

Winner of The New Masses Prize Novel Contest

**new**  
**Masses**

SEPTEMBER 3, 1935

10c

# **My Father Is A Liar!**

*An Expose of H. Bedford-Jones' Attack  
In Liberty Magazine on America's  
Youth - Written by His Daughter,*

**NANCY BEDFORD-JONES**

**Praying for Peace** *By* **ROBERT FORSYTHE**

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### *Slandering America's Youth*

**T**HERE seems to be no let up in the drumfire concentrated on our plucky student anti-war and anti-fascist fighters. Easley and Hearst opened fire about a year ago. The students answered with the great strike of 175,000 last April 12. This week Hearst's rival and disciple, Bernarr Macfadden, opens the pages of his *Liberty* to a certain "Mr. Shaw" (H. Bedford-Jones) whose great delight it is to picture the student movement as a systematic network of "moral and mental degradation." The students answer—with an article (in this issue of *THE NEW MASSES*) by the writer's own daughter, Nancy Bedford-Jones, who has been forced by her father's lies about her to denounce him. Last week's *Liberty* carried an article by Bedford-Jones under his right name, attacking the Soviet Union. Now he stands thoroughly exposed by one who knows him best. But the attacks keep coming. United Artist studios announce *Red Salute* dedicated to the American campus in the name of all that is sacred to Hearst, Macfadden and Bedford-Jones. Here's the story, together with quotations from *The Motion Picture Herald's* cutting-room report:

A college girl becomes entangled with the student radical movement. Forced to flee the country, she surreptitiously returns thereby precipitating a situation "wherein the typical American youths make short work of the radicals."

The report predicts that "it is quite apt to arouse" a controversy. Knowing the "typically American" manner in which our "typical American youths" have answered similar fascist attacks in the past, we are willing to endorse the prediction. We predict an avalanche of protests to producers, actors and movie-house owners, together with many a picket line—all of which may well make *Red Salute* a losing box-office proposition.

### *This Game of War*

**T**HE United States Army has been going through its war maneuvers in northern New York. The largest force—36,000 men—ever assembled in



Russell T. Limbach.

this country for war games has been rehearsing with complete realism the military defense of the country against an invasion. As is customary the invaders have the edge throughout the battle. Of course, they were given the more modern equipment of mobile tanks and motorized artillery. But the army did not overlook the opportunity to indulge in a little propaganda: victory for the attacking army has been used to throw patriots into a frenzy of consternation. The country, they wail, cannot be properly defended! Hearst is right! The militarists have seen to it that this country is "proved" to be in-

adequately prepared: the National Guard is declared inefficient—it has been quite handy as a strikebreaking machine; the army clamors for more men, better-trained non-commissioned officers, at least 2,000 more commissioned officers. They point bitterly to Europe—there, nations put on *real* war games. 150,000 participate in Italy's newest rehearsal. And army men don't like to see their army in second place.

**N**EW stories of the maneuvers are intended to instill terror into all patriotic hearts. Reports circulate that there were hardly sufficient blank car-





tridges for three rounds per soldier, that motorized equipment was inadequate and communications antiquated. The army demands more tanks, more airplanes, more long-range guns, more radio telephones, more equipment of every description. The papers including the liberal New York Post, play up the demands. War appropriations, already larger than at any other period except during the days of the World War, must be increased. While relief is cut and the standard of living is pushed downward to the vanishing point, the army insists on more money, on unending flow of money, to prepare for the war toward which capitalism is constantly driving. Against their jingo propaganda, against the patriotic hysteria, the Communist Party has raised the slogan now adopted by masses of workers and liberals: "All war appropriations to the unemployed!"

### *Nearer the Abyss*

WITH only one week remaining before the League of Nations meets finally to decide what action, if any, it will take in the Italian-Ethiopian dispute, the imperialist powers launch frenzied preparations for war. Gone are the reassuring statements, the pious hopes that everything will be ironed out. There is hardly a doubt that war will break out in Eastern Africa this month. In the meantime, each nation throws aside all pretence and prepares for any emergency. England dispatches the battle fleet to the Mediterranean, perfects elaborate plans to protect lanes of communication with the colonies. France fortifies the German border. Germany makes ready to follow Italy's lead and demand colonies of her own to exploit. Spain reinforces garrisons in Northern Africa. Mussolini loads his transports with troops and ships them off to Eritrea and Somaliland, at the same time staging elaborate maneuvers on the Austrian border to prove that the removal of men from Italy in no way weakens the military power at home. War ministries in every nation cry for larger armament appropriations. World war is an immediate danger.

WHILE Europe makes ready, Congress passes a neutrality bill which is patently without meaning. That such a bill can keep this country out of a world war is impossibly unrealistic. War will bring an increased demand for just the goods that the U.S. most wishes to export. War will

boost prices; shipments of goods will be interfered with by the belligerent powers, American lives will be endangered or actually lost—and the excuse thereby ready for entry into a conflict designed to protect capital loaned or invested abroad. A temporary embargo on munitions is clearly an aid to Italian aggression. In the same way, England's embargo is far from a neutral gesture: while Italy continues to import raw goods to convert into war materials, Ethiopia is unable to buy arms needed for protection. Without factories, without equipment to manufacture the elaborate guns and explosives and machines necessary for conducting modern war, Ethiopia is at a great disadvantage when Italy decides to invade. The great powers are willing enough to sacrifice the Negro nation—but one danger they dread: such an invasion might stir the oppressed colonial people throughout the world against imperialist domination and so precipitate revolt. England thinks of India; France of Morocco; the United States of Puerto Rico. Mussolini's adventure in Africa threatens to involve the entire world in war, a war in which a sick and decayed capitalism prepares its own doom.

### *The Housewives Fight*

DETROIT housewives, on the war-path against the high price of meat, took their case to Washington last week. Government officials were reluctant to see them but Henry Wallace, secretary of agriculture, put the blame on last summer's drouth. Meat packers insist that the government processing tax under the A.A.A. is responsible. The truth is that skyrocketing meat prices are a reflection of the whole Roosevelt policy of jacking up prices. New Dealers are committed to the theory that the way to return prosperity is to raise prices and boost profits. In their efforts to attain that end they ordered the slaughter of six million pigs in 1933. Inflation of currency is another factor that has led to higher prices. This policy has borne fruit in the meat packing industry and the packers' balance sheets show increased profits for 1934 over 1933. The retailer is caught in a vise; he must pass the increased wholesale costs on to the consumer. The consumer who is also a worker knows very well that he has not received proportionate wage increases. Unless prices can be forced down by militant mass action housewives must serve meatless meals.

### *Pickets Are Not Criminals*

TOGETHER with the League of Women Shoppers, the Office Workers' Union has forced Chief Magistrate Schurman to adopt a more lenient attitude toward women pickets. Formerly, when a woman was arrested on the picket line and her case came up before the night court, she had to sit in a cell, isolated from friends and sympathizers, until her case was called. Under the new ruling she is allowed to stay in the open courtroom in the custody of the police. This ruling involves a substantial victory for labor, since it recognizes that pickets are not criminals. The Office Workers' Union is pressing for the extension of this status to men pickets and further insists that women who are now arrested singly and are sent to the House of Detention until the next day, be summoned the same day to night court and given the same treatment accorded to those women arrested in the company of male pickets. The fight to stop the brutal badgering of all pickets by the police is well launched by this first victory.

### *Work and Starve*

FROM widely-scattered spots on the American map, from Cincinnati, Chicago, Jasper, Ala., Williston, N. D., come reports of labor conferences, strike plans and actual strikes against the \$19 to \$94 wage-scale of the Works Administration Program. The New York strike made the front page but the press has given little attention to the strikes in the other sections. In fact, the very slowness with which the whole works program is moving forward is the chief reason there haven't been more strikes. In New York last week three thousand white-collar workers quit their projects on a three-hour stoppage to demonstrate solidarity with the skilled workers out on strike since August 7 and to call attention to their own demands: full payment of wages overdue three weeks, rescinding of wage cuts, vacation and sick leave with pay and expansion of projects. One thousand workers gathered in front of General Johnson's office in an impressive demonstration while a committee of seven conferred inside with one of Johnson's aides. Although a statement posted in all W.P.A. administrative offices that morning warned that "deliberate unauthorized absence from duty during assigned working hours cannot but be considered . . . as grounds for

dismissal," the authorities did not dare punish anyone for stoppage and it was General Johnson himself who remanded a supervisor's order to fire one of the committee members.

**A**LL except one hundred teachers. They had been given to understand that stoppage of work would not endanger their positions. Only the day after the stoppage, however, Superintendent of Schools Campbell decided that the protesting teachers were not the type he wanted—and without a hearing or warning, he dismissed them. General Johnson shrugged and said he would transfer the teachers to other jobs. But that is not satisfactory to them. They are equipped and trained as teachers and see no reason why they should be transferred to other work. Protests pour into Dr. Campbell's office at 500 Park Avenue urging fair and open hearings and reinstatement of those dismissed. So far, the man who directed fascist attacks against students attempting to demonstrate against war has refused to reconsider the cases. The fact that during the stoppage, children were cared for by skeleton staffs at no time smaller than the average maintained during the previous weeks of summer play-school, is disregarded. Teachers' positions with relation to their status in the winter terms are also

endangered. And Johnson, despite previous assurances to the teachers, is not inclined to "crack down" on the doctor; he is too busy cracking down on W.P.A. workers on starvation wages.

**T**HE growing strike-wave is only one problem facing the government in its plan to put 3.5 million persons to work at an average monthly basis of \$50 and to quit relief by November 1. Although the administration has allotted more than three billion of the four billion dollars voted by Congress for the works program, only a little over 600,000 persons have been put to work—and of these 450,000 are in C.C.C. camps. Actually employed on W.P.A. projects are about 140,000; the money has been lying around for four months! To put 2.9 million to work in the next two months, the government will have an average 40,000 jobs a day. General Johnson has solved the problem—forced work. Jail or jobs is the alternative and if that doesn't work, fire the investigators. General Johnson's plan is so openly fascist that he can expect a reaction which even such a veteran strikebreaker might not relish. Of course, Mayor La Guardia lost no time rushing to his rescue and backing Johnson's plan for prosecuting those dropped from relief roles for non-sup-

**Powers Hapgood Arrested**  
**A**LTHOUGH nobody will register surprise at learning governmental officials do lie, it is somewhat unusual to catch them in the act, as we did last week when H. L. Kerwin, Director of Conciliation of the Department of Labor assured us the militia had been withdrawn from Terre Haute. We knew then he was lying and we said so. A dispatch from Indiana further corroborates our charge. "Powers Hapgood," it says, "member of the Socialist Party national executive committee, visited the jail here (Terre Haute) and remained as a military prisoner after Sheriff William Baker said he made derogatory remarks about military authorities." The account further announces, "Terre Haute and Vigo County have been under martial law since National Guardsmen came here July 22 to maintain order during a two-day general strike." We have no doubt that Mr. Kerwin has been notified of Hapgood's arrest. Nor do we believe for a moment he was ignorant of the scores of cases of military terrorism. The Socialist leader was jailed in an attempt to re-establish free speech in Gene Debs' home town. "Will you quit sending your fellows in here," Major E. E. Weimar, military commandant asked Hapgood, "or are we going to have to arrest all of them?" THE NEW MASSES challenged Secretary of Labor Perkins, and that challenge is repeated, that she set a time for a hearing at which we will lay facts before her proving outright terrorism on the part of National Guardsmen and their officers. We can name dates, persons, places supporting our testimony. We take it for granted that continued official silence on the part of the authorities connotes their approval of these acts of military dictatorship.

**The United Front**

**H**EARTENED by the sessions of the Comintern, French Socialists proposed to the executive committee of the Second International that it effect contact with the Comintern for United Front discussions. The proposal was countered with another ordering the secretary, Frederick Adler, to examine the official declaration of the Comintern. Opposition to the French proposal came chiefly from Scandinavian Social-Democrats and the British Labor Party. Although the decision leaves room for hope that some united action will be achieved it involves a great frittering

**new Masses**

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away of valuable time when immediate action is so necessary. Old Guard American Socialists are already hailing the decision as a defeat for the Comintern's proposals. Louis Waldman hurried into *The New York Times* with a repetition of old slanders against the Soviet Union. "The Communists have sought to leave the labor movement impotent in the face of a growing fascist sentiment," he said while expressing hope that the United Front negotiations would break down. Perhaps Mr. Waldman and his friends are entitled to their

brief moment of triumph; indications are that the militant rank and file of his own party will soon sweep aside his flimsy pretexts for balking the United Front.

### **Low-Down Department**

The only thing clear about Laval's new Decree Law ten-percent cuts is that 5,000 mail men, telephone girls, and other government employes taking a salary decimation, mass-meetinged at the Opera. Otherwise nothing has happened—such as anybody's understanding what the laws are

about or how to be applied.—*Paris Letter in The New Yorker*, dated August 7.

That is, unless you count a riot in Brest on *August 6*, with 20 injured; a strike of the engineers of the French Line at Havre, also on *August 6*; a strike on five French liners, on *August 7*; renewed rioting at the arsenals, also on *August 7*; and in general a situation throughout France which was causing the press to predict revolutionary outbreaks—which came the next day in Toulon, with 5 killed and 200 wounded.

# Roosevelt Bows to Hearst

**T**HE Roosevelt luck has become proverbial among politicians. The president has long had the uncanny good fortune to find something at hand whenever he has needed an issue to put himself in the good graces of some particular group whom he may have offended. The latest incident that may be put in this category was the opportunity afforded Mr. Roosevelt by the recent Seventh Congress of the Communist International to dispatch a note to the Soviet Union alleging violation of the terms of the Litvinoff agreement.

Mr. Roosevelt is in disfavor with the big business element, whom he has offended with some of the reform legislation enacted by the Seventy-fourth Congress. Hearst-led reactionaries have been yapping at his heels for some time. The fact that the President is chafing under the continued charges that he is a radical cropped out during his speech Saturday to the Young Democrats when he went out of his way to pooh-pooh charges that his legislative program is Communistic.

The same reactionaries who have been opposing his program are the bitter-end enemies of the Soviet Union. They will be his chief opponents in the coming presidential election. What could suit Mr. Roosevelt's ends better than to toss them a bone at the expense of the Soviet Union? At the same time he stole some of their campaign thunder. To every charge of radicalism preferred against him he will have a ready answer by simply pointing to his protest note.

The whole affair was carefully stage-managed to give it maximum publicity

value. Newspapers reported with some amazement that Mr. Bullitt made short work of his visit to the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs and that he gave a copy of the note to reporters, an unusual procedure. Friendly Washington correspondents were given to understand that Mr. Roosevelt himself had a large part in the writing of the note.

The protest followed closely on a demand published in Hearst newspapers for a severance of all diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, a demand coupled with a plea for the passage of anti-Red bills then before Congress. In a sense the effect of the note is to give the reactionaries carte blanche for a Red-baiting orgy of new proportions.

The present administration has plenty to gain from such a move. Trouble is brewing everywhere. Workers are restive under the Works Progress Administration wage scales. Prices are rising and wage cuts are in the making. The devilish hand of Moscow will be detected behind the trouble that ensues. Mr. Roosevelt's friends, Mr. Green and Mr. Woll, can lay all of their difficulties at the forthcoming convention of the American Federation of Labor to the same source.

Another factor that probably played a part in the decision to send the note was the breakdown of the efforts to induce the Soviet Union to assume Czarist and Kerensky debts. There has been chagrin in administration circles ever since the President failed to smile away the U. S. S. R. policy of refusal to pay the costs of American intervention during counter-revolutionary days or to pay the debts due American bankers

who financed Russian imperialism. In turn, the breakdown of the debt negotiations has had a part in defeating Soviet purchases here. Had the Soviet Union agreed to assume those debts there is no doubt that the state department would not have been so eager to find fault.

It is hard to take the charges in the note seriously. The activities about which Mr. Roosevelt is complaining are those of the American Communist Party. That Party is not illegal in America and it carries on its activities quite openly. The reports made at the Comintern are old stories to those who read the working-class press. The proposals for a Labor Party, the analysis of the San Francisco strike and the attacks on fascist trends made by American delegates to the Comintern were published here long ago—facts well known to the state department and the administration. Mr. Roosevelt isn't quite ready to attack the Communist Party at home and his hopes of stilling it by appeals to Moscow are doomed to failure.

No matter what political considerations moved the dispatch of the note it has important consequences in view of the delicate international situation. Certainly it was grist in Hitler's mill. The whole object of German foreign policy is to isolate the Soviet Union in preparation for the inevitable drive to the east. The Nazis won an important victory in the naval negotiations with Britain and they are still trying to effect an understanding with Poland. The note should help them.

Japan's hopes for unrestricted expansion in Asia turn on the same hope of



isolating the Soviet Union. Mr. Roosevelt's new policy toward the Soviet Union may prove somewhat of a boomerang there since it will encourage the Japanese militarists to oppose American aims in the Pacific. And of course Mussolini must be vastly pleased with anything that detracts attention, even for a moment, from his adventure in Africa.

Finally, as Ambassador Troyanovsky has pointed out, it might be well for Mr. Roosevelt to pull the beam out of his own eyes before searching for motes elsewhere. Russian White Guards have been carrying on open interventionist activities in America for years.

One of the most brazen of these anti-

Soviet plotters is a gentleman who holds a commission in the United States Army, Chemical Warfare Service. That man is Anastasi Vonsiatsky, head of the All-Russian Fascist Party, whose headquarters are in Thompson, Connecticut. The All-Russian Fascist Party aims to:

Arrange the assassination of Soviet Military instructors, military correspondents, political commanders, as well as the most outstanding Communists . . . cause confusion . . . Sabotage all orders of Red authorities.

The state department knows all about Vonsiatsky's activities as well as about those of other anti-Soviet groups that ply their trade here. Imagine the

hue and cry that would go up were Russian army officers to advocate assassination of American officials!

No doubt the American people resents this kind of interference as strongly as, in the words of the Roosevelt note, it resents "interference" by foreign countries in internal affairs." It is unfortunate too that Mr. Roosevelt was not an advocate of this same doctrine when he, as an undersecretary of the navy, countenanced interference in Siberia in 1918. At any rate the American people who forced recognition of the Soviet Union over the heads of American officialdom will have the last word in any plans to disrupt normal diplomatic relations.

## New Masses Novel Contest

**T**HE NEW MASSES prize contest for a novel on a proletarian theme, conducted jointly by THE NEW MASSES and The John Day Company, book publishers, has been won by Clara Weatherwax of Oakland, California, with a novel entitled *Marching, Marching!*

The novel will be published by The John Day Company early in November.

Selection was made from a large number of novels submitted in the contest, which closed on June 1. The board of judges consisted of Granville Hicks, critic, and until recently literary editor of THE NEW MASSES; William F. Dunne, labor organizer and former editor of The Daily Worker; Alan Calmer, former national secretary of the John Reed Clubs of the United States; Richard J. Walsh, president of The John Day Company; and Critchell Rimmington, vice-president of The John Day Company.

All novels were submitted under assumed names and the judges were not aware of the authorship of any novel until after it had been selected and the sealed envelope containing the author's name was opened.

The prize of \$750 is paid to the winner jointly by The John Day Company and THE NEW MASSES, and is in addition to the usual royalties.

THE NEW MASSES feels that, if the contest had produced only the winning novel, it would fully have justified itself. In addition, however, it brought forth one novel, Martin Russak's *A Weaver's Son*, that the judges unanimously agreed

to recommend for publication and five or six others that, in the opinion of individual judges, deserve to be printed.

It is very significant that most of the novels submitted grew out of the actual experience of workers. The writing of novels is a craft that requires its own discipline and these worker-writers have had no opportunity to train themselves in this craft. If, however, this contest has stimulated them to begin their training, it has served a valuable purpose. Quite apart from the literary merits of the hundred and more manuscripts submitted, they show that proletarian literature is putting down deep roots into the life of the working class. Out of this will come an abundant growth.

The scene of *Marching, Marching!* is a lumber town on the north Pacific Coast.

This is the first novel written by Miss Weatherwax and the first prize contest she has ever entered. In response to a telegraphic request for biographical information, she replied:

I am of pre-Mayflower (1610) New England descent. One outstanding forebear was Roger Williams. Fourteen of my direct ancestors fought in the first American revolution. Others fought in the War of 1812, the Civil War and many of my people were in the World War. We've always been pioneers—in New England, in upper New York State, in Illinois, in Oklahoma, in Michigan, in Washington. My grandfather was one of the earliest settlers and mill owners in the lumber town of Aberdeen, Washington; the first American ship launched in the Pacific Northwest was the J. M. Weatherwax,

named after him. I myself was born and schooled in Aberdeen, with the sound of sawmills in my ears. My earliest days were spent in a papoose basket which my mother got from Indians at the Quinault Indian Reservation. When I was twelve my father died, leaving mother with us five children and no income. We all worked. The kinds of work mentioned or described in my novel I know through experience or close contact. On savings I was able to attend Stanford University (class of '29) for two years. Further formal education was impossible because of lack of funds. Whatever I may know of writing was learned through working at it. Since my marriage in 1930, my husband and I have lived almost all the time in a working-class neighborhood in Oakland, California, where I have been writing and he composing.

She also writes:

Of all the novel contests announced in this country that I have seen, this has seemed the most worthwhile. Winning it carries with it more than a personal joy; it bears a responsibility towards the working class which I appreciate and hope to be worthy of.

What I feel about the encouragement and material assistance of your award is greater than I can get into words. The last five years have been spent under increasing pressure. Since high-school days I've had a variety of jobs—both white-collar and proletarian, mostly for fifty dollars a month or less. Sometimes I ate; sometimes I didn't. Understanding the labor movement and its social implications crystallized during the sharp experience of the San Francisco General Strike and has been developing during other labor struggles in the West.



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# My Father Is A Liar!

*An Expose of H. Bedford-Jones' Attack in Liberty Magazine on America's Youth—Written by His Daughter:*

NANCY BEDFORD-JONES

I HAVE a story to tell. It is a sordid, unpleasant story. It deals with lies—deliberate, malicious, insidious lies—*lies my father told the American public.*

Maybe you read them. Maybe you even believed them. Heaven knows they were clever and sly enough. You read them if you read "Shaw's" article called, "Will the Communists Get Our Girls in College?" in Liberty for September 7.

Yes, this article was written by my father. But not under his own name. He didn't want America to know he wrote it. He was ashamed. He knew that he was lying. He knew that thousands of American students knew the truth.

Not even to me did he admit that he wrote it and the article attacks thousands of progressive students directly through me. But I know that he wrote it. He did tell me that he gathered the material and outlined it. He told me this himself. And I saw the manuscript before it left his hands. It was written on his typewriter and by him. I know this. I have read hundreds of thousands of words typed on his machine; I would know the peculiar type, an unusually small one, anywhere. And all my life I have been reading his stories and articles; I know every trick of diction, sentence structure, style that he uses.

The author of these slanderous lies is my father—H. Bedford-Jones. He is a famous writer. He is America's most prolific writer and has entranced millions of readers for two decades. I had always loved and admired my father as a pal and I was heartsick when I learned of this. I didn't believe a father could do this to his daughter and even more to the movement in which her ideals are bound. But it is true. I can swear to that. It is fantastic, incredible, sordid—but true.

Why am I so sure the article in Liberty is about me?

If you read it, you have learned that it pretends to be a discussion by three men of their daughters, tracing the changes made in the girls by their absorption in the student progressive movement. You remember that it tells of "their" intellectual, spiritual, even attempted physical, prostitution—all resulting from the progressive movement, which is termed a collegiate system of Red penetration enmeshing young girls by a "systematic campaign of mental and moral damnation."

But remember that I am really each daughter, the one person these "three" represent. My father told me so himself. And he proves

it definitely by what he says of each of the "three." There is no doubt that each one is really I, and I alone. If I can show this, it must be admitted that I have the real truth to tell about the rest. And I can show this. I am the daughter of Shaw—of Johnson—of Morgan.

FIRST, the article tells of Shaw's—the alleged writer's—own daughter. "Shaw" is my father; I am the daughter. He speaks of a conference which his daughter attended involving the Y.W.C.A. and the Epworth League which he claims was really a meeting for recruiting revolutionists. He says further of his daughter that a month later her name was in the papers as a radical leader, and that she is 17 years old.

Here is the truth. At the end of last December I attended a Pacific Coast student conference, an annual affair sponsored by the Student Christian Association, made up of college divisions of the Y.W.C.A. and the Y.M.C.A. From all over the Far West and from Hawaii, Christian students gathered, this year, to discuss freedom in the modern world in the light of the teachings of Jesus Christ. Known as the Asilomar Conference, it has been bitterly attacked by reactionaries for its supposed radicalism. But it is only as radical as existing injustices make any true Christian. Two months after I was at Asilomar, my name was in the papers, not because I pretended to be a "radical leader," but because I was active in the student strike against war sponsored by the progressive student organizations. I am 17 years old. I was the only 17-year-old at Asilomar whose name has been associated in the press with the student movement. *I am "Shaw's" daughter.*

Of the second girl, supposedly the daughter of a man called Johnson, the article says that she was one of the victims of "Cyril Gerbervitch," allegedly a young Red who seduces girls in order to travel about the country at their expense; according to the article he borrowed the car of Johnson's daughter and forged her name to gasoline certificates. The article insinuates that Gerbervitch is the true name of the chap and that he "derussianizes it at times." But his real name, according to his birth certificate and other documents, is actually Serril Gerber. As a leader of the National Student League, he has been prominent in the student peace strikes of the last two years. Yes, I lent him my car, a Ford roadster and on one occasion also lent

him my gasoline credit card and gave him permission to sign my name to the certificates. I recall, also, that I gave him in writing permission to sign my name in case the gas-station attendant wanted verification. Is this forgery? Frankly, I do not know the technicalities of the law about this. But how many of you have not permitted a close friend or relative to sign your name to gas warrants, or store accounts? How many of your friends are guilty of such "forgery"? It is clear—*I am Johnson's daughter.*

Lastly, "Shaw" considers the case of "Sally Morgan"; he tells that she had been "working at a journalism course," and that after she was ensnared by the tentacular network she hitch-hiked to the state legislature to address it on a bill. "A fall guy for this cursed S.L.I.D.," he wrote of Sally Morgan.

Since I was in Junior High School I hoped to enter Columbia's School of Journalism and I did visit the California State Legislature. I drove to Sacramento, the state capitol, together with fourteen other students, representing the thousands of southern California students who want peace and freedom. The occasion was a public hearing on proposed bills which, had they been passed, would have smashed in California every vestige of liberties of free speech and assembly. I was elected spokesman for the group and we appeared, not before the legislature, but before an Assembly committee. Do you doubt that *I am Sally Morgan?*

I might go on endlessly, with additional facts to prove that the entire article is written by my father—H. Bedford-Jones, masquerading under the name of "Shaw," that the article is concerned with myself. Now I want to tell you the truth about the whole story.

WHY was this article written? Why did a father write these cold-blooded lies of his daughter? His attack was not on me—it was an attack on every progressive idea, every progressive student and citizen, the whole progressive student movement of America. It is only an infinitesimal part of the vast flood of propaganda deluging America, attempting to discredit the beliefs of hundreds of thousands of students and citizens.

But it is a new strategy. How the Red-baiters and mudslingers will welcome this new angle! Not the old "Red scare"; not the old "un-American" gag; not the old sneers—but a vicious attempt to fill American fa-

thers and mothers with a deathly fear for their daughters—fear of some vile, horrible web of moral and mental conspiracy that exists in the public schools. How clever an attempt to strike at the most vulnerable and unreasoning spot in the adult's armor—their children.

Yes, there is a web of "moral and mental disintegration—" but it is not spun by the progressive movement. It is woven from the sewage and filth of American reaction—Hearst, Macfadden, et al. And this is a new strand.

I owe it to my fellow students, to the American public and to the ideals which I hold—to tell why and how I became a part of the student progressive movement. When I entered the University of California at Los Angeles last September, I was imbued with more than average eagerness at the prospect of college. I wanted to inquire, to learn, to act. Here, in the university, would lie the greatest freedom to do so.

It was not so. From the day I entered the classroom I found not vigorous thought but stifling dogmas. I saw professors and instructors mouthing these text-book ideas—even though they knew them to be untrue. How many times has a professor answered an inquiring student with "I'm sorry, but I cannot answer that in the classroom; come into my office after class and we'll discuss the matter." What mental degradation!

And then the climax. One morning in November, I was caught up in a crowd of three thousand of my fellow students. They were assembled in the middle of the campus quad. Someone was trying to talk, perched on the steps of a building. Suddenly those grouped about him were attacked; a flying squadron pushed through the crowd and seized the speaker. Another took his place and was knocked down. A girl tried to speak and was hurled to the ground. It was true: students were not allowed to speak on their own campus! The campus was swarming with police and detectives. We rebelled, the 3,000 of us; we wanted to hear what was to be said. We knew that five students, recognized campus leaders, had been suspended from school the day before as a result of their activities as leaders in a movement for a student-controlled campus forum. Not until then did I realize and appreciate the meaning of the struggle of our forefathers for freedom from tyranny.

**B**ITTERLY shocked and disillusioned, I determined to find the factors responsible for this situation. Was this an incident, a passing phase of obstreperous students and stern administration? If so, it was apparently duplicated to an unusual degree elsewhere. I looked to a nearby school, Los Angeles Junior College, and on April 12, as 2,500 students were gathered in a strike meeting—part of the great national student strike of 175,000 students against war and fascism—I saw police led by the director of the college club two girls into unconsciousness. High-

school students in my own city were intimidated by principals for protesting educational retrenchment, and when they organized demonstrations against war, were suspended from school.

I looked beyond the campus. In the agricultural fields of California I saw workers arrested for trivialities, thrown into prison, beaten and half killed by vigilante gangs. I heard all about the veteran Tom Mooney who lies in prison for life. I heard about the Scottsboro boys and attended a meeting at which Angelo Herndon spoke. And always I asked why do these things happen. I learned fast. The agricultural workers wanted a decent living and democratic rights; Mooney was a working-class leader; the Scottsboro boys had black skins; Angelo Herndon led Negro and white unemployed workers together in a struggle for relief. I saw the line-up clear as day: bankers, industrialists, monopolists, government, police, courts, newspapers, school administration against workers, students, farmers, liberals, progressives, radicals—the minority against the majority.

I still wasn't satisfied. I wanted to know the real cause of it all. Well, I've decided about as follows: that what I saw was part of an entire economic and social structure, rent with conflict, the economic interests of the few pitted against the welfare of the majority; the few had power now and were determined to resist all attempts to change the situation and build a system of justice and security; that our only hope was in common organization of all progressive elements into one solid front.

**S**O I say to my father (although he knew it when he wrote his article; I've told him a hundred times), I say to my fellow students and to the American public that I became part of the progressive student movement because of this scene of injustice that I was determined to change—and not through any web of moral seduction. This is the truth and I believe the American public will recognize it as such.

Yes, these are the things motivating our student movement. These and nothing more. We're not all agreed as to how we will change things. Some of us think that we can do it within the present system, others of us say that we can better things under this system but the final solution of all these problems lies in a new socialist society. But we all know the strength of unity and so we've joined hands around the slogan "Peace, Freedom, Progress."

This is the reason for the American Youth Congress; this is the slogan of the Congress. I became associated with the American Youth Congress shortly after my return from the Asilomar conference. I acted as secretary of the arrangements committee for the Southern California Regional Youth Congress and to this very day aid in the work of the continuations committee elected by the Congress.

My father writes that the Youth Congress

is part of the vast network whose object is the enmeshment of young people and students especially, into the corruption of the radical movement.

Let me quote from the famous Declaration of Rights of American Youth adopted by the 1205 delegates to the Second Congress in Detroit, July 4, of this year:

We declare that our generation is rightfully entitled to a useful, creative and happy life the guarantees of which are: full educational opportunities, steady employment at adequate wages, security in time of need, civil rights and peace.

Our Youth Congress includes church, workers, student, political, farm, unemployed, social, sport—every conceivable sort of youth group. Founded in 1934, it has been welcomed and supported by youth in almost every state of the nation. Its program is one that answers the needs and desires of the vast majority of American youth. It is 100-percent democratically run—with equal rights for all participating groups.

My father did not object to my work for the American Youth Congress. But he did object to my participation in the activities carried on jointly in California by the Student League for Industrial Democracy and the National Student League, and to my membership in the former. Incidentally, both these organizations are participants in the American Youth Congress. After his first objection, he said nothing more and I continued activity with the group.

Preparations for the great one-hour student strike against war and fascism last April 12 absorbed thousands of religious, liberal and radical students early in March. And with the strike came the first hint I had of my father's willingness to sell out his daughter's ideals. This strike of 175,000 students expressing their great desire for peace and for freedom should be welcomed by every true American. But not so with my father and the reactionary clique with whom he has associated himself. They see in the strike only a plot aimed at the government. He dares to quote me as saying that the strike was not really a "peace strike" but was aimed at the government, hence we were only interested in state colleges because these are connected with the government. This lie is too simple. What about the strike action of students at Harvard, Vassar, Yale, Columbia, Chicago and the many others? This was a demonstration of the peace sentiments of students no matter what their school. Look at the national sponsorship of the strike: the American Youth Congress, the National Council of Methodist Youth, the Student League for Industrial Democracy, the National Student League, the Inter-Seminary Movement (Middle Atlantic region) and the American League Against War and Fascism, youth section.

The week-end of the strike he and my sister successfully conspired to draw me over a hundred miles from U.C.L.A. on the pre-

text of some fabricated family matter. Since then he has coolly read my mail in secret, believing that I knew nothing of it, has forced me to withdraw from U.C.L.A. at the expense of my scholastic credit and has constantly threatened to take legal action on trumped-up charges against my closest friends.

In the light of all this you will understand my father's continuous attacks on Joseph P. Lash as the "man responsible for much" of what he calls this "damnation."

Lash is the national secretary of the Student League for Industrial Democracy. I joined the organization knowing nothing of Lash and to this very day I have never met him, he being in New York and I in California. I have been in correspondence with Lash and were I to reprint here the substance of these letters you would agree that they are entirely in line with the best ideals of our American student movement.

Politically, Lash is a Socialist and he has no reason to hide the fact.

What I have written is the simple truth. My father does not know, as yet, that I have written this. After he learns this, he will undoubtedly take action against me. But he has not and he cannot change my beliefs. Nor can he hurt the progressive student movement. No lies can, because that movement has truth and right on its side. It is fundamentally impregnable to these attacks. We call upon the youth of America once more to join in the struggle for a world of peace, freedom and progress.

# Toward the Mexican Crisis

## *Millions of Peons—Millionaire Rulers—An Explosion Preparing*

CHARLES WEDGER

ONE DAY in June a weary, disgruntled old man boarded the train in Mexico City for the north. For eleven years he had been absolute master of his country, the Iron Man of Mexico, the Supreme Chief of the Revolution. For more than half that period he had been the faithful servant of American imperialism. His services were not unrewarded. With power and prestige came great wealth, so that he became one of the richest men in Mexico. But business is business, as he well knew. Hard times set in and when disease bent his body, when his hard-set features grew flabby and his shrewd brain became dull, his Yankee friends politely dismissed him. That is why General Plutarco Elías Calles journeyed north to El Tambor, his estate in Sinaloa.

This is the story, reduced to its simplest terms, of the fall of one of the craftiest dictators in Latin America. Its ramifications, however, extend deep into the baffling complexity of recent Mexican history, into the very heart of the nation's political, social and economic structure. Only by examining these ramifications can the real meaning of Calles's trip to the north become clear.

For the sake of perspective, it should be recalled that the Mexican Revolution, which began in 1910 as a more or less spontaneous uprising of workers, peasants and a small middle class against a decaying feudal aristocracy (and its ecclesiastical and foreign capitalist allies), failed to achieve a single fundamental objective other than crushing the temporal power of the Catholic Church. When Calles assumed control of the revolutionary government in 1924, he still represented what might have developed into a progressive, bourgeois, national regime; but by 1929, soon after Ambassador Morrow "settled" the religious conflict (and several

other matters), it became painfully clear that Calles—like Chiang Kai-shek in China—had definitely betrayed the revolution. Since then, no high-powered oratory, no fancy rhetoric of the most crimson hue has been able to conceal two essential facts: (1) that wherever old feudal holdings were destroyed, the Calles oligarchy created new domains for itself, with the result that today Mexico is still essentially a land of peons; (2) that control of major industries and exploitation of natural resources were left largely in foreign hands, so that Mexico continues to be a semi-colonial country.

Once firmly entrenched, the Iron Man discovered, however, that suppressing the Revolution did not suppress the urge for it, especially since conditions which gave birth to it remained relatively unchanged. This more than anything else accounts for the unique character of the Calles regime and distinguishes it from the customary type of despotism, which it moreover resembles in all other respects. So deep was the desire for genuine change embedded in the consciousness of the Mexican masses, so urgent the need for sweeping revolutionary reform, that the Supreme Chief was forced to resort to what is perhaps the most extravagant display of demagoguery that this century has seen. To describe even a small portion of its grosser manifestations would take us far beyond the scope of this article. For our purposes, it is perhaps sufficient to point out that we have here the only case on record of a capitalist government—an absolute dictatorship, if you please—that encouraged *class consciousness* among the exploited masses and claimed to foster the *class struggle*.

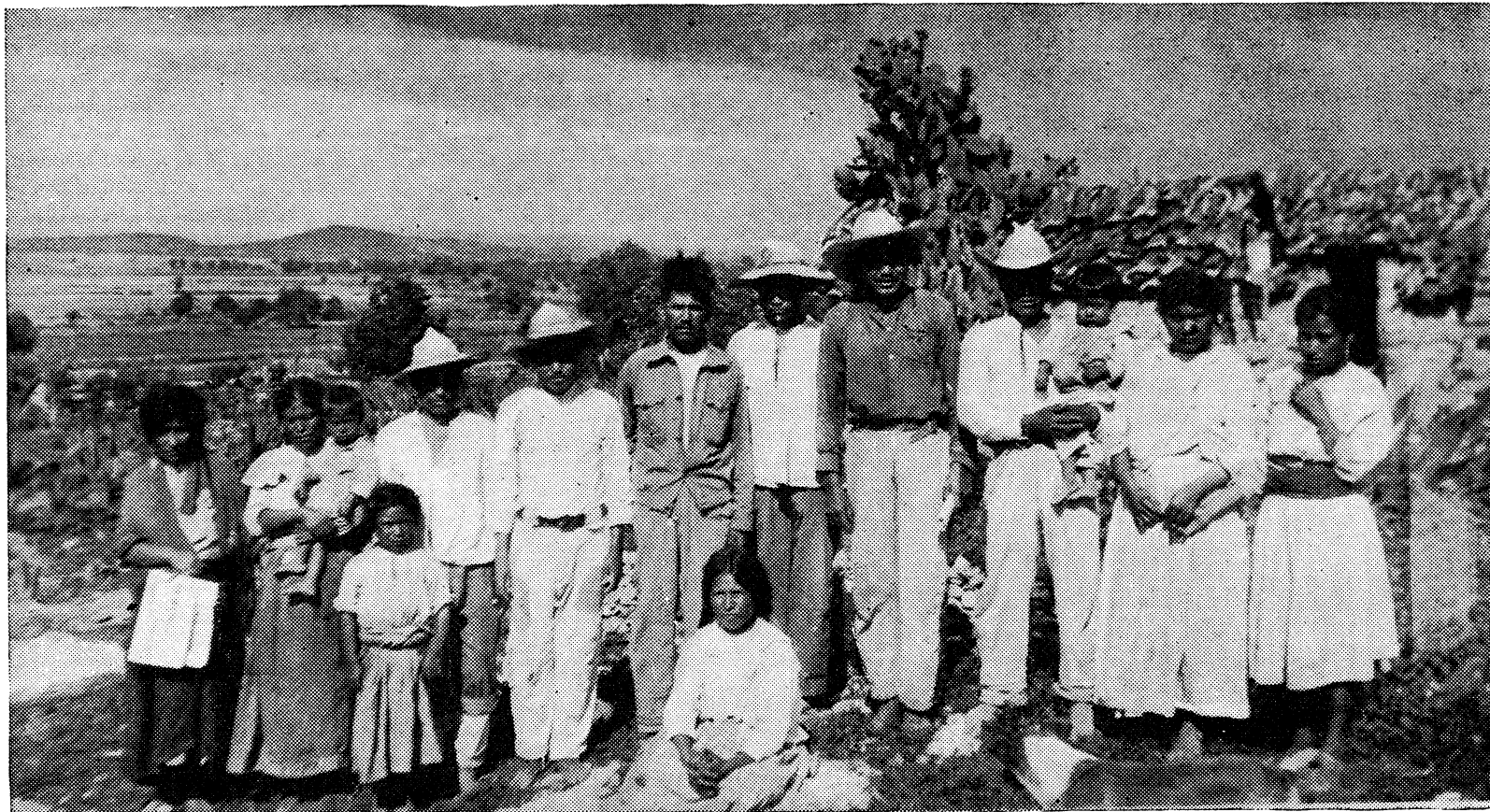
As times grew harder, it became more difficult to control and conceal the economic contradictions which were steadily undermining both the Iron Man's position within his

self-created National Revolutionary Party and the party's status in the country. The demagoguery accordingly increased both in fury and extravagance, reaching an all-time high a year ago in the presidential "campaign" of Calles's hand-picked candidate, General Lázaro Cárdenas. By this time, symptoms of mass discontent had begun to increase at an alarming rate. Labor, highly organized though a prey to corrupt leadership and government-inspired inter-union strife, began to feel the effects of the world depression in the form of rising prices and lowered real wages.

Even the peasantry, for long accustomed to the worst exploitation, chafed under increased burdens. Pseudo-socialist speeches, interspersed with savage repressions or measly concessions as it seemed most expedient, were getting less response. A crisis appeared to be imminent.

The repercussions of these conditions on the "Revolutionary Family," as Calles and his cohorts fondly designated themselves, were no less disturbing. Deep-rooted jealousies and ambitions within the P.N.R. (Partido Nacional Revolucionario) were coming to the surface as it became harder to divide the spoils and keep the masses under control. The Iron Man, moreover, plainly showed signs of rust and there was already considerable discussion as to when he would be thrown on the junk heap.

LAST December, when Cárdenas took office, everybody could see that the P.N.R. was divided into a "right" and a "left" wing, with Calles struggling desperately to play one group against the other and maintain the balance of power. Of the two wings, the "Right" was perhaps the more realistic for it feared that the particular type of demagoguery then in vogue was actually contributing to the discontent and the in-



GROUP OF MEXICAN PEONS WHO HAVE TAKEN OVER THE LAND NEAR PUEBLO.

creased militancy of the masses. It favored an undisguised "cracking down" on the syndicates, with the use of castor oil and lead if necessary. At least three fascist bands—Gold Shirts, Green Shirts and Red Shirts—were ready to take charge of the "dirty work."

The "left" wing, on the other hand, with Cárdenas now its recognized leader, preferred to maintain the traditional fake-labor front and postpone the issue as long as possible. Calles, realizing that he had a real rival in his dummy president, rapidly veered to the "Right." In the meantime, things were happening in Mexico during the winter and spring of 1934-35.

First there was the religious imbroglio. It may not be amiss at this point to show once and for all the exact nature of this conflict. The following two letters, written by high party officials in May, 1933, are secret documents of which the writer has seen photostatic copies and whose authenticity he can vouch for. They throw invaluable light on the situation.

General Calles, through Colonel Riva Palacio, suggests that we set up a campaign against the Catholic clergy of Mexico, a campaign which will lead astray and provoke people of that religious tendency and belief so that the popular agitation arising from this will prevent the division of elements within our party. . . . It has been agreed that the agitation proceed with a project for Sex Education and then the Socialist School. . . .

By express agreement of the National Executive Committee of our P. N. R. and General Plutarco Elias Calles, Supreme Chief of the

Mexican Revolution, you are informed that you are to prepare all disposable elements in order to introduce Sex Education as a precursor of the Socialist School. This measure is of the greatest importance in order to keep our great revolutionary family from splitting up on account of strife due to merely political ambitions. The reactionary elements will be frightened in cowardly fashion and will conveniently play into our hands.

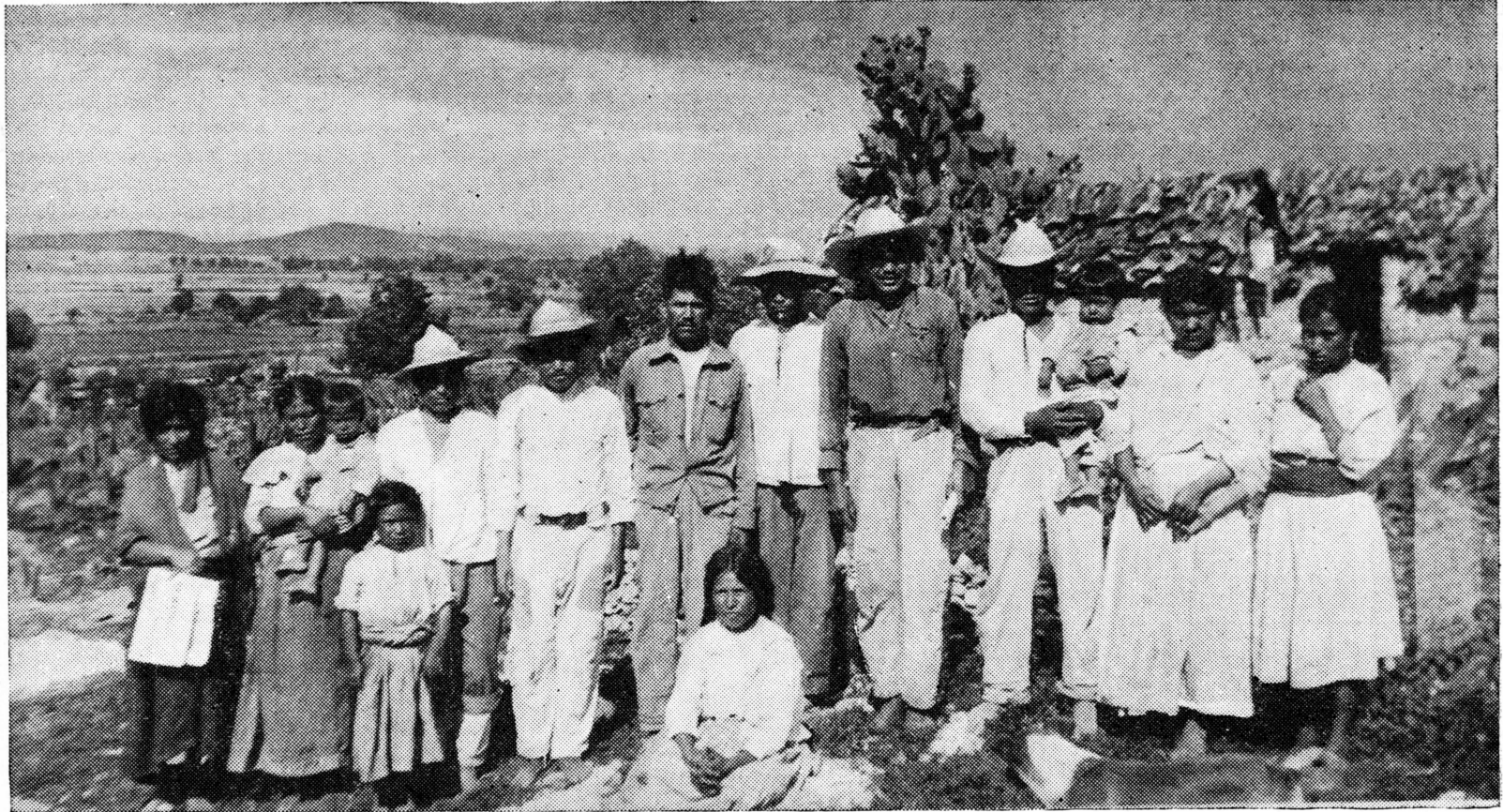
Without further elaboration, it can be seen from these letters that the religious conflict was nothing more than a political trick, of a type often resorted to by dictatorships in trouble. Thus, according to plans laid as early as the spring of 1933, the clergy was goaded into open opposition in order to cement the split within the party, and what is equally important though not specifically stated, to distract the more militant masses, traditionally opposed to all feudal and clerical elements, from more pressing and dangerous problems.

The success of this manœuvre was at best indifferent. Though it did pull the wool over the eyes of a section of the proletariat, it could not of course stay the natural development of economic forces, nor could it prevent the rapid growth of an unexpectedly powerful clerical opposition. Ultra-reactionary groups and other rivals of the P.N.R., long waiting for a chance to raid the public treasury, rallied to the church and swung into action. Soon there was a ferment of indignation in certain sections of American opinion and what with Senator Borah's proposed investigation, a threatened boycott of Mexican goods and the possibility of a loss

of an increasingly important tourist trade, the religious conflict took on a serious turn for the P.N.R. Even Washington, which would loyally support Calles as long as he could "maintain order"—that is, efficiently serve the interests of American capitalism—became worried when labor trouble broke out like a rash all over the republic, further complicating the situation.

The worst fears of the conservatives were realized when a wave of strikes, the most important in recent years, swept over Mexico. Gathering momentum in the early part of the year and continuing through the spring and into June, it affected the principal industries of the country, calling out miners, oil, power and light, textile, electrical, telephone, transport and dock workers and culminating in several effective local general strikes. On the whole, labor made important gains. To make matters worse for the government, the peasants, in desperation, took to seizing the land in various quarters of the country.

**I**N the midst of this turmoil, Cárdenas was steadily building up his forces, in preparation for the inevitable showdown with Calles. Throughout the spring he managed, though with considerable difficulty, to keep in the good graces of labor. He was even forced to go to the extent of legalizing the Communist Party, which had been carrying on an underground existence since 1929. At the same time, he consolidated his strength within the P.N.R., the army and among the state governors. More important, through



GROUP OF MEXICAN PEONS WHO HAVE TAKEN OVER THE LAND NEAR PUEBLO.



his ambassador, Castillo Nájera, he gained favor in Washington.

The storm broke suddenly. Provoked beyond endurance and throwing caution to the wind, the once canny Supreme Chief issued a public declaration in which he severely rebuked the Cárdenas following for splitting the party and in the same breath, in even stronger language, denounced organized labor for undermining the stability and prosperity of Mexico with its incessant and unjustified strikes.

Like a bombshell this statement burst on the front pages of the Mexico City papers movement.

Back in 1932, when President Ortiz Rubio showed signs of ambition, the Iron Man had little trouble in shipping him north and setting up Abelardo Rodríguez in his place. This time Calles lost the game at the very start by committing a fatal blunder. Beginning with Madero in 1910 and on through the Carranza and Obregón regimes, organized labor, despite at times ignorant or corrupt leadership, had played a decisive role in the making or unmaking of governments. Calles himself took office in 1924 as a "labor" president. True enough, by June, 1935, it seemed as if the time was rapidly approaching when the "labor" racket could no longer work. But Calles pulled off his mask at the wrong time: a young, popular and energetic opponent was ready to take advantage of any slip.

The very day that Calles dropped his false face, the Mexican Syndicate of Electricians, perhaps the most powerful single labor body in the nation, invited all syndicates to attend an emergency conference. Some sixty delegates, representing over 200,000 workers and all but two of the influential unions, gathered that evening in the capital, formed a hasty United Front and published a statement which declared among other things that ". . . strikes will end when the bourgeois system under which we live will end. The Organized Workers and Peasants Movement of Mexico . . . declares that it will oppose all transgression of its rights, utilizing, at the proper moment, the general strike throughout the country as the only means of defense against the possible setting up of a fascist regime in Mexico."

This was labor's reply to the Iron Man, a document doubly historic because, on the one hand, it gave Cárdenas exactly what he needed to lift the old dictator out of the seat of power and, on the other hand, it unexpectedly opened the way, at a critical moment, for a truly independent united labor movement.

Labor's new declaration of rights reached the press on the 13th of June. The next day Cárdenas issued a cautious statement, worded so as to maintain the friendship of labor and the confidence of business. On successive days Cárdenas demanded the resignation of his cabinet, chiefly hand-picked by Calles, the Supreme Chief announced his retirement from politics, Cárdenas appointed

a new cabinet and on June 18 an ex-dictator boarded the train for the north.

If, to begin with, labor's strength provided Cárdenas with the lever to oust his rival, at the same time Washington gave him the fulcrum without which it would have been impossible to manipulate the lever. In the last analysis, Washington, pursuing its traditional course of action, played the basic role in the victory of Cárdenas. At the very first sign of trouble, Ambassador Nájera hurried back to Mexico City to be followed immediately by Ambassador Daniels. Thus both of Washington's agents were present to supervise in person the overthrow of Calles.

The American capitalist press was quick to echo the sentiments of the State Department. "Mexico's new strong man," it called Cárdenas, and declared without qualification that the "young president is invincible."

An even more obvious sign of Washington's complicity was the fact that Gonzalez Roa was the first choice as Minister of Foreign Relations in Cárdenas's new cabinet. This gentleman has for some time been a reliable instrument of American diplomacy in the Pan-American Union, but his chief claim to fame is the fact that he negotiated United States recognition for Obregón by providing for the protection of American-owned property from inconvenient agrarian reform laws.

**C**ALLES'S abdication, contrary to most expectations, was peaceful. He might have put up a fight, for he had—and may still have—sufficient strength to risk battle with Cárdenas. The "right" wing of the P.N.R. has not been liquidated. Portes Gil, the new party president and Minister of Foreign Relations in the first Cárdenas cabinet, is by no means an out-and-out Cárdenas man. And unlike most defeated ex-dictators, the Iron Man might have remained in the country. Calles gave up without a struggle chiefly because his rival had the full backing of Washington. Washington, moreover, permitted the old man to retire with dignity to "El Tambor," whence, after a month's stay, he left for Hawaii on a leisurely trip. His best chance, thus, was to wait for further developments. Washington might recall him.

It is hardly likely, though, that Washington will use him again. Calles was dismissed because his popularity and prestige were rapidly declining, because, as the events of June 12 proved conclusively, he had destroyed his basis of mass support. Cárdenas, on the other hand, using more flexible tactics and a more subtle demagogy, manages to maintain the confidence of the masses. His methods correspond more nearly to Roosevelt's "New Deal" and "Good Neighbor" policies. Washington demands a stable government.

Washington demands a stable government in Mexico and he is just the man to "preserve

order" for American investors in these unsettled times.

Calles, as a last desperate chance, may still attempt a comeback in spite of the odds against him, but as time goes on it seems rather unlikely. One by one, Cárdenas is cleaning out *Callistas* from strategic positions. Rafael Villarreal, Governor of Tamaulipas, has lost his job, while Governor Lastra of Tabasco has resigned and his master, Garrido Canabal, fiery priest-baiter and leader of the now defunct Red Shirts (Calles, his sponsor, was nevertheless congratulated by prominent Catholics for his statement of June 12) has had to leave the country. At the same time, anti-Calles demonstrations continue in the states of Jalisco, Nuevo Leon, Chihuahua, Sonora and Lower California.

In the meantime, Cárdenas's job is laid out for him. He must carry on Calles's work where the old man left off. But the task is not easy. In the first place, he will attempt to unite the various warring factions of the native bourgeois-feudal ruling class into a strong anti-labor front. This he has already begun to do. "Rabble rousers" like Canabal and García Tellez no longer adorn his cabinet. Instead he has gathered about him relatively plain, unaffected fellows like Barba Gonzalez who frankly has said that he doesn't believe in strikes; Andrés Figueroa, a reactionary general who has had hundreds of peasants shot down; Saturnino Cedillo, pro-clerical "boss" of San Luis Potosí; etc. Old-time exiles like de la Heurta, Valenzuela and Vasconcelos are invited back. There will be no more anti-clerical agitation and talk of "socialist" education has already died down. Instead, the "Six Year Plan," infested with the germs of fascism (Calles's own scheme, by the way), is once more pushed to the front.

In the second place, there are already clear indications that the new "strong man" will attempt to put over another old Mexican trick, that of building up support among the peasantry, politically less experienced than the workers, in order to pit them against the proletariat. Finally—and this is the crux of the problem Cárdenas faces—he must maintain the confidence of the masses at the same time that he fastens a halter about their necks. That this will be an almost impossible job we can readily see. At this late hour, no demagogy will long hide the fact from those concerned that Cárdenas is the instrument of both native and foreign exploiters, that his sole function as successor to Calles is to put the screws to the Mexican workers and peasants.

The very circumstances which served Cárdenas so well in his showdown with Calles now present the most serious obstacle in his way. For three days following the sensational declarations of Calles and the uncompromising counter-attack of the proletariat, the same sixty labor delegates remained in session at the headquarters of the Syndicate of Electricians. At the end of that time they emerged with a Pact of Solidarity laying



A VILLAGE OF MEXICAN AGRARIAN WORKERS, ON A HILLSIDE NEAR PUEBLO.

the foundations for a permanent United Front of Labor. A National Committee of Proletarian Defense was set up and preparations to hold a national Labor Congress immediately got under way.

When the time comes for Cárdenas to unmask—and it must be very soon—he and his employers will be faced with the most powerful organization that the Mexican proletariat has ever forged. This is not to minimize the difficulties that confront the National Committee of Proletarian Defense. Many of the labor leaders are undoubtedly playing a political game with Cárdenas. But the pressure from the ranks is so great, the militancy of the Mexican workers has reached such an advanced stage that it is reasonable to expect a genuine United Front of Labor to emerge from the present set-up.

**W**HAT are the prospects for Cárdenas, for Mexico with its long suffering Indian and *mestizo* population, when the next showdown occurs? The rulers of Mexico may again try to postpone the crash by substituting a new demagogue for the old. Cárdenas may go the way of Calles and somebody like Lombardo Toledano, cleverest of the “labor” opportunists, or even that old “socialist,” Tejeda, with a reputation as the most radical governor Mexico has ever had, may take his place. If, however, the exploiters decide to face the issue squarely, or what is more likely, are forced to do so, then it will be up to Cárdenas to attempt to lead

an open fascist assault on the workers, for that is what the struggle may sooner or later come to, what it has already come to in Cuba.

Everything, however, points to a determined, even savage resistance by the Mexican masses. The lessons of the Revolution of 1910, magnificent even if chaotic struggle, have not been in vain. The Communist Party, emerging from a long period of underground and sectarian existence, is leading the way in organizing the inbred militancy and class consciousness of the Mexican people into a powerful, unified revolutionary movement, conscious of its common objectives and of the means of carrying them out.

The example of Soviet Russia and now Soviet China have served as a powerful stimulus for genuine revolutionary change. Though ultimately a Soviet Mexico can offer the only solution to the country's problems, present needs call for an agrarian and anti-imperialist revolution. With nine out of Mexico's sixteen million inhabitants virtually peons on the large estates and plantations, and with three million more eking out a precarious existence on infinitesimal parcels of rocky and arid soil, the need for sweeping agrarian reform becomes the chief objective of the approaching Mexican revolution. But since no reform of any sort is possible until Mexico becomes a free nation, the battle for agrarian reform automatically becomes a struggle against American imperialism.

There can be no doubt that as long as

the American government is a tool in the hands of American capitalists, it will actively oppose any genuine revolution. This, however, does not mean—what the handful of Mexican Trotskyists very conveniently point out in justification of their own inactivity—that no successful revolution is possible in Mexico while the U.S. remains an imperialist nation. Faced with a strong revolutionary movement that could defeat internal opposition supplied with American arms and munitions, the U.S. would hesitate to resort to direct intervention. In the first place, it would be a very costly undertaking; secondly, a successful military campaign against fighting revolutionary forces on Mexican terrain would be no mean task, as Pershing's punitive expedition against Pancho Villa in 1916 proved; and finally, with the Nicaraguan episode and the blow it dealt to American trade in South America fresh in mind, the U.S. would think twice before embarking on a venture that would arouse Latin American masses against the “Colossus of the North.”

At the same time, it is impossible for Americans of good-will to overestimate the importance of supporting with militant action the struggle of the Mexican people against what is after all the common enemy of both. No one, of course, can predict the outcome of the coming Mexican revolution. What is certain, however, is that no effort must be spared on both sides of the Rio Grande to prepare for the crisis, the most serious since 1910, that Mexico is about to face.



A VILLAGE OF MEXICAN AGRARIAN WORKERS, ON A HILLSIDE NEAR PUEBLO.

# Behind Closed Doors

## *The Maritime Conferences at Washington*

BRUCE MINTON

**P**AT DONAGHUE, investigator for the Department of Labor, had been sleuthing up and down the West Coast for several months, investigating the maritime situation. He returned to Washington about the middle of last month with a full report for his chief, Edward F. McGrady. Things looked bad out West. First, there was the Point Clear incident. The Vancouver longshoremen had struck; the Point Clear sailed into San Francisco Bay loaded with scab cargo which longshoremen refused to touch—particularly as the Marine Engineers were picketing the boat and to unload meant to pass through their lines. Newspapers and employers had raised a terrific fuss, charging “violation of agreements.” Here, at last, was a chance to isolate the San Francisco local from the rest of the Coast, break the militants in one port preparatory to a drive on the other locals. But the longshoremen refused to be isolated. Instead, they demanded a coast-wide ballot on the issue, pledging themselves to abide by the result. The ballot overwhelmingly favored continuance of the boycott and spreading it to any other boat carrying scab cargo.

Then there were the work stoppages on various docks—each time the employers violated their agreements with the longshoremen. But what burned the shipowners up was the half-hour strike along the whole waterfront when the German boat, Karlsruhe, came into port flying the Nazi flag.

Besides, Paul Scharrenberg's case complicated things. A few months ago, Scharrenberg had been ousted by the rank and file of the Sailors' Union of the Pacific, the first important A.F. of L. official to lose his job. The men didn't like Scharrenberg: they called him a sell-out agent of the shipowners, a “fink,” a man without principles. Expulsion from the union meant the end of his \$300-a-month job as secretary of the California State Federation of Labor, a job he had held since 1909. But though out of a job, Scharrenberg remained a resourceful fellow: he looked round for another union to join. He considered the Ferry Boatmen's Union—but before he became eligible, he must work as a laborer for a year. On second thought, Scharrenberg found the answer: the Office Employees' Association. True, the O.E.A. wasn't an important labor organization; it was more like a political club. In all its existence, it had never seriously attempted to organize office workers. But it belonged to the A.F. of L. and elected delegates to the State convention. And it was whispered in Scharrenberg's ear that if he joined he would surely be elected and so be able to retain his cherished secretaryship.

Paul Scharrenberg's ousting crystallized the opposition of the entire A. F. of L. top officialdom to the maritime unions. What had happened to so powerful a figure as Scharrenberg added to the expulsions of McGovern, district secretary of the Marine Firemen, and Carl Carter, Portland business agent, could happen to the rest of the reactionary A.F. of L. officers in the future. Such a move could spread—to other unions, to other sections of the nation.

Gangsters in the unions, backed by their loyal supporters, the employers, answered the challenge. A bomb exploded in the house of Karl Isaksen, acting vice-president of the Maritime Federation. A similar bomb crashed into the home of Lawrence Krattley, Everett longshoreman. Earl King, district secretary of the Marine Firemen, was fired at in the dark as he drove away from a union meeting. The same week, E. J. Dietrich, of the San Francisco local of the International Longshoremen's Association, was shot at when he opened the front door of his home.

All those attacked were supporters of the Maritime Federation. And the old-guard in the A.F. of L. feared the Federation more than any other organization—for the alliance of the maritime unions robbed them of power and fostered the rank-and-file movement. End the Federation, screamed the shipowners and the labor officialdom; get rid of Harry Bridges; return to the nice old way of doing things which allowed respectable officials to receive their pay and attend conventions while employers exploited the men.

Such was the picture Donaghue sketched for McGrady. It was far from pleasant. McGrady harbors no love for the West Coast rank and file; they had showed him up pretty thoroughly a year ago during the strike. Besides, he has one pet hate—Harry Bridges, president of the San Francisco local of the I.L.A. and an officer in the Maritime Federation. McGrady has never taken great pains to hide this grudge. Breaking the rank-and-file leadership meant breaking Bridges; it meant doing yeomen's service for his good friend Joe Ryan; for the employers, whom McGrady, old-time labor “leader,” former lobbyist, now big-shot in the federal government, was on the most excellent terms; for Bill Green and Matt Woll and the whole gang who had made the labor movement into a nicely paying proposition.

Furthermore, McGrady dared not wash his hands of the West Coast. The likelihood of a strike breaking out during the first week of October could not be ignored. The administration, facing an election campaign in the coming months, shies away from labor dis-

putes. How much more pleasant to go to the voters and be able proudly to point that such troubles are a thing of the past. A strike in the West would be no ordinary walkout; it would be a fight to the finish, a bitter struggle in which employer and vigilante terrorism would reach a new high in viciousness.

McGrady was also aware that the employers threatened not to renew with the longshoremen the agreement which embodied the Arbitration Award handed down after the maritime strike. Certainly, the workers would refuse to forfeit their considerable gains without a struggle. Everything pointed to a strike—the results of which would shake the A.F. of L. bureaucracy's leadership throughout the country and threaten the whole of what the administration fondly calls its “labor program.” McGrady acted without delay. He summoned the Sailors' Union, the Longshoremen, the Marine Engineers and the Masters, Mates and Pilots to conferences in Washington.

**T**HESE unions did not meet together. That would never do. McGrady is a good strategist, past master in isolating one union from the others, “putting on the heat,” breaking inter-union solidarity. The arrangement brought the Sailors to Washington first. Their train arrived on Saturday, August 3; the delegation went straight to the Department of Labor Building, up the stone steps to McGrady's office on the second floor. Some of the delegates looked a little incongruous in their overalls and blue shirts—but they had been elected by the membership as representatives and it was with these men that McGrady must deal.

The idea called for one of those friendly, round-the-table meetings. Four militants—Tillman, Lundeberg, Barlow and Engstrom on one side; four conservatives on the other; the International officers—four, including Olander and Furusuth — at the far end. (Andy Furusuth, doddering at eighty-one, prone to burst into tears as he had for the edification of San Francisco workers during the general strike, as he had when his picture was taken embracing Archbishop Hanna of the Arbitration Board. The shipowners completed the picture—Thomas Plant of the Waterfront Employers' Association and Hugh Gallagher of the Matson Line, flanked by Elisha Hanson and three other corporation lawyers.

Part of the maneuver was the secrecy. Closed doors—no one must know what went on until the conferees emerged with the whole West Coast situation patched up to the satisfaction of the employers and McGrady, with

Olander and Furusuth croaking a chorus. McGrady called the meeting to order. The Point Clear question and the problem of ships from British Columbia ports tied up by the longshoremen and sailors, headed the agenda. McGrady demanded the immediate release of all these ships and a promise of no further work stoppages in the future. The shipowners chimed in with the suggestion that if this were done, they would then be willing to meet the unions and discuss renewal of contracts. The four militants balked. To touch scab ships meant to open the back door to future violations of contracts by the shipowners. Moreover, the longshoremen on strike in British Columbia had cooperated with them in 1934; the delegates refused to let their brother workers down at a time when they needed all the help they could get. At this decision, McGrady took the offensive. The cigar jutted pugnaciously from his mouth; he shook his finger dramatically; he stalked up and down the room. Then his trump card—photostatic copies of telegrams sent between officers of West Coast unions for many months. Stacks of *The Western Worker*, official organ of the Communist Party. Didn't the Communists predict the tactics used during the strike and since that time? Didn't that prove that the rank-and-file leaders were Communists, directed from Moscow? Look—the full text of a speech delivered at the Comintern in Moscow a week or so before by Sam Darcy, district organizer of the Communist Party. Darcy told the history of the strike, the significance of the militant, rank-and-file leadership. McGrady did not trust to the newspaper reports of what went on in the Soviet Union. He had in his hand the complete text, wired to this country by the American Embassy. Now, McGrady wanted to know, what had the delegates to say to this?

The rank-and-file delegates had been exposed to the Red scare before. Their answer was to turn to the shipowners: under conditions that prevailed on the West Coast waterfront for the past fourteen years, if Plant and Gallagher and Hanson had been workers, what would they have done? Once and for all, the delegates were not going to release scab ships.

The storm broke. The meeting was in an uproar. But in the shouting, the owners were forced to admit that they were more guilty than the men for breaches of the contract; their chiseling on the arbitration award had forced the men to stop work on the docks so that the evasions could be rectified. Overloading of slings, speed-up, scabs, improper safety devices, the attempt to hold men on the job after their time was up while other men waiting for work went unhired, were a few of the reasons that the men had stopped work. These were not strikes; the walkouts had not been called by the local. Rather these demonstrations were prompt, spontaneous refusals to continue work so long as the shipowners refused to live up to contracts they had signed.

All except the Karlsruhe case. The employers didn't understand why men quit work be-

cause a ship flew the Nazi flag. Yes, chimed in McGrady, what about the Karlsruhe? The answer was simple. Even the conservative executive committee of the A.F. of L. favored a boycott against Hitler terror. When a ship arrived in San Francisco flying the swastika, symbol of that terror, the men protested—and pointed the A.F. of L. resolution. Lundeborg, President of the Maritime Federation, added to the explanation, bitterly turning to Plant, head of the Waterfront Employers, "You're the biggest fascist on the Coast. You wouldn't understand. And Hearst is your chief spokesman against the Pacific Coast unions!"

IT lasted a long time, the meeting. Twelve hours. The delegates sat there stolidly, eyeing the shipowners who were visibly wilting in the oppressive heat. McGrady was another question—he was an old hand. He continued to roar and rant; he threatened the men with prosecution and penitentiary terms under the Wagner Bill for obstructing "the free flow of commerce." The men smiled. But not Olander and Furusuth. They roused themselves to make it clear that they were willing to cooperate, they shouldn't be sent to prison. They produced wires and documents to prove their hearts were in the right place—with the shipowners. Olander rubbed his paunch and his perspiring, partly-bald head with its grey-white fringe, mumbling, "After speaking with these delegates I'm not sure just who I represent—if I represent anybody at all." Furusuth squeezed out a few tears which trickled down his beaked nose. "The labor movement isn't like it used to be," he sobbed, wiping his eyes. "With these Communists running my union—"

McGrady summoned all his dignity. "In the name of the United States government," he thundered, the delegates must order the ships released. Lundeborg leaned forward. If the government wanted the ships released, then why didn't McGrady send a telegram or phone the Coast to that effect in the name of the government? McGrady shook his head. No, he wouldn't do that.

The shipowners joined the chorus. They'd lock the men out. They'd force them to give in. Lundeborg faced Plant. All right, we call the bluff. Get on that phone and order the lockout. Plant compressed his thin lips—angry, impotent. No, he wouldn't do that.

So it went on. The government, through McGrady as its spokesman, was willing enough to threaten but hesitated to take official action. Plant talked big, but refused to live up to his words. Meanwhile, the International officials faded more and more into the background as the shipowners dealt with the rank-and-file leaders as the true representatives of the men. The delegates went on to defend the Maritime Federation—at each mention, the owners and McGrady hit the ceiling, demanded the reference to the Federation be stricken from the minutes. Hanson warned the men that the maritime groups must "choose between the Federation and

their own individual organizations." The shipowners would "recognize" the Federation as such only if the present I.L.A. and I.S.U. charters were revoked or given up voluntarily along with the present agreement. Then the Federation must hold a plebiscite to decide whether the majority of the men wanted the Federation to represent them. Furusuth and Olander grew excited. What, drop the A.F. of L.? The delegates smiled—no they would remain in the A.F. of L. They would keep the Federation, too.

The employers beat a slow retreat—Hugh Gallagher admitted that some of the owners wanted to go along with the unions, wanted "to do the right thing." But others blocked the way. Plant, against whom this sally was directed, stared steadfastly into space. Finally, McGrady asked the delegates to send a wire to the Coast recommending that the unions act on his request and take a vote to release the ships. The debate centered for several hours on the wording of the telegram. Obviously, McGrady wanted the delegates to commit themselves, so that the I.L.A. delegation which arrived the next morning would be in a difficult position. The men retired to consider the question. At last, a suitable wording was agreed upon. The meeting adjourned. Barlow, a militant, rushed to catch a plane to the Coast where he could explain to the membership what had taken place. In the meantime, the delegation saw to it that the telegram of recommendation did not arrive in the West before Barlow.

The I.L.A. delegation, composed of Bridges and two fakers, Paddy Morris and Thurston, arrived the next day. The performance continued on much the same lines, as it did in the following days when the Marine Engineers and the Masters, Mates and Pilots met. The same threats, the same solemn warnings that charters would be removed, the same results. The whole elaborate maneuver against the rank and file had failed to bear fruit. By the end of the conferences, the shipowners had tacitly agreed to renew the contracts with the men. The unions were to vote on whether they would handle scab cargo or not. The Maritime Federation has already voted—in round figures, 18,000 to 900 against handling such cargo.

Much can happen in the month that will elapse before the agreement expires. But the shipowners have committed themselves. Responsibility for a strike, should one occur, will rest entirely on their shoulders. Gone is the old talking-point that such a strike would be "Communist inspired," the work of individual "trouble-makers." If it takes place, the "agitators" will be the shipowners in an attempt to rob the workers of what they have gained; and the A. F. of L. officials who want to break the workers' control of their own unions. But the stakes are high and the workers militant. The unions trust their rank-and-file leaders. Under them they have gone far. Under them, they can give the shipowners, the A. F. of L. officialdom and the government a battle in which the odds will be with the men.

# Italy on the Brink

ALBERTO PADOVANI

I LEFT my native town in Italy fourteen years ago. During my absence many changes have taken place back home.

The most common reports of American tourists who have visited Italy during the last decade have been to the effect that trains now run on time. The most common question put to me by my countrymen was, "Is it true that Italians in America now walk the streets with heads erect?"

The first person to ask me this question was a young Sicilian soldier stationed in Turin. He was on his way home for a two-week furlough and he sat next to me in a third-class compartment of the Paris-Rome express. I pretended not to understand his question and I asked him to be more explicit. I had just crossed the French border and I could make neither head nor tail of all the men in uniform I saw about me. I had guessed that the one with the black shirt and the revolver by his side, always following the conductor, must be a militiaman. But this young man of twenty-three or four, sitting beside me, was he a militiaman too? His blouse was open at the neck like an officer's, his shirt ashen gray, not black, his shoes coarse and heavy. I asked him to clarify his question. He looked at me and in a rather indignant tone, he said, "Look at my hands." I glanced at his calloused palms and his short, stubby fingers. "Are they the hands of an agent provocateur?" To this blunt question, apparently rhetorical, you would think he expected an answer. It was hard for me to ignore it, but I stood my ground. I asked him whether he belonged to the militia or to the regular army. Now that he understood the reason for my misgivings, he proceeded to put my mind at ease. "You see," he began with a pronounced Sicilian accent, "about a year ago the government decided that army life would be more attractive, more pleasant for privates and noncoms if our blouses were to be tailored like the officers', open at the neck. We were even given the privilege of wearing a shirt other than the grey one issued to us. Get the idea?" Here he paused and looked at me, one of those looks by which the southern Italian can convey so much meaning.

We chatted at length about army life and about the impending conflict in East Africa. He told me how not long ago he had finished his term of service in the army and had returned home where he had settled down and married. And now, how long ago it was, some three months, his class had been recalled. What was there to do? He had to go. Now he was on his way home for

a two-week leave. After that, he would join his regiment and await further orders. But he hated the thought of having to go back. Would he be likely to be sent to Africa? He hoped not. On the other hand, what did it matter! It was merely a question of whether one chose to die of thirst and tropical disease in Africa or from poison gas on Italian soil.

"Do you think Hitler will try to seize Austria while Italy is engaged in Africa?" I asked.

"*Eh, si capisce*; of course he will," he replied with a wave of his hand. "Not right away, but as soon as Italy is sufficiently embroiled down there; after Mussolini has sent enough men to Somaliland and Eritrea." He paused for a minute. Then he added, "After that no one knows what may happen. None of the soldiers I know is eager to go to war. In fact, I don't believe Mussolini himself relishes the thought of it. But what can he do? *In Italia vi è la miseria; vi è fame!* There is poverty and hunger in Italy. You will see plenty of it when you go to your home in the Abruzzi. Conditions in the Abruzzi are as bad as they are in Sicily, where I come from. In a little while we shall reach Rome and you will get off. Probably you will walk down Via Nazionale and you may see as much life there as you saw in New York or Paris. But don't be fooled. Rome is full of bureaucrats, government employes of every description and tourists. They all look prosperous and many of them are. But don't forget, Rome is not Italy, in spite of our modern history books. The real Italy is in the hundreds of little towns and villages clustering up and down the whole length of the Apennines, in the grain fields of the North and the sulphur mines of Sicily. How can Mussolini solve the problems of those people? So far he has made them more and more difficult and since he can't solve them, he risks a war. He's gambling. There's no alternative for him. He has to gamble."

We were already in the outskirts of Rome. St. Peter's dome was visible and I began to get my things ready. As we approached the Termini station, I looked out on the city of the Caesars. My soldier friend was in a pensive mood. Rome did not interest him. His thoughts were directed toward his family in Sicily.

WHEN I sailed for Italy, I said to myself that during my whole stay there I would keep my eyes and ears open and my mouth shut. I had not been in my home town very long before I discovered that in spite of myself it was difficult for me to be just an onlooker and a listener. Italians

are great conversationalists but even in Italy it takes at least two people to make conversation, although now and then you may run into somebody who is talking to himself.

My native town is built on a very narrow plateau in the Apennines, some three thousand feet above sea level. Its population is the same now as it was when I left, about five thousand inhabitants. In those days, during and after the war, one went to the neighboring towns either on foot or horseback. Then there were only two automobiles which one might hire for long trips to Rome or Naples. Now one travels in the same old way because although the number of automobiles has doubled, very few people can afford to ride in them. Donkeys are to be seen everywhere, but horses and mules are scarce. To my question as to whether they were dying off, I was told that the government was already recruiting them for the army.

That's how conversation bearing on fascism, Mussolini, Ethiopia, usually began in Castelvecchio; almost spontaneously. You couldn't go to the cobbler next door and say: Mastro Giuseppe, I want you to enlighten me on this or that question. No, it was impossible to get an answer which made any sense. But if you were content just to hang around, possibly sit down on an old stool across the bench from him and watch him sew a pair of heavy soles by hand, before you went away you might know a great deal more than you knew when you entered the shop.

One day I went to see the goldsmith across the street from the house where I was staying with my relatives. I used to know him well in the old days. He recognized me and was very glad that I remembered him. I noticed at once that he was a member of the fascist party by the badge he wore on his coat lapel. We drank a bottle of ordinary table wine and then he asked me to follow him downstairs to his little shop where he had a small job to finish. "Yes," he said, after lighting a little blow torch, "fifteen, twenty years ago I used to make scores of rings in a single week, but now look here—take a look at this necklace. You couldn't even sell it for old gold. But would you believe it, it belongs to Donna Teresa next door. Ten years ago she would have asked me to make her a new one. Now she wants me to fix this thing. But how can I fix it? It isn't a question of fixing it: it's a question of paying some one to take it down to the dump. Why the lousy string is falling apart. *Eh, che diavolo!* What's the use of talking. *Miseria, miseria!* Look around; just take a walk down any of these alleys

and what will you see? Poverty, rags, lice!"

"How about Don Achille?" I interrupted.

"Don Achille!" He knit his brow, "May lightning strike him dead while he's in bed with that fat wife of his, or better yet, with his mistress! By the way, have you noticed any new buildings in Castelveccchio? Yes, you must have seen it; how could you miss it. It's the only new building put up since the war. The big palace at the end of the corso. It belongs to Don Achille. He's bought up most of the land this side of the river and then, of course, he's high up in the provincial hierarchy."

I happened to glance at a picture of Mussolini which was hanging on the wall and he stopped short.

"Yes, as you may know, I am a member of the party," he said somewhat apologetically. "I've got to live! But when you come right down to it, membership in the party is not really looked upon as a crime by the people here. Oh, you'll find out for yourself if you stay long enough. You'll find that some of your old boyhood friends belong to the party. But what does it amount to? It doesn't amount to a damn. Do you remember Damiano Sorbo, the streetcleaner? How do you think he could have kept his job without joining the party. But just follow him around one of these days. You'll hear him curse Mussolini for the cuckold that he is right out on the square. And what about Bushelhead, the mail carrier? The other day I had absolutely nothing to do in the shop, so I dropped around at the *Dopolavoro*<sup>1</sup> (now they've nicknamed it the *Dopozio*<sup>2</sup>). I had not been there very long when along comes Bushelhead, his mailbag slung over one shoulder, a newspaper in one hand. Taking time off from his job, he stops right in front of the main entrance. Seven or eight of us were sitting around on the porch. All out of a clear sky he starts out something like this—mind you, he's a party man too, he has to be—"Look at you," says he, "what the hell good are you? Always hanging around this dump! Do you know what *Dopolavoro* means? It means "after work" doesn't it? Now who among you has done a stitch of work so far today? Not one of you. Who's going to hire you? There's no work for you in town, you are all too weak to work in the wheat fields and you are too old to go roadbuilding in East Africa. So what *are* you going to do? What in hell *are* you going to do? Just hang around here and kill lice. And that pig face in Rome wants to civilize the Abyssinians! Why go all the way to Africa to civilize the Abyssinians? We could stand some civilization ourselves. For instance, I should like to learn some table manners. Now if you should put a piece of broiled steak in front of me, I wouldn't know how to eat it. I swear to God I wouldn't; and neither would any of

you.' And he went on like that until Battisuola winked at him to warn him of the approach of the centurion.

"Well, now take Bushelhead. Where would he find work if he were unemployed? He has no trade. How did he get to be mailman? He has the distinction of having lost a son in the war and of having joined the party over ten years ago.

"I have been in the party for quite a while myself, but where did it get me? In the early days I was in earnest and although I never administered castor oil, I helped smash up the Catholic Club. But that's a long time ago. Now fascists and Catholics get along quite well."

I thought by this time I could venture to ask a direct question. I asked him to tell me something about elections and how they were handled at Castelveccchio. He exploded in a good hearty laugh, as much as to say: This one will floor you. He went on to tell me how at the last elections he had been appointed one of two watchers at the polls and that only thirty percent of the voters had turned out. Their instructions from party leaders were to write in all the names of the absentees, so toward evening his partner would copy the names from a long list they were given, while he folded the ballots and dropped them into the ballot box. Next day the bulletins plastered in conspicuous places throughout the town told of how ninety percent of those eligible to vote had gone to the polls to register their most emphatic yeas.

**I**N ROME I had noticed that restaurants and cafes were always crowded. One saw life more or less as the Broadway habitue sees it. But Castelveccchio was dead, absolutely dead. Living conditions were somewhat cheaper than in Rome or Paris, but you had to forego so many things. There wasn't an orange or a lemon to be had. In fact, there was hardly any fruit. During the month I had passed in this town where I lived as a boy I had visited all the places which might interest the average tourist. I had also gone to the remote little hamlets up in the mountains and visited several neighboring villages. Wherever I went, people talked about nothing except this accursed war which was coming and about the miserable conditions in which they were living. I had talked with fascists and anti-fascists, but except for their badges it was hard to distinguish the former from the latter.

During my first week in Castelveccchio I bought all the papers I could get hold of. After that I began to save my money. I bought only one a day. Any one would do. My friends used to tell me that a newspaper serves more than one purpose, so you couldn't go wrong if you bought one of them now and then!

Toward the middle of July when I was getting ready to leave, I met an old schoolmate of mine. He was the only militiaman

from my home town to have gone to East Africa as a volunteer. He had been in Eritrea two months and now he was back home on convalescence leave. Even now it was difficult for me to recognize him. Typhoid fever and dysentery had nearly finished him. "I wish to hell I had never signed up," he said to me. "But mark my word," he continued, "the government will get no more volunteers from Castelveccchio. The Consul of our legion was in town the other night. He spoke to the men of my centuria about their duty to the country and to Il Duce. He urged them to volunteer. How marvelous it would be if they enlisted en masse! He himself, their consul would lead them! I wasn't there, but they tell me that everybody applauded the speech with loud *la las* to Il Duce and to the consul, but to date no one has volunteered and you can be sure no one will."

Italy was preparing for a conflict at breakneck speed. My vacation was nearly over, but I was taking no chances. Already the specialists of the classes of 1909 and 1910 were being recalled. My class, that of 1906 was not so far removed. I decided it was time for me to pack my things and leave.

Three days before my departure I climbed to the top of one of the high peaks of the Apennines. On the way up before dawn I met shepherds going to pasture. "You will see where they're building fortifications when you get up there," one of them said to me. "They're putting anti-aircraft guns on top of all these high mountain peaks."

As I approached the top, I was afraid I would find guards and soldiers working. I had a camera with me and I might look suspicious. But there was no one up there. I found all the ground bushes neatly cut down in an area of about sixty square feet and in the middle of a big cone-shaped pile of stones all whitewashed and arranged around a long pole which was also whitewashed and stuck to the ground. I had not been there very long before I heard first a faint hum, then the loud drone of motors. I saw three airplanes coming from the west, attain altitude as they flew over the valley and finally approach the mountain peak on which I stood. They circled directly above and flew away to the southeast. So that's what they were doing; reconnoitering, finding out whether the location was suitable for the defense of Rome should German airplanes swoop down on her from the northeast some day!

I looked down upon Castelveccchio, long and narrow, her belfries sticking out like tiny pinheads on a relief map, most of her house black and ugly, a few of them with their red-tiled roofs standing out in prominent contrast to the rest of them. It was not for Castelveccchio that these fortifications were being built all of a sudden. Their purpose was to protect Rome, the city of the Caesars. Castelveccchio's only defense, like that of Fontamara, not far away, would rest with her sons.

<sup>1</sup>A fascist organization meaning: after work.

<sup>2</sup>A newly-coined term meaning: after doing nothing.

# The Tiff Strikers Win

KARL PRETSHOLD

OLD MINES, MISSOURI.

SOME 3,500 to 4,000 tiff diggers who organized a union and conducted a strike marked by fearless militance and clear cool-headedness have just won a 60-percent pay increase for themselves. The first big walk-out of workers ever conducted in the Missouri Ozarks has ended in a smashing victory for the miners. Paid \$2.50 a ton for digging tiff before the walk-out, the miners, by organizing, forced the companies to offer a dollar a ton increase before the strike was called. The dollar boost was rejected and the men went out demanding a \$2 hoist in tonnage rates. After striking eighteen days they accepted the second offer of the operators—that of \$1.50 a ton increase.

Since even with the increase the miners will only average \$5 wages for a long, hard working week—instead of the \$3 they had been averaging—the fact that the tiff miners have built a strong, militant union dominated by the rank and file is even more important than the pay boost victory. Just before the strike the miners organized locals of the American Workers Union. Under its banner they carried on their strike and during the strike decided to affiliate with the A.F. of L. organization for the metal-mining industry, the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers.

Mass picketing and mass violation of an injunction issued to "protect" the National Pigment and Chemical Company, largest of the tiff concerns in this state, began even before the strike was called and continued twenty-four hours a day every day of the strike. Although the tiff miners are new to the business of striking and organization the strikers managed to dodge pitfalls and see through slick tricks which, in so many cases, have fooled and wrecked the strikes and organizations of workers' groups with greater experience and age.

Well-disciplined, well-manned picket lines spotted the 200-odd square miles of Washington County. The woods around as well as the roads leading to strategic spots were patrolled, night and day, by men who "had orders" from the strike committee to let no one through unless he carried a pass from *union headquarters*. The pickets took their "orders" with deadly seriousness and if some tiff-mill official or straw boss tried to get by the lines without permission of headquarters the pickets "passed the buck" ("now we sure would catch hell from them fellows up at headquarters and you don't want to get us into trouble.") But behind the apparently harmless buck-passing was the very evident determination to take things into their own effective hands if anybody thought he would defy "our orders."

When the sheriff of Washington County wanted to "go down the road" past a picket line the boys on the line were mighty pleased to let him through—if he had a properly-signed pass. Reporters had to have and show their passes to get about the county. Even members of the strike committee of nine, known to every man on picket duty, couldn't get by unless they exhibited written approval.

Picket lines, passes and that sort of workers' "law and order" were in open defiance of an injunction issued by Judge E. M. Dearing at the request of the National Pigment Company before the strike started. It would, however, be stretching things to say the strikers "defied" the injunction—rather they "just sort of" ignored the whole matter. When the companies and the judge decided troops should be called in and appealed to Governor Park to order out the militia the strikers informed the governor they would raise their demands a dollar a ton as soon as the troops reached Washington County. The troops stayed at home, the mills didn't operate and the dignity of the judge continued deflated.

For decades before the start of the strike the tiff miners have been the tenant farmers of the mining industry. Just as the "regular" farm organizations neglected the job of organizing the tenant farmers, so the "regular" unions have neglected—may never even have known about—the tiff miners. The economic set-up of tiff mining has many parallels to the "share cropping" system. Certainly the hunger-level existence of tiff miners is only comparable to that of one-crop tenant farmers.

"Tiff" (it is also called "bear teeth" by the miners because of its resemblance, in certain formations, to big, sharp teeth) is sulphate of barite. It is used chiefly in the manufacture of paint but has about two score other industrial applications. It is used both in the refining of and as an adulterant of sugar, in the making of fireworks and pottery, to give body to printers' inks and in insecticides, for adding weight to rubber goods and linoleum, in tanning leather and the making of wall paper, as an ingredient in sealing wax and certain ropes, in poker chips and the making of glass.

The men who dig the tiff are of French extraction. For just a bit over a hundred years Frenchmen and their descendants have mined lead and tiff in what are now Washington and St. François counties. The first explorers and prospectors of these foothills were a group of some 200 Frenchmen who came here in 1820 under the leadership of Philip Francis Renault and a M. LaMotte, "a man noted for his knowledge of minerals." The party came equipped for silver mining. Instead of silver they found lead and tiff.

Most of the land now is owned by the tiff companies, the largest of which—and also the dominant—is the National Pigment and Chemical Company, a subsidiary of the great National Lead Company. The land, hilly, infertile, covered by second-growth scrub timber, is useless for farming. Little shacks—the miners called them "corn-crib homes"—are spotted over the company land. Scores of them are log cabins built decades ago. Others are clap-board affairs, more rickety and poorer shelters than the ancient cabins. In these company "houses" the miners live.

They are "permitted" to dig for tiff on such sections of company land as are "open." Working either with a buddy, with a son or, in many cases, his wife, the miner will pick a spot where he can expect to "hit" tiff. Then he digs. Most of the land now open to mining has been worked and worked again in past decades. Sinking a shaft about five to six feet across, the miner will, if he is lucky, hit tiff somewhere between four and twelve feet down. But he may hit, instead, indications of an old shaft or an ancient drift. Then his labor of shaft sinking is lost; he just starts over again on a new spot. There are no regulation of hours or safety laws. No compensation for "dead work." The miner has no boss—no boss but hunger.

IF the miner hits tiff, it may be just chunks scattered through clay mineral formations or it may be a vein. The veins constitute the "pay dirt." If a vein is hit a miner follows it back into the ground with a "drift." Working on hands and knees, he digs out the tiff and hoists it to the top where it must be left to "dry"—that is for the clay which encrusts it to dry out. Then the clay must be cleared away and all foreign minerals knocked off with pick or hammer. In winter storms may come up and fill the shaft with snow; in fall and spring storms which wash shafts and drifts to ruin are frequent. All such misfortunes cost the miner dear in delay, cost the company nothing. After the tiff is cleaned of earth and unwanted minerals, it is loaded and hauled to the tiff mills, where it is weighed and payment made. There are, of course, no checkweighmen to watch that scales are not "doctored."

The company pays for hauling on a basis of distance from mine to mill. Some miners own their own teams and haul their own tiff while other workers devote all their time to hauling on a tonnage basis. Wives often help their husbands by working as haulers. Children are useful for going through the clay as it is tossed to the top to rescue small chunks of tiff. Hours of work by a child may add a cent or two to the returns of the family.

That's the background. The tiff strikers,



who talked about themselves and their lives with easy frankness and of their strike with pleased pride, furnished the action. Men in overalls and blue work shirts, young fellows in "regular" pants and white shirts open to the second button at the neck, boys dressed in the clothes they wear while digging (because they have no others) and frolicking kids sat "hunkered down" or lay in cool comfort under the trees around strike headquarters. The headquarters used to be a roadside filling station, lunch room and small dance hall. The strikers were waiting assignment to picket lines, or had "come in for news" or to make reports or ask help.

The atmosphere was as sociable as that of a school picnic or a family reunion. The idea of "THE NEW MASSES, a workers' magazine, printed just to tell about the struggles of the workers, all kinds of workers, all over the world" seemed mighty attractive.

As the men told their stories about work and wages before the strike began, it was easy to see they had, each of them, been thinking hard about their lives, their work and what work and living meant. The luxury of "loafing," the social contacts of the strike, the comradeship which came with "belonging to the union" were vividly precious things. These folks were enjoying themselves, savoring a new richness in life. Families that had known too much of nagging and quarrelsomeness which comes with overwork and worry were drawn together in understanding.

Young married couples who had struggled fiercely to earn enough to keep off relief were touched with tenderness toward each other. Lads were looking at the girls and in their eyes was the freshness of new dreams.

But tenderness and new dreams were not in the stories they told. They were stark stories of constant driving work which brought so little return that almost every family had been forced to turn to relief to maintain a two-meal-a-day living standard. And the meals were meager.

"Everybody's been on relief ever since relief started and working too," miners and their wives would explain. "You had to keep mining or the relief people wouldn't give you any relief and they gave little enough even so."

Eugene Boyer has been digging tiff for forty years. Ever since he was a kid of twelve. Born and reared right here in Washington County, he speaks with a trace of French accent. For months before the strike he earned \$1.50 and \$2 a week as a tiff miner. He asked relief. For the three weeks before the strike he got a total of \$4 from the relief office.

Boyer tried to be thrifty. He "made garden." In spite of poor soil. Worked all day at mining and then at night lighted a lantern and worked in his garden. He asked the mill boss for a bit more land for the garden.

"To hell with you," the mill boss told him. "You are a miner. Stick to your digging and don't try to be a farmer on company land.

That ain't why the company got the land. Dig tiff."

The same story told as endlessly as one would listen; tales of struggle and hunger become statistics. The women talked about the children and school. They want the children to "get some schooling." But hunger and the need of clothing constantly loomed to defeat them. Scarcely a tiff-mining family in Washington could have been found where father, mother, children each had one complete outfit of clothing. While one kid went to school others had to stay home, semi-naked. Stockings, even in winter, were luxuries. Last winter children by the score went to school with only small pieces of corn bread and a raw onion each as lunch.

Then demands were made by the miners and "the relief people" started serving lunches in the schools.

IT was really as a movement for increased relief that the recent strike started. The American Workers' Union is an organization of the unemployed of Missouri. Its main strength is in St. Louis, about 80 miles to the north and east of here. It is one of the organizations through which the United Front of St. Louis Communists and Socialists functions.

Organizers of the A.W.U. came into these parts and organized relief demonstrations. The demonstrations were effective. Relief allowances were boosted as much as two and three hundred percent. While the strike was on, Washington County was the only county in the state which didn't have its allotment from the state relief administration slashed. It was boosted. The "relief people" didn't want to try fooling around cutting budgets of workers who were already out on strike, picketing, feeling their strength and power.

All the time they were working on the relief problem A.W.U. organizers were learning about the situation in the tiff industry. The lads who had turned out for relief demonstrations were, it was apparent, fine organization material. Why not shift the power of the organization to the job of getting better pay?

While A.W.U. leaders were still considering that problem, one tiff mill boss refused to accept several loads of tiff from the men who had mined it. The loads were "dumped." Too "dirty," said the mill boss.

The mill boss was a new man to Washington county. He had come from over in the St. Francois County lead belt. He was going to show "these damn Frenchies" how to dig tiff. The "Frenchies," by then well leavened with A.W.U. members, weren't taking any of that stuff. They held meetings. They complained to the company. They threatened to do something.

Another company official came around, looked at the dumped tiff and said it was clean enough for any mill. But the miners were riled up. Thoroughly. They continued holding meetings. More and more joined up in the A.W.U. Talk of organization, union,

higher pay, strike swept across the county.

Demands for a raise of \$2 a ton for mining tiff were drawn up. They were served on the National Pigment and other companies. The companies stalled. The miners demanded action. The company would give its answer later.

But the companies have large reserve supplies of tiff stored on dumps at various spots around the county. The miners demanded that while the company was "considering," it should not move any of this stored tiff. The National Pigment got its injunction. They tried to move some stored tiff to the mills. The miners, not yet officially on strike, stopped that in spite of the injunction.

National Pigment officials who had promised to meet with the men on a certain day failed to show up to answer the miners' demands. They were busy trying to get reserve tiff to the mills. So the miners struck. The piles of reserve tiff were already being picketed. Lines were thrown around the mills and lads who looked as if they knew what to do if company officials tried any funny business halted all cars headed for the mills. They just wanted to see the passes. The sheriff tried it too. But he didn't get farther than did the company men. The mill workers, they were paid thirty cents an hour, came out too. They joined the picket lines.

A.W.U. officers told the strikers to continue getting relief. They got it.

The companies howled for the militia. The strikers announced they would raise the ante of their demands if troops came; the labor movement of Missouri gasped, then grinned and workers by the thousands all over the state growled: "By Jesus, those guys got sense; that's the thing to do—don't take it laying down—smack back." The tiff companies which had turned the heat on the governor turned it off again.

While they were trying to move tiff from the reserve supplies the companies had, in an evident attempt to divert attention from their shifty effort to trick the miners, offered to raise the pay rate \$1 a ton. The miners turned the offer down, flat.

A commissary to feed the pickets was set up in what had been the kitchen of the filling-station restaurant. A.W.U. branch unions and other workers' groups in St. Louis donated food. It was prepared in the commissary and the strikers knew they would get fed if they picketed. That many a lad knew he could fill his belly while he served his fellows didn't interfere with its effectiveness on picket duty.

Square meals meant cool heads, solid morale.

Then William F. White, federal labor conciliator, came into the county trying to "conciliate" the strike. He went around to the bosses. Talked to them, listened to their tales. Finally, at long last, he turned up at strike headquarters. With a tale of having driven more than 500 miles around the county, trying to find somebody who could talk for the strikers.

Newspaper men managed to find strike headquarters without any trouble. But not Mr. White, the conciliator.

The A.W.U. got out a circular telling in frank, open, simple language the role such "conciliators" play in strikes. Mr. White wasn't very useful to the bosses.

Then at a big county-wide meeting called to consider affiliation of the A.W.U. locals with the A.F. of L., the National Pigment distributed circulars saying they had "decided to open their . . . places of business" next day and offering \$1.50 tonnage increase if they "could resume normal operations without interference from anyone." The strike committee had told Mr. White that they were willing to deal with the companies. The circular offer was an attempt by the companies to ignore the miners' organization.

Without any fuss or fumbling, the miners voted to affiliate with the A.F. of L. and turn down the operators' offer since it had not been

made direct. The "places of business" didn't operate next day. The pickets were on duty. The companies went trailing after Governor Park with new demands for troops. The miners didn't even repeat their threat to raise their demands if troops came in. They knew the new plea for troops was the bunk; they treated it as the bunk.

Then, every dodge they had attempted met with quick, cool thinking or militant action; the companies backed down. They sent their officials to a mass meeting of the strikers to make their \$1.50 offer direct to the men. The men voted to accept. There is in the settlement no recognition of the new union. But, the miners feel, there is, in the way the companies were forced to submit their offer, a recognition of the power of the workers. The mechanics of affiliation with the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers' Union has to be handled. When that is taken care of, demands for recognition of the union can be handled.

Meanwhile the miners are very conscious, and very proud, of the fact that it was their own action, with rank-and-file leadership and domination, which has brought them their better pay.

Unhampered by the A.F. of L. high officialdom which worried about "the industry" and "the problems of the companies" and that sort of thing the tiff strikers were forced to depend directly and solely on themselves. And self dependence meant dependence on mass action. With the rank and file dominating and leading and furnishing the brains, the strikers were able to outsmart the bosses every time the bosses tried some slick trick. They can do it again if some new dodge is attempted. They also know why they were able to do it, what will be required if they are forced to act again. The miners have learned more from the strike than have the bosses. They are ready for any next move if any next move is attempted.

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

## From New Mexico

TO THE NEW MASSES:

I want to protest against a kind of bleating Y.M.C.A. note that has begun to creep into your articles on the Soviet Union and that reached a dismal climax in the recent anonymous "On a Soviet Steamer."

As the woman reports them, these sailors and sailorettes are impossible; the reader expects them at any moment to burst into "Brighten the Corner Where You Are" or "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag." I, and I believe thousands like me, am fed up to the gills with being told that Soviet workers sing at their work. So do Negroes on the chain gang. So do Pueblo Indians uprooted from their primitive Communist societies and thrown into pick-and-shovel gangs with white bosses. So do all oppressed and heartsick peoples. Sailors have always sung at their work. Inmates of Y.M.C.A. summer camps, soldiers drafted for slaughter, have organized "sings." Do Soviet workers sing like these?

What matters is not that they sing but the circumstances of their singing, and these the lady doesn't mention.

The reportable essence of Soviet society, of socialism in the making, has damn little to do with such peppermint-pink phrases as "She (the girl sailor) and her two helpers have *lots of fun*, chattering and laughing while they work," "The news broadcast was followed by music . . . and *very good music it was*," "Have just had (tea) with *dainty cakes, candies, etc.*," or the implication that the engine-throb on a Soviet ship, unlike a capitalist ship's, "is beautiful, as regular as the beating of a perfect running heart and almost musical." Such stuff, I admit, is sour garbage and should be disposed of similarly. As for the "lot of staid old Englishmen and young Americans" who "wiped away tears" at the young Soviet seaman's practical, un sentimental proposal to turn the collection over to be used for class-war prisoners in capitalist lands . . . really! Is your reporter satirizing the passengers? Not at all: she tells us "it was a most stirring scene"!

For Pete's sake, let's stir in a little vinegar!

Why shouldn't life under socialism include cake and candy as well as shock brigades? Did the lady expect broadcast Soviet music to be some brand of socialist cacophony? Isn't a sailor's sound social

consciousness properly the object of admiration rather than of tears?

The devil of it is that while trivia are distorted for us through the lady's pink lorgnette, the important things are largely left out. How did the skipper address his men? What was their attitude toward him? How do brigades compete on ship-board? How does the status of workers change in emergencies at sea? How is the presence of women in the crew (a condition foreign to us) handled on a Soviet ship? How does a Soviet crew handle an s.o.b. of a boatswain's mate? Or aren't there any such? If not, why not? A ship has always been the classic example of centralized authority; the Soviet Union is the land of workers' democracy; a perfect chance to illustrate the changed social and economic relations under socialism (the core of Soviet reality), has been muffed. Instead, the word "delicious" is used four times in nine lines describing the food.

THE NEW MASSES should insist on better reportage. Sentimental distortion is only less damaging than the hate-distortions of a Hearst.

PHILIP STEVENSON.

Santa Fe, New Mexico.

## From Moscow

TO THE NEW MASSES:

I have just completed a tour of Leningrad, Moscow, Gorky, down the Volga, Kazan, Samara, Saratov, Stalingrad, Ordjonikidze, the Georgian Military Highway, Tiflis, Batum, Yalta, Sebastopol, Odessa, Kiev and back to Moscow. I can now understand the exclamation of my cousin, Vladimir Matveyevich Kunitz: "I sing, Joshua. You understand? I sing! I get out of bed and sing. I go to bed and I sing. And always the words of the popular Soviet song ring in my ears: 'He who keeps in step with life, he shall never be lost!'"

What a marvelous life, what a marvelous epoch it is! Since my last visit in 1932-33 the land of the Soviets has become unrecognizable. The entire trip has been one continuous gasp of wonderment. The excellent shops, splendid window displays, asphalted streets, cars, trucks, buses, glittering new trams and trolley buses—noise, movement, snappy traffic cops, innumerable parks of culture and rest—*young trees, flowers along all main streets in all cities I visited—collars, ties, felt hats, European clothes, dance halls,*

cafes, new schools, new sanatoria and the universal spirit of song, joy and creative effort—these all one must see and experience really to believe.

The Moscow subway is not an isolated phenomenon: It is merely a superb symbol of the beautification of life that is proceeding at an inconceivable rate all over the U.S.S.R. The Soviet peoples are reaping the results of their superhuman labor and great initial sacrifices in industrializing and collectivizing the country. And this is just beginning.

From now on I will send a weekly cable interpreting briefly the Soviet news of the week. Also every other week I shall send an article dealing in detail with some phase of Soviet life. Greetings.

JOSHUA KUNITZ.

Moscow, U.S.S.R.

## The Murder of Joe Spinner

TO THE NEW MASSES:

On July 11 Joe Spinner Johnson, Negro sharecropper, was working in his 12-acre cotton field near Greensboro, Perry County. It was a beautiful field of heavy-fruited cotton. Last year another sharecropper had made \$600 for the landlord from this field. During the morning B. J. Young, the landlord, and Locke Trainer, the overseer, came to get Joe. The three of them walked off through the woods together. As Joe looked back at his little son running between the rows of cotton, he did not realize it would be the last time he would ever see him or his family or the fields.

On the other side of the patch of woods Joe met a landlord vigilante gang. They bound him hog fashion, with a board behind his neck, tying his hands and feet in front of him so he could not move. He was brutally beaten and carried to the Selma, Dallas County jail. Here he remained until about 11 o'clock that night. Then the inmates of the jail heard a terrible commotion, beating and screaming which went on for about an hour. The next morning Joe was not in the jail.

A few days later a dead Negro was found in a field near Greensboro. No coroner's inquest was held. No attempt was made to identify the body. To the Southern ruling class it was "just another dead nigger." However, friends saw the body and knew it was the body of Joe Spinner Johnson.

Virginia Johnson, Joe's wife, had been sick in

bed, under doctor's care, for about 5 weeks. Joe had not come home. Her eight children were without anyone to look after them. They were practically without food.

Then Locke Trainer, the overseer, came and told her they must move right away. He consoled Mrs. Johnson by telling her the landlords were not sore at her, it was just that "no 'count husband of hers. He was organizing against the white folks in that damn union." Trainer said it was best that she move right away because they were not in debt to the landlord now and they would be if they stayed much longer. He promised that the landlord would "treat her right." Even if there was a 40 cent or a 10 cent profit he would see that she got it. The rich field of cotton, the same field that had brought \$600 the year before, would net them 40 cents or a dime after a season's back-breaking toil in the fields. Sad, disheartened, destitute and miserable, Mrs. Johnson was forced to move. The landlord would not move her. She had to get her father to move her away from the fields that they had worked, the fields that gave promise of a little meal, sow-belly and syrup for the winter.

Joe Johnson was a militant leader of the Share Croppers' Union in Perry County. He had told his wife all about the Union. Determined that something should be done she came to see Governor Graves, but a convenient secretary turned her off. She tried Attorney General Carmicheal, but he had a secretary too. His secretary referred her to Mayor Joseph H. James of Greensboro to get action and said that the murderers should get life imprisonment or the electric chair. However, he denied Mrs. Johnson the use of the state machinery with which to prosecute the lynchers.

Because of the extreme terror in Dallas and Perry Counties this whole story of gruesome murder and lynching was held out of the public eye. The Dallas County Senator's defense of the Sedition Bill "giving authorities legal means of taking care of a situation which they must now deal with AS BEST THEY CAN" presents a vivid picture of the support the ruling class gives to this terror against the toiling white and Negro workers.

The same public officials were responsible for the murder of John Foster, Negro I.L.D. organizer, in Dallas County. The same brutal tactics were used. The same jailors turned him over to the lynchers. The same terror against the working class.

This terror must be stopped! The lives of leaders of the working people mean nothing to the greedy landlords and their lynch gangs! Governor Graves and the whole state government apparatus refuse to do a thing about this wanton murder. The Share Croppers Union calls upon all white and Negro people who believe in human rights to flood Governor Graves, Montgomery, Ala., Attorney General Carmichael, Montgomery, Ala., Mayor Joseph James, Greensboro, Ala., and Attorney General Cummings, Washington, D. C., with letters and resolutions putting forward the following demands:

1. The immediate arrest and conviction of B. J. Young and Locke Trainer of Greensboro, the Selma jail officials and all others implicated in this act, for murder! Death penalty for the lynchers!
2. That Negro and white sharecroppers and tenants compose the jury that will try these lynchers.
3. That the Federal Government intervene to see that the lynchers are prosecuted and that the death penalty is meted out to them!
4. That the State of Alabama contribute \$100 a month to the upkeep of Virginia Johnson and her 8 children for the rest of her natural life.

In spite of the murder and terror raging in Alabama the Share Croppers Union is forging ahead faster than ever. The same spirit of fighting Unionism that led the landlords to lynch Joe Johnson is being carried into the preparations for a Cotton Pickers Strike this year to raise wages of the starving farm toilers.

Every person who opposes the Hitler Terror in Germany, who stands for human rights, who believes human beings have the right to eat, and live,

must join the struggle to force the prosecution of the lynchers, must put in his protest to stop the terror drive of the landlords and their lynch gangs with tacit agreement of state officials.

ALBERT JACKSON, Sec'y,  
Share Croppers Union.

Montgomery, Ala.

### Teacher-Mothers

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Motherhood, to New York City teachers, is punishable by fine—unless in these days of increased family dependents (and unemployed husbands), the teacher who wants a child can also bear two years of payless existence. Eight teachers were tried recently for bearing children without subjecting themselves to the due punishment provided for by the Board of Education—namely, two years loss of work and pay. But they did not get away with it. Unmoved by the plea of the teachers that they could not afford the payless leave, the board fined them from two to ten months' pay.

This banker-headed and banker controlled body could not sanction at this time such a mass violation of the by-laws. They had "to make an example" of the eight teachers because "there had been an increasing tendency on the part of married teachers to be tardy in reporting motherhood."

The issue for teachers has become painfully clear. In the Soviet Union, all of the eight teachers would have been given leave of absence with full pay, besides free medical attention, as soon as they had reported their approaching motherhood. What can they do in these capitalist United States? To defy the by-laws as they did was to put themselves at the mercy of men whose business it is to make them shoulder the burden of the crisis. The workers and professionals of old Russia solved such problems by following the revolutionary leadership of the proletariat. These teachers must do the same.

S. E. BENTON.

## Letters in Brief

In a letter to President Roosevelt, the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners protests the threat to break the Camden strike by using marines against the workers. The Committee asks the President "to censor the action of Navy Department Officials . . . and to take proper action under the authority vested in you to put a definite stop to the use, or threatened use, of federal armed forces to settle industrial struggles."

The American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born informs us that the flood of protest forced Ellis Island officials to extend John Ujich's time so that he can arrange departure to some country other than Italy. John Ujich, anti-fascist and foe of Mussolini, was ordered deported from this country—though the right of asylum has long been a tradition of the American people.

A campaign is now being conducted by the Office Workers' Union, they write us, to prevent increase in hours from 40 to 45 as announced by department-store executives. On September 14, a flying squadron of pickets will cover Gimbel's, Macy's, Saks 34th Street, Lord and Taylor, Arnold Constable and Franklin Simons. "The forty-five-hour week means a wage cut and discharge of thousands," the union organizer stated. A mass meeting has also been called by the union for August 28 at Irving Plaza, 15th Street and Irving Place.

Lee Bradley of Los Angeles writes that the Southern California Council of the American Youth Congress has centered its activity for labor organization "on workers and young people who are trying to organize at the present time of the California Sanitary Canning Co. in Los Angeles." Students and workers, Socialists and Communists, work together in unity for the immediate and socially-apparent demands of labor. Deplorable conditions in the canning industry exist throughout the state, the letter adds.

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# REVIEW AND COMMENT

## Pareto: Apostle of Force and Deception

The first half of this review appeared last week.—THE EDITORS.

*MIND AND SOCIETY* (*Trattato di Sociologia Generale*). By Vilfredo Pareto. Edited by Arthur Livingston. Translated by Andrew Bongiorno and Arthur Livingston, with the advice and cooperation of James Harvey Rogers. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1935, 4 vols. \$20.

**T**HE *Theory of Residues*.—Pareto divides human conduct into two compartments—the logical and the non-logical. In the first category, the “logical,” he includes activities studied within the compass of natural science and economics; the balance is left to the second category, the “non-logical,” which constitutes the central theme of the book. Thus under non-logical conduct he discusses morals, religion, politics and social movements and lumps together primitive superstition, the Christian religion, socialism, etc., regarding them as different in form but identical in substance. He has entirely disregarded the fact that as human knowledge increases and the realm of the unknown becomes progressively reduced, the sphere in which non-logical conduct operates is also proportionately reduced. This is what Engels so aptly describes as the process of transformation of thing-in-itself into thing-for-us. This is a most important aspect of the law of dialectics which can by no means be regarded as a metaphysical entity, but is itself a product of human experience. The dialectical-materialist *Weltanschauung* came into being when human knowledge had reached a stage advanced enough to discard the supernaturalism of religion and the metaphysics of the unknowable (the Kantian thing-in-itself), and in their place, to erect the science of Communism.

This elementary scientific truth, Pareto does not grasp. Instead, he explores the nature of non-logical conduct through a study of the most superficial manifestations of social life. Taking his material largely from anecdotes from Greek and Roman history and modern newspaper clippings, he laboriously classifies them. He locates the basis of non-logical conduct in a “psychic state,” called “sentiment,” manifested in six “residues,” consisting of (1) Instinct for Combinations; (2) Group-persistences, (3) Need of Expressing sentiments by Eternal Acts, (4) Residues connected with socialty, (5) Individual Integrity, (6) The Sex Residue. The six “residues” are supposed to be “the principles underlying non-logical actions or reasoning,” and the non-logical theories de-

signed to explain, justify, demonstrate the “residues” are called “derivations.” The key to the whole structure lies in the “residues” which are supposed to be *constant elements* that enter into the determining of the “social equilibrium.”

Pareto thought that by the theory of “residues” he had made a new scientific discovery which would be the key to a deeper understanding of what he calls non-logical conduct. But there are fundamental weaknesses in the theory which deprive it of any scientific value and leave it a mere gathering of maladroit redefinitions.

The first weakness of the theory is that Pareto’s method of classification is not scientific. He actually has done nothing more than to apply the time-worn Kantian theory of categories. The six residues are subjective and preconceived categories projecting into the data examined by the author rather than suggested by the data themselves. Take almost any non-logical action or reasoning. It can always be traced to more than one of the six “residues,” or even to each and all of them. Such a classification can hardly serve any scientific purpose. Even in his analysis of social movement later in the book, the author merely makes use of the first two categories and leaves the other four entirely out of account. It is true that the phenomenon described by the author has objective existence, but the categories themselves are arbitrarily introduced and, to say the least, are useless as scientific instruments.

The second point to be noted is that Pareto formulated his categories of “residues” through an analysis of a proposition or theory which he regards as consisting of two elements. The constant and underlying element is called a “residue,” while the transitory and derivative element is given the name, “derivation.” Thus, both “residues” and “derivations,” being elements in a theory or proposition, are primarily phenomena belonging to the realm of the mind and not that of matter. In other words, “residues” are categories formulated by Pareto to represent certain *attitudes* which Pareto, practically tears apart from the environment that shaped them and regards as the basis of “derivations” and as independent elements determining the “social equilibrium.”

The third point to be examined is the fact that Pareto regards “residues” as *constant elements* entering into the determination of the “social equilibrium.” After examining a host of social facts, he concludes that “the main element in such happenings is in fact supplied by sentiments [“residues”], which have varied but slightly between Aristotle’s

time and our own. . . . classes of residues vary but slightly and but slowly, and they may therefore be counted among the elements that determine the constant, virtually constant or at least not very variable element in historical phenomena.” This conclusion was reached because Pareto’s categories of “residues” are so vague and general that very different facts can be classified as similar phenomena. For instance, from the materialist point of view, both the cause and consequences of Catiline’s conspiracy and the German Reformation were different, and though the two events are both class struggles, the material forces motivating the struggle are entirely different because of the differences in the economic constitution of the two social systems. But Pareto explains them in the same manner, both being struggles between people rich in combination “residues” (cunning and skill in political manipulations) and people rich in group-persistence “residues” (courage and group fighting spirit). This way of presenting history does not only overlook the basic qualitative changes in the social system, but also obscures the fact of man’s increasing ability to control nature and the forces of history.

Finally, it is important to note that “residues” are manifestations of a mysterious entity called “psychic state” or “sentiments,” whose meaning Pareto never clearly defines. In one place, Pareto regards non-logical actions as “originating chiefly in definite psychic states, sentiments, subconscious feelings and the like.” In other places he speaks of sentiments as “instinctive.” On one occasion he even speaks of non-logical conduct as dependent upon environment. To this vague and mysterious entity he gives the name “sentiments,” and consigns the task of investigating them to psychology. In the meantime, he proposes to start his investigation in sociology “with them [sentiments] as data of fact, without going beyond that.” Thus Pareto rules one of the central problems of “sociology” outside the study of “sociology,” “Psychic state,” is itself a social phenomenon. While human activities are motivated through certain mental states, the mental state itself is determined by the network of social relationships which are rooted in the degree of development of material production. Thus, historical materialism, or the Marxian philosophy of history “pointed the way to a comprehensive, an all-embracing study of the rise, development, and decay of social economic structures” (Lenin). Pareto, on the other hand, pretends to write a *Treatise of General Sociology*, a synthesis of all branches of social sciences, “which aims at studying human society in general,” but begins by ruling out an important element in the relation between the individual and society. The finished product is not a soci-

ological system, but a badly constructed contraption built upon the sandy foundation of his arbitrary categories of "manifestation of sentiment."

*The Theory of the Elites (a fascist theory of "Revolution").*—Pareto's theory of the "residues" was formulated as a step toward his theory of social movement (revolution), *the theory of the "elites" or "class-circulation."* According to the theory, "every people is governed by an elite, by a chosen element in the population." So there are "two strata in a population: (1) a lower stratum, the non-elite . . . then (2) a higher stratum, the elite." Social movement is supposed to be brought about by the change of sentiments manifested in the change of "residues" which results from what he calls "the circulation of the elite," the moving of certain elements of the population from the elite to the non-elite or vice versa.

"Changes in Class I (instinct of combination) and Class II (group-persistence) 'residues' occurring within the two social strata," explains Pareto, "have an important influence in determining the social equilibrium. They have been consciously observed by laymen under a special form, as changes in religious sentiment, so called, in the higher stratum of society. It has often been noted that there were times when religious sentiments seemed to lose ground, others when they seemed to gain strength, and that such undulations corresponded to social movements of very considerable scope. The uniformity might be more exactly described by saying that in the higher stratum of society Class II residues gradually lose in strength, until now and again they are reinforced by tides upwelling from the lower stratum."

This theory of social movement as resulting from a change in the sentiment of the ruling class is even more clearly expressed in his *theory of revolution*. According to Pareto, "In virtue of class circulation, the governing elite is always in a state of slow and continuous transformation. . . . Revolution comes about through accumulations in the higher strata of society—either because of a slowing down in class circulation, or from other causes—of decadent elements no longer possessing the residues suitable for keeping them in power, and shrinking from the use of force; while meantime in the lower strata of society elements of superior quality are coming to the fore, possessing residues suitable for exercising the functions of government and willing enough to use force." This theory is even more clearly stated in another connection. "In the long run," says Pareto, "the differences in temperament between the governing class and the subject class becomes gradually accentuated, the combination-instincts tend to predominate in the ruling class, and instincts of group-persistence in the subject class. When that difference becomes sufficiently great, revolution occurs."

Thus Pareto's synthesis results in a theory of social change and "revolution" built by two "residues." Conveniently leaving the four other "residues" entirely out of the picture, Pareto portrays human society as a

drama of eternal combat between social groups embodying antagonistic sentiments which are manifested in the opposing "residues" of combination and group-persistence. It is easy to see how such a "theory" provides a justification for the fascist dictatorship by terrorist rule and demagoguery, discussed at the beginning of the review.

*Pareto's "General Form of Society."*—Although Pareto is not naive enough to claim that sentiments are the only factor that have sociological significance, his sociology is primarily a treatise of "sentiments." It is true he states expressly that the form of society is determined by all the elements acting and reacting upon one another. It is also true that among those elements he includes geographical factors, influence of other societies, race, residues (attitudes), proclivities, interests, aptitude for thought and observation, state of knowledge, etc. However, the only element he discusses in detail in the book is "residues" (manifestation of sentiments) and the other factors are merely mentioned. In the concluding volume of the book, Pareto tries to show "mutual correlation between an undulatory movement in residues and an undulatory movement in derivations and between these movements and other social phenomena, among which, very especially, the economic." Stating the problem of sociology more broadly, Pareto claims that he regards it to be "the problem of undulations in the various elements constituting social phenomena and of the mutual relations of those elements and their undulations." But even in the final volume of the book where he attempts to achieve a synthesis and describe what he calls "the general form of society," he devotes most of his attention to "residues" and "derivations" and the broad problem of "sociology" as he formulates it in the above quotation is merely stated, but by no means solved.

What are the mutual relations of the various social elements constituting social phenomena and their undulations? To Pareto, "mutual relation" between social elements means "interdependence." In other words, "mutual relations" means "mutual relations." As to the nature of the relationship and the relative importance of the various elements, he offers no answer. However, he took the trouble to try to refute Marx and deny the basic role of the economic factor. Too clever to make a straight denial of the obvious, he prepares his attack upon historical materialism by making the following remark: "There is a general recognition that, on the whole, sentiments tend to vary with occupation. Along that line the so-called theory of economic materialism might be linked up with the theory of residues by correlating residues with economic status, and as far as it goes such a correlation would undoubtedly be sound." Immediately after making this important admission, however, he launched his attack. He says, "It goes wrong, however, in isolating economic status from other social factors, towards which, on the con-

trary, it stands in a relation of interdependence, and, further in envisaging a single relation of cause and effect, whereas there are many, many such relations all functioning simultaneously." Thus, we see, Pareto's conception of social causality is diametrically opposed to that of Marx. This is a difference in methodology which is basic and leads to far-reaching results.

Marxism recognizes the priority of matter over mind and regards material factors as the basic forces that determine social development. Idea, sentiment, all mental and psychic factors, of course, exert their influence, but their role is secondary and indirect. The mind, which is the higher manifestation of the organization of matter, can only influence social development indirectly by setting material forces in motion. For instance, as stated previously, Pareto's concept of "residue," which he defines as the manifestation of a psychic state or substantial element in a proposition or theory as against the contingent element, which is called a "derivation," is primarily a *principle of action and not action itself*, and as such it is an ideological and not a material entity. There is interaction between material and ideological forces in society in the sense that they influence each other, but the mental factor is always a matter of superstructure and can never be of basic importance. Marxism does not "isolate economic status from other social factors" as Pareto erroneously states; what it does is to distinguish carefully the material basis of society from its ideological superstructure, while taking due consideration of the influence that ideas exert upon society. In recognizing the existence of objective reality (matter) independent of mind and in maintaining the priority of matter, the Marxists are not, as Pareto intimates, "envisaging a single relation of cause and effect," but are given cognizance to fundamental attributes of reality. Pareto's narrow positivist methodology precludes him from ever understanding this basic feature of dialectical materialism and renders it impossible for him to understand the materialist conception of history. ("Economic determinism" and "economic materialism" are very misleading terms for the Marxist theory of history.)

Instead of analyzing the material forces in society, Pareto devotes his inquiries almost exclusively to a study of the manifestations of "psychic state," or sentiment. This leads him to exaggerate the irrationality of men, picture society as a theatre in which people of different temperaments arrayed in opposing classes blindly carry on perpetual class warfare. Such a world cannot offer any prospect of a fundamental change in the social structure. Hence, there must always be a ruling class and a subject class. Since force decides on which side of the line one stands, force is glorified by Pareto.

Marxism on the other hand approaches the study of society by centering attention on the fundamental problem of the material basis of society, the mode of production. Changes in

the mode of production alters the relative strength of the various classes in society which always results in social disturbances. When the change is great enough to reverse the position of the classes in society and bring about a transfer of power, a revolution occurs. If the revolution is successful, society will be reconstituted on a new basis. In the case of the modern capitalist world such a revolution will result in the establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat and usher in a classless society. With the disappearance of classes, class antagonism naturally ceases to exist and society will be the collective life of free individuals, instead of being a battleground for classes. Social development, then, will not proceed through periodic violent social disturbances, but will advance under the conscious organized guidance of mankind. This is the logical conclusion of the Marxian theory of society and history, which has already been borne out by the remarkable achievements in the Soviet Union. This is what Marx meant when he declared in concluding his *Poverty of Philosophy*: "It is only in an order of things in which there will be no longer classes or class antagonism that *social revolution* will cease to be *political revolution*."

Thus, Marxism discovers the laws of motion in society, analyzes the tendencies inherent in capitalism, offers humanity the perspective of a classless society in the process of development and emphasizes the historical role of the proletariat in actively bringing about the realization of this historical process. It is easy to see how such a theory which reflects the historical tendencies of our epoch and nourishes and guides the struggle of the proletariat and its allies is regarded as the

deadliest poison by the bourgeoisie and their theoreticians such as Pareto.

*Rationalization of the Irrational.*—Pareto attempts to build up a system of sociology as an antithesis to historical materialism, but he has failed miserably. His imposing volumes present no system and do not even cover the whole field that is generally considered within the scope of sociology. What he offers is a grand gesture to justify the irrational attitude and insane violence of the ruling class of today. The fact that the book was written in 1916 and revised in 1923 serves as an important index to the socio-economic condition which the theory reflects. The last world war is the first major imperialist war which signified the beginning of the general crisis of capitalism. History tells us that the philosophy of a rising class has always been noted for its emphasis upon the efficacy of reason while the ideology of the declining class has usually reflected a mode of anger and despair that shuts its doors to reason. Capitalism was ushered in by the rationalist philosophy of the eighteenth century French materialists. The bourgeoisie at that time trusted reason because capitalism was still traveling on the broad highway of progress and reason could adequately serve as its guide; although the limited vision of the bourgeoisie erroneously regarded reason as an abstract principle which inevitably leads to the mistakes of philosophical idealism. Now capitalism is in a blind alley and the failure to find a way out results in a mad search for an exit and loss of confidence in reason. The moribund bourgeoisie is in deadly need of a philosophy that will rationalize its irrational attitudes. Pareto is one of the high priests of the capitalist academic world who have essayed to meet this need. HANSU CHAN.

## Another Story

*THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION; Our Oriental Heritage, by Will Durant. Simon and Schuster. \$5.*

IT IS hard to say anything except in commendation of a work of intensive scholarship, conceived on a monumental scale, carried out with meticulous industry, to which the author has devoted some seven years of his life, clearly as a labor of love. Any work thus fashioned cannot fail to offer much of interest and instruction. One would therefore like to review Dr. Durant's book in the same uniformly laudatory manner as he himself reviews the achievements of Oriental civilizations. For Dr. Durant is a very nice man. Although he considerably apologizes in his preface for certain passages, chiefly of Biblical criticism, which may cause offense to some of his readers, none of the people who are the object of his survey, however tender we may suppose their ectoplasmic epidermis to be, could find any offense in his appreciative treatment of their deeds on earth and his delicate reserve concerning their less admirable traits and doings. Not even the delicate feelings of Japa-

nese militarists could be ruffled. Dr. Durant views with liberal charity those more sanguinary and treacherous features of their policies, remarking that after all other imperialists do the same—which appears a rather strange argument for a moral philosopher. And his last word is to the effect that their reasonable aspirations should be treated with friendly sympathy by "us," that is by the government of the United States. For in speaking of Japanese, Egyptians, Assyrians, etc., Dr. Durant seldom draws a distinction between people and rulers and a casual reader might run away with the impression that the author is writing about classless societies. Dr. Durant regards, indeed, civilization as the work of Man, with a capital M, and as the outcome of a continuous concern to achieve social and cultural decency by a process of trial and error. (Cf. *Breakdown*, Chap. 1).

But a reviewer who should be as nice as is Dr. Durant would fall short of the duties of his function as a critic in the same manner as Dr. Durant falls short of his as a philosophical historian. Like the surgeon,

the critic must harden his heart. The duty is all the more imperative because the significance and importance of historical interpretation are entirely different today from what they were when the leisurely survey of the past could be a merely delectable contemplative pursuit. History is the determinant of all else in the human world and the intelligent understanding of it is the foundation of vital judgments.

In the present large installment of Dr. Durant's colossal plan the section dealing with the Near East reaches to the time of the Alexandrine empire and deals with the Oriental civilizations, that supplied the cultural materials which, transmuted by Greece, laid the foundations of Western civilization; the treatment of the civilizations of India and the Far East brings them down to the present day.

Before entering upon that vast theme, Dr. Durant has four chapters on those antecedents of civilization which have determined much of its subsequent growth and the study of which is sometimes spoken of as social anthropology. The brief account of the features of pre-civilized society is perhaps the most satisfactory portion of the book. It is to me a matter of gratification, which is by no means purely personal, that the account is very different from what it would have been had it been written before the publication of my criticisms of prevailing academic views. In contrast with most of the latter, Dr. Durant freely recognizes the Communistic character of primitive societies. He strives, however, in a long note (p. 18) to take the sting out of the admission.

Perhaps one reason why communism tends to appear at the beginning of civilization is that it flourishes most readily in times of dearth, when the common danger of starvation fuses the individual into the group. When abundance comes, and the danger subsides, social cohesion is lessened, and individualism increases; communism ends where luxury begins. . . . Every growing civilization is a scene of multiplying inequalities; the natural differences of human endowment unite with differences of opportunity to produce artificial differences of wealth and power; and where no laws or despots suppress these artificial inequalities they reach at last a bursting point where the poor have nothing to lose by violence, and the chaos of revolution levels men again into a community of destitution.

The view that civilization and social decency are mutually exclusive is somewhat superficial, but is in thorough accordance with the essential pessimism of religious idealism.

Dr. Durant is, however, anything but a crusty reactionary, nor is he consciously concerned with drawing a red herring across the track of historical judgment. Quite the contrary. His incidental judgments, though none is original, are collated and selected with as much care and discrimination as his facts, and he is not afraid to run counter to influential authority. Thus, for example, on the question of the derivation of cultural elements in Lower Egypt from Western Asia, he quite rightly stands up against the author-

ity of most Egyptologists and of Breasted in particular. (Breasted, whom Dr. Durant follows in general too faithfully, is indispensable as a source, but a very bad guide as to judgments.) Dr. Durant falls, however, into the opposite error of regarding Egypt as a cultural province of Western Asia and is unaware that the foundations of Egyptian cultural-social tradition are purely African (Budge is not listed in his bibliography.) Dr. Durant thus misses the key to a cultural history of ancient Egypt, in which two currents react on one another, but seldom mingle.

He is much more sure of his ground in dealing with ancient Jewish culture and is not afraid to brush aside most apologetic interpretations, although his account of Jewish "monotheism," being ideological rather than sociological, falls short of historical realism. But Dr. Durant deals with due, though restrained, severity with the "Bible-is-true" pseudo-archeology of Professor Garstang, whose expeditions to Jericho in the hope of finding Joshua's trumpet are today regarded with reverential admiration in parson-ridden England.

The most fundamental and vital principle of historical philosophy which Dr. Durant has adopted is his uncompromising rejection of racial views. "There are no racial conditions to civilization," he says. "It is not the great race that makes the civilization, it is the great civilization that makes the people." Had Dr. Durant applied consistently that truth and followed it up in its consequences, his work would have had a very different value.

That work is not intended to be a general or a social history, but a history of "civilization." Dr. Durant defines civilization as "social order promoting cultural creation." But in point of fact, he does not stop to investigate very deeply the relation between

various kinds of "social order" and the "cultural creations" which they promoted. He is interested in those "creations," and his plan thus resolves itself into a catalogue or inventory of "achievements" or "contributions" to what is conceived as "civilization." He lists those achievements and contributions with orderly method. They are, he says (1) labor, (2) government, (3) morality, (4) religion, (5) science, (6) philosophy, (7) letters, (8) art. His entries on the balance sheet of "civilization" are all on the credit side. The simple reader would scarcely ever be led to suspect from anything that Dr. Durant says that a civilization can ever produce and perpetuate by transmission anything bad and pernicious. Whatever a civilization produces is a "contribution." Even the savage practice of circumcision in Egypt, for example, is listed as a "contribution"—to hygiene. This despite the large body of competent opinion which regards the practice as having nothing to do, either in intention or effect, with hygiene.

The "contribution" which bulks most largely in the heritage derived by Western civilization from the Oriental theocracies is Oriental religion. Dr. Durant makes no allusion to the view that the "contribution" has been the most calamitous and pernicious factor which has stultified civilization, stifled those very cultures which produced it, destroyed the first European civilization and crippled the second. Although he has so far come under the influence of transforming modern outlooks as to recognize unequivocally that civilization has nothing to do with race, but is the outcome of social conditions—which amounts to saying that the mind of civilized man is a social product—yet he fails to perceive that the very principle and purpose of Oriental religions, the personal salvation of the individual by one

means or another, flies directly in the face of that premise. His final summing up of the supreme contribution and function of Oriental civilizations is that they have prepared the way for Plato. In a book which is a little masterpiece, *Four Stages of Greek Religion*, Professor Gilbert Murray has described that process for which the Orient "prepared the way" as the "failure of nerve" and the setting in of the decay and putrescence that is embodied in Plato in the Greek civilization which, by the very fact that it protected itself for a time against Oriental religions, laid the foundations of Western culture and made it possible. Dr. Durant cites, on the contrary, with reverential approval from the *Upanishads* one of the most ancient expressions of that perverse and fatal *non sequitur* which runs through the long tale of religious metaphysics—the belittling of reason, the sole instrument of growth of the human animal and the preconization in its stead of the irrational. Whether formally coupled with what Dr. Durant terms "excess theological baggage" or not, that fundamental religious distortion of human judgment and sanity is "the opium of the people"—but it is much more. It has nullified the sincerity of minds fighting for liberation, but which were products of religious civilizations. It has, incidentally, incapacitated Dr. Durant from writing philosophical history.

Nearly a fourth of his book is devoted to India, and the larger portion of it wallows with emotional gusto in the abracadabra of the specious and spurious Wisdom of the East. The section culminates in the apotheosis of Mahatma Gandhi, who by virtue of that wisdom, has postponed the possibility of the liberation of the Indian people. Dr. Durant concludes with the hope that "perhaps in return for conquest, arrogance and spoliation, India will teach us the tolerance and gentleness of the mature mind, the quiet content of the unacquisitive soul, the calm of the understanding spirit and a unifying, pacifying love for all living things." A great love for, at any rate, the living people inspired both Tolstoi, Ghandi's master and model, and Lenin. But the effective results of that love is mystic-irrational minds self-centred in religious idealism, and in a realistic and rational mind have proved very different.

Crippled by outlooks derived from liberal religious emotionalism, and glancing up as to guiding stars to Rabindranath Tagore and Count Keyserling, Dr. Durant's "contribution" remains utterly and hopelessly pedestrian. Far from manifesting "an understanding spirit" and a "mature mind," it appears to address itself to morons.

It is written in a good, simple style, studiously avoiding emphasis, and verging at times on simplism. And, lest the philosophical student should experience linguistic difficulties, he is provided with a glossary which informs him that "chef-d'oeuvre" means masterpiece, "cuisine" cooking, "siesta" a short sleep, "terracotta" baked clay, etc., etc.

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Were the work offered as a popular survey of some of the products of various historical cultures, the conscientious industry with which Dr. Durant has carried out that task of compilation would call for little more than unqualified commendation. But he expressly claims and professes to offer a philosophical history, to "contemplate, in their causes, character, and effects," those products

of culture which he reviews, and he even tells us that "the passion for philosophy has laid the compulsion to try to see things whole, to pursue perspective, unity and understanding through history." He does not approach even within glimpsing distance of such purpose. And, in history, to fail to understand is to misrepresent and mislead.

ROBERT BRIFFAULT.

## New Heroes and Heroines

*THOSE WHO BUILT STALINGRAD, as told by themselves. Drawings by Fred Ellis, foreword by Maxim Gorky. International Publishers. \$1.*

THE proletarian writer in a capitalistic country is confronted with certain limitations and restrictions. It is not difficult, of course, to indict truthfully and vigorously the world we should like to lose, but it is not so easy to write convincingly of the world to be won—the future socialist society. The American proletarian novel still adheres pretty closely to the patterns of defeat, frustration, suffering and struggle—not against time or nature—but against human oppressors. There are temporary triumphs, portents of the future but dimly seen as yet. Readers and critics clamor for something solid; some clear picture of the new life in its day by day aspects.

*Those Who Built Stalingrad* is a book whose content can be felt and examined, every dimension explored and realized. It is like stone beside the fabricated falsefronts of the Hollywood apologists and romancers. It is the kind of thing we need to steel us and to give us faith to battle for the life we see ahead, but have not lived. This is the heroic, collective epic of the men and women who built a great tractor plant and set it in motion. There are fourteen stories of the workers and engineers, unadorned, not sidetracked on psychological excursions by which the bourgeois artist, empty of any important ideas, labors to lend interest to his creations. These stories of the Stalingrad workers smell of air, earth, wood, fire, and water—sweat, too—not of the musty cloisters of the library. They are wholesome, good and familiar to any one who has worked with his hands, like beans and bacon to a miner coming off his shift, or a draught of cold spring water to a farmer who has hoed all day in the sun. How they will impress academic critics whose callouses are on their buttocks rather than on their hands does not matter.

There are men and women whose hands take lovingly to a tool or a machine, and their stories are here. Even in the capitalistic world where the machine is used as a means of exploitation, workers take pride in their tasks, but this pride is quenched by the realization that greater efficiency and speedier work too often means overstocked warehouses and turns the creators of wealth out into the streets to root hog or die. At Stalingrad it was not always easy, but there

was always the joy of knowing a new world was being assisted from the cocoon of the old.

"Who are they—these men and women who helped to make the Stalingrad Tractor Plant?" ask Ilyin and Galin in a postscript. "They are members of that class which is now the rising class, while the bourgeoisie is the declining class—of that class which took its own destiny into its own hands in October, 1917, and which since that time has been building a new socialist society. We have chosen only one factory and these are only a dozen people from that factory, but can we not say that their various life stories blend together into one whole, and that that whole may be expressed in an upward curve of growth, in an upward curve of the development and unfolding of human personality in a society where there is no such shame as the exploitation of man by man?"

"There is no place for them in the literature of the bourgeoisie. There they are consigned to obscurity, to the backyards and alleys, to holes and corners. Bourgeois literature possesses neither the strength nor the capacity to show their true face. But they can be portrayed in their full stature in the literature of the victorious proletariat. And our Soviet literature has already set about the great and difficult task of depicting the class of the new masters of life."

The udarnik at Stalingrad is a more heroic character than Napoleon or a master of finance. We must not only realize this fact, but know that the udarnik's story is more important and interesting, too. The run of the first tractor off the line at Stalingrad was more important to workers than the oft-told encounters of history. Novelists who keep trying to titillate jaded readers with the paprika of sex and faked aestheticism should seek new heroes and heroines who believe in the world of *Those Who Built Stalingrad*, those who affirm the natural goodness of the man and the woman unstultified by capitalism. Mother Jones, Debs, Mother Bloor, Bob Minor, Angelo Herndon, and the thousands of semi-anonymous organizers and leaders—these are the breed of the "heavenstormers." The builders will come after.

Meanwhile, we'll read *Those Who Built Stalingrad* and from these heroes and heroines of the world to be won we can gather fresh enthusiasm and hope.

JACK CONROY.

## Stylish Miss Cather

LUCY GAYHEART, by Willa Cather. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.

A VAPID story dedicated to the genteel version of American provincial life. After Miss Cather retreated from the democratic sentimentalization of the emigrant-pioneer West, she veered, for the sake of her readers, in the reactionary-sentimental direction, toward aristocrats and saints of the church, characters from the Old World in the crude American wilderness. Her early books accompanied the optimism and social reform of figures like Jane Addams' just before and during the war; her second group came at a time when middle-class America grew conscious of Europe—when the franc and the lira and the pound and the mark and the peseta permitted.

This story is on a new tack. It lacks the faint historical flavor of *Shadows on the Rock* and *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, and turns back again to Nebraska, but with a difference. The ingredients are simple and sugary. We still have the sensitive heroine,—such a stock figure for middle class readers who love to "aspire to better things," is essential. Next,—a suave, middle-aged artist who supplies Glamor, Passion, Melancholy and Luxury and who exhibits those proofs of genius so fascinating to the above middle-class reader. The young Babbitt, who turns out—(and here it is that the reader will undoubtedly feel that Miss Cather is profound in her understanding of the human heart)—to have under all his brutal American faults the great qualities of Vitality and the Deep Feeling. All the other characters die and the young Babbitt survives into a kind of Depression repentance. Miss Cather's handling of her young Babbitt suggests a whole string of soothing middle-class slogans. Business has its place; and We all can't be artists; and The Great gilt-edged heart of America is O.K. after all. It's Character that counts.

Then for minor figures, an adoring valet. (Ah the beautiful relationships between master and man in the Old World!) We have a quaint father who tinkers watches and plays the flute. (Touching in Nebraska.) We have a sinister green-eyed boy from the London slums, named Mockford, and is he a stock figure! Then we have a poisonous sister who misunderstands sensitive Lucy. And we have an old lady who with the most touching candor tells Lucy that nothing matters in life but Living!

The best critics, with this merchandise before them, are forced to admit that Lucy Gayheart is a commonplace book; but they continue to uphold the myth of Miss Cather's style. Will NEW MASSES readers please refuse to be taken in by this last reservation? The book has no style. It is hard to believe after reading Miss Cather's last best seller that she was ever a writer of any consequence whatsoever.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD.



# The Theatre

## Drama for Both Ears

PEOPLE like myself who hold our theatre to be the chief hope for poetry will be exhilarated by the Kreymborg program of poetic drama produced by the Peterboro Players at their New Hampshire summer theatre. To the audience the program once again proved the impossible—that poetry can be tremendously exciting theatre. For students of drama it placed across the footlights a group of knotty problems many of which were resolved by the final curtain. Significant of the evening as a whole was the production of "America, America," seen by this reviewer a dozen times but emerging now with overtones and emphases sufficient to make it a new and infinitely greater experience.

The program is divided into three parts; and only as carefully-arranged sequences can they be understood, since they represent three stages in what is essentially a single dramatic concept. Taken separately, "The Dead Are Free," "Monday" and "America, America" stand stripped of a rich fabric of inter-related meanings; for as anyone familiar with this poet knows, Kreymborg's most forthright statements are often broadcast in undertones. It is patently impossible after a single attendance to write a thorough account of all that lies between the lines but even the economically-inexpert New England audiences needed no blueprint to show them they were listening to revolutionary drama.

The evening opens with *The Dead Are Free*, a blank-verse tragedy which immediately gives away the plot so that it can get down to its real business: the study of upper-middle-class New Englanders under emotional crises. Two young women brood over the corpse of a beloved young man whose emotional instability had led him to suicide. Leaving the springs of his action somewhat in a blur, the scene gives full emphasis to the behavior of the mourners. Blank verse lines of tough and austere fibre give off in effluence the pitiless mental squalor of this aristocracy-in-decay, with its bitter, ludicrous humor, its sudden sentimentalities, its muffled pathos. That this is the real business of the play is made clear in the double planes of reaction to the common tragedy. While the two mourning lovers of the dead man clash before his coffin, the older generation stages its own private carnival of hates variously pointing. The minister's wife in the course of her condolence-visits sneers at the *châtelaine*: "And still you're grand, playing the lady now in furnished rooms." But the victim isn't listening, she is struggling with the disgraces bubbling out of her own heated brain—

Reviewed by Nelson Algren in  
AUGUST 20th NEW MASSES

**Annunciation, by Meridel le Sueur**  
Edition limited to 500 numbered and signed copies, 50c  
Platen Press, 646 Micheltorena St., Los Angeles

Lucky I,

To be in time for roses to array  
The cold, and see how farmers dig a hole  
When man's the vegetable they'd like to grow . . .  
. . . I need the air?—and how much would they  
charge  
To bring some air to me, these business men.

Scene Two shifts in locale, characters, verse-form and theatre-form. Originally published as *Monday: A Lame Minuet*, it has been frequently performed as an entity, which has provided some auditors opportunity for generous miscomprehension. Those who found it "folksy" have only their own miserable obtuseness to blame, for throughout the speech and action of the three tenant-housewives one merciless word beats a tom-tom: *Money*. So pitilessly are the three proletarian women harrassed by the need for skimping, so saturated are their lives by the poison of economic want that they run around in a giddy ballet of petty bickerings. Director Beliveau has intensified the ironies of the free verse antiphonal by producing *Monday* as a combination dance-and-poem. By this handling the farcical antics and verses casually let drop double-and triple-edged words and phrases that slowly accumulate into a heap of accusations pointed at the human degradations of poverty.

From the forthright study of distorted characters, followed by the ballet spectacle of deformed lives, the action rises to an explicit indictment: the mass recitation "America, America," familiar to left-wing audiences since it first appeared in THE NEW MASSES eighteen months ago. Following the restraint

of Scene One and the indirection of Scene Two, it takes on a kathartic power hitherto impossible. Nor does the juxtaposition against the other material entirely explain it. The three divisions of "America, America" themselves, acted realistically throughout, compact the elements and dam up the emotional pressure for a single terrific release in the finale. This thoughtful, controlled interpretation of "America, America" is of particular significance because it uncovers once and for all the hidden veins of irony which are present underneath many of the lines for example, the ironical uses of the jingle-jangle rimes themselves which when taken in dead earnest as the living speech of all the characters shrivel the whole.

It is hardly necessary to add that this Alfred Kreymborg program should be presented for enlarged audiences; but this reviewer hopes that before the curtain rises the onlookers will have read some kind of program notes. Not that there is anything mysterious or difficult about understanding these scenes; on the contrary, they are unequivocal if one listens to the lines with both ears. Program notes in this case would be an insurance against the sort of half-baked interpretations which Kreymborg's work has frequently received at the hands of bourgeois critics, who have advertised as "whimsical" passages in his writing which are profoundly bitter, who have consistently performed a valiant job of mutilation. There should be no doubt that our audiences, a hundred times keener than any other theatre group, would respond to the vibrant living speech of the verse, understand the varied meanings of the tragi-comic ballet and take even more deeply to their hearts the mass recitation which has become by now a proletarian battle-cry.

STANLEY BURNSHAW.

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# Praying for Peace

ROBERT FORSYTHE

THE peace of the gods must be mightily disturbed by the lamentations from below. How a decently tender Jehovah can withstand the pitiful importunations of Emperor Haile Selassie is beyond any mere occidental. While the dark hosts are kneeling in supplication, the Roman hordes are pouring through the Suez into Africa, supported by the prayers of their priests to a Catholic god.

It is in the more dominant countries, however, that the movement toward heavenly intervention reaches its peak. Mr. Birchall reports in *The New York Times* that "a prayer for the guidance of the Holy Spirit for British statesmen in the present crisis will be offered in Westminster Abbey on all weekdays until further notice at morning communion and there will also be a special fifteen-minute service of intercession daily. And Tuesday evening, September 3, a special service of intercession for God's blessing upon the deliberations of the League Council will be held in advance of the Council's assembling next day."

There will always be the possibility of establishing an alibi for the Diety in the event of his failure with the League of Nations by reason of the presence of a non-Christian and non-religious man, M. Litvinoff, at the head of the League Council. It is plain enough that if there was an organization of good Christians assembled at Geneva, there would be no possibility of war and indeed an end of world tribulations altogether.

As a good reporter Mr. Birchall was prompted to close his dispatch with the information that "at Lloyd's today the premiums upon insurance against accident or loss of life in Ethiopia during the next six months jumped from £10 to £50, that is, from 1 to 5 percent. And the procession of Italian troop ships and munitions carriers through the Suez Canal showed no diminution whatsoever."

At the same time the Universal Christian Council in London has sent a telegram to Pope Pius, the League of Nations and the heads of the governments of Britain, France, Italy, Ethiopia and the United States. They held that the war on Ethiopia would be an intolerable wrong to mankind and a sin against the law of Christ. This may prompt Signor Mussolini to ask where Christ was during the upbuilding of the British Empire, but the British will have the correct answer in that all British conquests were made with the express purpose of carrying the torch of Christianity to the dark places. Signor Mussolini's desire to carry a little Christianity on his own behalf can only be regarded as a tardy act calculated to make the world aware that Christianity is not already world-con-

quering. The telegram to Pope Pius, therefore, is a matter of some interest and all ears will be turned toward the Vatican with the hope that Sig. Mussolini will be instructed that God, with the start already given by the English, can look after Himself.

The case of George Lansbury, Labor Party leader in Parliament, is even more complicated by the fact that God has done so little for the English workingman that there must be a faint suspicion in labor ranks that a misunderstanding exists between the slums of Liverpool and the Heavenly Throne. Until this can be cleared up and until Mr. Lansbury is entirely sure that the Heavenly Father is reconciled to hearing from him, it would seem to be the utmost presumption on his part to present his card at a House where he has not been formally recognized. There is certainly some dignified way in which this could be accomplished and until he has been officially presented by one—preferably a royal lord—known to be in the good graces of the Heavenly Father, it would seem that Mr. Lansbury would lose many friends for his cause among all decent folk.

So far as I know, nobody has ever divulged what went on in Heaven when a war started. Since the supreme power to bestow or withdraw favors exists in that sector, there would seem to be need of caution in picking sides. In war between an infidel nation and Christian power, naturally the problem does not exist. It must become extremely complicated, however, when a war breaks out between two Catholic countries with a Protestant nation intervening to help the weaker member. I refer specifically to the Spanish-American War, which grew out of the troubles of Spain with its Cuban vassals. It may have been considerations of this sort that prompted Napoleon to venture that God was on the side of the heaviest artil-

lery, but his cynicism has never weighed greatly with observers who have ascertained that the British have been uniformly successful in the pursuit of arms because the Empire has outprayed all contestants.

The situation on our own shores is so involved that it must confuse even the Heavenly Hosts Themselves. There is, on the one hand, the very definite peace sentiment of the churches which is expressing itself in ever greater militancy, but in contrast with that there is the New York military force of the Methodist Church and the far from peaceful utterances of pastors who feel that peace is desirable but not at the expense of the nation's safety. Dr. John Haynes Holmes, who has found that Germany is one hundred percent behind Herr Hitler, has now written an anti-war play in which the President of the United States prevents conflict with Japan by flying to Tokyo and talking the Japanese people out of the idea. This is an excellent device provided a plane can be perfected for the flight and the Japanese authorities will allow the people to listen. If it succeeds it will certainly wipe out the reputation of all previous great orators, including Demosthenes.

Affairs must be further upset in Heaven by the fact that the only great power which is doing anything definite about peace is not praying. At other times in past history the lamentations from Holy Russia were sufficient to keep the celestial zephyrs tingling with agitation. The Christian forces on earth have been trying ever since to correct the short-circuit which has stopped the zephyrs from tingling but both prayer and a considerable show of force have not succeeded in closing the gap. This lessens the bookkeeping of the Higher Accountants who have far fewer prayers to register but it is not felt that the relief is appreciated. If it should be found that Reason rather than Prayer was effective in halting warfare, the unemployment aloft would assume perilous proportions. The consequences of such an occurrence would be too horrendous to contemplate. Things are not good as they stand; a Revolt of the Angels would be the last straw.

## The Screen

### Fascism Marches On

WRITING about the *March of Time* in these pages, more than a month ago, I said that: "Up to now the furtherance of a clear political line has been subordinated to the major task of establishing the *March of Time* on the market." Shortly afterward, the *March of Time* announced that beginning with issue No. 5 the newsreel would be distributed by R. K. O.; in other words, that the industry had fully accepted this new form of screen journalism. This was the

signal for the editors of *March of Time* to unfurl their true flag: the swastika.

The fifth issue is so vividly reactionary and fascist that *Variety*, the leading trade journal of the amusement industry writes: "It's a surprising manifestation of a form of fascism—a silent military threat . . . the sole capacious note here is the predominantly military-political keynote in the two ('Army' and 'France') clips shown and, also, the politico-ecclesiasticism of the Royal Oak, Mich.

[Coughlin] episode, omitted at the Music Hall's screening." One look at the film and you can understand that when the Variety reporter says "military-political" he means "military-fascist" and in the Father Coughlin episode, "fascist-ecclesiasticism."

Preceding the general release of the *March of Time*, Time carried a two-page ad of its latest brain child. In the upper left hand corner a photograph of a man with the caption, "A Leader Who Has the Look of a Dictator." On the right hand side of the page is a strip of three photographs from the film. The first a group of the French fascists with the caption, "Founded his league of other scarred veterans . . . veterans decorated under fire." Under the second picture of children, "—also their sons and kinsmen." And under the third, showing la Rocque greeting Madame Foch, "Whose record links him with the great names . . . Lyautey, Weygand and Foch." The ad leads off with, "At Last, French Storm Troops!"

This of course refers to one of the sections in the current *March of Time* gently referred to as "France" on the screen. This section is a glorification of the Croix de Feu (Crosses of Fire) and its leader, Col. François de la Rocque. The off-screen voice in the most pious manner tells us that this organization was founded to "combat Communism and corrupt politicians alike." The voice demands that the Crosses of Fire end disorder and that strong authority be restored. Very proudly the announcer states that a munitions group is the financial backer of de la Rocque and his gangsters. The section closes with shots of a huge mass meeting at which Time's favorite hero rants at the mob: "Be ready! Our hour is at hand! Tomorrow, or the next day, or within a fortnight, I may give you the order for national mobilization." . . . And Time Magazine and the *March of Time* are just as openly fascist on the subject of the United States.

In a former issue *March of Time* derided Huey Long. To these intellectual and fascist snobs Huey Long is too much of a clown and a fool. He won't do. Father Coughlin is the man for them. In a five-minute biography (which was cut out of the Music Hall showing) they present the Father as an enemy of the Ku Klux Klan; as an enemy of bigotry and intolerance; as a friend of Washington and Hearst. They defend him from other Catholic protests by quoting Bishop Gallagher of Detroit and Monsignor Amleto Cicognani, the Pope's personal delegate to the U. S.: "What the Holy Father teaches, Father Coughlin preaches."

The political status of the *March of Time* is no longer a matter of speculation. This is a newsreel with a punch in it, full of dramatic demagogy. It is not, as Variety puts it, a "neo-academic visualization." It is open and brazen fascism. As such, it is imperative to boycott it, to fight against its showing in your neighborhood movie house.

PETER ELLIS.

## Between Ourselves

THE article "My Father Is a Liar!" was written by Nancy Bedford-Jones for the Student League for Industrial Democracy and the National Student League. Leaders of these two organizations brought the manuscript to THE NEW MASSES for publication.

Karl Pretshold is a newspaperman of East St. Louis, Mo.

Hansu Chan who concludes his review of Pareto in this issue, is one of the editors of China Today.

The article on Julius Streicher in last

week's issue was translated by Leon Dennen, who has in preparation the translations of several other articles dealing with some of the main figures in the Nazi regime.

A widespread response has come from the 250 artists who were invited to contribute to the forthcoming Revolutionary Art Number of THE NEW MASSES.

Alan Calmer, one of the judges in our novel contest, just concluded, is preparing an article, which we hope to have in time for next week's issue, dealing in detail with the contest.

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