

# NEW MASSES

SEPTEMBER, 1932

15 CENTS

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SHERWOOD ANDERSON

CLIFTON B. FADIMAN

LANGSTON HUGHES

ENGELS ON GOETHE

GRANVILLE HICKS

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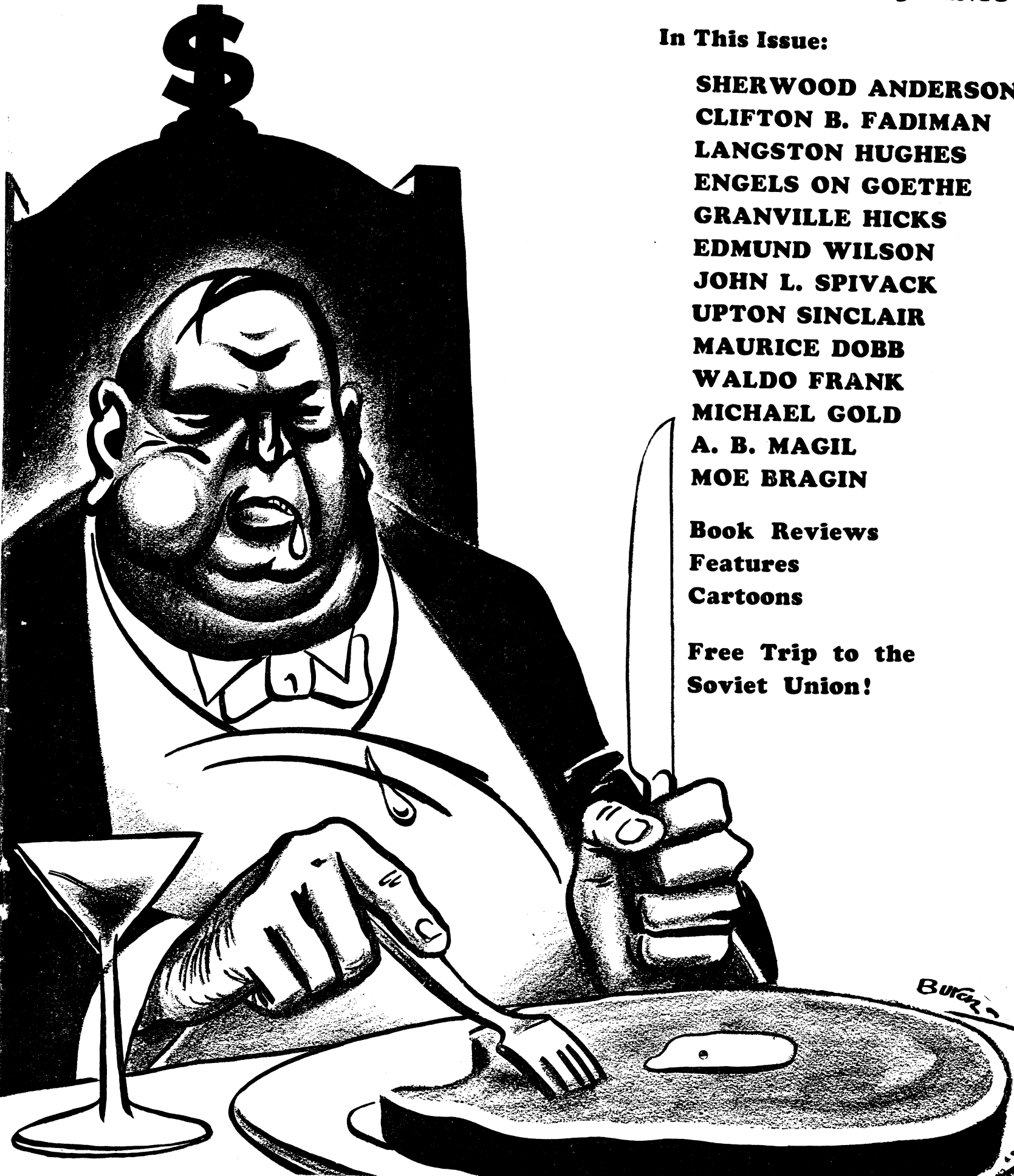
MOE BRAGIN

Book Reviews

Features

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Free Trip to the  
Soviet Union!



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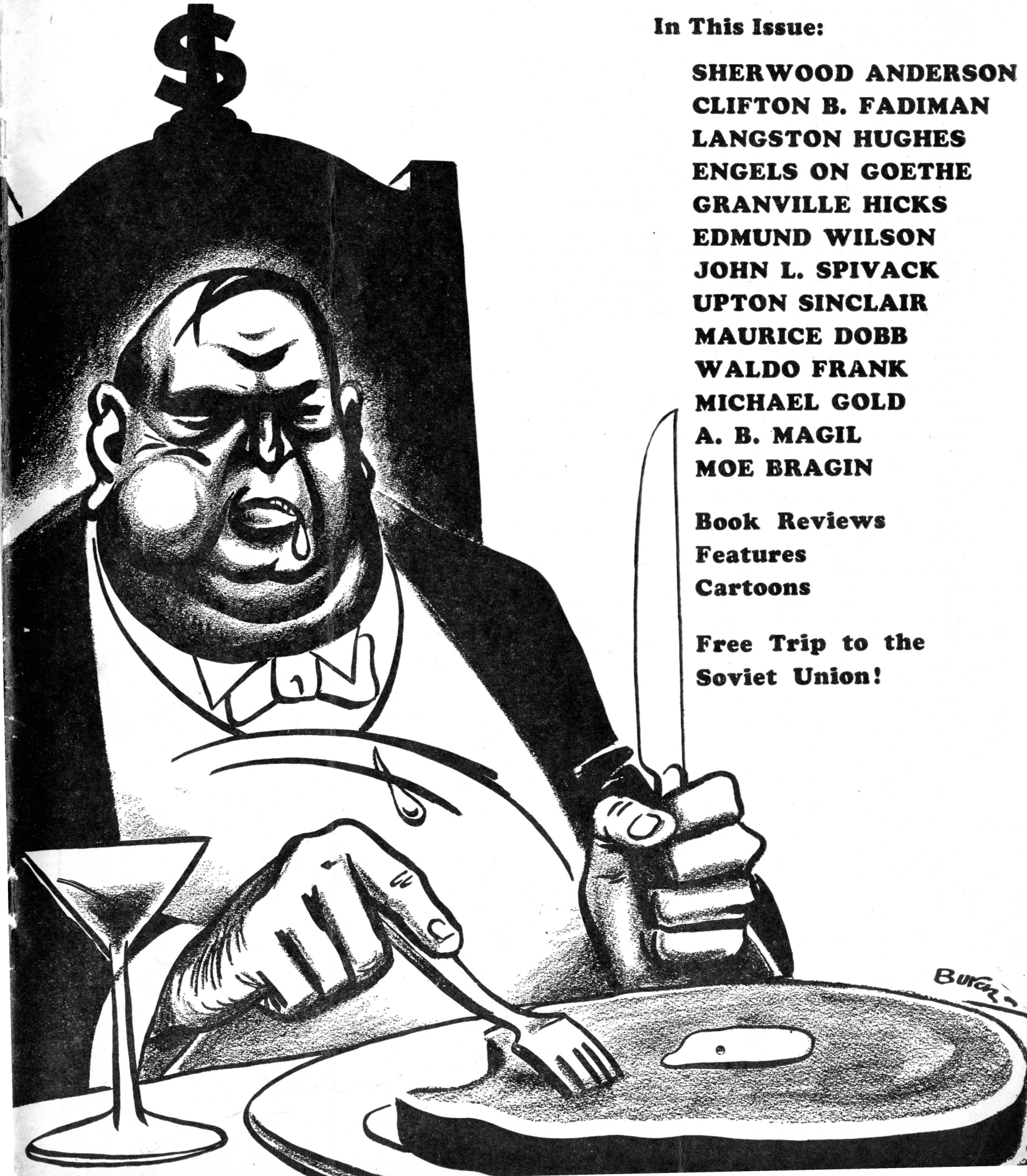
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# W e C r y : H E L P !

Today, with the growth of the revolutionary cultural movement, the *New Masses* must expand. It must grow larger in size; it must reach thousands of workers and intellectuals never before reached; it must develop new writers and artists out of both the ranks of the workers and the ranks of the radicalized petit-bourgeoisie. The *New Masses* cannot do this itself. This expansion must come from its readers, its contributors—who are the *New Masses*.

The attempt to build the *New Masses* beyond its present size, influence, and position requires a great deal from its supporters. It requires money, time and the development of *cadres* of new writers and artists. It requires the building of a large and devoted reading public to whom the *New Masses* will be the chief means of expression and the chief source of information on cultural subjects.

Elsewhere in this issue is published the *Resolution on the Work of the New Masses for 1931* formulated by the International Union of Revolutionary Writers in which the tasks before the *New Masses* as its central organ in the U. S. A. are clearly set forth. The *New Masses* must fulfill this revolutionary task, but it can do so only if every reader, every sympathizer, every contributor rallies to do his share.

The most vital need is *money*. Not only is it impossible to increase the scope and size of the *New Masses* at the present time because of lack of money, but it is absolutely imperative that the *New Masses* be saved from possible suspension by thousands of contributions, small, middling, and large. At the present time three-quarters of the time of the staff goes into the effort of raising money, and still the deficit piles up. Right now the situation is absolutely impossible unless immediate aid is forthcoming from all those opinions the *New Masses* represents on the cultural front.

The *NEW MASSES* cannot be self-supporting without a mass circulation!

Readers must become writers and artists: they must make the *New Masses* theirs in every way. Only in giving actual direction to it by writings and drawings, can the readers make it an actual expression of their lives, problems, and struggles in literary and artistic form. Worker-writers, worker-artists, and the radicalized petit-bourgeoisie have nowhere else to turn; it is in the pages of the *New Masses* that they must depict the rising surge of struggle. They must make the magazine wholly theirs. Only in this way can the *New Masses* become the "leading organ of the proletarian cultural movement in the U. S. A."

We call on all those interested in the building of a powerful weapon in revolutionary proletarian culture to organize around the *New Masses*. Contributions—financial, literary, artistic—and a deep and lasting intention to join individually in the struggle to make the *New Masses* the foremost literary and artistic organ.

Join the sustaining membership of the *New Masses* by a contribution—however small, however large, it will help. The need is imperative. The answer must be immediate.

Unite to help the *New Masses* fulfill the tasks before it!

Give the *New Masses* a mass circulation, a mass base!

Send your nickels, dimes, quarters, dollars—any amount—to the *New Masses Sustaining Fund!*

Everybody join in this mass campaign!

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63 West 15th Street,  
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Enclosed please find \$..... to help the *NEW MASSES*  
overcome its present difficulties.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

**WE CRY HELP!**

and we mean it.

The *NEW MASSES* is going under unless

—the workers clubs come to our aid

—all individual readers come to our aid

unless—

—everyone who wants a revolutionary cultural organ  
comes to our aid.

**WHAT CAN YOU DO?**

Quarters, nickels, dimes, **DOLLARS**

—money, silver and paper, must pour in

(as fast as the bills pour in)

**A MASS CAMPAIGN TO SAVE THE NEW MASSES**

Every reader, every sympathizer, everyone must help

beat the capitalist wolf from the door. Around the

*NEW MASSES* a mass campaign must be built. The *NEW*

*MASSES* is an integral part of the workers' movement.

**THERE MUST BE A MASS RESPONSE!**

Quarters, nickels, dimes, **DOLLARS**

—money, silver and paper, must pour in

**NOT FOR US—FOR YOU! FOR YOUR MAGAZINE!**

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# NEW MASSES

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**MAURICE DOBB**

## MARXISM AND THE CRISIS

Arising from, and the product of, the general crisis of capitalism today, there are two crises, or subordinate phases of that crisis—a crisis of thought and a crisis of politics. The crisis of politics shows itself in this country, and not alone in this country, in a complete break-up of all the old party groupings and a blurring of the old political issues. True, the old party structures and the old party creeds still continue and still flourish with their banners and their slogans. Their mock tournaments still delude the masses and carry their eyes away from the real issues. But these banners and these slogans are dead: they indicate issues which are dead and past and bear no live relation to what are the real contemporary issues. If one looks for a historical parallel, be it only a superficial one, it is, I think, to be found in the thirties of last century, when the old Whig and Tory issues were an anachronism. The Party structures, as shells, remained; but they had no meaning; and the younger Tories and Whigs had more in common with one another than they had with the older members of their own parties. Then it was a prelude to the triumph of Liberalism as the creed of the triumphant *bourgeoisie*. Today it is the prelude to Fascism, as the last reserve of a decadent bourgeoisie.

Included in this destruction of old landmarks is the issue between Individualism and Socialism as it has been known in England. This fact was pointed out by the Liberal Yellow Book a few years ago: the very development of Capitalism, it stated, had rendered the old issue obsolete. Monopoly-capitalism has developed through various half-way stages to the public and semi-public corporations, which are as far removed from the small-scale competitive capitalism of the nineteenth century as any Fabian of the 'nineties' could have wished. The issue between *laissez-faire* and State control has become, not a matter of principle, but a question of degree, of expediency; and today the question of Planning cuts right across all the old party boundaries. Everybody is talking Planning—from Sir Basil Blackett to Mr. Fenner Brockway. The issue of the future seems not to be an issue between planning and not planning, but merely how much planning and in what form. Belief in planning is irrespective of the old sort of political alignment: it has ceased to be a political issue in the old sort of politics. (Although that is not to say that capitalism will be able to introduce successful planning; it clearly cannot do so in a complete enough form). The National Socialists are right: they are the logical outcome of Labor Party Socialism: the only issue left on this plane is a *National* issue, above classes.

The crisis in thought is less easy to detect; but is none the less apparent, even if it takes more variegated forms. On the one hand, it shows itself in a breakdown, a growing sense of insufficiency, of the older forms of English materialism: a feeling

among scientists that the old rough-and-ready empiricism is not enough and a groping after some philosophical restatement. On the other hand, it shows itself in the rise of the new fashionable pseudo-philosophies, re-importing God through the "hole-in-the-atom" and showing that science, instead of being pagan and iconoclastic, can be made to decorate an altar-piece after all. More generally, this crisis in thought shows itself in a vague bewilderment: a starting to question assumptions, the very root of traditional bourgeois thought, whether it be traditional idealism or traditional materialism. In extreme forms it becomes a general bewilderment in face of universal paradox—despair in face of a world gone mad. Some get no further than bewilderment, and retreat to the seclusion of various brands of mysticism—ever the way of despair with the world. But for logical thinkers, having the resolution to cut their way through to some new synthesis, paradox itself is the bridge to new truth. Among them there arises a shrewd suspicion that if history seems to be mad when one attempts to interpret it in terms of traditional categories of thought, then it must be, not history, but one's own thought that is wrong—that reality does not "fit" because the old categories are unfit. This realization that thought itself is a creature of history is a revolutionary one. To grasp it is to pass over from bourgeois ideology into Marxism. It is to realize that the whole basis of traditional thought rests on the assumption of certain absolute values and certain absolute intellectual categories, holding supreme for all time; and that the role of the intellectual is to soak himself sufficiently in this "intellectual heritage" as to have the gift of interpretation over things which seem paradox to ordinary men. But to regard the thought of each epoch as the product of each epoch is to see that historical change must change also the fundamental assumptions of thought: there are no absolute categories. It is to unseat this conceit of the intellectual, and to show the road of wisdom to lie in practice—in the passions of contemporary history, not the dust of ancient chronicles; in politics, not in the cloister.

As offering a new and revolutionary conception of the relation between thought and practice Marxism is becoming of growing, even primary, interest today. Equally is one led to Marxism by the facts of the political crisis, since Marxism provides the sole meaning in which Socialism can stand forth as a distinctive political creed at the present time. The reason why the importance of Marxism is not more generally or more rapidly appreciated, both as an intellectual synthesis and as an essential basis of Socialism, is partly, I believe, because so much quite elementary misunderstanding of Marxism exists.

In the first place it seems necessary to say that Marxism is not

synonymous with Economic Determinism. It is not synonymous with the materialism of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; nor can it be treated as a philosophy which can be stated in a series of propositions and learned and understood as a dogma. If one is asked to summarize in a sentence the difference between Marxism and the old-fashioned Materialism, I should put it in this way: the old-fashioned issue between materialism and idealism was concerned with statements, abstractly framed and statically conceived, concerning the *nature* of the universe (what Feuerbach characterized as "speculative philosophy"), one saying that the world was mind and the other that the world was material substance; whereas the Dialectical Materialism of Marx is, not a meaningless dogma about the nature of a static reality, but a *practical attitude*—an attitude to activity; which takes as its fundamental tenet that knowledge is given in practical activity. To it all philosophical questions are meaningless, unless translatable into terms of practice: what is the efficacy of particular activities in changing the world? Especially does it eschew the old-style speculative reasoning which starts from the assumption of a purely passive individual, contemplating the world from an arm-chair and analyzing the stages by which knowledge reaches him of the mysterious "unknowable" thing behind the world of sensation. It denies that there can be any such thing as passive experience—the passive mind that is a spectator and no more. All experience implies activity; and questions of knowledge can only be framed in terms of an *active* subject, where the receiving of an experience is inseparably bound up with doing something. What seems unknowable to passive contemplation becomes knowable in the act of changing the world.

As a view of history, Marxism is not synonymous with old-style economic determinism, for the reason that it does not regard history as a process which can be interpreted in terms of continuity or be made the basis of mechanical forecast. This much it has in common with the economic determinist: it regards history as a succession of purely material events, to be interpreted in terms of concrete experience, without any "secret of history" lying behind in the realm of mystical ideas which can only be apprehended in mystical revelation. But history is not an evenly continuous process, proceeding "spontaneously" without the intervention of human purpose: it consists of a process of successive conflicts, the transition from one stage to the next taking the form of a revolutionary culmination of the conflict—a revolutionary "jump" from one epoch to another, in the course of which new historical elements emerge. In other words, history is not a mechanical process, but a *dialectical process*, the motivation of which consists precisely in conflict and contradiction.

Yet this "jump," this revolutionary act of historical creation, is not something mystical; it is not something which falls from heaven or can be learned by intuitive contemplation of the verities. A chemist, in mixing certain chemicals, at a certain stage produces an entirely new element. Thereby he effects a revolution; but he does it, not as a magician, but as a scientist. He knows that the new element cannot emerge from *any*, but only out of one particular combination of pre-existing elements; and it is science, not mystical communion, which tells him what this necessary relationship is. Similarly, the Marxist does not believe that revolution can be effected miraculously—be invoked out of ideas which are summoned from the skies. He regards history as having a certain necessary order, in the sense that Socialism could not have been created in the mediaeval world; in the sense that a Planned Economy can be produced in Russia *after* a proletarian revolution, but could not be produced in capitalist Britain. Hence to the Marxist, while history is made by revolution, a particular revolution can arise only at a *particular* stage of development—and only on the basis of a given pre-existing situation. It is in this stress on revolution as the creative force of history that Marx has his principal link with Hegel. Both regard history as a process of conflict and contradiction, its movement explicable in no other way. But for Marx history has meaning, not as an ideal process, but as a conflict of classes. History passes from one stage to the next in the form of such a class conflict, and it is out of the resolution of this conflict in the act of revolution that the new order is born. Hence Socialism arises, not "spontaneously," not by an "organic" process of experimental adaptation, but by class struggle and the revolutionary seizure of power by the working class.

What, then, is the relation of thought to this process? What

is the role of forecast and rational judgment? Clearly, there will always be, in a sense, a contradiction between the "ideal" which the revolutionary movement puts on its banners and the actual achievement it is destined to realize. This is bound to be so, for the reason that it is impossible to forecast history entirely: as we have said, history is dialectical and not mechanical and cannot be reduced to terms of mechanical forecast. To do so is to degrade the role of political activity and to fall into a vulgar, defeatist, mechanical "spontaneity." Yet, the more the ideology of a movement corresponds to a rational scientific forecast, the more effective that movement is likely to be—the more its aims will be coincident with its practice; the more the movement will be "objectively" the same as it is "subjectively." And this is the essential difference between "Scientific Socialism," or Marxism, and all brands of "Utopian Socialism." The better the chemist knows the elements he is using, the more likely is his expectation to be synonymous with actual events. The more the revolutionary is equipped with the knowledge of past history and theory and at the same time has an actual detailed, concrete knowledge of the elements of the contemporary situation in which he works, the more efficacious is his policy likely to be. In this truth is explained the fundamental feature of Marxism: the unity of theory and practice. On the one hand, the politician making contemporary history is entirely blind—is an entire opportunist—unless he is equipped with a Marxist understanding of past history. On the other hand, the student of history remains entirely academic and is asking and answering purely meaningless questions, unless "the questions he puts to history" and the categories in which he interprets history, are those which current political activity (i.e., *contemporary history*) afford. Marxism is, therefore, essentially an *attitude towards political activity*, based on a particular conception of the relationship between thought and current practice. As such, it must necessarily be accepted in the whole, or rejected. One cannot split it up into sections; one cannot study separate parts of it in isolation, since its sectional parts only have meaning as parts of the whole.

Today an "English Marxism" is rapidly becoming fashionable—a sort of revised, 1932 neo-Marxism, specially adapted for English intelligences. What is characteristic of this tendency is the at-



by Kruckman



by Kruckman



by Kruckman

tempt to produce this new concoction by cutting up Marxism into sections and taking some which seem palatable and rejecting others. Because it proceeds in this way, this tendency is essentially wrong and destined to produce nothing but confusion and to hinder real understanding of Marxism and of revolutionary politics. It is especially significant that the line of division, where the "cutting" is made, usually lies along the Marxian theory of politics and the Marxian theory of the State, which are regarded as out-of-date, particularly the theory of revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat. An attempt is made to use history. But that is an impermissible way of treating Marxism, because then there is nothing left. Marxism as an attitude to contemporary history and to action is gone. As an interpretation of past history alone, it becomes degraded to a mere "economic interpretation," forced on to the horns of the dilemma of either accepting a rigid historical fatalism or else as a guide to contemporary history—to contemporary *activity*—explaining precisely nothing at all. Mr. Rowse, for instance, would reject the theory of the State as an old-fashioned half-truth, inapplicable at any rate to English peculiarities; and with it necessarily goes the theory of revolutionary politics and the dictatorship of the proletariat. Mr. Murry is less explicit. Whether or not he accepts in words the Marxian theory of the State he completely fails to face up to the logical implications of the Marxian theory of politics. In his view of England, at any rate, it is precisely the implications of the State as a class instrument that he ignores; so that while he may accept physical birth as a glorious fact, he has no place for the forceps of the midwife. At any rate he casts his "Marxism" in such a "moral," such a Spinozist, shape as to destroy all meaning in the contrast between "scientific" and "Utopian" Socialism.

But the Marxist conception of class is meaningless except with the idea of exploitation—the latter is included with the former in the same definition. Similarly, without the concept of the State as a class instrument, it is inconceivable that a class system, rooted in the exploitation of the masses by a small minority, could last out a span of more than a few years. And if the State in capitalist society is essentially a *capitalist State*—an organ of class domination, to perpetuate an exploiting system—then proletarian politics can be nothing less than revolutionary politics—a struggle to overthrow the exploiting system which of necessity implies a struggle *against* the State. Socialism then acquires its only consistent meaning, not as an issue of planning *versus laissez-faire*, but as the ending of class-exploitation in the only way it can be ended, namely, by expropriation of the exploiting class. And, since history does not proceed mechanically, but is framed by conscious purpose, inspired by a scientific theory, it follows that such a revolution and the eventual building of Socialism on new foundations cannot arise "spontaneously," but must be led and guided by a revolutionary Party. Such a Party must be of the proletariat, while leading it, it must be part of the proletarian movement, in order to guide it, but it must not merely follow events "by the tail." Hence, the primary importance in Marx's theory of the role of a Communist Party.

It is a common fallacy that Communists are people who want to do things in a hurry, impatient people, to be contrasted with the more sober experimental sort. But the distinction is not a time distinction. Actually the Communist places a much greater stress on historical relativity than anyone else. He realizes that events have a certain order—that there is a certain order of "first things first," and that there are other things which it is utopian to hope to attempt. For instance, he regards it as utopian to conceive the possibility of a planned economy apart from proletarian revolution as a first condition; and similarly utopian to conceive of a proletarian revolution without a whole period of preceding partial struggles, and without a revolutionary Party leading those struggles, and schooled in years of the class struggle. Communists differ in holding a particular view of history and of politics (which is the making of current history). This view is Marxism. If one is to discuss Marxism and seek to understand it, one must approach it first as a unity, and seek to understand it in its unity. Only then will its separate departments—its theory of the State, of Political Economy, of Proletarian Politics—acquire their full meaning. To approach it piecemeal is to court misapprehension at the outset; because by approaching it in this way, one excludes Marxism, *ab initio*, as an *attitude to practical activity*, in which theory and practice acquire a new unity, and

**Langston Hughes**

## Good Morning Revolution

*Good-morning, Revolution:*

*You're the very best friend  
I ever had.*

*We gonna pal around together from now on.*

*Say, listen, Revolution:*

*You know, the boss where I used to work,  
The guy that gimme the air to cut down expenses,  
He wrote a long letter to the papers about you:  
Said you was a trouble maker, a alien-enemy,  
In other words a son-of-a-bitch.  
He called up the police  
And told 'em to watch out for a guy  
Named Revolution.*

*You see,*

*The boss knows you're my friend.  
He sees us hangin' out together.  
He knows we're hungry, and ragged,  
And ain't got a damn thing in this world—  
And are gonna do something about it.*

*The boss's got all he needs, certainly,  
Eats swell,  
Owns a lotta houses,  
Goes vacationin',  
Breaks strikes,  
Runs politics, bribes police,  
Pays off congress,  
And struts all over the earth—*

*But me, I ain't never had enough to eat.  
Me, I ain't never been warm in winter.  
Me, I ain't never known security—  
All my life, been livin' hand to mouth,  
Hand to mouth.*

*Listen, Revolution,*

*We're buddies, see—  
Together,*

*We can take everything:  
Factories, arsenals, houses, ships,  
Railroads, forests, fields, orchards,  
Bus lines, telegraphs, radios,  
(Jesus! Raise hell with radios!)  
Steel mills, coal mines, oil wells, gas,  
All the tools of production,  
(Great day in the morning!)  
Everything—*

*And turn 'em over to the people who work.  
Rule and run 'em for us people who work.*

*Boy! Them radios—*

*Broadcasting that very first morning to USSR:  
Another member the International Soviet's done come  
Greetings to the Socialist Soviet Republics  
Hey you rising workers everywhere greetings*

*And we'll sign it: Germany*

*Sign it: China*

*Sign it: Africa*

*Sign it: Poland*

*Sign it: Italy*

*Sign it: America*

*Sign it with my one name: Worker*

*On that day when no one will be hungry, cold, oppressed,  
Anywhere in the world again.*

*That's our job!*

*I been starvin' too long,*

*Ain't you?*

*Let's go, Revolution!*

abstract propositions have meaning only when interpreted concretely. Only in its concrete application to current politics; only as expressed in the activities of the Communist Party, can Marxism be fully understood and learned.



# HOW I CAME TO COMMUNISM:

**Waldo Frank**

## Where I Stand and How I Got Here

The editors of *New Masses* write to me of "the marked movement among the intellectuals toward the left"; and they ask me for an "intellectual autobiography" of how I got that way. What they want to know, of course, is in my books. And what they are really asking, is a 2,000 word digest of my books for readers who, presumably, are too busy preparing the Revolution to find time to read them. Personally, I feel that if a necessarily superficial digest of a man's books is worth while, it would repay the effort to read the books, themselves. Moreover, although there may be some critic smart enough to get into so brief a space the essence of what I have labored to put into fifteen volumes, I am sure I can not do it.

My "movement toward the left" is a steady, logical evolution in my published works. It is not really a "movement" at all in the sense of a *displacement*—like that of a man, for instance, who moves from Brooklyn to the Bronx. It is really a clarifying and solidifying and organizing of convictions present in my work from its beginning: it is a sharpening and shifting of the focus of my work, due to the economic and psychologic shifts of the America I live in.

I have never been an economist or sociologist. I have always been, first of all, an artist—the kind of artist, however, who is interested not only in individuals but also in peoples, in cultures, in ideas. Those of my creations that deal with imaginary persons or groups of persons are "fiction": those that deal with actual historic peoples are harder to classify, but they are as essentially works of art as my novels. I am, moreover, a product of the New York upper middle class. But by the time I was finished with college, I knew that I did not belong with my class, and that I could not go into the money-making racket which went by such names as "business" or "the law." A couple of years of newspaper work were sufficient to convince me that the capitalistic order was rotten from top to bottom: rotten in its churches, in its politics, in its business, in its arts, in its intellectual life. But this conviction brought with it no clear idea as to the way out. The trouble, it seemed to me, was with human nature. And of course, it was—and it is. Men and women, I thought, might individually achieve, against great odds, some truth and beauty. It was a desperately slow process; but at the time I knew no other. The Marxian idea of a class, potentially representative of mankind, and potentially destined to destroy the stratified greed and violence that had become Society, was still far beyond me.

Nonetheless, social emotions and social ideas were, from the beginning, conscious factors in my books. And it would be possible, if I had the time, to isolate and trace their evolution from one book to the next; although in so doing I should necessarily distort the true nature of my works, if I disregarded other vital and integral elements.

My first published novel (written before we entered the War) was *The Unwelcome Man*. It is the story of a sensitive youth, without unusual talents, in petty bourgeois American society. The story arraigns this society for its sordidness, its cruelty, its sterility; it depicts the fate of a lad who rebels against it, yet who rebels hopelessly, since he is equipped with but ordinary powers, since he is alone, and since—above all—he possesses no ideology except that of his own class.

Then the War came to America and it forced me, who had always been most at home in the arts and in philosophy, to think for the first time in political terms. I saw soon enough that the War was not what the Nations said it was: that it was the result of imperialistic capitalism and, more deeply, of the state of mind symbolized by the capitalistic order. Before this, I had condemned capitalism's *culture*, I had also condemned its economic system. But I had gone no farther than a vague utopian socialism. I had read Kropotkin, but not Marx. Which meant, that

I had faith only in individual action. Now, I read Marx. But I was still extremely far from applying his laws to American conditions.

At the time, I was editing "The Seven Arts" with James Oppenheim and Van Wyck Brooks. All three of us called ourselves socialists; but our magazine had begun as a purely literary organ for national expression. Our "master" was Walt Whitman. Now, however, with the War upon us, we were faced with the necessity of action. We opposed America's entry into the War. We supported Eugene Debs, (although we did not think much of his mind). We published John Reed, and the magnificent revolutionary articles of Randolph Bourne. Secret service men began to infest our offices; the papers listed us among "enemies from within." We went down with flying colors.

When the draft came, I registered as an objector "not for religious reasons but against imperialist war." And while I waited for the military police to send me to Leavenworth (they never got to me), I began a novel which only now I am really writing; and of which I published a part under the title *The Dark Mother*.

My rebellion and my hopes at this time, were expressed in my first critical volume *Our America*, which appeared in 1919. Let me quote from the first paragraph:

"No American can hope to run a journal, win public office, successfully advertise a soap or write a popular novel who does not insist upon the idealistic basis of his country. A peculiar sort of ethical rapture has earned the term American. Woodrow Wilson is only its latest adept: George Washington was by no means its first. And the reason is probably at least in part that no land has ever sprung so nakedly as ours from a direct and conscious material impulse. The history of the colonization of America is the reflex result of economic movements in the Mother countries . . ."

And the book's last sentence:

". . . In a dying world, creation is revolution."

*Our America*, although essentially a poet's portrait of his world, was an attack on our capitalistic system, *viewed as a culture*. It also was an appeal to the future—to "revolution." But it did not envisage the way to this future in Marxian terms—i.e., in terms of the class war. The masses, whom it called "the multitudes in Whitman," must take over and make over America; but the book stressed as the dynamic force making for revolution, the spiritual and cultural values in America: the Indian, the immigrant, the message of men like Whitman, Lincoln, Spinoza, Marx. And its direct appeal was not to a proletarian class (with whom I had little contact), but to a small band of gallant writers who were to lead the "multitude"—and who, of course, failed to materialize.

I returned to fiction; and wrote in the next four years my three most important novels: *Rahab*, *City Block*, *Holiday*. These were pure forms of experimental art: lyrical and dionysian. But even in them, there is a strong line of social implication—which perhaps is one reason why all three of these novels are translated into Russian. *Holiday* is a novel of the South. It really has but two collective characters: "white town" and "nigger town" of a Gulf state. It depicts the encounter of these two characters—the economic subjugation of the Negro to the white, and the emotional subjugation of the white to the Negro. It draws the clash to its tragic passionate conclusion: the lynching. Perhaps I can best suggest the social quality of the book by saying that the Negro press hailed it, and called it the "modern Uncle Tom's Cabin"—a compliment which, I fear, did not flatter the artist in me.

*Rahab* is, in its bare social lines, the story of a Southern girl of the middle class, ruined by her evangelical Christian husband, driven to New York where, in contact with the underworld, she finds what must be the essence of true religion: the facing of the reality of life. And *City Block* is a kind of collective novel about a New York proletarian street. These books are not "proletarian literature" in the sense that their characters consciously call for a Marxian revolution. Neither is *Winesburg* or *Marching Men*,

# SYMPOSIUM

although Sherwood Anderson is deeply a proletarian novelist. But let me point out, that to have made the characters of my "city block" call for revolution in 1922 would have been bad art. It would have been contrary to the nature of these characters. Only when the proletariat itself becomes consciously revolutionary, can a good proletarian novelist so depict it. That consciousness is just beginning in the U. S. To demand it of novels faithful to the truth as it existed a decade ago, is absurd.

Now again, the great American problem claimed me: the problem of creating a true *new world* in our hemisphere. *Our America* had been but a prelude of this theme, which I intended to treat symphonically in a group of books. My purpose was not mainly critical: it was to create portraits of the American worlds—of the human sources of our energy—which would constructively lead forth into the future. One of the results of *Our America* had been to put me in touch with the radical students and writers of South America. And they made me see that America did not stop at the Rio Grande: it went all the way down to Argentina. Now, you cannot understand the U. S. without knowing England and Europe. And similarly you cannot understand America Hispana, without knowing Spain, Portugal, North Africa. So I went there. And later on, I went to Mexico and South America.

I wrote *Virgin Spain* and *America Hispana*—cultural portraits of these peoples. I cannot, here, possibly go into even the simplest exposition of what these books contain; their ideological content is too complex, and besides, they are primarily *portraits*—works of art. Here, all I can say is, that I felt very strongly the relevance of both the Catholic and Semitic traditions in Spain, and of the American Indian cultures, to the problem of creating a world in which the person, knowing his true place in the collective group, should be a true person. The Spaniard has a sense of the whole which needs only to be transposed from its false Christian symbols to prepare him for a true communism. (I point out the analogy of the Russians, who also had a Catholic background, in my recent *Dawn in Russia*). And the great Indian cultures have always had communistic roots; have always preserved that sense of the individual as a *social integer*, which we must achieve in North America, before we can think of overcoming the false individualism that is the essence of our capitalistic order.

I wrote these two books primarily for the United States, since I was convinced of the usefulness for ourselves of understanding these peoples. But oddly enough, the books have been understood chiefly in the Hispanic countries. Here, they were shallowly regarded as "travel books." (They are no more travel books, than *Don Quixote* is a travel book). In Spain, in Mexico, in Argentina, they are understood as revolutionary analyses of the genius of races—attempts to lift up, into consciousness and therefore into force, the potential promise of the American peoples.

Well allotted space is running short, and I haven't done much more than mention a few of my books. They may be said to represent, socially, an evolution from personal revolt against bourgeois society (*The Unwelcome Man, Our America*) to the discovery of dynamic forces and values in our modern epoch, potential for the creating of a new revolutionary world (*The Rediscovery of America, America Hispana*). In all my books, however, the stress is on the *primary material* that must be recreated—i.e., mankind; and not on the economic and political method that must be the first outward step in the re-creative task. The reason for this is, that I am not an economist, not a professional revolutionist; but an artist, a psychologist, and cultural historian.

Where, then, is my "movement to the left?" For it exists. In my books, it is not a movement, it is a steady evolution. But in my active life, it has recently been something of a "movement."

I will put down briefly why this is, and why it will continue to be . . .

1. I have lost my last vestige of faith in the middle-classes, in all middle class action, and in the efficacy of intellectual groups who are identified, either openly or indirectly, with middle class values.

2. I do not romanticize or idealize the workers and peasants.

I am no follower of Rousseau, vaguely dreaming of the perfection of "the natural man." But to have faith in human life at all, in this epoch of bourgeois decadence, must mean henceforth to have faith in the proletarians and farmers who *alone* as a class have not been hopelessly corrupted by the sources and methods of the capitalistic order. The artist and thinker, from now on, must choose: either to hope and fight with the masses, or to despair and surrender alone. At bottom, Marxism is a methodology for creating a *human culture*—in place of the *slave* cultures which history reveals. In this sense, which underlies his great economic discoveries, I am better equipped to understand Marx; and I accept him wholly. However, Marx did not complete the task of providing a methodology for the new culture. He began, but he did not conclude the work. And he knew this. To be a good Marxian is to be creative enough to go beyond Marx.

3. I accept wholly the Marxian law, that a revolutionary proletarian class is the *chief instrument* for creating the communist society. And I agree with Marx, wholly, that only this communist society can go forward to the creating of a real *human culture*.

4. I believe that the intellectuals of all kinds must definitely and actively join hands with the revolutionary proletarian class; that they must take a militant part, as *intellectuals*, henceforth, in the class war, and that it is their duty to make their position unequivocally clear to all the workers.

5. The world is in crisis. Men and women are starving; they are being demoralized by unemployment; when they attempt even to protest they are being bludgeoned back to slavery by the armed mobs of Business fascism. At such a time, I cannot forever remain in my library, although my essential work lies there. I must from time to time make clear, in language simpler than the language of my books—in the language of physical comradeship—my solidarity with the people.

6. The world is in crisis, and there is no time to lose. The revolutionary tomorrow must be prepared today. Otherwise, it may come too late—too late to save mankind from the destruction of capitalistic war, and (still worse) from the moral siphilis of capitalistic Peace.

7. However, I shall not lose sight of what has been, and continues to be, my share in the work of world-creation. Nor shall I let my emotions in the daily crisis swerve me. That would be a deadly sentimentalism. The task of the creative artist, the task of the creator of revolutionary cultural values, is important today as it has never been before.

August 14, 1932.

## Clifton B. Fadiman:

My particular turn to the left was a simple matter. I can't write 1500 words about it.

History—mainly in the form of the crisis—became my teacher while I was still young enough to learn.

Another thing—my work, for many years, has been mainly in the field of business. You can accept business (another word for America); you can be cynical about it ('civilized' in the *New Yorker* manner); or you can take a good look at it. Unless you're a big shot in business—and even then, frequently—accepting business or being cynical about it makes you out a damned fool. I'm one of the smallest shots in the locker—and I got tired of being a damned fool.

There were a couple of other cut-and-dried factors. During the summer of 1931 I happened to spend time with people who knew more than I did. They too, perhaps, were just history disguised as individuals. I couldn't help learning from them.

Also I got a little sour on the sort of stuff I was writing. It didn't seem capable of development. The point of view behind it was inadequate for the interpretation of events, particularly cultural events. And, as I am temperamentally indisposed toward the black shirt, there was only one other point of view possible.

And probably there was a certain amount of imitation, mass compulsion, whatever you choose to call it—still another name for history.

The present left turn of any one person or any small group of

persons is of minor importance, in my opinion, and shouldn't be exaggerated. The American class struggle, it seems fairly clear, has still to produce (and will inevitably produce) its intellectual leaders. The present little fuss is just an outpost skirmish. But that's no reason for not putting up as good a fight as you can.

### Granville Hicks:

It is hard for me to know whether I ought to be grateful for or to regret the fact that I fell under the influence of Wilsonian liberalism. On the one hand, training in that school kept me from blind admiration of big business, belief in the Republican party, and the more chauvinistic forms of patriotism. On the other, it gave me a lot of comforting theories that obscured the real issues at stake in the years during and after the war. Needless to say, there was nothing at Harvard, in the years from 1919 to 1925, that could turn my liberalism into radicalism. The surprising thing is, indeed, that my liberal attitudes survived at all. I even became, in the face of the unquestioning patriotism of one part of my associates and the cynical indifference of another part, a thoroughgoing pacifist.

I emerged, in short, a fairly typical liberal, with a mild interest in socialism, a strong faith in pacifism, and the usual conviction that the desired changes in the social order could be brought about by the dissemination of sound ideas. But in the next four years my liberalism was steadily undermined. Reading made me sceptical of liberal reforms; Coolidge prosperity made it easy for me to forget that reforms were necessary. The one event that moved me deeply in those years was the murder of Sacco and Vanzetti. This completely crushed my faith in liberalism, for I saw on the one hand the detestable treachery of such liberals as Lowell who had helped to bring about the murder, and on the other the absolute helplessness of the liberals who had tried to stop it.

I could no longer accept the pleasant theories of liberalism, but nothing had taken their place. How easy it was to drift in 1927, 1928, and 1929! Though the social order still seemed viciously inefficient and indecently corrupt, there was, I consoled myself, nothing that I could do about. I was very much occupied with personal problems and the tasks of literary criticism, and I managed to forget about the world in which I lived. To my shame I confess it, I was as much a victim of the myth of prosperity as if I had been making fabulous profits in Wall Street instead of the meager salary of a college instructor.

Then came the crash! I did not lose any money; I had none to lose. But the depression wiped out the illusion of security, as I saw friends and even relatives losing their jobs, and witnessed every time I went on the street the spectacle of the unemployed. I no longer tried to conceal from myself the fact that the system was rotten, but still I could see nothing for me to do. Liberal attitudes persisted, even though liberal theories had been destroyed, and whenever communism was mentioned I reacted like any good liberal with talk of pacifism, freedom of speech, and intellectual integrity.

It took a long time, as a matter of fact, to get the virus of liberalism out of my system. As some of my friends turned to communism, long conversations, in which I tried to attack their opinions, showed me the weakness of my position, but I clutched at every straw. There was even a time when I argued that our only hope was in a beneficent, planned capitalism. Nothing could show more clearly how far I would go in defense of my old conceptions, for to assert that the future of society depended on the intelligence and benevolence of such men as Henry Ford and Owen D. Young was, after all, to deny everything I had professed to believe. Yet even this ridiculous subterfuge had its value: it forced me to admit that the choice lay between industrial feudalism and revolution. The necessity of defending the idea of planned capitalism led me to study the proposals made by George Soule, Stuart Chase, and the like, and when I attempted to translate the vague idea of planning into concrete projects I could no longer conceal from myself the preposterousness of the notion. There was, I at last saw clearly, but one way out.

I have traced the intellectual steps in my change of opinion, for it is easier to see them than it is to see the various sorts of economic pressure that were affecting me. Yet I know well enough that both the questions I asked and the answers I arrived at were products of the particular situation in which I found myself. If I was able, however gradually, to break through the fog of self-deception and confusion, it was because my experience at this time

was precisely what it was. My present attitude is as much a product of the depression as if I had been forced out on the streets to beg for food.

The time came, then, when I was prepared to say that capitalism must be destroyed and that its destruction could be brought about only by a mass movement for the expropriation of the expropriators. But I was a long way from understanding what these propositions meant. I believed a time was coming when the sheep would be separated from the goats, and I thought I knew on which side I should align myself. I did not realize that the issue was already clear, the lines already established, the battle already begun. Especially I failed to see that the acceptance of these propositions must inevitably affect my whole attitude towards life.

It happened that at this time—less than two years ago—I was preparing to write a book on American literature since the Civil War. I had already seen that the chief problems writers faced in the period I was considering were those raised by industrialism, and I was trying to discover what attitudes had been adopted towards those problems and what these various attitudes had achieved in literature. I was, as everything I have said indicates, too confused about the issues of my own time, to see clearly the issues of the past. But as soon as I began to reconsider those issues in terms of the decision I had reached, they became more and more definite. As I read a little in the works of Marx and his followers, I found the answer to one question after another that had been bothering me. I realized that I had done more than reach a decision that might have consequences in some vague future; I had discovered a literary method of great and immediate importance.

I have no illusions, I trust, about the importance of criticism in this period of transition. The battle that is going on must be fought and won in quite a different arena. A person born in the middle class as I was, educated in bourgeois institutions, more or less professionally interested in literature, is poorly prepared to take a leading part. Yet the fight goes on on many fronts, and minor engagements as well as major must be fought and won. If the work for which I have been trained is not of primary importance, it is not without its own significance. Criticism must be a weapon if it is not to be merely an amusing game, and I now know in what cause that weapon, so far as I am concerned, shall be wielded.

### Sherwood Anderson:

There is a sense in which I believe that the little stories in *Winesburg Ohio* are as revolutionary as anything I shall ever be able to write.

You do not need to go far back into the history of writing to come to the place where the life of a common man or woman, the worker, was not thought interesting. Such lives were not thought of as material for the story teller at all. In the old fiction, old poetry, old plays the workers and peasants were invariably introduced as comic figures. Go to your Shakespeare and you will see what I mean. It is so in all the older fiction. The notion that the worker, in the factory, in the sweat-shop, in the mine, might be as sensitive and as easily hurt as the well-to-do man or woman, and that the strange thing in life we call beauty might be as alive in such a one—man or woman—as in the rich and successful, is still new.

If our present capitalist system did in fact produce, even for the few, the kind of glowing lives some of our romancers pretend I would myself hesitate about deserting capitalism. It doesn't.

I am only trying to say this in explanation. I myself wrote, when I was a very young man, a long book I called *Why I Believe in Socialism*. Afterward I tore it up. It was very badly written. Among my earlier books I wrote the novel *Marching Men*, an attempt to get at the every day lives of coal miners in a middle western coal mining town.

I believe and am bound to believe that those of you who are revolutionists will get the most help out of such men as myself not by trying to utilize such talents as we have directly as writers of propaganda but in leaving us as free as possible to strike, by our stories out of American life, into the deeper facts.

I mean that the lives of those who now succeed in getting money and power in our present individualistic capitalistic society are neither happy nor successful lives. That illusion also needs to be destroyed.

When it comes to the others, the workers, the real producers,

the down trodden people, there stories need to be told.

I think I have always wanted to tell that story and still want to tell it. It is my one great passion. If *Winesburg Ohio* tries to tell the story of the defeated figures of an old American individualistic small town life, then my new book *Beyond Desire* is but carrying these same people forward into the new American life and into the whirl and roar of modern machines. I do not believe my own impulses have changed.

## Edmund Wilson:

Thank you for asking me to contribute to the intellectual autobiography series, but I've got so much else on my hands just now that I couldn't possibly do the article. There's nothing to my story anyway. I've always had about the same general tendencies—was imbued with literary socialism at college and used to contribute to the *Masses* after the War—but is was only recently in trying to formulate a new policy for *The New Republic* after Croly's death that I investigated Marxism and really understood the Marxist position.

## Michael-Gold

### Why I am a Communist:

In 1914 there was an unemployment crisis in America, and I was one of its victims. I was 18 years old, a factory worker and shipping clerk with five years experience, and the chief support of a fatherless family. Unemployment was no academic matter to me, but the blackest and most personal tragedy.

Well, the hungry workers were raising hell in New York. There were demonstrations, marches, and raids on fashionable Fifth Avenue churches by the unemployed. The Anarchists were then still a brilliant and fearless revolutionary group in America, and they led the fight in New York.

I blundered into a big Union Square meeting, where Alexander Berkman, Emma Goldman, Leonard Abbott and other anarchists spoke. The cops, as usual, pointed the anarchist denunciations of capitalism by smashing into the meeting, cracking the skulls and ribs of everyone present. I saw a woman knocked down by a beefy cop's club. She screamed, and instinctively I ran across the square to help her. I was knocked down myself, booted, and managed to escape the hospital only by sheer luck.

I have always been grateful to that cop and his club. For one thing, he introduced me to literature and revolution. I had not read a single book in five years; nothing except the sporting page of newspapers. I hadn't thought much about anything except baseball, jobs, food, sleep and Sundays at Coney Island. I was a prize fight fanatic and amateur boxer. Now I grew so bitter because of that cop that I went around to the anarchist Ferrer School and discovered books—I discovered history, poetry, science, and the class struggle.

Nobody who has not gone through this proletarian experience can ever understand the fever that seized me in the next year. I read myself almost blind each night after work. My mind woke up like a suppressed volcano. I can never discharge this personal debt to the revolutionary movement—it gave me a mind.

And I think I can understand what the Soviet state means today to millions of grateful Russian workers and peasants—it has given them a mind.

I was an anarchist for several years. The poetry, the strong passions and naive ideology of that movement appealed to a literary adolescent. I found a job as night porter at the Adams Express Company depot on West 47th Street. I wrestled big trunks and half-ton cases from seven at night until seven the next morning. I sweated, but in my mind I lived in the idealistic world of Shelley, Blake, Walt Whitman, Kropotkin. I was a revolutionist, but it never occurred to me to do anything about it. Nothing, really, was demanded of me.

It was the I. W. W. who made me conscious of the proletarian basis of the revolution. I left New York, had some road experiences, and was present in several Wobbly strikes. The history of this heroic organization has still to be written. It is decadent now, but among the finest veteran leaders of American Communism are those who went through the I. W. W. experience—Bill Haywood, William Z. Foster, Bill Dunne, Earl Browder, Harrison

George, and others. (But of course nobody ought feel grateful for this to the bourgeois Civil Liberties liberals who now run the poor old Wobblies).

The War came; the Russian Revolution; I was against the War, I was 100 per cent with the Bolsheviks. It seemed marvellous then, beyond any words, and it still is as marvellous, that the workers' state had come down from the clouds of Shelley's dream and established itself on this earth.

We formed a Red Guard of about a thousand youth in New York, which Hugo Gellert and I joined, to go to Russia and fight for the cause. Our captain went to Washington to interview the State Department, but they told him that if we wanted to fight we had better enlist for France. This, of course, didn't satisfy a bunch of young Red Guards.

And now I will end the autobiography by saying that the Russian Revolution forced me to read Lenin. I read his pamphlet, *State and Revolution*, and for the first time, really seemed to understand the necessary historical steps by which the world could be changed from a filthy capitalist jungle into an earthly paradise of socialism.

Till then, the revolution had been a queer mixture in my mind that now is difficult to describe. One half of me knew the proletarian realities of bastardly foremen, lousy jobs, the misery of reading the want ads each morning, cops' clubs, etc. The other half was full of the most extraordinary mystic hash, the result of reading. Let me confess it now—I took Shelley, Blake, and Walt Whitman quite literally. They were my real guides to revolutionary action. But our great teacher Lenin, clarified everything for me.

The Communist dream is beautiful, he seemed to say in his axe-like words, the greatest man has ever formed. The revolution is the highest poetry of the human race. But to be mystic about it means admitting it is only a dream, and can never be realized. A revolutionist ought never lose sight of the wonderful goal—(Anarchism, so Lenin stated it)—but he is a traitor, a misleader and a source of dangerous confusion if for even a moment he neglects the daily class struggle, the links in the revolutionary chain.

Did one really want the socialist world? Then one must discard every bit of romantic nonsense, one must become as practical in this business as the enemy, who was never romantic, but who shot and jailed romantics and amateurs.

Yes, I learned from Leninism never to lose sight of the ultimate goal; also never to lose sight of the practical steps in attaining it. I cannot tell what a great lesson this was to me; I can only say that its effect was to make me study economics for the first time.

Today I might sum up my attitude in a few paragraphs. Communism can't be summed up that way; it is a new world larger than that found by Columbus, and thousands of poets, economists, literary critics, and above all, workers, are mapping it out and creating its history.

But this is a symposium, space is valuable, so here are a few ideas:

1. We must have a Socialist world. Capitalism is literally destroying the human race; it has broken down, it can no longer feed the multitudes; it is a bandit, also, and must be executed before it murders another ten million young men in another war.

2. The intellectuals, the teachers, engineers, critics, art photographers, ballet masters, etc. haven't the numbers, or the economic power or the will or the *sheer necessity* of ushering in a socialist world. Only the working class satisfies these requirements. To free itself it is *forced* to bring in socialism. The intellectuals have a favored servant status in capitalism; and their chief aims will remain fascist. Like good flunkies the majority of them will remain incorrigibly "loyalist." They will try to patch up the master's failing fortunes; they will invent "planning" schemes, or elect Norman Thomas as President to stave off a revolution (a Socialist revolution); they will flock around a Woodrow Wilson, a Franklin Roosevelt, and then a Mussolini; yes, they will hunt saviours for capitalism; we know too well these liberals who are liberal in America, but now may be found in the Fascist ranks of Europe and the Orient. Perhaps 10 per cent of them really want socialism, and will join the workingclass ranks and help enormously. But this will be the cream of the intellectuals.

3. Only the workingclass can bring in Socialism. The one political problem of our time, therefore, is how the working class can be organized and led to the conquest of the state and to socialism. There is no other problem.

4. Many groups have fought for this leadership. By now history has given all of them a chance at power, and it is possible to state exactly what each will do to bring in socialism.

5. The Anarchists may be dismissed as a small and moribund sect. Their chief form of action today is not against capitalism, but against the Russian Revolution. The I. W. W. and syndicalist movement can be described in the same terms. The Socialist and Communist parties are the chief international rivals for leadership of the working class. And both have controlled great nations.

6. The Socialists may best be analyzed, perhaps, by their actions in Germany, where they made a revolution. The Socialist leaders there have swung into the ranks of reaction. They murdered Liebknecht and Luxemburg at the beginning of their regime, and they ended by advising the working class to vote for Von Hindenburg. They established no socialism. They tolerated fascism, even made compacts with it, until it grew strong enough to 'destroy' them. Their political strategy had as goal not the defense of workers' rights and the establishment of socialism, but the patching up of capitalism. The same story could be told of Ramsay Macdonald's England, or Chiang Kai Shek's China, or of Japan, where two-thirds of the Socialist party moved over into a new Fascist Party to back their native imperialists in the rape of Manchuria. Is all this true, or isn't it? How can anyone defend such a party? How can anyone say any longer that this international Socialist party can be trusted to bring in socialism? Even in America they run true to form, as in the case of their leader, Morris Hillquit. He acted as lawyer for certain Czarist millionaires who tried to seize Soviet funds on the grounds that their oil wells had been nationalized, (Socialism). Yes, Hillquit, the Socialist leader, pleaded in a long brief that Socialism is illegal. And Norman Thomas, the Socialist president, in a long speech said that Socialism meant confiscation, and that he was against confiscation. In Milwaukee a Socialist Mayor gives \$1.31 worth of food to each starving unemployed family per week, and beats them up when they demonstrate for more. Is this a fact, or isn't it? And is it Socialism?

7. The Socialists are the great alibi merchants of the modern world. Their constant plea, when in power, has always been that the time was not yet ripe for Socialism. But the time was not ripe either, in Russia, when the Communists took power. The difficulties were the most enormous and heartbreaking that ever faced a group of leaders. But in the midst of war, revolution, famine, an armed intervention by seventeen capitalist nations, the Communists struck the first blow for Socialism. They have gone on; nobody lies any longer that Russia is swinging back to capitalism. While capitalism strangles in the fatal web of its own contradictions, the Soviet state grows stronger and wins new victories for Socialism. The majestic thunder of the Five Year Plan has shaken the world. We can trust this Party to bring in socialism, therefore; it has already begun the historic task.

8. It is an international party, with units in each country. It has developed tactics, a discipline, a literature; and to it daily are attracted the most fearless and intelligent elements of the working class. It makes mistakes. It suffers defeats. But it marches on. Its discipline may seem harsh at times, but when the world war comes the Communist International will not split up into national units fighting each other under the capitalist flags, as did the Socialist International. It will not betray us; for it purges itself constantly of every taint of capitalist influence. We can trust this Party; but we cannot trust the Hillquits, Ramsay Macdonalds and Schiedemanns of the Socialist movement.

9. Is there another instrument, another political party in the world today, as well-tempered, as fearless, as studious and flexible, in as deadly earnest about the birth of Socialism as this Communist Party? If there is not, then whoever injures or criticizes this party without helping it, whoever forms rival parties or sects, is of necessity a traitor to the coming of socialism.

10. I have wanted for fifteen years one supreme thing. I have wanted it more than love, health, fame or security. It is world socialism that I want—for I know this alone can banish the miseries of the world I now live in. It will free the factory slaves, the farm drudges, it will set women free, and restore the Negro race to its human rights. I know that the world will be beautiful soon in the sunlight of proletarian brotherhood; meanwhile, the struggle. And I want Socialism so much that I accept this fierce, crude struggle as my fate in time; I accept its disciplines and

## Upton Sinclair

### A Most Significant Change

In the August issue of the "Living Age" I read with sorrow of soul an article by Nikolaus Basseches, reprinted from the "Neue Freie Presse" of Vienna, telling about the terrible failure which is coming in Soviet agriculture.

To put it briefly, Mr. Basseches says that by the 10th of last May the Russians had succeeded in planting less than 30 per cent of the 264 million acres called for under the Plan, "and a few weeks later the Plan was only 42.7 per cent fulfilled." There is a good deal more about this, nearly three full pages, and it winds up with the statement: "After four years of the first Five-Year Plan, which is now supposed to be completed, the total output of grain, which had risen during recent years to 21,600,000 tons in 1930 and 22,400,000 tons in 1931, will amount at most to ten million tons."

This hurt me in spirit, because I am on record as having said that the socialization of agriculture in Russia is the most significant change in the history of mankind. I have predicted that it will bankrupt small-scale peasant agriculture throughout the world, and make inevitable an agricultural revolution. The peasants of every country being the back bone of superstition and reaction, I was hopeful of change, and sad over the Basseches article.

But I remembered how many other sets of statistics I had read, over a period of fifteen years, proving the collapse of the Soviet system. I decided to wait a few days before giving way completely to despair. And sure enough, here comes the "Economic Review of the Soviet Union," published by Amtorg in New York, dated August 15th. In it I find an article headed "Results of Spring Sowing and the Harvesting Campaign." To be sure these are Soviet figures; but then, so are Mr. Basseches', I presume. I do not believe the correspondent of the "Neue Freie Presse" has been flying over Russia in an airplane and counting the number of acres which have been planted. Neither do I suppose that the correspondents of any White newspapers in Riga or Warsaw have been performing such service.

According to the figures, I learn that the results of the spring sowing campaign up to July first show that "the plantings were 99.6 per cent of the record area sown last year." I learn also that by August First the harvesting campaign "was well under way, and a total of 75.8 million acres have been harvested." Russia expects eight million extra tons of grain this year, instead of twelve million less. Also I learn that 80 per cent of the sowings this year were done by the socialized sector of State and cooperative farms. That is the thing that really counts; so believers in social progress may cheer up.

## GORKI GORKI

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necessities; I become as practical and realistic as is possible for me; I want victory.

Whoever really desires the victory of Socialism is forced today into only one party—the Communist. Whatever strengthens the Communist Party brings socialism nearer. The liberal and opportunist roads seem smoother and fairer, but they lead nowhere. The Communist road is rough, dangerous and often confusing, but it happens to be the only road that leads into the new world.

power. Thus Malaparte's hodge-podge takes on a social significance that is in no way due to the intrinsic value of the book itself. Its importance lies in the fact that capitalism is cracking up, and that the country swarms with unemployed intellectuals who are looking for a way out of the crisis that will provide them with jobs.

The solution of the crisis, according to such intellectuals, lies in a fight against the abuses and disequilibrium inherent in a "democratic" state. What is required are a series of controls (the intellectuals' term for a dictatorship) which will be operated by the "best people." By this they mean that the crisis can be liquidated by establishing a dictatorship of brains; a technocracy or an intellectual aristocracy, depending upon whether they write for technical or literary journals.

Revolution to this kind of intellectual is simply a technical or intellectual problem that can be solved with equal success either to the right or to the left, only under his leadership. For whether he calls himself "leftist" or "fascist" it is typical of this sort of intellectual that in all his discussions of social change he never mentions the working class except in terms of contempt. This is to be expected of a class of secondary parasites. The privilege of being snobs is their principal reward for being the lickspittles of the ruling class.

Malaparte's book has a tremendous appeal for these members of the intelligentsia. It is a book on insurrection that reduces the problems of revolution and counter-revolution to a matter of "technique." It gives the petty bourgeois intellectual a pseudo-scientific basis for his muddled ideas. Secondly, Malaparte as an example of a poet and politician comforts the intellectual in his belief that in coming events he will play as active a part in politics as he has in poetry.

However, honest intellectuals must realize that behind Malaparte's sophistries lies a hidden thesis. It is that every murder of a worker which is necessary to the rule of the bourgeoisie is esthetic, useful and just. Malaparte is primarily an intellectual gangster with the feelings and scruples of a gunman. His pathological delight in brutality and murder is evidence that capitalism has degenerated to a form of legalized gangsterism. His is not the sadism of an individual but the sadism of a class gone mad in its desperate efforts to maintain its rule. Fascism is synonymous with the legalized murder of workers.

The ruling class in America is moving toward an open fascist dictatorship in an effort to liquidate the crisis. This is not mere speculation. The financial oligarchy that rules America through the economic and political dictatorship of finance capital is transforming its oblique control, into overt rule by force. The machinery of such a dictatorship has already been prepared. A committee of twelve (called the Twelve Apostles by Wall Street) headed by Owen D. Young can through a network of regional committees function as an open "economic" dictatorship, if the crisis continues to increase in severity. Then several groups, the American Legion, the Blue Shirts of Father Cox, the Khaki Shirts, etc. could easily be converted into fascist storm troops. Father Cox already has his organization functioning. The Blue Shirts behind the disguise of relief for workers terrorize striking miners and break up workers meetings. Finally, there is the army which displayed its efficiency in "mopping up" the B.E.F.

The present attempt to rig the Stock Market has gotten out of hand. The bubble will apparently collapse even before the presidential election. In the face of an unemployed army that may reach a total of 20 million and new low levels in production, the bourgeoisie may employ a fascist dictatorship next winter as a last resort. The intellectuals of the petty bourgeoisie in the face of these events must stop toying with the idea that the problem today is one that needs only a magic technique for its final solution. Translated into ordinary words, all such "techniques" whether bourgeois or petty bourgeois in origin, always involve the organized murder (officially called executions) of workers. The question is one of insight and not of moral indignation against the status quo. Bourgeois society is inherently anti-social and is rapidly breaking up. The proletariat, the only revolutionary class, has in the works of Marx and Lenin a genuine science of revolution and society. And the experience of the Soviet Union has demonstrated that the proletarian revolution is the one event that will keep mankind from relapsing into barbarism.

The issue is clear. All classes are being polarized into two hostile camps. The petty bourgeoisie must either line up with fascist terror, and eventually commit physical as well as intellectual suicide, or join the ranks of the revolutionary working class of the world and fight for a new world.

**A. B. Magil**

## Applebaum's Sunday

*Applebaum's Sunday is a thing of cautions and carpet-slippers.  
In the room sits Applebaum, five feet four.  
Be careful of draughts. In the room,  
Waiting, wrapped in his sweater like a mummy in a tomb,  
sits Applebaum coaxing, begging the heat  
to crawl through the radiator. Every crack, every chink in the floor  
is death's mouth sucking at Applebaum's feet.  
Why no heat?  
Coal is fire, coal is power, coal is heat, caressing heat.  
Coal is money, Applebaum. Understand?  
It is Sunday, Applebaum's Sunday. And the landlord's.  
All week is a waiting and working for Sunday, all week is an  
aching for Sunday,  
for carpet-slippers, for soft caressing heat like woman's hands  
crawling, crawling over body, into blood and heart and brain  
(Coal is money).*

*Applebaum remembers yesterday.  
Yesterday was a red thick neck, waves of fat saying:  
Believe me, Applebaum, it hurts me more than it hurts you.  
But can you blame me? Even Ford can't help himself.  
It's the system, Applebaum, the cut-throat competition.*

*How many garments did you get out yesterday heh?  
After sixteen years I know it's tough, but—  
You know what Ford says:  
Production, Applebaum, PRODUCTION.  
Of course I realize believe me it hurts me more than it's the system  
even Ford can you blame me CAN YOU BLAME ME.*

*The clock ticks in Applebaum's room:  
CAN YOU BLAME ME CAN YOU BLAME ME  
A thousand clocks tick in Applebaum's brain.  
Waves of fat quiver:  
PRODUCTION (Applebaum) PRO-DUC-TION  
It is Sunday, Applebaum's Sunday.*

*All week is a waiting, a slaving and aching for Sunday.  
No work, today is a holiday—Sunday.  
And tomorrow will be Sunday  
and tomorrow  
and tomorrow.  
Every day will be Sunday, Applebaum's Sunday (and the  
landlord's)  
CAN YOU BLAME ME CAN YOU BLAME ME  
Long days  
YES I DO  
empty days ...  
YES I DO YES I DO*

*cold, aching, carpet-slipped days  
bursting into flame in Applebaum  
flame that is heat  
that is power  
power in a thousand Applebaums  
in a million  
POWER*

Due to an error a footnote to Myra Page's story, *Homecoming*, in the July issue was omitted. This story is a section from her novel, *Gathering Storm*, to be published in October by International Publishers. The section of the novel published was chosen because of its graphic description of the soldier returned home after the war.

Its political references must be related to its time, specially in its reference to the United Textile Workers.

**MOE BRAGIN****THE GRASSHOPPER IS STIRRING!**

As you approach the prairies, you hear and read more about the grasshopper. The newspapers are full of him. Advice on how to use poison bait. Feverish articles on how scientists have plumbed the belly of grasshoppers and found nematodes coiled within. Perhaps the farmer could raise nematodes or digger wasps that kill grasshoppers. Maybe seagulls could be imported in coops to swallow and vomit out millions of them to save the precious grain. In South America there are grasshoppers that catch birds and eat them, grasshoppers big enough for the devil to ride. A single grasshopper is not such a bad bug, but let millions of him mob together, his temperature rises, his color changes, and as he swarms through the land set for him by the drouth, nothing can stop him, absolutely nothing can stop him.

The prairie on a hot Sunday. Along the horizon wooden churches with steeples like probes stuck into the empty sky. Grain elevators, looming over towns, stand stupidly like giant robots. This day of rest, rusty farmers are bailing water from muddy waterholes, are bunched around threshers spitting yellowish chaff and straw, are strewed into combines and reapers shearing through long acres of bitten wheat. And everywhere the plague, whirling, soaring, crackling like a great fire, breaking into huge waves, leaving greenish thousands crushed, twitching on roads and fields, pushing on like a mighty bellow, tireless wings an army of knives stabbing savagely in the burning sun.

*Hired*

From early morning he has been shocking wheat. Head to head you put the sandy bunches, bound so they have hourglass shapes. His shirt is soaked, his hands grimy. The boss has forgotten to send him his lunch. It is late afternoon already. He stumbles thru the stubble to the fence. A covered wagon creaks over the dusty road stuffed with the belongings of a poor farmer. A horse limps behind, hipbones jutting. The hand turns around, his face simple and open as an ingersoll watch.

Sure, the farmers here are having a hell of a time with the hoppers and drought. The hoppers were so bad one day they bagged the sun and it was black as a bat till night. The farmers are talking of a big strike. They'd better start something before their hides are hanging on half the fences in the country. Hired men are getting a dollar and a quarter shocking. It hasn't rained for a month so you get a chance to make money every day, even Sunday. You might just as well work Sundays. You got no place to go when you're on the prairie.

He goes back to his shocks. Head together, head together. Under a sun like a bloated bloodsucker, he swims in sweat until it's far too dark to see his torn thumbs.

There are thousands of these men on the prairie, working for farmers next door to starvation themselves. Boss and help caught as if in a wild sea, the stronger clambering to the backs of the most downtrodden for a last suck of air. You see these migratory workers walking the tracks, riding freights; on roads, thumbing the air for a lift; lying in scant grass with feet red and swollen as if picked out of boiling pots. In the villages they loiter in shadows, dusty as if vomited out of thresher funnels, with big belts like the ones motorcyclists wear to strengthen their backs, dispossessed, less at home here than the flickertail and the hawk, watching fresh clean girls go by, the mansap turning bitter in their hot entrails. And here and there, alone or in groups, some with ears pricked and bodies taut as if waiting for the yelling bugle's first signal and the booming shotgun.

The hired man straightens himself for a moment. He waves a weary friendly hand. The grasshoppers fall back in a drizzle.

*Farm Wife*

In spite of her being as busy as a fly in a dirty corner, she seems thankful for the break in her day's work. She lets the screen door clap behind her. Her face is sourlooking like old milk, flabby as a sucked breast.

Thirty years homesteading in this spot. It's a terrible hard fight to keep the home their own. She shades her eyes and looks out over the section of land and then at the machinery and buildings in the barnyard—drags, grain wagons, sprayers, silo like a

broken swill barrel, sheds where some pigs are grunting. The hands sleep in what looks like a brooder house. A half dozen chickens cheep halfheartedly in the heat.

The hired men are really better off in a way. They get seventy five cents a day and meals and lodging. They don't have to wait for their pay. They want it right away. She doesn't blame them. But all these responsibilities. The hired men, coming first, with feed and pay. The cows that have got to be fed and milked. In thirty years of homesteading she's never had a day off, never really a single day off. She wouldn't mind it so much if they could hold on and call things their own. She blinks at the withered house and at a dry stalk in a flowerpot on the window.

They had to borrow money for seeding from the government. They're mighty sorry now. The crop is so mean, prices poor, that it wasn't worth it at all. They're poor fools, that's what they are. Taxes are high as that windmill but bring no water from the ground. They bought poison against the hoppers, but it didn't help a bit. They came just the same. And the harder you work, ain't it peculiar? the less you get. You keep rolling like a stone that's started down hill, doing yourself no good and nobody else.

She stops her lifeless droning. She listens. Never heard of Ella Bloor. We talk to her of Bloor's work among the grain farmers, of the program of the United Farmers' League. She brightens up a little and takes an application card. Can we come again?

We turn to the road. Around us are heaps of manure like mounds and dugouts raised quickly up against the grasshopper.

*Stuck*

This farm consists of a quarter section. Nelson a Swede has been farming it since 1900. He takes us over the land. The wheat is so poor it won't yield more than two bushels to the acre. It'll probably score three or four, and he'll be lucky to get ten to



by Maurice Becker



*by Maurice Becker*





*by Maurice Becker*

fifteen cents a bushel. Will he thresh? He doesn't know what to do. Last year he cut it for feed. One of the horses died from the thistles. Doesn't know what to do. May just as well give his team and farm to the only hired man he can pay and hide himself in a badger hole.

For a second the sky darkens. Nelson stiffens. It's only a cloud. Not grasshoppers. The sun comes out again like a redhot rivet head. Nelson's blue eyes flicker. "I want to go to town. Goddamn it, I can't go to town at all. I go to town. The policeman stops me in the car. I say, 'You know, Bill, how it is with us farmers. We ain't got the money for a license'. He says, 'You can't stay here without a license. You come again without a license and I'll stick you in the coop.'"

Nelson waves his first copy of Producers' News. He handles it like a crowbar to help shove him out of the hole in which millions like him are stuck. "You're right. We got to fight," he cries. "We got to fight," he cries in his hard guttural way with a throat of sudden brass.

### *The Colt Knows Better*

The colt is driven into the stable yard. The five of us squat in the sun. It's pretty hot. At moments you feel yourself twirling round like the stick in the paws of an Indian making fire.

The farmer is a handsome fellow, lean as a grassrake, tough as horsehide. He's been working a half section here since he was mustered out of the army in 1919. He's voted Farmer Labor, been an I.W.W., and knows that between Republicans and Democrats there's as much difference as between a jackass and a mule. He's sick and tired of organizations. There's the Farmer's Union, the last he'll ever join, advocating a strike. That'll do something.

He rolls a cigaret. Hat jammed down over his eyes, he answers doggedly: "Everything in Russia ain't what it's cracked up to be, you know. Now here I am running this farm. I can outwork any man I ever hired. Why the devil should he get as much as me? There was a fellow come from town for threshing. He bellyached and farted around till my hands were dancing themselves sweaty to belt him square in the nose. Yes, and he was asking fifty cents an hour. There's your honest workingman for you."

The stable door is open. The little colt pokes its head out and bolts through the yard. In the nearby range a bunch of horses, the broodmare among them. The hired man jumps up and drives the colt back.

The farmer puffs. "It ain't so simple as you guys think. They'll always be the lazybones. You're all wrong. I ain't got it twisted up. And I don't talk that way because I'm a rich farmer. My wheat's so poor I couldn't afford to cut. We'll have this strike. We'll hold what little grain we got for a dollar a bushel. We got to fix moratoriums on debts. I owe a feed bill of \$129. I can't pay it to save my neck. I won't too. That's as far as we got rope to go. You fellows'll never swing in your kind of government."

He chucks his butt away. "I've knocked around quite a bit. And here's my motto: every man for himself and the devil pitchfork the hindmost."

In spite of his mulishness, he takes a *Daily Worker*. Hell read and see for himself what we're drumming for. He heaves up and helps chase the colt into the stable. We leave, wondering whether he'll ever reach the wisdom of the colt that makes no bones about what it wants and goes directly for it in its simple honest way.

### *Bolsheviks*

The Dahlfelds are cutting their wheat. Fred yanks at the levers of the binder. The tractor lurches. He yells to the boys at the wheel. He jumps off. Again something the matter with the canvas. He grins. If they had the money, they'd invest a few cents in new machinery. Their neighbors are still worse off. The cows of one of them are actually starving because grass is so thin. The girls have to stay with them all day in the pasture to see they don't break through the fences. At night they're locked up in the barn. Fred fixes the patched canvas. Off again cutting the tenfoot swath.

With Charles his older brother we go through a field of sage. Charles has been working for the Western Electric in Cicero. Lost his job and is back where he started with his wife and two children. Fred had been working in Chicago in a printing shop,

trying to rake a few dollars together to get into the university. They cut him until he too was driven back to the farm.

We peek into the barn for a minute. Holes in the roof big enough to shove a leg through. Once it housed fourteen horses and was stocked with fat cows. The section of land has dwindled down to a quarter, and that's theirs no longer. Even the old barn belongs to the government.

On the east branch old Dahlfeld is reaping with a fourhorse team, one horse borrowed. He leans from his high seat to shake hands.

"Been making the rounds, boys? Seen the exsoldier? Doesn't know enough to spit tobacco over his chin. The kulaks and merchants in town have been puffing him up. He's still got a crumb in his gut and a rag on his back. Give him time, give him time. When he's starving, he'll come our way. They'll all come our way. Why in this whole township I don't believe there are more than three farmers can call the boots they wear their own. Few weeks ago we had a meeting of the Farmers' Union. The president said, 'Don't worry so much, go home and relax'. I piled into him like a bullsnake. 'If we hadn't been worrying all the time, we'd been long dead.' That faker! Well, we took the meeting over. Fred spoke for an hour. And do you know these farmers listened like they were tied. If we'd had a program of the United Farmers' League there, we could have turned the whole bunch Red. Only one of the kulaks came up to Fred after. 'You're lying. What do you know about Russia? Have you been there?' 'Well, have you?' said Fred."

Charles shakes his head. "That Farmers' Union won't ever even reach first base. Their kind of strike will hurt the unemployed in the towns. Milk, bread, eggs will get higher. The only way out is for farmers and workers to strike together. Farmers' Union, the devil! Don't we remember the dirty trick they played on us when we had to auction off most of our stock and machinery and they posted signs they hadn't authorized us, members of the Union, to go into it. They wanted us to sit back and starve."

The old man tightens on his whip and then eases up a little. Charles fingers a spear of marcus wheat. It breaks in his hands, it's so brittle. Around him thistles are thick but below a slew the grain looks good. In the distance a single house like a tree-hopper and other bent farmers with tractors and reapers.

Dahlfeld says, "Here we have some of the richest land in the world, and yet we're a pack of beggars. Soon our only belongings a louse or two. And still you got to keep on working. It's pretty bad here summers as well as winters. Winter no feed for cows, wind blows from all directions, drifts eighteen twenty feet high and snow in the roads up to your neck. Once we couldn't get out into the fields until May 8 and then there was snow water in lots of places. Talk to some of these kulaks. They think that all is the fault of nature, and you can't buck up against nature. They're like the colored contractor. He hired a man for two and a half dollars. He himself got only two dollars. Someone pointed that out to him. He said, 'But I'se the boss'. These farmers will starve so long as they can hang on to farm and lord it over a few pigs and a hired man they exploit. I thought I was on the right track when I was a socialist. You live and learn. Only direct action will put us on our feet. Only direct action."

We go back to the house for water. The drouth's been so bad it's killing the grove around the house. On a shelf in the kitchen a stack of *Communists* and *New Masses*. Fred is a Y. C. L. Charles was bothered over the Negro question, but he's straightened it out and now feels happy he's going to vote Red the first time. He points to an item in the local paper—"Harvest is going forward slowly as the farmers are financially unable to handle what little crop there is. They have no money for twine, repairs, combining or threshing. What they will do is a question. Those that have headers are heading the grain and stacking, some are talking of cutting with a mower and raking, others to handle it like flax."

"But we know what we'll do," says Charles. "They don't dare mention how some farmers asked Washington for a dollar an acre to help with harvest. They were turned down flat."

We get into the Ford and drive down the road which is nothing but a dead furrow. Thousands of farmers like the Dahlfelds are beginning to find out that Communism is sweeter than water in a dry land, deeper rooted than the groves shading on endless prairies their hunched houses, stronger than all the poison bait in a shaken world. The grasshopper is stirring.

# ENGELS ON GOETHE

The German journal, *Die Links-Kurve*, has just published an article on Goethe written by Engels in 1847 for the *Deutsche Brüsseler Zeitung*. This article was practically forgotten. It was excluded from the Nachlass of Marx and Engels by their editor, Mehring, who considered it unimportant and out-of-date. But in the current celebration of Goethe's centenary (in Russia as well as in Germany, and by the working class as well as by bourgeois intellectuals) the views of Engels have been justified even in what seemed to be no longer timely polemical aspects. His article is a critique of an adulatory book on Goethe by a "true-socialist," Grün, who "glorified all the philistinism of Goethe as human, and made the Frankfurt and office-holding Goethe the 'real man', while he overlooked or even bespate all that was colossal and genial in him. To such a degree that this book furnishes the most splendid proof that the man—the German provincial" (Letter to Marx, January 15, 1847). Grün wished to present Goethe as a good German, an idealistic, humanitarian bourgeois, just as to-day the irreligious, international Goethe is held up to German youth by fascist professors and critics as a model Nazi, a protestant, a patriot and a national-socialist. (The Goethe-meetings of revolutionary proletarian groups are accordingly suppressed by the socialist police of Berlin). In showing how the socialist, Grün, has converted Goethe entirely into a reactionary German petty bourgeois, Engels has disclosed the bourgeois roots and interests of liberal socialism. Engels' criticism should not be confounded with the attacks of those who reject Goethe completely on one count or another. Such was the method of the Frankfurt literary journalist, Ludwig Boerne, a converted Jew who condemned Goethe for not being as liberal as himself; and of the "Franzosenfresser," Menzel, who denounced the poet as un-Christian and unpatriotic. Engels does not deny the genius or importance of Goethe because of his class-limitations. On the contrary, it is Engels' chief point that even so great a genius as Goethe could not overcome the weakness of his class, and that the artist, as artist, was affected by his compromise with bourgeois society. If Engels did not formulate systematically the specific value of Goethe and his works for the revolutionary working class, it was because, as he himself says, his immediate problem restricted him to the analysis of Grün's thoroughly provincialized, middle-class hero.

"Naturally we cannot speak in detail here of Goethe himself. We are calling attention to only one point. Goethe stands in his works in a double relation to the German society of his time. Sometimes he is hostile to it: he tries to escape its odiousness, as in the "Iphigenia" and in general during the Italian journey; he rebels against it as Götz, Prometheus and Faust; he pours out on it his bitterest scorn as Mephistopheles. Sometimes, on the contrary, he is friendly to it, accomodating, as in most of the tame Epigrams and in many prose writings, celebrates it, as in the Masquerades, even defends it against the intruding historical movement, particularly in all the writings where he happens to speak of the French revolution. It is not only single sides of German life that Goethe accepts, as opposed to others that are repugnant to him. More commonly it is the various moods in which he finds himself; it is the persistent struggle in himself between the poet of genius, disgusted by the wretchedness of his surroundings, and the Frankfurt alderman's cautious child, the privy-councillor of Weimar, who sees himself forced to make a truce with it and to get used to it. Thus Goethe is now colossal, now petty: now a defiant, ironical, world-scorning genius, now a calculating, complacent, narrow philistine. Even Goethe was unable to overcome the wretchedness of German life; on the contrary, it overcame him, and this victory over the greatest German is the best proof that it cannot be conquered by the individual. Goethe was too universal, too active a nature, too fleshly to seek escape from this wretchedness in a flight, like Schiller's, to the Kantian ideal: he was too sharp-sighted not to see how this flight finally reduced itself to the exchange of a commonplace for a transcendental misery. His temperament, his energies, his whole spiritual tendency directed him towards practical life, and the practical life that he met with, was miserable. In this dilemma,—to exist in a sphere of life that he must despise, and yet to be fettered to this sphere, as the only one in which he could fulfill himself—in this dilemma Goethe continually found himself, and the

older he became, the more did the powerful poet retire, *de guerre lasse*, behind the insignificant Weimar minister. We are not throwing it up to Goethe, à la Boerne and Menzel, that he was not a liberal, but that he could even be a philistine at times, not that he was incapable of any enthusiasm for German freedom, but that he sacrificed his occasionally irrepressible, sounder aesthetic feeling to a small-town aversion from every great contemporary historical movement; not that he was a courtier, but that at the time when a Napoleon was cleaning out the vast Augean-stables of Germany, he could manage with a ceremonial seriousness the most trivial affairs and the *menus plaisirs* of one of the most trivial little German courts. In general, we are reproaching him neither from moral nor from partisan standpoints, but chiefly from aesthetic and historical standpoints; we are measuring Goethe neither by a moral, nor by a political, nor by a "human" standard. We cannot undertake here to represent Goethe in connection with his whole age, with his literary forerunners and contemporaries, in his development and social position. We are therefore limiting ourselves simply to the statement of the fact."

Engels then proceeds to analyze the claims of Goethe to the respect of radical thinkers, for Grün has made Goethe a true-socialist, a Proudhonist and even a Communist, by a silly manipulation of excerpts. Actually, Goethe's "radical" criticism of society is on the level of sentimental lamentation over the break-up of the family, the cruelty of the machine, and the passing of the classical virtues, which comfort humanists. When Goethe asks in a trivial poem,—

O child, consider, whence these gifts?  
 You can have nothing from yourself.—  
 Oh, all I have is from papa.  
 And he, where does he get it?—From grandpa.—  
 Oh no! for how did grandpa get it?  
 He took it,

Grün triumphantly concludes that "property is theft" and that Goethe is indeed a Proudhonist. In the immature ejaculations of Werther he discovers "a deeply incisive criticism of society" that prepared the way for the French revolution.

But "in order that Goethe's attitude to the revolution might appear justified," says Engels, "Goethe must naturally stand above the revolution and have overcome it already before it existed. We therefore learn on p. xxi (of Grün's book) that "Goethe was so far ahead of the practical development of his time, that he believed he could only stand aloof or rebuff it'. And on p. 84, referring to "Werther," which, as we saw, already contains the whole revolution *in nuce*: "History stands at 1789, Goethe stands at 1889'. Likewise Goethe 'in a few words does away thoroughly with the whole noise about freedom' in that already in the 1770's he publishes an article in the *Franfurter Gelehrten-Anzeigen* that does not speak at all of the freedom demanded by the 'fanatics', but only indulges in several general and rather sober reflections on freedom as such, on the concept of freedom. Further: because Goethe in his doctor's dissertation sets up the thesis that every lawgiver is really obliged to introduce a definite cult—a thesis that Goethe himself treats merely as an amusing paradox, provoked by all sorts of small-town Frankfurt church brawls (which Herr Grün himself cites)—therefore 'the student Goethe wore out good shoe-leather on the whole dualism of revolution and the modern French state'. It seems as if Herr Grün has inherited the worn-out soles of the 'student Goethe' and soled with them the seven-league boots of his "Social Movement."\*

"Now, of course, we begin to understand Goethe's utterances with regard to the revolution. It is clear now, that he, who stood far above it, who had already 'disposed' of it fifteen years before, 'worn out his soles on it', and anticipated it by a century, could have no sympathy for it, or interest himself in a race of libertarian fanatics, with whom he had already settled in '73. It is child's play for Herr Grün now. Goethe can set ever so banal saws to elegant verse, reason ever so narrowly and crassly about them, shudder ever so provincially before the great debacle that threatens his little poet's nook, he can behave as pettily, as cowardly, as obsequiously as possible, he cannot carry it too far for his patient commentator. Herr Grün lifts him on his tireless shoulders and carries him through the muck; he even claims all the muck for

True-Socialism, if only to keep Goethe's boots clean . . .

"What conclusions on 'the essence of the man' do we get from Goethe's criticism of society and the state through Herr Grün?"

"In the first place, 'the man' (according to p. 264) has a very decided respect for the 'educated classes' in general, and a proper deference towards the higher nobility in particular. And then, he is distinguished by an enormous fear of any great movement of the masses, of every energetic social action, at whose approach he either creeps away timidly to the corner of his stove or flies hastily from it with all his baggage. As long as it lasts, the movement is 'a bitter experience' for him; it is hardly over, before he plants himself again all over the ring and administers knockout blows with a Herculean hand, and he finds the whole business 'infinitely ridiculous'. He therefore clings heart and soul to 'well-deserved and well-employed possessions'; besides he has a very 'domestic and peaceful nature', is self-sufficient and modest, and doesn't wish to be disturbed in his small, quiet pleasures. 'The man likes to live a narrow life' (p. 191, so reads the *first* sentence of the 'second part'); he envies no one and thanks his creator, if he is left in peace. In short, 'the man', who we have already seen is a born *German*, little by little begins to resemble a *small-town German* to a hair.

"To what, in fact, does Goethe's criticism of society, *via* Herr Grün, reduce itself? What does 'the man' find to expose in society? First, that it does not correspond to his illusions. But these illusions are precisely the illusions of the ideologizing, especially the youthful, philistine—and if the philistine reality does not correspond to these illusions, it is only because they are illusions. They therefore correspond all the more completely to the philistine reality. They are distinguished from it only as the ideologizing expression of a condition is generally distinguished from this condition, and there can hence be no further question of their realization. Herr Grün's glosses on Werther are a striking example.

"In the second place, the polemic of 'the man' is directed against everything that menaces the German philistine regime. His whole polemic against the revolution is that of a philistine. His hatred towards the liberals, the July revolution and the protective tariffs is most unmistakably revealed as the hatred of the depressed, conservative small-townsmen towards the independent, progressive bourgeois . . .

"'When we find a place somewhere in the world' says Goethe, summarized by Herr Grün, 'in which to rest with our possessions, a field to feed us, a house to cover us, isn't that a fatherland?' 'He has taken these words out of my mouth!' cries Herr Grün (p. 32). 'The man' wears a *redingote à la propriétaire*, but he also looks like a thoroughbred grocer.

"The German burgher is at best a fanatic for liberty for a short time in his youth, as everyone knows. 'The man' has the same peculiarity. Herr Grün mentions with pleasure how Goethe in his later years 'condemns' the 'thirst for liberty' still spooking around in Götting, this 'product of a free and ill-mannered youth', and even quotes the cowardly retraction in full. What Herr Grün understands by liberty, can be gathered from the fact that he even identifies the liberty of the French revolution with the Swiss Confederation of the time of Goethe's Swiss journey, therefore modern constitutional and democratic freedom with the patrician and guild domination of the mediaeval imperial cities and moreover with the primitive Germanic barbarism of cattle-breeding Alpine tribes. The montagnards of the Berne highlands are not even once distinguished in name from the Montagnards of the National Convention . . .

"The bourgeois cannot live without a 'beloved king', a dear father of his people. 'The man' also can't. Hence Goethe has an 'excellent prince' in Karl August. The gallant Herr Grün who still raves about 'excellent princes' in 1816!

"The bourgeois is interested in an event only insofar as it directly affects his private affairs. 'Even the events of the day were foreign objects to Goethe, which could either disturb or further his bourgeois comfort, and could also claim his aesthetic or human, but never his political interest'. 'A thing accordingly wins the human interest of Herr Grün, if he sees that it 'disturbs or furthers his bourgeois comfort'. Here Herr Grün perhaps avows openly that bourgeois comfort is the chief thing to 'the man' . . .

"Wilhelm Meister is a 'communist', i.e. 'in theory, on an aesthetic level' (!!) p. 254. 'Er hat sein' Sach auf Nichts gestellt, und sein

gehört die ganze Welt' p. 257 (He cared for nothing in the world, and the whole world was his). Naturally he has enough money and the world belongs to him, as it belongs to every bourgeois, without his having to take the trouble to become a 'communist on an aesthetic level'.—Under the auspices of this 'nothing' for which Wilhelm Meister cared, and which, as may be seen on p. 256, is a far-reaching and substantial 'nothing', life's jag is abolished. Herr Grün 'drinks down all the dregs, without a jag, without a headache' . . . 'this song (I cared for nothing in the world . . .) will be sung when mankind has become worthy of it'; but Herr Grün has reduced it to three stanzas and has cut out the passages unsuitable for the young and for 'the man' . . .

"We have only one more observation to make. If in the preceding lines we have considered Goethe from only one side, that is merely the fault of Herr Grün. He does not represent Goethe from his colossal side at all. About all things in which Goethe is really great and a man of genius, he either slips hastily by, as on the Roman Elegies of the 'libertine' Goethe, or he pours out on them a broad stream of trivialities, which only shows that he does not know what to do with them. On the contrary, he searches out, with an industry otherwise uncommon in him, all the petty philistine remarks, all the meannesses, collects them, exaggerates them in true literary manner, and rejoices everytime he can support his own narrowness with the authority of the often disfigured Goethe.

"Not the yelping of Menzel, not the narrow polemic of Boerne, was History's revenge for Goethe's constant denial of her, whenever she confronted him eye to eye. No,

*As Titania found Nick Bottom in her arms  
In magic fairyland,*

so did Goethe find Herr Grün one morning in his arms. The apology of Herr Grün, the warm thanks which he stammered to Goethe for every philistinish word, that is the bitterest revenge insulted History could inflict on the greatest German poet."

## WORKER - WRITERS

Twenty-eight proletarian writers are represented in the first issue of the *Monthly Literary Service* syndicated by the Revolutionary Writers' Federation, with headquarters at 63 West 15th St., New York, N. Y.

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"FOR SERVICES RENDERED"

by I. Klein

\* An earlier book by Grün.



**"FOR SERVICES RENDERED"**

*by I. Klein*

**JOHN L. SPIVACK**

# NO COLLATERAL

Dee Jackson could never see a mule without sad memories, for upon a mule and the good Lord he had based a life-long hope, had ploughed singing to a vision of freedom, and both had failed him. For years he had saved for that mule and a plough. With these and a little seed it was possible to rent a tract of ground and pay the owner one-fourth of the crop for the use of his land, and with a season or two of good crops and high prices, there would be money enough to make a down payment on a few acres. There were niggers in Ochlockonee county who had gone from tenant farming to independence.

The day he put his mark to an agreement with Shay Pearson for the use of twenty acres, and the mule and second-hand plough were paid for, was one of rejoicing. The mule was not as young and healthy as Dee would have liked but he was the best they could afford. Louise patched their clothes by the kerosene lamp and they did with little store food that winter for so much depended upon finishing the season clear of debt.

Those were feverish days at planting time when the winter vanished in the mellow warmth of spring. When perfect stands of cotton made the long rows a vivid green, Dee ploughed the middles again to make the beds soft and with anxious care they thinned the luxuriant growths with appraising eyes. Then the blossoms appeared, flowering like good omens. The green bolls speckled, and under the burning July sun, cracked open with the smiling promise of money for their own farm. There would be almost a bale to the acre they told themselves happily.

But on the very day they went out for the first picking, it rained.

Fleecy clouds appeared in a suddenly overcast sky. Dee's face grew haggard and he clasped his hands together as in prayer. Louise looked up with a frightened air as though seeking help from the angry heavens. No one moved. And then it rained.

It seemed to them that the rain beat the fields with furious gusts of hate. Dee sank to the furrow as though the rain hammering his cotton to the ground had hammered him down, too.

And as suddenly as it had begun, the sky cleared and the sun shone hot again.

He did not stir. Louise touched him gently.

"Git up offen dat groun', Dee," she urged. "Ain' no sense carryin' on dat way."

"Oh, my good Lawd," he said dazedly. The cotton had been whipped to the ground or hung dejectedly, their whiteness stained brown from the wet leaves. The crop was ruined. They would be lucky to get a third of what it would have brought.

"Dey'll be mo' pickin's," Louise said encouragingly.

There was only one consolation: the Lord who gave him his children, a helpful wife and the strength to work must have had a good reason to do that to him. Maybe he had been so busy ploughing and chopping and dreaming that the Lord thought he was becoming too independent and took that way to remind him that He was a jealous God, or perhaps some sin long since forgot was charged against him and He had demanded a settlement. The Lord kept mighty careful accounts.

Then, in the bleak winter days, the mule became sick.

Dee slept in the barn to attend his slightest need, but nothing seemed to help. That late December night when he returned to the cabin where the lamp with its smoking chimney threw his shadow across the room, his face told the story. Louise was waiting, wrapped in a blanket and huddled in the old rocker near the stove. Twice she had been to the barn but when the mule stretched out, breathing in those painful asthmatic gasps, Dee had sent her away.

"De Lawd knows His business," she said bravely.

"Yeah." He clasped and unclasped his hands, cracking the knuckles of his bony fingers.

"Sho He knows what He's doin'." Her thick lips quivered. "He done gib you de money fo' to buy 'im an' now He takes 'im away."

The chair creaked over the loose boards in the floor.

"Sho. Lak chillun hit is. He done gib us seven and tuk fo'."

"Dey didn't hab much to eat; dat's why dey tuk sick an' died," he said resentfully.

"Talkin' dat way ain' gonter do you no good."

"You kin allus git chillun. But whey kin a nigger git a mule w'en he ain' got no money?"

Louis slid from the rocker to her knees.

"I ain' questionin' You none, Lawd," she prayed, "but did You have tuh do dis tuh us? Ain' we done eb'ryt'ing You wants done? An' now You frows us down lak dis. Caise maybe we didn't gib no money tuh de chu'ch. But Lawd, You knows we didn't hab no money."

Neighbors came with sympathy. Carts creaked to the Jackson cabin on the chilly evenings and tired blacks from surrounding farms sat before the fireplace and comforted them. Old Isaac Burr, who had ministered to the spiritual wants of Pearson niggers for a decade, came on Christmas night and told the story again of the Son of God Who came to spread the gospel of love and forgiveness; and as he talked a desperate hope awoke in Dee's breast.

"You reck'n de Lawd's too busy right now?" he asked earnestly.

"He's allus got plenty on His han's but His ears is wide open fo' anything His chillun sez tuh Him any time, anywhey in de hul worl'."

"Den lissen, Lawd!" Dee shouted, rising to his feet. "I ain' neber asked You fo' much but I'm askin' You now: gib me dat mule jes' fo' one mo' season, an' I'll neber ask You fo' nothin' no mo' in dis worl'. Neber. Sen' a clap o' Yo' thunder an' raise him f'um de daid. You kin wuk all kinds o' miracles, Suh, an' dis is de las' chance I got. Lawd, doan You see dat I'll hab tuh go tuh Mist' Pearson if You doan gib me dat ol' mule back again?"

"Day's a lot o' cullud folks wukkin' fo' Mist' Pearson," the preacher said mildly. "De Lawd knows His business an' if He wants you tuh be a croppah den He's got His own good reasons fo' hit. You kin bet on dat."

Dee took the lamp in a trembling hand and with old Isaac went to the mound back of the barn, hopeful that on this night of all nights the miracle would happen: in a blinding flame of fire and a deafening clap of thunder the earth would be rent asunder and the mule would struggle to his feet ready for supper.

But there was no flame of fire nor clap of thunder. Only the lantern light and their shadows on the motionless mound, and a wind whistling.

Dee's head bowed.

"I reck'n dat settles hit, Lawd," he said dejectedly.

On the second day of the new year Dee got off a neighbor's cart in Live Oak and went hesitantly to the Southern Cotton Bank, the red brick, one story building across the square from the county court house and jail, and asked for Mr. Albert Graham, the president.

"Coming to deposit your savings, Dee?" the official greeted him jocularly.

"No, suh," he said nervously. "I done come tuh see you 'bout a li'l business matter."

"Sure. Always glad to talk business with you, Dee. Come right in and set yourself down."

"I'd lak tuh len' 'bout two hundred dollars, Mist' Graham," the old man stammered.

"That could be arranged, but have you any collateral?"

Dee looked puzzled.

"Something that will make sure the bank is repaid," Graham explained.

"Sho I'll pay hit back."

"I must have something as valuable in return," the banker said kindly. "Land—or a house—"

"But I ain' got no lan'," Dee said helplessly, spreading his hands in a gesture of emptiness.

"You see, Dee," Graham pointed out regretfully, "we all know you and we know that if you have the money you will repay a loan. But now, suppose your crop is bad for a season or two—why, you'll hardly be able to pay the interest let alone the prin-

cial. Don't you see? And the bank must protect its depositors."

The Jacksons had been Ramsey niggers before the Civil War and Dee, depressed by the inevitableness of a cropper's contract, turned to Bayard Washington Ramsey as the last hope. The aristocratic white was known for his kindness, especially to descendants of his father's slaves. He lived a mile south of Live Oak in the mansion his father built before the lanky northern lawyer ruined the family's hundred and sixty thousand dollar investment in niggers, and too proud to enrich himself by Cracker tricks in dealing with blacks, had never increased the two hundred acre plantation left when the war ended and all creditors were paid.

The cook greeted Dee shrilly at the kitchen door of the Ramsey home.

"If hit ain' ol' Dee hisse'f! Whut you doin' heah?"

"I come tuh see Mist' Ramsey," he said with a worried air.

"Whut fo'?"

"I got tuh see 'im."

"Well, you jes' set right down heah an' I'll go tell 'im."

When she returned she said, "Mist' Ramsey'll see you on de front po'ch. You go roun' dey."

The tall, white haired planter looked at him questioningly.

"You're a long way from home, Dee," he smiled. "What is it?"

"Mit' Ramsey, suh," the old man began, twisting his hat nervously, "you 'bout de only white man here 'bouts we kin come to 'en we is in trouble."

Ramsey looked gravely at him.

"An' I got mo'n a wagon load o' trouble now."

"Yes, Dee."

"Mist' Ramsey, suh—" The nervous twisting of his hat became more pronounced. "My mule done laid down an' died, suh."

The white man nodded sympathetically.

"I bin a hard wukkin' nigger all my bo'n days," Dee continued, "an' I'm willin' tuh wuk de res' o' my days some mo' but I ain' got nothin' tuh wuk wid. No mule. No food. I ain' got nothin'."

Ramsey pursed his lips and stared at his fields naked in the winter's day.

"I jes' was over tuh de bank fo' tuh ask 'em tuh len' me two hunnerd dollars so's I kin git me a mule an' a li'l food tuh tide us over till de nex' crop comes but Mist' Graham done said I'd hab tuh hab col—col—"

"Collateral," Ramsay said quietly.

"Yes, suh, collateral. But I ain' got no collateral. I ain' got nothin' ceptin' my two han's, an' my wife, an' David and Henrietta."

"Yes, I know."

"An' I'll hab tuh sign wid Mist' Pearson if I cain' git no two hunnerd dollars an' if I goes tuh wuk fo' Mist' Pearson—"

"Yes, I know," Ramsey repeated.

"So I done come tuh you, suh," Dee burst forth pleadingly. "I doan want tuh be Mist' Pearson's nigger. Me, and Louise and David an' Henrietta, we'll wuk fo' you'n pay you back, suh, if you'll len' hit tuh me."

Hamsey shook his head slowly.

"I can't, Dee. I'd like to help you but I haven't money enough to start saving all the niggers in the county. I have to take care of my own niggers. If I loan you two hundred dollars and another two hundred to some other nigger caught in the Cracker buzz saw I should soon be in the same situation you are in."

Perspiration broke out in tiny beads on Dee's forehead.

"Yes, suh," he said. "Thankee, suh."

"You see, Dee," Ramsey added, putting a hand gently on the old man's shoulders, "I'm caught in their buzz saw, too."

"Yes, suh," said Dee.

Dee would have left the county but there was no place to go. There was not even a mule to pull the few sticks of furniture that were his household goods, nor food for a journey, and no matter where a penniless nigger went he would have to work for some one. In Ochlockonee county they knew him for a good nigger and would be more considerate than would strange whites in another state, so two days later Dee Jackson put his cross to the usual cropper contract.

It provided that Pearson supply him with a mule, seed, and a monthly advance of twelve dollars between February and August inclusive, in return for half his crop after all advances and interest thereon were deducted. The agreement particularly specified that should the "said tenant fail to pay the advances made by the owner when due, the tenant agrees to surrender the possession of

said premises, in which event the owner is hereby authorized to sell or dispose of all property thereon the tenant has any interest in" and concluded with the ominous words "and shall be so construed between the parties thereto, any law, usage or custom to the contrary notwithstanding."

Dee could not read but he knew what it contained. Others had signed cropper agreements and were charged eighteen percent interest on advances, with the Pearson bookkeeping system, a nigger never got out of debt. And Dee knew also that the Georgia law provided that as long as he owed the planter one dollar he could not leave the Pearson farm without facing arrest and the chain gang for swindling.

So Dee Jackson became Shay Pearson's nigger.

\* *From Georgia Nigger by John L. Spivak to be released September 30th by Brewer, Warren & Putnam. The book is a narrative account of Negro life in the south as croppers on plantations and as convicts whose sole crime is the attempt to escape peonage. This section was chosen for its graphic documentation which the Editors regard as insufficient in itself. They invite worker-writers to tell what they think of such presentations.*

## Langston Hughes

### For Tom Mooney

Tom Mooney.

TOM MOONEY.

TOM MOONEY!

*A man with the title of governor has spoken:*

*And you do not go free.*

*A man with the title of governor has spoken:*

*And the steel bars surround you,*

*And the prison walls wrap you about,*

*And you do not go free.*

*But the man with the title of governor*

*Does not know*

*That all over the earth today*

*The workers speak the name:*

Tom Mooney!

TOM MOONEY!

TOM MOONEY!

*And the sound vibrates in waves*

*From Africa to China,*

*India to Germany,*

*Russia to the Argentine,*

*Shaking the bars,*

*Shaking the walls,*

*Shaking the earth*

*Until the whole world falls into the hands of*

*The Workers.*

*Of course, the man with the title of governor*

*Will be forgotten then*

*On the scrap heap of the time—*

*He won't matter at all.*

*But remembered forever will be the name:*

TOM MOONEY.

*Schools will be named:*

TOM MOONEY.

*Farms will be named:*

TOM MOONEY.

*Dams will be named:*

TOM MOONEY.

*Ships will be named:*

TOM MOONEY.

*Factories will be named:*

TOM MOONEY.

*And all over the world—*

*Banner of strength and union, force and solidarity*

*Life forever through the workers power—*

*Will be the name:*

TOM MOONEY.

**MOE BRAGIN**

**THRU THE SWEATY EYE OF A NEEDLE**

Hershel Feinstein, hidden in a wagon, rumbled toward the border. A soldier stuck his bayonet into the hay, and let the wagon rumble on through the night. Arrived in Bremen, Hershel found his leg swollen to a club from the jab. He lay in a hospital for several months. By that time guns were popping all over Europe. Hershel could not budge from Bremen the four years. It was in 1920 that he finally found his family in a muddy village near Warsaw. He brought them back to Germany just as the new quota law went into force. Again the wait, year after year. At last through the net alone with money borrowed from his rich cousin in America.

Up from steerage the morning the ship slipped into the great harbor limped Hershel. There in the mist the stalwart green woman with the crown full of rays like horns. He bowed before Liberty and burst into tears.

At Ellis Island his tubby cousin came to meet him. He gave him a meal and a job in the shop he had established under the name of Morton Hyams, English Custom Tailor. He promised to lend him money to bring his family across soon.

All spring and summer long it rained without stopping. Hershel felt homesick. His leg bothered him. He crouched all day near a window with bars thick as crowbars. Out in the backyard the chicory-colored earth and an occasional ragged sparrow, and rain falling like gobs from sick mouths and the sharp odor from the toilets that wouldn't work. He couldn't forget his wife and children on the porch of his brother-in-law's house drinking tea in the fragrant afternoon, the nightingales crying in the wood.

His cousin laughed at him for his homesickness. His fellow tailors poked fun at him, especially Yosel Miller, a landsman. Miller was called "the flute" because he was thin and liked to sing all day through his nose over his work. He tried to get him to go with him to a house where they had nice fat Jewish girls, just like pincushions. "No, still dreaming of his cow and calves on Czar Nicholas' farm. Like the man who left his family for ten years. He meets a friend. How many children has he? Three, and the youngest is five years old. How can that be when you've been away ten years? Oh, I write letters every month."

Hershel would become red and shake with anger.

Within a year he paid his cousin all he owed him. The cousin, however, refused to keep the promise to help him bring his family over to Columbus' golden domain. Business wasn't good. He was planning to open a factory in Boston where labor was cheaper and the union didn't bother you. He borrowed instead two hundred dollars from Hershel too timid to refuse him. He would write and invite him in time to come to Boston to become one of his foremen.

Hershel hunted for another job. He tried work as a window cleaner, then as a pushcart peddler. At last he found a small store in which he did pressing, ladies' tailoring, and mending. The store was between a druggist's and a grocery with a five-pointed star which threw a shadow on the pavement like a ballet dancer.

By that time Hershel had become thin as a crane with a humped back and a bald head that looked as if the hair had been pulled out by the roots. Because of his limp and his bitter face, the children were afraid of him and called him Chicken Legs. They sang:

*"This is the way the tailor sews.  
This is the way he sews and sews.  
He sews the whole week through  
And earns a penny with a hole."*

His cousin delayed paying him back or giving him the foreman's job. Customers often failed to pay him. Another tailor, Wechsler, a Polish Jew, opened a shop across the street. He did not hear regularly from his wife and children. He had no friends to turn to. Miller the Flute used to come around occasionally, still with a smile, but a little more haggard than in the old days. He would try to poke him out of the store into the open. He would try to urge him to join the Labor Lyceum school with the torch like a brussel sprout. Hershel hitched up his shoulders indifferently, and worked harder over his needle and press.

All the pleasure he had was dreaming of the day when he would pay back his debts for the store, when he would have his whole family with him. His homesickness grew. He was always thinking of his anxious little wife, the young son, and daughter he remembered best playing with the beadle's son a few days before his departure. Later, as she was kneading dough for a cake for him, he walked into the kitchen. "I have something to scold you for, Hannele." She walked over to wash her hands in a basin. Then hands on her hips, "Now what is it, father dear?" How he had laughed. He begged them in his letters to write often, to send him their pictures. He couldn't remember their faces clearly. He took a cheap one of himself which the photographer touched because of his pallor so that he looked as if his face were smeared with jelly.

Once a week Hershel went with his savings to the bank. His personal expenses were next to nothing. He lived on bread, herring, onions, potatoes. During the rest of the week he kept his money in a teabox with a pagoda like a pile of toppling dishes. His first delivery boy got into the habit of sneaking into the only room back of the pokey store. He fired him after a violent quarrel. One night the kitten he had picked up, skinny as a finger picking phlegm frozen in the street, began spitting. Some one was rustling in the front. On the floor a little moon of light. He jumped up. A flashing shadow. He sank under a crack on the head.

When he came to, it was morning. Detectives tramped into the store and powdered the empty teabox for fingerprints. Days passed. The thugs weren't found. Mrs. Taback, the grocer's wife, advised that he give the policeman some smear. The more the better. Hershel didn't know how to go about it. At last he put a five-dollar bill into a piece of paper and chucked it as the bulled policeman with the big-barreled nose swung by. The policeman picked it up and walked off whistling.

The bandy-legged, cudgel-headed Taback was also very sympathetic. When Passover came round, he invited him to the ceremony. His father and mother had just come from the other side. They would let him know all that was going on there.

For the first time in years Hershel polished his shoes and pressed his suit. Taback sat with a red tie with a stickpin of a horsewhip on it. His fat wife shone like the sun. The two old people crouched in their chairs, slightly deaf; both had been clubbed over their heads during the pogroms. They read services from booklets issued by a bank with an eagle spread on the cover as if straining to lay an egg. Then they ate hot fish with horse-radish like bloody sawdust.

The old woman talked of the horrible times they had been thru. Mrs. Taback shook her head. "Mama, don't. Eat, eat. A customer told me how during a pogrom all the Jews in the village were in a cellar. They found an old grandmother under a table stuffing



by Kruckman





*Hal Kruckman*

*by Kruckman*

a chicken's neck. 'Nu, children, we have bellies still, we must eat. If we come out alive, we'll be hungry, little hearts.'

The old man wiped his beard. "Even in Germany they are beginning pogroms with those new Jew-haters, those Hitler beasts."

Feinstein choked on the fish. He hadn't received a letter in months. The sweat broke out on his face and hands. He begged them to excuse him. He crawled out into the dark cold street. The moon was like vomit on the sea.

Mrs. Taback came in next day to find out how he was feeding. She wanted to help him. With the coming of hot weather, she told him of a good idea she had. "You look black as the earth, a consumptive, day after day, working like a horse, going out nowhere . . . Listen, my cousin has a big farm and hotel in the country. They need a tailor just a few hours a day. The cook is a widow without children, the wife of a painter. He climbed the ladder and fell down. The whole woman is only thirty . . . she is honey, milk and blood . . . she had a husband so long, she can not do without one . . . and you alone, for years without—"

Hershel held on to the wall. With a groan he grabbed his shears. Mrs. Taback backed out of the store. She fell down the steps. She slid along like a dog with an itch in her fat tail, shrieking with all her might. A crowd gathered. Taback rushed up, pounding his fists together. "I will crack you between my nails. I will—" He spat at him but the spittle fell back on his own face. The policeman with the big iron nose pushed in and warned Feinstein to keep his hands off other people's wives. Get yourself one to touch up. He would arrest him next time. Mrs. Taback was led off, shrieking, "And I invited him to eat . . . the pig . . . May the cholera take him, the cholera . . ."

Hershel was so upset he couldn't catch his breath. He lay down. A hot iron seemed to be going over him. He locked his shop and wandered in a daze through the streets. He came to the big park all his years in the city he hadn't visited once. He looked at the peacocks and the deer in the zoo, the grass, and he seemed to feel better. He sat on the bench. Around him mothers and their children. He crept back to his dark little room and sat, huddled all night, in a corner.

Miller the Flute showed up one day with a big brown man like a Russian bear, one eye lost in the war. He was a union organizer. They were going to form a union of the small shops against the dyeing and cleaning companies, against the racketeers who were chiseling millions of dollars out of your pockets. Was it necessary for him to show what despots the companies were? Hershel knew well enough no tailor could change his cleaner no matter how poorly dresses and suits were dyed and cleaned. All complaints were useless; the decisions of those bandits final. A tailor was assigned to a certain wholesaler and he must stick to him all the days of his life the way a man sticks to his wife. And then one tailor was charging a dollar fifty for cleaning, another a dollar, each tearing the other's head off for a few bitter crumbs.

Hershel listened, but wouldn't go to the meeting. He said bitterly to Miller, "So you are a communist, another whore you've gone to."

Miller looked at him sadly. He grinned. "You worry only about your wife and children. That way you will do them harm. First a man has brothers and sisters. Fight, and you will have a safe family." He told the story of the different types of men. One who gets excited when he sees a woman a mile off, the other let him see a woman's stocking on a line and he can hardly breathe, and the third let him look merely at a lady's tailor. Yes, he was hanging around Hershel because he was a lady's tailor. But if he wouldn't come with kisses, maybe blows would help.

One by one, the other stores in the neighborhood began closing. Hershel felt ashamed of himself. In the end, he did go to a meeting in a cold hall. The organizer sat with his paws to his nose like a bear in a cave, looking at the timid little men before him. He spoke to them fiercely, each word like a spike pounded down with his big fist. They must form a cooperative cleaning and dyeing factory. They must decide on a plan whereby a dozen retailers would no longer settle in a spot big as a hand, fiddle prices up and down, and fight each other like dogs over a lousy bone. They must boycott the bloated cleaners.

The men voted unanimously to accept the organizer's suggestions. And after the meeting a number of them filed into a lunchroom. Miller pulled Hershel in after them to have coffee and cake. "You must come out of your hole and see people. Why always hiding like a bedbug in a crack?"

On the walls of the lunchroom paintings of foreign ports and

fields, windmills, a boat like a wooden Dutch shoe, a German tower. The fresh young girl, waiting on them, reminded him of his own. Hershel couldn't sit still. He left long before the others.

The deliveryman snorted when Hershel said quietly he could not give him any work. "You'll be begging to have us come inside of three days. I know you fellers. And if you think it's peaches and cream with us drivers, you're a goddamned fool." He drove off with the truck with the "Clean as a Whistle" sign, the whistle looking like a sugar scoop.

The driver was right. For one morning as Hershel crossed the street to chat with Wechsler the Polish tailor, he saw steam bunching at the door, the strike sign scraped off. Wechsler looked sheepishly away. His wife with the harelip, who had borne a child every time he had spat, sailed out. "Let the cholera take the union. My children and my old mother to starve because of those red wolves." She slammed the door in his face.

By the end of the second week most of the other tailors had opened. Miller came around furious but patient. "They'll wake up. This wasn't lost altogether. They'll wake up on the floor."

The strike hurt Feinstein more than the others because he was one of the last to open. He was terribly discouraged. He received a short letter from his wife. The money he had been sending for shipcards was all gone because of Hannele's serious illness. She was hearing terrible things of what was going on in America. She was thinking of going back to her brother in Poland.

The rich cousin hadn't returned a cent of the loan. All Hershel's letters to him remained unanswered. So one Saturday afternoon Hershel took the boat to Boston. He stood on the deck and watched the islands in the river. In front of a grim barred building a skinny man shook his fist at the people in the boat. Feinstein moved away from the well-fed men and women leaning on the rails, hooting back at the angry man on the island.

He didn't have any money for a cabin. He stayed out most of the night on deck. The moon came out. In the distance a sailing smack like a huge old man in praying shawl sank into the sea. He crouched over his pricked hands in his misery.

It took him half a day to find the suburbs. A servant admitted him. He stayed in the hall until one of the boys came in. He didn't recognize the greenhorn cousin. Too bad, papa and mama were off on a vacation in the car. Hershel stared at the fraternity pin salted down with tiny pearls. He crept out into the dark. He paced the street before the house until midnight. His hands pulsed in his helpless anger as if they were bleeding.

Back home, he thought of getting a lawyer. He thought of borrowing or selling the store, anything to raise a little money. He went noon hour to the bank where he had a month's savings. The bank with the old pictures—"Honesty is the Best Policy"; "Save for your Old Age"; "When Your Ship Comes In" with a picture of a ship with sails dollar bills; also the picture of a country home, a path like melted chocolate, and two children playing with a ball like an orange.

As he turned the corner, there a long line like a twitching worm. Bank guards in their letter carrier uniforms. Huddled frightened shopkeepers and workers. A woman wringing her hands and crying. Policemen with sticks. One graybeard whispering, "They'll give us back our money. They're Jews."

Hershel waited in line until nightfall. They were told to come next day. Next morning the bank was closed. It remained closed. There was a notice that the state had taken the bank over.

He lay in bed, reaching out like a caterpillar come to the end of a branch. To whom could he turn? He thought of Yosel Miller, but he didn't know where he lived. Sussman the druggist said he heard Yosel was at a strike in another city and some one else said he was arrested near a closed bank where he had been speaking against the robbers. And old customer, a baba, with a face like a cookapple noticed how he was suffering. She advised him to go to the synagogue, to be a good Jew for the holidays that were coming on, to see the rabbi who would help.

He went during the feast of atonement and stayed near the door of the packed badsmelling hall. The rabbi, a fat man with very short legs, talked about God, that God is a good boss, if you work for him you'll have riches, cars, good children and wives, he'll pay you with interest. But if you strike, woe is you. God is a good landlord, pay him rent, if not, he'll make you move out of his holy house into darkness, cold, and death.

During prayers for the dead, a little hungry girl whimpering near him. His Hannele was like that once. He turned to the mother with the beads like rock candy. "The living, the living,

they're more important than the dead," he whispered huskily. She glared at him. "You corpse, you thin as a herring."

He walked out and waited on the corner. Why was it his business? And yet . . . The rabbi told him to come after the holidays.

In the rabbi's living room carpets, a flagon of wine, pictures. One of the pictures showed a room during the pogroms: windows cracked, furniture splintered, on the floor a woman with her dress torn, her bloody children swept into corners, and crouched at the door a bewildered grandmother with the book of psalms.

His head in a whirl, he mumbled his difficulties. The rabbi called in his son, a lawyer and state assemblyman. The son came in wiping his hands on a towel with a blue stripe—Pullman 1931. Well, let him come down to his office. The quota was filled. Why should he want to be running back to those crazy countries where people starve and they plague the Jews? There's one way of getting free. Just try becoming a Red, and you'll get deported . . . Come to the office . . .

Hershel rose with the rabbi's fee in his sweaty hands. The picture shrugged and flew suddenly above his head. The room burst like a bubble. When he awoke he was on the floor. The servant girl was spurting water at him from her mouth as if he were something to be ironed. He thanked the rabbi with a fat hairless face like buttocks. He limped home. He sat on the dark doorsteps and stared at the shadow of the pump like a pen on the pavement. He couldn't eat, he couldn't sleep: No news from across the tearing shears of the water.

And now when Miller came to see him for a few minutes, Hershel was far friendlier. At least they were landsleit, and Miller was digging everywhere like a rooster and knew what was going on in the world.

"But why do you sit here and let worry suck at you like a big bedbug? Why do you sit and strain till the dung comes out of your eyes? Will you always be the kind of a man, who when the hooligan sticks his finger into your eye, you'll say, 'Excuse me because my eye is in your way?'"

Another time: "At least your own are not being killed and starved. Look at these pictures of little children and women in China in the city the Japs are bombing. And here in the mines, in the mills. Nu, can't you get angry? And if you are angry and don't do anything, a man goes crazy and eats himself up."

All this hammering knocked a sigh from Hershel. "You are right. I—I know. But I can see the quiet village in the old home and no steam sucking the heart out. And—" He waved his worn hand at the big press with its jaws open. His voice broke. "Yosel, I can't remember their faces."

Miller stared at the steam press. "A monster." He stuck a thimble on his head, picked up a long needle. "I will fight this like in the old days. Ach, Hershel, you are living in the middle ages."

Hershel fell back in his chair. Miller looked so funny using the needle like a sword. He gulped and burst out laughing. He couldn't stop. It was the first time he had laughed in America. He laughed until the tears dripped on his chest. Miller stood next to him and kept stroking his shoulder.

And so Miller had his way with him as with others. He made him read. He dragged him to meetings at homes, halls, street corners, squares. Still the unbearable ache did not leave. His brother-in-law in Poland had written he had not heard from the family also. But often at these gatherings his eyes opened to the sufferings of the millions lumped in the mass.

Accidentally Hershel saw the big demonstration that year of the workless and starving. On his way to a wholesaler to get some stuff for a skirt he came across the marchers. He followed anxiously. A whole army of foot and mounted cops were ready for them. One of the leaders came out of City Hall. The mayor had snickered, "When will the ice cream be served?" Another leader stood on the steps and shouted to the banners. The cops closed in. A horse trampled a shopgirl. She fell with a great ball of her insides beating from her mouth. Cameramen squatted around a bald elderly man with a snoot of red growing from his head. The ring of uniforms shoved the unemployed back. A few cops and detectives jumped up and took cracks at the heads. They turned around laughing. The mounted charged. Passersby mowed down. Hershel driven into a hallway. He fell against a wall, his leg going limp under him. The soldier's bayonet . . .

All the way home, he kept burying his face in his hands. Day after day, the picture roared thruout his brain. Miller showed up with a hand in a sling and a mask of courtplaster. He grinned

at the agony streaking from Hershel's eyes. Oh, he was all right. That was only child's play compared to what was coming. They were looking for him. He stayed over and slept in the store.

But even in hiding he could not rest. He went out to the corner. Saddlebacked Wechsler, Sussman the horse-faced druggist, Taback with the whip stickpin came round him. "You have nothing to lose but dunged harness."

Taback's laugh was a belch.

Miller pointed a finger. "I like to laugh also. But this is no time for laughing. We must stop them before there will be no more laughing anywhere on this little earth. You mustn't be afraid. The blood in those bugs and leeches is what they've sucked from you."

Feinstein nodded.

"And how do you know, you crazy little wet-nosed tailor?" cried Taback.

"I have seen," he said quietly.

Taback hopped. "He has seen, Ohho through the eye of a needle."

Mrs. Wechsler passed on her way from the bakery shop, nursing a loaf of bread. From across the street the huge policeman. He knew a little Yiddish. He said, "Hey, Yiddilach, if you want to davin, go." He pointed with his club to the synagogue in the shadows.

Mrs. Wechsler gasped as he walked off booming. She pulled her husband after her. "If you are not careful, you will be deported."

"We have as much right as him, that Cossack five dollar bill. The country is ours too." Feinstein choked on his hoarsened voice. The sweat broke out on his face. He blinked at his cracked trembling fist and dropped it swiftly in astonishment.

Miller took him by the arm. He led him back to the store.

That night they talked until late. A messenger came for Miller. He left, promising to drop in within a week or so. Feinstein rolled around in his hard bed. He fell asleep. Even his sleep was troubled. A great machine of iron blue men with their clubs stitching. The beaten girl. And in a flash her face. Hannele, Hannele . . . He burst from sleep and bed. He crouched in his ragged underwear gasping. The bunched little cat stared at him with the green broken buttons of her eyes. He stood that way until morning.

And with the next evening his eyes were glazed, he was exhausted, feverish. He crept down the block to take a breath of fresh air. Sussman the druggist and his clerk and the baker were talking, some people from the tenements, former customers.

Sussman was saying he was a free-thinker, the salvation of the world was science. He had read the Bible once and remembered where Isaiah the prophet had said a war would come when all people would have to eat their dung and drink their water. It looked as he was right with what was happening in every corner. People were sick. They needed medicines, drugs. You get up with a bad taste and the world is rotten. Go to a doctor and you see how the world changes, sweeter and fresher.

The policeman came up to see what was the matter.

Hershel could not control himself. He turned to the druggist savagely.

The policeman snorted through his big-barreled nose.

Hershel ignored him.

The policeman said, "If you want to davin, I told you fellers where to go."

Hershel kept on. "I will show you why. If—"

The policeman stroked him obscenely on his haunches with his nightstick.

Hershel turned around furiously. "You fool, you five-dollar bill."

The beefy face boiled red. He lifted his club and whacked.

With a wild cry, Hershel fell on him. He tore the club out of his hands. He hurled it into the gutter. He turned again to Sussman.

The punch lifted Hershel like the horn of an enraged bull. He tottered and fell face flat. He jerked over. His legs went as on a stiff treadle. He got on a knee and put his hand to his mouth. His fingers were bloody. He staggered up. He stared at the spots at his feet. A long pull of air filled him. His shoulders went back. He stood straight and calm.

The desperate cop was mouthing, "He tried to get my gun, the bastard, my goddamned gun."

Someone in the crowd said bastard. The women held their children. The men muttered.

Hershel said softly, "Tell Yosel, tell . . . He'll understand," he followed the cop.

# RESOLUTION ON THE WORK

## OF NEW MASSES FOR 1931

Formulated by the International Union  
Of Revolutionary Writers

(Editorial Note)

This Resolution was received a short time ago by the Editorial Board of the *New Masses*. A general discussion was held in which the Contributing Editors, the members of the John Reed Club of New York, worker-writers, representatives of the foreign-language press, and fellow-travellers participated. The Resolution was enthusiastically approved and it was determined to build a mass circulation and basis for the *New Masses* which would actually make it the "leading organ of the proletarian cultural movement of the U. S. A."

The Editorial Board accepts the analysis of the IURW. On the basis of the Resolution it calls on all subscribers, sympathizers, and contributors to rally to its aid in the fulfilment of the important tasks that lie before it. The Editorial Board feels that already a noticeable advance has been made in raising the level of the magazine. A letter from the IURW, more recently received, notes this progress.

The Resolution is printed so that it may be an incentive to discussion which will be fruitful in the development of the *New Masses*.

1. Having examined the work carried out by the *New Masses* in 1931, the Secretariat of the IURW places on record that the magazine made a whole series of achievements in its own reorganization, on the basis of fulfilling the decisions of the Kharkov International Conference of Revolutionary Writers. The task of "actively participating in all the important cultural and political campaigns" (Resolution of the American Delegation to the Kharkov Conference) was, in considerable measure, fulfilled by the magazine, which, in greater or lesser degree, assisted in the running of a number of political drives led by the American Communist Party last year. All the important strikes that took place in America in 1931 were mirrored on the pages of the magazine. As compared with the past, the magazine has made considerable progress in the matter of supporting the revolutionary movement of the toiling Negroes (the necessity for which was particularly stressed in the resolution adopted by the American delegation to the Kharkov Conference). Compared with former years the magazine has pursued a much more clearcut political line. We must place on record that the magazine, on the whole, followed a correct course in its work, adhering to a path, along which, provided it liquidates a number of defects observable in its work, it may develop from an organ of the radical intellectuals into a leading organ of the proletarian cultural movement in the U. S. A.

2. However, the magazine has yet to fight against a whole series of serious defects in its work, which, if it does not liquidate them, will prevent it from fulfilling the tasks confronting it. In pursuing its political line the magazine has not yet succeeded in achieving a full reorganization on the basis of fulfilling the political demands of the IURW political platform (formulated in the resolution on political and creative questions adopted at the Kharkov Conference).

3. The magazine has given altogether too little attention to the *struggle against Fascism*. As regards *social-fascism*, the *New Masses* has put up a disgracefully poor fight. In this connection the *New Masses* throughout last year showed manifestations of "rotten liberalism," expressed both in the failure to carry out systematic work in exposing social-fascism as a whole, and in keeping silent about the treacherous role of a number of social-fascist ideologues who had formerly been closely connected with the magazine (Max Eastman, V. F. Calverton). The liquidation of these traditions of "rotten liberalism" is a task which must under no circumstances be put off.

4. Right up until lately the *New Masses* has paid insufficient attention to making known the achievements of socialist construction in the Soviet Union in connection with the development and deepening of the capitalist crisis. Only in the most recent issues of the magazine can there be observed some advance in this direction. We must admit a large part of the blame attaches to the

Secretariat of the IURW itself, since it kept the *New Masses* very badly supplied with Soviet material. The Secretariat undertakes from now on to send regularly and systematically information about socialist construction and the cultural life in the Soviet Union, as well as to send the best productions of Soviet proletarian writers and fellow-travellers suitable for publication in the *New Masses*.

5. The magazine put up a poor and unsystematic fight against the war peril and the danger of intervention in the Soviet Union. In particular we must characterize as a serious omission the failure of the magazine's critical department to work systematically in exposing fascism and social-fascism in the field of war literature.

6. As regards international work, and in particular, the support of the struggle of the oppressed colonial peoples, the magazine has made considerable achievements in setting up close connections with China and Japan. The *New Masses* is faced with the task of setting up equally close connections in the first place with the colonies of American imperialism and the countries of Latin America. The work accomplished by the magazine till now in this direction has been completely inadequate.

7. If we compare the magazine's work in 1931 with previous years, the *New Masses* must be credited with considerable successes in "reflecting clearly and continuously the struggles of the working class." However, even till now the *New Masses*, in its treatment of the labor movement, continues to adopt an empirical attitude, instead of rising to the level of leading generalizations based on the practice of the revolutionary proletariat's struggle. At the same time, it often happens that literary features treating of the workers' struggle suffer from schematism and abstractness in which the concrete content of this struggle is lost.

8. The fact that the magazine carries on insufficient political work is reflected not only in its literary features but also in the productions of the magazine's artists. Very often, in the drawings published in the magazine, we find revolutionary content sacrificed for esthetic innovations and experiments in form together with a fetishistic approach to capitalist technique and its underestimation of the consciousness and militancy of the revolutionary movement with corresponding overestimation of the might of American capitalism, witnessing to the fact that the artists are not yet strong enough to rise to direct militant conclusions and show the only possible revolutionary escape from capitalism's crisis.

9. All these mistakes, shortcomings, and lapses are, at bottom, attributable to the great basic weakness of the magazine, to its insufficient politicalization, to the absence of a sufficiently militant (in the Leninist sense of this term) line of its whole cultural and political activity. This insufficient politicalization, together with a certain theoretical backwardness noticeable in the magazine (which was noted by the Kharkov Conference) are responsible for a number of breaches in the fulfilment of the task of leading the American revolutionary literary movement.

10. The magazine has altogether inadequately coped with the task of internationalizing the theoretical and creative experience of the world revolutionary literary movement. Inasmuch as the grave shortcomings observable in this field are, to a certain extent, the common weakness of the whole international revolutionary movement, the Secretariat of the IURW undertakes in the future to take steps to liquidate this state of affairs by means of transmitting to the magazine the experience of the literary movement in the Soviet Union.

11. The ever-sharpening crisis of American capitalism, together with the growth of the revolutionary movement led by the vanguard of the American proletariat, the C.P. of the U.S.A., which lead to masses of bourgeois intellectuals adopting the position of the revolutionary fellow-travellers, and which create the prerequisites for an unprecedented growth of the proletarian cultural, and in particular, of the literary movement, place before the *New Masses* as the central organ of the IURW in the U. S. A., highly responsible tasks in connection with the leadership of this movement. It must be stated that even until quite recently the *New Masses* has not properly coped with these tasks. The Secretariat of the IURW is compelled to state that the magazine has not worked sufficiently at leading the revolutionary fellow-travellers in the U. S. A. or at securing a mass basis for the American

proletarian literary movement by mobilizing cadres of worker correspondents around the magazine. The magazine has not set up sufficient contacts with the John Reed Club and the numerous similar workers' cultural organizations in America. So far the extremely rapid process of the rise and development of these organizations has been taking place largely spontaneously, notwithstanding the fact that precisely the *New Masses* and the John Reed Club have the task of guiding this process. Till recently the *New Masses* has confined itself, in this respect, to the giving of information, without discussing in its pages even the most elementary questions of principle arising in the work of the John Reed Club and the other organizations, without giving the least theoretical leadership by means of the summing up their experience.

12. The Secretariat considers that the resolution on the *New Masses* adopted by the Relations Committee of the John Reed Club of New York represents a step forward in the reorganization of the magazine. The Secretariat agrees with the organizational proposals contained in the resolution. It considers that the resolution notes correctly, in the main, a whole series of shortcomings in the work of the *New Masses* and at the same time offers suitable resistance to the "left" groupings inside the John Reed Club which estimated it as a failure, the insistence upon which would lead to the magazine's closing publication. However, as regards a whole number of points the resolution showed far from sufficient self-criticism of the magazine's work. Thus the resolution ignores the magazine's poor anti-war work, limiting itself to the passing statement that: "The issues of the war danger, the building of Socialism in the Soviet Union, and the anti-religious campaign were treated with revolutionary clarity in the August, November and December issues of the magazine." The resolution merely remarks that the *New Masses*: "has not taken a sufficiently strenuous part in the polemics that agitate American intellectuals" instead of stressing the magazine's serious lapse in 1931 when it conducted no systematic fight against fascism and social-fascism. This proves that the resolution by no means exhausts the possibilities for self-criticism of the *New Masses*. The *New Masses* and the John Reed Club are faced with the task of making possible the further development of this self-criticism and of drawing into it the widest cadres of worker-correspondents and worker-readers of the magazine.

13. The necessity for overcoming the last remnants of backwardness in the work of the *New Masses* on the political-theoretical front is a necessity which places before the magazine the militant tasks of raising its political-ideological level by systematic work at mastering the theory of Marxism-Leninism, by studying the whole creative and theoretical experience of the international revolutionary literary movement, by linking up the magazine's whole work with the day-to-day struggle of the American proletariat and its vanguard, the Communist Party of the U. S. A., by creating a wide worker-correspondents movement around the magazine, by drawing into the work of the magazine the maximum cadres of intellectual fellow-travellers, and places at the same time no less responsible tasks before the leadership of the IURW and before the English edition of its central organ *International Literature*. The Secretariat of the IURW undertakes to continue in *International Literature* the work it and to help it in every way possible to develop into a truly militant organ of our movement in the U. S. A. In view of the general weakness of criticism in the American movement, the Secretariat undertakes to continue in "*International Literature*" the work it started last year of working out the main problems of Marxist-Leninist criticism. It also undertakes to extend and systematize the work of *International Literature* in the field of criticism of concrete productions of present-day American literature.

### The Technical Bureau of the F. S. U.

The *Technical Bureau* has been organized as a division of the Friends of the Soviet Union to render aid to engineers and workers in the USSR in the solution of technical problems.

The response to our call for members has been enthusiastic, and those who joined have shown a splendid willingness to undertake technical work without remuneration, in their spare time. We are confident of great increases in our membership as a larger number of socially conscious engineers learn of the Bureau.

*Comrades, Engineers and Technicians!* This is your opportunity to aid their efforts to build a classless, Socialist society. Technical Bureau, F.S.U.—Room 330—799 Broadway, N. Y. C.

### DAVID RAMSEY

## A "Philosophy" of Terror

This book\* has created something of a furore among petty bourgeois intellectuals in Europe and America. Its author is Curzio Malaparte a leading fascist poet and theoretician. He took an active part in the seizure of Florence in 1922, and accompanied Mussolini on the march to Rome. He is a close personal friend of Mussolini and as such his book has some of the aspects of a semi-official presentation of a phase of fascist theory, namely, the technique of capturing state power.

Malaparte's volume is what bourgeois intellectuals like to call "a detached study of revolution." He writes about some obvious tactics of insurrection, but since he dignifies his treatment of the subject by the use of the term "technique," this automatically converts his "poetic" descriptions of coup d'états into a genuine "science of revolution," applicable to all countries.

Malaparte's "science" consists in his saying that all "democratic" countries are open to dictatorships—either fascist or communist. These dictatorships can be imposed by a very simple technique. The formula was discovered by Trotsky in 1917 and developed to its highest level by Mussolini.

According to Malaparte, the whole problem of revolution and counter-revolution (he does not distinguish between the two) is a matter of "scientific" tactics. He therefore concerns himself only with the actual seizure of power by an insurrectionary group. He completely disregards or minimizes the whole complex of economic, social, and political forces. For Malaparte it is simply a question of a flank movement by about a thousand trained men against the nerve-centers of the "state." The new technique of insurrection is the seizure, as the first and essential step, of railway centers, postal, telegraph and radio stations, etc. Only after cutting off the "state" from its social and economic organs does the dictator begin the assault on the "state" itself. The objective and final point of Malaparte's thesis is always the coup d'état. This is because in his own words "the coup d'état itself is its soundest foundation."

Granted his thesis, Malaparte maintains that as long as "democratic" countries cling to their present outworn and "unscientific" police methods of protecting the "state," they are doomed to fall before the ambitious onslaughts of modern "Catilines." That is, unless they adopt Malaparte's technique in reverse, as a means of defense against would-be dictators. For Malaparte's technique has the virtue of operating successfully either on the offense or on the defense. Due to the reversible qualities of his method, a modern state can be defended against an insurrection, by the mere employment of a thousand technicians who this time guard and do not attack the "nerves" of the state.

In conclusion, Malaparte palms off the generalization that his insurrectionary tactics are universally applicable. They are, he argues, independent of the historic conditions of any country, and their practical application is not conditioned by any external circumstances.

Despite his glib generalizations, Malaparte has no understanding of fundamental economic and political problems. The questions that he raises, the nature of the state, the tactics of insurrection, the fixing of a date for a coup, he treats superficially, and without even the sincerity of an honest reactionary. In the first place, Malaparte never makes clear what his conception of a state is. Usually he identifies it with its material possessions—buildings, means of communication, archives, etc. But at other times he identifies the state with its bureaucracy. He does not realize that a state is an instrument of class domination, the organ for the suppression of one class by another. It consists of armed forces, material institutions, a bureaucracy, etc., all of which are used by the ruling class to impose its might upon the suppressed classes. The state is, therefore, not coincidental with society, nor is it a force imposed upon society as a whole from the outside. It is the means of continuing the rule of the master class.

This concept of the state reveals that the objective of counter-

\* *Coup D'Etat: The Technique of Revolution, by Curzio Malaparte. Dutton. \$2.50.*

revolutions which have taken place in Italy and elsewhere, is to save the capitalist state and make of it an open and intensified instrument for the suppression of the working class. On the other hand, the objective of a proletarian revolution is not to merely modify the powers of the capitalist state, but to smash it to bits and to set up a proletarian state instead.

The tactics of an insurrection will accordingly differ with the specific objectives in view. A proletarian insurrection must be aimed both against a hostile class and a hostile state. It must depend upon the active support of a majority of the working class, as its prime prerequisite for success. Its strength lies in the might of the revolutionary masses against the better prepared and organized forces of the bourgeoisie in control of the state. But for a counter-revolutionary coup d'état, the objective is not so much the capture of the state, which in the final analysis, is in the control of the counter-revolutionary forces, or is openly allied with them. It is rather the destruction by force, of the organized sections of the revolutionary working class as the one obstacle to successful reaction. A counter-revolutionary coup is usually a conspiracy of banker, industrialists, and militarists. It is an inside job, and it signifies that the ruling class has transformed its disguised rule by force into an open dictatorship. The fascist parties that supposedly seize power at the time of such a coup, are but a camouflage for the camarilla that actually controls the state.

From the nature of the capitalist state and the differing objectives that must be attained, in order to capture it, from the "right" or the "left," it follows that there is no universal technique of insurrection independent of objective circumstances. In the case of a proletarian revolution, for example, there are two kinds of objective factors, the presence of which are necessary to the seizure of power. First, there must be present general conditions. Among them, the antagonisms of world capitalism must reach the most acute stage so that the weakest link in the capitalist chain will be vulnerable to a proletarian revolution; the contradictions within the country that is the weakest link must be irreconcilable; a majority of the proletariat and the poor farmers must be actively on the side of the revolutionary party, etc. Then there must be internal conditions indigenous to each country, but the presence of which are essential to the success of the revolution. In the case of the Russian Revolution these internal factors included Russia's defeat in the war and the subsequent desire of the masses for peace; the peasants' demand for land, etc.

There must be therefore an optimum combination of general and specific objective conditions, before a revolutionary party can change its long range strategy for a general seizure of power by the working class, into immediate tactics for the actual taking of power according to a definite plan and on a fixed date. Above all, these prerequisites to a successful proletarian revolution must be tempered in practice by a maximum flexibility in tactics. When the insurrection is started, it is necessary to act with the greatest determination, and to assume and maintain the offensive at all costs. The defensive, as Marx said, is death to the insurrection.

Given such conditions the Bolsheviks carried out their successful insurrection with a delay of only ten days. (The Central Committee of the Party had fixed October 15th as the day of the Bolshevik revolution; it was actually begun on October 25th). This delay was caused by the realization in the course of preparation for the revolution that an insurrection independent of the meeting of the Constituent Assembly might have been misunderstood by the revolutionary masses.

It is in this sense that a revolutionary party can fix a date for an insurrection, and can carry out its plans with a minimum of delay, and a maximum chance of success. Counter-revolutionary coups, however, when they have been carried out at specified periods of time (as in the case of the fascist march on Rome) have been successful because there was connivance between the state authorities and the insurrectionary forces.

To return to Malaparte and his discussion of the purely military side of an insurrection. Here his technique is but a vulgarization of military tactics that have been discussed and used for several decades. The modern tactics of war involve the destruction or neutralization of the enemy armed forces as one of the primary objectives. But of equal importance, are the attacks on the enemy's resources and the capture of his strategic positions. An insurrection likewise requires the realization of both these objectives if it is to be successful. It is, of course, a matter of tactical convenience, and not as Malaparte thinks an immutable

law, whether the insurrectionary forces proceed first against the strategic positions of the state, or against its armed forces. The insurrection obviously can only be victorious when the armed forces of the state have been destroyed or put permanently out of action, and when its material resources and key positions are in the hands of the insurrectionary forces.

But if Malaparte has discovered no new historical law, he has found a new way of proving the validity of his historical thesis. He invents "facts," "situations," "quotations" and "conversations" at will, and by means of this form of "poetic license," he manages to squeeze history into his verbal formula. He would have us believe that the success of the October Revolution was due solely to Trotsky's insurrectionary tactics. To prove this statement he uses false quotations, and fictitious dialogues between Lenin and Trotsky. Further in the book, Malaparte has Stalin and Trotsky fight an imaginary and invisible duel for control of the Soviet state. They both employ a thousand trained men, but Stalin is finally victorious; principally because Trotsky's followers were Jews and lacked guts.

It can be said for Malaparte that his information is truly amazing. He tries to picture Mussolini as a calculating tactician using an enormously disciplined force to achieve his ends. In reality, Mussolini's march on Rome was a very disorderly affair. It succeeded because of Mussolini's prearrangements with a financial-military clique. Mussolini and his Black Shirts were the tools which this clique used to destroy the revolutionary organs of the working class. His coup d'état consisted in his taking what his employers gave him. Mussolini was the window dressing that masked the real conspiracy of the bankers and the industrialists—a counter-revolutionary attack against the working class. It was the collusion of the North Italian capitalists with military leaders and nobles that enabled Mussolini to capture Rome. The consistent policy of Mussolini since 1922 to liquidate the petty bourgeois elements in the fascist party, and his persistent savage attacks on the workers are eloquent proof of the true nature of the Italian fascist coup d'état.

The false account that Malaparte gives of the Italian counter-revolution is bound up with his notion that a dictatorship is the use of a highly disciplined force for the purpose of keeping one man in power. This is obviously an erroneous concept. A dictatorship does not mean the power of a single individual to rule undividedly. It is the exercise of unlimited power by an oligarchy or class, against another class or a number of classes. Malaparte confuses a dictatorship with despotism.

The correct point in Malaparte's analysis of counter-revolution is of importance to those workers and intellectuals in America who do not fully understand the meaning of fascism. He points out that the necessary forerunner to a fascist regime in Italy was the annihilation of revolutionary working class organizations. Malaparte very shrewdly (and some months before the present capitalist-Junker dictatorship in Germany) made the observation that Hitler was but a puppet who was rapidly outliving his purpose. The crucial point in the counter-revolutionary scheme would come, Malaparte thought, when the capitalists and Junkers would attempt to destroy the revolutionary organs of the workers. The attacks made upon the working class in Germany, and the counter-attacks of the proletariat against fascist rule, prove the truth of Malaparte's axiom.

There is one phase of Malaparte's thought on the subject of counter-revolution that is very indicative of the decay of bourgeois ideology. This is the sadistic pleasure with which he describes the Italian fascist pogroms against the workers. He defends these mass murders with the sophisticated argument that "it is revolutionary (?) violence which legitimizes a dictatorship." Malaparte's glorification of terror for terror's sake when it is used against the proletariat, is symptomatic. When the bourgeoisie was a rising class, it employed disciplined terror as a revolutionary means to an end—the control of the state by the bourgeoisie. Today when it is a corrupt and parasitic class, separated from actual participation production, it elevates murder to the dignity of a philosophic end.

There is a section of the petty-bourgeois intelligentsia who dream of establishing a dictatorship of the intellectuals. To them Malaparte appears as a new Machiavelli, with a scientific technique for capturing power. That Malaparte is at best a clever charlatan and his book a superficial collection of misinformation is of no concern to this group of unemployed intellectuals. Through sheer wish-fulfillment they transform Malaparte into a guide book to

power. Thus Malaparte's hodge-podge takes on a social significance that is in no way due to the intrinsic value of the book itself. Its importance lies in the fact that capitalism is cracking up, and that the country swarms with unemployed intellectuals who are looking for a way out of the crisis that will provide them with jobs.

The solution of the crisis, according to such intellectuals, lies in a fight against the abuses and disequilibrium inherent in a "democratic" state. What is required are a series of controls (the intellectuals' term for a dictatorship) which will be operated by the "best people." By this they mean that the crisis can be liquidated by establishing a dictatorship of brains; a technocracy or an intellectual aristocracy, depending upon whether they write for technical or literary journals.

Revolution to this kind of intellectual is simply a technical or intellectual problem that can be solved with equal success either to the right or to the left, only under his leadership. For whether he calls himself "leftist" or "fascist" it is typical of this sort of intellectual that in all his discussions of social change he never mentions the working class except in terms of contempt. This is to be expected of a class of secondary parasites. The privilege of being snobs is their principal reward for being the lickspittles of the ruling class.

Malaparte's book has a tremendous appeal for these members of the intelligentsia. It is a book on insurrection that reduces the problems of revolution and counter-revolution to a matter of "technique." It gives the petty bourgeois intellectual a pseudo-scientific basis for his muddled ideas. Secondly, Malaparte as an example of a poet and politician comforts the intellectual in his belief that in coming events he will play as active a part in politics as he has in poetry.

However, honest intellectuals must realize that behind Malaparte's sophistries lies a hidden thesis. It is that every murder of a worker which is necessary to the rule of the bourgeoisie is esthetic, useful and just. Malaparte is primarily an intellectual gangster with the feelings and scruples of a gunman. His pathological delight in brutality and murder is evidence that capitalism has degenerated to a form of legalized gangsterism. His is not the sadism of an individual but the sadism of a class gone mad in its desperate efforts to maintain its rule. Fascism is synonymous with the legalized murder of workers.

The ruling class in America is moving toward an open fascist dictatorship in an effort to liquidate the crisis. This is not mere speculation. The financial oligarchy that rules America through the economic and political dictatorship of finance capital is transforming its oblique control, into overt rule by force. The machinery of such a dictatorship has already been prepared. A committee of twelve (called the Twelve Apostles by Wall Street) headed by Owen D. Young can through a network of regional committees function as an open "economic" dictatorship, if the crisis continues to increase in severity. Then several groups, the American Legion, the Blue Shirts of Father Cox, the Khaki Shirts, etc. could easily be converted into fascist storm troops. Father Cox already has his organization functioning. The Blue Shirts behind the disguise of relief for workers terrorize striking miners and break up workers meetings. Finally, there is the army which displayed its efficiency in "mopping up" the B.E.F.

The present attempt to rig the Stock Market has gotten out of hand. The bubble will apparently collapse even before the presidential election. In the face of an unemployed army that may reach a total of 20 million and new low levels in production, the bourgeoisie may employ a fascist dictatorship next winter as a last resort. The intellectuals of the petty bourgeoisie in the face of these events must stop toying with the idea that the problem today is one that needs only a magic technique for its final solution. Translated into ordinary words, all such "techniques" whether bourgeois or petty bourgeois in origin, always involve the organized murder (officially called executions) of workers. The question is one of insight and not of moral indignation against the status quo. Bourgeois society is inherently anti-social and is rapidly breaking up. The proletariat, the only revolutionary class, has in the works of Marx and Lenin a genuine science of revolution and society. And the experience of the Soviet Union has demonstrated that the proletarian revolution is the one event that will keep mankind from relapsing into barbarism.

The issue is clear. All classes are being polarized into two hostile camps. The petty bourgeoisie must either line up with fascist terror, and eventually commit physical as well as intellectual suicide, or join the ranks of the revolutionary working class of the world and fight for a new world.

**A. B. Magil**

**Applebaum's Sunday**

*Applebaum's Sunday is a thing of cautions and carpet-slippers.  
In the room sits Applebaum, five feet four.  
Be careful of draughts. In the room,  
Waiting, wrapped in his sweater like a mummy in a tomb,  
sits Applebaum coaxing, begging the heat  
to crawl through the radiator. Every crack, every chink in the floor  
is death's mouth sucking at Applebaum's feet.  
Why no heat?  
Coal is fire, coal is power, coal is heat, caressing heat.  
Coal is money, Applebaum. Understand?  
It is Sunday, Applebaum's Sunday. And the landlord's.  
All week is a waiting and working for Sunday, all week is an  
aching for Sunday,  
for carpet-slippers, for soft caressing heat like woman's hands  
crawling, crawling over body, into blood and heart and brain  
(Coal is money).*

*Applebaum remembers yesterday.  
Yesterday was a red thick neck, waves of fat saying:  
Believe me, Applebaum, it hurts me more than it hurts you.  
But can you blame me? Even Ford can't help himself.  
It's the system, Applebaum, the cut-throat competition.*

*How many garments did you get out yesterday heh?  
After sixteen years I know it's tough, but—  
You know what Ford says:  
Production, Applebaum, PRODUCTION.  
Of course I realize believe me it hurts me more than it's the system  
even Ford can you blame me CAN YOU BLAME ME.*

*The clock ticks in Applebaum's room:  
CAN YOU BLAME ME CAN YOU BLAME ME  
A thousand clocks tick in Applebaum's brain.  
Waves of fat quiver:  
PRODUCTION (Applebaum) PRO-DUC-TION  
It is Sunday, Applebaum's Sunday.*

*All week is a waiting, a slaving and aching for Sunday.  
No work, today is a holiday—Sunday.  
And tomorrow will be Sunday  
and tomorrow  
and tomorrow.  
Every day will be Sunday, Applebaum's Sunday (and the  
landlord's)*

*CAN YOU BLAME ME CAN YOU BLAME ME  
Long days  
YES I DO  
empty days ...  
YES I DO YES I DO  
cold, aching, carpet-slipped days  
bursting into flame in Applebaum  
flame that is heat  
that is power  
power in a thousand Applebaums  
in a million  
POWER*

Due to an error a footnote to Myra Page's story, *Homecoming*, in the July issue was omitted. This story is a section from her novel, *Gathering Storm*, to be published in October by International Publishers. The section of the novel published was chosen because of its graphic description of the soldier returned home after the war.

Its political references must be related to its time, specially in its reference to the United Textile Workers.

# BOOKS

*Can You Hear Their Voices?* by Whittaker Chambers. International Pamphlet No. 26. 10 cents.

The publication of Whittaker Chambers' excellent story by International Publishers takes on an added and timely significance in the light of the present strike of the Iowa farmers. *Can You Hear Their Voices?*, based on the storming of the town of England, Arkansas, on January 3, 1931 by a group of 500 farmers determined to take food from the farm stores for their starving families, appeared in the *New Masses* of March, 1931. Since then it has been acclaimed both here and abroad as perhaps the most mature piece of working class fiction ever written in America.

An Associated Press dispatch released at the time of the England episode glossed over the class character of the spontaneous revolt; it praised the self-defensive tactics of the local Red Cross organization which, backed against the wall by the desperate determination and militancy of the farmers, was literally forced to authorize a distribution of food. This measure lulled for the time being the resentment and anger of the farmers, forcing them back into their previous conditions—conditions which are now beginning to assume the character of mass agrarian revolt.

Chambers has included in his story all the elements of the American farmers' struggles. The revolt of the poor farmers, led by Jim Wardell, a Communist, is not a blind one. It is dialectically traced, in origin and development, to the actual causes of the miserable conditions of our poor farmers and farm-hands. The role of the banks is accurately grasped and exposed. The class function and purpose of the Red Cross is presented as well as in any of our pamphlets on the American agrarian question; mainly because the author, unlike most of our writers of fiction, has bothered to acquire a solid background, both in theory and experience, for his fictional problem. The entire tie-up of local bankers and rich farmers with the state and national law-makers and militia is fully treated.

The characters of Chambers' story present problems that Communist organizers in rural districts will have to take increasingly into consideration as the crisis forces the farmer to desperation and to open spasmodic revolts. The vacillating, confused and compromising element is present in the character of Frank Frances; the class-conscious, developed Communist in the person of Jim Wardell; the solid, sturdy personal basis for all future agrarian struggle is shown in the characters of most of the poor farmers who participate in the armed raid on the town stores, guided by Wardell, for food. Their actions are based on a native courage and on an understanding of the meaning of their struggle instilled in them by the very conditions of their impoverished and oppressed lives. And when the story is over, it is not ended statically; it is projected beyond the limits of the explicit tale into the development which the struggle will follow in life.

Jim Wardell sends his two young sons away to the city before the arrival of the state militia. But he does not send them away to forget the struggle. After explaining to his wife that "out there they'll be learning something. What is there for them here—shooting, lynching? That's our business yet. Theirs is to learn more about Communism first," Wardell says to his sons:

"Tell the comrades what we are doing. Tell them we're organizing. Tell them that already there are many of us. Tell them we've got the first farmers here in motion. And make them understand that what we need above everything else, what we must have, is a hectograph . . . Now go along. I think you can hitch; if you can't, be careful on the freights. We've got no use for dead men or cripples. Come back alive in the spring . . ."

Earlier in the story, when Wardell denies he is a socialist, one of the farmers asks, "What the hell are you then?"

"I'm a Communist."

"What's that?"

"Well, just now it means I want free food for every farmer that can't pay for it, free milk for the babies, free rent, and if we can't get free food, I'm for going and taking it."

\* \* \*

This is but an indication of the stuff of which *Can You Hear*

*Their Voices?* is built. The story itself, written directly, straightforwardly, eclipses anything that can be written about it. It is the sort of fiction which will take its place as a valuable experience for every worker and farmer (and, it might be added, every writer in the field of revolutionary fiction) who reads it. Aside from its intrinsic excellence as a story, it will do much to establish a background for the understanding of present and future agrarian struggles in America.

EDWIN ROLFE.

*The American Farmer*, by George Anstrom. International Pamphlet, No. 23, 10 cents.

In the face of ever-increasing misery among the unemployed, the exploiters tell the worker that if he does not like to starve in the cities he can go back to the farm. Henry Ford not so long ago published a series of advertisements declaring that salvation lay in a return to small farm production. It described in glowing terms this "way of self-help" as the only alternative to charity.

George Anstrom, of the Labor Research Assn., in a new pamphlet *The American Farmer*, exposes the viciousness of this campaign, showing through a comprehensive analysis of the agrarian situation the complete bankruptcy of American agriculture under capitalism. He points out that under the conditions of extreme exploitation that obtain in rural areas, thousands of farmers, in the hope of escaping starvation, are desperately turning cityward to swell the numbers of urban unemployed.

While Henry Ford uttered his hypocritical words urging a return to the soil, thousands of poor and even middle farmers were being forced off their land through mortgage foreclosures or non-payment of taxes. A wholesale slaughter took place in Mississippi where on one day alone 40,000 farms were auctioned off by the state. Significant in this respect is the fact that the number of tenant farmers rose to almost one-half the total farm population in 1930.

Anstrom, who has been a farmer himself in several parts of the United States, shows the same conditions of impoverishment facing the poor farmer throughout the country. Staggering under a burden of debt, enslaved to finance capital through mortgages, and doubly exploited through excessive prices charged for industrial commodities, the farmer is told that he has produced too much and is forced to destroy food while workers in the cities starve.

In the cotton region, Negro and white workers are subjected to a form of super-exploitation by the bankers and the landlords who practice the semi-feudal system of share-cropping. Forced to buy all their necessities from the landlord at exorbitant prices, the croppers are pressed into increasing indebtedness, frequently paying over 60 per cent on loans furnished by local capitalists. The landlords' methods of maintaining this system of super-exploitation is to keep the workers disorganized by encouraging race hatred and segregation, and by employing the most vicious measures of terror and oppression against the Negro laboring class.

In the so-called "Golden West," where 48 per cent of all farm workers are wage slaves, the unemployed starve while thousands of pounds of fruit are thrown into the ocean or left to rot on the trees. Comrade Anstrom points out that the ranks of these agricultural workers have so increased that wages have been depressed to practically nothing. In some states farm hands can now be procured for 50 cents a day; in other regions they are forced to work for no more than subsistence.

The treachery of misleaders and political demagogues has done much to increase misery in agricultural areas. But the farmers, refusing any longer to be fooled, are now organizing under the leadership of the United Farmers League. They are turning toward the city workers to join them in fighting their way out of the crisis.

One of the most valuable features of this excellent pamphlet is the map which shows clearly the five main "crop belts" of American agriculture. This has been done here for the first time in American revolutionary pamphleteering. The text follows the same line and describes in succession the Cotton Kingdom, Wheat States, Irrigated Mountain and Desert Regions, Dairy and General Farm Area, and the Pacific Fruit Regions. If the pamphlet did nothing more than make clear the distinctions between conditions in these various districts it would be a notable contribution.

No one who wants to be half-way "literate" on the subject of agriculture in the United States should be without this very readable pamphlet.

LUCILLE PETTIJOHN



*From the February Revolution to the October Revolution 1917.*  
By A. F. Ilyin-Genevsky. International Publishers, N. Y., 122pp.  
\$1.00.

One of the few military accounts, translated into English, of the revolutionary days in Petrograd in 1917 is here given by an officer who participated actively in the events which made them historical. Alexander Fedorovitch Ilyin-Genevsky was appointed a lieutenant in the Reserve Chemical Battalion in Petrograd after being gassed and shell-shocked at the front.

Secretly a member of the Bolshevik Party, in the confusion following the February Revolution, he managed for a while to perform dual duties which at times assumed an amusing turn. He relates with gusto the period when he served simultaneously as private secretary to Guchkov, War Minister of the Provisional Government and as a member of the editorial board of the Bolshevik newspaper, "Soldiers' Pravda." He was able to go undiscovered on a party mission to Helsingfors, a strategic point as the base of almost the entire Baltic fleet, to help found a Bolshevik organization among the sailors.

Stirring times followed in Petrograd during July of 1917. Feeling was running high among various well-armed regiments stationed there for the overthrow of the Provisional Government, and only the utmost persuasion by the Bolshevik military organization convinced them that the time was not yet ripe for this. The discontent of the soldiers at the front was expressed without restraint in the letters which they wrote to the "Soldiers' Pravda." Ilyin-Genevsky devoted a large part of his time to this paper and describes in detail the underground life which it led because it spread far and wide the soldiers' call for peace and emphasized the need for disciplined action to bring the Bolsheviks into power. Numerous quotations which Ilyin-Genevsky prints from the correspondence columns of the paper show plainly the determination of the soldiers themselves to put an end to the tragic mess in which they were stewing, if this were not done at home. One militant spirit wrote:

"All the soldiers are longing for peace . . . and if it does not come soon, we will make it ourselves, and then there will be peace for everybody. No, there is not one person, not one who thinks of peace, not even the workers' and soldiers' deputies . . . They have forgotten all about us far away in the damp and cold trenches. They had better make peace before winter, if they know what's good for them. Otherwise we'll take a hand in this thing ourselves."

Following active participation in street demonstrations and in organizational work among the soldiers, Ilyin-Genevsky was brought to trial by the officers' committee of his battalion. He was not however, arrested, he writes, the officers "apparently fearing the rage of the soldiers." Shortly after this his battalion gave "good grounds for this fear" by electing him president of the battalion's delegate to the Petrograd Soviet. Here he was appointed commissar of his battalion and also of the Reserve Grenadiers, since there was a scarcity of military men to man the strategic points.

The soldiers' threat to take things in their own hands materialized quickly. At the same time, Ilyin-Genevsky states, they were "preserving revolutionary order in the city" and truckloads of armed soldiers patrolling the streets, rifles in hand, were a common sight. Once they realized how much depended on them, the soldiers straightway assumed the initiative. Ilyin-Genevsky relates how one night, after patrols had been stationed at two important bridges to prevent their being raised by the Provisional Government, thus cutting the city in two and dividing the Bolshevik forces, one of the patrols returned to headquarters dragging along some heavy objects.

"Comrade Commissar," the man in charge reported to me. "We have lowered the bridge, and to make sure that it will stay down, we brought part of the mechanism for raising and lowering the bridges. Now they can't raise it."

This occasion, noteworthy as being "the first time that we had acted as an organized military force, opposing the Provisional Government," was speedily followed by others, first-hand accounts of which are spread through the pages. Ilyin-Genevsky disposes in short order of the fantastic tales of Bolshevik brutality toward the famous Women's Shock Battalion. He was in charge of them after their arrest and testifies that following their release "they sent a special delegation to me to thank me for the good and comradely treatment which they had received."

Military men who are used to action and not to the compara-

tively mild sweep of the pen, find a close affinity in writing their memoirs after the fashion of a tank ploughing up chunks of earth. The result is a choppy mixture which reads now like a hail of dum-dum bullets and now like the monotonous stretch of a regimental order. Without making any pretense to literary finish this brief account adds a first-hand document to the historical file of those stormy months between February and October 1917 when the Provisional Government and Kerensky were turned out and the Bolsheviks marched in. The translation, which carries over the brevity of statement and staccato expression of the original, would be improved by the correction of such ungrammatical sentences as, "I proposed . . . that a delegation to the commander . . . be sent."

ELLEN MONROE

*What Time Is It? The Story Of Clocks, by M. Ilin. Translated from the Russian by Beatrice Kincead. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.50.*

This is the third book of M. Ilin which has been translated from the Russian for American children. It is quite as important to the adult literature of this country as *New Russia's Primer* and *Black on White*. As in these earlier books, simplicity of style, clarity of description, a delicate satire and a talent for apt similes combine to carry the reader to the end in a state of excited interest.

The story begins with an amusing and almost terrifying picture of the things that might happen if all watches and clocks were to stop to-morrow, and proceeds through a description of the invention and functioning of every time-piece known to man throughout the ages. Gnomons, klepsydras, sun dials, water clocks and on down to the time that comes over the radio at the end of our favorite program.

The author is a young engineer who, with his brother, Marshak, famous poet and story-teller, belongs to a group of writers who work together. Their aim is to tell stories of Soviet life and of the general progress of mankind. M. Ilin in this book, as in his other work, manages to convey a feeling of the sweep of history and the interrelation of forces and things that should be an excellent foundation for dialectic thinking in a child as well as a stimulant to the average adult.

CAROL DRAKE.

*Banana Gold, by Carleton Beals. Illustrations by Carlos Merida. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, 1932. \$3.00.*

Carleton Beals knows Central America—knows its history, its geography, its ethnology, its politics, economics, and culture. Furthermore he knows the course of imperialism in those countries: the path of the American Empire being built from Wall Street through Washington.

And uses his knowledge in this book. There are illuminating sketches of the political history of the Central American countries; anecdotes and stories about the Presidents and Dictators and leading officials; facts about the course of American imperialism; sketches of the ethnology, the life and customs of the natives—all in all, a thoroughly informative book and an intensely interesting one from the first page to the last.

What does he say of American imperialism? "Theoretically we have a set policy in Central America—'no government established by force will be permitted'. Actually our policy has been dominated by ignorance, opportunism, or self-interest—usually the last. Nor is self-interest always national self-interest, but the self-interest of special concessionaries, banking houses, large corporations, and even the self-interest of diplomatic representatives, promoting private deals." (page 123).

But it is quite a different matter when one comes to consider the imperialist himself, and it is here that Carleton Beals fails in his analysis. Place this passage from page 294 beside the passage just quoted and the irretrievable gap (so far as the Liberal is concerned) is apparent: "Ironically, there is a curious resemblance between the thought processes of the American Communist and the American Imperialist. Both move in a world of unreality. The Imperialist in Nicaragua, Haiti, or the Philippines can ignore local political realities because he has all the power. The Communist ignores American political realities because he has no power. The Communist is fighting for a cause, the welfare of mankind. The Imperialist is also a crusader, fighting for the improvement of backward peoples. Both are dogmatic, earnest, sincere, sentimental. Both believe in the implantation of an ideal

upon people by force. The apologists who drip greasy platitudes to oil the gun-carriages of our target-practice in Latin America are often hypocrites and bootlickers or plain racketeers; but our financial and political pro-consuls and our marine officers are fanatically sincere, imbued with a religious fervor of doing good. They are just as sincere as Mr. Thomas or Mr. Foster, and their convictions are just as unshakable.

"The credo of the Imperialist is simple; he believes that the United States represents the final word in human perfection; that all Americans are always honest, and that nearly all foreigners are devious and dishonest; that all Americans are brave and most foreigners cowards. He believes in good roads, sanitation, the strict enforcement of law, stability, work, machinery, efficiency the punctilious payment of debts, and democracy . . . The Imperialist at work abroad is muddle-headed but he is fantastically honest; the shining aura of the crusade always mantles all his acts."

A Kipling in prose come to judgment! If these things are so, then why the inhuman *exploitation* known and even connived at by the honorable gentlemen? Why, if it is the fault of the situation "in which the colonial administrator finds himself" ("Political power is divorced from all organic connection with the politics, the government, and the culture against which it is exercised"), does this same American imperialism so inhumanly exploit the workers in the U. S. A. where the situation does not exist?

The argument simply does not hold together. Carleton Beals with his sympathy for the downtrodden, for the beauty and the potentialities of the Indian culture, should be able to penetrate the sham of the imperialists by gauging its class significance. It does not matter how many noble sentiments the consul may utter: it is the class significance of the acts he allows or does that determines the real significance. And the real fact is that the worker and peasant population is inhumanly exploited not only by the American imperialists but also by the native bourgeoisie, which in turn is either handed crumbs or subjected by the mightier foreign imperialism.

However this book does have value as a source book for little known incidents in Central American history and politics, for various inside stories, for a vivid and quite well-done picture of the life of the Central Americans, for its description, etc. There is also the remarkable sketch of how Carleton Beals got to interview Sandino, in which Carleton Beals is the stalwart hero. This sketch is overdone in its emphasis on the honesty, integrity, etc., of the hero—Beals.

The facts about the intrigues of the fruit companies; the way the consuls work hand in hand with the business interests and the government; the way graft is safeguarded; the complexity of Central American politics and the part the U. S. A. has played in it; the anecdote about the letter Lindbergh received from the Association of Nicaraguan Independence urging him not to allow his flight to be used "as a cat's paw for imperialistic chestnuts"—all these and many more make this a book well worth reading. The Sandino story, except for the emphasis on Beals, is quite excellent. And all through the book are very clear, very excellent pictures of the Indian population.

But the book as a whole is written from the point of view I have indicated by the use of quotations. Beals dislikes certain imperialists and employees of imperialists personally—with Imperialism as a policy he is evidently in agreement whether tacitly or openly it does not matter. This is the stool between which the Liberal minded man does fall. He is so broad minded, and he can see both sides of a question so well (so he thinks) that neither side matters to him. Under a capitalist system what happens is that he tacitly gives his support to the capitalist regime with all its terror and exploitation.

ALEXANDER GREGORY.

*Women Who Work*, by Grace Hutchins. Prepared under the direction of the Labor Research Association. International Pamphlets, No. 27. 10c.

Grace Hutchins has done a notable piece of work in getting so much pertinent and valuable information in so small a compass. This pamphlet embodies the excellent characteristic of the other pamphlets in the International Pamphlets series, now grown to quite a respectable number. It is short, pointed, detailed when it needs to be, statistical, well-written, and complete.

The status of the working woman in the U. S. A. today is described with constant reference to the actual conditions. The pamphlet gains importance from its timeliness—now when the working conditions are constantly growing worse and when in-

creasing numbers of women are unemployed. There is a constant discrimination against the elderly woman (and you are "old" to most employers after you are thirty; which means that, having begun working at about thirteen, you are no longer fresh and enthusiastic—as who could be?). Discrimination against the married woman (even though her husband may not be working, and even though she does not care to keep house), and, of course, against the Negro woman. The Negro woman is the most discriminated against. When women in general are underpaid in comparison to men, and when Negroes generally are underpaid in comparison to white workers, then it is clear that under the capitalist system the Negro woman occupies an especially unenviable position.

*Women Who Work* gives statistics and actual instances to illustrate the conditions of which we are all conscious but about which too few of us have adequate information fully to realize their unbearableness.

What is the answer to these conditions? Grace Hutchins, after she has detailed the actual facts, shows how women-workers are finding the solution, the way out through militant struggle under the leadership of the Unemployed Councils and other fighting working class organizations. This is the only solution.

M. CAMPION.

*Washington Swindle Sheet*, by William P. Helm. Albert & Charles Boni, 1932. \$2.50.

This book deals with the way Congressmen spend money from the public purse. It details (from official reports) the cost to the public of numerous junkets, trips, investigations, etc. It is interesting to note that practically all these expenses are properly authorized. The title of the book is taken from the unofficial name of the official expense account.

Airplane trips, trips to the South in the winter, to the North in summer, houseboats, baby blimps, tips, jobs at \$50 a day—scandalous events and details play tag on every page.

The author tries to give some social significance to the tale of these lavish expenditures by relating these luxuries and swindles to the starvation and mass misery rampant in the year 1931. But what it comes down to in the end is the charge of "waste and extravagance in spending public funds by the chosen trustees of those funds." The reader is left with the impression that the officials have the spirit of Horatio Alger burning in their every bosom: the desire to make good, as they calmly appropriate the tax payers' money. The calmly possessive manner in which the money is accepted as part of the reimbursement for the terrific burden they bear is worth remarking.

The author ends the book with a plea for economy, but he addresses the plea to the men who have taken the money year in and year out while advocating the necessity for economy and passing a new \$1,000,000,000 tax bill.

Such a book is foolish, and is addressed to the petty-bourgeoisie. There are millions in graft floating around in Washington right now; the officials are receiving their share; every deal is paid off—where is the book about this graft and all the rest of the mismanagement? And why address an appeal to the senators? Address it to the workers to unite and wipe out this mess!

*Ceux qui ont tué Doumer . . . la vérité sur l'affaire Gorgoulov*, by Henry Franklin-Marquet. Preface by Paul Vaillant-Couturier. Bureau d'Éditions, Paris, 1932. 7 francs 50 centimes (30¢).

Those who killed Doumer . . . the truth about the Gorgoulov affair. The wrapper around the book states: The State within a State. And it is all this that the book very fully explains, documents, and proves. This book of 111 pages contains a powerful exposé of the events leading up to the murder of President Doumer and of the ramifications of the counter-revolutionary work of the White Guards.

The author starts with the origination of the White Guards in the Bolshevik Revolution, and their career during the period of civil war, 1917-1921. During this period the White Guards were organized in various of the counter-revolutionary armies and were sustained by aid from abroad. These connections were of value when the period of the Civil War was ended and the White Guards fled to Europe, Asia, and the U. S. A. Under the aegis of certain states the White Guards were allowed to flourish, so much so that the "State within a State" arose in France, particularly, and in other countries (Roumania, Manchuria, etc.). In France the White Guards receive their educations free in the military lyceums, organized their armies, held their manoeuvres and in

general disported themselves as if they had been in their own country—even to the extent of being able to hold their own courts. This book gives the names and addresses of the White Guard organizations and their leaders in France. Quotations are offered from the official White Guard *Annual*: "The Russian Imperial Army has been able to conserve its cadres and to prepare the Russian youth which will fill them out. The Army carried with it into exile its flags and it will return into its Fatherland with its flags when the time has come." The *Annual* also says: "thanks to the benevolent attitude of the government (France), the high command has been able to retain a purely military regime in the Army."

Perhaps these statements sound like boasts, or like blurbs for the raising of money from people sympathetic to the dolorous sufferings of the emigrés, but the book contains more than sufficient proof of the truth of these statements.

A long chapter is devoted to the strategy and tactics of the White Guards. Here is related the facts relative to the trial of the technicians, members of the Industrial Party, and of other individuals who tried sabotage in the USSR. In the trial of the technicians it was definitely proven that large sums of money had come from France and that the French General Staff had been deeply involved in the plotting. The White Guard tactics have been sabotage, spreading of false rumors, attempts to provoke intervention and invasion, acts of terrorism (killing of Soviet officials, and shooting of foreign officials on Soviet soil in the attempt to implicate the Soviet Union with foreign powers), plotting of all brands and qualities. The majority of these attempts have been abortive and there was publicly announced in various White Guard papers published in Paris a change of policy: the new tactic being to have foreign officials shot by alleged Bolsheviks on foreign soil, and also including sabotage and vandalism and various terrorist acts on foreign soil. The shooting of Doumer was part of this new tactic. The speed with which Tardieu and the Prefet of Police, Chiappe, agreed that Gorgoulov was indeed a Bolshevik, and the attempts to cover up all connections and to unveil with appropriate ceremonies the newly manufactured connections of Gorgoulov with the Soviet Union indicate that the French government was implicated in this crime in more ways than one! The space is too brief to relate the evidence uncovered, but enough has been published even in the bourgeois press abroad to prove conclusively that Gorgoulov was the tool of the unscrupulous White Guard international organization and—Franklin Marquet adduces enough proof for us to believe this—the French Government!

As Franklin-Marquet states: "It is much more than a friendship between two major states—the French and the White Guard; it is overt common action" (my emphasis). We also know the overt common action extended to the White Guards in Asia by the Japanese and other imperialist powers; we know the relation of the Second International to the White Guards; we know that the Socialist Party of the U. S. A. at its recent Convention passed a resolution as part of its election program calling for the release of all "political prisoners" in the Soviet Union, knowing full well that such prisoners have conspired against the social welfare of the Workers' State. Today the White Guards and their allies are in the vanguard of those leaping to the attack against the Soviet Union.

This Gorgoulov affair focussed sharply and clearly delineated the actual preparations being made for war on the Soviet Union. This case must be used to expose every hypocritical trick of the war-mongers; it must be employed relentlessly against the enemies of the Soviet Union. No one, after he has read this book, can say that the slogan of Defend the Soviet Union is a cry of Wolf! Wolf! No one can say that to raise the slogan for the defense of the Soviet Union is provocation—as the liberals and pacifists and thousands of others have said—for here are the actual facts of which the majority of people seem unaware or are willing to help hide.

*J'Accuse!* by Henri Barbusse. Bureau d'Editions, 1932. 50 centimes.

A splendid polemic full of fire and power which is really the speech of the judge once the facts related in Franklin-Marquet's book have been adduced as evidence. *J'Accuse* is implacable—as implacable, as relentless, as logical, as courageous, as is Krylenko in his famous trials. We must quote from the part called *I Accuse* which ends the powerful and fiery summing up:

(Barbusse says he is speaking in the name of the vast mass of militant workers and in the name of the enormous wave of the

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revolutionary upsurge):

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*The recall and the arrest of the head of police Chiappe* who came in constant contact with the assassin in the course of his duties, who was aware of the threats proffered, who did nothing to protect the president of the republic, and who is the man most directly responsible for his violent death;

*The arrest of the White Guard leaders* the instigators and glorifiers of assassinations, the war mongers who have made of France their main retreat, and especially Kerensky, Miller, and Yablonsky;

*The institution of an inquiry against Millerand* who has deliberately and systematically attempted to dupe public opinion for political purposes by representing Gorgoulov as a Bolshevik;

*The appointment of a special commission* in the Senate and in the Chamber to investigate the whole of the causes and effects of the assassination of Paul Doumer and the concentrated activities of the White Guardist rabble spreading infection abroad beginning with France.

*This is neither a petition nor a supplication. We want the affair to be brought into the light of day and, cost what it may, gentlemen, you must want this also.*

ALEXANDER GREGORY.

### Advance on the Cultural Front

*Monthly Literary Service*, edited by Keene Wallis. Revolutionary Writers' Federation, 63 West 15th Street, New York City. August, 1932. 90pp. 35¢ (mimeographed).

First the plan, then the achievement. The plan is to publish this monthly service not only for those who desire to read it as a magazine, but also to receive subscriptions from revolutionary magazines and newspapers. These subscriptions vary in price with the type of periodical and the service required, but they entitle the subscriber to publish material from the *Monthly Literary Service*. It is, in other words, a revolutionary feature-service. This plan in itself is a distinct achievement and raises the revo-

lutionary cultural development in the U. S. A. to a much higher plane than it has reached until now. That the plan has been carried through as successfully as it has is still another achievement.

The formation of a link between the worker-writer, the revolutionary writer, and the press is important; still more important is the fact that the writer will now reach a tremendous number of workers. The *Service* will also dispel, because of the element of growth and development it brings to our cultural movement, a great deal of the haze that hangs about the understanding of what kind of literature we really need for workers. No longer should there be such long and such useless discussions of what is proletarian literature. Now there will be an immediate response from workers to numerous writings, thus telling us what the workers need and want. *We will be able to go straight to the workers.* This union of theory and practise (actuality) will have a most salutary effect on the practise and theory of revolutionary literature in the U. S. A. It is exactly what has been lacking. So far our cultural development has proceeded to a great extent as if in a vacuum.

Does this issue (the first published) satisfactorily fulfill this task? In general one can say that all the material deals with some phase of workers' struggles, but that, even though most of the pieces deal with specific struggles, there is no immediacy: the immediate struggles are not dealt with in a way making them more than historically valuable. It is the element of *meaningfulness*, of *utility*, that gives writing a more than transitory validity. There must be the element of *creativity* present in the piece: that is, the piece must originate some impulsion to action in the reader. Lacking this, the writing is a piece of history, a crystallization. Hence, a piece of writing increases in value as its usability increases. It is these characteristics which quite a number of the pieces in the *Monthly Literary Service* lack. Certain others are not specific enough: they deal with workers' struggles, but with the struggle in general. Somehow the mean must be struck between these two tendencies and a real art must be created.

The poetry is bad, on the whole, and this is unfortunate. There is a tendency toward rhetoric, toward violent sentiments entirely out of keeping with the actual facts in the poem, and a general prosaic quality throughout. The poetry must be improved—and along certain well-defined lines. There must be a number of simple short poems which are *singable*. There must be simple poems that can be easily remembered, and these poems must deal with actual situations. There must be poems suitable for workers' recitations. The poetry must be *popular* poetry, not simply poetry written for a periodical.

There is another unfortunate feature: the inclusion of too many pieces dealing with European situations. The experiences must deal with the U. S. A., with the lives of the workers in the shops and at home. Notwithstanding the predominance of Hungarian writers and of foreign-language writers there is no story dealing with the attempts of Doak and the Department of Justice to terrorize foreign-born workers in the U. S. A.! This indicates the lack of politicalization.

The fight against imperialist war, for the defense of the Soviet Union, the experiences of the veterans in Washington, the Ohio coal strike, the clothing strike here in New York, the furriers' strike, the Election Campaign of the Communist Party, the sharpening of the crisis, the growth of the white terror, the lynching of Negroes—none of these issues are treated specifically. The crisis appears generally in some of the stories, but its real significance, its real effect on workers is not shown. Not only must

the *Monthly Literary Service* politicalize (thus raising to a higher level) the struggles and hardships of the workers, but it must sound the call to struggle. It must show the militant, organized, revolutionary way out. It also must be an organizer of the working class, in its own way.

An example of almost all these criticisms is Oakley Johnson's piece on the Hunger March of nearly a year ago. This account has no importance in the *Monthly Literary Service*. The struggle against unemployment and mass-starvation has proceeded apace since November 1931, and must be treated in the light of new developments. Furthermore, the piece is merely a reportorial sketch—a type of sketch entirely out of place in the *Monthly Literary Service*, in the first place, and much less important, in the second place, than a piece containing the actual facts integrated into a militant conclusion looking forward to raising the struggle to a higher political level. (As an example: compare this piece with North's article on the Communist Party Convention. North's piece is a good example of revolutionary reportorial work, wherein the facts are integrated into a vast slogan for struggle. It is also literature, having the living, dynamic, militant, forward-looking qualities necessary).

Every revolutionary writer in the U. S. A. must lend his support to this project: it is nothing for us to criticize and stay away. We must participate in the struggle to make of the *Monthly Literary Service* one real living link between workers and writers. We must make of it an actual expression of the workers' struggles throughout the U. S. A. A beginning has been made; we must aid in its successful continuation.

CONRAD KOMOROWSKI.

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*China, by Marc Chadourne. Illustrated by Covarrubias. Covici-Friede, 1932. \$3.00.*

The French original was awarded the Prix Gringoire, which in itself attests to the correctness with which the 'Chinese problem' is treated within its pages. Chadourne travelled thru China on a mission of intellectual *rapprochement*. He is the man on the spot: his book on China appears at a time when French interests in China must be safeguarded *and spread*; his trip took place during days of discussion of French Colonial policy; his book appears at a time when we know the imperialist powers of the world are looking forward to the looting and division of China among themselves and the offensive against the Soviet Union with Japan as the spear-head.

The book is written in a vivid, impressionistic style, and is interesting. But beneath this sugar he has the pill: the pill of his careful, accurate survey of China. He notices not only the customs of the people, the amusing incidents, but also the fortifications, the strategic positions of cities, the importance of certain rivers, etc., and then glides over this by his cynical remarks and joking anecdotes.

His thesis is that the Chinese people are like the Chinese Wall: they will always conquer by mere force of numbers and slyness. They will in various ways slowly penetrate and make anything their own. Every Chinaman contains within himself this wall: a wall he has built and ever keeps repaired against the foreigner. Furthermore, China is a united whole: true, there is exploitation, but basically Chadourne refuses to perceive any class-issues. He sees the Chinese wholly united in a common hate of the foreigner, be he Japanese or Occidental. (Here is the preparation for a united front of foreigners against all China on the ground of self-defense!) Furthermore, all China is 'New China'—the 'revolutionary' China of the years after the Nationalist Revolution. Chadourne sees even the Communist movement and the 80,000,000 workers and farmers in the Soviets as a part of the Nationalist Revolutionary movement, omitting entirely the betrayal of the Nationalist Revolution by the Chinese bourgeoisie, and the subsequent radicalization of the masses.

Needless to say there is an infinitude of facts he has to omit from his account in order to be able to fit all China into his thesis. The Canton Commune is dismissed as having left no repercussions in China. Speaking of Borodin, for example, he says: "China can be conquered neither by force of arms nor by friendship," attempting to make it seem as though all the forces that went to make the Canton Commune possible are absolutely bankrupt. He is an apologist for the imperialist powers in their attacks against the Chinese Communists for he classes the entire movement as bandits, led by religious fanatics, or else Moscow-schooled leaders whom a fanatically-inclined mass follow. Furthermore, Chinese Communism is not Communism: it is a return to an earlier Chinese religious faith masquerading under the name of Communism. In this atavism lies the real appeal of Communism. (How many apologists have said that Communism is a return to early Christianity; or that it is nothing but State Socialism, or a dictatorship, or what not!)

Usually he dismisses the Chinese and the revolutionary movement with some ironic or satiric remark (and in this the drawings of Covarrubias follow Chadourne's tone): for the Chinese he has no respect—they are racketeers or thieves, or opium-dealers, or fit only to be the slaves they are—they are a corrupt race suitable only for the white man's exploitation. For the Japanese he has respect: they are almost the equal of the white man and worth forming alliances with.

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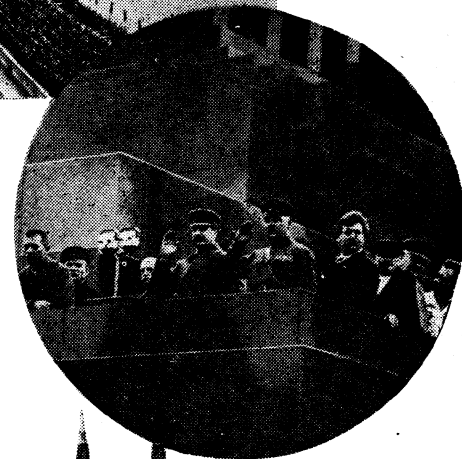
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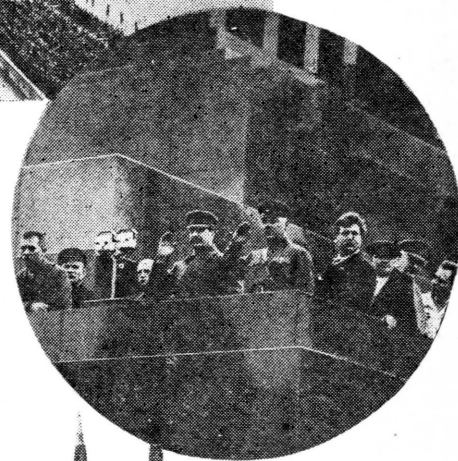
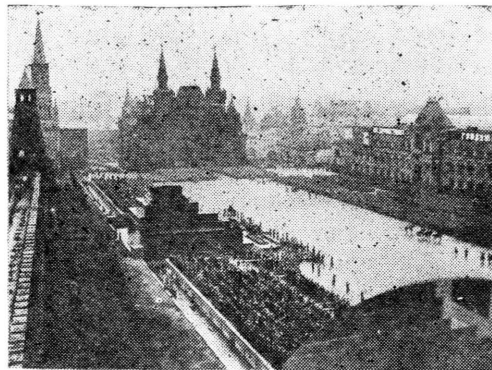
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