in the transaction could be detected: "the opportunity to do good," says Beard, "was enormous."

This stricture implies a conviction, in spite of the black record to the contrary, that disinterestedness among states is actually possible. And we remember that Beard elsewhere (see the article *Individualism and Capitalism*, vol. 1, *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences*, p. 147-48) has expressed himself as an idealist in philosophy. In the present book Beard amply evidences his essentially non-materialist approach. This is revealed by his emphasis on the role of "choice" for "the statesman" (p. 330), without indicating that the statesman's choice is limited by the class he serves. Similarly, and of greater significance, permeating the treatment is an assumption that the state has a "choice" whether it will be imperialistic.

The imperialistic ventures, however, of the United States are not approved. Beard distinguishes between the "commercial-financial" interest, as advocated by Hamilton and subsequently by the Republican Party, and the "agrarian interest," for which Jefferson was a leading spokesman. Throughout most of its history, the "agrarian" Democratic Party favored expansion in adjacent territory, as instanced by the Louisiana Purchase and seizures from Mexico. But the agrarians opposed the annexation of the Philippines and have not always followed an aggressive policy in

fostering investments abroad or in promising protection to American lives and property.

When these distinctions are made, one hopes that Beard is preparing for a complete analysis of why the economics of capitalism leads to imperialism. But the treatment does not probe much below the surface. Numerous quotations are offered, showing the economic lures which induced the two forms of expansion, and there are two valuable statistical chapters (by the collaborator) on "The Stake Abroad." But no attempt is made to show why, given the functioning of capitalism in an area such as the United States, imperialistic expansion is determined. It is just this, however, which Beard questions, doubtless condemning determinism as "Marxian dogmatism."

Viewing the poverty of large sections of the population, evidently he regards the "surplus" which seeks investment abroad as fictitious. On the contrary, analysis would demonstrate the necessary emergencies under capitalism of this surplus. Beard is clearly repelled by certain manifestations of capitalism (in regard to imperialism he senses the likelihood of war on a vast scale); but in effect he accepts capitalism as a system. And by refusing to make a thorough analysis of the economics of capitalism, he is placed in the position of supporting the essentials of the profit economy.

Analysis would not only show the reality

of the surplus which seeks the higher rate of return that is attainable through its power to exploit colonial and other "backward" foreign labor. It would also show that Beard's concepts of "agrarian" and "commercial-financial" are faulty. Marxians do not deny that the farmer has been a significant factor in this country's development and that westward expansion has had an important conditioning influence on the class struggle. But to identify anti-imperialism as solely a product of agrarianism is to unduly simplify—something with which Beard has charged Marx. Numerous industrial proletarians and a large section of the urban middle class have been anti-imperialistic.

In this entire volume of 563 pages there is not a word hinting at the existence of a working class which might have an influence on or an interest in the issue of imperialism. Beard might argue that the industrial workers have not manifested an integrated mass point of view and that therefore he is justified in ignoring their "interest." Yet it is surely in order to take account of dynamic forces calculated to broaden and deepen class consciousness. For this, however, the analytical tool of dialectical materialism is needed. In any event, Beard must realize that when imperialism receives a severe setback the major opposition will come from wage earners and *poor* farmers.

The author states that he is not now presenting a "theory of national interest." That is promised for a second volume; this one presents "the facts" preliminary to the theory. However, certain definite indications are provided which enable us to foresee the theory's probable main features.

On the assumption of being able to avoid the "surplus" seeking investment abroad and convinced of the catastrophic dangers arising through foreign entanglements, Beard envisages "national economic planning" as a means of reversing existing tendencies. Although his references elsewhere to the U.S.S.R. have been marked by anything but praise, it is apparent the Soviet Union's achievements are the chief explanation for this turning to planning as the way out. Yet, it is submitted, the kind of "economic planning" obtainable under capitalism would be modeled on the Fascist-Nazi scheme of "totalitarian-autarchy." Because Fascists do not like the term "economic planning" (it is too reminiscent of Bolshevism) and because Beard does not like what is taking place under fascist governments, should not confuse him. The kind of state capitalism which these fascist regimes embody is the only kind of "planning" which is feasible for capitalism.

Dr. Beard also implies in this book that the nationalism attainable under an American brand of economic planning will be anti-imperialistic—he evidently thinks of the agrarian interest as somehow achieving dominant control over the commercial-financial. But Beard must know that the nationalism of Italy and Germany has intensified their imperialist tendencies. And if this circumstance does not

impress him—because "the United States is different"—then he should take serious account of certain symptoms here.

High tariffs seem not to appeal to Beard; but how does he regard the shelving of the "low tariff" program of Secretary Hull—an event synchronizing with the first steps toward "economic planning" under the New Deal? Nor does Beard approve of a big navy; but is it not significant that a component part of the New Deal is the expansion of the navy at a break-neck speed? And shall we say that because the marines have not been landed (to date) in Cuba that the Roosevelt administration has kept its "hands off"? Thus does national economic planning prepare to abolish imperialism!

The author at various points reveals bewilderment because of vital historical deviations from his theory of the Democratic ("agrarian") aversion to imperialism. Woodrow Wilson is admired, but leading acts of his cannot be squared with Beard's general interpretation of Wilson as an opponent of imperialism. In spite of certain anti-imperialistic rhetoric from the present administration and such gestures as agreeing to clear out of the Philippines in ten years, no clear-sighted observer can miss the meaning of the activities sponsored by "our" government in South America—not to speak of various maneuvers aimed at checkmating both Great Britain and Japan.

But I do not intend to predict the precise form and content of Dr. Beard's future theory of national interest. It is not necessary to declare that Beard is incapable at this date of a careful examination of Marxian economics and of the Leninist analysis of imperialism. Such a study should lead to a clear understanding of the creative role of the class struggle and of the impossibility of the state being anything other than a class agency. If Beard doubts this, let him observe the unfolding of the New Deal, as "national economic planning" and imperialism march hand in hand.

CARL EVANS.

Storm Over the Intellectuals

THE UNPOSSESSED, by Tess Slesinger.
Simon and Schuster. \$2.50.

The characters. Generally speaking, they are "neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring, just lousy intellectuals." There is Bruno Leonard, a professor, a top-notch sophisticate inundating page after page with his brilliant rhetoric of futility; his cousin Elizabeth ("she gave him the glad eye, the mad eye, the sad eye"); Jeffrey Blake, a harmless novelist flirting with revolution and with other men's wives; Miles and Margaret, he an introspective New Englander longing to drop his anchor in the swirling waters of the class struggle, and she aching to absorb him and have his child; then Emmet of course, a waterish young man hanging on to Bruno's coat-tails, the son of Merle and Al—Merle, who is a society lady of miscellaneous tastes and no brains, and Al, the cynical business man who swings a sinuous wisecrack into the

wretched crew. On the positive side we find the Black Sheep, a little band of class-conscious students as charming in their own way—in the purely esthetic sense—as Proust's frieze of young girls on the shore of Balbec. On the whole an orchestra of first violins out of tune.

And the plot. The chorus sings and sobs: *Why Can't We Have a Magazine?* while Margaret fills in with her tremulous solo: *Why Can't I Have a Baby?* In the long intervals between stimulus and fumbled action there are domestic scenes, discussions on the *Magazine and the Revolution*, the Plight of the Intellectuals, Elizabeth's sex-express that fails to stop at Bruno's station, and the machinations of "Comrade" Fisher, who is kneaded out of the same mud-pile as those insufferably clever young men, veterans of the Zionist salvation army, who are now writing articles for liberal weeklies on the strategy and tactics of the world revolution and the villainy of Stalin. Finally we hit the climax—the combined Hunger March and Magazine Party, which is a real Walpurgis night of intellectual and emotional decomposition.

It is hard to formulate an attitude to this book. It is undoubtedly a significant work, if only because it points sharply to the ideological cul-de-sac in which the esthete-modernists of the twenties now find themselves. It shows that sophistication, with the consequent isolation of its victims from the mainland of revolutionary struggle, is simply a different facet of the Babbittism that it aimed to undermine. It shows that sophistication is dying, and Miss Slesinger is lending a hand in erecting its tombstone. To do this, however, is relatively easy and is not enough. Her novel fails to give a disciplined orientation to the intellectual whose need for it she makes so palpable. The intellectual's relation to the revolutionary movement is the focus of the book, yet the author's own attitude to the movement is ambiguous. More than once we become unpleasantly aware of a certain psychological spite in her. Her knife slashes indiscriminately, and we get the impression that the hand that wields it is in frenzy. Hence we are justified in asking Miss Slesinger where she is in all this turmoil. Has Dr. Bruno Leonard absconded with her, or is she really wise to him?

The very title of the novel, *The Unpossessed*, is in itself confusing. The intellectuals are only superficially a unique social grouping; basically they belong to the middle class, sharing all its vacillations and alliances. It is only the fact that in art and literature they at times operate at an oblique angle from their class that deceives writers like Miss Slesinger, leading them to the conception of the intellectuals as a socially independent group. One must also protest against the author's assumption that the characters she draws are truly representative of the intellectuals. Her people are merely a special little sub-grouping of hyper-sophisticates. And it is this assumption which results in largely ignoring the thousands of related individuals—

within the category of her subject as a whole—who have ceased straddling the fence.

This book proves Miss Slesinger to be a highly conscious literary technician. She has put to good use a variety of methods that only the best of modern writers have used effectively. But her writing suffers somewhat from a lack of economy. Too often her ideas and perceptions are dissolved in the flow of verbal excitement.

PHILIP RAHV.

Stalin Reports

THE STATE OF THE SOVIET UNION, by Joseph Stalin. International Publishers. \$.75.

This well-made, cloth-bound little volume, containing the report of the work of the Central Committee of the 17th Congress of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R., includes an analysis of the economic crisis in the capitalist countries, the growing acuteness of the political situation, and the world relations of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics; an account of progress in industry and agriculture in the Soviet Union; and a discussion of the problems of organization and leadership facing the Communist Party in that country.

During 1933 industry in the principal capitalist countries began to recover slightly. This recovery came, however, "at the expense of the workers—increasing their exploitation by increasing the intensity of their labor; at the expense of the farmers—by pursuing a policy of paying the lowest prices for the product of their labor, for foodstuffs, and, partly, for raw materials; at the expense of the peasants in the colonies and in the economically weak countries—by still further forcing down the prices of the products of their labor, principally raw materials, and also foodstuffs."

"Quite clearly things are moving towards a new war" in the capitalist world, as a result of "the intensified struggle for foreign markets, the abolition of the last vestiges of free trade, prohibitive tariffs, trade war, currency war, dumping, and many other analogous measures which demonstrate the extreme nationalism in economic policy." This new imperialist world war "will certainly unleash revolution and put in question the very existence of capitalism in a number of countries."

It has been difficult for the U.S.S.R. to pursue a policy of peace in these circumstances; but, relying on its "growing economic and political might," "the moral support of millions" of workers the world over, "the common sense of these countries which for this or that motive are not interested in disturbing the peace, and which want to develop commercial relations" with the U.S.S.R., and finally, on the Red Army, the Soviet Union has escaped attack.

As to the internal position of the U.S.S.R., there has been "continuously expanding progress both in the sphere of national economy and in the sphere of culture." These colossal changes are not a miracle; they "proceeded on the basis of expanding socialist construction."

Not only the "differences between town and country disappearing, the peasants ceasing to regard the town as the center of their exploitation," the "ties of the economic and cultural bond between town and country becoming stronger," but also, "the cultural gulf between town and country is being bridged." The "immediate and urgent problem" now is to expand commodity circulation and improve transport.

Stalin's report is a handbook for every Party worker in every capitalist country of the world; it is particularly applicable to the situation in the United States. It is a stimulant to every sympathizer of the movement everywhere. Especially is it valuable to those who still permit themselves to be confused by the idiotic chatter among liberals about the "desertion" of the workers "by Stalin," and about the Soviet Union's having gone "nationalist." Not only is the spirit of international solidarity with the world proletariat implicit in every page of the book, but Stalin's last words are a pledge of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R., which is a section of the Third (Communist) International, "to remain loyal to the end to the cause of proletarian internationalism, to the cause of the fraternal alliance of the proletarians of all countries."

EUGENE GORDON.

Blind Alleys in Economics

THE THEORY OF WAGES, by Paul H. Douglas. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

The Theory of Wages is not, contrary to the indications of the title, an inclusive study of the problems of wages under capitalism. Instead, it is a confused effort to prove an

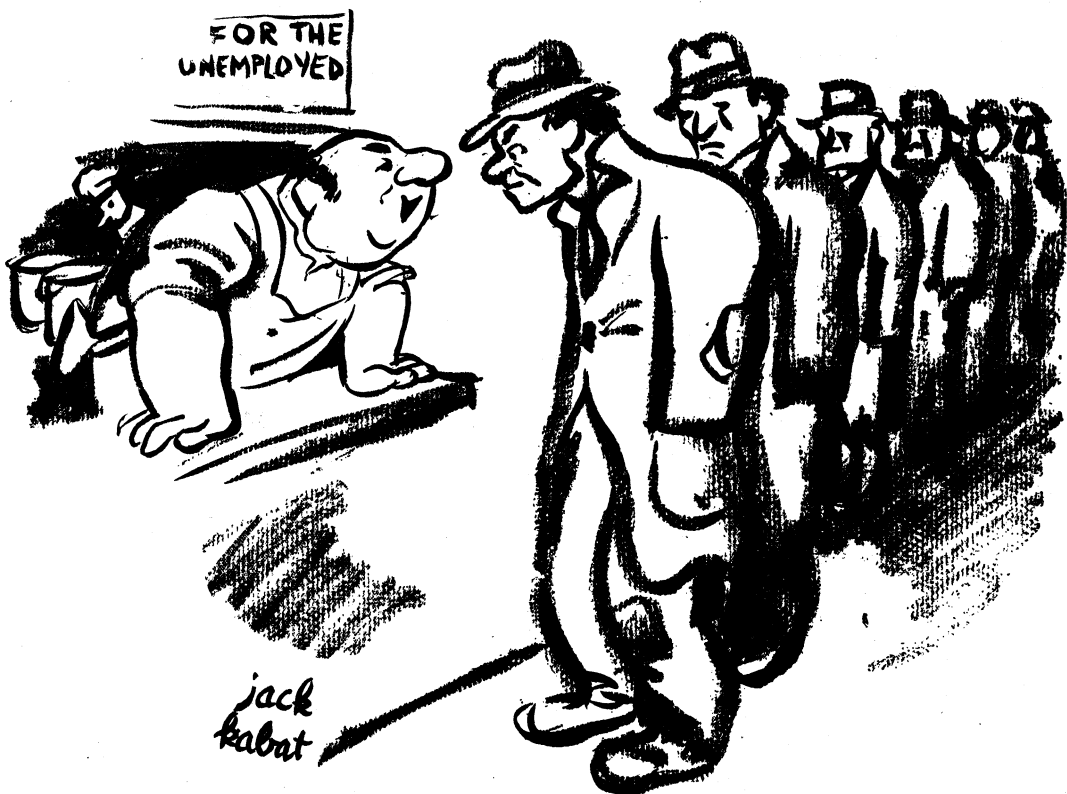
economic theory first advanced in the nineteenth century by Von Thunen in *The Isolated State*.

This is the marginal productivity theory, which supposedly "explains" production and distribution relations by an adaptation of the limitations theory of the Malthusians. "Value," says the marginalists, "is the result of an ideal combination of land, capital, and labor." Equal increases in the quantities of each factor will result in equal increases in product. Increases, however, of any one factor will result in increased returns, but on a diminishing scale until the point is reached when it is no longer economically desirable to continue the increase.

Each increase in any of the factors reduces the marginal productivity of that factor, and consequently its return. An increase in the quantity of workers will reduce the marginal productivity of the entire group of workers. The wages of the entire group will be determined by what the last laborer adds to the product. The wages of the entire group continually fall with the addition of new men to the working force.

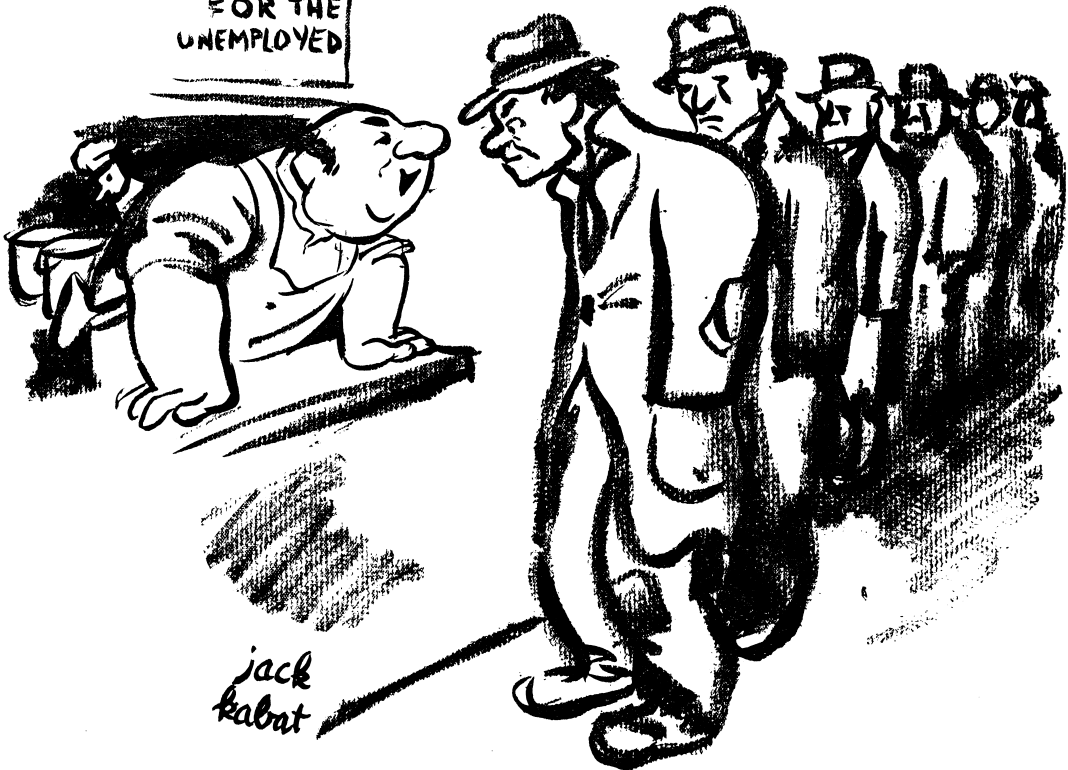
Professor Douglas sets for himself the task of proving the theory of marginal productivity inductively. The inductive method can be of great value to the development of the science of economics. However, the manner in which the author pursues his problem creates a book of errors. He considers capitalism as an eternal category. Land, capital, and labor are the forces of production. A relationship exists between these three factors. How to determine this relationship? He sets his mathematical and statistical aids to work.

His first problem is the deficiencies of sta-



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FOR THE
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tistics under capitalism. He is not, however, daunted. If statistics are missing, he creates his own. We who are skeptical of even those statistics which are gathered by governmental agencies, cannot help but be distrustful of those who would fill in the missing years by formulae based on the existing data. It is recognizable that the need for continuous data can be adequate justification for attempts to fill in the missing periods. The results, however, are not sufficiently accurate to justify conclusions in the form of mathematic and economic laws.

Professor Douglas pursues the latter course in the establishment of many of the tables, indices, graphs, and formulae. Characteristics of many of his errors are those involved in the building of the table showing the number of wage earners in the U.S.A. for 1899-1922. Having no continuous national data, he employs the figures for Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, under the stated assumption that the course of employment for the entire country was the same as for these two states. From such devices he builds up a chain of reasoning from which he draws the few conclusions that he makes. There are ninety-one charts and one hundred and three tables to bolster up these conclusions.

Chief among his conclusions is that capital and labor contribute value to the product in the ratio of one to three. According to Douglas, the share of each has universally followed this trend. For the U.S.A. "labor" up to 1926 had been receiving on an average of 76 percent while capital's share has been 24 percent. He shows similar trends for other countries. Because of the inadequate proof for the three-to-one ratio of value added to the product, the suspicion is aroused that Professor Douglas evolved a "law" to fit the trend he thought to exist. As for the tables showing the distribution of the income between labor and capital it is sufficient to say that they are subject to all the errors accruing from reliance upon capitalistic statistics.

One does not, however, have to recognize any of the fallacies involved in the above to disregard the marginal productivity theory. Professor Douglas himself unwittingly seals its fate. In the introduction to the book, he admits that a great part of this work is applicable only to a laissez-faire society. It is inapplicable, says the author, in a monopoly or semi-monopoly society or in an authoritarian state or in a socialist society. Since laissez-faire is a condition of yesterday, *The Theory of Wages* can take its place with other relics of yesterday. It is interesting to note at this point that the marginal theory is based upon the assumption that "there is work for all and that all who really want work and are able to perform it and who are willing to work for the marginal wage, are employed." In the examination which follows Professor Douglas concludes that sufficient of the prerequisites exist to validate the theory!

The economic thinking involved, in spite of its claim to the inductive method, is the product of pure theory divorced from reality. The

author creates his own world, one in which he believes his theories operative. Under such conditions all his attempts to prove his theory inductively take on the aspect of attempting to make that which is unreal take on the aspect of reality.

The only available explanation for this so inadequate and antiquated presentation is that Professor Douglas could no longer postpone the publication of the essay for which he received five thousand dollars in 1926.

SAMUEL IRVING.

Howl of Disgust

JOURNEY TO THE END OF THE NIGHT, by Louis-Ferdinand Céline, translated by John H. P. Marks. Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

Journey to the End of the Night is one of the most symptomatic books that has come out of the post-war bourgeoisie. It is a long howl of disgust at the decay of the bourgeois world and of the people in it. The petty bourgeois hero, Ferdinand Bardamu, to be identified with Céline himself, is a doctor, and he explores the whole putrescent body of bourgeois civilization with that mixture of ruthlessness, curiosity, voluptuousness, self-pity, and horror that a doctor might bring to the study of a monstrous cancer in his own body. First, the war, a great nightmare of "bleeding meats." Then leave in Paris, where the profiteers and high-class American whores are the patriotism-mongers, the sons of the influential are getting exempted, the procuresses piling up fortunes, and the psychiatrists explaining the biological basis of the "desire" to die for one's country. Too badly frightened to be sent up again, Ferdinand goes to French Equatorial Africa to rot from jungle fevers in the service of a swindling trading company. Thence, he ships to America to break his heart from loneliness in the bleak ant-hill of New York and dull his brain with the machines in the Ford works of Detroit. Paris, again, to finish his medical studies and practice amid the tubercular, syphilitic, undernourished, child-burdened population of a poor district, Garenne-Rancy. Finally, he becomes an assistant in a sanatorium for the insane. Throughout the book he follows and becomes partly involved in the scabrous and criminal adventures of Robinson Léon, whom he meets in Flanders, in Africa, in Detroit, and again in Rancy, symbolic figure of ill luck, victimization, and futile criminal revolt.

To what does Céline attribute this bitter, all-pervading misery of man? To all the bloody gods on whose altar "the obscene resignation of the poor" has so often been offered: Fate, Chance, Human Nature. Man, in his book, is—with one exception, the tender American prostitute, Molly—a heap of ordure, ever revealing lower and lower depths of egotism, bestiality, vanity, cruelty, and hatred of his fellows. His conception of man has become so corrupted by his life that he falls into that lamentable belief, prelude to Fascism, that "war and disease are perhaps the only

true realizations of our profound nature."

In fact, Céline has said openly that all politics are lies, among them Marxism. In reply to the inquiry on Fascism sent to writers by the Communist quarterly, *Avant-Poste*, Céline wrote: "Dictatorship? Why not? . . . Defense against Fascism? You are joking. One can see you've never been to war . . . When the military takes command, . . . there can be no more resistance, one doesn't resist a dinosaur. He can only burst from his own bile—and we with him—in his belly, my friends, in his belly."

Yet, the reader will not draw this moral of political cynicism from *Journey to the End of the Night*. For the book exposes the social forces of our time, although constantly denying them conscious emphasis. Never did any novel show a more bitter insurmountable barrier between two worlds, that of the rich and that of the poor. Never was there a fuller record of disinheritance and denial. This is the epic of those who are cut off from food, shelter, health and pleasure, thrice cut off from self-respect, dignity, and hope. Céline paints a war in which the real war, the "honest-to-God" war, is between the M. P.'s and the troops; an urban bourgeoisie swollen with profits, poisoned with avarice, stinking with vice; colonies in which all forces, whatever their internecine rivalries, join in the brutal repression of the native; factories in which man is the slave of the machine; slums in which human health is made mock of and whence, every morning, hosts of pale, stupefied, and dispossessed creatures pack into the street cars at the beck of the employers. And, in addition to all this material horror, is the special little ordure of the author's own defeatism and cynicism. Economic and political revolution is as logically implied from all these scenes, which Céline resolves into a few brief delights in feminine muscles, as they are from the mad world which Dostoevsky painted and thought to cure with the "great Russian Christ" or the suicide of the "free."

Journey to the End of the Night must be read. It is well to look into the solitary abyss of Céline's experience, meaner, crueller, and filthier than any which bourgeois literature has yet given us. It is well to see what abjectness the capitalist world can impose upon him who persists in seeing himself alone against its tyranny. But after we have looked, we will say with Céline himself, "Let's hear no more of all of this."

SYLVIA G. GLASS.

The Soft Brush of Pity

FIVE SILVER DAUGHTERS, by Louis Golding. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.50.

This is a long, carefully executed novel, which, though following the Galsworthy pattern for the most part, still retains enough Golding features to give it individuality. It relates what happens to Sam Silver, a raincoat manufacturer who is made a millionaire by the World War, and his five daughters. The Golding touches consist of the primary locale,

Doomington, which he treats, as always, with a fine sense for pictorial values; the Silvers, who are faithfully drawn Jewish types; and the style, which is exceedingly musical and picturesque though somewhat below his best. These virtues alone would suffice to make *Five Silver Daughters* a good Jewish novel, but Golding has tried to do much more than that. He has attempted, rather manfully, to link up his characters with the main events of their time. During the war, for instance, one daughter is an entertainer for the soldiers, another works in a canteen, a third goes to Russia with Lenin, and the father makes money from government contracts. For the same reason he gives us a lengthy picture of Germany in the throes of inflation, and Russia during its hectic Civil War period. Golding, it is evident, has become acutely conscious of the historical features of our civilization.

We also get a picture of Lenin—and here our suspicions as to the intelligence of Golding's studies, well-intentioned as they are, become confirmed. Golding has tried to be sympathetic; he draws Lenin as a great man—like Christ and Shakespeare—but, since he knows nothing of the real sources of Lenin's power, the figure emerges shadowy and unreal. This holds true of one of the main characters of the book, Polednik, supposedly an associate of Lenin's, who is drawn as a fanatic more intent on gaining personal revenge on his brother-in-law, Smirnof, a White Russian, than on functioning as a responsible Russian official consummating a revolution. Golding simply does not understand the reasons for the hatred of a Bolshevik for a capitalist.

That the few Communist characters in the book, however important to the story, should be described without intelligence would not, in itself, seriously damage the book. But the same ignorance that makes his characters unreal, makes his historical accounts weak and unimportant, and renders the book diffuse and dull at exactly those times when it should become intense and important. Only a novelist that understands the causes of war can select the incidents leading up to it with sureness and power. Golding, though he portrays its effects on a conscientious objector, on a business man, and on a musical hall entertainer, is unable to prepare us for the outbreak of hostilities; consequently, the reactions of these people strike us as trivial and individualistic. Post-war Germany and the early years of the Soviet Union become merely studies in two kinds of horror; it is not simple chance that we see Germany through the eyes of a wealthy Englishwoman slumming with her lover, and Russia through the eyes of an aged kulak about to be shot. Golding shares their superficial and limited vision. On this rock his brave attempt to give the Silver family a social background meets with disaster. History requires not merely the observation of a liberal novelist, but the analysis of a Marxian critic. Golding has yet to learn what every "groping" revolutionary writer knows.

SAMUEL LEVENSON.

Brief Review

COMPANY PARADE, by Storm Jameson. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

This is the first volume of a novel of indefinite length entitled *The Mirror in Darkness*. Miss Jameson's intellectual passion, literary skill, and talent for incisive psychological portraiture might have enabled her to succeed in depicting the contemporary scene "to the fullest possible extent," but this first volume indicates that all we are going to get is a picture of the plight of the English middle-class intellectual after the war, and an extended but brilliant study of the autobiographical heroine, Hervey Russell. Hervey is a budding novelist with only two desires, fame and her son's comfort. These, it is evident, do not qualify her to understand the importance of the worker in the contemporary scene, or even the causes of the World War, and the novel, by the same token, is rendered fragmentary and limited.

THE LONG ROLL ON THE RHINE, by Col. E. Alexander Powell. New York: The Macmillan Company. 231 pages. \$2.50.

Colonel Powell was a Hearst correspondent in Europe during the War. He begins *The Long Roll on the Rhine* with the statement that his position is that of a "disinterested ob-

server." Powell has used the elasticity of this point-of-view to glide over those aspects of Germany which only a storm-trooper can justify; and to use a good two hundred of his two hundred and thirty pages to show that National-Socialism was the only possible antidote to the Versailles Treaty, to explain the necessity for Germany's liquidation of her Jews, and to justify the Nazi temper by describing Germany's loss of her colonies and her troubles in the Ruhr, Silesia and the Saar. Powell met Hitler, believed everything Hitler told him, and was impressed with his kindness, honesty and personal charm. He finds Goering, Goebbels and Dollfuss of equal personal charm, and unconsciously reveals Hitler's extreme reliance on his secretary, Rudolph Hess—a name seldom mentioned by the Press in either Europe or America.

Powell never speaks of the possibility of a connection between the National-Socialists and German Capital, and, although he believes that Germany is now enjoying a renaissance, he uses only seven pages of his book to describe what this renaissance is. Hitler's two great contributions to the Third Reich, he says, have been the "unification of Germany into a totalitarian state" and the signing of a treaty of amity with Poland. Powell, in describing the Nazi Labor Front, presents it as an army of myriad company unions in which only employers have rank and striking is treason.

A Pro-War Film

NO GREATER GLORY. Columbia production and release. Director, Frank Borzage. Adapted for the screen from the novel "The Paul St. Boys," by Ferenc Molnar.

TO A SMALL unenthusiastic audience, Mr. Howard Cullman, receiver of the old bankrupt Roxy Theatre, presented the new war movie about kids, for kids and grownups. *No Greater Glory*, a retake of the German-made film *The Paul St. Boys*, is Columbia Pictures' attempt at a persuasive stirring contribution to Hollywood's 1934 cycle of war hysteria films. But 1934 is not 1916, and 1916's nightmarish cry for more fresh bodies to be broken in war has changed its pitch and tune.

No Greater Glory has attempted to tell in celluloid what the death-dealing academicians have propagated through the centuries in books, essays and sermons—the theory that there resides *innately in human beings the instinct to wage war*, and that there is no greater glory than to die for one's country. To graphically prove this main thesis Columbia Pictures have telescoped down the wars of all time to a close-up of the origin and development of a gang fight between two "big injun" groups.

The story is simple:

Two groups of boys. One group organizes itself to defend the lumberyard, its playground. The other group attacks, because it wants the playground. One of the defenders catches cold in the course of his brave, sacrificial endeavors for the honor and defense of his group and his flag. He dies.

By a simple natural development of this story, very little could be proved . . . except perhaps that if all the kids had playgrounds and other needs supplied there would be no group wars. But to graphically revive the moribund theory of "war by instinct," the little story is directed into becoming, as an elderly war-veteran in the film remarks, "not only an empty lot, but Alsace-Lorraine, Manchuria, anywhere, everywhere, today, and tomorrow and tomorrow." From the opening bugle-call to the final half-mast salute, the audience of kids and adults is treated to an accelerated movement of militarism that pyramids up to a burst of "glory" and death. The picture moves from military salute to military "taps," military equipment, organization, customs, formations, combat, martial music, all the ritual of war. With utmost care adaptor and director have developed the rituals so that the little boys are no longer fighting for a playground. They are little knights and pawns of Fate, little carriers of the imperishable need to fight

each other, little soldiers of yesterday, today and tomorrow—inevitably destined to click heels, salute, shoulder arms, raise bayonets, lunge forward, kill. But since war is *not* inevitable excepting under certain conditions completely beyond the ken of Hollywood and certainly far beyond the wishes of the censors, the allegory moves from symbolism to realism, from a statement of the instinct-to-war to a direct appeal for patriotism, for war-patriotism. The “build-up” sequences of war patriotism are reinforced continually with the familiar cry, “I’ll be a Paul St. Boy until I die!” “You can duck me 1,000 times and I’ll still come back for my flag!”

The villains too, are particularized with some familiarity, undoubtedly the result of Hollywood’s adaptation. The little villains remain unmistakably the “enemy” qualities Hollywood has bestowed upon the villains of every recent effort to bring “real life of today” to the screen. It is probably no accident that the villains of Columbia’s *Washington Merry Go Round* (Bonus Marchers) were “panhandlers, bums, under the leadership of gangsters.” At any rate the villains of “No Greater Glory” are the big, rough “Red Shirts,” who disdain capturing the lumberyard by bribery, but insist on taking it, as they say, “not by underhand methods—we take by force”—and the heroes are the peaceful defenders of the playground.

Thus with a well built up hatred for the enemy “Red Shirts” and a carefully developed sympathy for the valiant patriotic defenders, the hero, little Nemecek who finally dies, and the “Red Shirt” organizer (Frankie Darrow) become the personalized carriers of love and hate, in film, in the world, in the sympathies of the audience. And so the film without for a moment questioning the reasons why the boys had to fight for a playground, builds up the struggle for the playground, making a special drive from beginning to end to carry the audience on one side against the other by ascribing to the children of the allegorical war, the same “instinct to war” ascribed in the real world to human beings, *No Greater Glory* becomes itself a carrier for the propaganda of the justifiers of war!

It is interesting to see that splendid little actor, Frankie Darrow, still carrying on the fight from *Mayor of Hell* and *Wild Boys of the Road*. In the first he got a miserable reform school, in the second a Blue Eagle speech, both instead of that “playground”—the “playground” that Mustapha and his gang actually found when they took the *Road to Life*.

As a piece of filmmaking, *No Greater Glory* is no contribution. The kids play well—as well as 12-year-olds can possibly play with dialogue rarely uttered even from the lips of 30-year-olds. The photography is better than most. But the film as a whole suffers from what all Hollywood “problem” (topical, realistic) films are destined to suffer from: the insurmountable difficulty of bridging the contradiction between the nature of the movie as an art form and its content. For, all of

Hollywood to the contrary, cinematography is an art of “seeing,” an art impossible in a system of society dependent on “blindness.”

Its chief significance is its new approach, derived in all probability from the “exploitation” department. After all, ’34 is not ’16, and Hollywood has learned that audiences will not tolerate the old approach. “There must be another way to plug this,” the boys probably figured out. And unlike the screeching promoters of another day, the boys hit on the more circuitous angle of today—“ANTI-WAR!” (What a gag!). In no other way is it possible to account for the opening and closing shots being plugged as the “angle” of the film.

That liberals, pacifists and even certain honest, aggressive fighters against war (such as Roger Baldwin) were hopeful for “nation-wide success for a play of intrinsic merit, and for a message so powerfully conceived”¹ can be attributed in large part to their peculiar respect for the “exploitation gag” which is based on a 32-word opening anti-war outcry by a war-victim and on a fadeout of a steam shovel (Fate, History) tearing up the field the soldiers fought for. That these gestures were the only “props” Columbia’s publicity department could call “anti-war,” that both shots, combined, took less than two minutes running time against 75 minutes of the most sordid, the most shallow, the most shameless arguments for war; that both shots, one at the opening, one at the closing, in no way touch on the real causes of war: that the inescapable conclusion among workers in the audience is that the message of the film (even reached by the dollars and cents *Variety*) is that there is “no greater glory than to die for one’s country”—that to hope for success for this film means to hope for the propagation of this sentiment, interferes not a bit with the wholehearted endorsement for the benefit of the kiddies and adults living under a government already geared to the chariot of war and fascism!

In 1914-18 we wartime kids whooped it up for our country. We too fought miniature world wars. We’ll never forget the speeches, the endorsements, the flags, the music, the movies—pleading, demanding, screeching for young bodies to be broken in battle. We’ve learned how the war was made and for whom our families were crushed. And though the makers of war have changed their pitch and tune, we know the causes of war remain the same. Though Hollywood has changed from *For Francel* to *No Greater Glory*; from *Don’t Be A Slacker, Join the Army Now!* to *There Is No Greater Glory Than To Die For Your Country*—we know that the same purpose is being served, the purpose of the capitalist class, the class in all countries, that depends upon war, on the spread of such war making monstrosities like *No Greater Glory*.

TOM BRANDON.

¹ From Roger Baldwin’s endorsement in the lobby of the Roxy Theatre.

Between Ourselves

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN, editor of the *Freiheit*, is on his way to Soviet Russia for a three-months’ stay. He will write a series of articles for *THE NEW MASSES*, dealing with the All-Soviet Congress of Writers in Moscow next month; with the actual operations of Soviet factories, collective farms, etc.

Stanley Burnshaw is back from his lecture trip, which took him as far West as Davenport, Ia. He is preparing a report on what he saw and heard, for next week’s issue.

John Howard Lawson collected considerable data during his stay in the Birmingham strike area, dealing with the White Legion. His material will be presented in an early issue, perhaps next week.

David Alfaro Siqueiros was the subject of an article in *THE NEW MASSES* recently.

“Daniel Summer,” who writes on *The Proletarian Physician*, must use a pseudonym because of his position in a hospital, and the organization work among internes that he is carrying on.

The *Silver Ranger*, organ of the Silver Shirts of California, didn’t like John Spivak’s interview with Captain Case, who was exceedingly frank about the true motives behind the organization (*Silver Shirts Among the Gold*). On the other hand, Bob Bouchette, columnist on the *Vancouver Sun*, calls the story a “classic in the art of interviewing, a model of objectivity in newspaper writing, and a warning to all interviewees that the cruelest thing a reporter can do is to quote them—accurately.” Bouchette got his copy of *THE NEW MASSES* illegally, by the way; Canada bars us from the mails.

In next week’s issue we expect to make an editorial announcement, of the first importance, addressed to proletarian writers.

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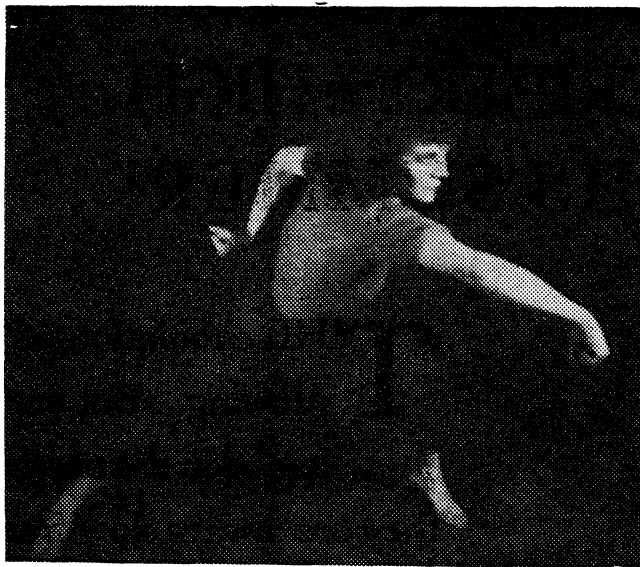
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