

new  
**M**

DECEMBER 18, 1934

10c

# Masses

Will the  
**FARMER**  
Go Red?

Third Article by  
**JOHN LATHAM**

*Just Among  
Friends*

BY  
**ROBERT  
FORSYTHE**

**CHALLENGE**  
To  
**Technicians**

A Report by  
**THEODORE DRAPER**

*Two Poems*

BY  
**KENNETH  
FEARING**

**Soviets in**

**SPAIN**

By **ANDRE RIBARD**

*Photographs*

BY  
**MARGARET  
BOURKE-WHITE**

**Fascism  
via the  
UTOPIAN  
Society**

By **EDWARD NEWHOUSE**

*Drawings*

BY  
**BARD  
MACKEY  
JOHNSON  
LIMBACH  
FREEMAN  
REFREGIER**

**Red Armies  
Marching in  
CHINA**

An Editorial  
With a Map

20-50%

DISCOUNT

B.O.O.K

S.A.L.E

AT ALL

WORKERS' BOOKSHOPS

BEGINS:—Thursday Dec. 20th 9:30 A.M.

ENDS:—Saturday Dec. 29th 6:30 P.M.

\$1.95

(List Price—\$2.50 Down)

Historical Materialism—Bucharin
Leninism—Stalin
Conditions of the Working Class of Great Britain—Hutt.
History of the American Working Class—Bimba
Capital, Vols. 1, 2, or 3—Marx
Foundations of Christianity—Kautsky
Materialism and Empirio-Criticism—Lenin
History of Russia (one-volume edition)—Prokovsky
Capitalism, Communism, Transition—Burns
Great Tradition—Hicks
Shadow Before—Rellins
Chartism to Labourism—Rothstein
Murder Made in Germany—Leippman

\$1.55

(List Price—\$2)

Brief History of Russia, Vol. 1 or 2—Prokovsky
History of the Great American Fortunes, Vols. 1, 2 or 3—Meyers
Ancient Society—Morgan
History of Canadian Wealth—Meyers
Economic Doctrines of Karl Marx—Kautsky
Positive Outcome of Philosophy—Dietzgen
Kaisers Go and Generals Remain—Pliver
Red Medicine—Kingsbury
Memoirs of a Revolutionist—Figner

\$1.20

(List Price—\$1.50)

Cement—Gladkev
Peasant War in Germany—Engels
Life and Teachings of Marx—Beer
Life and Teachings of Marx and Engels—Riazanov
Fundamental Problems of Marxism—Plekhanov

Imperialism and World Economy—Bucharin
Economic Theory of the Leisure Class—Bucharin
The 18th Brumaire of Louis Bonapart—Marx
Ten Days that Shook the World—John Reed
Russia's Productive System—Burns

\$0.79

(List Price—\$1)

Forced Labor in the United States—Wilson
International Pamphlets (3 Vols. 10 in each Volume)
Women Who Work—Hutchins
Labor and Lumber—Todes
Labor and Textiles—Hardy
Labor and Automobiles—Dunn
Labor and Silk—Hutchins
Labor and Steel—Davis
Labor and Coal—Rochester
The Bible Unmasked—Lewis
Memoirs of a Bolshevik—Platnitsky
State and Revolution—Lenin
Civil War in France—Marx
Critique of the Gotha Programme—Marx
Left Wing Communism—Lenin
Problems of Leninism—Stalin
Labor Fact Book (II)—L. R. A.
Bolsheviks in the Czarist Duma—Badayev
Under Fire—Barbusse
Land Without Unemployment (pictures)
English for Workers (Grammar)
The Organization of Labor—Dunn
The Woman Worker and the Trade Unions—Wolfson

\$0.55

Jews Without Money—Michel Gold
120 Million—M. Gold
Memories of Lenin—Krupskaya—Vol. 1 or 2
Molly Maguires—Bimba
Russia Day by Day—Lamont
The National Policy of the Soviet Union
Azure Cities—(short stories of USSR)

\$0.39

(\$2.50 down)

Women and Socialism—Bebel
Soviet Foreign Trade—Budish
Katerina—Andreyev
An Interrupted Friendship—Voynich
Commissar of the Gold Express
Life and Teachings of Lenin—Dutt
Dialectical Materialism—Adoratsky

\$0.19

(75c down)

Company Unions—Dunn
Red Villages—Yakovlev
Protection of Motherhood and Childhood in the Soviet Union
Wreckers on Trial
Days with Lenin—Gorky

\$0.47

(60c list)

Anarchism and Socialism—Plechanoff
Revolution and Counter-Revolution—Engels
Erfurt Program—Kautsky
Ethics and the Materialist Conception of History—Kautsky
Origin of the Family—Engels
Feuerbach—Engels
Social Revolution—Kautsky
Evolution Social & Organic—Lewis
Germs of Mind in Plants—France
An Outline of Finance—Woodburne
The Plebs Atlas of Current Events
Ethnography-Folklore, etc., in USSR
Scientific Construction in USSR
Literature of the Peoples of the USSR

Miscellaneous

(\$5 down)

Ancient Lowly (2 vol.) \$5.00 now \$3.99
Chinese Red Army Marches—Smedley, \$1.60
Fascism and Social Revolution—Dutt, \$1.75

Letters to Kugelmann—Marx, \$1.00
October Revolution—Stalin, \$1.00
Red Virtue, \$3.00, now \$1.65
In Place of Profit—\$2.50, now \$1.75
Veterans on the March, \$1.25
Coming Struggle for Power, \$3.00, now \$1.75
Moscow Dialogue—Hecker, \$3.00
Russian Sociology—Hecker, \$3.00
Religion and Communism—Hecker, \$3.00
Where the Ghetto Ends—Leon Dennen, \$2.50
Dimitrov—A Biography, \$.75
Bows Against the Barons, \$.85
Hitler Over Europe, \$1.90
Science at the Cross Roads, \$2.55
Iron Heel—London, \$1.75, now \$.95
War and Peace and the Soviet Union—Gorham, \$1.50
Chinese Destinies—Smedley, \$3.00, now \$1.60
Outlook of Science—Warrell, \$3.00
Are the Jews a Race?—Kautsky, \$1.25
Social Forces in American History—Simons, \$1.25
Capital in Lithographs—Gellert, \$3.00, now \$1.95
Brown Book of Hitler Terror, \$1.15
Dinsinherited—Conroy, \$1.25
42nd Parallel, \$.60
Toward Soviet America—Foster, \$.75
Lenin Set (8 books), \$3.00
Driving Axle (Soviet Novel), \$1
Elementary Russian (1st year), \$1.25
Our Lenin (for kids), 95c
Gathering Storm—Page (95c), 76c
Armoured Train (A Play), 19c
Roar China (A Play), 40c
They Shall Not Die (Scottsboro Play), \$2
Stevedore (Theatre Union Play), \$1.75
Berlin Diaries—General X, \$2.75
And Quiet Flows the Don—\$3
Other Fires, Bystander or Magnet—Gorki (\$3), \$2.55
Mother—Gorki (\$2), \$1.75
Chinese Testament—Tratkov, \$3
Industrialized Russia—Hirsh, \$3
Iron, Blood & Profits—Seldes, \$2.50
Land of Plenty—Cantwell, \$2.50
Little Golden Calf—Hf & Petrov, 75c
Merchants of Death—Engelbrecht, \$2.50
Native's Return—Adamic, \$2.75
Poetry of Isidor Schneider, \$2.
Poetry of Spender, \$1.50
Poetry of Auden, \$2.50
Russian Youth and the Present Day World—F. Williams, \$2.50
Those Who Perish—Dahlberg, \$2

Please Note that New York Book Shops Sale Dates are December 14th to December 29th, inclusive

Workers and International Book Shops

50 East Thirteenth Street, New York
699 Prospect Avenue, Bronx, New York
369 Sutter Avenue, Brooklyn, New York
216 Broadway, Boston, Mass.
46 North 8th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
4023 Girard Ave., West Philadelphia, Pa.

509 North Eutaw Street, Baltimore, Md.
513 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
1638 5th Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
1522 Prospect Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
1981 Grand River, Detroit, Mich.
2019 West Division Street, Chicago, Ill.

505 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.
312 West State Street, Milwaukee, Wis.
6 South 3rd Street, Minneapolis, Minn.
202 Collins Building, Seattle, Wash.
37 Grove Street, San Francisco, Cal.
224 South Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

NOTE: In case certain of the above books may not be in stock at any given book shop, orders may be placed with the bookshop for mailing direct to the purchaser. Send mail orders to nearest bookshop.

Include 7 cents per item for postage.

Join Our Circulating Libraries—Write for Free Catalogues

# new Masses

DECEMBER 18, 1934

**A** PRIZE poodle unveiled the other day a prize picture of Park Avenue society. First came the mouse, a rubber mouse, tied by a string to a curtain. The curtain concealed an etching of a prize poodle. The etching concealed Mr. Levon West, the artist who made the etching. Mr. West in turn concealed about one hundred society people who were gathered to see the prize poodle make this prize unveiling. The poodle, whose full name is Nunsoe Duc de la Terrace of Blackeen, leaped for the mouse, thus revealing, in a single movement, dog, picture, artist, and a highly selected portion of bourgeois society. Nunsoe, if we may call him by his first name, also revealed in this leap something of the decadence of culture in capitalist society, something of its degradation of the artist who must make his living by painting prize poodles and on top of that must go through these comic strip antics with a rubber mouse.

**T**HAT the majority of incomes in the United States has been slashed to swell the higher brackets is graphically shown by the statistical survey of the Bureau of Internal Revenue just made public. The figures tell a many-sided story of the chiseling of the lower middle-class under N.R.A. for the benefit of the elect. The total of those receiving more than \$25,000 a year increased in 1933 over 1932, while those with less than \$25,000 decreased. "Happy days are here again"—at least for forty-six fortunates who reported a yearly income of one million dollars or over, as compared to only twenty in 1932. The net incomes of this million-plus class increased from \$35,000,000 to \$81,000,000. The net incomes of corporations increased by \$654,000,000, or more than 35 percent, while the total net incomes of individuals decreased enormously, and wages and salaries were slashed by more than half a billion. Three-fifths of this huge cut was recorded in classes under \$5,000. The total income reported increased by only about 2.5 percent, showing conclusively that income distribution swings not toward larger numbers of people, but



*Limbach*

THE COUPON CLIPPER—"Incomes of a Million a Year Have Doubled under N.R.A."

*Limbach*

toward fewer and fatter monopolists.

**A** ANALYSIS of the businesses that reported is illuminating. Manufacturing profits nearly doubled, from \$656,000,000 to \$1,210,000,000. Trade showed another huge increase from \$218,000,000 to \$392,000,000. But services and professional incomes fell off from \$58,727,000 to \$54,232,000. New light is thrown on the textile strike of this year, by the fact that while textile workers were getting less than ten dollars a week, the textile profiteers managed to make five times as much

money in 1933 as they made in 1932. The profits were \$183,000,000 compared with \$34,400,000 the year before. Metals almost tripled their gains, from \$59,000,000 to \$169,000,000; rubber profits increased 600 percent in one year; both products are essential in war materials. The low income of \$13,000,000 was reported for agriculture, but it was more than double that of 1932. The figures, of course, only cover taxable incomes and represent the vast dispossession of middle and lower middle-classes. They prove to the hilt what Communists have said from the beginning about the impoverishment of white-



*Limbach*

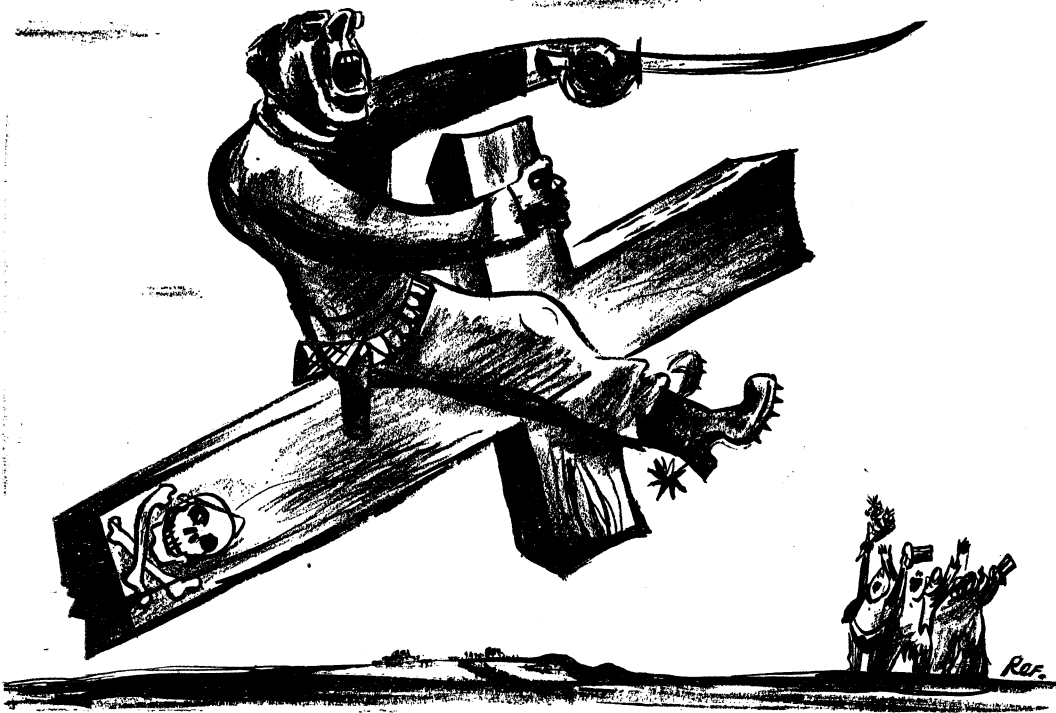
THE COUPON CLIPPER—"Incomes of a Million a Year Have Doubled under N.R.A." *Limbach*



*Limbach*

THE COUPON CLIPPER—"Incomes of a Million a Year Have Doubled under N.R.A."

*Limbach*



FATHER COUGHLIN ON THE AIR

Refregier

collar workers, professionals and small business men by the New Deal.

**T**HE class which has been hit hardest of all, however, has been the workers and we append a list of prices which show what the N.R.A. has done to the workingman's pocketbook down South where the New Deal has forced the standards of living down to unheard-of levels. The figures come from a textile worker who made an investigation on his own hook in Concord, N. C., where he has lived for many years. The following table, sent us by our correspondent, itemizes the prices before and after N.R.A. in detail:

Before N.R.A.	After N.R.A.
Fat-back, 4 to 5c. a lb.	18 to 20c.
Flour, \$1.65 to \$1.85 a 100 lbs.	\$3.85 to \$4.00
Beans, 3 qts. for 25c.	15c. a qt.
Milk, 12½c. a qt.	15 to 17c.
Lard, 27c. for 4 lbs.	45c. for 5 lbs.
Sugar, 4c. a lb.	6¼c.
Corn meal, 17c. for 10 lbs.	25c. for 10 lbs.
Coffee (coffee and chicory) 10c. a lb.	15 to 20c. a lb.
Coal, \$7 to \$7.50 a ton	\$8.50 to \$9.00
Suit of clothes, \$12 or \$14	\$17.50 to \$30.
Overalls (men's), 59c.	\$1.20
Overalls (children's), 25c.	71c.

**W**HAT about wages? With prices up 60 and 70 percent, and in some cases 100 percent, how can the worker exist? Wages generally are lower than before N.R.A. Some workers who were getting \$8 and \$9 a week

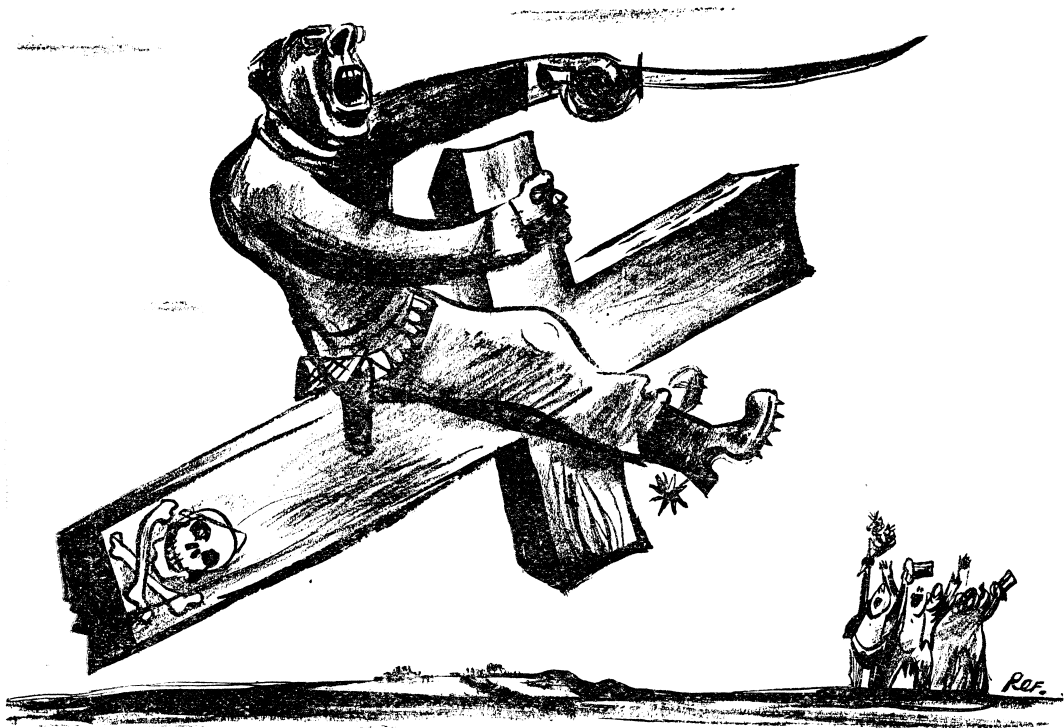
were raised to \$12; but those who were making \$18 to \$22 a week, such as loom fixers and other highly skilled workers, have been cut down to \$17 and \$18. That these workers have suffered an enormous cut in real wages is obvious; they know it, the mill owners know it. Add to this cut in wages the fact that the workers have been stretched out until they now produce more in 8 hours than they did in 10 before; that they see corporation profits mounting, that they have been tested in battle and disillusioned as to the A. F. of L. leaderships, and the start of the next great industrial battle in the South becomes simply a matter of time.

**S**CARCELY a day passes without its alarm or rumor of war. The day before yesterday Austria, Italy and Germany prepared to send troops across their borders; yesterday it was Yugoslavia and Hungary. Today, for the moment, there is "accord." The League of Nations has set things to rights once again, the world press announces. What it fails to explain is the paramount role of the U. S. S. R. in all these negotiations. Opposed to the Fascist maneuvers for war is the Soviet policy for peace. And for the moment the Soviets have the upper hand. Their weapon is the Eastern Locomo. France, anxious to salvage whatever remains of Versailles, backs the Soviets. The governments plotting war—German, Italian, Hungarian, Polish—are once again stalemated. They have to buck up against the strongest

combination on the continent—the U. S. S. R. and France. Supporting them is the Little Entente—Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia. The Nazis and the Italian Fascists, Austria, Poland and Hungary are impelled by inexorable economic forces to try the revocation of Versailles. They must alter border-lines and gobble up populations for new markets and sources of raw materials for lower prices on the dwindling world market. Thus the underlying factors driving toward war remain. The Soviet is well aware of this. Shrewd Clausewitz observed long ago: war is the continuation of politics—by other means. The attempt to make war is a political necessity so long as capitalism stands; the actual declaration of war depends upon the degree of resistance the masses supporting the Soviet peace policy can muster.

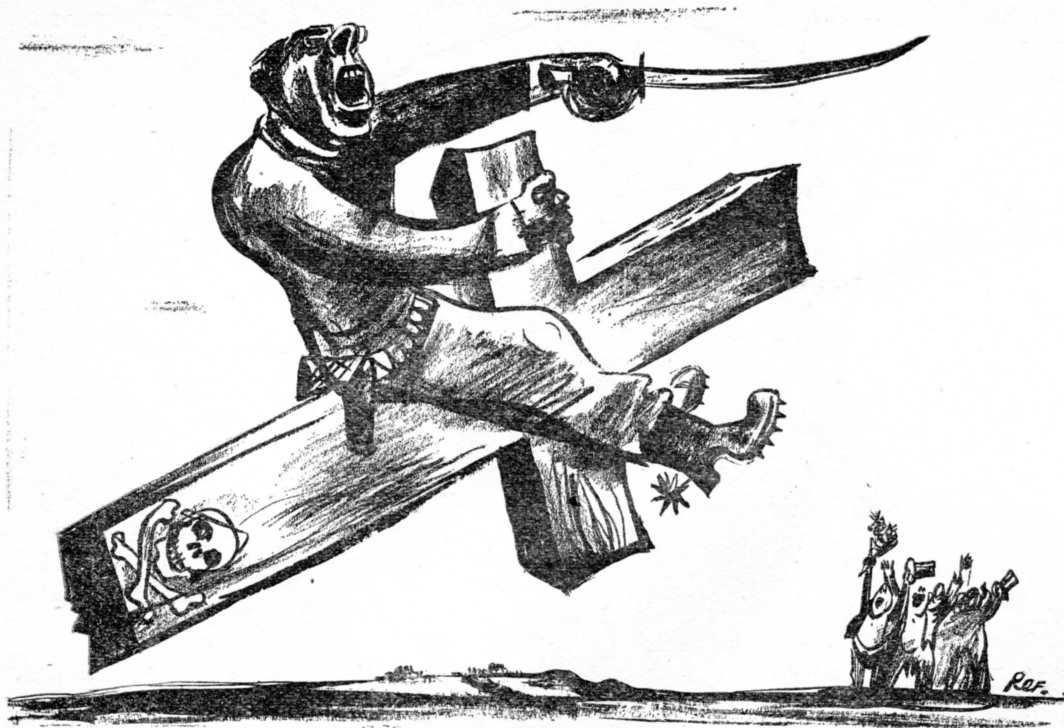
**T**HE Senate committee investigating the traffic in arms is still dragging its slow length along in Washington. Ever since it stubbed its toe at its previous session a few months ago and brought the fury of the State Department down upon it for telling stories out of school about the munitions boys, it has been carefully soft-peddling the investigation into the methods employed to foster war and sell arms. During the past week it has revealed nothing more astonishing than that the politicians of Brazil and the Balkans found their Christmas stockings well filled on Christmas morning with gifts from the American munitions manufacturers. In reference to this form of graft, Colonel Taylor of the du Pont company testified that the only way to do business in the Balkans is through our old friend Zaharoff, the Santa Claus of Europe, who has probably greased more palms during his career than any other man in Europe. According to testimony, officials of the State Department are "willing to shut their eyes to small graft" but balk when it runs into big figures. Unfortunately the only instance cited by the witness, who happened to be sales manager of the Remington Arms Company, was when a German company offered more graft than the American concern.

**T**HE hearing, however, has aroused at least one organization to protest. The Foreign Policy Association has issued a report on the private manufacture of instruments of war which in a characteristic phrase it con-



FATHER COUGHLIN ON THE AIR

Refregier



FATHER COUGHLIN ON THE AIR

Refregier



siders "open to grave objections." The report, drawn up by William T. Stone, Washington representative of the F. P. A., brings certain charges against the private manufacture of arms which may be summarized somewhat as follows: That the munitions manufacturers have defied the national policy in arms embargo and international treaties; that they have been guilty of intensive lobbying and bribery; that they have sold arms simultaneously to both warring nations; that armament races have been stimulated by the munitions manufacturers; that British, German and American companies are linked under patent and sales agreements whereby they exchange secret processes, profits, etc.; that our national policies are hampered by these secret agreements among them; that departments of the United States government act as sales agencies, the War Department in particular releasing military designs and serving as a sales-promotion agent in foreign markets; and, finally, that the government is powerless to check the sales of arms. Inasmuch as so close a connection exists between the munitions makers and the government it is somewhat difficult to see why the F. P. A. thinks the private manufacture and sale of instruments of war is to blame for it all. There isn't much difference under the present capi-

talist system whether the munitions makers own the government or the government owns the munitions factories. So long as capitalist imperialism exists there will be graft, cheating, double-crossing and downright theft, and the F. P. A. is somewhat naive in laying the whole racket in arms to the munitions boys who are only doing what all their capitalist brothers do in every other industry.

**A** MERICAN students are quickly developing a tradition of united action. Eight days after the two-hour strike of 2,500 students at the City College of New York, protesting the expulsion of twenty-one anti-Fascist students, journalism students at Louisiana State University boycotted classes in protest against the censorship of the student press and the suspension of twenty-six students who had attacked the censorship. The Reveille, undergraduate newspaper, was planning to print a letter criticizing Senator Huey Long. Long, roving over the campus in an effort to organize a Huey Long youth movement, got wind of the letter while the presses were at work. With the aid of his stooge, President Smith, the Kingfish held up the presses, "killed" the letter and invoked a faculty censorship on the newspaper.

The staff of the Reveille immediately resigned. School of Journalism students organized a series of protest meetings, and a petition signed by twenty-six journalism students was sent to the President. It threatened a complete boycott of the paper when an uncensored press was re-established. In the tradition made famous by Robinson, President of C. C. N. Y., President Smith promptly suspended the twenty-six students for "gross discourtesy." Students circulated new petitions demanding the reinstatement of the twenty-six. A strike was called and President Smith was forced to back down. Nineteen students were reinstated. However, Jesse H. Cutree, the resigned editor of the Reveille, and six other students were expelled. Though the Student Council, intimidated by the university administration, backed the expulsion, the student body was aroused. A mass meeting was then arranged, but President Smith banned it. The following morning an effigy of the President was discovered dangling from the flagpole, and another was found hanging on a tree near the Huey P. Long Fieldhouse. As we go to press, reports indicate that the administration, in desperation, is about to sanction the mass-protest meeting.

**A** CONFERENCE between a committee from the Chicago Workers' School and representatives of the two Chicago Hearst papers has thrown considerable light on the Hearst chain's recent campaign to distort Lenin's works. R. R. Knotts, city editor of The Chicago-American, explained that Richard Washburn Child, former Ambassador to Italy and noted generator of potboilers, had been assigned to the job "because of the recent student red uprisings at the University of Southern California. Some of the older professors got scared and asked the higher-ups in the Hearst syndicate to wage a campaign against Communism that would take the red kink out of the minds of the students." Mr. Knotts was shown volume 18, page 361 of Lenin's *Collected Works*. This contains the correct version of the distorted quotation which would have Lenin state that "The dictatorship of the proletariat is nothing else than power based upon force and limited by nothing—by no kind of law and by absolutely no rule." Reading Lenin's actual words that "The dictatorship of the proletariat . . . is not merely the use of violence against the

# new Masses

VOL. XIII, No. 12

C O N T E N T S

DECEMBER 18, 1934

Editorial Comment.....	3	Review and Comment.....	22
Red Armies Marching in China.....	6	Our Magazines and Their Function	
Will the Farmer Go Red?		Granville Hicks	22
3: Goodbye Rye.....John Latham	9	Art in America.....Oliver Larkin	23
Christmas in the Dime Store		Mars Without Marx..George Simpson	24
Dorothy Moffet	12	No Power to It.....S. Snedden	25
Just Among Friends.....Robert Forsythe	13	Brief Review .....	25
Two Poems.....Kenneth Fearing	14	Book Notes .....	26
Soviets in Spain.....André Ribard	15	Furtwaengler Resigns.....Ashley Pettis	27
Fascism via the Utopian Society		Current Theatre.....	28
Edward Newhouse	17	The President Vanishes.....Peter Ellis	29
Challenge to Technicians		Between Ourselves .....	30
Theodore Draper	18	Drawings by	
Correspondence.....	21	Phil Bard, Mackey, Russell T. Limbach,	
		Anton Refregier, Selma Freeman, Crockett	
		Johnson; Two Photographs by Margaret	
		Bourke-White.	

**EDITORS:**

MICHAEL GOLD, EUGENE GORDON, GRANVILLE HICKS, ORRICK JOHNS, JOSHUA KUNITZ, RUSSELL T. LIMBACH, HERMAN MICHELSON, JOSEPH NORTH, ASHLEY PETTIS, WILLIAM RANDORF. WILLIAM BROWDER, *Business Manager*. ALLAN TAUB, *Mid-Western Representative*.

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, \$3.50 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 178 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.



exploiters and it not even mainly the use of violence," Mr. Knotts explained "Why, this is purely historical." But he added, "You will get no retraction from me. This is not a false statement. It has been quoted and cannot be retracted. Lenin be damned! This is the United States and not Russia. It is really of great insignificance whether we misquote Lenin or not . . . Who is feeding all the unemployed? Not the Communists but the United States of America. If the capitalists are as hard-hearted as the Communists make them out to be, why didn't they shoot the unemployed long ago instead of bothering to feed them? . . . Even if the quotation is wrong it is a good thing." The interview revealed nothing new about the mentality and journalistic methods of Richard Washburn Child, William Randolph Hearst and his executives. What it did establish is that Lenin's ideas are making themselves felt in America to the extent that the forces represented by the Hearst syndicate have found it necessary to engage in their campaign of lies.

**S**TEP by step the movement for a united front of Socialists and Communists goes forward. Not all the ambiguity of the Socialist Party's National Executive Committee, nor the threats of persecution and expulsion by the right

wing, can halt the irresistible surge toward unity. Results achieved in one week include:

An agreement reached between the Socialist Party organization in five Southern states, North Carolina, Tennessee, Arkansas, Kentucky and Alabama, and the Communists, for united struggle on six specific issues.

United Front agreement achieved in Maine.

The Socialist Party of New Jersey endorses the Workers Unemployment and Social Insurance Bill, which is supported by the Communist Party.

In contrast with these gains is the action of the New York State Committee of the Socialist Party, which repudiated the Detroit Declaration of Principles that the party membership has adopted, rejected any united front action on any issue whatever, and threatened all militant members of the Socialist Party, including those in the Revolutionary Policies Committee, which is working for a united front, with expulsion. It is Waldman, Oneal, Solomon, Lee and their coterie of bitter-end reactionaries against the rank and file membership of the Socialist Party. It is the policy of splitting, persecution, expulsion, against the policy of united action of militant workers everywhere, Communist and Socialist. We do not believe the reactionaries have a chance.

**T**HEODORE DRAPER'S report of the Study Conference on Economic-Social Planning in this issue does not include the speech by Valery V. Obelensky-Ossinsky, vice-chairman of the State Planning Commission of the Soviet Union. His address was delivered after this report was written. In a real sense, his speech was not only an integral part of the conference, but its climax. The challenge of Earl Browder for a Technician's and Workers' Plan for the United States was made vividly alive by this report from the only country in the world which has, for the last fifteen years, done precisely this—planned. The Second Five Year Plan is proceeding on schedule. Ossinsky examined industry after industry and found that by 1937 the Soviet Union would, in most cases, be ahead of all capitalist countries, or, as in the case of steel, second only to the United States. The gross output of large scale industry in the Soviet Union increased from a little over ten billion rubles in 1913, to 16 billions in 1923, to more than 40 billions in 1933. The number of students in the universities and engineering colleges has kept pace with the national economy. The totals have tripled, from almost 125,000 to 470,000 students. Socialist economy is hastening forward and capitalist economy is beating a headlong retreat.

## Red Armies Marching in China

**T**O many Americans the war which is raging between the Red armies of China and the Nationalist army of Chiang Kai-shek is one of utter and impenetrable confusion. This confusion is heightened not only by the absence in the daily press of any definite news from the Communist provinces which the Red Army is defending, but also by the obviously inspired reports which come from Chiang's headquarters.

Last month light was hardly thrown on the situation by the news dispatch from the official Nanking news agency announcing that the Kiangsi Soviet was being evacuated, that the Soviet leaders had been captured and that the Red Army was deserting in large numbers. Finally on November 12 came the news that Juikin, capital of Soviet China, had fallen to Chiang's army.

Had this been true it would have meant a serious if not disastrous blow to the Red Army. But subsequent dispatches and an analysis of the situation would seem to prove that the very opposite is the case. According to reports received recently from Shanghai the Red Army has taken the offensive along a thousand mile front from Chekiang to Szechuan. Moreover it is reported that Liu Hsian, war lord of the latter province, has lost half his army of 170,000 troops to the Red Army during the ten previous months and that the Soviet territory there has been enormously extended.

When Chiang first began his offensive with an army of 700,000 against Juikin, a Red Army had marched westward from Fukien and another eastward from Hunan to protect Kiangsi on its southern borders. On October

27, these armies moved south into enemy territory. By November 14 the Red army had captured Shuchow and controlled the northern terminus of the Canton-Hankow railway. Though airplanes from Chiang's army may have succeeded in bombing Juikin, there is little likelihood that troops could have captured the city from the south, for the Red Army was carrying on an offensive campaign which the opposing armies seemed incapable of resisting.

Neither does there seem much likelihood that Juikin could have been captured from the north or east. To the east the Red Army had consolidated its positions in the province of Fukien, while to the west it was fighting Chiang's army in Kweichow and Hunan, though Chiang attempts to explain the battles on the basis of the evacuation of the Kiangsi army. But it is evident



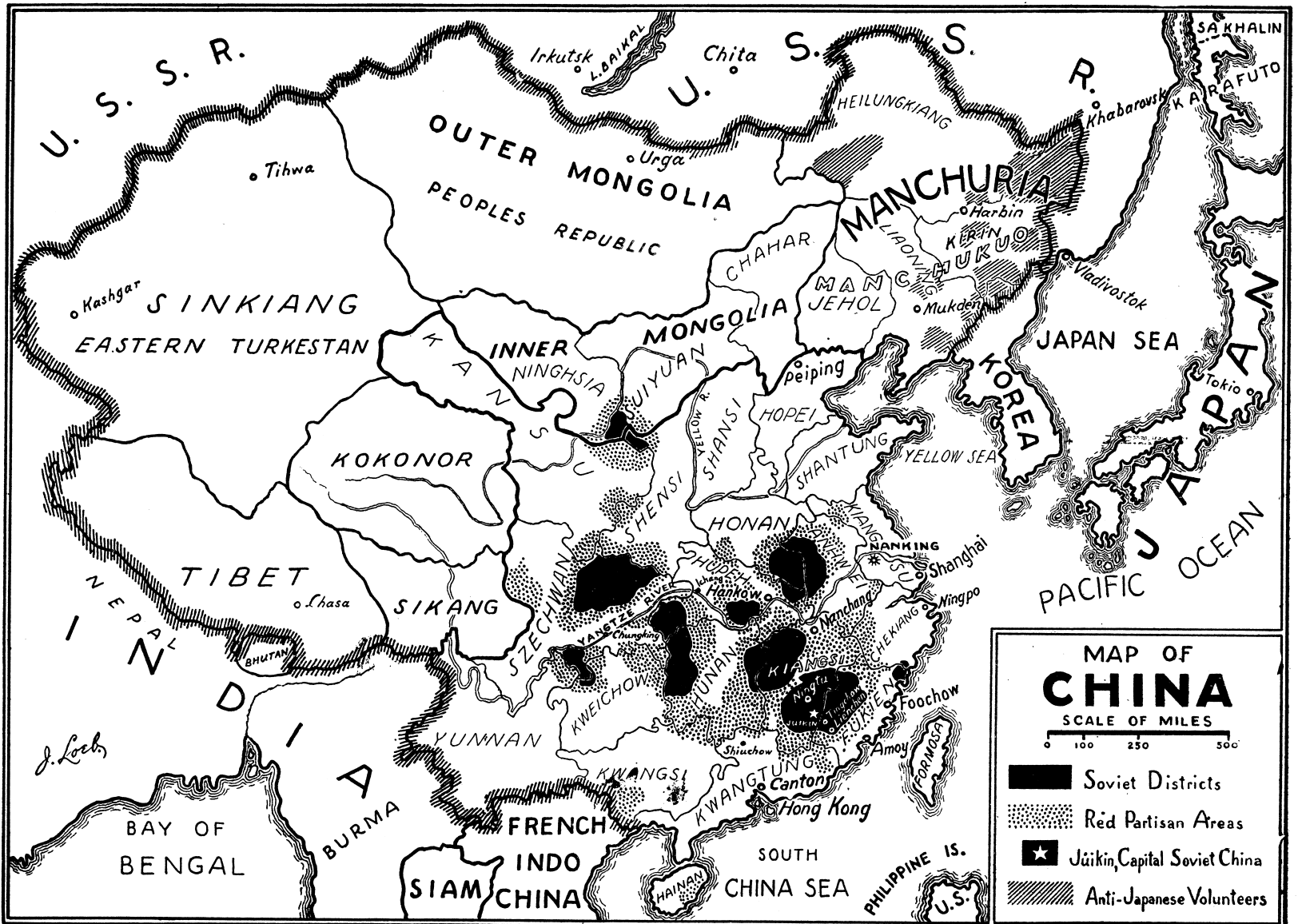
A GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT



Bard

A GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT

Phil Bard



that he is attempting to conceal the fact that these are partially occupied by Soviets and that the local Soviet troops were attacking the Kuomintang.

As for Kiangsi, the majority of its 40,000,000 population are in the Soviets and to announce the annihilation of the army is tantamount to saying that the workers and farmers, who would defend the revolution to the death, had been completely wiped out of existence.

Finally it seems impossible that Jüikin could have been captured from the north. Though in July, Nanking reported that the last Red stronghold in Fukien had fallen, two weeks later a Red Army was marching into the outskirts of Foochow on the sea. Then it was suddenly discovered that there was a northeastern Soviet in Fukien, which had never been mentioned in the inspired dispatches from Nanking. At the very height of the campaign the Red armies were strong enough to dispatch troops known as the "Anti-Japanese Vanguards," into the prov-

inces of Chekiang and Anwhei to challenge the Mikado's forces.

Chiang has offered a lame explanation of the delay in the convocation of the Kuomintang Congress which was to be held on November 12, the day Chiang had announced that the Red Army was to be exterminated. Chiang explains the delay by announcing that "at the present time a large number of military leaders are engaged in the campaign against the Reds" and cannot attend the Congress as "their absence from the front might lead to the restoration of the power of the Reds." Chiang also makes the extremely damaging admission that the "Red menace affects not a small region, but nine provinces."

As a matter of fact, what seems to be the case is that the Reds are winning sweeping victories throughout the whole of central China — in Szechuan, in Kweichow, in Kwangsi, Hunan, Hupeh, Fukien, Kwangtung and are at least holding their own to the north of Kiangsi. The Red Army has passed

to offensive tactics in a period of intensified activity. The strengthening of the Red Army in Kiangsi indicates the opening of a new period in the struggles of the Chinese Soviets.

All reports indicate that this campaign is decisive, both for the Soviets as well as the Kuomintang. Should Chiang's armies finally be swept back all along the line, he has no other recourse than appeal to the imperialist nations for direct intervention. His strength is sapped — both men and finances are giving out. Although the United States, Great Britain, Japan and France have secretly been helping him with munitions and funds they have not helped enough.

In the words of Mao Tse-tung, chairman of the Chinese Soviet Republic, "our strength . . . can never be imagined by the Kuomintang bandits, who, pointing to their alleged sweeping successes, have long since predicted the approach of our destruction. But it is the Kuomintang, rotten to its very core, that is rapidly hastening to the abyss."

# Will the Farmer Go Red?

## 3. Goodbye Rye

JOHN LATHAM

WILLISTON, N. D., October 20.

**E**VERY hearty supporter of the great American experiment in rugged individualism should be made to take a look at the western half of North Dakota where it has had ample opportunity to work out its destiny. With the naked eye he can see the waste that drought has made of the fertile soil. The fields lie clothed in bleached stubble, dry as a bone. It takes deeper probing to get at the more deadly waste that from pioneering days on doomed the majority to farm failure. When the government opened up this land to homesteaders on 160 acre tracts it was in possession of a weather record reaching back far enough to show clearly that no family could hope to make a living in this country on so small a farm. Outside the Red River Valley most of the western territory is semi-arid. Its rainfall is not only scanty but what soil and weather experts call "inhibiting factors," such as high winds and intense heat, unite to make any acreage less than 640 acres impracticable for successful farming. Carl Swanson, Extension Agent of Williams County, says that the haphazard system was responsible from the start for heartbreak for three men out of four. Without cash, they began a system of mortgaging and borrowing. The topheavy load has ground the majority of the hopeful out of the picture. It has taken years to gobble up many little places. Now the average farm is 480 acres, but as there are some averaging 1,000 acres and over, it means that many more people are doomed to go.

The drought seems to be bringing to a head a program that has been slowly squeezing little farmers off their soil. Their initiative opened up this country, they turned back the grassland, they followed the injunction to raise two blades of grass where one grew before. Many farmers have been on the edge of disaster for so long that the smug comment of some townspeople that relief is making them better off than they were is only too tragically true. They never had anything and now when they get a handout they are inclined to think it might be worse. Prices of '32 were so low that when government prices go those one better, they do not kick. They take \$20 for two-year-old beef and try to reconcile themselves by comparing it to the \$10 the packers were offering a year before. The fact that they still get only about two cents a day for the expense and labor of rearing a two-year-old is not so definite a picture as that it is better than it was.

This area is a spotty picture. Money is pouring in and no one is satisfied. People

say business is picking up and then admit that only relief money is being shelled out. Some counties have bigger relief loads than others, some farmers still have some fodder and hope. Many have got rid of practically all their animals. A buying program of 1,200,000 cattle is wiping more than half the total out of the state. Straw is being purchased from Canada, 250,000 tons of it and 500,000 tons more will be needed. County agents are parceling out a bushel of grain per animal per month and are scared of the future. You can get prophecies from any number of people, farmers, bankers, county agents, that around March about half the animals will die. A milk cow is going to be worth \$75 they say; milk will rise to 15 cents. The shortage-of-feed scare has been a good weapon to make farmers reduce their cattle. Some farmers say they could not get feed loans until they reduced to nine animals. Others deny this. In one or two counties at least, McHenry County for instance, it seems to have been applied.

Stop anywhere on a road, ask any farmer if he is on relief. Nine times out of ten he is on relief. If he is not, his estimate varies anywhere from half to nine-tenths of his neighbors who are on relief. And they are even holding the sword over this mite. Hints are being thrown out not too delicately that it doesn't pay to kick or relief may be taken away altogether. The militants in the state have engineered the relief fights and the foreclosure fights and with the coming of winter and its threat of growing hunger, the necessity to try to make a split between farm groups becomes desperate for those who control the handouts. Since September 17, when orders went out from headquarters not to give information concerning relief, no figures are to be trusted from official sources. In Mountrail County the relief director at Stanley refused information but volunteered to tell me which if any of the figures obtained in the state office concerning his county were correct. He looked them over and then pointed to the one referring to the total population of the county. "That one is all right," he said. "You mean the rest are wrong?" I said. "That's the inference," he said. But if this ex-banker in charge of relief is cagey, other counties let leak that their relief load during September was twice that of August. At the same time, they are tapering down on amounts per family. Twenty dollars is being cut to \$16 and so on.

It is a tough proposition to get the facts. They have as many spots as there are townships. Some relief men are called fair; others arouse bitter resentment. But go off

the main roads; follow an ungraded road to back country. Many houses are log huts; their roofs grow weeds. Flimsy wooden shanties expect to get through the bitter winter. Here's a chance family: The father is a world-war veteran who was gassed. No one knows why he is not getting a pension. He is one of the many not especially gifted in fighting for their own privileges. He is one of the humble who struggle to produce something, to live. He has four children, the youngest boy has rickets. This family gets \$5 relief every two weeks. They live in a frail shack in the midst of absolutely barren country. Not a blade in sight. The mother looks sick but she still has the courage to wash the clothes for her family. She is ironing a few little rags, smoothing them out, talking in a hoarse voice. Her babies died; the chickens die. They have two cows left, they are very thin but still give a little milk. The remaining chickens give three eggs a day. They can buy potatoes, oatmeal, you can't buy much on so little money. Her three children of school age need clothing. They gave her \$8 for the three, but they needed everything from underwear to shoes. Eight dollars won't buy much. On this same road another family of three gets \$1.50 every three weeks. They take their pitiful sums to town and buy at the high prices maintained in small towns. They go on the roads with pick and shovel and labor to work out the relief money given them.

No one ever sees a banker on the road with a pick and shovel. A surprisingly large number of ex-bankers have found niches as relief administrators. Yet even those bankers still on the job are not contented men. Here's Banker Davis of the Dakota National Bank and Trust Co. of Bismarck who is for the farmer. Heavens, yes. He admits the farmer gets a dirty deal, but he thinks it is a mistake to let him depend too much on the government and so destroy all his rugged individualism. He thinks that the trouble lies in high wages of city workers that make what the farmer buys too high for him to purchase. He has worked out an ingenious theory backed by researches of Henry Ford into the status of the working man which conclude that the American working man is about the luckiest fellow in the world today. He believes if the city worker was brought down and the farmer up, an equilibrium would be established. He wants the farmer to get better prices because he can't pay his mortgages otherwise. So the banker is in the hole. He thinks the government should really have primed the pump with a real sum for cattle, say \$40, not \$20. Mortgage holders



The Farmer—

Photo by Margaret Bourke-White

—and it is estimated about 90 percent of all cattle are mortgaged—got \$14 out of that \$20, but it wasn't enough to realize 100 percent on the chattel mortgage. The banker took a loss on that. This banker says the farmer can't pay taxes or interest today and he wouldn't give his own brother, who has a 1,200 acre farm and is a good farmer, a loan of \$2,000. He wouldn't be able to pay the interest, the bank would have to take the farm and wouldn't be able to turn it over for the amount of the loan. Times are certainly hard, he says. He just doesn't know where to invest money. Home loans were all right for awhile, but they dropped and he had to take his investments out. About all that is safe is "foreign" investment. Whether he means by that investments out of the state or out of the nation, he did not divulge. What is quite apparent is that the farmer pays most of his government money into the banker's hands and never gets it back again in the shape of loans.

Even the farmer who has no mortgage on his place can't get a cent out of his banker on a loan. There are still farmers who are

what is termed "successful." None of the farmers in this category that I saw or heard of operated less than a thousand acres. Here's a farmer near Williston wintering through 85 cattle. He had no mortgage on his land, none on his cattle. In twenty-five years he hasn't sold 5,000 bushels of wheat. Hasn't sold any in five years. Has around 1,000 bushels stored. His land used to yield twenty to twenty-two bushels of wheat to the acre; last year he got seven. This year none. He's got enough feed and fodder and doesn't need a loan. He and his sons do all the work. Their land is favored, some of it with good bottom pasture. They are in a valley and got moisture for a truck garden this summer, not so much, but some. This farmer sees ahead and says that the state isn't going to have enough fodder to winter through the animals still on hand. It takes three tons to winter through a cow or horse. The state will have to import hay and it will cost plenty. It is already selling for \$21 a ton, straw for around \$10. This will raise the price of beef cattle and milk cows. He expects cattle to die off because farmers won't be able to afford

feed. Some farmers now getting government loans for feed are spending such sums for their own relief. The government requires them to show vouchers that they bought feed, but in times of trouble, farmers stick together. It isn't so hard to get a voucher from a fellow farmer. This well-fixed farmer has only 400 acres under cultivation, the rest of his 1,300 acres is pasture. The experts say that only one-third of every section should be cultivated for economic advantage. This man has maintained an equilibrium and may make some good money off the misery of others when spring comes.

This farmer is one of the favored few. The average farm runs around 480 acres. Many less. Over by the Missouri are many log cabins. They stand high and dry in the midst of winds and heat. The land around is bleached white as a bone. Even thistles are stunted here. Yet they have scraped up thistle and bunched grass to see their few remaining cattle through the winter. A tall, handsome girl is hanging clothes on a line outside one of these huts. It's curious how they keep washing their bits of clothes. The drab rags flap in the wind, but they iron them when they are dry, wear them with a great effect of extreme neatness. The girl's father has just won \$21 relief for a family of six. He had to put up a stiff fight before he got it, she says. They keep four cows and some chickens. No garden would grow in that baked soil and there's been no crop for five years. Hay is like pure gold, only the rich can touch it. She doesn't see how they will get through the winter, but there is always hope of a better spring.

Hope made farmers in Burke County scurry around and buy rye at 95 cents a bushel with seed loan money last week. There was some recent moisture in the ground and they were taking a chance on seed holding. If it did, they'd get early spring pasture. Dust storms blew up there a few days later. Whole fields steamed with dust; the plowed fields looked like moving rivers. It looked like goodbye rye. Some of it may stick as even the wind is spotty. It doesn't strike every field alike. What if they get a lot of moisture this winter and a crop next spring? Will it pull them out of the hole? No one I have talked to had any illusions about a single good year being able to help anyone much except the well-to-do farmer who was not really sunk now. For the big majority it will take more than dollar wheat. They are not even sure that they won't find themselves in the vicious circle of other drought years; when they got a crop, prices went way down. That has been the history of this country.

It was the opinion of one county agent that the communist system of land ownership was the only way out. The state is really becoming the land owner anyhow. In 1933 in spite of the moratorium, the Bank of North Dakota acquired some 501 separate pieces of land totaling 141,359.92 acres. In 1934 the bank will acquire 140,946.96 more acres. Many of these transactions were made with the consent

of the owners who had given up farming as a hopeless business. Few farms are not mortgaged far above any price that could be realized by sale. Feed loans, seed loans, chattel mortgages on animals, mortgages on land and buildings, on machinery, on everything and anything are the common lot. Take one township in a northern county, Burke, and in a more southern county, Adams. In the Burke township all but two farmers, about 28, had feed loans for cattle. That means they didn't have a speck of grain or roughage of their own. In Adams County, in a township where scanty fodder was raised this year, only one farmer in the township did not have a heavy mortgage on his place. He had fourteen children who had always done all the farm work. He had scraped, and killed jack-rabbits for food when he began on his place. But even he got no crop this year and does not know

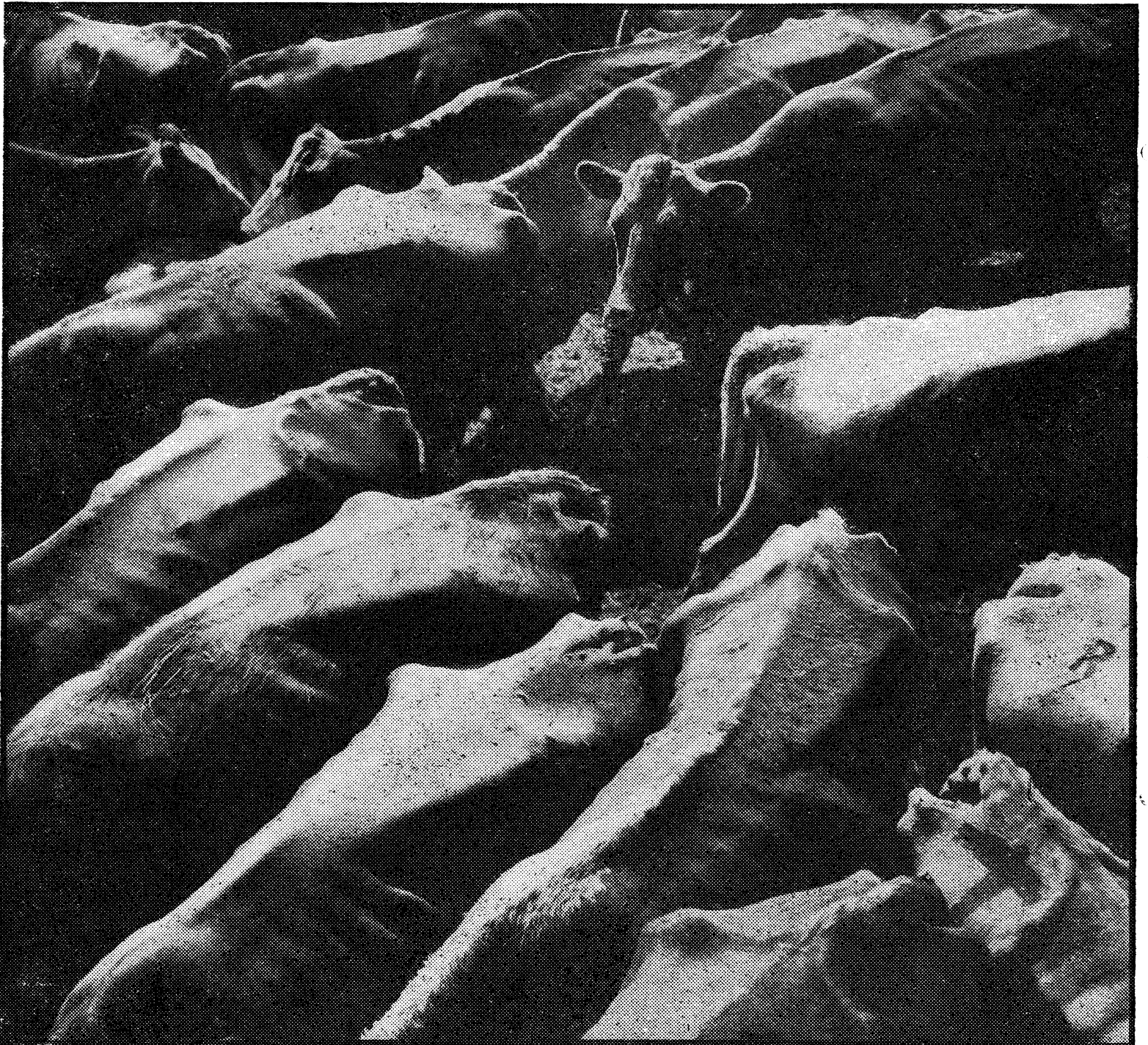
just how long his head will be above the rest.

There is a lot of talk in government circles about subsistence farms. Ten thousand farmers are already on subsistence production, according to Willson, Director of the State Emergency Relief Administration. They are reduced to a minimum of animals and can only keep themselves alive on such a basis. There's a lot of talk about turning cultivated land back to pasture, about moving people. No one seems to know where or how these projects are to be accomplished.

The details of these schemes show that if anyone is to be helped it will be the same old crowd. "Proved good credit risks" will be given the fresh opportunities. In other words, those who least need help, will get it. There may be some "sidewalk farmers" up here, fellows who took a gamble with the land, hoping to clean up in a year or two and get out. I

haven't run across one. Most of the people seem to have been here nearly thirty years. They love this country; they have given it their very lives. . . . Dams are being built with a kind of hope of impounding a little water. The main objective of dam building is also the main objective of relief; to keep the farmer from becoming violent about his situation. Give him enough busy work and he won't get too hopeless. Give him some rations and you may weaken him and make him dependent and you can't let him starve. He might take matters into his own hands.

He has already shown plenty of militancy in this state. Hordes of farmers have sprung up out of the very soil to enforce relief where it was being withheld, to stop foreclosures. The Holiday in the State is talking pretty red. It has to keep step with the growing feeling among farmers. In two counties, Williams



And What He Sees

Photo by Margaret Bourke-White



and Adams, committees have been formed by different groups, by groups from the Holiday, Farm Union and United Farmers' League. In Adams County respectable tax associations joined the united front committee to enforce relief. The United Farmers' League was taking the lead in both counties for this type of organization. No one expects that relief will stop, but they know it is being tapered down in certain localities and they are preparing to fight such reduction. Freshly slaughtered meat is being distributed as yet pretty freely. In Williams County they were distributing 10 percent of all meat slaughtered in early October and farmers on relief admitted that they were getting plenty of meat for the present. The women were canning what they did not use. But applications for feed loans pour in every day. New families come on relief. Men who get a little cash for selling cattle often have huge back loans on feed to pay to the government. They have other back debts that must be given some dribble if they are to expect human relief in time of need. The government has been handing out millions in feed loans in this country for five years and cattle selling now is helping to liquidate some of the loans, but it is also liquidating the farmer.

And the farmer knows it. The non-Partisan League and Langer still have charms for the many; they have hopes of the loud demagogic promises that have become more lurid as the need grows. A big relief meeting in Burke County was forestalled by a Langer rally meeting. At first small town merchants had been back of the meeting, local politicians had endorsed it. When it threatened to be militant, they got up a Langer rally for the night before, got Langer to speak and he promised them so much that the next night they didn't think they needed to fight for relief. The yeast in this sour dough is the militant farmer and he is not by any means few. Nor is he confined to the United Farmers' League, although they are the only ones who have consistently stuck to mass action as a means for getting what they want. Too many little chicken-manure politicians weaken the Holiday from the top, but its rank and file is full of militants.

At a meeting of the County Holiday Association of McKenzie County every speaker talked red. They had to. The Holiday speaker, the state senator and the United Farmers' League member all agreed on the desperate situation, all agreed that the system was decaying, all agreed that Fascism was a threat to the rights of the farmer. The U.F. League member was the only one sure of the way out, that was the only difference. All agreed on the need of a united front struggle. The Holiday speaker, Oliver Rosenberg, said, "We see the example of nation after nation falling to Fascism to protect those men who never produce anything. Let us build a militant class that will have something to say in the future. Congress won't do anything for you. It can only loan money. I cheer Roosevelt because he is handing out so much money that it will run out quickly and so bring us

nearer to the real struggle that's bound to come."

Talk like this is common as air among all types of farmers. Yet they continue as yet to put some confidence in the Frazier Lemke re-financing act and to feel that reforms will help them. They are in the Social Democratic stage of demagogic oratory, but underneath there are the masses who are as yet inarticulate, but whose growing terrible needs dictate the necessity of more and more promises on the part of politicians, promises they will never be able to fulfill under this system.

Relief that has been handed out to quiet the poor farmer is educating him. He sees that white collar workers get a better break. Many get light, coal, rent. White collar relief work-get \$12 a week and higher. Their high needs bring down the level for the poor farmer who, it is assumed, has some livestock to help him. His livestock are only a burden; they are just so many more mouths to feed. These huge farms and ranches condemn the farmer to isolation. In the little towns, big loud

speakers blare out the baseball news, in tiny cafes natty waitresses in eyelet-embroidered dresses have blond water-waves every bit as good as any big city girl. One small town merchant assured me that business was so much better than a year and a half ago that I had no idea of the change.

"Oh, relief," he said, quite satisfied. This is the way it goes in town after town, although not all small town merchants are so happy. They are dubious of the winter. They are on edge against what they call farm relief. They have not had to take picks and shovels (and the farmer is gradually growing in resentment at this humbling business) and shovel gravel at 40 below zero, but, like the bankers, they hate to see the farmer's rugged individualism shattered. It is just possible that they realize the farmer is getting educated by his misery. They are beginning to feel the earth tremble.

*John Latham's fourth article, which will appear in next week's issue, deals with the "problem area of Iowa."—THE EDITORS.*

## Christmas in the Dime Store

DOROTHY MOFFETT

**T**HE Dime stores have had the entire Christ Child episode on sale for the past three years at holiday time. Not the whole episode, of course, but all but God's part has been on display.

Am wondering what changes will be made in the personnel this season. So far each year slight additions have been made, no doubt conforming to the demands of the times.

The Dime stores, like the Red Cross, are always ready to meet emergencies.

The first year there was only one kind of Mary, but last year there were two models. One who looked holy and one who did not. I would not say the look of the newcomer was unholy but it was surprising. She was leaning against the dromedary of one of the Wise Men when I saw her, while he seemed to be in the act of descending from his mount in unbecoming haste.

We do not attempt to interpret but merely to report.

The Josephs were impressive. All stooping slightly, in positions of adoration if placed properly beside Mary and the Child, but beside the camel or the oxen, they had merely an inquisitive look as if searching for fleas.

Then there were the shepherds and the palm trees, the manger and the stable and even the camel driver, all to be bought for the same price as Jesus.

There seemed to be only one Jesus up to last year but perhaps this season there may be a choice in those too.

Beside me as I waited my turn there was much giggling and shouting of orders. I was there to replace broken parts.

"Please can I get a new star for my stable?" I asked timidly.

"No madam. You must buy the stable too. We do not sell stars separate."

"All right," I agreed. "And I want the little ass that is inside this stable." I grabbed the one I wanted.

"Yes he is a lovely animal," the sales-girl said. "It is the last one we have left and you are lucky to get him Madam."

Strangely enough I felt lucky and with the ass clutched to my bosom was about to depart when some conversation held me spellbound.

"Gimme a Jesus," one voice said. Then "Gimme a pan to put my holy family in."

One fat but cultured Jewish lady said, "Give me another Mary, this one looks too worldly."

The sales-girl shouted to the stock girl, "Send up another box of Marys, these are all used up."

And to another customer, "Sorry Madam, we are all out of Jesus for today. We will have more tomorrow. I just sold the last one to that lady there." She indicated a female with a poodle under her arm.

"That lady" was cooing to the poodle and showing him her purchase.

The poodle growled savagely but took the package in his mouth.

Someone suggested, "She shoulda bought 'im a rubber bone."

We all watched with mixed emotions as the last Jesus of the day was borne away to what seemed an inglorious destiny.

Perhaps next year they will come in rubber for Doggies' Xmas. The Dime Stores meet emergencies.

# Just Among Friends

ROBERT FORSYTHE

SINCE many of our friends and all of our enemies insist upon considering Communism not from its content but from its representatives, I think it is our duty to insist at intervals that Communists are human beings. Norman Thomas's letter to *The New York Times* last week on the United Front was remarkable not so much for its logic as for its snobbishness. He seemed to be taking the readers of *The Times* into his confidence, as if to say, "You and I know what these people are like but after all we have them to deal with." There used to be a vaudeville comedian who did this superbly. It was part of his act to be awkward and goofy, but he took the audience to his bosom in a way which said that you and I are all right but aren't these other people up here insane? From Mr. Thomas's letter you would never get the idea that a Communist was one you would care to entertain in your parlor. They seemed to be people of a low order who got their delight from double-crossing their friends and from being boorish in those situations where a gentlemanly character was essential.

I have been recently talking with an American correspondent who covered the Reichstag trial at Leipzig. I asked him about Dimitrov but he was not impressed by the fact that he had met the great revolutionary in his severest test. In fact he could hardly distinguish him from his co-defendants at the trial. "Do you mean the one who talked so much?" he asked. "All I remember about him is that he was an awful nuisance. He kept popping off and the guards had to take him out. It held up the trial."

A Communist is one who is always saying the right thing at the wrong time. By the queer perversion of ethics which holds that truth is not proper unless the surroundings are prepared for it, it is considered poor taste to raise the voice in defense of principle. If you happen to do it in writing the editor will reproach you for becoming hysterical. The gulf which exists between proletarian writing and bourgeois criticism can never be healed because of this. If you write that Camille died for love, it will be art. If you write that she died for want of food, your manuscript is back by return mail.

As for individual Communists they are people who prefer dirty shirts; are constitutional belly-achers who would never be satisfied with any form of government; envious intellectuals who can't get jobs with Hearst; youths who are sewing their radical wild oats and will recover from their dementia at the first sign of prosperity; bumptious fellows who back you into a corner and endeavor to stuff their doctrine down your throat or who make themselves obnoxious by their arrogance and cocksureness.

The musical play by Kaufman and Ryskind, *Let 'Em Eat Cake*, which was a failure last year, was built on the motive that a radical was one who would be anxious to tear down the new government he was now howling to create. "Down with this; down with that; down with down." This is an acceptable doctrine to the people who can afford American musical-comedy prices and they would scarcely stop their laughter long enough to reflect that there is an empire known as the Soviet Union being run by men and women formerly known as agitators. Far from wishing the Soviet Union torn down now that they have created it, they will fight to the death to preserve it. The Russian revolution was not the work of young men sowing their radical wild oats; the American Communist revolution will not be the gesture of a sophisticated group anxious for a new thrill. You can have your fake prosperity as often as you wish; you can proclaim from the housetops that America is an "exceptional" country in which Marxist theory will not work, but you will not stop Communism in

America. The truth is that capitalism won't work and the capitalists can't make it work and everything else is immaterial.

As for the charge of bumptiousness, it is at once the hardest and easiest to answer. When Robert Minor goes into a meeting of the Board of Estimate of New York City to say that the sales tax is a flagrant case of transferring the burden of relief to the backs of the poor, he is called a trouble-maker. He is an obnoxious fellow with the bad taste to interfere with a session which has the hearty approval of the New York bankers. Dimitrov is a nuisance to my fine stupid friend who represents the American press, but to history he is a hero. The Hunger Marchers were the work of "malcontents seeking to make a mountain out of a molehill," but they brought relief to the needy. It is amazing what remarkable things can be done by men and women who, according to their critics, are but briefly removed from the anthropoids.

The charge of arrogance is weakening for lack of evidence. In all truth, the shoe is



"I am opposed to police brutality, anti-semitism and war, but on the other hand—"

on the other foot. What it may have been in the old day, is another matter, but I very much doubt that it was ever as bad as painted. At the present time the badgering and nagging is being done by the opposition. In places where politics are not supposed to arise, they arise almost invariably from a desire on the part of others to place the Communists on the spot. You have only my word for it but I have a great deal on which to base it from my personal experience. I am acquainted with a United Front organization which is a model for effectiveness. It contains equal numbers of Socialists and Communists and I should dislike intensely to be a Communist member of the board. They are heckled and taunted in a fashion which would drive me to the axe. In all honesty I can say that our friends in that group are martyrs and angels. If they so much as tentatively suggest that it is a pleasant day, they are accused of spouting Daily Worker propaganda. They smile, they

refrain from tart replies, they work hard and overlook the insults. Speaking for myself, I can only say that I couldn't stand it. There is one Socialist gentleman among the opposition who would get a black eye even if it meant that I was responsible for ruining the United Front in America. But our cohorts do stand it and that particular United Front is a success and Mr. Thomas addresses his great audience in *The Times* about the intransigence of the Communists.

We make no claims for the superior qualities of Communists beyond saying that they are far more intelligent and honest than any similar group. Practically speaking, it is easier not to be a Communist. Anybody can be a Democrat and even get \$5 for the honor if he knows the proper persons to approach. It is equally easy to be a defender of capitalism. Just as the Christians claim everything for their God which can't be explained any other way, so do the capitalists take credit for the good of their system and

blame the rest on unkind providence. There are a few sentimental Communists but not many of them are the ones who drop away at the first hint that they are not to be transported to Paradise on a pink cloud. It may be a defect that Communism is based on intellect rather than on emotion. A Communist may be many things but he is not apt to be a fool. He will not be taken in by the New Deal and the NRA and Section 7a.

If you are not a Communist and are worried by the fact that you may meet one face to face, let me assure you that the shock will not kill you. The comrade, if he is like most of the comrades I know, will not annoy you with his opinions and he will even be courteous while you express your own nonsensical views. If he should take the time to point out how foolish some of your ideas are, you should be grateful for the attention. From what we read of Mr. Thomas in *The Times*, he could most certainly do with a bit of tutoring.

## Two Poems

KENNETH FEARING

### DIRGE

1-2-3 was the number he played but today the number came  
 3-2-1;  
 bought his Carbide at 30 and it went to 29; had the  
 favorite at Havana but the track was slow—  
 O, executive type, would you like to drive a floating-power,  
 knee-action, silk-upholstered six? Wed a Hollywood  
 star? Shoot the course in 58? Draw to the ace, king,  
 jack?  
 O, fellow with a will who won't take no, watch out  
 for three cigarettes on the same single match; O,  
 democratic voter born in August under Mars, be-  
 ware of liquidated rails—  
 Denouement to denouement, he took a personal pride in the  
 certain, certain way he lived his own personal life,  
 but nevertheless, they shut off his gas; nevertheless,  
 the bank foreclosed; nevertheless, the landlord called;  
 nevertheless, the radio broke,  
 And twelve o'clock arrived just once too often,  
 just the same he wore one grey tweed suit, bought one  
 straw hat, drank one straight Scotch, walked one  
 short step, took one long look, drew one deep breath,  
 just one too many,  
 And wow he died as wow he lived,  
 going whop to the office and blooie home to sleep and  
 biff got married and bam had children and oof got  
 fired,  
 zowie did he live and zowie did he die,  
 With who the hell are you at the corner of his casket, and  
 where the hell are we going on the right-hand silver  
 knob, and who the hell cares walking second from  
 the end with an American Beauty wreath from why  
 the hell not,  
 Very much missed by the circulation staff of the New York  
 Evening Post; deeply, deeply mourned by the B.  
 M. T.,  
 Wham, Mr. Roosevelt; pow, Sears Roebuck; awk, big dipper;  
 bop, summer rain;  
 bong, Mr., bong, Mr., bong, Mr., bong.

### MR. JESSE JAMES WILL SOME DAY DIE

Where will we ever again find food to eat, clothes to wear,  
 a roof and a bed, now that the Wall Street plunger  
 has gone to his hushed, exclusive, paid-up tomb?  
 How can we get downtown today, with the traction  
 king stretched flat on his back in the sand at Miami  
 Beach?  
 And now that the mayor has denounced the bankers,  
 now that the D. A. denies all charges of graft, now  
 that the clergy have spoken in defense of the home,  
 O, dauntless khaki soldier, O, steadfast pauper, O, experienced  
 vagrant, O picturesque mechanic, O, happy hired  
 man,  
 O, still unopened skeleton, O, tall and handsome target,  
 O, neat, thrifty, strong, ambitious, brave prospective  
 ghost,  
 is there anything left for the people to do, is there  
 anything at all that remains unsaid?  
 But who shot down the man in the blue overalls? Who  
 stopped the mill? Who took the mattress, the table,  
 the birdcage, and piled them in the street? Who  
 drove teargas in the picket's face? Who burned the  
 crops? Who killed the herd? Who leveled the walls  
 of the packing box city? Who held the torch to the  
 Negro pyre? Who stuffed the windows and turned  
 on the gas for the family of three?  
 No more breadlines. No more blackjacks. No more Roosevelts.  
 No more Hearsts.  
 No more vag tanks, Winchells, True Stories, deputies,  
 no more scabs.  
 No more trueblue, patriotic, doublecross leagues. No  
 more Ku Klux Klan. No more heart-to-heart shake-  
 downs. No more D. A. R.  
 No more gentlemen of the old guard commissioned to  
 safeguard, as chief commanding blackguard in the  
 rearguard of the homeguard, the 1 inch, 3 inch, 6  
 inch, 10 inch, 12 inch.  
 no more 14, 16, 18 inch shells.

# Soviets in Spain

ANDRÉ RIBARD

*Several weeks ago a number of staff contributors to Monde, the weekly magazine edited by Henri Barbusse, visited Spain to investigate the present status of the revolution there and to learn at first hand the story of the uprising, particularly in Catalonia and the province of Asturias where the workers flung themselves with incomparable bravery against the fascist government. Censorship by the authorities and the killing and imprisonment of the leaders of the uprising had, to a very great extent, prevented the world outside from learning the true nature of the uprising and its deep revolutionary significance as one of the most important struggles of the masses since the Russian revolution of 1917.*

*Among the places visited was Oviedo, the capital of the little province of Asturias where the fight to protect the Soviet of Workers and Peasants assumed heroic proportions. This province, whose miners have a long tradition of militancy, fought off the government troops for ten days, and established a soviet.*

*It will perhaps never be known how many workers fell in the struggle to overthrow capitalism in Spain. It is estimated that some 8,000 workers were killed or wounded, hundreds were executed and many thousands still are in prison. Meanwhile the revolutionary ferment increases daily, the more militant members of the rank and file are gaining greater influence over the workers, and the Communists through their superior organization in the social struggle have in many localities assumed complete leadership of the revolutionary movement.*—THE EDITORS.

ON THE evening of October 4 the general strike was declared throughout all Spain. On the following morning, when the strike really began, it became evident that it was the most serious one that had ever been called in the country. In the province of Asturias it was a complete tie-up.

A few hours after the strike started it assumed its real significance, its real direction. Unanimously supporting their leaders, the proletarians of the Asturias, one of the richest provinces in all Spain, threw themselves into the struggle. And the strike became, not merely a political demonstration against the government, but a question of taking over power.

During the first night fighting had already begun. Clashes with the police became more and more frequent. The workers organized into shock troops, the few rifles and shot-guns available were passed around, and everywhere in Oviedo one could hear sounds of

firing. Throughout the province on the morning of October 5 the police stations and the barracks of the civil guards were attacked. By noon the revolutionists had almost complete control of the city. The workers seized the factories, the city halls in all the provincial towns, they captured the barracks and disarmed the soldiers there, they arrested the civil and military authorities. Meanwhile the shock troops constantly swelled in numbers.

Years of social struggle in this mining province had so firmly unified the proletarian forces that at the call for a general strike there was not the slightest dissension among the workers. In their enthusiasm, Socialists, Communists and Anarchists formed a united front which before then had been bitterly disputed. The effects of this united action were evident everywhere the fighting occurred.

All the towns of the province fell into the hands of the revolutionists. The civil guards were trapped in their strongholds. The main highways, the crossroads, the ports were at once captured by the miners. Dynamite and ammunition were collected. The arms factory in Trubia supplied thousands of revolutionists with rifles. Their spirit, the sureness of their aims, their amazing class consciousness were so great that in a single day they were able to overthrow the power of capitalism where it was most deeply entrenched in Spain. And on Friday evening, twenty-four hours after the general strike had been declared, the red flag of revolution was raised throughout the province and the Soviet of Workers and Peasants was publicly proclaimed.

The capital of Asturias is Oviedo, a city of about 80,000, situated in the center of the province between the sea and the principal mining districts. The seizure of Oviedo was absolutely necessary to the revolution. That alone would permit the workers to coalesce their forces, for they were still scattered throughout the region. Moreover there was an important arms factory in Oviedo, similar to the one in Trubia which the workers had seized at the very start of the insurrection.

As the struggle at Oviedo had at first assumed the simple form of a general strike the arms factory had remained intact and strongly defended. In spite of all that has been said in the capitalist press on the so-called negligence of the military authorities there was a large detachment of troops in Asturias and the two days of hesitation on the part of the workers and their leaders gave the military plenty of time to organize its defenses.

It was not until Saturday that the miners

of the province joined the two columns of Oviedo workers, who awaited them in the outskirts of the city, to make the attack on the Spanish troops. To this loss of time the leaders of the movement added another serious error and one, expressly condemned by Lenin, that was much graver. It endangered the success of the movement and prevented the complete unification of the proletarian forces. It was, of course, immensely important to seize the principal centers of defense of the bourgeoisie, but instead of capturing the arms factory, instead of concentrating on this definite and essential point of the struggle, so that later on they could attack the strategic points of the district, the workers divided their forces and attempted to surround the city. One column went off toward the Pelayo barracks which was held by the civil guards, another column marched toward the arms factory, while a third, in broken formation, entered the business section of the city.

On Sunday there was still time for them to have centered their attack on the arms factory, whose seizure would have easily made them masters of the situation. But hypnotized by the show of force in the very heart of the city, in the cathedral itself which the civil guards had turned into a fortress and whose spires bristled with machine-guns trained on the surrounding streets, the miners spread their attack. Their courage was without bounds and they could have won everything if their forces had been disciplined.

It was not until October 9, five days after the revolution had begun, that the workers seized the munitions factory. It was taken by assault, not at the point of a bayonet, but by groups of workers who, in the face of machine-gun fire, clambered over the walls of the factory and advanced toward it, their pockets and belts loaded with sticks of dynamite whose fuses they lighted with their cigarettes.

The arms factory contained 40,000 rifles, a large number of machine-guns and a quantity of ammunition, all of which was at once distributed among the revolutionists and the people. One of the most striking things about this mass uprising was that the workers had no fear of arming the petty bourgeoisie who voluntarily offered their services in the street fighting. The united front of the workers was joined by numerous members of the middle-class—office workers, shopkeepers—fighting side by side with the workers whom they recognized to be their real defenders. Thousands of men and women were thus given arms, which many hardly knew how to use, but it expressed their desire to fight against a mutual enemy.

Today when one goes through the sections

of Oviedo which were held by the miners during the first few days of the revolution, one is amazed to see how dutifully the workers carried out the orders of the revolutionary committees. The houses are intact, the stores have not been pillaged.

The city was under complete control of the miners, but in the heart of the city still stood the cathedral, its iron gates and doors still resisting the dynamite which the workers hurled at them. Thousands of rifle bullets pitted the stone walls. Inside the civil guards had smashed open the stained-glass windows to let out the suffocating fumes of powder smoke. From the spires of the cathedral machine-guns fired relentlessly on the workers and the streets surrounding it were choked with corpses.

The infantry and the civil guards also entrenched themselves in the various buildings surrounding the cathedral. The miners, in a desperate but futile attempt to win this terrain, set fire to the bishop's palace. The houses in the immediate neighborhood had already been destroyed by gun-fire from the cathedral.

One night a detachment of infantry in armored cars arrived at the offices of the workers' daily, *Avance*. They dumped cans of gasoline on the floors and set the place on fire. This building, built by contributions from workers, was particularly precious to them. It burned to the ground. Enraged by this useless act of provocation, the workers, braving the machine-gun fire which still raked the main street, set fire in their turn to the houses of the big bourgeoisie, whom they held responsible for the incendiarism.

On October 10 the civil guards still held out. The huge Pelayo barracks were composed of a number of vast buildings many stories high. Ignorant of military tactics, the workers felt that they could be prevented indefinitely from capturing the barracks. At this point if the Asturian workers had not lacked a knowledge of strategy and revolutionary tactics there is not the slightest doubt that in four days the city of Oviedo would have been completely theirs. But on Friday morning it had already become too late; the chance had been lost. The leaders, too, showed signs of weakening. The rumor spread that 30,000 infantry had been sent to attack the miners from the rear. The regional committee of revolution wavered. While many of his comrades were in flight Deputy Pena ordered that several million pesetas be confiscated from the Bank of Spain. Until then the banks had been left inviolate with Red Guards standing duty over this money owned by the bourgeoisie. When the revolutionary committees were asked what they were going to do with the banks they had seized, they replied, "That question will be decided by general legislation, for the revolution will be successful everywhere."

The original leaders understood too late the mistakes they made and disappeared dur-

ing the two days when things began to look black. The leadership of the revolution was therefore thrust upon the rank and file and it was the workers themselves who thereafter determined the course of the struggle. The revolution would triumph or they would die fighting. Countless acts of heroism testified to both the weakness and strength of the insurrection influenced by anarchist tendencies. It reached its full climax in the attack upon the Pelayo barracks.

It was necessary at all costs to capture the barracks before reinforcements from the government troops arrived. In order to make a breach in the almost impregnable walls of the barracks the miners decided to load a truck with dynamite, drive it up the walls and blow it up. It would mean certain death. Two volunteers were needed, one to drive the truck, the other to set off the load of dynamite. Lots for this duty were just being drawn among a group which had offered its services when the reinforcement troops arrived and began shooting down the miners. They had to fight back immediately. Street fighting began again under the new revolutionary committee of Communists and Anarchists. Their leaders were the three surviving members of the original regional committee, the three members who had voted for continuing the fight to the bitter end.

It was at the very moment when everything seemed lost and hopeless that there rose from the masses a spontaneous force which the Russians have called the Soviet, and which in reality gives popular democracy its true direction. It springs from the very depths of the masses to assert its power and control its action.

Since the Commune of 1871 in France, with, of course, the exception of the Russian revolution, there has not been in Europe a revolutionary organization whose objectives had a greater chance of being realized. It was this strictly Soviet organization which directed the fighting groups in the last days of the struggle in Oviedo.

Each day forty airplanes hovered over the city bombing it systematically. At the airfield in Leon four aviation officers who refused to take part in the bombing were imprisoned. And the people of Oviedo lived in the horror of bombardment which lasted for many days.

Trapped, massacred, the revolutionists retreated. The fight took on the character of sheer desperation. Everywhere the stores of dynamite were blown up.

On October 14 the miners were forced to abandon Oviedo, after having announced the creation of the Red Army, which had tried vainly to save the revolution.

Then began a period of terror, a slaughter for which the liberal and republican government of Spain must bear the sole and absolute responsibility. Fearing mutiny in the regular army the government sent the Foreign Legion and the Moroccan troops into Oviedo. The Foreign Legion is made up of criminals,

soldiers of fortune, fugitives from justice who have been brutalized by years of service in the colonies. As for the Moroccan troops, they are indifferent to the sufferings of their own class: they seek only revenge, having seen so many of their own race fall victims to Spanish imperialism.

These two troops took over Oviedo from October 14 to October 16. General Ochoa, appreciating the courage of the miners, did not care to advance farther than the city. He preferred to let his troops vent their fury on the women and children of Oviedo. The colonial troops immediately fell to work pillaging the shops, massacring any shopkeeper who dared resist them, strangling men and women. They did not even respect the hospitals, but broke into them and shot the wounded. The cemeteries were so glutted with dead bodies that the gates had to be closed. According to an official report 600 bodies were piled in a heap, soaked with gasoline and burned. In the barracks the revolutionists were lined up in batches and shot. Hundreds were executed in this way without trial, without any other charge against them than that of having been found in the workers' district.

On October 18 the miners gave up all resistance. A number of them fled to the mountains where they still remain, without clothing, food or ammunition.

Negotiations with the military authorities began. The workers demanded that the colonial troops be not allowed to enter the mining basin, knowing full well what had happened to Oviedo. What would restrain them if they were turned loose on the centers where the revolution had been thoroughly organized, where the social regime had begun to take on a new form? Disinclined to continue the bloodshed, General Ochoa agreed to the demands, and native Spanish troops occupied the mining basin.

The general held to his promise for a few days at least. But ever since early in November the civil guards have been gradually replaced by colonial troops and the most frightful period of inquisition has been carried on in the Asturias.

It is estimated that at least 80 percent of the active revolutionists are dead, in flight, or prisoners. Two members of the revolutionary committee are dead, three have disappeared. One is in prison. There is hardly a miner's family that has not lost at least one of its members.

If Barcelona, Saragossa, Seville and Madrid had been able to follow the example of Oviedo in its united front of workers, peasants and the middle-class, the capitalist regime in Spain would have collapsed utterly. The Spanish revolution would be victorious today, as it will be when the revolutionists of Spain have learned their mistakes. The bourgeoisie can continue to deluge the province of the Asturias in blood, it can massacre its people and sink the province in misery, but the real social revolution in Spain began October 5, 1934 in Asturias.

# Fascism via the Utopian Society

EDWARD NEWHOUSE

IT is safe to assume that if you added Aimee Semple MacPherson to Howard Scott to Huey Long to Stuart Chase, and divided by four, the result would be at least mildly entertaining. But when a similar combination incorporates as the Utopian Society and attracts a membership variously estimated from 150,000 to 600,000 it seems advisable to stop smiling and reflect on its composition, aims and methods. In California the Utopian Society is a force. It is said to hold 2,000 meetings weekly in Los Angeles alone. On June 23, about 25,000 of the faithful jammed the Hollywood Bowl. Milk companies distribute Utopian propaganda with their morning deliveries. The more sensational of Utopian doings are recorded in eight-column streamers. Upton Sinclair has attended their mystic rites and "thinks well of them." And now a compact and modest but determined and resourceful unit is preparing to storm New York. They have already rated space in most of the metropolitan dailies. Common Sense, that curious derivative of Technocracy, Farmer-Laborism and the Social Register, opens with a broadside by Eugene J. Reed, founder of Utopianism, and promises many more detailed articles.

Reed is a former investment broker, ruined by the depression. At the moment, he is regarded as one of the high priests of the organization. According to Dunham Thorp, a co-director, the entire executive is composed of just such partly or wholly expropriated business and real-estate men, engineers and lawyers. Thorp himself used to do publicity for the movies. Carey McWilliams, writing in *The New Republic*, says that "The people I watched pass through the examinations were lower middle-class folk: housewives (about three women to every man), clerks, stenographers, salesmen, typists, storekeepers." The *Los Angeles Evening Herald* reports that a small organization meeting was attended by "a woman physician, an employe of a public-utility corporation, a small business man, the manager of a small lumber yard, a marine engineer, a garage mechanic, two city employes, a carpenter and a barber."

The nature of these groupings alone should prevent one from dismissing Utopia as a mere Southern California mass psychosis. These people have time and again proved themselves to be the social base of Fascism. Deprived of their more or less comfortable incomes and disillusioned with the results of NRA, their moods alternate between impatience and desperation. Like the German fascists, the Utopians promise everything, an annual income of \$15,000 for every working adult, abundant leisure after you reach the age of forty-five, no unemployment.

And of course the Utopians are all for



Selma Freeman

UTOPIA WAVES THE WAND

"American methods." Unfulfilled promises have never been known to hurt a candidate before election. "We're realists," says Dunham Thorp "and we're flexible." Because of this flexibility, the Eastern unit has displayed no great hesitation in varying its approach. In Southern California their methods are almost exclusively those of the evangelist and the medicine man. In New York the boys are hard-headed scientists. Here their figure for the proposed annual income hovers near \$5,000 and purports to be based on the findings of the National Survey of Potential Product Capacity. When I asked for a sample of the pile of literature they brought, Thorp said, "I'd rather not let you have any. These are California publications. We have different plans for New York."

In New York, they apparently feel, the ground has been sufficiently prepared for the idea of socialized production and in his *New MASSES* interview Thorp stressed this. Utopian flexibility you observe is not exclusively territorial. Reed's article in *Common Sense*

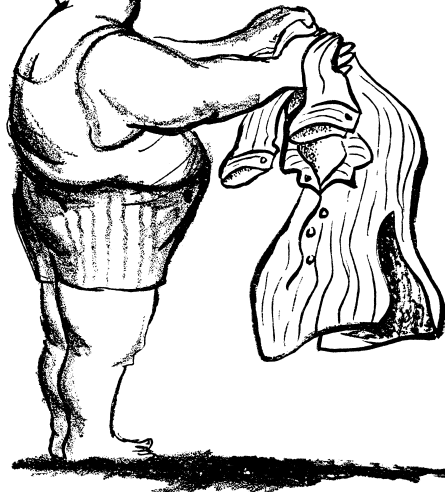
somewhat less explicitly "proposes to do away with the profit system" by "balancing production with maximum consumption needs." To achieve this, "The Utopian Society visualizes a cooperative State and takes into account the 'technological impact' [never defined] and the need of a money to be used for purchase rather than for circulation or speculation." This belief in the fundamental nature of the currency is also voiced in the official statement of the society's aims which pledges the constituents, "to prevent speculation in the medium of exchange, *thus eliminating panics and depressions.*" Never a mention of the driving force behind "panics"—the developing gap between the mass of production and the restricted buying power which capitalism allows to the working class and the farmers.

Attached to their central idea are dozens of half-baked, conflicting and essentially demagogic concepts. Shrewdly they cater to the economic illiteracy of the millions who believe that "the trouble with this country is hoarding—they bankers as keeps money out of circulation." The Utopians swear to "prevent hoarding . . . to eliminate the possibility of monetary reward for crime and racketeering . . . to ensure the economic security of that sacred institution, the American family." Some of these might sound dangerously radical but leave it to Mr. Reed to dispel that misunderstanding. These are "the principles upon which this nation was founded, reiterated by Lincoln at Gettysburg." Consequently, "the necessary changes can be accomplished by peaceful means under the Constitution."

When it was pointed out that the Constitution has in practice helped to perpetuate private property, Dunham Thorp said, "Yes, that's true. But you know there is a loop-



Selma Freeman



UTOPIA WAVES THE WAND

somewhat less explicitly “proposes to do *away* with the profit system” by “balancing production with maximum consumption needs.” To achieve this, “The Utopian Society visualizes a cooperative State and takes into account the ‘technological impact’ [never defined] and the need of a money to be used for purchase rather than for circulation or speculation.” This belief in the fundamental nature of the currency is also voiced in the official statement of the society’s aims which pledges the constituents, “to prevent speculation in the medium of exchange, *thus eliminating panics and depressions.*” Never a mention of the driving force behind “panics” — the developing gap between the mass of production and the restricted buying power which capitalism allows to the



Selma Freeman



UTOPIA WAVES THE WAND

somewhat less explicitly “proposes to do *away* with the profit system” by “balancing production with maximum consumption needs.” To achieve this, “The Utopian Society visualizes a cooperative State and takes into account the ‘technological impact’ [never defined] and the need of a money to be used for purchase rather than for circulation or speculation.” This belief in the fundamental nature of the currency is also voiced in the official statement of the society’s aims which pledges the constituents, “to prevent speculation in the medium of exchange, *thus eliminating panics and depressions.*” Never a mention of the driving force behind “panics”—the developing gap between the mass of production and the restricted buying power which capitalism allows to the



hole in every legal document. We don't let that worry us. We'll add an amendment. Our job now is to educate people to a point where they will elect a Utopian Congress and President."

"Do you imagine that the capitalists will simply let themselves be voted out of their factories and mines?"

"I know what you mean. Communists think there is a sharp division between capitalists and other people, but you're wrong. Lots of capitalists are dissatisfied with things as they are. They would be willing to go along with us."

"No doubt. But suppose they do refuse to part with their possessions? After all, they still control virtually all of the channels of education. Then what?"

"Then we educate the army and navy through their families, friends and sweethearts. But don't get me wrong. We're not after a revolution. We are opposed to civil war in any form."

This was a NEW MASSES interview and Mr. Thorp left out a few things. He forgot to quote the California Utopians to the effect that "Owners of industry would continue in control of their plants if they operate them at capacity—for which they receive an annual non-transferable income based on their earnings over the previous five years." Utopianism is flexible. But it would have to be a good deal more flexible to explain how without the pressure of a militant and class-conscious working class, capitalists

would ever consent to their own expropriation.

Oh, they're flexible. There wasn't a peep out of the whole outfit during the course of the San Francisco general strike or while the vigilante raids were being conducted. "We consider strikes wasteful," Thorp said. "Unemployment insurance and old age pensions are patchwork panaceas," writes Reed. Day-to-day struggles of the workers for improved conditions and the strengthening of their organizations form no part of their "education of the national majority in the things which impel political action."

The education at the great Hollywood Bowl meeting consisted of a rendition of *The Star Spangled Banner* by Mme. Aldrich, who was joined according to Reed, "by many members of the American Legion planted among the audience." Then they "recited the 23rd Psalm after Lt. Col. Barnes. And wildly cheered as the Stars and Stripes were unfurled to the breeze of a mechanical blower in the aura of a well-directed spotlight. The planted Legionnaires went home with the distinct impression that the red scare engendered by the press and the Better America Federation was a snare and a delusion. Now many of them wear their Utopian buttons next to the Legion buttons, and are learning the lessons of the New Economy with avid interest."

The lessons consist of attending a few preliminary meetings where you swear loyalty to the Constitution, the Utopian Society and the \$15,000 living standard, plunk down

your three bucks initiation fee and enter the Cycle Rituals as a "pilgrim" with a number such as 25x4563. You emerge as a "hermit." The cycle consists of a stage show dramatizing Utopian ideas in allegorical "democracy."

The attitude of the leadership toward the rituals is one of conscious and shrewd manipulation of the pilgrims' superstitious and exhibitionistic notions. "We're not babes in the wood," Dunham Thorp said. The dissatisfaction and the desperation were there and the Utopians used a time-honored American device to exploit it—the device of the Elk, the Moose and the Odd Fellows. They have harnessed the ferment and the anxiety of the same social stratum which responded to Hitler, with trappings equally flamboyant and attractive. Beyond proving that this ferment exists, the Utopians have proved that it can be organized and organized for action.

A year from now the Society may be where it was a year ago, in the back parlors of an investment broker and a few real estate, business and professional men. Then again, it is just possible that they may consolidate their forces and attain enough following to make it worth while for some group of capitalists to finance them as an actively Fascist army. In either case it is well for those who have been deluded or dazzled into joining to know where they are being led and withdraw in time. Production graphs by ex-engineers, ergs and exorcisms will not "abolish the profit system."

# Challenge to Technicians

THEODORE DRAPER

THE International Industrial Relations Institute, which is directed in America by Mary van Kleeck, brought together about three hundred technicians—technical and scientific, educational and research workers, economists and engineers—for a Conference on Social-Economic Planning at the Russell Sage Foundation in New York and Thorstein Veblen might have been amazed that a "soviet of technicians" met for four days and failed to plan to take the country over on the fifth. They came to grips with a problem which the I. R. I. itself stated in very simple terms: What kind of economic planning can end unemployment, establish security and raise standards of living in proportion to productive capacity? The I. R. I. is an international organization for the study of industrial relations on a world scale. Its first congress was held in Flushing, Holland, in 1925 and its international office is directed at the Hague by Mary L. Fledderus. It is symptomatic of the times that an economic plan to end insecurity and hunger should have become one of the central questions of its work. This was the first regional, American con-

ference arranged by the I. R. I. The reports and discussion revealed the wide range in the American technicians' attitude toward basic social issues. For example, experts in the hire of the Roosevelt Administration were rather heavily represented with almost one-third of all the reports. At the other end was a paper by Earl Browder, secretary of the Communist Party, and a report on the first and second Five Year Plans by Valery V. Obolonsky-Ossinsky, vice-chairman of the State Planning Commission of the Soviet Union (delivered a week after the conference, due to late arrival, too late to be included in this report). That the Communist viewpoint should be sought by technicians, hitherto fairly well identified with the class which could still pay liberally for their talents and training, is a sign of the times.

This conference expressed the clash of planning for two worlds. There is no magic about a plan apart from planners and goals. Planning can be for destruction as well as growth. Conservative experts presented testimony which, if put together into any coherent pattern, packed the theoretical explosives of a

revolutionary analysis. The planning today that is creative and constructive is revolutionary. Of any other planning, as Earl Browder said, "about 99 percent can be classified as either idle chatter or proposals for planned destruction—economic suicide." This conference was faced with the challenge which a planned economy bites ruthlessly into our social order. His listeners will remember Browder's final words:

What could be done with the full employment of all workers and technicians in the fullest use of existing machinery and natural resources, with all capitalist limitations removed, toward raising the standards of life of the whole people at a progressively accelerated rate? There would be a tremendous value in such a Workers' and Technicians' Plan for the United States. Answer this question and we, the workers, will find how to carry this plan into life.

*Brain Trust.* For one thing, the technical experts of the New Deal find it much more embarrassing to justify themselves than the politicians. They presented no single position. Intellectually, they ranged from apologist to bankrupt.

The Commissioner of Labor Statistics, Isidor Lubin, devoted most of his address to talking all of the unemployed out of existence. They are going to be absorbed into gainful occupations. He sent a few million into industry. The CCC camps are going to become permanent institutions. In response to a question, he gave the camps a liberal standard of living and he deplored their present standard of skeleton subsistence. He sent a few million into the alphabet organizations and when he got through, there were 2,500,000 unemployed still left. He seemed to have hit rock-bottom. Not for Lubin. Everybody knows, he said, that the country needs teachers, and recreation and health work, very badly. All the unemployables are going to become teachers and recreation experts. It was typical of nearly all the New Deal speeches that they either contradicted each other or were denied by the speaker who had just left or would follow them. In this case, Maxwell S. Stewart, who immediately preceded Lubin, stated that 25,000,000 unemployed as a world total was an extremely conservative estimate and that four-fifths of this total are unlikely to be assimilated, judging from the experience of Great Britain. When the proceedings of the conference are published, these two statements will be within fifteen pages of each other.

Milton Handler, formerly General Counsel of the National Labor Board, was less optimistic. Typical of the more confused Washington experts, he saw the light of redemption at one point after another but could not explain why it stayed curiously hidden. For example, he said that Section 7a cannot be enforced without new legislation giving the National Labor Board the power to enforce its decisions. Why should an administration which has not chosen to enforce 7a through one of its agencies, the Department of Justice, choose to enforce it through another, the National Labor Board? Most significant was Handler's advice to the "weak and unintelligent" union leader who was more an enemy, he said, than the "stubborn non-union employers." On the basis of this half-truth (true only if we understand the connection between the labor faker and the employer), this former counsel of the division of the N.R.A. which is supposed to guard the interests of the workers, actually threw the responsibility for Fascism on the working-class with a statement that

... Fascist control of labor unions will come not as a result of the insistence of the employers, but through the lack of intelligence and foresight of labor unions.

Most important of all was the speech by David Cushman Coyle, a member of the technical board of review of the Public Works Administration and a consultant of the National Planning Board. There was something tough but pathetic about his very cynical realism. The public works program "did not make sense in detail." He understood that no planning program is simply a technical one in a restricted physical sense. It not only calls for an integrated public works program but for

its coordination with the total economy. Upon this rock, public works was heading for disaster. Only one type of works could lift us out of the crisis without laying the basis for an even harder fall. Projects have to be "non-self-liquidating." The Roosevelt administration has frequently insisted that all important public works have to pay for themselves in the long-run but Coyle knew better than that. Consider housing. The masses of people need cheap and decent housing. No matter, housing is the very worst kind of public works because it has to be, in part, self-liquidating, and

Self-liquidating public works are business debts and if we build the poor laborer a new house there is a new debt which we expect him to pay off by his rent. But who will pay the rent in the old house? We are making two debts grow where one grew before. That is why housing, though a social necessity, is an economic poison.

This is a ruthless enough analysis of capitalist antagonisms. Social reforms based upon the irreducible needs of the people in one way or another clash with corresponding trades and services within the profit system. Capitalism can afford to tolerate measures of uplift only in a period of growth. In decline, social services undertaken outside the ordinary processes of capitalist production become "economic poisons" for which the profiteers must pay, at least in part, which the old system cannot afford, and which takes from it possible sources of activity at a period when any activity is precious.

The whole address by M. L. Wilson, the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, enforced and developed these conclusions from another angle. He presented the familiar thesis that planning under the New Deal is a "new type of planning" for a diminishing market by means of what Veblen called "a conscientious withdrawal of efficiency" in production. Almost inadvertently, he indicated what happens to technicians once the old days are diagnosed as dead. All that is needed is to translate his statements about the opportunities of yesterday in terms of the conditions of today.

Planning for agriculture under those conditions [growth] was one of continuously stressing greater production and facilitating this development with new aids of science and technology.

What need is there for "new aids of science and technology," what need is there for technicians, when planning is to "balance production more nearly in line with effective demand" and today's effective demand is defined by "a loss of export markets and agricultural surpluses"? This becomes planning for destruction, the technician foremost.

Caught in this system which has renounced the social and economic presuppositions of his training, the technician who is not willing to break completely with the conventions of capitalism may find Coyle's way of escape. He will look back to times past when technicians could still participate in the construction founded on progressive development. Periods of capitalist advance will beckon like a golden age. Today the professions are dismally

"overcrowded" but there were times, irrevocably past, when they multiplied and prospered. Unless this fact is examined for its economic basis, mere nostalgia becomes dangerously reactionary, tragic and futile. Not only must the clock be turned back but machinery and invention and technique must follow the clock. Coyle consciously and even militantly committed himself to these conclusions.

Stable prosperity in a free country requires industrial decentralization. Heavily centralized industry drifts by natural process into government control and finally into public ownership. Free initiative on the other hand depends upon a large number of small companies.

and

Public works planning, like all national planning, suffers from the fact that it is a little too big a job for mortal man in his present stage of evolution.

and

That is why there must be a free place somewhere in America where there is no general planning and the statistics are few.

It is really amazing with what clarity and insight, side by side with reactionary conclusions, this member of the Public Works Administration saw the implications of his own work. Socialized production ("heavily centralized industry") sets into motion that class-struggle which inevitably leads to socialized control ("public ownership"). If we want to keep capitalism ("free initiative") we are confronted with the necessity of industrial retrogression in favor of the smaller unit of the past ("industrial decentralization"), and even of renouncing planning itself ("too big a job for mortal men"). The technician is happy where "statistics are few"! This is a long stride in the anticipation of a fascist economic outlook which, as Professor Alfons Goldschmidt pointed out at the conference's first session, glorifies agriculture at the expense of industry for precisely this reason. This is where Fascism, the New Deal and the technician meet.

*There Is No Magic.* In some respects the most fruitful of all the papers came towards the end of the third day.

Mary van Kleeck began by telling the conference of a group from the fields of architecture, engineering, economics, education and public health which had been meeting at intervals since June of this year for conferences and analyses of the problems involved in raising standards of living in proportion to the full utilization and development of productive capacity. This group defined a technician as one who applied "science to practice and practice to science."

Their first problem was to decide whether the United States had the resources, in raw materials, in technological equipment and in knowledge and skill, to achieve a progressively rising standard of living for all its people. But retardation of economic development is clearly as much a characteristic of the economic life of this nation as is the potentiality

for higher standards. The group concluded that social-economic planning has first to account for this apparently inherent factor of retardation.

Central in this whole question is our very conception of an economic plan. Is it mere prediction, a simple exercise in forecasting? If so, *potential* productive capacity is irrelevant to planning because we do not need to know what we might produce if our task lies solely in forecasting what we will produce under static conditions. On the other hand, is it to arbitrarily dictate what the level of production shall be? If so, plan and actuality may have only distant kinship. Planning is control by knowledge and the determination of a future course must first of all depend upon reliable estimates of resources, human, physical and technical.

Two conceptions come to grips. Planning can be for destruction as well as growth. If the task of the planner is simply to adapt himself to any conditions, then planning in a capitalist economy becomes a scheme to saddle the masses of people with ever lower standards of living. This is planning within the framework of capitalism. There is no magic about a plan.

If planning involves the creative and constructive problem of utilizing resources to the utmost, then potential productive capacity becomes highly relevant. What we might have is as important as what we actually have. On this point, the conference heard Walter N. Polakov say:

With only a few exceptions, our existing resources and productive means are more than adequate to secure a liberal budget of a comfortable standard of living for every inhabitant of the United States.

Miss van Kleeck challenged the notion that poverty necessarily arises out of abundance. Do we produce so efficiently through machinery that workers must suffer chronic and permanent unemployment? This cannot be so because at no time has the United States produced so much that there was no room for further production to satisfy even the irreducible needs of the people. For example, a study made by the U. S. Department of Agriculture in 1933 concluded that in order to give every person in the United States a diet involving the necessary elements of nutrition, 53 percent more milk, cream, etc., 108 percent more butter, 79 percent more leafy green and yellow vegetables, 84 percent more citrus fruits, and so on through the diet, would have to be produced over the production figures of 1929. Far more would have to be produced over the current output. Housing, education, recreation and clothing are in the same status. We can produce more. We should produce more. We do neither.

I have said that this was a strange conference in the sense that experts gave testimony which needed but a little juxtaposing to solve the very problem which baffled most of them. Maxwell S. Stewart, formerly of the Foreign Policy Association, had earlier reported on "World Trends in Employment and Stan-

dards of Living." He reported on practically all the capitalist countries and on the Soviet Union. Only of the Soviet Union could he report this:

1. Unemployment is practically non-existent; instead there has been a severe shortage of labor for a number of years.

2. There has been a tremendous growth of social services of all varieties, including health, recreational, educational and cultural opportunities.

3. Wages have risen steadily.

4. During the past 18 months, there has been a marked improvement in the supply of food-stuffs and consumer goods of all varieties.

5. Through long-range social planning a basis has been laid for a much more substantial rise in living standards in the near future.

On this basis, Mary van Kleeck announced that the working hypothesis of the Industrial Relations Institute research group has been control by workers who have taken power to establish a state administration competent to establish socialization of industry according to plan and giving scope to factors of consent and co-operation.

The choice of this hypothesis is based first upon the principle that a dynamic economic system such as exists in America can set free its resources only if it is functionally organized, with no claims imposed by a non-functioning ownership controlling it through a monetary system which is admittedly characterized by recurrent fluctuations in the purchasing power of the population and hence with consequent fluctuations and losses in productivity.

There is a tendency for technicians to consider themselves a sort of scientific caste devoted to the selfless task of running the economic machine with maximum efficiency. The lesson of this conference is that workers' control is substituted for owners' control because workers' control alone is consistent with technological development and the progressive application of scientific knowledge. Technicians are in a two-fold alliance with the working-class. They suffer in unemployment and standards of living what the working-class suffers. In their special status as scientists, engineers, economists, or teachers their work can be fruitful and progressive only as they are unhampered by the fetters of profit and the claims of private property. As Mary van Kleeck put it:

This assumption, established empirically, has naturally been confirmed by the fundamental assumptions of the one nation which has already established a planned economy, namely, the Soviet Union.

*Answer This Question.* The political essence inherent in economic and social planning came to a head towards the end, in the address of Earl Browder, delivered in his unavoidable absence by Clarence Hathaway, and in the speeches of the left wing of Teachers College, Columbia University, Professors Childs and Counts and the remarks as chairman by Professor Harold Rugg.

Teachers are moving leftward and men like George S. Counts are distinguished examples

of this tendency. In their speeches, these men appeared very radical and they had no difficulty at all in using words like "struggle" and "workers" and "mass pressure" with eloquence and even a little of bravado. It is certainly an advance to have professors of education recognize the role of the working-class in the solution of their problems and the problems of society but there are hazards ahead if a context is not supplied which gives the mere word point and concreteness. Counts and Childs and Rugg recognized the role of the working-class *in general*. They owe allegiance to no party and no program. In the question period, a gentleman from England rose and carried their position to its logical and inevitable conclusion. With an initial acknowledgement to Counts for the latter's progressiveness he went on to say that England has long followed the path outlined by the left-wing of Teachers College: Ramsay Macdonald used to be a school teacher and the professionals in Great Britain have always held the Labor Party in great esteem. This little episode at the conference illuminated the great danger of vague allusions to the working-class by left-ward moving intellectuals. Ramsay Macdonald is today defending the Seditious Bill in England as a graduate scholar from the Labor Party. A Communist at the Conference pointed out as much.

The key task of the revolutionary movement in relation to the technician, as Earl Browder put it, is to bring ever larger numbers of technical workers, those who "apply science to practice and practice to science," to the realization that a working-class government is the essential pre-condition for a planned economy which plans for an expanding life and society, not for the rations of the barracks. The leadership of the working-class does not imply the exclusion of other groups from participation in a socialist economy or in its building. Technicians, in terms of their own experience and problems, knowing both their own suffering in capitalist crises and the enormous productive capacities of our nation must and will turn to the Communist analysis, to the Soviet Union to learn what can be accomplished through the full use of the nation's resources under workers' control.

The secretary of the Communist Party concluded with a challenge which became all the more a summons to action because it emerged from all that this conference of technicians had been listening to for days.

A growing mass of workers, already looking upon themselves as representing the future masters of society, are seeking technicians to help transform American economy on to a planned socialist basis. What could be better than to organize our best technicians to give a scientific, detailed answer to this question: What could be done with the full employment of all workers and technicians in the fullest use of existing machinery and natural resources, with all capitalist limitations removed, toward raising the standards of life of the whole people at a progressively accelerated rate? There would be tremendous value in such a Workers' and Technicians' Plan for the United States. Answer this question and we, the workers, will find how to carry this plan into life.

# Correspondence

## Neediest Cases: The Political Prisoners

TO THE NEW MASSES:

May we call the attention of your readers to the plight of more than sixty long-term political prisoners and their families on the lists of the Prisoners' Relief Dept. of the I.L.D.? Their sentences range from one to twenty-five years. Also, in addition to these and to hundreds of short-term prisoners, there are nineteen men serving life sentences in American penitentiaries as a result of their working-class activity.

Their families are, for the most part, destitute except for the relief we send them every month. Our Prisoners' Relief Dept. is now in the midst of its Christmas Drive to supply these families with money, clothes, shoes, books and other substantial gifts. Let us summarize a few of these cases. Those who respond with contributions should mail them as soon as possible to the department, Room 610, 80 East 11th St. They will be performing not an act of charity, but one of solidarity with men deprived of freedom by ruling-class justice.

ANNA DAMON,  
Acting Nat'l. Sec'y.,  
International Labor Defense.

### A Milk-Strike Picket

Nile Cochran is serving a three-year sentence in South Dakota penitentiary. He was one of the pickets during the Iowa and South Dakota milk war in 1933. They barricaded the roads with logs, bales of hay, anything to keep the milk trucks out of the marketing center, Sioux City. The Roberts Dairy Corporation was making 300 percent on every quart of milk. They hired the most notorious rum runners in town, the Markells, who ran one truck past the lines by shooting their way through. Next time they came the pickets were armed and returned the thugs' fire. Cochran was wounded, captured and convicted for "being an accomplice of John Doe who killed Markell." "I am still trying to run a farm without a husband," writes Mrs. Cochran, "and it sure is hard at times. We do all our work in the fields except two months in the year, when we have somebody to put in the crop." There are seven children, ranging in age from 9 to 16. Their monthly income is about \$15. The Prisoners' Relief Department of the I.L.D. is their only other source of income.

### Two Miner Sons in Jail

One day deputies burst into the home of Mrs. Eliza Pierce, 75, in Washburn, Tenn., and took her two miner sons to jail on a frame up charge of "stealing some copper wire." She writes, "When my boys was here, I had plenty to eat and to wear and now I have got nothing at all." The mine operator gave her "a house notice to get out from the house and I don't know why they done me so bad. You know I dread to see cold weather come and me and my grand-child with no clothes for winter." Eileen, the "granbaby" is two years old.

### Farm Leader Believed Killed

Mrs. Frank Norman writes of her husband that "he was an orphan raised in a big city with all the hardships that could befall his way. Since our marriage he has been a real husband, a great companion and home lover." In Chicago they tried desperately to keep their heads above water, but they couldn't and traveled south to Lakeland, Fla., in their last possession—"a beautiful new car, of which we were so proud." They thought they could make a go of it on a small truck farm but they

found only starvation. There were days when they and their baby had nothing at all to eat. "Frank Norman, my husband, began working with the other poor workers in his same boat." In a short time he became a leader. One day, three men who said they were officers of the law made Norman accompany them to identify the body of a lynched Negro and that was the last time Frank Norman was seen. Authorities have made no efforts to find him and there is more than a strong likelihood that he has been killed. His son is now five. Mrs. Norman writes: "Just remember I stand firm for the poor working class."

### A Kentucky Miner

Jim Reynolds is one of the five Kentucky miners serving a life sentence in Frankfort Penitentiary because a notorious company thug, Big Jim Daniels, was killed in the battle of Evarts during the 1931 Harlan strike. His wife and two children moved around from one Kentucky mining town to another and finally had to travel to a distant Mid-Western state where Mrs. Reynolds has a brother and there is a school near enough for Jackie to go to. Her daughter worked in a factory during the summer, but she was laid off in the fall and told to stay away until April. They haven't been in their new home long enough to get on city-relief rolls. Jim Reynolds writes to his family regularly and tries not to burden them with his troubles, but right now he needs underwear and his family is in no position to give it to him.

### One of the Scottsboro Families

Ophelia Williams keeps house in Chattanooga, Tenn., takes care of six little children and goes to school whenever she gets a chance. Soon she will be 14 years old. Her mother, Mamie Williams, is 33 years old, ill with a bad heart and must stay in bed. The relief lady lets them have about two dollars a week for all of them. Since her father died four years ago, they struggled along somehow, but after he died things got worse and worse. In March, 1931, the oldest son, Eugene, who was then 14, left home to search for work with his friend, Haywood Patterson. On March 25 he was arrested at Paint Rock, Alabama, and early in April he was sentenced to death with seven other Scottsboro boys. Ophelia has said that she would love to go around the country and help do whatever she can to set her brother free but with her mother sick and all those little children at home that have to be cared for and fed, she has her hands full.

### A Mother of Two

Emma Brelic is 40 years old and serving a two-year sentence in one of the country's worst prisons, Blawnox Workhouse, Alleghany County, Pa. "Inciting to riot" was the charge which sent her up on the testimony of the Jones and Loughlin company's thugs. Her actual crime was running a relief kitchen in the Ambridge strike. During the first few weeks of her sentence she lost 14 pounds, but there is no medical attention at Blawnox. In addition to her two-year sentence there is a \$500 fine against her and \$200 court costs. She has an unemployed husband and two children, 6 and 9.

### Hasn't Seen His Baby

Phil Frankfeld, young leader of the Unemployment Councils of western Pennsylvania, is another prisoner at Blawnox. He is serving two to four years for "inciting to riot and obstructing legal

process," *i.e.*, leading the unemployed in halting the eviction of another unemployed worker from his home. He has been put to work in the rag shop, where he spends all the hours of daylight breathing in disease-laden dust. He is allowed only one letter and one visitor a month. His young wife, Mary, has just had a baby. "He is a very sweet baby," she writes. "He is good, he sleeps a lot and he certainly can eat. He didn't see his daddy yet, nor did his daddy see him." Last time Mary went to see her husband, he said, "When I write to you I should tell you he is all right and he will be a better soldier and even more loyal to the workers when he gets out."

### Helped His Neighbor

Neb Cobb, share-cropper, is serving a 12- to 15-year sentence in an Alabama jail because he helped his neighbor, Cliff James, to defend his house and mule against a sheriff's posse. James was killed and Cobb badly wounded. Ned Cobb's eyes are very bad and the work he is forced to do in prison doesn't help. He left a wife and eight children on the outside and they get no relief and they can't find work. "I just can't tell you the things I have in my heart with this pencil and paper," Viola Cobb writes, "but if it weren't for you all we would have gone down months ago."

### United Front in Arizona

TO THE NEW MASSES:

In the press of events during these stirring days, the fate of 32 victims of terror and oppression in out-of-the-way Arizona may have escaped general attention. At this writing, the 32 victims are on trial for participation in the Phoenix demonstration of Sept. 6, a demonstration directed against the woefully inadequate relief measures in that state, where F.E.R.A. work was paid for at the rate of \$10 a month, 16 cents per person a day. One was killed, 50 injured in the course of a deliberate police attack on the theretofore peaceful demonstrators. Communists bore the brunt of attack, especially those running for office on the State ticket. Terror was loosed upon Communist headquarters and all "known" Communists were arrested.

At this point, when the entire unemployed situation was befogged by terror, the I.L.D. stepped into the situation. The firm hand and courage of I.L.D. leadership immediately became apparent. Despite the fact that the Party was temporarily driven underground, the I.L.D. went ahead with a definite program for the protection of all workers and unemployed then suffering from the oppression of the Fascist local and state government. Protest meetings were organized, local lawyers supported in their efforts to protect prisoners from being railroaded and I.L.D. lawyers were sent to Phoenix.

As a result the United Front is in real effect in Arizona. Socialist functionaries have joined hands with Communists in the I.L.D. campaign; the United Front extends to the Socialist rank and file, the members of several A. F. of L. unions, the local technocrats and Utopians as well as several ministers, all of whom have worked under the direction of the I.L.D.

The sacrifice of these wounded and imprisoned in Phoenix has not been in vain. Oppressive tactics by the State, long incarceration before trial, deportation proceedings against Mexicans involved, the driving of the Communist Party underground has not prevented the growth of a broader mass base for the real Red Front for the protection of workers and unemployed everywhere.

LEW LEVINSON.

Laguna Beach, Calif.

# REVIEW AND COMMENT

## Our Magazines and Their Functions

**I**N THE current issue of the Partisan Review Jerre Mangione criticizes Leftward, the organ of the John Reed Club of Boston, for trying to be "THE NEW MASSES of New England," and suggests that the editors had better try to find a particular function that no other magazine is performing.

This seems to me good common sense. The revolutionary movement, with its terrific tasks, has neither manpower nor money to waste. There are scores and scores of revolutionary magazines, appearing weekly, monthly, bi-monthly, and quarterly, and serving a great variety of purposes. The maintenance of these magazines is not easy. There have to be constant drives for funds, and both editors and contributors make incalculable sacrifices. All this is justified only if each magazine is making some specific contribution to the revolutionary cause.

I think it quite possible that there is room for re-organization in the revolutionary press as a whole, but let us look for the moment only at the literary magazines. There are more than a dozen of them. In a sense this is fine, for it shows how widely the revolutionary movement is appealing to the writers of the nation. I hope that, as the movement grows, it will be possible to support all of these and many more. But we must always be sure—and especially now, when our resources are so inadequate—that the effort expended is accomplishing the most that it can possibly accomplish.

One thing I think we have to take for granted, and that is that THE NEW MASSES ought to be given every opportunity to perform the task that has been set for it. This may sound immodest, but there is no sense in mincing words. THE NEW MASSES is the principal organ of the revolutionary cultural movement. It reaches not only most of the revolutionary writers and artists themselves; it reaches their proper audience, the militant workers and large sections of disillusioned and actually or potentially petty bourgeois. It ought to represent the very best that the revolutionary movement can produce in fiction, poetry, reportage, criticism, and political and economic analysis. And it ought to be so provided with funds that it can be brought to the attention of the thousands and thousands of proletarians, white-collar workers, and professional men and women who are ready to listen to what it has to say.

Practically this means that no work should appear in other revolutionary magazines that could be effectively used in THE NEW MASSES. It means, also, that money ought to be spent in making THE NEW MASSES a better magazine rather than in publishing other magazines unless it is clear that these maga-

zines are performing functions that THE NEW MASSES cannot perform. This assumes, of course, that the editors of THE NEW MASSES are making the best possible use of the opportunities they have. By and large I believe this to be true. If it is not true, then the thing to do is to improve THE NEW MASSES, not to start another magazine.

At the risk of stepping on a number of corns I should like to be quite specific. Last spring a magazine called the Monthly Review was started, and I believe that four issues in all appeared. The purpose of this magazine, as I understand it, was to reach sections of the middle-class that are not yet ready for THE NEW MASSES. Unfortunately, however, the contents of the magazine were very badly adapted to this purpose. There were a few articles that might have made the right kind of appeal, but they could hardly have offset the effect of the rest of the contents. Certain articles were of a highly technical and perhaps even sectarian nature, and could have only the most limited appeal. Others were on an exceedingly low intellectual and literary level, and served only to bring the revolutionary movement into disrepute. Still others merely duplicated THE NEW MASSES.

Now the Monthly Review obviously lost money, and I believe that those who supplied the funds would have been glad, if they had understood the situation, to have had them used, as they easily might have been, to better advantage. Moreover, the magazine took the time and energy of a number of highly trained

men, whose usefulness to the revolutionary cause is beyond question.

On the other hand, New Theatre has quickly and unmistakably made a place for itself. There is certainly no other journal that provides adequate space for the detailed discussion of the particular problems of the revolutionary drama and for the careful analysis in revolutionary terms of the bourgeois stage. The only questions are whether there is a need for such analysis and discussion and whether there is an audience for them. The answer to the first question is obvious; the answer to the second has been triumphantly provided by the rapid growth in the circulation of New Theatre.

When we turn to the John Reed Club magazines, we have a different situation. The usual purpose of such a magazine is to provide an outlet for the literary productions of the club's members. This is important. Writers not only want to see their work in print; they need to. Publication seems an essential part of the process of learning to write, and these magazines are, potentially at least, instruments in the development of a new generation of revolutionary writers. The material they publish is often unsuitable for a magazine that reaches a large, varied, and partly hostile audience, but it has interest and value for readers in a particular area. Moreover, the publication of such a magazine has value as a collective enterprise.

There is, however, one of the John Reed Club magazines that does not exist for the encouragement of the less mature members of the club. This is the Partisan Review, pub-

## The DECLINE of AMERICAN CAPITALISM

BY LEWIS COREY  
AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF MORGAN"

An extraordinary book, in which Marxism and Communism and their revolutionary conclusions come alive in terms of the whole class-economic development of American society.

"An amazing economic, historical and ideological exposition of the communist position . . . it is one of the best introductions to Marxism; it is an indispensable prolegomenon to capitalist economics; it is a philosophical and tactical manual in the science of Communist revolution; and it is a brilliant appendix, drawn entirely from American experience, to Marx's 'Capital'."

— LOUIS M. HACKER, in *Scribner's*

2nd Large Ptg., \$4.00

COVICI-FRIEDE, Publishers, 386 4th Ave., N.Y.

lished by the John Reed Club of New York City. In each of the five issues that have appeared a large proportion of the contributions has come from writers who are not members of the club. Practically all the contributors, moreover, are well-established writers, who have no difficulty in publishing their work elsewhere.

The Partisan Review is obviously in a category by itself. Let us look at the current issue. Nearly one-half of it is devoted to book reviews. All of the reviews are competent, and some are very good, but I do not think that on the average they are superior to the reviews in *THE NEW MASSES*, in which the same books have been or will be reviewed. It is good to be able to compare the views of two Marxist critics, but I doubt if the value is great enough to justify, under present circumstances, the publication of two magazines. As for the other contributions, they are all on a high level, and there are one or two of them that probably could not have been printed elsewhere and that deserve to be read. On the whole, however, relatively little is accomplished that would not or could not be accomplished by other magazines.

The same criticism applies in the main to the four previous issues of the Partisan Review. Reckoning roughly, I should say that only about one-fifth of the total number of pages of Volume I of the magazine have been used to what I would call good advantage. And now the editors announce that in 1935 each issue will have ninety-six, instead of sixty-four, pages.

It seems to me that, if the Partisan Review is not to be the organ of the John Reed Club of New York City, it ought to be primarily devoted to long, theoretical critical essays. We have *Dynamo* for poetry and *Blast* and *Anvil* for short stories. *THE NEW MASSES* publishes

some critical essays, but it cannot print many, and it cannot assume that its readers are in general interested in esthetic theory. There is a need for fundamental consideration of both the theoretical and the practical problems of proletarian culture, and the Partisan Review could fruitfully devote itself to this field. What I am interested in, and all I am interested in, is the effective utilization of our forces.

As I have already indicated, I think that *Dynamo* is valuable; it has printed good poems, and I doubt if all these poems would have been published elsewhere. Perhaps, however, its functions should be taken over by the Partisan Review. There might be a special poetry section edited by the present editors of *Dynamo*. As for *Anvil* and *Blast*, there is a place for one magazine devoted to proletarian short stories, and possibly—though I am not so sure of it—for two. Both magazines have printed first-rate stories, and one magazine that printed the best of both would be very effective.

All of this is likely to sound a little arbitrary to some people. The idea has always been that anybody who had a little money and could pry a little more out of his friends had not merely a right but a duty to start a magazine. These magazines, as a rule, died painlessly and soon, and other magazines took their places. But such Bohemian individualism and irresponsibility are entirely incompatible with the serious tasks of revolution and the intelligent discipline of revolutionaries. The question of effective reorganization of the revolutionary cultural press is obviously not to be settled on the basis of any one person's opinions; but someone has to start the discussion that might lead to such re-organization, and that is what I have tried to do.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

## Art in America

*ART IN AMERICA IN MODERN TIMES*, edited by Holger Cahill and Alfred H. Barr, Jr. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. \$1.50.

THIS book's foreword begins: "In recent years fundamental changes in the economic structure of our lives compelled us to pause and reflect. More and more we became aware that we had placed too much confidence in the returns of material success and realized that we must turn to values that are independent of the fluctuations of prosperity." To facilitate this escape into art from the painful realities of "material success" the General Federation of Women's Clubs approached the Carnegie Foundation, which made the necessary appropriation and requested the American Federation of Arts to organize a series of weekly radio broadcasts. The essays in this book were prepared in connection with the radio talks currently being given. Its chapters follow approximately the outline of the broadcasts, and its one hundred and

eighty illustrations reproduce the paintings, prints, sculptures and buildings referred to by the speakers. Holger Cahill discusses American Painting and Sculpture. Henry Russell Hitchcock, Jr. writes three chapters on Architecture. Modern domestic houses and furniture are treated by Philip Johnson, City planning by Catherine Bauer. The chapter on Stage Design is by John Mason Brown, that on American Photography by Lincoln Kirstein. Iris Barry contributes a survey of the movies.

Each of the chapters of *Art in America* tends to become, like the individual broadcasts, a self-contained unit, the whole a collection of unrelated and arbitrary compartments. Whatever unity it has derives from the fact that its authors agree upon "essentials," namely, a cheerful yet determined exclusion of those economic and social realities, the analysis of which would provide a genuine critical basis for the book. Much more to the taste of the radio and book-of-the-month public are such suave generalities as

this: "Eakins' work has the strength and cruelty of truth. Sargent's has the cruelty of emptiness. And emptiness is always more palatable than truth." When, where, why and to whom palatable? Quite in the Thomas Craven vein are these remarks by Mr. Cahill: "The one clear note in contemporary American painting is a new emphasis upon social and collective expression. Subject and 'human interest' have definitely been reinstated. . . . The impact of the present moment in all its tragedy and confusion, its bewildering surfaces and its disturbing emotional quality has forced upon the artist a concern with the problems of human society. . . . It is not enough merely to illustrate ideas which are currently popular and to treat them in such a way as to appeal to contemporary prejudice or easily uncovered emotion." That would be to follow the path of popular illustration, to reflect the spirit of the age at its lowest intensity." That would be, in short, to take sides. The authors for the most part provide an excellent example of how not to take sides, or rather how to take all sides at once. Holger Cahill says of Whistler that "he was too consciously the aesthete, and aesthetes are in bad repute nowadays. Still, he is an important figure in nineteenth century painting."

And Mr. John Mason Brown regrets that scene designers are "too often forced to waste their energies upon literalistic scripts devoid of all inspiration," but, he adds, "it must be admitted that stage designers contribute much to the theatre." The American stage designer of today believes in the "might of design, the mystery of color, and the redemption of all things by beauty everlasting." Nice work, if you can get it! Why the current theatre depends on make-believe for its success, and why there is hope for a revolution in scenic design which will accompany left wing experiments in dramatic technique, the reader must not ask. Iris Barry, writing on the movies, concludes that a few creative directors abetted by discontented film fans writing letters to producing companies and cinemas could do much to change the quality of this "great twentieth century art." Tremble on your throne, Hollywood Mogul. We are going to write you a letter!

By virtue of its abundance of descriptive formulas reminiscent of the College Art Lecturer ("fine decorative sense, . . . grand and simple power, . . . forceful draughtsmanship . . . love for the American landscape . . . the

### CAMP NITGEDAIGET

ON THE HUDSON

Beacon, N. Y.      :-:      Beacon 781

An ideal place for rest and recreation.  
Open all seasons of the year.

Hotel accommodations with all modern improvements. Individual attention to diets.  
Proletarian Cultural Activities

\$14.00 PER WEEK

Cars Leave 10:30 A. M. Daily from  
2700 Bronx Park East, Bronx, N. Y.  
New York Central Trains to Beacon

For Further Information—Call:

ESTabrook 8-1400

quality of painted surfaces . . . a splendor of formal relation . . . masterly handling of the medium," etc., etc.) and by virtue of managing, like the small town play reviewer, to say something reasonably pleasant about every one from star to "super," the collaborators of this volume have produced a text which will not disturb any of the dearest illusions of the Average Reader. Thus, although the editors would probably disclaim any attempt at the critical evaluation of the subject, *Art in America* will none the less reinforce all that is glibly superficial in American art and

all that is shallow in American thinking.

It remains to be said that biographical information on individual artists is here given in concise and convenient form; that the book contains a useful list of artists with the location of their principal works; that Henry Russell Hitchcock's Summary of Richardson, Sullivan and Wright is, on its own terms, admirable; and that the illustrations are far better than those of any previous book on the subject in respect to their quantity, their selection, and the beauty of their printing.

OLIVER LARKIN.

trodden ground of facts concerning Austria, Hitler Germany, Japanese imperialism, the "bloody international," and making some half-baked remarks about economic nationalism, Steel considers the possibility of stopping war. This remarkably pat conclusion constitutes the ripened wisdom of his journalism:

. . . It must be clear to everyone with common sense [sic!] that the only way to stop war is to devise an effective World Economic Policy which will stabilize our rapid industrial evolution, bring consumption into consonance with the universal powers of production, and abolish monopolies of vital materials.

Watch your step, Mr. Steel; Pollyanna will sue you for plagiarism. Mr. Steel worries in *The Second World War* that the war will mean the end of civilization. If you read "capitalism" for "civilization," Mr. Steel's lugubrious prediction acquires meaning. The next outbreak of war on a wide international scale will prepare the ground for proletarian revolutions just as surely as the last war prepared the ground for the U.S.S.R. Capitalists in their mad whirl are too blind to see that the instrument which they will use to keep their profits intact—war—will be the very instrument for their own overthrow. But, then, that is only one of the great contradictions which capitalism engenders. It shows once again the brilliance of the Marxian insight that capitalism is its own worst enemy.—Did I hear someone offer

## Mars Without Marx

*THE SECOND WORLD WAR*, by Johannes Steel. Covici, Friede. \$2.

"ONE HELL OF A BUSINESS," by H. C. Engelbrecht. McBride. \$1.

*THE SECRET WAR*, by Frank C. Hanighen. John Day. \$2.75.

WAR and the activities of the stay-at-home war lords have become dollar-turnover topics. But have any of the hunters of the "merchants of death" told us what to do about it? Indeed, do the authors themselves know? They certainly do not. Having scared the pantaloons off of the humanitarians, they sit back as helpless as their audience. Again, in the three books named above they continue their muckraking, but show no

more comprehension of the basic problems than before, and shy away as skittishly from the only adequate solution.

Hurried writing is common to all three volumes, a hurry to capitalize on the recently acquired reputations of their authors. Steel is a journalist who has been prognosticating on the general European situation with surprising success for a bourgeois mind. Engelbrecht and Hanighen are the authors of the best-seller, *Merchants of Death*.

"There will be war by Summer of 1935," says Mr. Steel. "War will come because neither of the two powers that want war [Germany and Japan] can afford to wait longer than the Summer of 1935 if they expect to win." Having gone over the well-

## People and lives in Hooverville

# YOU CAN'T SLEEP HERE

by  
Edward  
Newhouse

"A brilliant novel . . . full of life and color and sensation. You are so engrossed in its people and places that the theme steals on you unawares; you read the best passages several times for their wit or poetry, the freshness of the phrasing or the keenness of the insight." *Joseph Freeman in New Masses*

"It does for 1934 what Jack London's 'The Road' did for Coxe's Army . . . remarkably pungent . . . a first rate narrative . . . prose that never quibbles. Mr. Newhouse's book would be a good candidate for the White House library and the President might profitably lend it to Harry Hopkins."

*John Chamberlain in the N. Y. Times*

"Sophisticated without being cynical, humorous without being smug, harrowing without being sentimental and revolutionary without being self-conscious." *Granville Hicks*

"Swarming with life and vigor and a new kind of urgency in prose. Outspoken and straightforward."

*Charles Wagner in the N. Y. Daily Mirror*

"A stirring and impressive story. It has an emotional richness that the toneless style of Hemingway has rarely had. . . . The last scene, a fine, long one, is one of the best planned, best told and most exciting scenes in recent fiction."

*Isidor Schneider in the Daily Worker*

"Racy and realistic." *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"Crisp, powerful, bawdy writing, full of sardonic humor. This man knows his way about." *Los Angeles Times*

"Timely and unusual. . . ." *N. Y. Times Book Review Section*

"New York's Shantytowns . . . presented unvarnished. . . . He writes well in the Hemingway manner and with a passion against the existing order."

*Herschell Brickell in the N. Y. Evening Post*

"Mr. Newhouse tells his story without self-pity or heroics in a spare, bitterly humorous prose." *Clifton Fadiman in The New Yorker*

"Newhouse has done a swell job in this book about the young newspaperman without a job and in love with a girl. He has caught a genuine insight into the conflict between love and self-respect which possesses a man in that situation. But his book is more valuable yet for the honest and graphic picture he has drawn of these United States in the years of the depression. It rings true."

*United Press*

Price \$2.00

MACAULAY, Publishers

381 Fourth Ave., New York

to send Mr. Steel a copy of the Communist Manifesto?

"One Hell of a Business" is one hell of a book. It is a dull restatement of the facts brought out by the Nye Senate Committee investigating the arms traffic. These well-dunked crumbs from the capitalist banquet board were put in our line of vision by newspapers but a few weeks back. Engelbrecht naively reiterates that capitalism and nationalism are at the bottom of the mess, and that's that. Neither he nor Steel ever refers to the inter-relation between Fascism and war. Perhaps they are not even aware that the two *are* related. But then neither is Robinson Crusoe. Both of them need a daily ration of Marx and Lenin. They may then wake up some bright morning with an idea.

At second-hand, Hanighen has written a very sprightly book about the war for the world's oil supply. He runs you around from South America to Persia, from California to Baku. Through it all you may watch the Rockefellers and the Deterdings going through their profit-paces, watching them weaving around each other in crookedness. As in disarmament conferences, munitions investigations, so in the "secret war for oil," the U.S. S.R. is the only country that comes out of it with a clean bill. Stalin, a former worker in the oil fields of Baku, is not to be cajoled

by the gentlemen-hijackers who want monopolies. How the capitalistic oil-slingers pine for the Romanoffs and the corruptible! In fact, the U.S.S.R. has finally brought Persia around to the same point of view, and England is squirming under the restrictions that the new-found intelligence of the Persian Shah has imposed.

As for our own great land of liberty, it can rejoice or mourn that it no longer harbors the worst weasel in the oil business. Sir Henry Deterding can outslip old man Rockefeller.

That, as one must admit, is no light accomplishment in the slippery art of getting what you want by the slimiest means possible. The revelation would kill old John D. if he could be made to believe it.

But, like all muckrakers, Hanighen has no adequate interpretative apparatus. He reveals corrupt practices, double-dealing, high-toned theft, and when it is all laid out, stands aside like an artist admiring his last brush stroke. Interspersed in the details of this display, there are some smart-alecky remarks about Bolshevism and Marxism which manifest how much he has missed seeing.

At the end of each of these three volumes the reader can only ask: "So what?" And turn elsewhere for the reply.

GEORGE SIMPSON.

## No Power to It

*THE POWER OF NON-VIOLENCE*, by Richard B. Gregg. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.50.

WHEREVER an oppressed minority or otherwise weaker group has in an organized manner faced an overwhelmingly stronger opponent, it has had to cope with the problem of provocation to violence. The measure of its organization has then been its success in foiling the provocateur sent by the enemy and in repressing the individual with a bent to violence in its own ranks. This has not necessarily been because of any temperamental or philosophical aversion to violence as such on the part of the organizers, but from purely tactical considerations. This inculcated ability to refrain from a premature resort to force, *as well as the corollary ability to apply force when occasion really demands it*, is what we mean by discipline. A good soldier must also learn to withhold fire upon command, and, on the other hand, an appeal to arms where there is no chance of victory is justified on the part of leaders only where the purpose of the group is frankly suicidal. (It is to be remembered, however, that suicide too may have its uses.)

It is worth repeating these general remarks only because it is from such considerations that there flows the right of the Communist Party to look upon itself as a force for orderly progress, as a historical bulwark of dynamic law and order, as a party not of violence but

of revolution. But where there is not a philosophy broad enough to give each its proper place, means have a way of becoming ends, methods are elevated into aims, tactics will often harden into objectives. Thus the tactic of non-violent resistance in the face of crushing odds has in certain quarters become a moral absolute, a good in itself, to be observed on principle under all circumstances.

This one-sided doctrine is what Mr. Gregg attempts to uphold with a variety of proofs in *The Power of Non-Violence*. Mahatma K. Gandhi, its classic proponent in the modern world and the source of Mr. Gregg's inspiration, calls it *Ahimsa*, gentleness.

The East Indians in South Africa, most of them workers, were the victims of many oppressive and discriminatory laws. Under the leadership of the young lawyer M. K. Gandhi they embarked on a policy of civil disobedience and strikes which lasted eight years. Finally by 1913 the Indians had managed to rouse a world storm of protest and seemed about to win their demands. "Just then a strike broke out among the European railwaymen in South Africa. Gandhi saw that the Government was in a very difficult situation, but instead of taking advantage of the incident, he chivalrously suspended the Indian struggle until the railway strike was over, an act which won much admiration for the Indians."

Mr. Gregg, who has himself been a lawyer for a striking railwaymen's union in America,

does not state whether the strikers were among those who so admired Gandhi's chivalry. Or did they by any chance label as treachery the act of the Indian leader in throwing the weight of his forces in the balance against them and on the side of their common oppressors?

*The Power of Non-Violence*, to the extent that it purports to be a manual for the guidance of the non-violent resister, might have been a useful book, as useful in its way as a manual of revolutionary warfare. The working-class would be the last to sneer at the use of such weapons as the boycott, passive resistance, hunger striking, peaceful mass demonstrations. But it is all, all, vitiated by *Ahimsa*, by a conception of peace which is not the realistic one of removing the basis of the conflict but the essentially hopeless one in which the contestants are determined to love each other regardless of the material facts at issue between them.

And so the author takes the occasions for resistance more or less for granted (since they will always exist in his philosophy) and devotes most of his pages to a justification on psychological grounds of non-violent methods. Strikes, wars, and struggles for liberation he does not find it necessary to *explain*, least of all to see them as inevitable expressions of the fundamental contradictions in a capitalist world. His proofs consist, instead, of an unorganized heap of precepts collected from the moral philosophers and from such discredited instinct-psychologists as McDougall. For him the enemy is not an organized complex of institutions based on the use of force, but rather a bad man who may be shamed into goodness by gentle example.

There is no intention of imputing other motives than that of the purest, most sincere idealism to Mr. Gregg in his attempt to have the oppressed of all kinds forego their chances of success when they see their oppressors weaken, if those chances should happen to call for force. But it is important to warn him that his confusion as between ends and means, as between states of mind and material facts, plays directly into the hands not only of our enemy but also of his—insofar as he is a sincere proponent of peace. His publishers assure us that this book will further "the cause for peace between nations and between groups within the nation." But this makes nonsense to the class-conscious worker who knows that it is *of the nature of capitalist nations to be in a state of war with one another*, and that the "groups within the nation" (for which he reads "classes") are such *by virtue of the irrepressible, multiform war amongst them*.

S. SNEEDEN.

## Brief Review

*SOUTH TO CADIZ*, by H. M. Tomlinson. Harper & Bros. \$2.

For those who admire literary peacocks, this volume shows one of the finest feathered ones strutting from London to Cadiz. There is



## Book Notes

A NEW MAGAZINE, far different from the faked-up human interest, synthetically colorful, ordinary type of travel magazine is *China Today*, the third issue of which is now on the stands, and a bargain at the 15 cents asked for it. There is life and color, and challenging reality in it.

An editorial in the second issue dealt with the reactionary Nanking government's attitude toward literature. Its dictator, Chiang Kai-shek said, "for the last several years, the cultural front in China has been dominated by proletarian culture and literature. That is why there are so many Communists and why it is impossible to destroy them. To make an end of the Communists, all authors of left tendencies and active on the cultural front must be rooted out, all newspapers with left tendencies must be prohibited and the cultural dictatorship must be proclaimed." The editorial goes on to say:

Under this guiding principle, Gorki's *Mother*, Chekhov's *Duel*, John Reed's *Ten Days That Shook the World*, Upton Sinclair's *Oil*, Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front* and hundreds of other books have been prohibited. Book stores are raided for carrying even the mildest liberal reading material. Schools are raided in the dead of night. Intellectuals, writers, and artists are murdered by the score. On June 15, 1933, the famous assassination list signed by Chiang Kai-shek was issued to all Fascist Blue Jackets. All shades of opposition were included in this list: Communists, liberals, left writers, Kuomintang militarists who opposed Chiang Kai-shek. In spite of official denials, Yang Chien, Chinese scholar and secretary of the short-lived League for Civil Rights, was murdered three days after the publication of the list. Many other murders followed, including the kidnaping and murder of the famous woman writer, Ting Ling.

It is important for us to realize that American loans are keeping Chiang Kai-shek in power and thus share in the responsibility for the assassination of culture.

Tchemodanov's famous book on music, one of the first Marxian histories of an art, is at last to be published in America. Grace Hutchinson, returning from Russia, has brought with her a copy of the manuscript of the revised edition, to Ashley Pettis, whom Tchemodanov has designated to arrange for the publication of the book in this country. Negotiations are under way for its early publication in this country.

OUR CLOTHES ARE  
STYLED and PRICED  
TO YOUR MEASURE

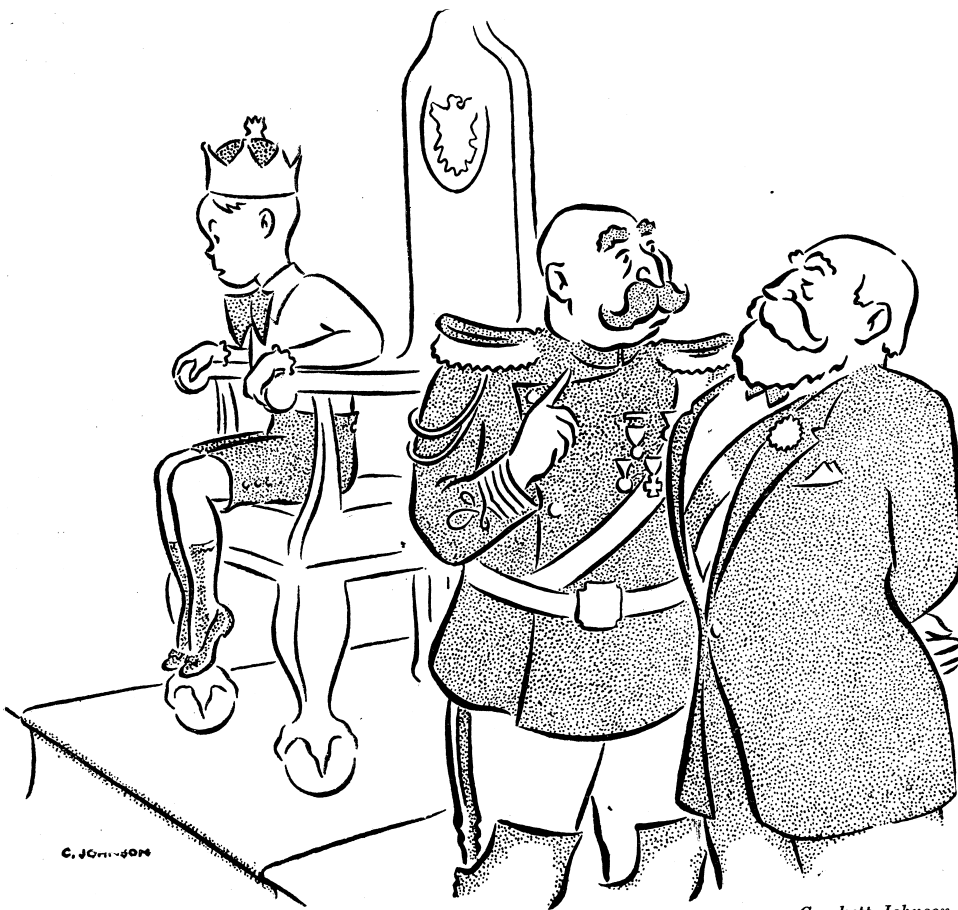
**\$18.75**

Get the kind of a suit you like at a  
price you can afford to pay

**SALTZMAN BROS.**

181 Stanton Street New York City

\* Bring this ad—it entitles you to a discount of  
\$1 on your purchase.



"First we tell his majesty about the flowers;  
then very gently, lead up to Marxism."

Crockett Johnson

not much more than the strutting in the book, for character and events are both sacrificed to style. Spain was in revolution while Mr. Tomlinson visited it. But you would hardly know it from Mr. Tomlinson, who apparently did not know it himself. He was too busy, like the lady who studied five years how to hold a teacup gracefully, studying his steps. Naturally he got nowhere; and neither will the reader who follows him.

*THE GOLDEN SPIKE*, by Floyd Dell.  
Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.50.

Floyd Dell has written another novel about adolescence in the Middle West. Harvey Claymore, the hero of the present work, grows up in a small town, helps to run a weekly paper, goes to college, falls in love, marries money, and repents. *The Golden Spike* says nothing that Dell has not said before, and it says the old things rather ineffectively. The book has almost none of the life and fire that made *Moon-Calf* one of the notable novels in the post-war insurgence of American youth. Mr. Dell is at his best when he is autobiographical, but as a novelist of American youth he is a wash-out. American youth has grown up, but Mr. Dell, unfortunately, has not.

*CASTAWAY*, by James Gould Cozzens.  
New York: Random House. \$1.75.

Mr. Cozzens' narrative of the man who dreams that he has been stranded overnight in a department store will have no interest for the socially-minded reader. Nor will it

hold the attention of one who is not. A sense of reality is not given to a situation preposterously unreal by the use of the cold matter-of-fact technique of *The Last Adam*. The person who will be attracted to *Castaway* is the critic who has liked the curt cynicism of Mr. Cozzens' previous book and is willing to penetrate into the latter chapters of this one. For he will discover there that the book is becoming for its author an experiment with the aim of enriching his earlier descriptive objective method by getting into the stream of consciousness of his characters. If Cozzens pursues his attempt he is likely to surpass his publisher's prediction, and turn out a book that is closer to André Gide than Edgar Allan Poe.

*THE FOOLSCAP ROSE*, by Joseph Hergesheimer.  
Knopf. \$2.50.

Modeling his new novel on his popular *Three Black Pennys*, Mr. Hergesheimer has again told the story of several generations of an American family. For the moment he seems to have recovered from his admiration for the Palm Beach aristocracy, and as in his earlier work he suggests that something may be wrong with contemporary America. What it is he doesn't know, and it doesn't much matter anyhow, for Mr. Hergesheimer never did have much of a head, and lately he has grown into a perfect antique dealer. His style is as pretentious in its pseudo-dignity as a highclass sales talk, and his characters are just about as convincing as the antique-faker's dates.

# Furtwaengler Resigns

ASHLEY PETTIS

THE recent reports from Germany concerning defections in the ranks of Hitler's appointed custodians of "Aryan-Germanic" culture have attracted world-wide comment.

With their most distinguished modern musicians, both creative and interpretive, refugees or exiles from Nazi Germany, the remaining musical "leaders," with the exception of a very few, are men of mediocre ability or of no consequence whatsoever. Of the more important men in music now residing in Germany, the most significant have been Hindemith, Furtwaengler and Richard Strauss.

Furtwaengler, although titular head of all musical activities, has from time to time taken up the cudgels in defense of some of the most distinguished musicians of modern times, who failed to find favor, for racial or ideological reasons, with Nazism. We witnessed his defense of Hubermann, the great violinist, and his request that Hubermann, because of the supremacy of his art, should return to play in Germany, and that he would be acceptable, in spite of his Jewish origin. Furtwaengler wrote at that time: "Someone must be the first to return." Hubermann is a self-imposed exile, from which he has declared he would never appear in Germany (where he has had an unparalleled following for years), as long as his fellow artists of Jewish extraction were oppressed and discriminated against. He responded with an epistle which should go down in history as one of the most significant expositions of the function of the artist, from the standpoint of freedom from political and artistic oppression.

Those who have admired the consummate artistic achievements of Furtwaengler, espe-

cially in his supreme readings of Beethoven, have wondered how long he would be able to subject himself to the stifling restrictions and blasting persecutions of Hitler's "artistic" policy.

At last the lid has blown off. He is no longer able to swallow the absurd and insane regulations of Nazism, which have made it a criminal offense to perform the works of Mendelssohn (a Jew converted to Christianity), have ousted all "modernists" in musical composition, Jewish or otherwise, and finally have attempted to discredit Hindemith, a professor at the Hochschule in Berlin, a leading modern composer, who had the temerity to have a Jewish wife—and whose dark past includes such crimes as having played viola in a chamber-music organization which numbered two Jews in its membership—not to mention his having recorded for a Jewish phonograph company!

In addition, there was Hindemith's "known association with Communists."

But, be it recorded to Furtwaengler's credit, he has consistently defended Hindemith. Now he can endure Nazi madness no longer. He has resigned his high post as director of music in Germany and has justified the great admiration and faith his admirers have had for him. He has our congratulations and best wishes for his safety, for he has surely set off on a dangerous path—but the only one he could possibly have taken.

We suggest that "Aryan" musical culture will be very safe in the hands of Dr. Richard Strauss — long since dead but neither buried nor yet embalmed—who has these many years made a specialty of pandering to the artistic demands of madmen in the guise of rulers. From currying favor with Wilhelm the Second to lick-spitting with Hitler is but a short step.

**Good** Violin Recital and Dance  
 Presenting  
**Jazz** BERNARD KUGEL  
 Formerly Soloist with the N. Y. Phil. Orch.  
**Band** Accompanied by  
 HENRI PINCHINSON, Pianist  
 Saturday, DECEMBER 22, 1934, 8:30 P. M.  
 Tremont Prog. Club, 866 E. Tremont Ave., Bronx

WRITE FOR SUBSCRIBE TO  
**NEW THEATRE**  
*The Only Revolutionary Magazine of the Theatre Arts*  
 114 W. 14th St. New York City

The Committee to Support Southern Textile Organization  
 presents  
**WORKERS DANCE LEAGUE**  
 FIRST GROUP RECITAL OF THE SEASON!  
*New Compositions*  
**TOWN HALL**  
 113 West 43rd Street  
*Sunday Evening*  
**DECEMBER 23, 1934**  
 8:30 P. M.  
*Tickets on Sale at:*  
 Town Hall Box Office, 113 West 43rd Street  
 Workers Dance League, 114 West 14th Street  
 Columbia University Bookshop, 2966 Broadway  
 Workers' Bookshop, 50 East 13th Street  
 Chelsea Bookshop, 58 West 8th Street  
 New Masses, 31 East 27th Street  
*Prices:*  
 35 cents to \$1.65

**MUSICALE**  
 THE NATIONAL STUDENT LEAGUE  
 presents a very interesting and varied musical program of Soviet, Modern, and classical selections  
**SATURDAY EVENING**  
**DECEMBER 15, 1934**  
 Eight-fifteen o'clock  
**ASHLEY PETTIS**  
 Music editor of NEW MASSES will be commentator  
**PROGRAM**  
 Sonata opus 12.....Schostakowitsch  
 Prelude opus 34.....Schostakowitsch  
 Norman Cazden, pianist  
 Sonata for flute and Harp (piano).....Schaposhnikov  
 George Lisitsky, flutist Norman Cazden, pianist  
 Vocal selections including:  
 Ballade of Lenia.....Herbert Howe  
 Sybil Bayles, Soprano  
 String Quartet.....Debussy  
 Breval String Quartet  
**Admission: 35c and 55c (tax inc.)**  
 Auditorium of  
**NEW SCHOOL FOR SOCIAL RESEARCH**  
 66 West 12th Street New York City  
 All proceeds go to send an N. S. L. delegate to the International Student Congress Against War and Fascism to be held in Lyons, France, December 29, 30 and 31, 1934

*Win a Free Trip to the Soviet Union*  
**Morning Freiheit 13th Annual**  
**COSTUME BALL**  
 at the newly rebuilt  
**ST. NICHOLAS PALACE** ● **DECEMBER 15, 1934**  
 66th STREET and BROADWAY ● Doors open at 7 p. m.  
 music by ●  
**DEACON JOHNSON'S** ●  
**National Negro Theatre Jazz Orchestra**  
 Three Prizes will be awarded for the best costumes:  
 1—Two weeks vacation in Camp Nitgedaiget  
 2—One week vacation in Camp Nitgedaiget  
 3—A useful set of books  
 Admission:  
**45c IN ADVANCE — 65c AT THE DOOR**  
*Tickets Obtainable at:*  
**DOWNTOWN:**  
 Morning Freiheit Office, 35 E. 12th Street  
 I. W. O. Bookstore, 80 Fifth Avenue  
 Artef Office, 247 West 48th Street  
**BRONX:**  
 Coop. Restaurant, 2700 Bronx Park East  
 Rapport and Cutler, 1327 So. Boulevard  
**BROOKLYN:**  
 Wiener's Barber Shop, 717 Brighton Beach Avenue.  
 Workers' Bookstore, 369 Sutler Avenue

# Current Theatre

*Sailors of Cattaro*, by Friedrich Wolf. Civic Repertory. Produced by the Theatre Union. By all odds the most important, the richest, the most stirring play in New York. To be reviewed at length next week. Seats 30 cents to \$1.50 tax free. Your attendance required. (A symposium on this production is announced for Dec. 16, 8 p. m., at New Theatre headquarters, 114 W. 14th St. McCuiston of the Marine Workers Industrial Union and Mordecai Gorelick are among the participants.)

*Recruits*. Artef Theatre (247 W. 48 St.) A penetrating analysis of the social forces in the Ghetto during the period 1800-1850. Exquisitely beautiful in conception, execution and ideological clarity. In Yiddish. Cheapest seat 50 cents.

*Gold Eagle Guy*, by Melvin Levy. Group Theatre at Morosco Theatre. Variations on the rise and fall of Robert Dollar, merchant marine prince, depicting the capitalist-type stripped of its "business scruples" and other shams. Essentially a one-man show, consequently somewhat thin, and the central figure altogether too fascinating a scoundrel. Nevertheless, important as a picture of capitalist corruption, and thoroughly enjoyable as a production—with splendid sets, costumes and an outstanding performance by J. Edward Bromberg. (A symposium on this play, in which Melvin Levy will participate, is announced for Dec. 20, 8 p. m., by New Theatre. Admission 35 cents; 114 W. 14 St.)

*Stevadore*, by Paul Peters and George Sklar. The Theatre Union's stirring production now on the road—playing in Philadelphia at the Garrick Theatre for a two-week run. Attendance required of this play which, when it left New York, was far and away the most important offering.

*Hedda Gabbler*. Broadhurst Theatre. Le Gallienne's interpretation of Ibsen's romantic and complex character consists of a series of grimaces and shrugs—good exercise, probably, but inordinately boring. The play itself is as outmoded as the old

horse-pistol that Hedda uses first for target practice, and finally, on herself.

*Dark Victory*. Little Theatre. Camille-like love story of an upperclass Maedchen with six months to live. Tallulah Bankhead and Earle Larimore, both very good actors, work hard together to make talkiness exciting and a hackneyed trick entertaining.

*The Distaff Side*. Booth Theatre. Well-acted arbitrarily pieced-together "problem" play about an upper middle-class girl who has a hard time deciding which to marry: money or art. "A masterpiece of our time," says the World-Telegram, but to you it will be dismaying proof of a promising playwright wasting good talent on what is relatively nothing in the scheme of 1934.

*Within the Gates*. National Theatre. Sean O'Casey's attack on realism rides through two delightful scenes into an impossible second half. A stinging attack on "church religion" is "resolved" by febrile toutings of subjective mysticism. And the "Down and Outers" prove to be the masses of humanity bankrupt in spirit. Acting, staging, music and choreographic effects in the first half are magnificent.

*Tobacco Road*. Forrest Theatre. Revelations of the lives of poor white farmers in Georgia, by James Kirkland and Erskine Caldwell. One of the most rewarding plays, now in its second year.

*Merrily We Roll Along*. Music Box Theatre. A playwright sells his soul to Southampton and the Savoy-Plaza and loses his ideals, friends and true love. Well-written, staged, acted, but there's a do-nothing quality about this satire. And it's high time author-Kaufman cured himself of this bourgeois ailment of anarcho-cynicism.

*Page Miss Glory*. Mansfield Theatre. Several good belly laughs in a broad piece of spoofing about a non-existent girl who wins a radio beauty contest.

*Episodes*, performed by Agna Enters. Booth Theatre. An insatiable audience cackled generously in response to Miss Enters' intellectualized vaudeville

skirts. Quotations from admiring critics, injected as program notes, advised the onlookers as to the proper response; to which Miss Enters' unashamed coyness added, I suppose, the feminine touch. But her "compositions in dance form" are rarely moving and frequently witless. She has an eye for satire, even if it is superficial and too often gratuitous; her costumes and sets, always apt, are often beautiful; and she has fluency and prodigious confidence. But outside of a few recreated historical mime-compositions—always valuable because they enrich our knowledge of past cultures—she has practically nothing to offer except cleverness—and a whole evening of cleverness becomes wearying before long. But Miss Enters knows her audience. With torture of Communists, Jews and Negroes a regular phenomenon in Yugoslavia, Nazi Germany and our own South, Miss Enters chooses an "isolate" picture: *Auto da Fe, Spain Fifteenth Century*. The Vienna that suffered civil war last February, is smartly ignored; Vienna inspires her to a glib piece of sentimentality. A consummate artist handling such material might hypnotize one into tolerance, but Miss Enters reaches neither heights nor depths. Her dexterity, charm and humor are entirely invalidated by preciosity and an incredible remoteness from the world she lives in.

*Revolutionary Solo Dances*. Ambassador Theatre. Because its first evening (Nov. 25) was an overwhelming box-office and artistic success, the Workers' Dance League was forced to repeat its program on Dec 2. Apparent to any one who had attended both evenings was the superiority of the second. The rich contrast in Nadia Chilkovsky's *Parasite*, almost blurred in the first performance, became a smooth, gleaming satirical whole. Lilly Mehlman's *Defiance* seemed to have gained considerable power and intensity of line. Miriam Blecher's poem-dances were charged with new intensity. Not only the dance groups but the revolutionary cultural movement as a whole has been enriched by Anna Sokolow, whose *Histrionics* demonstrates by example the effectiveness of humor when handled by a finished artist. The work of Jane Dudley and Sophie Maslow was thoroughly enjoyable, as were the musical settings by Estelle Parnas, whose contribution is considerable. It would be gratuitous to stress the absence of a fully communicated revolutionary content throughout the entire program. Considering that this is the first revolutionary solo dance program ever given in America, the freshness and range of subject-matter are remarkable, the artistic accomplishment of the dancers a triumph for the revolutionary cultural movement as a whole.

S. B.

THEATRE UNION'S NEW HIT!

## "Sailors of Cattaro"

CIVIC REPERTORY THEA. 14 St. & 6 Ave.  
Eves. 8:45, Mats. Tues. & Sat. 2:45. 30c-\$1.50 No tax

For information on reduced rates for Benefit Theatre Parties Call WATKINS 9-2050

"MAGNIFICENT." — Gabriel, American  
"SUPERB." — Garland, World-Telegram

## GOLD EAGLE GUY

MOROSCO THEATRE, West Forty-fifth Street  
Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday  
Evenings at 8:30

The greatest production I have ever seen on any stage.

—H. E. SHUMLIN, Director, Children's Hour

## DON'T MISS

This Marvelous Comedy

## RECRUITS

NOW PLAYING

every  
Fri. & Sat. Eve'g  
and  
Sun. Mat. & Eve'g

PRICES:  
50c — 75c — \$1.00

Make Your Reservations in Advance

ARTEF  
THEATRE

247 West 48th St.

PHONE:

CHICKERING  
4-7999

## I. AMTER

SECRETARY NATIONAL  
UNEMPLOYMENT COUNCILS

Will Discuss the  
Forthcoming

Washington Congress  
for Unemployment and  
Social Insurance

0-0

DECEMBER 21

Hubbell Studios  
Steinway Hall

Admission:

25 Cents

Auspices:

P R E S S  
L E A G U E

## PUBLIC ADDRESS EQUIPMENT



Complete Portable P.A. System—\$23.00  
NILES REPRODUCER CO., Inc.  
114 W. 14th St. New York City

Read

## The Anvil

Send 15c for a specimen. \$1 for 8 issues.

Published bi-monthly

JACK CONROY, Editor

Rural Route Four

Moberly, Missouri

## TYPEWRITERS



NEW and REBUILT  
GUARANTEED  
LOWEST PRICES  
QUICKEST  
SERVICE

SOLD and RENTED

Underwoods, Remingtons, Royals, L. C. Smiths  
and all other makes sold, rented, bought,  
repaired, exchanged. Rebuilt and refinished.  
Guaranteed for one year, the same as new  
machines. Also Russian and Yiddish machines.

J. E. ALBRIGHT & CO

825 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY  
(Between 12th and 13th Streets)

Established 1896

ALgonquin 4-4828

# The President Vanishes

EUROPE is at war. President Stanley of the United States doesn't want this country in the war. Like Woodrow Wilson he is a peace-loving man. He is a kindly man; he loves his wife and is kind to his servants. Moreover he doesn't care what Europe does. America has got to mind its own business.

But there is a sinister plot against him. The country's biggest tycoons (a steel king, a financier, a publisher with a chain of 110 newspapers, an oil king who is the financial supporter of the fascist army, the Gray Shirts, a justice of the Supreme Court, and a professional lobbyist) are determined to get America into the war.

They want profits and prosperity. They want a bigger and better war. They want to be in on the collection when the "party" is all over. So the newspaperman (who looks suspiciously like William Randolph Hearst) invents the slogan: "Save America's Honor!"

The propaganda machine begins: the newspapers, the radio, the screen, demonstrations by the Gray Shirts, parades; all shouting *Save America's Honor!* Congress is also for war. They are sure to declare war at tomorrow's special session. Workers' meetings and demonstrations protesting against war (the last Hunger March newsreels were used for this) are broken up by the fascists and the police. Artists painting anti-war posters are lynched by these same Gray Shirts.

The President is desperate; he must save the republic. When the time comes for him to appear before Congress the Vice-President announces that President Stanley has disappeared—kidnaped! Everyone goes wild. Everybody is under suspicion. The Secretary of War takes over the President's chair. Martial law is declared. The cry "Save America's Honor!" becomes "We Want Our President!" The mystery deepens. None of the arrests has helped. Even the seizure of the fanatical leader of the Gray Shirts (not the financial backer) turns out to be a fizzle and he is set free. There are sub-plots and counter plots. A fragile love tale. Secret-service men.

The capitalists put the Vice-President (who is their lackey) in control of the government, as prescribed by the Constitution. The next day Congress will certainly declare war, and to hell with the people!

Just in the nick of time President Stanley turns up. He had maneuvered his own disappearance, and now hangs the "crime" on the Gray Shirts. The fascist leader is shot by a loyal secret-service hero. The President grabs a microphone and delivers one of his well known "intimate" conversations to the people: "I have faith in the people of America." The country is saved.

This is the story of the new Paramount

film, *The President Vanishes*, produced by Walter Wanger. You may remember Wanger for his *Washington-Merry-Go-Round* (Columbia) and his poisonous *Gabriel Over the White House*. *The President Vanishes* is an example of the slickest form of demagogy that has ever been produced. It doesn't possess the crudity or the obviousness, or the Hearst-stink of *Gabriel*. This new film is well acted, superbly cast, produced with skill and exciting as a good mystery film. Wanger has utilized the highly developed mystery film technique to create a most important piece of publicity for Roosevelt, the New Deal and the Roosevelt war policy. The film shouts "left" phrases; on the surface the munition makers are castigated. Smedley Butler's revelations are made valid and realistic and it is seemingly anti-fascist, anti-war, anti-everything.

But is it? Its main point is that the President, playing a lone hand, can defeat the united front of the real rulers, the industrialists and bankers. It never even suggests the relationship between the President (the administration) and these same capitalists. The real backer of the Gray Shirts is portrayed as a nice old patriotic gentleman who is "of the earth" and drinks milk. In the end nothing happens to him—and by the way, nothing hap-

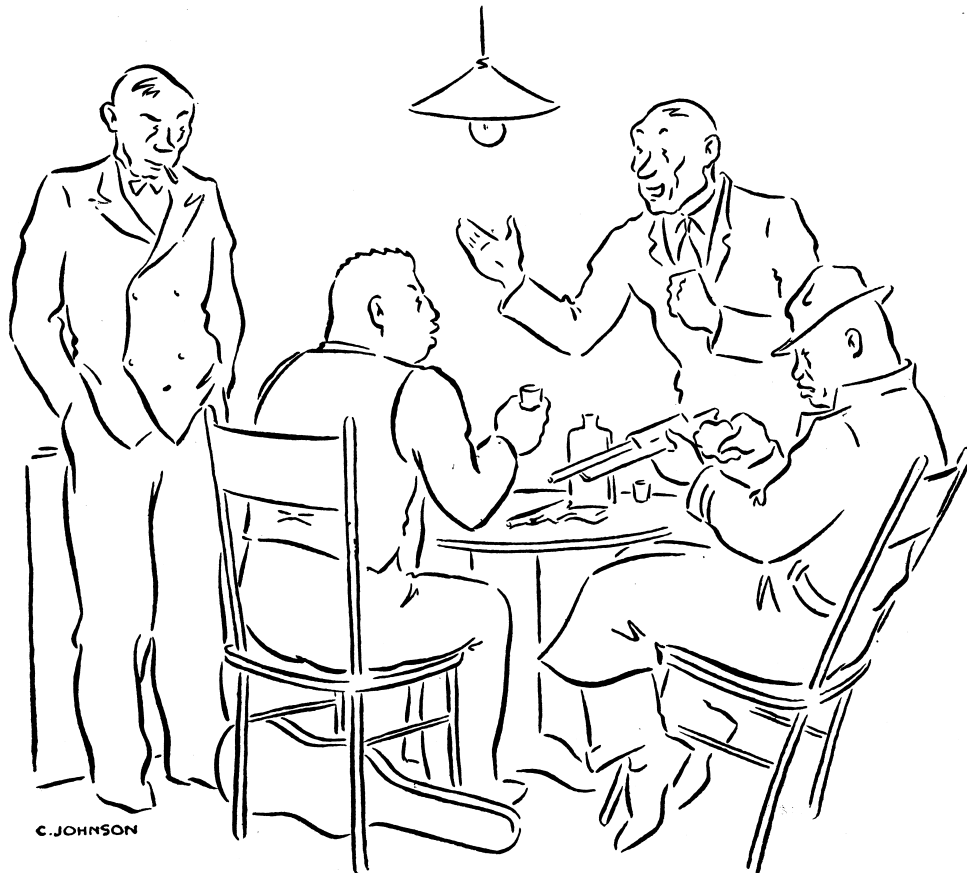
pens to the Gray Shirt army. Workers (the people) are called "just animals with blood in them." The heroine insists that she hates war, but if America went into it she'd be for it. Thus upon analysis this topical film purporting to be anti-war and anti-fascist is politically orthodox. Wipe the superficial film of demagogy away and you will clearly see its anti-working-class character.

PETER ELLIS.

## Other Current Films

*The Battle* (Leon Garganoff): An English version of the French movie, produced by a group of White Russians (*Société Anonyme Lianofilm*). It tells a suave tale of imperialist patriotism; a politicalized *Madame Butterfly* with suggestions of Fritz Lang's imperialistic melodrama, *The Spy*. Directed by Nicholas Farkas who worked with Pabst as cameraman on *Don Quixote*. Farkas shot the exteriors in Japan. France lent Garganoff a warship for the battle scenes. Fox supplied some wartime newsreels and Charles Boyer. Gaumont British lent the beautiful Mère Oberon (who had her head chopped off in the first reel of *Henry VIII*). . . . The story is told with skill and restraint and the battle scenes are done with enough skill to make them emotionally exciting for their own sake. This is the White Guards' contribution to the next war.

*Imitation of Life* (Universal): A film about Negroes who try to "pass" as white. It gets off with a good start and a couple of good scenes. Suddenly it remembers that it is Hollywood and Fannie Hurst and turns into a sentimental tear-jerker revealing that black skinned mothers are also capable of maternal sacrifice and a chauvinistic ("Colo'ed man, bow yo' head") ad for Aunt Jemima's Pancake Flour.



"But regimentation won't hamper your individuality, Eustace; this Fascism racket will give real freedom to our artistic souls."

Johnson

## Between Ourselves

**J**OHAN L. SPIVAK carried the fight on anti-semitism into the middle west last week. He spoke in Milwaukee, Chicago and Detroit. Allan Taub, director of THE NEW MASSES Mid-Western Bureau, reports the following results by wire:

Milwaukee, 850 present, 125 new subscribers to THE NEW MASSES enlisted, 125 copies sold of the Spivak pamphlet, *Plotting America's Pogroms*.

Chicago, more than 2,000 in meeting, 500 turned away; 500 subscriptions sold, more than 600 pamphlets.

Detroit, 590 present, 243 subscriptions and more than 100 pamphlets sold.

A meeting scheduled in Cleveland had to be cancelled because of Spivak's bad throat.

Ernst Toller has sent us his latest work, a mass recitation commemorating the murder of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. We will publish it January 15, the anniversary of the death of the two great German Communist leaders. Toller will be in this country shortly.

The John Reed Club Writers Group will conduct a Writers' School, beginning Jan. 1, at the headquarters of the John Reed Club, 430 Sixth Avenue. Four courses will be given: Poetry, Fiction, Reportage and Criticism. Each course will be led by three instructors, and several guest lecturers will address each class from time to time.

Each course will last three months, from Jan. 1 to April 1, and will include twelve lectures. The instructors and guest lecturers will be: Granville Hicks, Joseph North, Michael Gold, Mary Heaton Vorse, John L. Spivak, Isidor Schneider, Alfred Hayes, Edwin Rolfe, Sender Garlin, Leon Dennen, Orrick Johns, Edward Newhouse, Kenneth Fearing, Myra Page, Gertrude Diamant, John Mitchell, Stanley Burnshaw, Jerre Mangione, Philip Rahv, Wallace Phelps, Edwin Berry Burgum.

The poetry, fiction and reportage courses will be workshop classes, emphasizing writing by the students. The classes will be given at the following times:

Poetry, Saturday afternoon, 2:30 to 4; Reportage, Monday evening, 7:30 to 9; Fiction, Wednesday evening, 7:30 to 9; Criticism, Wednesday evening, 9 to 10:30. The fee will be \$4 a term for each course. Reductions and scholarships will be offered to qualified members of trade unions who find this fee too large. A special offer of \$5 for any course including a six-months subscrip-

tion to THE NEW MASSES is being offered. Another offer is \$4.50 for any course and a year's subscription to the Partisan Review.

Registration for the school is at the John Reed Club, 430 Sixth Avenue, from 2:00 to 5:30 p. m. Registration with the accompanying fee may also be mailed in.

### New Masses Lectures

Michael Gold, now on tour for THE NEW MASSES, will lecture on "The Crisis in Modern Literature" in the following cities:

Pittsburgh—Wednesday evening, Dec. 19, at the Carnegie Lecture Hall, Schenley Park, Oakland; auspices Pen and Hammer.

Philadelphia—Thursday evening, Dec. 20, Musicians' Hall, 120 North 18th Street, auspices John Reed Club.

Newark—Friday evening, Dec. 21, at the Jack London Club, 901 Broad Street; auspices Jack London Club.

Monday evening, Dec. 17—Leon Dennen, author of *Where the Ghetto Ends* will lecture on "The Jew in the Soviet Union" at the weekly forum of the Friends of the Workers School, 116 University Place, New York City.

William Browder, business manager of THE NEW MASSES is going on a lecture tour in January. Browder will speak on "The Middle Class Must Choose." His tentative itinerary is listed below, and organizations wishing to arrange meetings for him in these cities are asked to communicate with THE NEW MASSES Lecture Bureau.

Jan. 11—Milwaukee	Jan. 24—Phoenix
" 13—Minneapolis	" 26—Denver
" 15—Butte	" 27—Wichita
" 17—Spokane	" 28—Kansas City
" 18—Seattle	" 29—Omaha
" 19—Portland	" 30—St. Louis
" 21—San Francisco	" 31—Indianapolis
" 23—Los Angeles	Feb. 1—Pittsburgh

Browder will speak on "The Place of the Intellectual in the Fight Against Fascism" at a meeting of the American Union Against Reaction, Sunday afternoon at 3 P.M., Dec 16 at 86 Bedford Street, New York City (entrance through Lee Chumley's).



### Have Satisfied Clothes!

When we return clothes for the first time, we have to pack them tightly to restrain their enthusiasm. After they get used to it they just chuckle all over with pleasure, because we treat them comradely.

SHIRTS .....	\$1.12	SHEETS .....	\$1.00
No extra charges		TOWELS .....	.03
UNDERWEAR ..ea	.06	BATH TOWELS ...	.04
PAJAMAS .....	.15	TABLECLOTHS ...	.10

FREE CALL AND DELIVERY IN MANHATTAN

### GREENWICH VILLAGE PRIVATE HAND LAUNDRY

14 Washington Place East      Spring 7-3769

### CHESTERS' ZUNBARG

**A** DELIGHTFUL hide-away in the mountains inviting people of better taste. Wholesome food, delightful companionship, outdoor sports. Open all year.  
Woodbourne, N. Y.      Tel. Fallsburg 2 F 22

### RUSSIAN LESSONS

#### RUSSIAN TAUGHT

Simplified method — Translations

MISS ISA WILGA

457 W. 57th St.,      Columbus 5-8450      N. Y. C.

### APARTMENT TO SHARE

**S**HARE comfortable 3-room apartment with responsible young lady. Box 333, New Masses, 31 East 27th Street, New York City.

### VOLUNTEER WANTED

**W**ANTED: Person who can spare 3-4 hours a day to correspond with political prisoners and their families and assist in the Prisoners' Relief Dept., I.L.D. on volunteer basis. Communicate with Rose Baron, Room 610, 80 East 11th Street, N. Y. C.

### Chicago Central Loop Forum

*Celebrates*

### TENTH ANNIVERSARY INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS

at CHICAGO WORKERS SCHOOL  
505 South State Street

*with a*

Symposium on the Revolutionary  
Theory from Marx to Lenin

*Unique presentation combined with*  
**GRAND BOOK BAZAAR**  
with Eugene Bechtold, Victor Malmquist,  
Beatrice Shields

**SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23, 2:30 P. M.**

### THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE

## COMMUNIST PARTY

AND THE DISTRICT COMMITTEE

WILL HOLD AN

### OPEN MEMBERSHIP MEETING

on

### Revolutionary Theory to the Masses

The Speakers:

CHARLES KRUMBEIN, A. MARKOFF,  
ROY HUDSON, CLARENCE HATHAWAY,  
ALEXANDER TRACHTENBERG, JACK STACHEL

SUNDAY, DEC. 16th, at 6 P. M., at the  
NEW STAR CASINO—107th Street and Park Avenue, N. Y.

The Book Bazaar Starts at 6 P. M. 20% to 50% discount  
Meeting at 8 P. M. sharp—Proceeds to Daily Worker

ADMISSION 25 cents at the door

**SQUARE  
RADIO  
SERVICE**

REFRIGERATORS AND  
VACUUM CLEANERS  
repaired by men who know how.  
WE GO ANYWHERE  
Square Radio Company

Phone: Windsor 8-0280, 4910 13th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

RING OUT THE OLD YEAR  
RING IN THE NEW  
at the  
**NEW THEATRE  
NEW YEAR'S EVE  
FROLIC**

Gala Floor Show  
by  
Workers Lab. Theatre

BENNY CARSON'S  
NEGRO JAZZ BAND

DANCE WITH THE STARS OF  
STAGE AND SCREEN

**WEBSTER HALL**  
119 East 11th Street, N. Y. C.

Tickets: \$1.00 in advance—\$1.50 at the door

New Theatre, L.O.W.T., Workers' Dance League, 114 West 14th St., CHelsea 2-9523; New Masses, 31 E. 27th St.; WLT, 42 E. 12th St.; Bookshop, 50 E. 13th St.; Film & Photo League, 31 E. 21st St.; Drama Bookshop, 48 W. 52nd St.

**PAUL LUTTINGER, M. D.**

and

**DANIEL LUTTINGER, M. D.**

are now located

5 Washington Square North

Office hours: 1—2, 6—8

Telephones:

GRamercy 7-2090 — GRamercy 7-2091

**JOHN STRACHEY**

Admission: .30 .50 .75 1.00 1.50  
Tickets: N. Y. City Office, 213 Fourth Ave. ● Dauber & Pine Bookshop, 66 Fifth Ave. ● Rand School Bookshop, 7 E. 15th St. ● Mayfair Bookshop, 1 E. 47th St. ● Workers Bookshops, 699 Prospect Ave., Bronx; 369 Sutter Ave., Brooklyn; 50 E. 13th St., New York City.  
Auspsces American League Against War and Fascism

**"DOES FASCISM BREED WAR?"**

QUESTIONS AND DISCUSSION

**FRIDAY DEC. 28**  
Evening at 8:30

**MECCA TEMPLE** FIFTY-FIFTH ST.  
bet. 6th & 7th Avenues

**TOURS TO THE SOVIET UNION  
NEW LOW RATES**

*Take advantage of the special excursion rates now in effect.*

Complete round-trip ticket to and from the Soviet Union with five days in Leningrad, including hotel, meals and sight-seeing.

**\$162.00 UP**

Round-trip to France and England as low as \$110.00

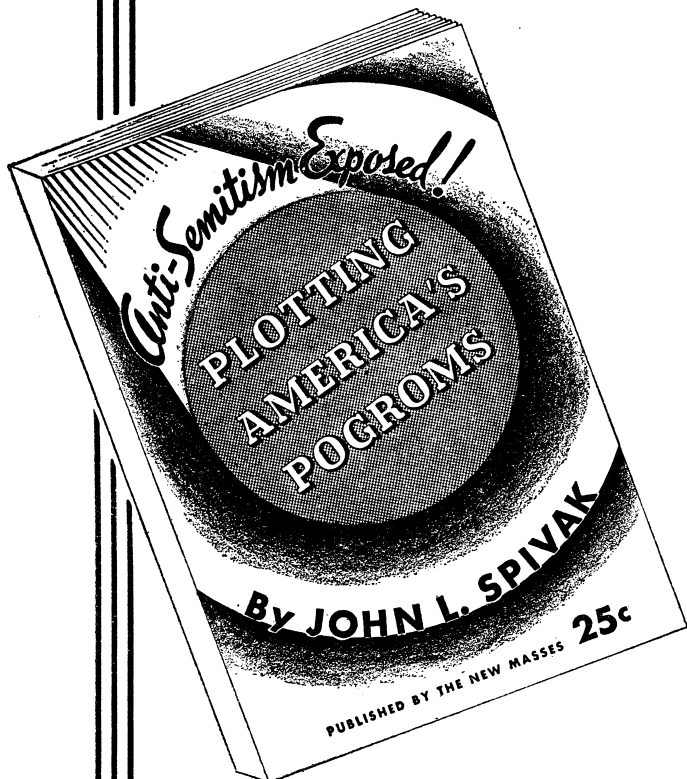
*TORGSIIN orders executed in the quickest and most direct way*

The lowest rates for individuals and organizations for rail and bus excursions.

**WORLD TOURISTS, INC.**  
175 Fifth Avenue New York City

ALgonquin 4-6656-7-8

**Read Spivak's Pamphlet**



which is now out. THE NEW MASSES has published the revelations by John L. Spivak on *Plotting America's Pogrom* which created a nation-wide stir on publication in the magazine. The pamphlet is of 96 pages, with a two-color cover, and retails for 25 cents. It should have the widest possible distribution. Those wishing to get this pamphlet in quantities should send in their orders to THE NEW MASSES, 31 East 27th Street, with cash at the following rates: In quantities up to 5 at 25 cents each, plus postage (2c per copy); quantities of 6-25, 22 cents postpaid; 26-100, 20 cents; 101-300, 18 cents; 301-500, 16 cents; 501-1,000, 14 cents; 1,001 or more, 12 cents.

*Send your order today to*

**NEW MASSES** 31 East 27th Street  
New York City

# Make This a RED CHRISTMAS

## Give the NEW MASSES



Limbach

To PEOPLE who are looking for jobs.

To WOMEN who are sick and tired of being paid less than men who are sick and tired of being paid less than they earn.

To PEOPLE who sniff at the radical sense of humor—never having read Robert Forsythe.

To PEOPLE who are still arguing about why Hitler got power in Germany.

To PEOPLE who used to be rich and to people who are used to being poor.

To ANY OF YOUR FRIENDS who still expect Christmas presents. They NEED

### ***THE NEW MASSES***

#### TRIAL OFFER

NEW MASSES  
31 East 27th Street  
New York City, N. Y.

15 Weeks for \$1

For the enclosed \$1, send the New Masses for 15 weeks to:

Name.....

Street and No. ....

City and State.....



*Limbach*