

NEW MASSES

JULY
25c

THIS COCK-EYED WORLD
by Gropper

NEGRO FLOOD VICTIMS
by Walter White

RUSSIA'S NEW MOVIE
by Joe Freeman

MARX AND FREUD
by Max Eastman

BRITISH FASCISTS
by W. N. Ewer

REMINISCENCES
by Mike Gold

or

**FIFTY SEVEN
DRAWINGS
CARTOONS
ARTICLES
STORIES
POEMS**



TAMAYO



Drawing by Frank Walts

LIKE WALKING ON YOUR HANDS

Trying to run a magazine without a BIG subscription list is like walking on your hands. A circus acrobat can do it for a stunt, but nobody would think of starting on a hiking trip feet in the air.

All the budget slashing and artist cooperation and volunteer help in this office about which we have been telling you are only acrobatics to get us over an emergency. We can't get very far without the subscriptions, and more subscriptions, which are the good walking feet of every magazine.



We've got to do some tall walking (that means subscription getting) to put this magazine permanently on its feet. We feel like crying, as the Emperor Jones did, when he started to run for his life with a tribe of blood-thirsty natives at his heels:

“FEET, DO YOUR DUTY!”

Every subscription we get in this office gives us foot power—not to run from our enemies, but to pitch into the fight that is ahead of us. That fight, to keep the torch of human liberty burning against the dark forces of reaction is your fight too, or you wouldn't be a reader of this magazine.



Get into the scrimmage line. Here's the plan of battle.

Send us:

1. *A list of persons you know who will like the NEW MASSES to whom we will send sample copies.*
2. *A check covering subscriptions solicited among your friends, business or workshop associates.*
3. *A two dollar bill out of your own pocket to pay for a subscription to be sent to:*
 - a. *a radical friend for his soul's delight; or*
 - b. *a reactionary enemy, for his soul's torment.*

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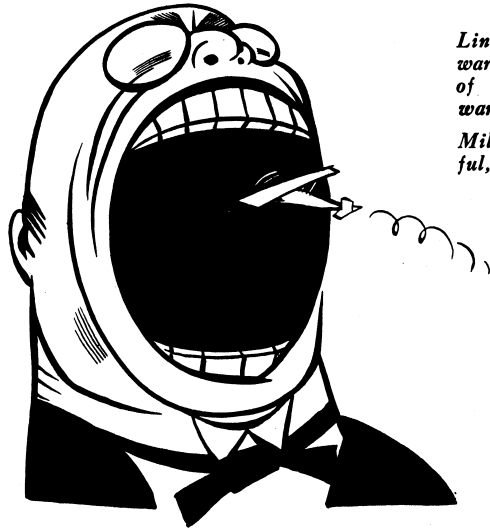
Drawing by Frank Walts

LESE MAJESTE

ON THE complaint of a snooper for a patriotic society, two members of the *Daily Worker* staff were arrested, convicted and sentenced under the obscenity statute for publishing in their issue of March 12, a poem by David Gordon in which America is considerably vilified. It was an immature enough poem and the fatal metaphor of the disorderly house at the end seems to me to lack edge, but if it had appeared anywhere else but in a communist publication it would have caused (except possibly in Boston); no rumpus at all. Well, the editors of the *Daily Worker* can take their medicine; it's part of the game. But when a court convicts the author, a boy eighteen years old, and remands him for investigation by the Probation officer it is quite a different matter. It means that by the accident of being a minor David Gordon is in danger of being sent to Elmira for three years. Think what three years in a reformatory would have meant to you at that age. God knows those years from eighteen to twenty-one are difficult enough under any conditions, but in that factory for hopheads, criminals and perverts . . . David Gordon wrote an article on his life as messenger boy for the NEW MASSES last year. The writing showed vigor and talent. It's the duty of other writers to stick up for him. Are all you writers, whose work, if it has any reality and vigor, is probably in danger of attack from the same source, going to let this boy be sent up to three years of hell without a protest? According to the New York law a writer has a right to say what he pleases if he does not tend to excite obscene emotions in a minor "or other person." Obviously this poem will not excite obscene emotions in anybody. The author's crime is saying "Damn the United States" like the man in Edward Everett Hale's story. Is the majesty of America so feeble that a magistrate has to go out of his way to torture a boy he has caught venting his spleen in a poem?

The question is what can be done? The Civil Liberties Union, we hear, will not touch the case; writers as a class have no feeling of occupational solidarity. It seems to me that it is up at least to every writer who has ever printed the colloquial synonyms for bawd himself, to make it his business to find out about such a case, to write to newspapers about it, to bring whatever pressure is possible to bear on politicians and public officers. As someone remarked when they were drafting the Declaration of Independence, "If we don't hang together, assuredly we will all hang separately."

John Dos Passos



Lindbergh: We do not want war in this country, but one of the surest ways to avoid war is to be prepared for it.
Militarist: You said a mouthful, Lindy!

Drawing by William Gropper

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Subscribers are notified that no change of address can be effected in less than a month. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope.

DON'T STOP SHOOTING

THE barrage of dollar bills mentioned in our last issue has suddenly dropped away. Does somebody think the crisis is over? Not by a long shot! It won't be over unless every subscriber comes across with that extra dollar for the Sustaining Fund. Come on, you Dollar Men, we are depending on you. If you fail us now, after all the fine things we said about you in our last issue, our faith in human nature will flop considerably.

TEN DOLLAR MEN

In fact, the Dollar Men have been giving ground to the Ten Dollar brigade during the last week. These fellow-adventurers who send in ten dollar checks seem to realize the gravity of our predicament, and are helping handsomely. We can cut our budget to the bone, and starve our contributors and our staff, but printers and engravers are hard-boiled. They will be paid. Remember, every dollar you send to us now means an extra dollar and a quarter from the American Fund subsidy. *We don't get their money unless we get yours.*

IN HOCK

One of our most brilliant contributors has been hard hit since we stopped paying for contributions. He promised us a story for the July issue. When we went around to see him about it, he told us: "Sorry to disappoint you, but my typewriter's been in hock!"

Let him get what satisfaction he may from this letter received today: "I insist that the quality of the NEW MASSES has gone up considerably since you put the artists and authors on a starvation diet. Is this a demonstration of the value of slow fasting?"

Please, however, let no one hesitate to send money to our Sustaining Fund on the theory that with a full treasury our literary standard would depreciate. We promise you, the artists and authors will be kept in the proper degree of starvation.

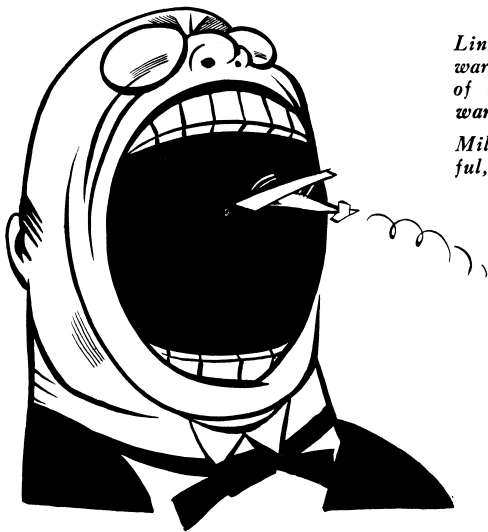
YOU BUY BOOKS

Our thrifty business manager has devised a new scheme to bring money into the treasury. "All our readers buy books," she tells us, "Why shouldn't they buy books from us, and so help the magazine?" See our ad on the back cover page.

ERRATA

Floyd Dell asks us to say that in his review of Robert Wolf's *Springboard* he wrote "literary comrade" and not "literary coward" as it was printed.

We also neglected to mention that the Walt Kuhn and Ernest Fiene lithographs in the June issue came to us through courtesy of *Our Gallery*.



Lindbergh: We do not want war in this country, but one of the surest ways to avoid war is to be prepared for it.

Militarist: You said a mouthful, Lindy!

Drawing by William Gropper

NEW MASSES

VOLUME 3

JULY, 1927

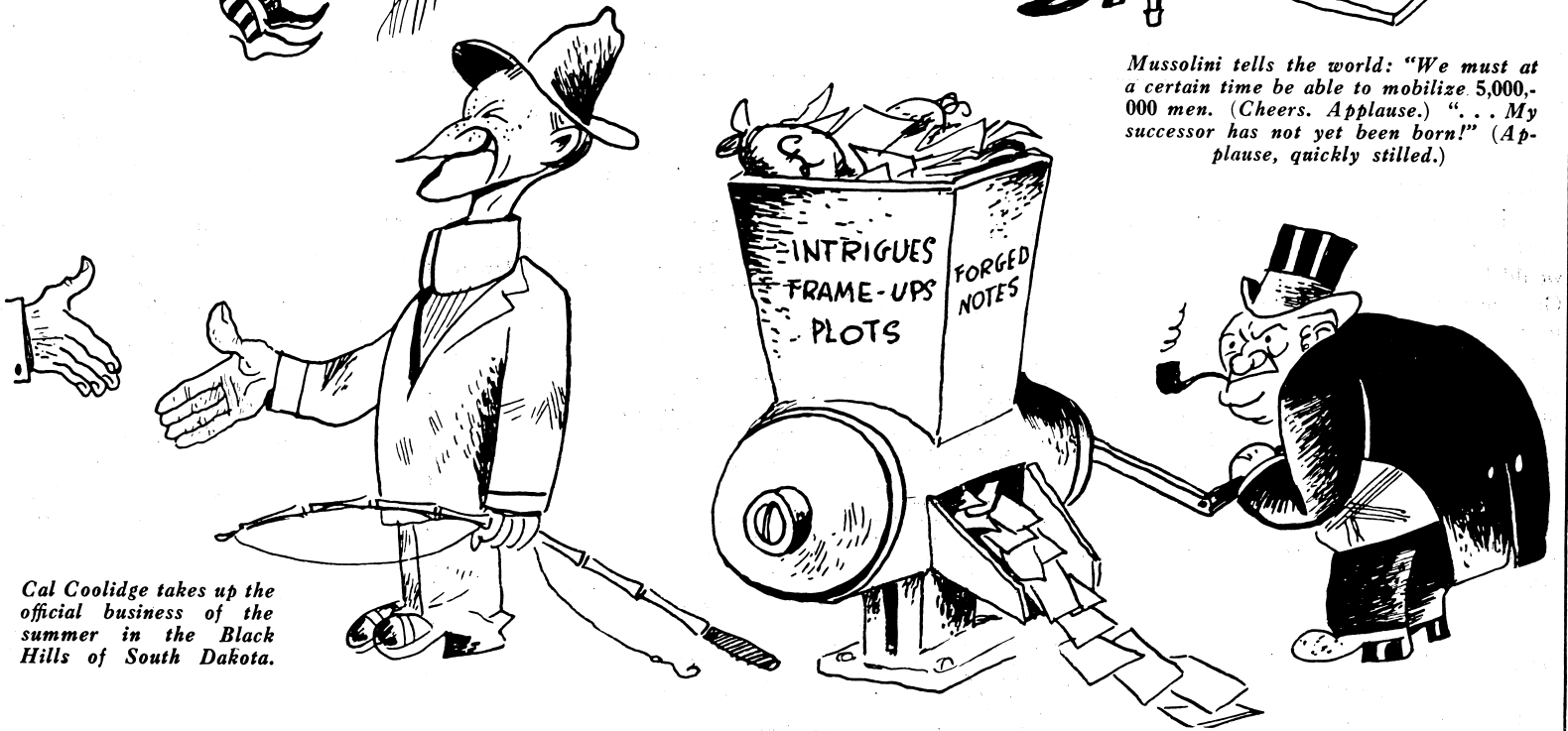
NUMBER 3

THIS COCK-EYED WORLD

By WILLIAM GROPPER



Mussolini tells the world: "We must at a certain time be able to mobilize 5,000,000 men. (Cheers. Applause.) "... My successor has not yet been born!" (Applause, quickly stilled.)



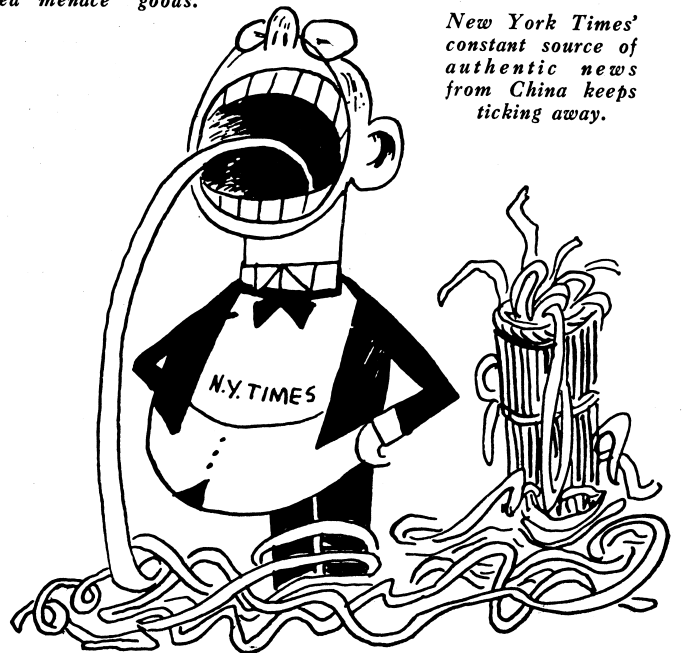
Cal Coolidge takes up the official business of the summer in the Black Hills of South Dakota.

John Bull makes frantic efforts to bolster England's declining industries by wholesale manufacture of "red menace" goods.

New York Times' constant source of authentic news from China keeps ticking away.



Upon his arrival in France, Lindbergh is handed a carload of medals, Ambassador Herrick's coat, Ambassador Houghton's vest and King Albert's pants: give him Marshall Fock's mustache and the world is saved!



BUFFALO BILL AND THE MESSIAH

FROM A BOOK OF EAST SIDE MEMOIRS*

By MICHAEL GOLD

NOTHING was hidden from children on the old East Side. That harsh giant stone Mother had no birds, rivers or green fields for our daily lessons. She gave us instead half a million human beings stripped naked by poverty. The old Mother was determined to teach us humanity. Every moment in the streets we saw the tenderness, the leper-sores, the hope and dismal filth of the human race. Sometimes this knowledge was too much for a child to bear.

Hymie Rosen and I watched one of the girls in our street snare a man. She took him into the tenement, and we followed stealthily like detectives. With blood pounding we stared through a keyhole at something I had not yet seen, but about which I had often wondered. It was a shock to a seven-year-old boy.

Hymie snickered as we stole back from the dark tenement hall into sunlight.

—That's the way babies are made, he said, giggling.

—No, I said with sudden bitterness.

Hymie was surprised. Why not? he said. Bet you a million dollars it is.

—No, I muttered, bet you!

—I can prove it, said Hymie aggressively. He was a hard, humorous, self-confident battler against the world, at this early age already a leader. We found our friends and a hot sidewalk debate followed, while the East Side street marched and trumpeted around us. The bedding flapped like dingy flags of poverty from the fire escapes.

Most of the boys agreed with Hymie. Yes, that was the way babies were made. They tried to prove it to me. I began to tremble for some unaccountable reason.

—But if that's true, I said, then my own mother must be a w—. And that's a lie!

—No, your mommer is not a w—, but that's the way babies are made, said Hymie harshly, offended at my tone.

—You're a liar! I shouted, fear at my heart, for Hymie was the champion fighter of our gang.

—Say that again, he sneered.

—You're a liar!

He swung a hard fist into my mouth. I punched back, muttering grimly, like one obsessed, Liar, liar!

my mother's not a w—! Our gang of little East Siders marvelled at my courage, but it was not courage, it was the wilful suicide of one who has lost his faith in the universe. The battle was swift. I fought madly, but was jabbed, gouged, kicked and completely outclassed. The blood streamed down my face, mingling with tears of disillusionment. I arose from where I had fallen. I fled from the circle of grinning faces. Instead of running to my mother for the usual wet towels and comforting, I slunk into a backyard and sat on a pile of mouldy old brick. There I hid with my deep, sad, confused thoughts until the yard was black with night. At last I crept home. It was difficult to look my mother in the face, or tell her what had happened. I felt as if she had betrayed me in some way, as if the world had betrayed me.

For a long time afterward I brooded on this thing, but could reach no harmony. For there was no one who would tell children the simple, clean truth about this thing. And the East Side truths were bitter as poison and too much for a child to bear.

Queer People

There were queer people in our neighborhood. When other amusements staled, these were to be taunted. Mary was an old Irishwoman who worked at rare moments in a laundry but was drunk and disorderly most of the time. Sodden men bought Mary a five-cent hooker of rotgut

whiskey and took her off while she bargained and cursed in a crazy voice. We had watched the drama many times.

Irish Mary slept in an empty stall in the livery stable on our street. The night watchman was a kind man, a pockmarked old Polak with one eye; his other eye had been kicked out by a funeral horse. He saw to it that Mary always had clean straw for her stall.

With bonnet tipped over her eyes, her gray hair scattered like weeds over her shawl, her skirt tripping her floppy old comical feet, she would appear screaming—for an afternoon the prima donna of our street's melodrama. There was an audience at once. Heads popped out of tenement windows, a crowd gathered, everyone smiled. Mary sang in a wierd voice, shrill as a cat's, and pirouetted daintily, holding out her skirts. Beautiful old Irish ballads she sang. Sometimes she kicked her filthy skirts high with a chorus girl's squeal, and exposed her horrible underthings. And everyone laughed. Then she flopped in the mud and cursed, while we children formed a circle and taunted her, singing gayly:

*Lazy Mary, will you get up,
Will you get up today?*

This infuriated her. She chased us, flopping again and again, like a bird with broken wings. Her cancerous face was spotted with mud; the rose on her bonnet teetered; her blue eyes blazed.

MIGRATORY WORKER

Said the Bo, as he took a chew of snoos:

I comes from a ways beyond Scappoose,
An' moping along beside the slough
I meets with a gandy-dancer crew;
Says I to the king-snipe, "Say," says I,
"Say, what's the chance for a Number 2?"
Like that, kind o' casual, goin' by.

Says the king-snipe, "Well, I guess O. K."
So I slings the muck-stick all that day.
But say, when the old queen dings the bell
An' we makes a lam for the snipe-cage door
To get our scoffin's, "What the 'ell,"
Says I to her, "do yuh take me for?"
For I lamps the lay o' the bill o' fare
An' there's nothin' but punk and larrup there.

So I hunts the king-snipe and says I, "Mike,
Say," says I, "mix me a dose o' hike,
This garbage o' yours 's got me goat,"
Says I, "I'm done, I'm goin' to float!"

Charles Oluf Olsen

—And where's your wedding suit, Mary, we yelled. And where's your husband, Mary?

This was the worst taunt of all; she raved when we yelled this, she spat mad foam from her lips.

For when she was sober, she loved to talk about her first husband, and the elegant "wedding suit" he gave her when she married him at sixteen. It was her life's romance.

And she had a knife she would sometimes pull from her bosom, and scream, I'll cut the heart out of every man in the world!

The poor, who suffer so much, should strike back at the world, be bitter and mean. But they are kind. The poor are cruel only through ignorance. It is only the respectable and rich who are carefully cruel. Why this is, I don't know. It is the rich who make war, jails and poverty. It is the rich who create the slum Marys, and then punish them. This filthy old woman, whose degradation was the stench of the neighborhood, was not an outcast among us. Our mothers slapped us, ordered us to be kind to her. People gave her food and clothing. And no one asked the policeman to arrest her, and no one pompously said she ought to be shut up in an asylum.

Everyone seemed sorry for her. When she was in one of her rare sober spells, our mothers would converse with her, gently and amiably. They would listen to the memorable story of the first husband and the wedding suit. They would discuss the weather. This was not a pose of Y. M. C. A. kindness. It simply never occurred to anyone that Mary was not a human being.

There was a tall German who slept in hallways, and was also queer. He was a fine-looking man, with big moustaches, but dressed in rags. Everyone knew Herrman's story. He had emigrated from Germany, with money from his rich father to buy a ranch. The first night on the Bowery, someone had slugged him over the head in a saloon, and taken the money. So for twenty years he had lived on our street, a Christian among Jews, a lonely man with wild vague eyes searching for his name which he had never remembered.

There was another queer one, an old Jew of seventy who was a porter for a basement shop that manufactured brass bedsteads. Winter and summer one saw him working or resting between jobs, rigged in his fantastic costume: an old green cloak girdled by a rope, stuffed with rags

* The first instalment—Poverty is a Trap—was published in the January NEW MASSES. Sent postpaid—25 cents.



WAGON LUNCH

Drawing by Otto Soglow

"Hey! Dere's a fly in me coffee!"
 "Well, what do ya want fer a nickel—poils?"

until he billowed and could scarcely move. He bore a tall iron staff with a hook at its end, and looked like a Biblical shepherd or pilgrim. He had a solemn majestic face, a white beard, and the saddest eyes I have ever seen. I can never forget Old Barney's eyes.

There were at least fifteen pounds of rags stuffed in his cloak, but not for warmth. On the most savagely hot days he shed none of them, but toted brass bedsteads from basement to wagon, suffering terribly, but faithful to his stinking rags.

Some people said he was a miser, and had money hidden away in those rags; others said he was only crazy, and tried to argue him out of the habit. But Old Barney never discussed his personal affairs with anyone, he clung to his rags.

The brass-voiced wagon drivers joked at him, but he stared back at them with his mournful great eyes, and beat them down with his majestic silence.

Only one question would he consent to answer, and we children were fond of asking it every day:

—Barney, what are you waiting here for?

Those great, sad eyes turned upon you, and the old man said:

—I am waiting for the Messiah, my children.

Then we would ask the second question:

—Barney, and what will the Messiah bring you when he comes?

He burned you with his deep sacred eyes, and said:

—The Messiah will bring me a glass of soda water.

He did not notice when you laughed at this answer.

You always felt a little ashamed after teasing Old Barney, but couldn't resist doing it again and again.

The Panic Year

It was winter. All through the tenement there was talk of the poverty. Poverty is a chronic disease. You are never well, even though you seem to laugh. But some periods are

worse than others. That winter there was a "panic" among the "great" in Wall Street. So a baby died in our tenement. Its mother's breasts turned to poison with the poverty.

The baby was quiet in the white coffin. The gas was dim, the women wailed, and the mother beat her head against the sharp edges of the coffin. There was froth on the baby's blue lips. I was frightened; it was the first time I saw Death.

The mother went crazy later. I remember her screams, as strong strangers in uniforms led her down the stairs.

—What have I done, I only want my baby, she screamed. Don't let them take me. But no one could help her. She had had too many worries that winter.

The big boss of Tammany Hall, the "great" man who owned a thousand bawdy houses and gambling houses, was good to the poor. He gave away thousands of free blankets that winter. And the *New York Herald* gave us free coal. My mother stood in the long freezing line and got a bucket of it for weeks. But she was deeply ashamed, and I learned this only from other boys, whose mothers had done the same.

I was impressed by all the talk of poverty. Once, I said at the supper table:

—Mommer, do you think we can afford that I should have another slice of bread?

My mother turned away and bit her lips. Then she cut me a slice of bread, and became very angry for some reason.

—Of course we can afford it! she scolded me. Eat it, there's lots more! Then I saw her tears, and knew I had hurt her somehow.

The Landlord

The water froze in the pipes, we had to cart water in pails from the grocery store. The gas was frozen for days, we used candles. But the landlord did nothing about this, and no one had the courage to complain to him. Everyone was behind with the rent.

—Let well enough alone, they said, shaking their heads, hopelessly, anyway it's only three months off to Spring.

The snow beat on the old tenement, we ate bread and tea, we shivered in the cold, dark rooms, looking out at the gray airshaft. We were all on a sinking hulk, the tenement was the ship of Poverty, and people prayed for Spring.

Every winter they waited for the Spring. Why? What could it bring? Was it a Messiah, was it a new life, would it wipe out poverty? Wouldn't it bring only the hot miserable summer? But they waited for Spring.

The landlord was a brawny young Jew, with a beefy face and bold American manners. Everyone feared him. And when he came to collect the rent the neighbors shivered behind their doors. They heard his bull voice roar through the halls, and hoped selfishly he would exhaust his anger on others before he reached their own door.

He was not a bad man, I suppose, only the normal business man maddened by the fact that he is losing money. But we feared him more than God. And he despised us all, as if we were doing him a deliberate personal injury, as if we had deliberately chosen to be so poor.

My father had not been able to pay our rent for three months. One day the landlord burst through the door, and instantly began bellowing. His thick nose was purple, his derby hat sat on the back of his head. My father stood there meekly, stammering out the usual apologies.

—Beggars, thieves, the landlord

raved, waving his arms. You are ruining me! You want to destroy me! You know I am a Jew like you, and take advantage of it! But I will throw you all out and take in Polaks! Why can't you find work? Don't I work hard for my own piece of bread? Why can't you—

My father went on apologizing. My mother was hiding in the bedroom; she could not endure this. The landlord worked himself up into a flame of righteous indignation. Every word my father said excited him only the more. Finally, stamping up and down in his fury, the landlord stumbled over a chair. Seizing it suddenly, he broke it in his strong hands. Then he commenced smashing the rest of our furniture. My father clutched at his arms, suddenly angry, and said: Don't you dare do that!

The landlord, a powerful man, knocked my smaller father down.

I leaped on a chair behind the landlord, and smashed him over the head with the broom, screaming: Hit him back, popper. Hit him back!

The landlord swept me off the chair with a contemptuous brush of his arm.

My father did not rise from the floor; his face was in his hands.

—Get up and hit him, popper, I sobbed. But my father did not rise.

For months I could not forgive my father because he had lain there on the floor and had not fought the landlord. With a child's injustice I resented the fact that my father was not all-powerful, that he was not able to conquer poverty, landlord and world. I was ashamed of him. I was too young to know he was a very sick man and in five years was doomed to die of cancer Poverty.

Later, when I was much older, and understood Poverty in my own body and spirit, I forgave my father for that moment. Poverty makes cowards of us all.

But I have never forgiven the Landlord.

New Masses Bound

Those who wish to keep *NEW MASSES* in permanent form will be glad to know that Vols. I and II are now available in attractive craft bindings. Sent postpaid at \$2.50 per volume.



WAGON LUNCH

"Hey! Dere's a fly in me coffee!"

"Well, what do ya want for a nickel—poils?"

Drawing by Otto Soglow

The Grocery Woman

On the East Side the people still buy their groceries a pinch at a time. They buy five cents worth of sugar, eight cents worth of butter, everything in penny fractions. Even the earth-smelling loaves of black bread are cut up and sold in three and four instalments.

We had a very kind woman owning the grocery store on our street that winter. Her name was Mrs. Rosenbaum. She was a widow with four children, who lived in two cluttered rooms like menagerie cages back of the store. She washed and cooked for them and worked as well in the unheated, damp store from six in the morning to midnight.

She was a big, slow mother-woman, always tired and grumbling, sometimes screaming at her children when she was nervous. But she was very kind. That winter she suffered a great deal. No one had any money, and she was too kind not to give them groceries on credit.

—I am crazy to do it, I'm a fool! she would grumble and sniffle in the cold store, but when a child comes for bread, and I know the family is starving, how can I refuse? But I have my own children to take care of! I can't meet my bills! The store is being emptied! I will be put out on the streets!

Everyone tried to avoid taking any more groceries from her on credit; it was true the store was going down. But when you are desperate you will ruin even your friends. They went back to her again and again. And Mrs. Rosenbaum gave them food, and charged it in the credit book with her clumsy, frost-bitten fingers, sniffing and sighing.

Kindness is a form of suicide in a competitive world. One winter day we watched the cruel sheriff's men cart the fixtures, the butter tubs and kerosene cans out of the store. It had failed at last. Mrs. Rosenbaum stood there stupidly, and her four children hung to her skirts. Her fat kind face was bewildered like a child's. It was swollen with crying. Snow fell from the sky, and a policeman twirled his club.

What happened to her after that, I don't know. Maybe she was helped by the Organized Charity of Wall Street, which had created the panic year, or maybe she and her children died.

Evictions

Hunger is a dreary death. There are no medals for bravery here. There is not even a great cause to sanctify one's pain. The tenements were tombs. There was no war between the nations—but workers were dying of hunger in America. Life was gray. So I dreamed of the Wild West, for I was reading those gaudy-covered little books for American boys; I was living with cowboys and Indians. Under fierce, bright skies,

I raced my mustang and slew Indians with Buffalo Bill.

I was strong, I was bold, I pursued beautiful white maidens, riding always at the right hand of Buffalo Bill.

Our gang played cowboys and Indians that panic winter. Once I was lassoed around the neck with a clothes-line and almost strangled to unconsciousness by Hymie. But I played again; children grow out of tombs.

The sad thing was to walk down a street, with the rotten cold slush eating through your shoes, and the tenements like prisons. You wanted to escape. Your heart was heavy, you didn't know why. And then you saw a mound of furniture before a tenement. The snow fell on it. Table, chairs, a washtub packed with bedding and plates, a broom—all the little familiar things of a home, that

should never be snowed upon, that were meant for warmth. Now naked in a cold tenement street, exposed to every eye.

A man sat by the mound with his wife and children. They were children with whom you had played at Indians. They sat there and waited. They were waiting for the spring. They were waiting for the Messiah the Jews believe in, the Messiah who has not yet come.

It was an eviction. There were thousands that winter. In a little saucer on top of the mound passers-by dropped their pennies. Every time a penny rattled the family lowered its eyes. They were not beggars—they were workers. But it was a panic year. And if enough pennies gathered, maybe the evicted family could move somewhere. They were waiting for the Messiah. They could still hope. I was hurt by these sights, but dreamed of the Wild West, where

men were free. Buffalo Bill had never been evicted from his tenement. He slew Indians and landlords.

They were to evict the family of Leah Katz, who lived next door. She was my age, a girl with skinny legs like a sparrow's, a milk-white face and black eyes.

She was always active and cheerful. A sunny child, who liked to skip the rope, sing ragtime, and dance to hand-organs. She had been my sister Esther's best friend, and I didn't like her. She was always chattering about something, always sticking her nose into boys' affairs. Her mother had died the year before, and I hadn't seen her much since then. She had to scrub and cook for her father and three little brothers.

The father was a cloakmaker, sick and out of a job. And the family was to be evicted. Mr. Katz came into our kitchen, and choked over a glass of tea as he told the sad tale. He was a little man, with shoulders twisted by bending over the machine. His dingy face had warts on it. He had strange yellow teeth and hopeless eyes.

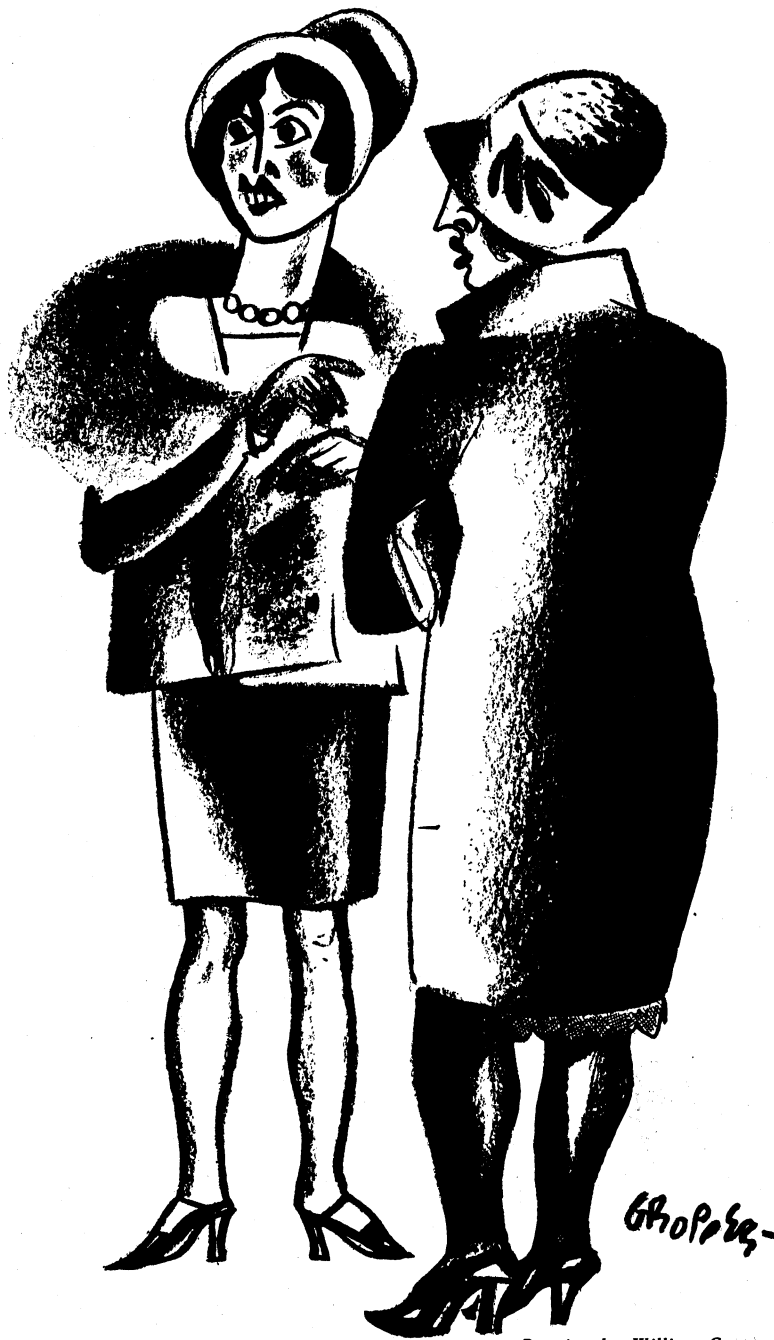
Leah came into the room and stood by her father's side. She was undersized, but full of life, and seemed older than her years. She stroked her father's hand, and smiled sweetly like a grown woman.

—Don't cry popper, she said to comfort him, everything will be all right.

Mr. Katz kissed his little daughter emotionally, and couldn't speak.

I didn't like the forward Leah, but I couldn't help feeling sorry for her now. I didn't want to see her put out into the snow. My mother was sorry too. She told the neighbors about the eviction. Five of the big slow mother-women put on their shawls and moved from door to door in all the tenements, collecting pennies. They groaned and puffed up steep dismal stairs, they told the story a thousand times. And so paupers gave their pennies to help another pauper. This was a custom on the East Side, this impromptu relief work. And the Katz family was not evicted.

Often I dreamed of running away to the Wild West. I thought it was somewhere on the West Side, where I saw a tall tower loom above our tenements. I went exploring one day, and walked through miles of mysterious streets until I reached that magic tower. But it was only an office building. Then I was lost, and it took me until midnight to find my tenement again. My mother had been anxiously waiting. She slapped me for having run away, and then she kissed me. I felt humiliated, but dreamed that I would wait another year, and try again, for in those years Buffalo Bill was the bright and secret Messiah of my heart.

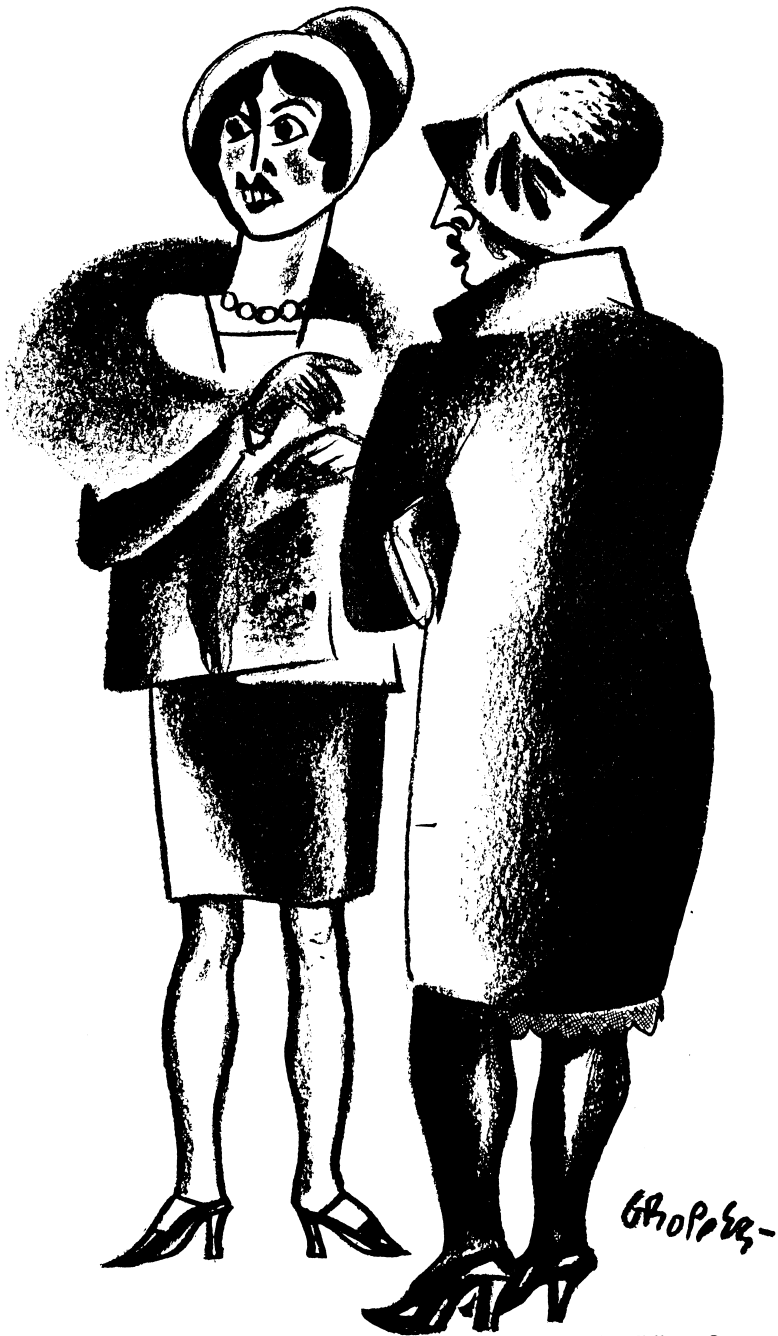


Groppe

Drawing by William Gropper

ARISTOCRACY

"The noive of him, astin' me did I live in the Bronx!"



Drawing by William Gropper

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VIGNETTES OF THE FLOOD

By WALTER WHITE

I HAVE just come back from the flood area. Thousands of acres of fertile land covered with many feet of swirling water. Here and there a few feet of the top of a tall tree visible above the water or the chimney of a two-story building. Refugees, many thousands of them, eighty per cent of them Negroes. Refugee camps in fair grounds and cemeteries. The whites and the Mexicans carefully shielded from contact with the Negroes.

Stories are heard. At the refugee camp at Memphis a man of sixty or more years with very black skin, a fringe of gray hair encircling a head bald on top, who came from Arkansas. When the flood came, he waded in water up to his neck, holding his grandchildren high over his head, and thus carrying them to safety. He appealed to the white man upon whose plantation he worked and received the reply: "Don't bring your troubles to me." The familiar figure of speech about the frying pan and the fire came to me when the Negro said, "I am never going back to Arkansas—I am going to Mississippi."

The refugee camp at Vicksburg in the National Cemetery. Two camps of Negroes, one of whites, and one of Mexicans. Around the Negro camps National Guardsmen with rifles and pistols to prevent anybody going in or anybody going out. The statement of General Green that the Negroes were to be kept there until the landlords for whom they worked came to the camp and identified "their Negroes." No white man allowed to talk to any other Negro but his own. "This is a rich country and we can't let our labor be disturbed."

The days and nights when desperate battles were waged to reinforce the levees and hold back the flood. Negroes doing practically all the work while white men stood over them with guns. Stories of boy scouts being armed to force Negroes to work long after it was seen that the levee must break. Stories of Negroes swept away and never seen again.

For example, the struggle to save the levee at Stopps Landing in Mississippi. Only Negroes rounded up and made to work. A story told me by one of these Negroes, a graduate

of Tuskegee, married, reliable, hard-working. How he too, was forced to work with others and knocked from his feet by the force of the water when the levee broke. His right foot badly cut by glass as he successfully fought his way back to the unbroken part of the levee. How he was taken on a boat to the protection levee at Greenville and kept there two days at work until this levee gave way. Then he was allowed to secure medical treatment. The pathos in this man's eyes as he told of between forty and fifty Negroes swept to their death.

The story of the big plantation near Scott, Mississippi, where Negro farmers have not had a settlement from their landlords for more than five years. How that plantation was completely inundated, water flowing over it at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

A story of the Negro refugee who became exhausted working on the levee and stopped to rest, how he was shot through the stomach by National Guardsmen and killed.

The story of the well-to-do Negro who owned his own home in a Mississippi town. Conscripted, he was working on the levee when it broke. How he fought his way through the water to his home half a mile away and carried his seven children to safety. How he was able to get away from the refugee camp only when he produced the deeds to his property and proved that he was not a plantation hand.

The story of the young, pleasant-faced Mexican at the refugee camp at Memphis who, when asked about his losses, smiled and said, "I didn't lose anything because I didn't have

anything." The story he told of being carried to a Negro camp, and speaking little English, how he stayed at the Negro camp for a week before he could make them understand that he was a Mexican and therefore should be quartered at the white camp.

The story the Red Cross doctor told me, of Negroes kept in slavery from birth, in the back woods of Mississippi and Arkansas; given no education, so exploited and kept in ignorance they didn't know their bodies were their own. How some of these Negroes would not submit to vaccination against typhoid and smallpox unless their landlords said so. How some of these landlords not wanting their Negroes unable to work, refused to permit vaccination. How the Red Cross doctors were forced to say "either you permit vaccination or we'll stop relief."

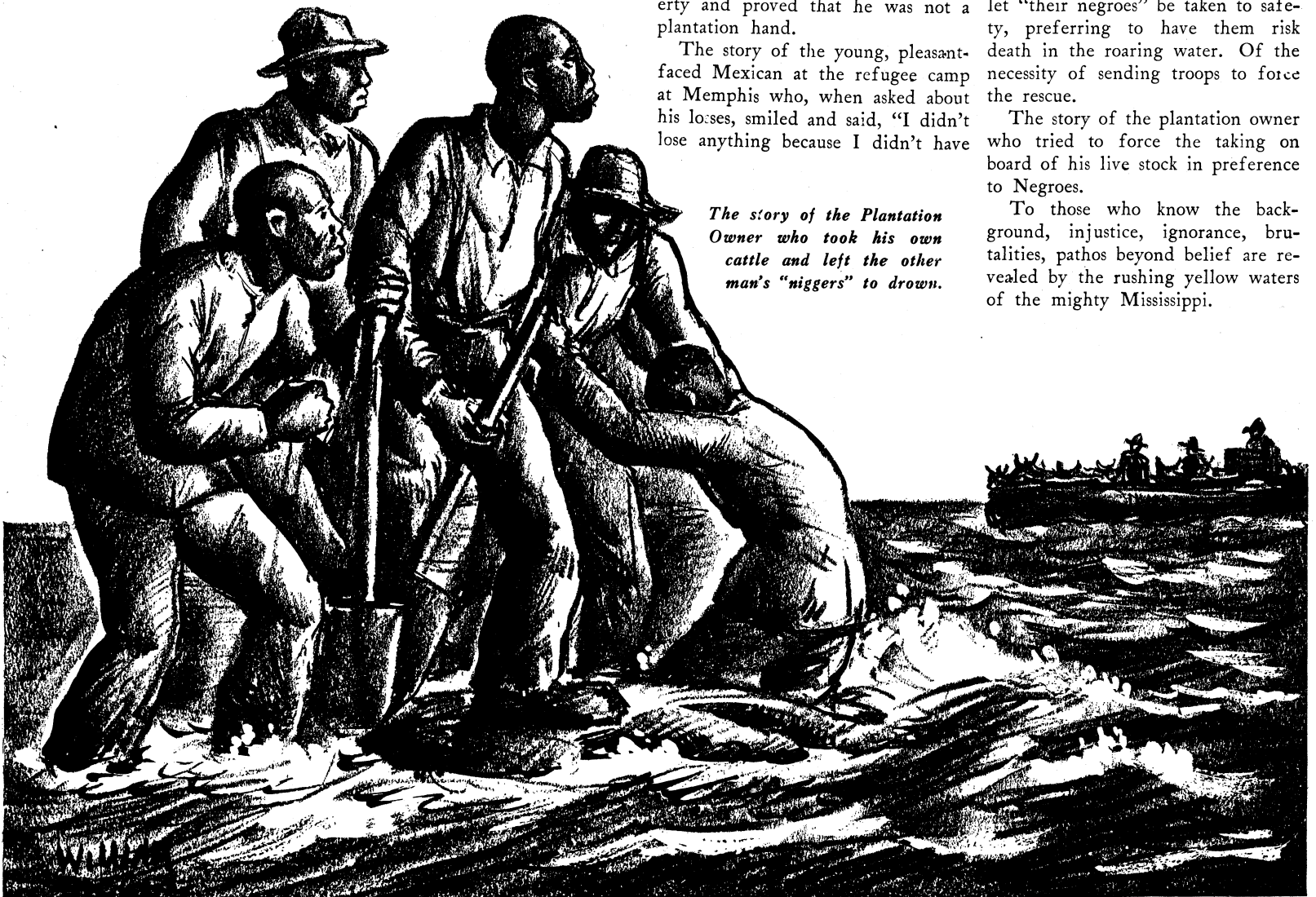
The abysmal ignorance of the poor whites. Victims of their own race prejudice, living and typical examples of Booker Washington's wise saying: "The only way to keep a man in a ditch is to lie down by him and hold him there." Whites so ignorant that the gift of speech and upright posture were the sole distinguishing difference between them and animals.

Stories of plantation owners fearing that "their negroes," if taken away from the plantation when the floods came may escape, refusing to let "their negroes" be taken to safety, preferring to have them risk death in the roaring water. Of the necessity of sending troops to force the rescue.

The story of the plantation owner who tried to force the taking on board of his live stock in preference to Negroes.

To those who know the background, injustice, ignorance, brutalities, pathos beyond belief are revealed by the rushing yellow waters of the mighty Mississippi.

The story of the Plantation Owner who took his own cattle and left the other man's "niggers" to drown.



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BRITISH FASCISM STRIKES HOME

TRADE UNIONS BILL LOGICAL ANSWER TO LABOR'S HESITATING TACTICS

By W. N. EWER

FASCISM is not, in its essentials, a peculiarly Italian phenomenon. Castor-oil, black shirts, and the oratory of Signor Mussolini are indeed Italian. But they are only accidental phenomena, the imprints of a localized edition. In other lands Fascism, the same in essence, has other stigmata, other manifestations.

In Germany there are Hindenburg and Stahlhelm: in America the company union and the Ku Klux Klan: in England the O. M. S. and the Trade Union bill.

And so you may go round the map, finding in every capitalist country the trail, more or less visible, of this new movement for which Italy has given us a convenient—and disreputable name.

Fascism is the organized counter-attack of the capitalist class against the workers. And it has arisen quite naturally and inevitably from the development of the working class movement itself. Any competent Marxian dialectician should have been able (even without the visible warning signs) to forecast its coming.

So long as the working class movement was comparatively weak, so long as it concerned itself only with wages and hours and conditions, so long it could be tolerated or even mildly encouraged. But from the moment when it began to grasp—by whatever means—at power: from the moment that it (or important parts of it) became clearly revolutionary in aim: from the moment when it began seriously to threaten the established order: from that moment liberalism became obsolete, toleration impossible: the class struggle posed itself openly: and capitalism began to prepare to wage that struggle as “ruthlessly, relentlessly, remorselessly,” as it had waged the Great War.

With an obstinate blindness, whole sections of the working class leaders refused to see what was afoot. Pedantic German Marxians, forgetting to apply Marxian methods to existing facts, clung to the belief that the revolution must come automatically when the time was ripe. Pedantic English Parliamentarians, convinced that by a similarly automatic process, freedom would broaden down from precedent to precedent, waited for the day when a properly elected House of Commons, with due observance of constitutional forms, should gradually transform the capitalist system into a Cooperative Commonwealth.

Either postulated that, for some undiscoverable reason, the capitalist class would sit idly by and let this



From *Bekbounnik*—Moscow

BRITAIN IN CHINA

Priest to John Bull: "They won't bite any more."

happen. Or, rather, they postulated nothing. They just did not think about it. It was outside the “rules of the game.” They were like generals who should expect the enemy to remain passive while they penetrated his lines and occupied his arsenals.

There was a period in which these hopes seemed to be justified. For so long as the labor advance threatened no vital point, so long as labor—at any rate in practise if not in theory—was content to aim at securing improved conditions within the capitalist system, so long as it made no bid, either by political, industrial or revolutionary activity, for power, so long it was more or less contemptuously tolerated.

But the moment that, in any country the labor movement began to grasp at power, and so became really menacing to the governing class; at that moment the preparation for the counter-attack began.

Mussolini's real service to capitalism lay in his admirable tactical sense. He saw that, in the class war as in military war, the moment for launching a counter-attack is immediately after the enemy has failed to press his attack home. He saw in the first success and then the half-hearted calling off of the labor offensive at the time of the seizure of the factories the opportunity for counter-attack. He saw it and took it. And his success drove the lesson home.

So it was that the British capitalist class studying the tactics of Fascism, even consulting with the Duce himself, saw their opportunity in the calling off of last year's national strike. They saw themselves threatened by twin dangers—the danger of political conquest of power by the Labor Party (of which 1924 was the preliminary warning) and the danger of an industrial conquest of power by the trade unions in another and more successful strike. They saw too

that, in England as in Italy, the failure to push home a big offensive had for the time being paralyzed the movement.

They saw the chance: they saw that it might not recur. And they have taken it. They are out to rid themselves of both dangers: to make both the political and the industrial movement powerless for effective action.

They had no need to imitate the Mussolinian methods. For they have the whole machinery of government—executive, legislative and judiciary—in their hands, to use as they will. Mussolini had to adopt illegal methods. They seek to gain the same ends by the employment of the legal means at their command not by breaking the law, but by making it to their own ends.

That is the real significance of the Trade Unions bill. It is a two-edged weapon, devised to strike simultaneously at the political and the industrial sides of the labor movement.

Politically it seeks to cripple the Labor Party by striking at its finances.

The chief source of the Party's income is the political levy of six pence per head per annum on the members of the affiliated Trade Unions. No trade unionist, under the existing law, need pay this levy if he objects to doing so and signifies his desire to be exempted. The new bill inverts this arrangement. In future (assuming that the bill becomes law) nothing can be collected from a trade unionist for the political fund unless he has “delivered at the head office or some branch office of the trade union notice in writing in the form set out in the First Schedule to this Act of his willingness to contribute to that fund.”

The new plan, it will be noted, gives no new rights to “conscientious objectors.” They have full exemption already. But it is hoped that, by thus making it compulsory to claim not exemption but liability to the levy, new and comparatively complicated arrangements will be necessitated of which the net result will be to diminish the revenues of the Labor Party by a sum which will effectively cripple them in an election.

If that be insufficient more will follow. If one may hazard a guess, it will be declared “intimidation” to attempt in any way to persuade a man to contribute to the political fund.

So much for the political side. Industrially the bill has three main sections: dealing with “illegal strikes,” “intimidation” and the “civil service unions.”

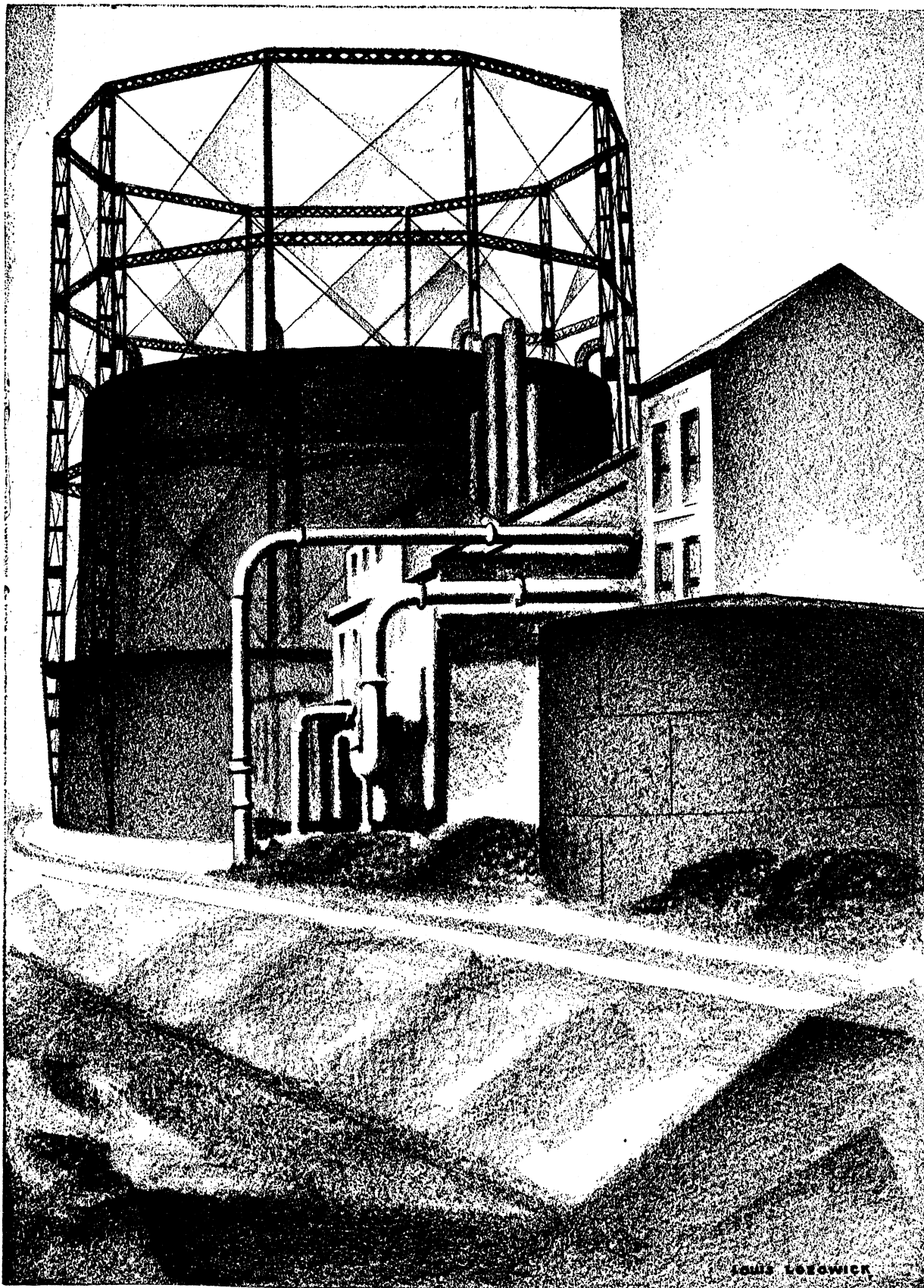
Рис. Г. ГОЛУБЕВА.



From Bezbozhnik—Moscow

BRITAIN IN CHINA

Priest to John Bull: "They won't bite any more."



GAS TANKS

The pretended object of the "illegal strike" clauses is to declare illegal a general strike or any strike intended to coerce the Government. But its real effect no man knows. For it has been designedly drafted in such vague and ambiguous language, (it reeks for example of such phrases as "to intimidate any substantial portion of the community") that the lawyers in the House are already hopelessly at variance on its meaning. That in addition to a general

strike it renders illegal many kinds of sympathetic strikes is admitted: how many and what kinds is fiercely debated. It will be for the courts to decide. And to which side their decisions will lean is in no way doubtful.

But whatever the precise effect, the intention of this part of the bill is obvious enough. It sectionalizes the movement. It prohibits one union from aiding another. It prohibits coordinated action for any purpose. It

prohibits all industrial action except within the narrowest limits—except in its own words, in disputes "within a trade or industry connected with the employment or non-employment or terms of employment or conditions of labor of persons in the trade or industry."

The next part aims at making even such action as difficult as possible. For under the guise of preventing intimidation it threatens with pains and penalties every active partici-

pant in a strike.

It sounds a jest, but it is a solemn fact, that to laugh derisively at a blackleg—or to laugh so that he thinks it derisive—or to look as though you were going to laugh in a way which he might think derisive—becomes a penal offense.

For, under the *ipsisima verba* of the Act "one person" who "attends" at "any place where a person happens to be" "in such manner" as to "cause in his mind" an "apprehension of exposure to ridicule," is guilty of offense and can be haled off to prison. And if the "person" goes near the blackleg's house at all he is in for it.

Let that suffice (with just the word that the Civil Service clause is in effect a prohibition of any but "tame" unions for government employes), to show the main lines of the bill. Little wonder that when it was introduced the Fascist press went into raptures and declared that Baldwin was a worthy disciple of the Duce.

It will pass through Parliament. It will become law. Nothing can prevent that automatic process. And it will be enforced. The optimists—who confidently affirmed that the Tories would never dare introduce such a measure—now as confidently affirm that they will never dare enforce it. They deceive themselves as usual. The bill will be enforced. And it will be followed by others. There is only one way to prevent that. And that way is the conquest and the maintenance of power. Fascism must either be broken or it will break the working class. There is no possibility of compromise. Chatter about peace and National Unity has become the most dishonest and dangerous of nonsense. The struggle is definitely open and it must go forward to a definite issue. Great Britain within ten years will be either a Socialist or a Fascist state—under a dictatorship either of the workers or of the financiers.

London, May 26, 1927.

Genealogy of Morals

GEORGE CUNNINGHAM MAGUIRE sits in a smoke-filled speakeasy juggling opinions and sipping scotch.

What is art?

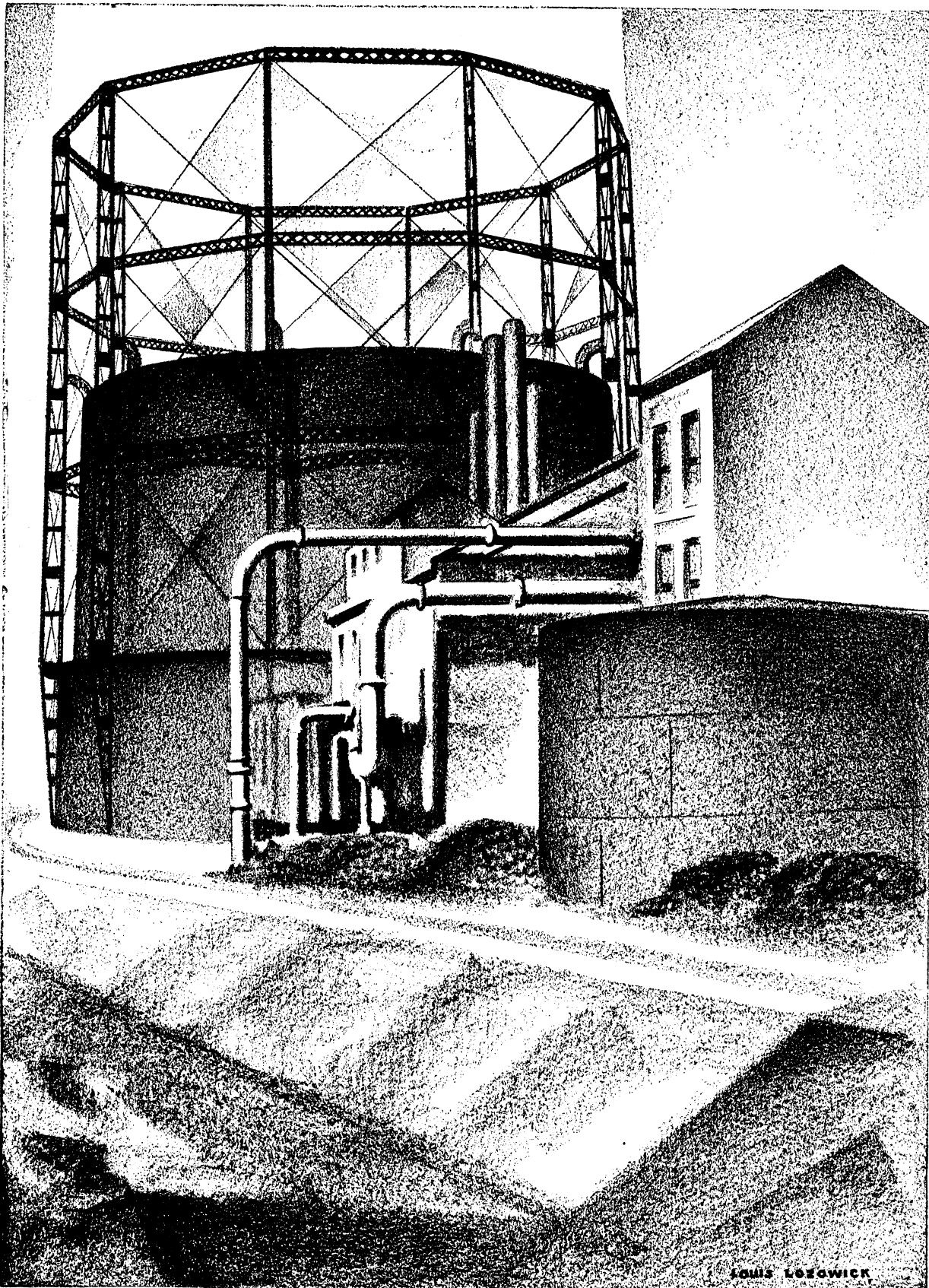
His father presses pants in a shop on Second Avenue and his mother bakes lotkes in a hot little kitchen back of the shop and George Cunningham Maguire runs his fingers through his hair and juggles opinions in a Greenwich Village speakeasy.

What is truth?

His father's name is Samuel Mag'd and his mother after she has washed the dishes, adjusts the specs on her nose and reads the serials in the *Forward*, and George Cunningham Maguire sips scotch and talks about Beaudelaire in a Greenwich Village speakeasy.

What is beauty?

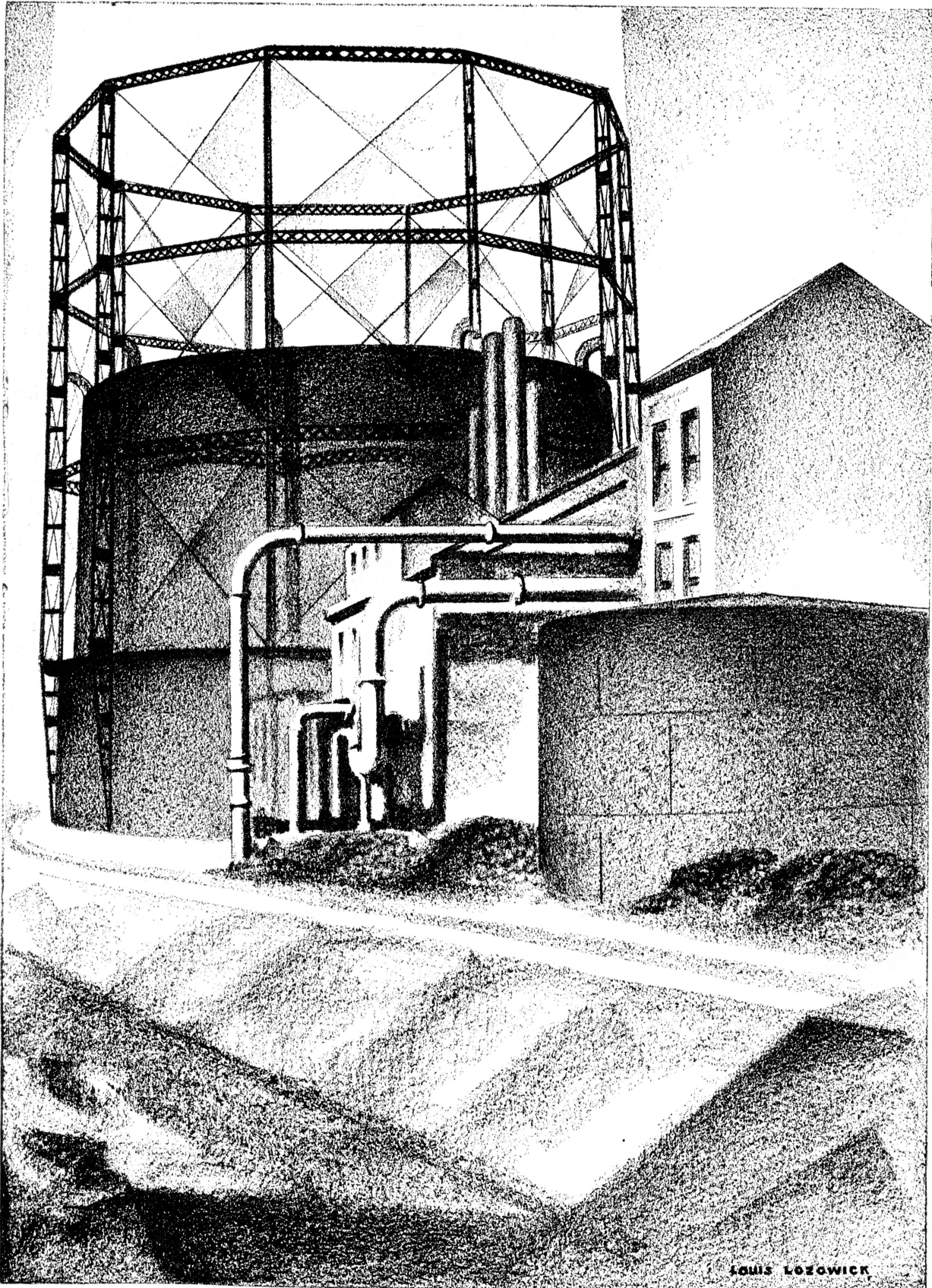
Harry Freeman



LOUIS LOZOWICK

Drawing by Louis Lozowick

GAS TANKS



GAS TANKS

LOUIS LOZOWICK
Drawing by Louis Lozowick

KARL MARX ANTICIPATED FREUD

By MAX EASTMAN

I WANT to take up Floyd Dell's challenge to expound the correct revolutionary attitude toward Freudian psychology. It is a problem that agitates every alert Marxian theorist in the world, and I think I have given the only possible solution of it in my book about Marxism.* I cannot fully explain my thesis in a short article, but I can give enough to serve as an advance notice to those who are interested.

Not only Freudian science "should be made use of by revolutionists like any other kind of knowledge"—as Floyd Dell suggests—but it *has been* made use of by Marxian revolutionists, unknowingly, all along. Marx's theory of history and the whole attitude to human thought and culture involved in his use of the word "ideology", was a direct anticipation of the Freudian psychology. It was

* *Marx, Lenin and the Science of Revolution*, published by George Allen & Unwin in London and *La Nouvelle Revue Francaise* in France. It is to be published in America this fall by Albert & Charles Boni.

by far the most direct and the most startling anticipation of it in all scientific literature.

Marx himself never defined the word ideology, but he used it so frequently and so forcibly that it is very easy to see what it meant to him. It was with him a term of scientific abuse—a name for all those kinds of thinking which ignore the economic facts which constitute the real explanation of historic events. If Marx had been a psychologist, instead of a semi-Hegelian philosopher, he might have expressed his doctrine of ideologies somewhat as follows:

In human society life's strongest and most universal impulses are suppressed by a standard of ideality and respectable virtue, that is an automatic product of social intercourse and self-consciousness. These strong universal impulses disappear out of men's thoughts, but they do not die. They continue to function unconsciously, and the result is a falsification of the conscious thoughts, wherever they touch a matter in which

these suppressed impulses are concerned. Men think they are defending and pursuing such goals as Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, when in reality their concern is, as Marx put it, with Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery. Their concern is to defend their own privileged position in a class which, in its unconscious but ultimately reliable motivation, knows nothing and cares nothing about liberty, or equality, or fraternity. That is what an ideology is. It is a thinking process which is unaware of the economic motive which instigated it, and toward the satisfaction of which it is directed. That the great part of written history, and of political and sociological theorizing, up to the time of Marx, was distorted with such ideological thinking, indulged in by people controlled by their own unconscious class interests, is fairly obvious. It is also obvious that this process has not ceased merely because it has been discovered. But it is certainly the ideal and the essence of scientific thinking to escape from it.

Practical scientific thinking defines its real motives, because it seeks a clear knowledge of the means to their satisfaction. And "pure" scientific thinking defines its motives, because it wishes to abstract from them, and get a picture of the facts which will be as objective and general as the nature of the human brain permits. Both these kinds of thinking are sharply and unmistakably distinguished, exactly as Marx originally said they are, from economically-determined ideologies.

That shows how close Marx was to the psychology of Sigmund Freud. The psychoanalyst, because he is trying to cure individual disorders, emphasizes those distortions of consciousness which arise from suppressed motives of sex. The Marxist, who wishes to cure the disorders of society, emphasizes those which arise from economic motives—the motives of hunger and fighting egoism. It is such motives which unconsciously dominate the majority of men in those broad social and po-



British Imperialist: "Please bear in mind that while the shooting of Voikoff may be laid to the patriotic enthusiasm of a high-spirited young Russian patriot, the execution of spies by the Bolsheviki is only an additional proof of their incorrigible barbarism."

Drawing by William Gropper

British Imperialist: "Please bear in mind that while the shooting of Voikoff may be laid to the patriotic enthusiasm of a high-spirited young Russian patriot, the execution of spies by the Bolsheviks is only an additional proof of their incorrigible barbarism."



Drawing by William Gropper

litical relations which constitute so large a part of their lives. It is such motives which align them in antagonistic classes, with the result that loyalty to class takes the place of that loyalty to society as a whole, upon which it might be possible to establish the framework of a reasonable world. Marx's word ideology is simply a name for the distortions of social and political thinking which are created by these suppressed motives. It is a general term for all that Freudians mean when they say *rationalization, substitution, transference, displacement, sublimation*. The economic interpretation of history is nothing but a generalized psychoanalysis of the social and political mind. One might infer this from the spasmodic and unreasonable resistance it meets on the part of its patient. The Marxian diagnosis is regarded as an outrage rather than a science. It is met, not with comprehension and critical analysis, but with rationalizations and "defence-reactions" of the most wild and infantile kind.

One of the most notable of these defence-reactions has been contributed by the Freudians themselves. They have invented the device of explaining away all revolutionary intelligence as a manifestation of the "Oedipus complex." Freud seems to have remained wisely silent upon this theme, but it is quite a fashion among his followers to dismiss any man who wants to cut under the plausibilities of existing law and government, as a neurotic driven on by an unconscious fixation of infantile emotion against his father. It is a case, they say, of *substitution, or transference* of the libido. The answer from the Marxian point of view is obvious: Doctors are in the economic nature of things bourgeois, or petit-bourgeois, and these Freudian doctors are driven on, in their attempt to explain away revolution, by unconscious motives of class loyalty and pecuniary self defence. It is a case of *ideological thinking*. In this exchange of amenities, the Marxian may have the satisfaction of remembering that Marx got there first. And he has this satisfaction also, that his position does not involve a snap-diagnosis of some of the healthiest and most stable personalities in the world as neurotic, and it does not pretend to an expert opinion on the intimate family history of several millions of people who have never been examined. It attributes to these Freudian doctors no condition more peculiar than the most general underlying motives of all humanity and all organic life.

When I say that the doctrine of ideologies is an anticipation of the Freudian psychology, I mean it literally and exactly. It can be nothing else, once you have put in the place

of the Hegelian metaphysics, a science of human thought and behavior. This can be seen clearly in any of Engels' attempts to state what an ideology is. "An ideology," he says in one place, "is a process which is carried out, to be sure, with the consciousness of the so-called think-

er, but with a false consciousness. The real motive-powers which move him remain unknown to him, otherwise it would not be an ideological process." You need only recognize that the motive-powers which move people to think are organic impulses, or "desires," and you have here all the essentials of a Freudian definition. And there are passages, indeed, where both Marx and Engels do seem to recognize this fact. In his book about the *Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte*, where Marx applies his theory to a piece of concrete historic action, he continually talks of the "interests" of the classes and parties concerned. He interprets their political ideas, not as an unconscious reflection of their economic position, but as an unconscious scheme for getting their economic wishes satisfied.

"As in private life we distinguish between what a man thinks and says about himself, and what he really is and does, still more in historical struggles we must distinguish the phrases and imaginations of parties from their real organism and their real interests. . . . Thus the Tories in England long imagined that they were raving about the Kingdom, the Church, and the Beauty of the Old-English dispensation, until the day of danger snatched from them the confession that they were only raving about Ground Rent."

That this is Freudian psychology at its most brilliant, needs no demonstration. Engels in his speech at the grave of Marx described the whole Marxian theory of history as a discovery of "the simple fact, heretofore concealed under ideological overgrowths, that men have first of all to eat and drink and live and clothe themselves, and only after that can they occupy themselves with politics and science and art and religion. . . ." Here again it is simply the underlying animal motivation that explains history and ideologies play exactly the part that is played by rationalizations in a Freudian psychology. They serve in concealments in consciousness, for those crude unconscious motives which on the broad average and in the long run determine the conduct of men.

* * *

That will indicate how I think the problem of the relation between Marxism and the Freudian psychology ought to be solved. I must hasten to add, however, that this solution cannot be accepted by orthodox Marxians. The reason is that orthodox Marxism is not scientific in the modern sense, but Hegelian—metaphysical. Until the relics of Hegel are abandoned and Marxism restated as a scientific hypothesis, no solution of its conflict with Freudian psychology, or any other psychology, or any other modern science, can be arrived at.



Drawing by Art Young

SENATOR CORNFILTER ACCEPTS By HOWARD BRUBAKER

To the voters of Kanaska:

With the expiration of my present term I will have completed twenty-four years of service in the United States Senate. I had fondly hoped that I would then be permitted to retire for a well earned rest, but yielding to the overwhelming demand of my party I have reluctantly consented to bear the standard once more.

As you all know, the Cornfilter-Hinklemeier bill, providing for an annual Government subsidy of \$1,000 to every farmer, failed of passage at the last session. I cannot conscientiously retire from public life until I have secured this simple act of justice to agriculture, which is the backbone of the nation.

There are eighteen growing and progressive little cities in Kanaska which by every principle of right and justice are entitled to new postoffice buildings. Moreover, I have for years labored unceasingly for government appropriations for the improvement of the Rappanoosie River. I cannot lay down the burdens of office until that noble, but somewhat shallow, stream is made navigable from Pitchfork to Giggles Gap.

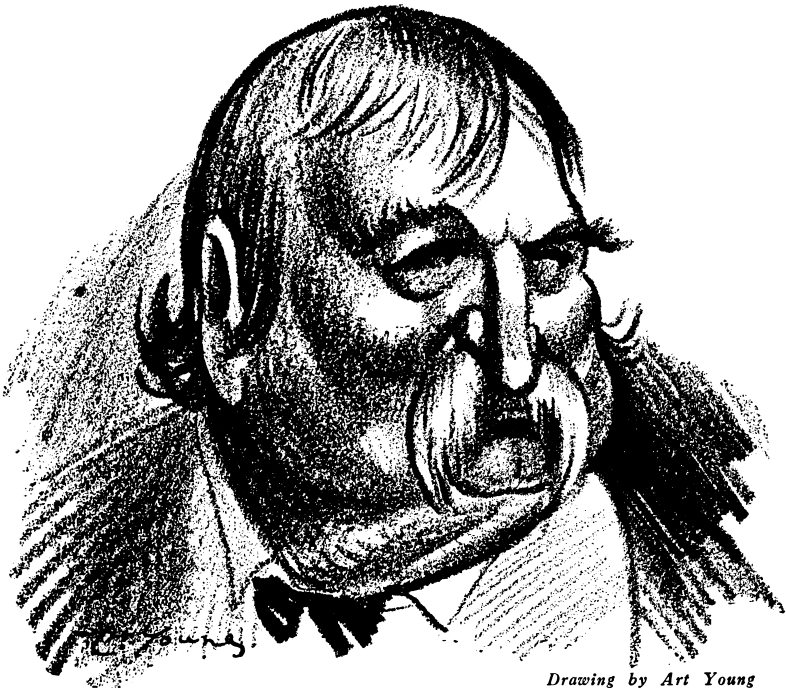
We all believe in a further strengthening of the great prohibition law. This will require more enforcement officers at higher and better salaries. The great state of Kanaska contains many men who are qualified for this work by their service to their government and their party. I cannot desert them in this crisis.

Throughout my entire career I have been a firm believer in the protection of our industries from the pauper labor of Europe. Especially do I feel that the prosperity of the nation depends upon a higher tariff on those great Kanaska products, hog bristles, prunes and muskrat skins. We must not trade horses in the middle of this stream.

I believe in living at peace with all the nations of the world, but I will never consent to America's joining any league, court, conference, confab, parley or pact. The army, navy and marines are good enough for me and I must stay in the Senate until this danger is past.

There is vicious propaganda put forth by half-baked college professors for the revision of the war debts. I promise the good people of Kanaska that I will not lay down the reins of office until the United States has collected every dollar of principal and interest owed us by foreign countries.

Phineas G. Cornfilter



Drawing by Art Young

SENATOR CORNFILTER ACCEPTS
By HOWARD BRUBAKER



Drawing by Art Young

SENATOR CORNFILTER ACCEPTS
By HOWARD BRUBAKER

A BARKER INCITES AN OLD MAN TO SPEND A CENT

By ALFRED KREYMBORG

If the girls you used to know
with their little hills of snow
never kept their golden eyes aglow
for you,

And the ones you wished to wed
married other men instead
and to each and every other bed
were true,

And if all the girls are gone
who have roamed the world alone
and the cold can only drive you home
again,

Come and step in off the street,
no, don't stop to wipe your feet,
lay your stick aside and take this seat
for men.

Here's a hula hula girl
who can shimmy like a pearl
whose shape is one dark curl
upon the beach.

Every movement of the sea,
sunny cloud and budding tree
have taught her all the things that she
can teach.

Slip a penny down the slot,
press your best eye on the spot
and every blooming curve she's got
will spin.

First a hip and then a thigh
and the thing you never spy
will fill your everlasting eye
with sin.

Man alive, you're not so old,
half so timid or so cold—
where else have you ever spent so gold
a cent?

What other hole can hold the half
reeling round that photograph—
go on, snicker, chuckle, laugh
until you're bent.

Are the lamps in her eyes lit,
soon her mouth will part a bit,
it'll mean that you'll be it
when she is through.

You're the boy she's dancing for,
you're the whole king on the shore
and you'll brain the man who whispers
whore
to you.

She's the hope that's always haunted
you, the dope that's always daunted
you, the love, the life you've wanted
till you're dead.

She's the earth you've never felt before,
the sky you've always knelt before,
the sun and moon that melt before
they wed.

What the deuce has happened there now,
must you lift your head and stare now,
can it be you do not care
for what I've said?

The light went out, the room turned
dark?—

you poor old fool, she turned the spark—
a hint you ought to mark
and go to bed.

Don't go back into the snow,
you're quite old enough to know
why it always happens so
in life as well.

For no matter how you strive
not a girl on earth can give
all the life you'd love to live
in heav'n or hell.

Try the real ones till you rot
you will find as like as not
that the dream behind the slot
is just as true.

And she only cost a cent
and she never need repent
what she's done or hasn't done she
meant to do.



PENNY ARCADE

Drawing by Otto Soglow



PAPA'S DREAM 5¢

THE GIRL IN THE TUB 5¢

THROUGH THE OLD MAIDS KEY HOLE 5¢

THE CHORUS GIRL'S NIGHTGOWN 5¢

MOTHER'S SECRET 5¢

IN TILLIES' BEDROOM 5¢

NO SPITTING ALLOWED BY ORDER OF THE MANAGEMENT

COLE'S COCAINE
HAVE UPPTINA
READ YOUR PAST FUTURE
PRESENT AND FUTURE
DEPOSIT ONE CENT

MY MAMMY'S BLACK EYES

HOT NIGHTS IN BORNEO

PENNY ARCADE

Drawing by Otto Seglow



PAPA'S DREAM
5¢

THE GIRL IN
THE TUB
5¢

THROUGH
THE OLD
MAIDS KEY
HOLE
5¢

THE CHORUS GIRL
NIGHTGOWN
5¢

MOTHER'S
SECRET
5¢

IN TILLIE'S
BEDROOM
5¢

NO SPITTING
ALLOWED
BY ORDER OF
THE MANAGER

COCA-COLA
HAVE UPTINA
READ YOUR PAST
PRESENT AND FUTURE
DEPOSIT ONE CENT

MY SWEETIE
TWEETY
TWEETY

MY MAMMY'S
BACK
COEYES

HOT NIGHTS
IN
BORNEO

PENNY ARCADE

Drawing by Otto Soglow

"NATIONAL EMERGENCY"

By FULANO DE TAL

SITTING next me the other night, at a performance of *Spread Eagle*, were a young R. O. T. C. graduate and his girl friend. When Charles Wayne, as the theatre manager, stepped in front of the curtain in the second scene of the second act to announce the declaration of war with Mexico, my two neighbors were manifestly uneasy. She reached over and clutched his hand.

"Jim," she whispered, "oughtn't you to go?"

"Go where?" he muttered, but without much conviction.

"Well, you heard what he said about Reserve Officers reporting right away—"

Her voice trailed off in misery. Through the remainder of the play they clung together in silent wretchedness, bewildered, never altogether convinced that that call to arms was only a part of the show. I understand Will Hays has forbidden any production of *Spread Eagle* on the silver screen. He is right. Sure as shooting, we should have at least 10,000 Reserve Officers frantically telephoning to somebody or other to find out where they ought to report for duty.

For George Brooks and Walter Lister have put their fingers on something that is very real: everybody in this country does know that sooner or later the United States will invade Mexico with so many millions of Our Boys that there won't be room in the place to shoot craps, but the men who are more or less informally connected with the Army of the United States through what is known as the Organized Reserves also know something else. They know that when Congress declared a state of war to exist with "the Imperial German Government" (whatever that meant), on April 6, 1917, there was, for a brief time, a sort of hesitancy about what to do next. Then on May 18, 1917, Congress passed "An Act to authorize the President to increase temporarily the military establishment of the United States," in which enactment there appeared for the first time a curious little phrase: "In view of the *existing emergency*," the Act read, "which demands the raising of troops in addition to those now available, the President be, and he is hereby, authorized" etc. And thereafter, that little phrase *existing emergency* appeared again and again in the enactments of Congress. On June 15, 1917, for example, the justly celebrated Espionage Act was passed (and is still the law of the land); in it the existence of a state of war is mentioned only incidentally and as a reason for increasing the penalties which are provided primarily for

times of piping peace. But there is, in section 6, a specific and disquieting reference to what the President can do *in case of national emergency*. Not war, you understand. The constitution of the United States is specific on the matter of war: "The Congress shall have power . . . to declare war . . . to raise and support armies" etc. The President cannot declare war. That's clear. But there is nothing whatever in the Constitution of the United States about a *national emergency*. The President

can declare one of those things, all right, whenever he feels nervous. And what happens when he does? Let's see.

First, a national emergency can exist perfectly well when no war—no official war, I mean—is going on. The last one did. The fighting ended, I believe, on November 11, 1918—historic date! But the national emergency did not end then. You're darned right, it didn't. A lotta fellas hadn't got theirs, yet, if y'know what I mean. The national emergency ended only on March 31, 1921—two years and 140 days after the war had ended—and after all the "Reds" had

demned to be electrocuted or what not, under the Deportation Act of May 10, 1920, and the Espionage Act. Oh, yes. There can be a national emergency without a war, never fear.

Well, what of it?

Just this: the National Defence Act of June 4, 1920, is the Magna Charta, so to speak, of the Army. It provides for the organization of the War College, for the drafting into Federal Service of the National Guard, for the Organized Reserves, the R. O. T. C. in colleges, and so on, and so on. It even revamps the Manual of Courts Martial—makes them more business-like and effective, as it were. And right there, in this same National Defence Act, we have our old friend the little Joker about the national emergency that so neatly amends Article I, Sec. 8 of the Constitution of the United States—without the formality of an Amendment to the Constitution. For section 2 of the National Defence Act puts definite and specific limitations on the extent to which the President, as Constitutional "Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States" can increase the forces under his command—"except in time of war or similar emergency when the public safety demands it." In time of war or national emergency the President can go hog wild.

And so, some bright, sunny day a Mexican laborer at the United States Army Camp at Eagle Pass, Texas, will carelessly flip his cigarette butt into a corner; an ammunition dump will blow up; a "Red" plot will be discovered—and the President of the United States under the authority conferred on him by Congress and the Constitution will issue a Proclamation declaring a *national emergency* to exist (No! No! NOT a war, you sap—the President can't declare war!)—and then—

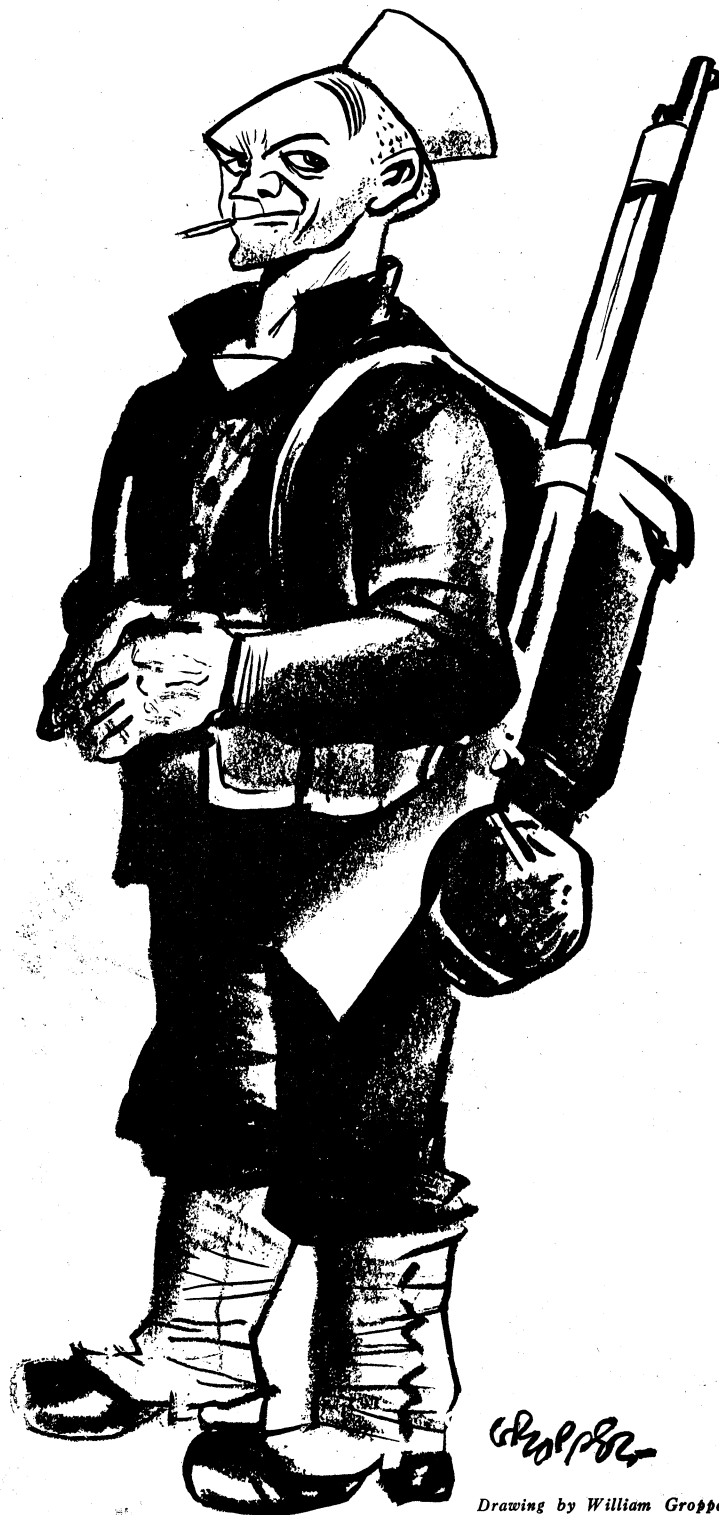
"Oh! say can you see . . ."

Can't happen?

Listen, Buddy. On May 29th, 1927, just seventeen days after the British Tory Government raided Soviet House in London, the Associated Press sent a dispatch from Manila which more than half of the newspapers of the United States carried on their front pages (on Memorial Day with unconscious appropriateness), under heads announcing a Moscow plot to blow up the Navy's ammunition supply at the Cavite arsenal. A Rear Admiral of the United States Navy rejoicing in the comic name of Kittelle was the authority for the story.

"Supporting his statements," says the A. P. dispatch, "the speaker referred to certain documents found in the Soviet Embassy at Peking."

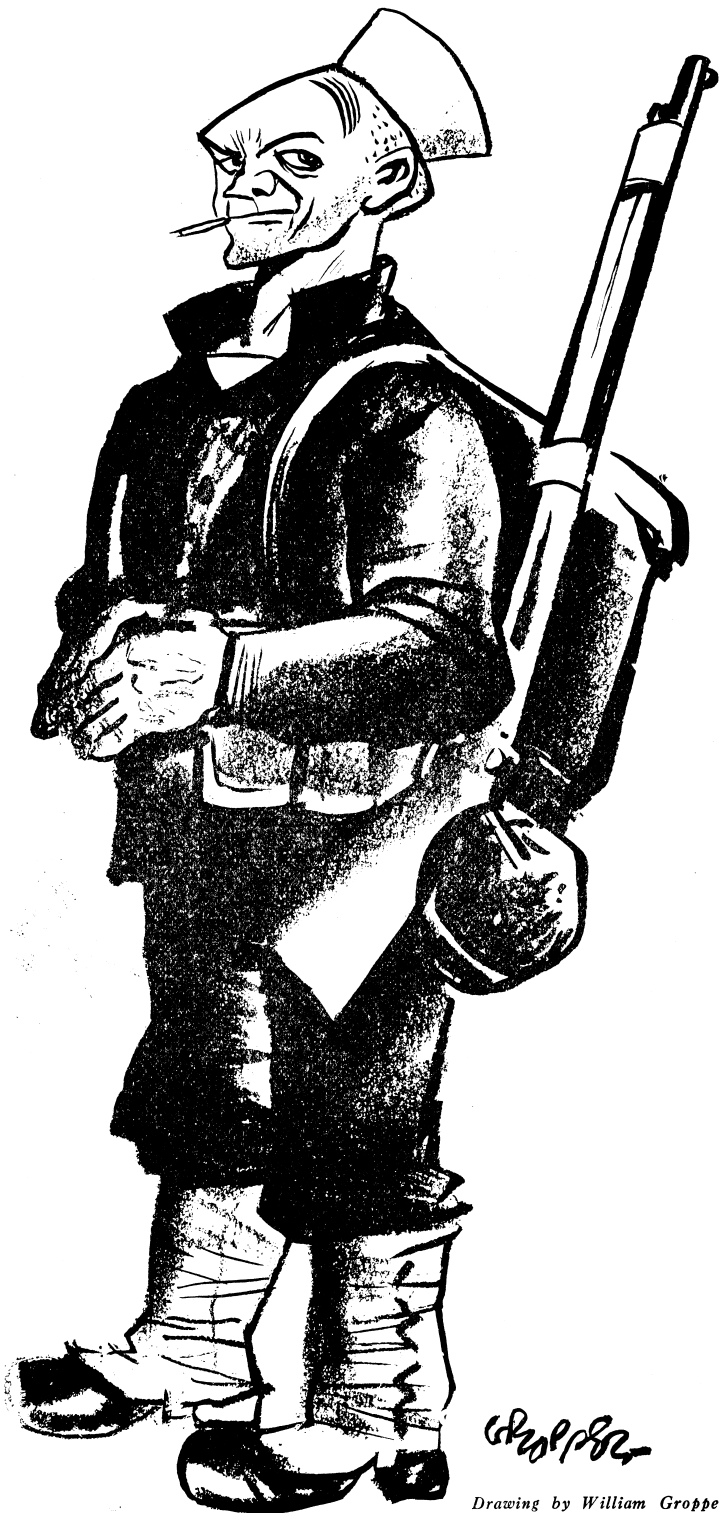
"You would be astonished at some of these disclosures," he said.



Drawing by William Groppe

ALL DRESSED UP—

"Ain't that gob's luck? Ordered home from China just before the shootin' began!"



Drawing by William Gropper

ALL DRESSED UP—

*"Ain't that gob's luck? Ordered home from China
just before the shootin' began!"*

"The Admiral did not reveal the nature of these documents."

The Admiral was even more cagey than that. He did not give the name of a single individual involved in the alleged "plot." On closer reading of his bedtime story, it does not even appear that the Russians had anything whatever to do with the business. Shanghai Communists, Chinese Nationalists (all unnamed) seem to be the villains of the melodrama. It is all the sheerest war-time propaganda, that takes one back to the days when the Germans in the United States were supposed to be plotting to blow up the subtreasury, etc., etc. It is the kind of thing that, before the late war, an A. P. man would have lost his job, by cable, for putting on the wires.

Now wait. Just exactly half a world away, on the very next morning after the A. P. dispatch had left Manila, the Hon. Myron T. Herrick stopped exhibiting Charley Lindbergh long enough to make a Memorial Day speech at Suresnes, in which he had the effrontery to talk about propaganda. He meant "bolshhevik" propaganda, however. His address was a sort of informal declaration of war on the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. The British Tories had done a fine job, said the Ambassador. The United States Government was heart and soul with them in their war on Soviet Russia. If they needed a loan or any little thing like that—why, that would be all right, too. That was the tenor of it, anyhow.

And now you see, dear ones, the naked foundations of what may turn into a *national emergency* any minute. Of course that silly Admiral in Manila showed too clearly where he got his inspiration—Navy men never do understand such things! But wait till some Army man, not too far from the White House to talk over the telephone, gets on the job.

No; those two kids next me at the performance of *Spread Eagle* the other night were not such yokels as you might think. It's the rest of us who are yokels, Buddy.

CHINA'S PROBLEM

British guns continue to open fire, and more American troops are going to, on the Chinese. What lies behind the awakening of China is shown by Donald Ross, writing for the Nationalist News Agency:

"The lives of the workmen of China are the best explanation of the 'labor unrest.' It is true industries must not be strangled, but it is true also that without strangulation most of the industries of China could be reorganized in such a way that children of 7 and 8 years would not work for twelve hours a day in dark factories for a few paltry cents, and that tired, worn women would not sit all day over steaming tables in silk factories, while their babies cry from discomfort and hunger, or mercifully sleep, in baskets of rags under the machines."

ENGLAND RUNS AMUCK

By SCOTT NEARING

THE "wild men" in Stanley Baldwin's cabinet are in the saddle with both feet in the stirrups. Madly they are riding the governmental machinery in a race against the fate which is destroying the British Empire.

At home, they have introduced a trade union bill making general strikes illegal, barring sympathetic strikes, restricting picketing, and lim-

Internationally, the Baldwin Government has adopted an attitude openly hostile to the Soviets. Britain is avowedly at grips with the Soviet forces in China; Arthur Balfour, head of the British delegation at the Geneva Conference, made no effort to hide his opposition to the Soviet delegation; the raid on Arcos, Ltd. and the Soviet Trade Delegation in London followed a similar

were at the lowest ebb, economically and politically.

The Soviet Union in 1927 is a powerful, well-knit organization, with a going economic system and a popular support that is probably as well unified as that behind any big European government.

If the British Empire and its Allies, including the United States, could not turn the trick then, when the Soviets were weak, why do they try it now when the Soviets are strong? The answer is simple. The masters of the British Empire find themselves in a desperately critical situation.

British trade is stagnant. The budget last year showed a deficit of 150 million dollars. The empire is overwhelmed with a debt of 35 billion dollars and is paying heavy annual tribute to the United States. Nearly a million jobless British workers are living on the dole. Hundreds of thousands of others are working part time. This economic depression has lasted since 1920. No relief is in sight.

To make matters worse the great Asiatic markets of China and India are slipping through the fingers of British business men. Gunboat diplomacy has alienated and embittered the native populations. Japanese, German, and United States competition has taken a heavy toll. But worst of all, the continued economic and diplomatic success of the Soviet Union has proved clearly to the people of Asia that they can do it too. The Chinese have taken the matter sternly in hand, and the leaders of the Indian National movement are talking loudly of following suit.

The British Empire is the last of the great colonial empires. Structurally it is weak because it is so scattered. The goose that has been laying the biggest and best of its golden eggs lives in Asia where the native inhabitants seem to have decided to go in for another variety of poultry.

Die-hards may be slow about it but ultimately they do pass on. If the Chinese insist on playing the funeral march a little prematurely they can very well be forgiven in view of their hateful contacts with die-hard imperialism during the past century. As for the Soviet authorities, they are playing a game for the world with Asia as the immediate stakes. Churchill and Joynson-Hicks know this. They are trying to meet it by cracking some safes and filing cabinets in the Soviet premises of London.

Perhaps they will succeed. Perhaps, by the same tactics, they can also succeed in averting the rainy season in the tropics during the present year.

Then again they may fail, as die-hards have failed before, to stop the rising tide of social progress.



Drawing by William Siegel

SCOTLAND YARD OPERATIVES

"Blimey! Pipe the likes of us workin' fer de bleedin' bobbies!"

iting contributions from workers for political purposes. So alien is this bill to the traditions of British public life that the Liberals and a section of the Conservatives have joined Labor in their protests against it.

But Churchill and Chamberlain know what they are about. They are preparing a war with Russia and when hostilities break out they cannot afford to have any labor disaffection. If the workers will not be patriotic they must be coerced. This is the new policy, which British Tories followed during the coal mine strike and which they are now pursuing on a wider scale.

raid in Peking. In Peking the raid was perpetrated by a bandit chieftain working for the imperialists. In London the raid was conducted by Scotland Yard with the sanction of the Home Office, the Foreign Office, and presumably of the Cabinet. Meanwhile, Britain has been mending her fences in Italy and the Balkans, making every effort to erect an impassable barrier around the Soviet Union.

In 1918 and 1919 the Allies tried to crush the Soviet Union with a military blockade supplemented by an economic boycott and the subsidizing of counter-revolution. These efforts failed at a time when the Soviets



Drawing by William Siegel

SCOTLAND YARD OPERATIVES

"Blimey! Pipe the likes of us workin' fer de bleedin' bobbies!"



Drawing by William Siegel

SCOTLAND YARD OPERATIVES

"Blimey! Pipe the likes of us workin' fer de bleedin' bobbies!"

THE NEW HOLY GRAIL

By JOSEPH FREEMAN

I FOUND the director of *Potemkin* in his studio on the *Chistia Pruda*, towards the outskirts of Moscow. He lives in one large room, furnished simply with a bed (behind a screen), a working table littered with stills and clippings, a small writing desk and several bookcases crowded with magazines, pamphlets, and books. The ceiling is decorated with a series of concentric circles, red and blue. This target was painted by Eisenstein himself in his early, futurist days.

It seems strange to use the word "early" in connection with Eisenstein. He is only twenty-nine. Yet, like most of the young art workers in Soviet Russia, he has gone through decades of experience in the past ten years. Starting as an architect, he found himself attracted to the theatre even before the revolution. When October swept away the old stage along with the old regime, he was at the head of the Proletcult Theatre and a member of the *Lef* group, which included futurists like Mayakovsky, Meyerhold, and Tretyakov.

Thus the first agitational plays of the Proletcult—which is on the extreme wing of the proletarian theatre in Soviet Russia—were directed by a young man in his earliest twenties, who describes himself not as a proletarian but as an intellectual. But so thoroughly has he absorbed the teachings of Marx and Lenin, and so wholeheartedly has he thrown himself into the construction of Socialism in Russia, that today he is entrusted by the workers' and peasants' state with the direction of its greatest films. This is no mean job and no small honor, for the Soviet government still holds to Lenin's view that "of all forms of art the film is for us the most important."

Potemkin has, by general acclaim of specialists in the field, placed

Eisenstein among the greatest movie directors in the world. Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford saw the picture in Moscow last summer, and after smothering it in the usual American superlatives, invited Eisenstein to Hollywood. In all probability he will accept the invitation. Like most Russians, he admires American technique, and is curious to see the results of combining it with Russian ideas.

Freud, Marx and Movies

For the present, however, he is engaged on a new film which will be shown in November during the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the revolution. It was about this new film that I came to see him. I found him talking over the telephone to Serge Tretyakov, the author of a remarkable play on China running at Meyerhold's constructivist theatre. Eisenstein is writing an autobiography in collaboration with Tretyakov, and at that moment he was discussing the necessity of including a chapter on Freud.

"We must show Freud's influence on me," he explained later, "for I am a Freudian as well as a Marxian. Freud discovered the laws of individual conduct, just as Marx discovered the laws of social development. I have consciously used such knowledge of Marx and Freud as I possess in the stage plays and movies I have directed in the past ten years."

In addition to his native Russian, Eisenstein speaks fluently German, French and English. His library is jammed with books in all four languages on politics, sociology, literature, biology, mechanics, anatomy, psychology, the plastic arts, the theatre, the film.

There is nothing of bohemia or of Hollywood about him. As a matter of preference, he neither smokes nor drinks; but he is no ascetic. He

is dressed neatly in the fashion of an American or Englishman, and speaks quietly with logic and humor. Essentially, he thinks of himself not as the traditional "artist," intuitive, emotional, moving under the spontaneous and unpredictable influence of "inspiration"; but as a scientific engineer whose field happens to be the movies. He studies the film from every angle, relates it constantly to the life about him, and constructs his pictures rationally and deliberately with the conscious aim of producing definite effects.

Eisenstein is primarily interested in mass art. Even before the revolution had made all Russians artists mass-conscious, he had developed the theory of the "play without a hero." He had an opportunity to experiment with this theory in the Proletcult Theatre, where even in the classics of Ostrovsky, he was able to switch the focus of attention from the individual to the entire group involved in the action. There were scenes where the satire was heightened through exaggeration, as in a celebrated 19th century comedy where a ball-room scene became in Eisenstein's hands a circus scene.

Plays Without Stars

He manipulates his knowledge of Freud, not to dissect the difficulties of the disturbed individual soul, but to evoke certain feelings in his audience. He has directed no "psychological" plays or movies; his productions have no "stars." In fact, most of his films have no professional actors. All but one of the players in *Potemkin* are amateurs, most of whom have never appeared on the screen before or since. The sailors' parts were played by sailors of the Soviet fleet; other players were chosen in Odessa from various walks of life. For every new film Eisenstein personally selects the types he wants from factories, farms and institutions.

Eisenstein's conception of art—like the conception of most young

art workers in Soviet Russia—differs in principle from concepts prevalent in western Europe and the United States. In the vocabulary of Soviet artists the term "aesthetic" amounts to an insult; it is the equivalent of the term "bourgeois" in the political lexicon of the people.

Instead of Hand Grenades

This is how Eisenstein discussed his new film:

"When I had finished *Potemkin*, the Russian Soviet was face to face with two burning questions: events in China and the development of the Soviet village."

"The Chinese workers and peasants are going through a life and death struggle for freedom. There is a profound need for fighting movies. Concrete agitation material was needed in China itself. Perhaps for the first time in history, the film was to become as terrible a weapon as the hand grenade. There on the battlefield where the fight is carried on is the place of that art which stands in the front ranks of battle—the art of the film. For our so-called art is only a means, an instrument, a method of struggle."

Eisenstein planned to turn out a gigantic Chinese film in three parts, but was unable to do so for technical reasons. There remained the theme of the Russian village. For over a month, Eisenstein and his assistants studied the problems of the village. They went to the editorial offices of peasant newspapers, the People's Commissariat of Agriculture, the trade union of agricultural workers, the institutes of experimental biology, the agricultural schools, the peasant cooperatives, the poor villages, the government model farms. Then came weeks of reading through newspapers and magazines, theses, reports and statistics.

Eisenstein wanted to turn out a picture which would not only give the spectator scenes of country life or a story connected with agriculture.



Country Carnival



Country Carnival

Far from merely enchanting the spectator's heart, the film is intended to grip him and bring him face to face with the most important problems of the village. It must make him conscious of the work of Communist youth in the villages, the cultural activities of various organizations, the peasant correspondents movement, the cooperatives, the new Soviet family, the struggle against religion, the women's movement, the battle against the rich peasants, the industrialization and reorganization of the village. Eisenstein attempts to make his art not static but kinetic: the new film is intended to force the Russian spectator to participate in the solution of village problems.

"The movies of the bourgeois west," he explained, "carry on propaganda for patriotism, for god and the honest traveling salesman; they erect monuments for the unknown soldier. We must make our vast audiences fall in love with the peasant's daily work. We must acquaint them with cattle, hens, and tractors. The tractor is vital in building up the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, and is a heroic theme for the film."

For a principle to unify the unlimited material afforded by the changing Russian village, Eisenstein went to the theses of the fourteenth congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, which formulated the "general line" for economic progress. The line is the collectivization of economy and the industrialization of the village.

Lenin's Five Epochs

This is the theme of Eisenstein's new film, entitled *General Policy*. It is the first big film based on peasant material, dealing in a vivid way with problems of profound political and social importance.

"The official terminology of theses, resolutions, and decisions," Eisenstein said, "comes to life on the screen in herds of fat cattle, in the

rumble of harvesters and tractors, in warm stables, in the opening of the earth under the spring snow, in a thick layer of manure on a field which is collectively cultivated." A little later he asked me, "Does

SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

A lousy bum
On the Bowery
Pulls a heavy paw
To his head
And scratches himself
Vigorously.
In the executive offices
At the City Hall
A dignified man
Lifts a white hand
To his head
And scratches
Himself.

EXTERIOR

If you must die,
Be a suicide.
A natural death
Shows a
Stupid soul.
Boldly gesture!
At the dawn
Of a Spring day,
When hope
Is reborn,
Swing gently
In the wind,
From a lamppost
To which a mongrel
Has just lifted
A hind paw.

Nathan R. Adler

America know about the extraordinary struggle on our 'peace front'? about the heroism of the first attacks of the pioneers of the agricultural revolution? Many Russian movie houses are now running Buster Keaton's comedy, *Three Epochs*. My new film involves Lenin's analysis of 'five epochs.' It shows the five stages of

economy which exist side by side today in Soviet Russia. We have still a patriarchal economy, domestic economy, and private capitalism along with state capitalism and socialism. The stone age lives side by side with the latest achievements of science and social organization, and, what is most remarkable, we are building in all five epochs at once."

If Eisenstein differs from bourgeois artists in his preoccupation with socialist problems, he differs no less from many proletarian artists in his intense preoccupation with form. He defines sublimation, for the artist at any rate, as "matter finding its most adequate form." Certainly, to find the most adequate form for the agricultural theses of the fourteenth Party congress is no easy matter.

The New Holy Grail

The action of *General Policy* is merely a thread on which Eisenstein has strung a thousand effects which must be seen to be appreciated. The story, such as it is, moves simply through various problems of the new Russian village. It begins with a group of poor peasants who organize an *artel*, i.e., a small cooperative. They obtain credit from the government on easy terms, and buy a milk separator.

"The milk separator," Eisenstein explained, "plays the same role in my film as the holy grail plays in *Parsifal*. The poetry of the milk separator! Think of it, from milk separator to a first-class bull, from a bull to a tractor, from one tractor to ten tractors, a thousand tractors, to the industrialization of the village, to raising the economic, political and social level of the entire Russian people."

With the profits turned out by their milk separator, the peasants in the new film purchase a young bull at a government model farm; with the second profits of their enterprise they want to buy a tractor. Enter

the various villains of contemporary Russia — the bureaucrat, against whom the Soviet is waging relentless warfare, the *kulak*, or rich peasant, and others who try to thwart the ambitions of the poor peasants. But in a series of exciting scenes, including a chase of the new tractor by peasants on horses, (a device deliberately lifted by Eisenstein from the American cowboy movie), the peasants are triumphant.

From this point the film proceeds to the development of agricultural economy. It shows model farms, Baku oil fields, the breeding of cattle, the latest agricultural methods, all connected up with the story, of which the hero is no single individual but the Russian village. It shows among other things, Eisenstein explained, that the Soviet Union already has enough developed resources to carry on a prosperous national economy.

In one sense *General Policy* is education; at the same time, however, it is rich in dramatic and comic moments, and presents with an art as great as that of *Potemkin* one of the great epic themes: man's struggle to subdue nature through a higher form of economy. When this film penetrates the west (no doubt, Germany will be the first to show it), it will infuse new blood into an art in constant danger of growing anemic for want of heroic material.

SOUTH AFRICA

A Native Administration Bill has been introduced into Parliament, which deprives natives of the franchise and segregates them in such a way that they will be forced off the farms and into manual labor and personal service for the whites. In this bill has been incorporated the Sedition Bill, which if it becomes law, could be used against any kind of trade union activity. Protests against this bill are being made by labor unions throughout South Africa.



Drawing by Wanda Gag



WANDA GAG

Drawing by Wanda Gag

THE RUSKINIAN BOYS SEE RED

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

The Machine Age Exposition, May 16, May 28, 1927, 119 West 57th Street, New York.

JANE HEAP talks such good sense in her catalogue, that her show should have been better. There could have been more guillotinesque, nearly noiseless meat-slicers from Dayton, more kitchen cabinets and Crane Valves; *more Machine Age*. After the show we went outside into a comparatively better show, the city of New York, mixed up with all the past, to be sure, mixed as all art is in life,—but superior to Miss Heap's show in two regards: first, there was more of it and second, it was going.

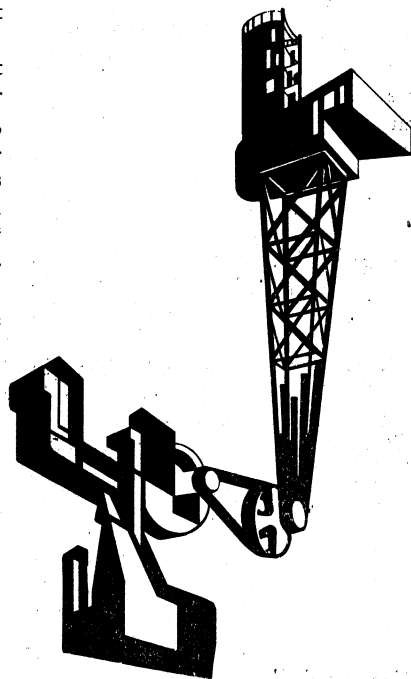
A week before, down near the East river I stopped short to see on a poster in the dusty window of a print-shop, the familiar cockade of the Lozowick black and white announcing this exhibition. The same machine design that we associate with the NEW MASSES, *Loony*, the *Pinwheel* program and every radical show in town. And when we entered the Lozowicks stood out before everything, surpassing the actual cogwheels and crank-shafts, and became with the Archipekos the chief reason for not staying outside and riding on the elevated.

It may be that the machine has got to be stopped before we can see it. In that case this show was right in taking from the delicatessen and the machine shop the tools and contrivances we watch with bored eyes and impatient faces, rapping the counter with the change while we wait for sliced ham or re-soled shoes.

But most of us began inspecting the Machine Age about thirty years ago from Grandpa's knee where we had a good view of his gold-filled turnip watch. And invariably, Machine Age Exhibitors should remember that after seeing the wheels stopped, we wanted to see them going again. There are a lot of grand words that can be used at this point about another dimension and the difference between functional knowledge and no knowledge at all, but I will not use them. I might not use them right. There is a ferry-boat on San Francisco bay going at this instant where the two pistons are enclosed in a great glass house. In there they do their stuff; you watch the incredible shaft plunge upward; the walking beam buries the other piston in the ferry's depths . . . a momentary pause while the action shifts, a totally different rhythm, and then down. . . . The only other object worth peering at so long is a mechan-

ism at the opposite end of existence . . . people are equally fascinated with a monkey in a cage.

And so if she couldn't get the engineers to rig up something in motion why didn't Jane Heap get Leeger's movie, *Ballet Mechanic* and have some Antheil music playing in a little dark room? Is that too much to ask? Jane Heap is content with machine sculpture; but most people want machine dance or drama. Gate Valve 72 inch, by the Crane Company is very fine indeed, from the static point of view. "It is this plastic-mechanical analogy which we



Drawing by Louis Lozowick

wish to present," she says in the catalogue. "Utility does not exclude the presence of beauty . . . on the contrary a machine is not entirely efficient without the element of beauty. Utility and efficiency must take into account the whole man."

An architect went along with me to this show and told me that Hugh Ferriss' Sketch Model of Glass Skyscraper wasn't mere play. The glass is very pale green, and dented all over to keep the light from being too intense; you can see out and not be seen. People who live in glass skyscrapers shouldn't throw stones. . . . Within, under the washy shafted walls, it would be like living under water.

*Sabrina fair,
Listen where Thou art sitting,
Under the glassy, cool translucent wave . . .*

Beside the Hugh Ferriss model, all around on the wall, drawings of those strangely named abstractions, the Ultimate Allowable Envelopes, black monoliths, altered, altered again, and

suddenly, a place to live. Thank God, they didn't look like the stills in *Metropolis*. Over in the corner, some exquisite photographs by Steiner, the back lace of wires, and one startling slant at part of a typewriter. The Americans are better than the Germans, than the Russians, than the French, as far as the architecture goes. One rotograve photograph of the Garment Centre, New York, from high in the air . . . the buildings turn into Aztec pueblos, one straight line and steps of stories, running back.

The architect told me a lot of amazing things I couldn't retain, for instance the zoning law and its intricacies. I do remember though, that he said ninety per cent of all the buildings in New York are now made of synthetic stone. . . . In Spain, somewhere, there is a law in the little towns against carrying off the dust of the streets in your hand to the meagre terrace of a farm; people must be watched, there is so little soil. And sometimes the women come down during a rain and catch the muddy water that runs between the cobbles in their aprons for the sake of the sediment. But this story has little to do with the Machine Age, unless the people who live in the Synthetic Stone Ritz Tower begin to yearn for dirt boxes and hanging gardens. Perhaps synthetic dirt.

This article had started before Miss Heap sprung her show; and the pith of it was to have been ridicule for the howlers. The latest howl took place in the NEW MASSES when someone complained because he had to stop at a street corner when the red light went on. Incredible tyranny! The trouble with literary people is that they just can't stick to their real grievances. Red and green lights are no tyranny until you sit down to write. Then you use them since you need to objectify some trouble or other. There is the central and never ending pain in the centre of your chest. It doesn't come from red and green lights. It's just as much there in the country as the city. It's there because you're alive and you can't do anything about it but go on living with it.

But our Ruskinian boys and girls keep talking about the evils of present-day life-standardization, and the robot crowds in the subway, and the horror of cleanliness and order. They make me sick, they make me tired.

And yet, perhaps they are instinctively sound; these people keep claiming that they want to go to the tops of mountains, or to Connecticut farms, etc.; use their hands, sweat; till the soil and play the game of being Isaaks and pioneers. That's

what they do need. Because when they get back on the Connecticut farm, and begin to plow or milk cows or even split wood, they discover that there is a lot of work to be done, even when they employ some of the despised Machine Age—in a community that is trying merely to feed and house itself. Such an awful lot of work, such hours of toil and struggle just for food, or fire, or safety from storms, or labor for the beasts that labor for you. Then red and green lights don't seem such an awful imposition. There is just one story about the human race that shouldn't ever be omitted from any picture. Men are living on a planet out in the middle of the sky where they have got to hustle in order to eat. The varieties of hustling are continuous; a few red and green lights if you try it one way; complete darkness and a smoky lantern in the wind, another.

The Ruskinian boys and girls are anarchists; they are opposed to even the discipline of the elements; they are indignant that free souls should have the limitations of sun, wind, light, darkness, cold and heat. I am very fond of seeing such people up against it. And when they come back to bath tubs and hot water, transportation and an eight-hour day, they don't have so much to say. After a little visit backwards the Machine Age doesn't seem like such an imposition.

As for Machine Age poetry, don't read Mark Turbyfill, who writes for Miss Heap's catalogue. Mr. Turbyfill calls it the poetry of forces . . . and he plunges (in his own words) mentally and boldly into the seething universe of electrons and vibrations. If you want a really good poem about a Machine Age subject, go back to that timid and near-sighted spinster, Emily Dickinson, who wrote in 1860 or thereabouts, this little piece about a locomotive. (Note that the machine is going.)

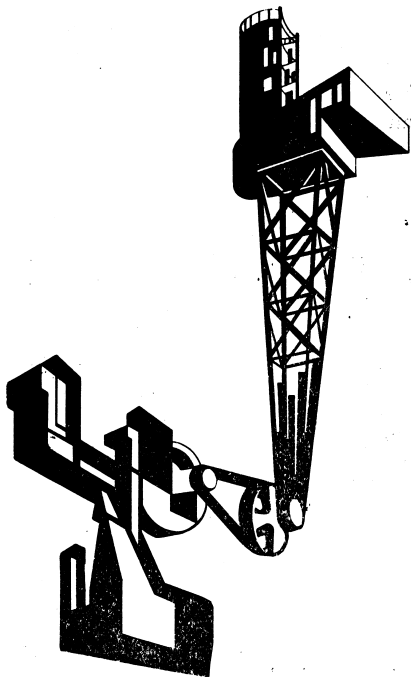
*I like to see it lap the miles,
And lick the valleys up,
And stop to feed itself at tanks,
And then prodigious step
Around a pile of mountains,
In shanties by the sides of roads,
And supercilious peer
And then a quarry pare. . . .*

That is doing what Louis Lozowick prescribes:

Objectify the dominant experience of our epoch in plastic terms that possess value for more than this epoch alone.

News Item

A. Sapp from Indiana was elected president of the International Rotarians in convention at Ostend, Belgium.



Drawing by Louis Lozowick

MY SHIP AND I

By JOSEPH PASS

ON AN early Friday morning in May a young aviator climbed into his pilot's seat, waved a "So long" to his friends, and was off on what eventually turned out to be the first non-stop air journey from New York to Paris.

After a sensational and almost calamitous get-away at Roosevelt Field, the young flier reaches the mind and imagination of the people. *Extra! Extra!! Extra!!!* A monoplane believed to be that of Charles Lindbergh was seen over West Middleboro. Lindbergh passed over New Tuset. Passed over Mulgrave on the Strait of Canso. Sydney, Nova Scotia—Lindbergh got his last sight of the American continent at five o'clock. St. Johns, New Foundland—Robert Job, principal of the firm of Job Brothers, shipping merchants, saw the plane and watched its course over the city. Valencia, Ireland—Steamer Hilversum reports Lindbergh sighted 500 miles from Irish Coast. Plane keeps full speed. London—A British report says that Lindbergh plane passed over Plymouth. *Extra!* Lindbergh crosses channel. Lindbergh. Lindbergh. Lindbergh. "Lucky," "Flying Fool," "Slim," "Charlie." After thirty-four hours Lindbergh emerges from his plane in Paris. "Well, here we are . . . my ship and I." The world thrills. Men throw their hats in the air. The Snyder case is forgotten. Sirens shriek. Tabloids rave. From thirty-story office windows showers of white paper and colored confetti come flying. Strangers smile at each other. Red fire engines are moved to the center of the street and howl madly, madly. Boats in New York Harbor scream for joy. After thirty-four hours of waiting and hoping this is the city's sigh of relief. Newspapers carry unprecedented column upon column of material. Radio stations suddenly stop short their Muddy Water program. "We break into our program to announce that Charles A. Lindbergh has landed at Le Bourget flying field. He has made it." And next morning was Sunday morning. "How did he know? He had charts and compasses," said the Reverend pointing to the Bible. "Christian ideals of self control and of discipline and of soldier-like obedience."

Paris and the world goes mad. A new hero found. Monarch vies with monarch for the hand of this youth. Sons of poets hatch verses. Heads of states bow and applaud. Midinettes throw kisses at him. Mussolini purrs a little. Coolidge offers a battleship. Germany, England, Sweden, Walla Walla invite him to come. Diplomats forget themselves and suggest that youths like Lindbergh should

settle the world's political troubles . . . for one minute the world was young and crazy and beautiful.

At first the thing was almost unbelievable. We have had heroes before, and what heroes! Take the Year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-six. Two, or was it three of them, braved the Channel flanked by Ivy Lee's to the left of them and Ivy Lee's to the right of them. Gallant creatures! One did it for the flag and the other for the kiddies. Here was a young son of a Viking flying a metal bird. He sits in the bowels of his bird. Only the clouds see him. He has had a dream and he is young—customs, conventions, arguments, are not for him, they are unknown to him, they are not part of him.

He comes! He comes! He is here! He descends to the earth. Men look at him and find him beau-

silver toy. He talks to it. "Well done, old man, tomorrow we shall be off." Men surround him, wonder at his audacity, at his knowledge. Men question him. He only talks about his work, his ship, other things do not matter, he does not know, and if he does know, he keeps them to himself. Only his work. My ship and I. Air speed indicator, tachometer, climb indicator, altimeter, he praises his engine. These things he talks about readily, these things he knows and loves. His mother comes to bid him good-by. No theatricality. No flag waving. Last endearing words and kisses are not for the camera eye. Pride and sorrow mingle. Maybe there are tears in her eyes but no one sees them, there would be no black band on her arm. Very few words. It is his work, his dream. I am not part of it. She returns to her work; her innermost thoughts and feelings remain hers and hers alone.

Come, Bird, this morning we go, we have been idle long enough and

talks much, no one offers any advice. Before such a spectacle men only worship and learn. Who would dare to question or ask questions? Still, there is always one, and that one said: "Master, are you only taking five sandwiches?" And he answered, "Yes, that's enough. If I get to Paris I won't need any more and if I don't get to Paris I won't need any more either." No more questions. Come, Bird. The motor starts, the plane shakes. Off he rolls. The feet of his bird gather much mud. It is hard to rise. The field is bad this morning. The bird gathers momentum and rises a little. He helps it to shake the mud off its feet, but it comes down again with a hard thump and bounces. The bird runs on. He cannot rise, he cannot rise, he has passed the point of safety and must go on and try to take the air or kill this thing that will carry him on to his adventure. He does not think of life or death, his thoughts are centered on his board with the little dials. Come, Bird, come. The plane lifts. It goes



Drawing by Jan Matulka

CONEY ISLAND

tiful. Men look at him and find in him something that has long been asleep within themselves. He is self-sufficient but restless within. Sleep? Sleep? No . . . he climbs back into his metal bird. He touches this and that, he handles the guts of his bird with the love and pleasure of an artist squeezing paint out of a new tube. He stands back and looks at his

there is promise of sun and fair weather. Again he is immersed in the guts of his metallic bird. Men, many men and women, surround him and wonder. It is cold, the field is muddy, it is raining hard but this early morning hundreds are drawn to him and his adventure. He asks a question of the mechanic who had built his engine. The man answers. No one

higher, higher, over a tractor, over the telegraph wires, over the trees, through the mist towards the sun that is coming out a little. Good, good old Bird! For thirty-four hours he was alone over land and sea, midst clouds and birds, near sun, moon and stars, as low as ten feet near the waves and as high as ten thousand. But was he



CONEY ISLAND

Drawing by Jan Matulka

alone? It is doubtful. Was Thoreau alone? Was Gauguin alone? Is a man ever alone when he is so close to his workshop? But still, thirty-four hours . . . Come Bird, out of this sleet; up, down, out of this storm, up again, just as bad, down once more, shall we return . . . shall we? But, Bird, it is just as bad behind us as ahead. He watches his instrument board closely. We will come out of this all right, we must. The storm eases down. The storm passes. Clear sailing ahead, nothing but sea, sea, and sea again. The engine hums away with the regularity of a metronome and the pleasurable rhythm of a cradle. No, you chump, you dare not close your eyes. Oh, how good it feels. No, no, no. Trees in Minnesota, trees in front of every farm house, wind-breaks, and when you are tired after a day's plowing, you lie down and stretch out and how good it feels, or you go down to that little lake in back of the barn and stretch out your body in the water. No, no, you fool, watch your board! The hours are passing. How smoothly she is running. He glances at the altimeter. Let's go down a little. This is better. What's that? Yes, yes, some fishing smacks. Land must be near! He goes down further, al-

most touching the boats. "Hey, am I on the right road to Ireland?" The fishermen stare but don't answer. They probably can't hear me. Soon he reaches Ireland. All is well, Bird, come, come, we are on our last stretch. Ireland. England. The Channel. Paris. He lands. Men carry him away on their shoulders. He sees souvenir hunters carving away at his plane. He wants to run back to his bird but he can't. He is carried on and on. The crowd cheers. Next morning when he awakens his first thought is for his plane. Is there anything left of it? He must see his plane. He wants to fly to London. The militarists in parade uniform surround him and claim him as their own. "Lindbergh the Bold. The Army Trained Him." His hosts, the diplomats and self-appointed guardians try to dissuade him. They feel responsible for this hero. (What a Godsend! Interest on a United States note is soon due and the people here are grumbling.) He must never fly again, not much anyway, he is too precious. But like every man whose tools are dear to him, he grows a little foxy. No, he is not going to fly, just to demonstrate how his windows work. There, old man, you are as good as ever, only

a few splinters out of you. Soon you and I will be one again.

For forty-eight hours he was a hero and men were happy and free. And then in the morning the Graybeards were in their old groove again and one heard a new tune in the streets.

"We have yet to see anyone who would begrudge him a nickel if he made ten million." This is how men express their good will towards Lindbergh. This is how men thought after the Graybeard philosophy started to work once more. "How much will he make? and I hope he makes heaps." But how about flying to the stars again? How about that board that fascinated him so? The board with its tachometer, altimeter, and climb indicator. How about the wheel that his hand always itches to get back to? No, for an ideal happy ending we must have a miniature monoplane and an immense silk flag and footlights and a fifty-two week contract at thirty thousand dollars per week.

His contribution: he pushed fear away from our hearts and minds, he was an epic poem to hundreds of millions who never know the delight and excitement of poetry, he made laymen and scientists take the air a bit more seriously. And for that we wish

on him Hollywood, a starched collar and the sins of politicians.

Still, there is hope and room for one more contribution, a contribution to the art of life and happiness, if this son of a Viking would speak up and say: "Friends, dear friends, I appreciate your kindness and generosity, but how can I act when I am not an actor, how can I write when I am not a writer, how can I dance when I am not a dancer? These arts are strange to me. I am not at home in them. And a starched collar chokes me. Let me be myself. Honor me and pay me in my own work and I shall make an art of that. In that alone can I find happiness and contentment, and you, too, friends, shall be happier in the long run."

Or will he and his ship take the plunge into the Graybeard sausage grinder and come out a regular hero, screeching "Here I am, my manager and I. Sign on the dotted line!"

"I wear . . . collars."

"I'd fly a mile for . . . cigarettes."

"The United States needs a million bombing planes to preserve peace"

"I write my letters with a . . . fountain pen."

"Ten thousand a signature!"

"Sign on the dotted line."



Courtesy of Our Gallery

MID-SUMMER PICNIC

From an Etching by Peggy Bacon



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MID-SUMMER PICNIC

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BELOW THE BATTLE

By MICHAEL WEBB

AMEBA, N. J., is a town appended to the textile mill owned by a citizen of German descent, Theodore Furtz, and one of Anglo-Saxon lineage, Fred Russell, their joint enterprise going by the name of Furtz & Russell.

Wops, Hunkies, Niggers and Sheenies sweat their glands off driving the machines in this establishment for nine hours a day. Their reward on this earth is \$11.25 a week. This excellent arrangement enables Herr Furtz to spend six months every year drinking beer in Munich Rathskellers, and Mr. Russell to while away the other six months at Havana, discussing the fine points of the 18th Amendment over 3-star Martel.

One day Mr. Russell's boy, who was voted the best looking of the senior class at Princeton, asked Papa for a yacht with a Diesel engine, and the workers at Furtz & Russell's had their pay cut 10 per cent.

The workers shook their heads and then their fists. They could not live on \$10 a week, they said, showing thereby a lamentable inability to adapt themselves to a Spartan life. They spit on the sidewalks in front of the mill, and cursed in their various dialects, and in other ways expressed disapproval of the Company's laudable attempt to Reduce Costs of Production and Cut Down Waste in Industry.

Finally Arturo Marinelli said, Hell with them, boys, we strike. Tonight we meet, Rosebud Casino, eight o'clock sharp.

A stool-pigeon with his shirt open at the throat reported this reflection to Mr. Russell, who promptly telephoned to the police chief of Ameba. The Chief called up the Rosebud owner and said, Pete, a bunch of greasers are coming around to your joint tonight to have a meeting. There ain't gonna be no meeting, get me?

So Arturo found a soap box and under the arc-light at the corner of Main and Wilson he remarked, Fellow workers! the Company want to starve us. The wife and kids they cannot live on \$10 a week, no! Bosses take advantage, because we are not organized. Why are we not organized?

The moment Arturo raised this question, a cop's club descended on his head. Arturo lay in the hospital two weeks. When the cracks in his skull healed so that he could think again, he remembered the Society for Upholding the Sacred Rights Guaranteed by the American Constitution, and its celebrated director, Mr. Leander Butterfiddle.

The members of the Society and

Mr. Butterfiddle were animated by a love of liberty, infinite and undefined. Their bible was the Bill of Rights, and their prophet was sometimes Thomas Jefferson, at other times Thomas Paine, and then again it might be Abraham Lincoln, John Milton, Count Tolstoy, Prince Kropotkin or Lloyd Garrison.

They were interested in the Social Conflict, but their sympathy and assistance went out to the Oppressed, regardless of race, creed, or income, previous or present condition of servitude.

Mr. Butterfiddle, who formulated and expressed the ideas of the Society, restricted its practical activities to maintaining freedom of speech, press and assembly for all sections of the American people. He battled with divine impartiality for the rights of socialists, wobblers, and klansmen, communists and fascists to express their views on any subject, provided they committed no overt act.

As long as these people did not mean what they said and did nothing to realize their convictions, they were, Mr. Butterfiddle felt, entitled by the law of the land to air their opinions, so that eventually, though when he was not so rash as to prophesy, reason might replace force as the determining factor in the life of society.

It is true, he did not approve of fascism, or the Klan. Nor was he certain that the Society ought to take so many risks on behalf of communists who by their own admission did not believe free speech was possible in a class society; but so profound and sincere was his belief in the guarantees of the American Constitution, that he was willing to repress distaste and doubt, and to place himself unreservedly at the service, not indeed of any group or individual as such, but of the principles of freedom which, it could hardly be denied, were, by and large, sustained by the forces of the Law.

To Mr. Butterfiddle at the New York offices of the Society for Upholding the Sacred Rights Guaranteed by the American Constitution came Arturo Marinelli with thick white bandages around his head.

Arturo was not quite clear about all the subtleties of the Society's philosophy. He only knew that we live in a free country, and that a policeman's club had prevented him from explaining to his fellow-workers that a 9-hour day and a \$10 wage was a tough break, and that workers can survive only if they organize.

Mr. Butterfiddle listened to Arturo's story with indignation. He called his secretary and dictated a

stinging letter (Form No. 1) to the Ameba police chief, protesting vigorously against the action of the police in abridging the constitutionally guaranteed right of free speech.

He furthermore advised Arturo to hold a test meeting. Let Arturo, he said, get up on the corner of Main and Wilson once more, and read the Declaration of Independence, and if the police dared to interfere with that exercise of the right of free speech, the Society would resort to still more effective measures.

The following week, after due announcement in the press, Arturo held an open air meeting. To the workers to be delivered from a \$10 week and a 9-hour day he read the opening paragraph of that document which, it is not too much to say, is the very foundation of our Republic.

At the beginning of the second sentence Arturo's voice became somewhat subdued under the influence of a policeman's club.

In the hospital Arturo reflected bitterly that this was perhaps not so free a country as he had imagined.

LULLABY FOR A MODERN CHILD

The great moon is a golden coin,
The crumpled sea a bill;
The mountains there are poker chips
Piled up into a hill.

Heaven is a big hotel,
And most exclusive, too;
Where you are careful what you wear
And what you say or do.

God is a tall old gentleman
Upon a golden chair.
The stars are studs in his linen shirt,
The clouds, his snowy hair.

Heaven's the place where rich men go
When tired of living here;
So you my child must get rich too,
And not be bad or queer.

So learn to twirl a Dunhill cane,
Wear tux and toppers well.
Without those things in Heaven, dear,
I fear you'd find it Hell.

Harry Delson

He cursed inwardly the Ameba police chief, the Rosebud owner, Mr. Russell of Furtz & Russell, and what he was pleased to call the capitalist system. It seemed to him that even Mr. Butterfiddle, for all his sincerity, was an illusory savior who had exaggerated the magic properties of the Declaration of Independence. Constitutional guarantees, Arturo began to suspect, guarantee nothing to workmen as things are arranged at present.

But immigrants are inclined to misunderstand our institutions. Fortunately for the workers of Furtz & Russell and for the best traditions of the Republic, Mr. Butterfiddle was on the job.

While Arturo was still in the hospital, the New York society arranged

for a second test meeting at Ameba. The meeting was widely advertised in the press by Mr. Butterfiddle's secretary, who was at the same time an amateur though very able counselor of public relations. A number of speakers, it was announced by the Society, would address the Ameba test meeting. Among those speakers were:

- A prominent lawyer
- A famous bishop
- A celebrated senator
- Two well-known editors
- A wealthy lady of liberal views

Mr. Butterfiddle's Harvard accent opened the meeting. The police department of Ameba, headed by the Chief himself, listened with respect to these distinguished guests who upheld the American Constitution, and announced that they did not share Mr. Marinelli's industrial philosophy.

It was obvious that such fine people did not wish to interfere with the profits of Furtz & Russell, and if they did wish to deliver lectures on the Philosophy of Law, that was O. K. with the Chief.

The meeting was a great success. Mr. Butterfiddle returned to New York and ordered his secretary to issue a statement to the press (Form No. 14) declaring, in part, that free speech had scored a great victory in Jersey.

Arturo read this statement in the papers as he was convalescing at home.

For a moment terrible doubts assailed him. It seemed to him that all those fine ladies and gentlemen would have been permitted to exercise the god-given right of free speech in the first place, and no test meeting would have been necessary. He wondered what would happen to him even now, after this great victory, if he tried to organize the workers of Furtz & Russell's, and whether the Bill of Rights would be of any assistance to improving the workers' lot.

But these unworthy reflections were lost in the happy thought that Mr. Butterfiddle had, after all, saved the American Constitution. Arturo wrote him a note of congratulation on his splendid fight for democracy and freedom.

Mr. Butterfiddle was glad to receive this letter. But he was not one to rest lightly on his laurels. The forces of evil are so many, and the champions of the good so few.

Hardly had he finished Arturo's note when he was already engrossed in dictating a letter to the mayor of Cockpit, Conn.

This letter protested vigorously against a police order forbidding a joint parade of Italian Catholic Fascists and Nordic Protestant Klansmen.

TREAT 'EM ROUGH

By PAXTON HIBBEN

Raid on Arcos, Ltd., and the Trade Delegation of the U. S. S. R. Facts and Documents. Edited by W. P. Coates. Anglo-Russian Parliamentary Committee. London. 3d.

ONE of the most significant features of the recent action of the Tory government in England in respect to the Trade Delegation of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics has been the unanimity with which it has been assumed by the American press, from the first break of the news, that the unprecedented and high-handed action of Mr. Stanley Baldwin's government was justified. Long before a single reason for the raid had been made public by the British authorities, and for days when no specific statement of anything found at Soviet House was forthcoming, the accounts of the affair printed in this country had firmly planted in the American mind that the most startling and damaging disclosures had resulted from the search of the Russian Trade Delegation's files. Editorial writers for the most part have been content to ascribe the whole thing to the ancient rivalry between Russian and British imperialism in the Orient, and let it go at that. In fine, the American public has been, from the outset, voluminously and painstakingly duped.

Anglo-Russian relations have, it is true, been due to an ancient rivalry. But it is by no means the imperialistic rivalry of the past century. It is the rivalry between labor and capital, between producer and exploiter, between production for use and production for profit. It is highly important, of course, that this fact shall be kept in the background, lest the average American citizen get it into his head that there is such a struggle going on in the world anywhere.

The light thrown upon recent events by the timely publication of the pamphlet issued by the Anglo-Russian Parliamentary Committee does little to dispel this particular smoke screen. But other facts are presented which, presumably, have not been regarded as news by the correspondents of the American press. What these facts indicate may be briefly summed up as follows:

1. A treaty entered into by His Britannic Majesty's Government is, to borrow a phrase, merely a scrap of paper;

2. The British Government is no more bound to observe the laws of the land than, say, Mussolini. In this instance, the specific English law now for the first time officially violated is the Diplomatic Privileges Act of 1708;

3. It is consonant with British legal procedure to institute search and

seizure without the prior presentation of a search warrant, without the presence of any representative of the occupant of the premises searched, and with no accounting of the articles seized and carried away. In other countries this practice is termed burglary;

4. It is an accepted British police method to club unarmed persons accused of no wrong-doing into insensibility, to arrest and detain persons in custody without preferring charges against them, and to subject women

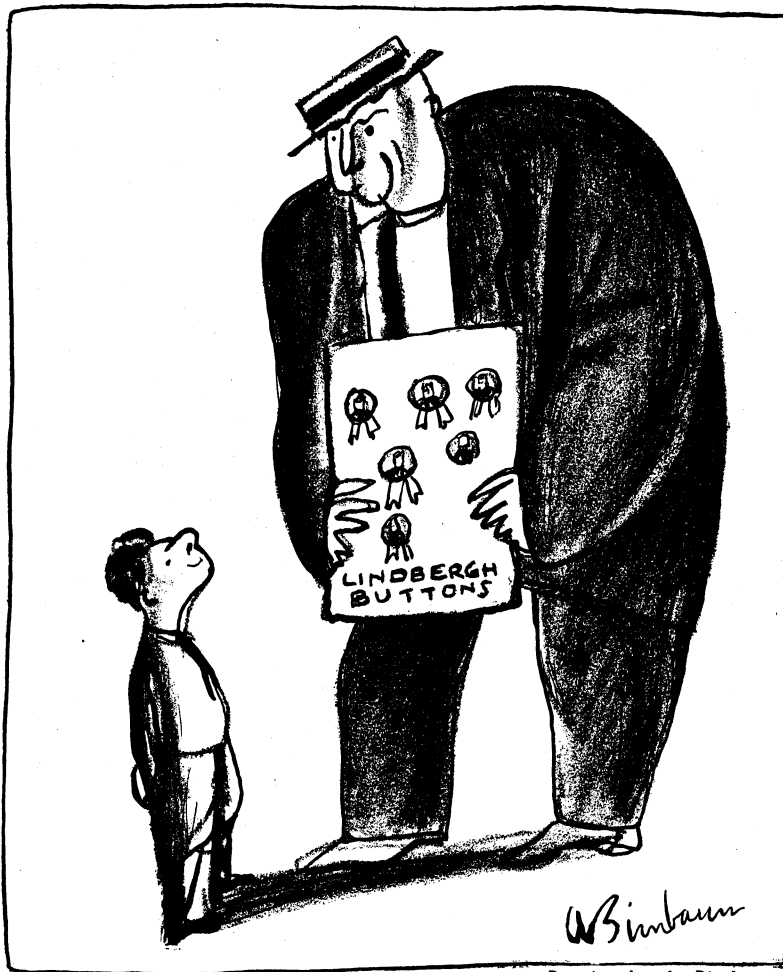
any Department of the same have special diplomatic privileges in this country."

On July 1, 1926, Mr. Locker-Lampson, on behalf of H. B. M.'s Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, replied to an inquiry in Parliament that

"All the officers named are accorded the ordinary diplomatic privileges and immunities. . . ."

On February 16, 1927, the British Foreign Office, in its note No. T. 1828-600-373, formally stated that

"Mr. Khinchuk will be granted the same privileges under the Trade Agreement of 1921 as have been enjoyed thereunder by his predecessors in the office of Trade Agent"



Drawing by A. Birnbaum

A NORDIC REVERSE

Jewish Boy: "Say Mister, maybe you got Lucky Levine buttons!"

to a search of their persons by male police officer. Conduct of this sort, elsewhere than in Great Britain, is commonly called assault.

The facts appear to be these:

On March 16, 1921, His Britannic Majesty's Government entered into a treaty agreement with the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, Article V of which provides that

"Either party may appoint one or more official agents to a number to be mutually agreed upon, to reside and exercise their functions in the territory of the other, who shall enjoy . . . immunity from arrest and search. . . ."

On May 4, 1925, the Prime Minister officially informed Parliament that four such "persons representing the Russian Soviet Government or

that is to say, the privileges defined above by various officials of his Britannic Majesty's Government, and by the Trade Agreement itself.

On May 12, 1927, the office of Mr. L. Khinchuk, the gentleman enjoying the privileges and immunities so frequently reiterated, was broken into by some 200 police officers and plain clothes men under the orders of the Secretary of State for Home Affairs, and the personal safe of Mr. Khinchuk was blown open after the most approved method: of professional petersmen and its contents rifled; mail addressed to Mr. Khinchuk and as yet unopened by him, which had arrived by diplomatic pouch (likewise immune, by the terms of the

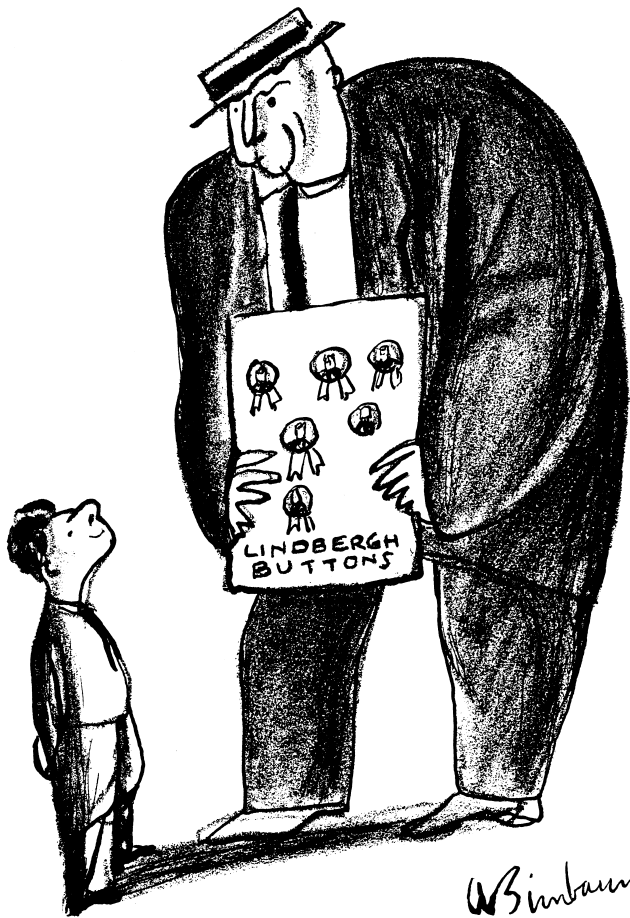
Trade Agreement), was opened by the police officers; the safe of Mr. J. Boieff (another of the four Russians officially declared to be entitled to diplomatic immunity), was broken into and its contents rifled; all the offices in the building were forcibly entered, their contents rifled and wagon loads of booty carried away; two files were partially burned by the police; a large store of cigars and cigarettes were stolen, and a portrait of Lenin was daubed with paint—the latter, no doubt, to redeem the honor of H's Britannic Majesty.

For a considerable time after the breaking and entry by the British officials, no authority for their action was presented to anyone connected with the Russian Trade Delegation—beyond the authority inherent in loaded revolvers. At no time was any information furnished the Russian officials as to the object of the search. No representative of the Russian Trade Delegation was permitted to be present during the search of the various rooms, and no list has ever been given the Russian Trade Delegation of the documents and other articles seized and carried away by force.

According to the sworn deposition of Serge P. Khudiakov, substantiated by the physician (English) who attended him, he was dealt "severe blows upon the head" until he "fell on the floor unconscious." A detective also "seized me by my hair, bent my body down and forcibly squeezed my head between my legs." They also gave him a black eye, the physician says. A. A. Miller, another employe of the Trade Delegation deposes that he was beaten over the head, gagged and forcibly searched. According to the statements of J. Doodkin, Miss C. Jeliaboushky and others, the women employes of the Trade Delegation were subjected to personal search by male detectives. They were kept in custody four and one-half hours, but were permitted to visit the toilet only in company of a male police officer.

According to Mr. Firsov, Secretary of the Trade Delegation, he surprised a Scotland Yard official during the raid typing something on one of the typewriters in Mr. Firsov's office. No doubt what the gentleman was typing will appear later as one of the documents seized in the raid. According to Mr. S. I. Hermer, member of the Council of the Trade Delegation, at three o'clock in the morning he "saw several police officers doing something or other with the Arcos photostat." No doubt the fruit of their labors will ultimately appear as incriminating evidence.

Before being employed by the Russian Trade Delegation, every employe was required to and did sign a formal order from the Plenipotentiary Representative of the U. S.



Drawing by A. Birnbaum

A NORDIC REVERSE

Jewish Boy: "Say Mister, maybe you got Lucky Levine buttons!"

S. R. directing him to "refrain from any actions which might be interpreted as interference in the internal affairs of Great Britain." Every Russian employe was required to, and did, sign a pledge that

"I hereby declare that during my residence in Great Britain, I will abstain from any actions which are, or can be interpreted as, interference in the internal affairs of Great Britain . . . I hereby acknowledge that . . . in the event of my breaking these obligations which I have undertaken as stated above, I shall be liable to immediate dismissal. . . ."

But if the American press and the American public has been indifferent to the Russian angle of the action of Mr. Baldwin's Government, let us imagine for a moment that the roles were reversed. It is the British Trade Delegation in Moscow that has been broken into by 200 Red Soldiers. It is Sir Robert Hodgson who has been beaten into incensibility with the butt of a revolver. It is the English wife of the British Charge d'Affairs who has been arrested, her handbag torn from her and searched.



Decoration by Jan Matulka

Try that on your Victrola!

The NEW MASSES is not wealthy, but its patriotism has always been impeccable. It will open a public subscription for a fund to purchase machine guns for the defense of the American Embassy in London.

Paxton Hibben

UNION SQ. PHILOSOPHY

His face fligid and sweating, a ripped open tomato. "Everything has its purpose. Even the flowers that bloom has their purpose." The Fourteenth street car rattles by. He looks contemptuously at the frightened little guy who suggests that possibly mosquitoes and the poor serve no good purpose in the scheme of things. The crowd of ragged Union Square philosophers edges closer.

His mouth open. Saliva drips down the corner of his too well lubricated lips. "Even the flowers that bloom has their purpose." He talks with a cockney accent. "Don't they smell nice and don't they delight the eyes of them what can appreciate their beauty. Even the poor has their purpose, or they wouldn't be here, would they?"

The last a crushing blow. The timid little guy who asked the question rolls his soul into a ball and shuts up. Words of feeble protest scuttle back into the dark recesses of his being.

A milk wagon rattles up the street. It is after two. The driver lashes his horse. He is a cowboy racing over the Arizona desert. He is a char oteer racing before beautiful ladies in the Coliseum. He is Sande riding a winner in the Futurity. He is a knight errant galloping to the rescue of his fair lady. "Giddyap," says the milkman to his plug horse, rattling down Union Square, thinking beautiful thoughts and having his purpose in the scheme of things.

The bums on the benches stretch their legs and play their role in the cosmic machine. Mike Dolan fingers his last twenty-two cents and scratches his four-day beard. Maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea to join the navy after all. The navy has its purpose in the scheme of things. It collects debts for the bankers and feeds fellows who are out of jobs.

And meals have their purpose in the scheme of things. You can bet your sweet life on that, thinks Mike Dolan, scratching his four-day beard.

Harry Freeman

SALT OF THE EARTH

JAKE SALZBURG works in the salt mines, when he works. When he doesn't feel like working "in that goddam mine," Jake, reeking with the odor of salt brine, roams the streets. He walks into pool halls, accosts policemen on street-corners, sits in front of hotels, or buttonholes every passerby to tell him how underpaid "us dogs down in the mine" are.

Overalls stiff around the legs with the hardened brine, wrinkled hat

sharply outlined by the brine dried in its cracks, and the ever present brine odor that will not disappear—Jake Salzburg. But Jake is proud of these clothes and his appearance.

"Hell yes," he says, "I know goddam well I smell like a skunk'd been around, but that's the way they pay us dogs down in the mines. Where the hell would I get dough for regular clothes?"

Alexander Gottlieb

ARE ARTISTS PEOPLE?

1. Why do you write?

Because I'm poor company when I don't—very much autointoxicated and unhappy.

2. Do you produce for yourself or for an audience?

For myself first but necessarily for myself in relation to an audience too.

3. How would you define literary or artistic prostitution?

No answer.

4. Do you regard our contemporary American culture as decadent? If so what do you think will succeed it?

As boring. Nothing much more so could succeed it, so I'm optimistic.

5. Does the advent of the machine mean the death of art and culture, or does it mean the birth of a new culture?

It means perhaps the death of the old culture, and I hope the birth of a new—some sort of new culture at least.

6. How should the artist adapt himself to the machine age?

If he suits it, all right. If he doesn't find himself at home in it, he can try passionately to find what there may be in it that his own special soul can share in; and what he can't share in he's lost if he doesn't fight.

7. Can artists unite with each other to secure economic or artistic advancement? If not, what group alliance may they seek?

Economic, yes. Superficial artistic advancement may come by union among artists.

8. May society properly demand of the artist, not merely good craftsmanship and good reporting, but the "transvaluation of values"—the creation of new social values?

I regard all art as a creation in social values. By its very reality and completeness it qualifies the rest of life, of which it is a part.

9. What attitude should the artist take to the revolutionary labor movement? Is there any hope of a new world culture through the rise of the workers to power? If so, what will that culture be like?

An artist should take whatever attitude towards the labor movement, or any movement, that is fruitful to his own peculiar nature. But to be interested because he thinks he should only moves his art toward duty and propaganda and himself toward sophomoric enthusiasm or dull purposefulness. I should think the rise of labor to power ought to mean the growth of a new culture. As to what it would be like, I feel more sure in the case of half a dozen countries than I do about America, where the working classes are so mixed racially, and are already sold out by the top classes, in the press, the movies, religion and universities, and where what is held up to be striven toward—Henry Ford and success for instance—is such that any workman can understand it, and if he succeeds in it has already the desired culture.

Stark Young

SOUTHERN MOOD

A RED clay road was ahead of me, miles of it winding in and out between fields of tall waving yellow broom grass, and copses of deliciously green and shiny pine trees. A warm caressing sun threw shadows of lovely purple over the live oak trees in the distance.

I marched along. The peace, the beauty, the graciousness of life carried me on. Now and then I stopped to marvel at the rolling beauty of the distant hills, or to listen to some rustling noise in the underbrush. Once a whirring sound as of a thousand broken violin strings startled the silence. I had flushed a covey of quail. Again the breeze clattered joyously through pine needles and I stopped to listen to the harmonious rattle as though of a motor left running. Strange how city-folk visualize sounds of nature in terms of city noises. It used to be otherwise.

Rich smells of earth and pine and burning wood filled me with an intoxicating languor. A clump of trees overhung with Spanish moss blocked the horizon. Eerie, flimsy stuff, they call Death's veil in these parts—but oh, so exquisite. The sun shone through the veil and the trees glistened as though they had been covered with sparkling icicles.

It was a perfect day. I had walked

for miles without meeting a soul. Once a broken-down ruin overgrown with brush showed where a negro shanty must once have stood.

Suddenly bright orange, blue and black garments darted in and out of the yellow corn grass. Voices of laughter and play, sunshine voices of children broke the silence. Negro children at play. How spontaneous was their laughter, and what a picture of moving bright colors.

Then came silence, heavy human silence, broken by theatrical whispers. "There's a white woman." "Where? where?" "On the road." The whisper was carried on. "There's a white woman on the road."

Sullen, heavy silence as I passed.

Theresa Wolfson

Capitallana

OPENING sentence of a book review by P. W. Wilson in the N. Y. Times Book Review:

"In the Encyclopaedia Britannica, which he edits, J. L. Garvin contends that capitalism, in its later development of high wages and healthy conditions of labor, is no longer a system whereby the many are exploited for the profit of the few, but a social faith which inspires men to pursue the greatest happiness of the greatest number."



Decoration by Jan Matulka

THE CLASS WAR IS STILL ON

In the "Land of the Free"

On May 16th the United States Supreme Court affirmed the conviction of Miss Charlotte Anita Whitney, social worker and club woman, under the criminal syndicalism act of California. Miss Whitney was sentenced to from one to fourteen years merely for attending a convention of the Communist Labor Party in Oakland. It was brought out in the testimony that Miss Whitney had voted against the more violent measures advocated by the majority. She was not charged with any overt act. Thus the highest tribunal in the land nullified another "inalienable right" of American citizens—freedom of association. This means that mere membership in any group or sect which your state decides is unlawful, no matter how peaceful or law abiding you may be, makes you a criminal under the law. The case affects nearly a score of prisoners still held under the criminal syndicalism law in California.

[Note: On June 20th, Governor C. C. Young of California issued a complete pardon to Miss Whitney, giving this reason, among others: "her imprisonment might possibly serve a harmful purpose by reviving the warring spirit of radicals through making her their martyr."]

Nine days after this decision was handed down, a name-sake of Char-

lotte Anita's, Payne Whitney, died, leaving a fortune estimated at three hundred millions. Who is there to make light of the Supreme Court's grave task of defending such colossal aggregations against subversive influences?

* * *

On June 6th the Supreme Court again established itself as a bulwark against enlightenment by refusing to review the case of Judge Ben B. Lindsey, thus upholding his defeat for Judge of the Denver Juvenile Court. Judge Lindsey's insistence upon the humane rather than the legalistic attitude in dealing with juvenile delinquency has won for him the stamp of final disapproval by our highest court.

* * *

Oliver Wendell Holmes, according to the *Nation* "most beloved" of U. S. Supreme Court justices, has written the decision of the Court upholding the Virginia sterilization law. This legalizes statutes passed in California and several other states, as well as Virginia, aimed at the castration of lunatics, imbeciles and degenerates. The terrible consequences of this decision, benignly concurred in by the associates of the "beloved" judge, will be revealed when the United States relapses into its next hysteria. The patriotic societies are

not alone in believing that radicals are by nature "degenerate." Thus by easy steps we prepare for the day when Holy Business may legally deal with its heretics in true inquisitorial fashion. One step more leads us to envisage the "correct revolutionary attitude towards sex" being determined by a Council of Eunuchs.

* * *

For publishing a poem, *America*, by David Gordon, 18-year-old "messenger boy author," whose *Call Western Union* was printed in the August NEW MASSES, the *Daily Worker*, New York Communist Daily, its editor and business manager have been convicted of violating section 219 of the criminal code which is aimed at the publication of "lewd and lascivious" matter. The prosecution was instigated by representatives of the Military Order of the World War and the Keymen of America, who admit that they have been working for eighteen months to "get" the *Daily Worker*. Needless to say it is the radicalism of the accused, not the lasciviousness of the poem which has animated the prosecution and the decision of the Judges. *David Gordon has been sentenced to three years in the Elmira reformatory on the same charge.* (See page 3.)

* * *

The publicity directed upon the

Mississippi states on account of the flood is bringing to light desperate situation of vast numbers of negroes who are held in a state of virtual peonage, chained by debts and fraud to the land they work. Investigations are not tolerated by the rich planters, but behind the veil of lynch law, we have already glimpsed scenes of unutterable degradation and cruelty, as in Walter White's revelations in this issue. Here is a field for courageous reporting.

Egmont Arens

In Italy

Widespread wage-slashes of five to twenty per cent after the promulgation of the Labor Charter have had other effects besides lowering the cost of production. Spontaneous strikes have broken out in spite of the law prohibiting them. Prices of many necessities are prohibitive under the new agreements. Rents are soaring, and in Florence effigies of Fascist landlords were burned in the streets. (Laws have now been passed against every known offense, and the country is flooded with spies and police to enforce them, but something is the matter with the Italian people, and they won't behave.)

The editors of *Unita*, the Communist paper, have each been sentenced to 12 years imprisonment. Printing, publication, distribution or possession of that paper is illegal, yet its circulation is larger than before it was prohibited. "How is it," thunders Mario Jampolli, head of the Milan Fascists, at a Fascist meeting, "that the thousands of members of the Fascist militia and the hundreds of Fascist spies are unable to prevent *Unita* from being openly distributed among the workers, not by the hundred, but by the thousand? How is it that no one can find out where it is printed? Or by whom it is distributed?"

In Spain

Correspondencia Militar, organ of the military party, has published a picture of the first 40 cannons manufactured in Spain, and announced that the Spanish army will within a short time have 400 more. "We will manufacture 4,000 if necessary," and it goes on to explain "Spain may be called upon in the near future to participate in an alliance . . . and must be fully prepared in order to achieve its great ideal." The alliance refers to Italy.

In the Philippines

The agrarian workers in the province of Iloilo have revolted against the heavy taxation on small orders and the excessive rentals charged by large landowners under American protection. The movement has been brutally broken up by armed force,



From a Lithograph by Hans Bren

ANOTHER MEXICAN CRISIS

"What will become of us?"

"I don't know. If I don't get a square meal pretty soon I shall feel positively spiritual."



Bren
From a Lithograph by Hans Bren

ANOTHER MEXICAN CRISIS

"What will become of us?"

"I don't know. If I don't get a square meal pretty soon I shall feel positively spiritual."

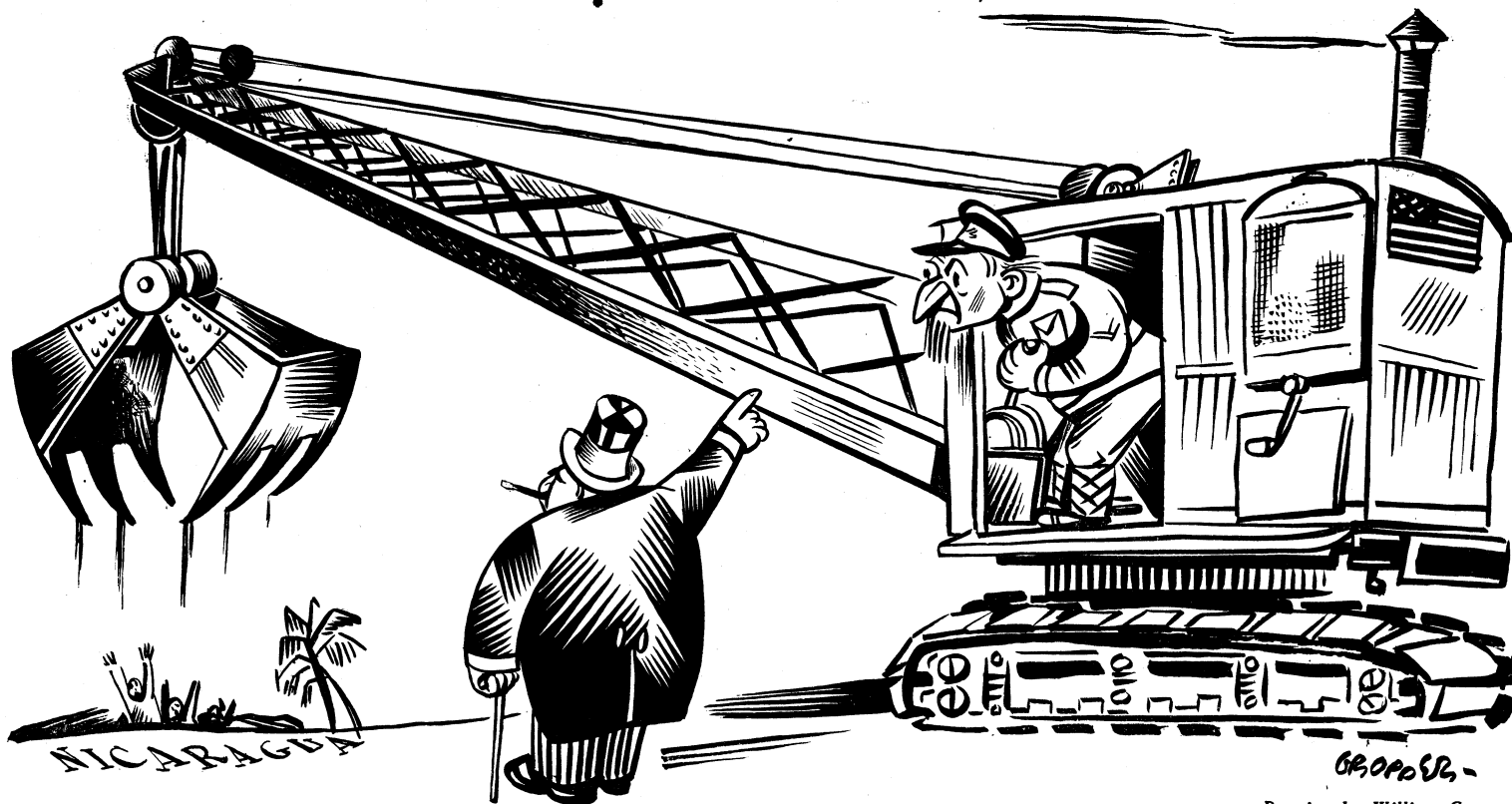


From a Lithograph by Hans Bren

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Drawing by William Gropper

CLEANING UP ANOTHER BACKWARD NATION

and 467 peasants thrown into jail. Feeling has run high. Fortunately an insane man announced himself "Emperor of the Philippines," so the army had a good excuse for its action in the news dispatches, which reported that his followers had been captured. The fact that the "Emperor" disavows all connection with them, and they with him, is not mentioned.

In France

France has felt very keenly the coal crisis that has existed all through Europe since the British strike was broken. And the inflated mining industry in European countries has resulted in such over-production that England has not been able to regain her place in the market. Competition is bitter, and the French mine owners are unwilling to cut down on the huge margin of profit they have been getting, the average increase for twenty-one companies in 1926 being 64 per cent over the previous year. The miners got no share in these profits, but now their meager wages are being reduced, if they are lucky enough to be working at all. Similar conditions still prevail in the rest of France. On May Day a huge demonstration was held for an alleviation of the situation, but Monmousseau, who led it, was arrested. The Government attack is centered on the Communists, who are not only demanding drastic measures of relief for the workers during the industrial crisis, but have come out actively against the law authorizing the government to draft all men, women

and children in time of war. Marcel Cachin has been sentenced to 15 months imprisonment. Nine trials of Communist leaders are pending, and the whole of the editorial staff of *l'Humanite* as well as nearly all the revolutionary trade unions leaders have been sentenced to long terms, most of them for "inciting soldiers to disobedience."

In Germany

The Fascist "march on Berlin" didn't come off. The "steel helmet" bands congregated and marched through the streets protected by the police. But voices of workers singing the *International* drowned out their battle songs, and cries of "Down with Stahlhelm" and cheers for the red front followed them along their way.

In Bulgaria

Following protests by prominent people and influential labor organizations throughout Europe against the intolerable conditions and treatment of political prisoners, came the official report that 300 prisoners had been pardoned. Regarding this much heralded amnesty the Balkan News Agency makes the following statement: "Those who benefited from this measure were largely common criminals . . . only 169 were set free, the others receiving merely commuted sentences. Among the prisoners affected only a minority were political. It is estimated that only between 20 and 30 political prisoners benefited from this amnesty. Now, in the 22 prisons of Bulgaria there

are more than 2,000 victims of the white terror. That is to say that these pardons in no way solve the Bulgarian crisis regarding amnesty, which will be submitted to public opinion at the elections which take place May 29th."

On May 5th, W. Pavlov was sentenced to 12½ years imprisonment, although nothing could be brought against him but his Communism. Two lawyers, Dr. Kurt Rosenfeld, a member of the German Reichstag, and Dr. Oswald Richter, of Vienna, went to Sofia to attend the trial, and to intervene with the Bulgarian Prime Minister Liaptcheff with reference to ameliorating the lot of a number of political prisoners and legalizing the provision of relief for them and their families. They were both arrested in their hotel rooms and searched, cross-examined in a most insolent manner, and forced to leave the country at once.

In Jugoslavia

The number of unemployed in this small country is estimated at 200,000. The common method of relief of the unemployed for the benefit of the capitalists has been adopted there. Cheap workers' houses are being constructed. Instead of regular wages, the workers get barely enough to keep them from starving. The government and the building companies share the profits.

There are more than 4,000 political prisoners in the jails of Jugoslavia. Two thousand of these are held in the Macedonian prisons for taking part in the national liberation

movement. Four workers in Cluj, Transylvania, were sentenced to a total of 17 years in imprisonment for having Marxian books in their possession.

In Albania

Since the treaty signed by Achmed Zoghli and Mussolini last November, important government posts have been gradually filled by Italians. Italian capital has penetrated the country, and large quantities of arms and munitions have been unloaded in Albanian ports. The following is quoted from *Liria Kombetare*, No. 53:

"To protect Zoghli against a future insurrection of the Albanian people, Mussolini has sent one thousand Italian soldiers under different pretexts, to various sections of Albania, under the command of Italian officers."

Mary Reed

TWO LETTERS

DEAR NEW MASSES:

I am sorry to learn of the financial crisis the NEW MASSES is facing—but not because the contributors won't be paid. Anyone writing for money should turn to the *Saturday Evening Post*. I like your lively experiment and want to see it continued.

Fowler Hill

DEAR NEW MASSES:

Of course I am with you. To be published in the NEW MASSES is sufficient stimulus and fun. One requires no other payment.

Florence Kiper Frank



CLEANING UP ANOTHER BACKWARD NATION

Drawing by William Gropper

THE DARK CONTINENT

South Africans, by Sarah G. Millin, Boni & Liveright, \$3.50.

BOY! Page the Postmaster General, the Department of Justice, the American Legion and all the other great Little Suppressors of Dangerous Literature!

Here is a book that must be suppressed. It is too true to be good. Even that tough old triumvirate, Capitalism, Nationalism and Imperialism, won't be able to swallow it without at least one protesting hiccup.

And it's only a report, a laboratory report, of the reaction of a black continent to a few drops of white blood. No propaganda: the dispassionate tale of South Africa told consummately by a woman of mature understanding. This woman knows her subject. She has lived in Johannesburg for years, the wife of a local advocate. She brings to this writing the same warmth of understanding and coolness of discrimination that make her novels of African life so convincing.

Having blocked in her background, she leads out in succession: The diamond adventurers, the gold adventurers, the townsmen, the politicians, and then all the motley peoples, black, white and tinted, that live their conflicting lives on the southern end of Africa.

What a parade of Horrible Examples! What grist for the milling radical press. But, to date, the radical reviewers have missed this rich mine of material.

It's an old story, of course. The South Sea Islanders and other be-nighted savages have also tasted the blessings of our civilization. They, too, know that bloodshed, sewing machines, missionaries, oppression and syphilis follow the flag. But somehow conditions in South Africa show the effect of white intrusion with peculiar clarity, or perhaps Sarah Millin's lucid presentation makes it appear so.

There is no word of criticism in the whole 287 pages of her book. She is content to let the actors stroll across the stage, speechless, but masters of pantomime. The audience will recognize the familiar characters for all their mummery. For instance those sun-baked fellows in heavy boots and wide-brimmed hats—our Red Brothers of the Prairies will know them at once for the same heroes who "won the West":

"The small weak Bushman . . . was hunted (as depredating wild beasts are hunted) from the land south of the Orange."

"The date of the first Kaffir War is 1811. The Kaffirs were driven off. No quarter was given, and no prisoners taken."

Or the natty chap in sun helmet and puttees—chock full of pride of

race and what-a-gentleman-owes-to-himself, don't you know, and all that. Down below Mason and Dixon's they'll spot him at a glance for our own dear 100 per cent. Southerner, the sort who has a racial conviction fit at the thought of putting his legs under the same table as a damn nigger but whose willingness to put the rest of his anatomy into the same bed is witnessed by a few million half-breeds.

And so forth. The old story of white arrogance, white hypocrisy. The missionary flapping his black wings and cawing his Gospel of Love, and the rest of his tribe crowding up behind him, loosing the Seven Deadly Sins (barring perhaps gluttony) on his helpless hosts:

Pride—"When a . . . Minister was recently to be included in the Cabinet, a member with many claims on his party was rejected because he was chairman of a company which included Indian shareholders."

" . . . many of them (the farmers) consider it a shame to work with their own hands."

Anger—"The first rebellion of the Dutch against British rule . . . was ineffective. The five ringleaders were publicly hanged . . . Since the scaffolding broke under their combined weight . . . they had to wait for a second gallows to be erected that they might be hanged again, one by one, in the presence of their outraged friends and relations."



Decoration by Frank Walts

Lust—"Griquas one could call them or Bastards . . . They were a nation (sic) descended from the association of white men with Hottentot women."

Covetousness—Envy—"And, although one may explain how England took the Cape, took Natal, how England took the Orange Free State and Transvaal . . . one can only say she took the Diamond Fields as booty that falls to the strongest."

"Two or three pounds a month they were paid (and nothing has changed so little in South Africa as the black man's rate of pay) . . ."

"And then he (the black worker) can sleep, with eighty others, on little partitioned-off shelves of wood or concrete. . . ."

Sloth—"And, wherever he is, the white man—the unskilled laboring man—stands by and says: 'Do this, do that,' and obediently the black body is set in motion."

The white man's hands are growing soft. Now he no longer wishes to use them. Now he wants merely to say: "Do this, do that."

The book contains a store of solid material, well leavened with touches that stir the imagination.

"No more was it a fleeing from the next man's smoke" (a reference to the Boer's ineradicable Wanderlust.)

" . . . that murmur is the crushing, crushing of the ore by the battery-stamps, the whispering end of that noise in whose immediate presence the ears grow tight and the voice falls dead."

The author sets before us the problem of clashing European, Asiatic and Native interests and aspirations, a witch's brew that bubbles and hisses

and blackens its smoke across the African sky in huge letters, *Quo Vadis?*

This is her objective and she has succeeded admirably in achieving it. Yet I imagine that many readers will be chiefly impressed by the terribly explicit picture of Imperialism that is presented as a purely accidental by-product.

On the Matoppo Range overlooking Rhodesia, which he pirated for his country, lies a huge slab to mark the grave of Cecil John Rhodes. A peak of the same range, facing his former kingdom, thrones the skeleton of Moselikatze, once a great Zulu chieftain. His tomb is a roomy cave. Doubtless he foresaw the need of ample room in which to turn over.

Alfred Rossiter

A HUSHED CHURCH AFFAIR

The Theory of Poetry, by Lascelles Abercrombie. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.75.

THE THEORY OF POETRY, is a dull book, and that is the very worst thing that can be said about it. For dullness is a most great and effectual enemy of all the literary virtues that may exist along with it; and dullness is most harmful in writing about poetry. Poetry is already looked upon so unfortunately and so wrongly by most people that to write tamely, heavily and vaguely (these three adverbs mean the same as dully) about it is to write quite uselessly.

Mr. Abercrombie's tone in writing about the great thing poetry is one of ardent solemnity. He looks upon poetry as a hushed and rich church affair. With him we seem to tread on heavy, quiet, darkly colored carpets. A rather magnificent but lifeless silence is with us. Nobility and good breeding, and learning, and estimable thought are present, but speed, grace, definiteness, variety and life are not. And these last most certainly need to be present.

One may see from the chapter titles of *The Theory of Poetry* the great lack in the book. Three of Mr. Abercrombie's chapters are called *Inspiration and Form*, *Technique and Greatness of Form*, *Refuge and Interpretation*. Here one sees a needless and wrong separation of "inspiration and form" from "technique." Surely technique and form are too near each other in meaning to have chapters to them all by themselves; to me, indeed, they are the very same thing looked at in different ways. And technique and form come straight from inspiration, if there was, in the first place, any inspiration of any account and realness. Full and true inspiration means true form and technique at the moment of existence of that inspiration. And Mr. Aber-

crombie makes too much of a philosophical pother about the difference between poems of "refuge" and poems of "interpretation." The places to which the author leads us by this false philosophical subtlety may be better than nowhere, but they are hardly worth getting to, anyway.

We have a tone in *The Theory of Poetry* which, one may suppose, may please and edify some people, but to me it is unfortunate and displeasing. Mr. Abercrombie writes of poetry as if it were not of the same world as warehouses, scandals, dirt, newspapers, work, subways, and ignorance. His thin gravity is an undesirable and quite uncomely thing. What has poetry to do with blood, also with "diction" and "technique" and "greatness of form"? It is feeling men who make poetry, and feeling comes from life, and "technique" is also of life, and should be written of as if it were. This Mr. Abercrombie does not do.

The Theory of Poetry is not a one; it is hodge-podge and it is vague. Oh, too vague by much. It takes that great, fine, living, joyful thing poetry and deals with it as if it were some heavy thing in dull stone. There are comments at times which are agreeable, and quite important; Mr. Abercrombie's quotations, many of them, fitting and enjoyable; but writing on poetry needs much more than this. Indeed, the author is so heavy, so ponderously thin and indefinite, that one longs, till one almost screams, for those newspapers which look on the doings of divorcees, murderers and murderers, bathing girls, and prize-fighters as the big news of the world. The persons mentioned are of life anyway, and life, so good is it, is even here more taking and bigger.

Eli Siegel



Decoration by Frank Walts

THE KILLER POET

Revolt in the Desert, by T. E. Lawrence. Doran. \$3.00.

THROUGH the first chapters of this amazing book, one tries conscientiously to follow the intricate course of a war campaign. A little further on the story of that campaign, historically important though it is, has dwindled to a mere *raison d'être* for the book's finest gift—its revelation of the man T. E. Lawrence, "uncrowned king of Arabia," leader of the Arab revolt against the Turks.

Ordinarily we must be content to find in one man the attributes of a warrior, in another the attributes of a poet. But here is a poet who is also a man of action; a philosopher who realizes, out of a wide, humorous intelligence, that nothing in life is ultimately worth doing, yet takes upon himself the strenuous task of leading a people to the freedom they desire; a merciless fighter and even killer who is yet sensitive to the sound of wind in tamarisks or the night smells of the desert: "We halted and so knew that the quiet night was full of sounds, while the scents of withering grass ebbed and flowed about us with the dying wind." Here is a man who travels by camel or barefoot for days and nights on end without sleep, to carry out a plan, yet knows, both intellectually and emotionally, that success is the most unsatisfying of all experiences: "We were subjected for the moment to the physical shame of success, when it became clear that nothing was worth doing and that nothing worthy had been done."

At one juncture it was necessary to win over a hesitant tribe to the national cause. "We put it to them," he writes, "how life in mass was sensual only, to be lived and loved in its extremity. There could be no rest-houses for revolt, no dividend of joy paid out. Its spirit was accretive, to endure as far as the senses would endure, and to use each advance as base for further adventure, deeper privations, sharper pain.

"To be of the desert was, as they knew, a doom to wage unending battle with an enemy who was not of the world, nor life, nor anything, but hope itself; and failure seemed God's freedom to mankind."

This is essentially his own attitude towards life. He is not concerned with purposes or ends. To him, the fullness of life is to be measured by the scope and variety of experience he is able to take from it. He is a connoisseur (by no means a dilettante) who handles life, in all its manifestations, with his senses, and finds it mostly good.

"... The camp was very beautiful, for behind us rose a cliff, perhaps four hundred feet in height, a deep red in the level sunset. Under our feet was spread a floor of buff-coloured mud, as hard and

muffled as wood-paving, flat like a lake for half a mile each way; and on a low ridge to one side of it stood the grove of tamarisk stems of brown wood, edged with a sparse and dusty fringe of green, which had been faded by drought and sunshine till it was nearly of the silvered grey below the olive leaves about Les Baux, when a wind from the river-mouth rustled up



Decoration by Frank Walts

the valley-grass and made the trees turn pale."

* * * * *
 "... for they were an odd pair in one chariot—Murray all brains and claws, nervous, elastic, changeable; Lynden Bell so solidly built up of layers of professional opinion, glued together after Government testing and approval, and later trimmed and polished to standard pitch."
 * * * * *

"But these were really soldiers, a novelty after two years' irregularity... Convicts had violence put upon them. Slaves might be free, if they could, in intention. But the soldier assigned his owner the twenty-four hours' use of his body; and sole conduct of his mind and passions. A convict had license to hate the rule which confined him, and all humanity outside, if he were greedy in hate; the sulking soldier was a bad soldier; indeed, no soldier. His affections must be hired pieces on the chess-board of the King."
 * * * * *

"I was on my Ghazala, the old grandmother camel, now again magnificently fit. Her foal had lately died, and Abdulla, who rode next me, had skinned the little carcass, and carried the dry pelt behind his saddle, like a crupper piece. We started well, thanks to the Zaagi's chanting, but after an hour Ghazala lifted her head high, and began to pace uneasily, picking up her feet like a sword-dancer.

"I tried to urge her; but Abdulla dashed alongside me, swept his cloak about him, and sprang from the saddle, calf's skin in hand. He lighted with a splash of gravel in front of Ghazala, who had come to a standstill, gently moaning. On the ground before her he spread the little hide, and drew her head down to it. She stopped crying, snuffed its dryness thrice to her lips; then again lifted her head and, with a whimper, strode forward. Several times in the day this happened; but afterwards she seemed to forget."
 * * * * *

Lawrence is the true realist. His intellect allows him no illusions. Therefore he is concerned not with the meaning of life but with its qualities. For such a man, the Arab

revolt, even the World War, was important not because of any illusory purpose it might serve but because it was an actuality which offered him vivid experience.

That is why, in this remarkable book, he can turn with fine adaptability and with unquestionable sincerity from the excitement of a bloody battlefield to gentler, quieter excitements—the grandeur of the mountains of Rumm, the delicate workings of men's minds, the mother love of a lanky camel.

It is little wonder that before his white robed figure, pacing a camel against the desert winds of Arabia, the geography of his great adventure fades to a dim background of colorful, rich names—Akaba, Maan, Aba el Lissan. Even the World War becomes no more than a setting for his legend.

The moralist in all of us, less sure of man's insignificance than Lawrence, must take note of his unscrupulous use of men and their nationalistic instincts as pawns to further an imperialist's war, of his attitude of Nordic superiority towards the Arabs, and of other "vices" he no doubt has. But even the moralist cannot resist him, for "T. E. Lawrence" is the poet-adventurer, sensitive, unmoral, daring, articulate, lovable, that we all of us (especially the mor-

THE RESTLESS FARMER

The Green Rising, by W. B. Bizzell. Macmillan. \$2.00.

DR. BIZZELL, president of the University of Oklahoma, brings together significant data showing the trend of the world-wide agrarian revolution and its integration with the rise to power of labor, and then comes to the astounding conclusion that "the old political parties have responded very sympathetically to agricultural influence in recent years." The farmer, therefore, should cease being radical. He has nothing in common with labor. And so forth and so on.

But the main difference between the old agrarianism and the new is that the farmer and farmworker, who formerly fought alone, have now as their fighting ally the city proletariat. Since the most primitive times, there has been a proletariat of the land. Its cry of anguish is in the old Jewish writings. Its enslavement and struggles were basic in the downfall of Rome. It rose in the Peasant Revolt in England in the last quarter of the fourteenth century only to be whipped by the promise of reform followed by repudiation. There were peasant rebellions in France, Hungary, Germany, Poland, and elsewhere before the seventeenth century. There were land revolts in Massachusetts and Vir-

alists), have always longed to be. That he can set himself down in such strong, clear, compact, beautiful prose is only another aspect of a singularly complete personality.

Margaret Marshall

Capitaliana

Mussolini, denouncing Bolshevism, paints a self-portrait in *Foglio d'Ordine*, his official newspaper:

"Fascist Italy cannot tolerate lessons from men who have massacred and continue to massacre whole patient and generous populations in the pursuit of a phantom of mad ideology; from men who attempt to prop every day with heaps of corpses the tottering edifice of their dictatorship, which is no longer a dictatorship of the proletariat but against a proletariat now reduced to the last depths of misery; from men who for ten years have attempted to sow disorder and chaos in all the States of the world with the poison of their anti-social, anti-human, anti-economic propaganda; from men who have suffocated and continue to suffocate in blood every dissentient voice, even if it is raised from the very ranks of the Communist Party; from men who have persecuted, banished and scattered all over the world all those who committed the crime of loving their Russian fatherland."

ginia in the 1600's. The Populist movement of the last century was mainly agrarian.

Then the age of machinery began to tell. The Farmers' Alliance of 1890 had made overtures toward confederation with the Knights of Labor. With the swing into the present century the discovery of the joint interests of farmers and city workers in ending capitalist exploitation kept pace with machine progress. The greatest single effect to date has been the setting up of a workers' and peasants' government in Russia. Workers and farmers of all Europe are moving toward the same goal. In the United States the Nonpartisan League leaned toward alliance with labor. The Farm Labor party movement of today is a crystallization of the increasingly common interests of farm and factory.

Dr. Bizzell found that in most countries of Europe the farmers have become socialistic and have turned to the most radical elements of industrial labor, that here in America the farmers appear more radical than certain labor groups, and that there are communists among the farmers.

But he finds, with relief, that the National Farm Bureau Federation of employing farmers is trying to avoid "any policy that will align organized farmers with the radicals of other organizations"; that it "stands as a



Decoration by Frank Walts

rock against radicalism." And in the face of his own bookfull of data proving the contrary, Dr. Bizzell insists that "the combination of industrial labor and agriculture is illogical." Similar insistence is made by all those interests striving to thwart the rise of workers and farmers to power—read any conservative newspaper on the subject.

The conditions hurrying along the process of farm-labor amalgamation in the United States are outlined in this book. The number of farms is decreasing, as is the number of acres devoted to farming, and the agricultural wealth. The number of persons engaged in agriculture is declining, the gross income of farms is going down, tenants are on the increase, the farm population gets less than half of its per capita share of the national income and is steadily getting less. Mortgage indebtedness nearly tripled from 1910 to 1920. Bankruptcies jumped from 679 in 1910 to 1363 in 1921 to 7872 in 1924. Nearly all the bank failures are in agricultural states.

At this point the author states that farmers should never forget that

there is no substitute for thrift, energy, and work in making farming a profitable enterprise. He says also that the banks ought to help the farmers! and that sound public policy might suggest that it would be well to deny all classes special governmental privileges and immunities!

Despite the naivete of the author's conclusions, the book is a good one. It contains valuable material, though it deals with a dynamic movement in a static way. In this the author reflects the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome and the International Labor Organization at Geneva, which he mentions as busy-ing themselves with the world farm problem.

Dr. Bizzell should have gone on to Moscow. Dombal, Gorov or Banderas at the Peasants' International or Dubrovsky at the International Agrarian Institute could have assisted him in rearranging his material and giving a true and therefore much more valuable picture of what is happening among the farm masses of the world. For *The Green Rising* is part of the red one.

John B. Chapple

ACHILLES' HEEL

Havelock Ellis. *A Biographical and Critical Study*, by Isaac Goldberg. Simon and Schuster. \$4.00.

MR. GOLDBERG'S book supplies almost no important information about Havelock Ellis. It is written mainly in a tone of apology, apparently with a view to propitiating those timid souls who, in view of Ellis's interest in sex and his refusal, in the true spirit of scientific detachment, to dismiss abnormality as merely shocking, require to be reassured regarding the normality of Ellis's own life.

Ellis himself, of course, has constantly implied and affirmed that normality as such is of relatively little importance, and even that strength is often a corollary of weakness. In his "Open Letter to Biographers," printed in the appendix of this volume, he observes: "Nothing shall induce you to admit that your Achilles has a vulnerable heel?—And yet, if you rightly consider the matter, without that heel Achilles would have been no hero at all." Mr. Goldberg seems to have digested this precept only to the extent that he is willing to recognize in Ellis's social shyness "the trait that has been sublimated into his life work." That the work bears in any way the stamp of its origin, or that the creator in any way deviates from a somewhat abstract type of ideal beauty, he will not admit. And so many men have been shy that, for all one knows, this account might with equal fitness be rendered of Washington, Ruskin, and Thomas

Aquinas, and H. L. Mencken, or perhaps of Gene Tunney. Shyness accounts for much, but every man has his special shyness, and the bare word is no more than a name for the unexplored.

Mr. Goldberg's defeat is rendered, however, a trifle amusing by the weight and impressiveness of his paraphernalia, the chatter of "planes", of "ambivalence", of "orchestration", with which he creates this final obscurity. For the study, so far from throwing the needed light on a rather recessive personality and fortifying Ellis's admirers in their knowledge of him, tends to destroy what clarity has hitherto prevailed and, by the sheer extravagance of the claims it asserts, to create repugnance, where there was, and should be, liking. The value of Ellis's psychological approach to criticism was apparent to all who had felt the essential barrenness of Matthew Arnoldism, and the more arid literary method of his less able successors, the academic pundits of our day. As a scientist he has shown himself laborious in his quest of data, capable of nice judgments, and original in the sense that he has not been bound by prejudice; he has proceeded with moderation in a research whose new and unique quality has tempted others to extravagance. But his poetry is an interesting by-product rather than a literary monument. And as a man he remains, for all Mr. Goldberg's efforts, as much a mystery as before.

Roberts Tapley

DO CITIES DEHUMANIZE?

The Field God and *In Abraham's Bosom*, by Paul Green. Robert McBride. \$2.

Pinwheel, by Francis Edwards Faragoh. John Day Company. \$1.75.

THE difference in point of view of these two writers is emphasized by reading Faragoh's play after the others. Green, in writing about the back water community of North Carolina, is moved to write by his intimate interest in character and in peculiarities of locale; he does not mind rambling, he does not cut hard, nor compress his dialogue. Faragoh, on the other hand, no longer believes in the free action of the individual; he is staring at the whirling projection of life, human and non-human, in a great city; his scenes are curt, his dialogue as staccato as the click of a typewriter or riveter.

The more "old-fashioned" spectator who likes to identify himself with characters in a play, who is stirred by the sight of one man against a mob, will prefer Green's play; the younger intellectuals are looking for something like *Pinwheel* to carry out their ideas about showing the essence of environment.

In *Abraham's Bosom* we can trace this conflict, perhaps unintentionally presented by the writer, between the older, sociologically minded generation, and the young one: between Abraham the reformer, with his hate and distrust for the jazz of his son Douglass, who is as inert, as irresponsible, as the characters in *Pinwheel*, and who "makes music rag out of his head" for his old aunt. There is in this play (in the material, not the dialogue), that solemnity due to the possibility of expanding the characters into composites, types, standing out against, or yielding to the drift of their race. Once or twice the play as written rose to the requirements of such material: where Abraham is left alone with one little "scholar," who reaches out a hand to him, and sits brooding; another, at the end, where Abraham's speeches are cut short by bullets, and his rather silent wife stands beside his body. All this shows that there is too much talk in the piece. I think Mr. Green felt his play as poetry, but was too doggedly honest in trying to reproduce the platitudes of the people.

The same thing may be said of his other play *The Field God*. The theme here is exacting: the struggle against the orthodoxy of a group by a man and woman who believe that "love is enough." The man's wife dies on the stage and her curses fail to impress the audience; when the lover commits suicide, there is a repetition of the man and woman staring at each other aghast over the body, but, instead of being cumulatively ef-

factive, it misses fire. Death on the stage requires great poetry to convey the essence rather than an accidental unreality.

Pinwheel spins free of any attempts at eloquence. The wheel turns with such impetus as to empty out by centrifugal force much of the human emotion of the characters, who seem to be the lowest common denominators of the fourteen scenes of the play, and who have no names. The "Jane" alone retains a need for romance; she passes drearily from one man to another. Her husband lets her stay with him awhile because "she cooks and washes and cleans up—It's too much trouble lookin' for a new place. . . ." When she urges the husband to shoot the bookkeeper she has been living with, he and the lover are merely annoyed at her interruption of their business talk about a partnership in bootlegging. That there are such people is confirmed by the front pages of any newspaper. They are, as Mr. Faragoh intended, merely "props," and their talk mingles with the click of the wheels: "That's all . . . nineteen . . . (shrugs) Well, anyway, I got in the papers. . . . That's more than lotsa girls can say. . . ." And again "Well . . . I . . . Move on over. . . ! I wanna lie down, too. . . It's cold. . . alone. . . ."

A great disparity in tempo is reached by the two methods. Mr. Green's discursive manner makes time pass slowly, in the seven scenes of *In Abraham's Bosom*, and the five scenes of *The Field God*. In *Pinwheel*, on the successful constructivist set, the action is speeded up, cut into fourteen scenes, which jerk away from the subway to Coney Island, from there to a dance hall, to an office, and so on, ending in Bronx Park.

In reading these plays, questions pop like rabbits from every corner and escape before they can be studied. Is city life tending toward such dehumanization, where the individual is shorn of all responsibility? As long ago as 1914, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, in writing of dramatic art, said he was a determinist, but that, for the purposes of his writing, he set character against character as if free will existed. Will there be more and more of an audience for the sort of thing foreshadowed by Faragoh, an audience which will not need to sink into a day-dreaming state where identification with the stage people is the desideratum? It takes an intellectual interest in form to appreciate what the New Showmen are trying to do.

Perhaps there are people who could identify themselves with the Jane and the Guy. But the Jane went to the movies! Elva de Pue

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RADICAL PSYCHOLOGY

Thinking—An Introduction to Its History and Science, by Fred Casey. Charles Kerr Co. \$1.50.

THE NATURE of psychology, or thinking, which is the highest expression of the psychological process, has been neglected by the radical. There is no psychologist today of any note and competency in America or Europe who is a fundamental revolutionary. The implications of Freudianism, the implications even of behaviorism, may be employed at times as tools in the proletarian ideology. But there is no original psychologist who, in his examinations of mental reaction and his attitude toward social evolution, is a profound radical. The closest approach may be discovered perhaps in Bechterew. Yet Bechterew, with much of the metaphysics in his *Reflexology*, can scarcely be categorized as a revolutionist. Certainly Freud, Stekel, Jung, Adler, Watson, Rivers, Ogden cannot be classified as radical.

In economics and political science, radical theoreticians have been brilliant and profound. In anthropology Engels started research with his development of the work of Morgan in his own book on *The Origin of the Family*. Bebel in his study of *Woman* made an important contribution. Plechanov in his work on primitive art carried the materialist conception of history further into the intricacies of cultural anthropology. In criminology the work of Ferri and, above all, that of Bonger has been significant. These men have advanced radical thought by making it more inclusive and profound.

After all, for the revolutionary, the advance of radicalism is the advance of another ideology, not merely the advance of parties and the solidification of unions. It does not mean humanitarianism. It does not mean liberalism. It is contemptuous of both of them. It is not merely a modification of the bourgeois ideology that it proposes, but an entirely

new one of its own. The bourgeois ideology was built upon individualism; the proletarian is built upon collectivism. This means a fundamental conflict in mental outlook and philosophic evaluation. What was good for one system may be evil for the other. The coordinates are different. The result is that the psychologies vary, the conclusions conflict. The attitudes are irreconcilable and incompatible.

Casey's *Thinking* is valuable for its analysis of this psychological proposition which is such an enigma to the liberal psychologist. Nothing else of this kind has been attempted with the exception of that very excellent *Outline of Psychology* published by the Plebs Society in London. In simplifying the philosophy of Dietzgen, Casey alone has performed a useful service. In narrating the history of ancient and modern thinkers the author attempts nothing original. His diagnosis of many mental problems is not singularly acute or far-reaching in penetration. In fact the book is exceptional not in concrete situations but in logical trend. "Ideas are determined," writes Casey, "by material conditions, which include the faculty of thinking, so that we cannot ourselves choose what we think." This is merely a restatement of Buckel and Marx. Yet, when framed in the form of a psychological deduction, it acquires a definiteness and applicability that are at once illuminating and instructive.

New ideas, new attitudes come from new tools, new models of existence. This is significant. The liberal argument is that they come from combinations of other ideas comparatively independent of social and economic change. "Thinking," states Casey "depends upon the material relations between animals and the rest of nature," and the tool, which modifies man's relationship to nature, modifies also his thoughts and motivations.

V. F. Calverton

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STEPPING DOWN

More Miles, by Harry Kemp. Boni and Liveright. \$3.00.

AT PRECISELY the point where he left off in *Tramping on Life*, Kemp continues the story of his picturesque career in *More Miles*. Unfortunately, something happened to Kemp during the time between the publication of the first book and the second. It may be that the royalties he pocketed from *Tramping on Life* diluted the vigor and verve in his personality. Or perhaps this something happened long ago—in the period of his life with which he is concerned in *More Miles*. At any rate, the sequel, or second installment, is in no way comparable to its predecessor. It appears to be equally honest. It certainly does not hide the blemishes of its author. But it is not spontaneous. It lacks salt, strength. The raucous shout of the defiant youth is lamentably missing.

More Miles deals with Kemp's doings in Greenwich Village: his vagabondage among the rebels and dilet-

tanti. Above all, it is the Odyssey of his amorous indiscretions. Most of his time seems to have been occupied with the satisfaction of an insatiable sex appetite. If you are interested in trivial gossip, you will be enchanted. There are any number of spicy anecdotes and recollections of people who have been identified with the radical movements. They are easily recognized despite the fictitious names. Kemp has little to say about their earnest fight for labor and freedom. It is their weaknesses and petty absurdities with which he is chiefly concerned.

As for himself, he does not idealize. He portrays himself to be the eternal braggart and dreamer who never accomplishes anything. He is spiritually sterile and he succeeds in making his book equally sterile. It is the True Confessions of a writer who once had convictions and a purpose, but is now at the level of intellectual futility.

Bernard Smith

TO A SUCCESSFUL MARTYR

We lend a feeble friendship now to you
When greedy Prison Door

Gapes wide no more

To sate its darkness on the flaming hue

Of your so scarlet dream.

But in your largeness take the tardy beam.

And when you wind

Thru moonless memory behind,

O let it cast a pale reflection

Over your lonely midnight recollection.

Sara Bard Field

SACRED & PROFANE LOVE

The Outline of Marriage, by Floyd Dell. The American Birth Control League.

The Marriage Bed, by Ernest Pascal. Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$2.00.

Sex and the Love Life, by William J. Fielding. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.

HERE is a triplet of books, two scientific and one fictional, which naturally invite the odium of comparison. *The Marriage Bed* suffers. For it seems as if the Marriage Problem,—that lady lately so promiscuous with our writers and medicos—can be a fascinating mistress in her amours with science; but in the company of our novelists, alas, a veritable bore! In fact, a few more such excellent expositions as Floyd Dell's *Outline of Marriage* might obviate the need for any novels on this subject, with two-fold benefit to the American public; its appetite for a diet of problem novels would suffer condign starvation; and it would not be more than necessarily befogged on this vital question.

Floyd Dell's brochure, published by The American Birth Control League, is a sort of rationale of birth control, and incidentally of modern marriage. For, as he says: "The modernity of marriage consists in the degree to which the familiarly associated ideas of sex and reproduction are separated in theory as well as practice." Contrary to the old rationale, which is founded on the sanctification of marriage at the expense of sex, Floyd Dell builds his philosophy on sex, with procreation as an incidental function. This seems startling; but, by the aid of a whole corps of biologists, anthropologists, and sociologists, called in to testify under cross-examination, he proves his point. The biologist informs us that an organic separation of sex from procreation—far from being the radical practice which exercises our cannon-fodder conservationists—is merely a fling back to the etiquette of the earliest protozoa, and has been the tradition of some of the best families, from the dawn of pro-

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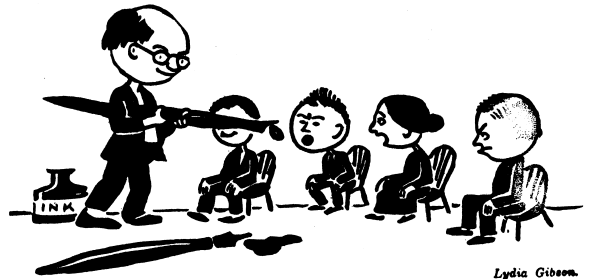
toplasm through geologic time. The modern method of using the act of sexual union for procreation is seen to be a vulgar innovation, a typical example, one might say, of the utilitarian trend of the times. Thus Floyd Dell legitimizes sex, hitherto contraband, as the basis of the marriage contract.

In contrast to this point of view, Pascal, whose *Marriage Bed* ironically enough was suppressed in Boston, thus supplying another instance of the stupidity of censors—takes the conservative attitude of defending marriage as a family institution. This, in the face of the present tendency, would be admirable originality, if it were only equalled by his artistic insight. He bases his case on the superiority of the sanctity of marriage to mere sex. This sanctity, never explained or analyzed, is a vast centripetal force operating *in vacuo*—an obscure yet powerful plexus wherein are knotted all the threadbare strings of axiom, which pull his puppets through their various romances. Thus Mary, discussing the question of granting a divorce to her erring husband George, refers to his affair as only "a stupid sexual incident"—the same sex which in Mr. Dell's book goes by the alias of Life Force. Is it children, is it money—which makes her want to preserve the nominal marriage tie? She is not quite sure. The other characters are equally inarticulate. Just what the sanctity of marriage is is never made quite clear. And the suspicion is forced on one that Mr. Pascal himself does not know. Neither is it clear why the bubble of George's romance collapses the moment he and Christine settle down in their village apartment. Except that one suspects that the thread of love in his soul is too slight to be spun into anything. Trying to prove that marriage is higher than love, Mr. Pascal only proves that his suburbanites are too sterile of spirit to love; so that his mystic sanctification of marriage is reduced to a somewhat befogged transfiguration of the standardized bedroom set.

Mr. Fielding's *Sex and the Love Life* is a matter-of-fact text book of the elements of sexology, which might be recommended to the characters of Ernest Pascal's book, as an emetic for all the mysticism which the author makes them swallow.

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