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MARCH 13, 1934

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By GEORGE SEVERNY

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**Something to
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ADDRESS

CITY STATE

MARCH 13, 1934

THE case of the United States government against Emil Gardos, Communist Party member and leader in a number of strikes, is one that concerns every American citizen, native or foreign-born. "There is only one loyalty in this country, and that is to the Constitution," said the Federal Judge. Gardos' offence against the government lay in declaring: "I have no loyalty higher than my loyalty to the working class." His citizenship, of six years' standing, was revoked and he is subject to deportation to Fascist Hungary. To liberal minds it must be exceedingly shocking that the Constitution and working class are so far apart that one cannot be loyal to both. But to anyone who understands the class basis of the American Constitution, how, by whom, and for what purpose it was framed, there is no paradox here. No man can be genuinely loyal to the working class and to that constitution which, in the words of James Madison, was to be "a necessary defence against the dangerous influence of those multitudes without property and without principle with which our country, like all others, will in time abound."

JUDGE GEIGER, in revoking the citizenship of Gardos, a Communist organizer, chemical engineer, and former candidate for congressman in Wisconsin, was truly and faithfully following out the spirit of the American constitution. But Gardos learned what so few Americans see, that the Constitution is not for the American working class. As one citizen of Massachusetts said in the debates over the adoption of the Constitution: "These lawyers and men of learning and moneyed men . . . expect to get into Congress themselves; they expect to be the managers of this constitution, and get all the power and all the money into their own hands, and then they will swallow up all us little folks, like they reat leviathan." But the essential, the immediate importance of this case is the precedent it sets, opening up the possibilities of a gradual, but none the less thoroughly Fascist assault upon all



BROAD-MINDED

Del

civil liberties. The Federal court's revocation of citizenship threatens all foreign-born who subscribe to the tenets of the Communist Party and who participate in strikes, or actions of protest. Its aim, one can see, is to drive a wedge between the natives and foreign-born segments of the masses. It is headed in the direction of the dissolution of all radical, all dissident groups. Official intolerance begins always against the less popular, less powerful. Then it proceeds against the stronger, step by step. If the native organizations remain quiet at this first ominous procedure toward abrogation of civil liberties, they will ultimately discover

themselves in the same strait-jacket of absolutism. We cup our ears to listen to clamorous protest from liberal little Miss Perkins. So far, not a murmur.

SPICE BITTINGS, Negro sharecropper, sits in the death cell in Charlotte, N. C., waiting for the "long little march" to the electric chair, March 30. He is to die for committing Dixie's unpardonable crime: he, a Negro, defended his rights. Bittings is charged with the murder of his landlord, T. M. Clayton, known throughout the county as "a man of violent temper, of unsavory habits." Clayton continually had trouble with his tenants,







"WHAT CAN I SAY, AFTER I SAY I'M SORRY."

William Sanderson

whom he could never keep for any length of time. Apparently Bittings was the only tenant who actually defended his rights; for that the state of North Carolina demands his life. Bittings' story is the story of thousands of sharecroppers. Before the white man's court in the South what was his testimony compared to that of a white woman, Clayton's widow? The jury of twelve obtuse, prejudiced Southern farmers deliberated five hours and returned with the inevitable verdict. These farmers were permitted to serve regardless of their preconceived opinion as to Bittings' guilt. Judge W. A. Devin said he was satisfied so long as they expressed willingness to render a verdict on the evidence presented, "without influence of former opinion."

BITTINGS' story was rejected; Mrs. Clayton's taken as gospel truth. The fact that Bittings contended he shot in self-defense; the fact that Clayton had threatened Bittings' two young sons with shooting; the fact that Clayton had withheld food from the cropper's family because he was dissatisfied with the cropper's work, all this was ignored by the jury. Bittings fired after Clayton "put his hand in his left hip pocket." The Negro was captured after "the greatest man-hunt in the history of Person County," as the local papers described it. He was extradited from Sharon, Pa. for trial, which was "expeditious and fair," the Carolina papers boasted. Bittings is scheduled to die March 30; and most likely his case will never become a *cause*

célèbre. But it is typical of two things: first, the growing favor with which the Southern land-owning class views "legal lynching," in order to forestall universal pressure against the cruder kind of lynching, and second, the unspeakably hard lot of the agrarian Negro in sunny Dixie.

A RECENT issue of the N. Y. Herald Tribune proclaims: "200 Bright Boys at Sing Sing to Hear 12 N. Y. U. Professors." Warden Lawes has arranged a series of lectures on "Modern Business" for inmates who, though bright, were evidently not bright enough. "This idea is a mighty fine one," Dean Madden of the School of Commerce explains. "There are many men here who would not have been here five years ago. They committed no strange offenses. They merely carried on the business practices they had been used to. But these practices, with the advent of the depression, became criminal." There are courses in Business Management, Real Estate Outlook, Public Utilities, Corporation Financing, Security Distribution—each of which offers rich rewards for the prisoner who had neglected to bring his business tactics up to date. The warden of course is to be congratulated on this thoroughly Liberal plan of rehabilitating criminals. But he ought to add a few lectures by crack corporation lawyers explaining to these unfortunates how, if they had consulted expert legal advice, all their crimes would have been kept quite within the letter of the law. Surely the 200 Bright

Boys deserve to be shown that a really serious man of enterprise never stoops to *break* the law. That is for pikers only. The true financial leader *uses* the law. He finds that it is not his enemy but his most loyal friend; that the courts were made for him. Indeed, how better restore to the criminal courage, ambition and hope than by teaching him that, with adequate legal advice, a whole empire of unfair profits and unearned wealth lies before him?

THOSE who protest that Communists exaggerate the imminence of Fascism in America should take a look at Imperial Valley, California. Late December the farmers and fruit growers in an effort to prevent a recurrence of successful strikes by fruits, lettuce, nut, and cotton pickers, embarked on one of the most brazen anti-labor campaigns ever attempted. But in less than a month 7,000 lettuce-pickers led by the Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Union went out on strike. Immediately the growers retaliated by jailing and shooting pickets. One month later over 4,000 pea-pickers struck. Immediately the growers instituted another wave of terror assisted by vigilantes, deputies and police armed with machine guns, rifles and tear-gas. This time the tactic failed: 2,000 more walked out, completely tying up the area. The growers decided to hear the strikers' demands, but refused to make real concessions. Whereupon the Los Angeles Regional Labor Board was summoned in the hope of breaking the strike by filling the fields with scabs.



"WHAT CAN I SAY, AFTER I SAY I'M SORRY."

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buildings and at the expense of lofts and tenements. The delinquency rate on real estate taxes in the large cities has been steadily increasing, running from 20 to 40 percent of the total levies. In Texas, for one example, 6 percent of the delinquent tax payers owe 48 percent of the debt. In Chicago the very rich are almost uniformly delinquent. The concomitant of these movements is the curtailment of education and other public welfare activities, such pernicious forms of taxation as the "sales tax," and the passing on of taxes to the small merchant and home owner. The little man must not only suffer the depression, he must pay, and

pay heavily, to preserve the *status quo* and peace of mind of the dominating two percent.

OVER \$1,000 was raised for the Scottsboro defense in San Francisco on March 2 at an auction of paintings, manuscripts, photographs, etc., organized by Langston Hughes and conducted by James Cagney. The contributors list contains some widely known writers and artists: Robinson Jeffers, Carl Van Vechten, Charles Norris, Frank Swinnerton, Anita Loos, Archibald MacLeish, Gertrude Atherton, John Cowper Powys, Roland Hayes—men and women who up to

now have largely remained silent in this major drama of contemporary American life. Common humanity cries out for the defense of these nine Negro lads: the open frame-up forces individuals of varying political opinions to meet on common ground in trying to save the boys. Let all intellectuals, all writers, all artists come forward to their defense; for, obviously, the Southern Bourbons are determined these innocent boys shall either die or rot in prison. We feel that a further examination of the case will lead many of them to a comprehension of the economic and political forces battling for the nine Negro boys' lives.

A Voice to Germany

Edward Dahlberg has just received a "feeler" from a Berlin publishing house. We present a reduced facsimile of the Nazis' letter, together with a translation, in the next column. And the following is Dahlberg's reply to the Nazis' overture:

To Rowohlt Verlag GmbH,
Berlin W 50,
Germany.

To be published today in Germany is a dishonor which I do not want and shall not claim. The very thought of having my two novels appear under the imprint of the swastika murder-sign fills me with such horror that I say to you a thousand times and more, that as long as our fellow-writers, our brothers, are in your torture concentration camps or in exile, that as long as the workers and the intellectuals of Germany are being maimed and killed, no honorable American writer will consent to the publication of his books in Hitler's Charnel-House.

You have boycotted culture. With your rubber truncheons, your fascist clubs and your brown automats, you have beaten and blown the brains out of Germany! Yes, the brains, the genius, the music, the art and the literature! Where are they now! Exiled. Or dead in your brown swamps and woods.

Now that you have driven out of Germany every single writer of talent, and have consigned to the flames to the tune of the Horst Wessel song every

treasure and book of worth and value to the world, your "totalitarian" state is compelled to go beyond its national borders to ask a writer, an un-nordic foreigner, and a Marxist at that, for his books! Among Nazi thieves and bandits there is no honor, not even the naked nationalist, chauvinistic honor they prate so much of.

Doubtless, you are weary and exhausted with storm troop romances. Doubtless, you find the works of the traitor Hans Johst whose hero ex-

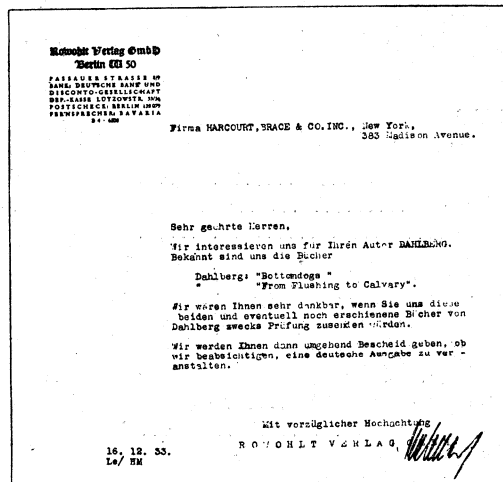
claims: "When I hear the word culture, I get my Browning ready," and the deep empty yawn of Goebbels' novel, *Michael: A German Destiny in Daily Form*, in which the hackenkreuzen nordic seraphs sing, "I trample on your brains! Perish carrion!" and the foul pornographic *Alvaune und der Vampyre* of Heinz Ewers, more than even Nazi sensibilities can any longer withstand.

If you are in such dire need of culture and enlightenment, and on this point alone I am in agreement with you, release Ludwig Renn and Klaus Neukrantz and the hundreds of other writers and artists you have sent to your concentration camps. Recall Berthold Brecht, Egon Irwin Kisch, Theodore Plivier, Johannes R. Becher, G. P. Ulrich, Hans Scheer, Peter Conrad, Heinrich Mann, who are now emigrés, and whose works you have blacklisted.

Not until the forces in Germany and America which are waging a struggle to the end with the Nazis have freed all workers, intellectuals, all anti-fascists who are in your dungeons and jails, and not until the enemies of fascism have torn down the boards with which you have sealed the windows of your Brown House, the Third Reich, let in the light and destroyed Hitlerism can any sincere and honest American writer allow his books to be published in Germany.

I am, as ever, today, tomorrow, and the day after, anti-fascist.

EDWARD DAHLBERG.



Translation of the above letter from the Berlin publishing house (Rowohlt Verlag) to Harcourt, Brace and Company:

"We are interested in your author Dahlberg. His books *Bottomdogs* and *From Flushing to Calvary* are known to us. We would thank you if you would send us these two and any other books that you might have by this author for the purpose of inspection. We shall then let you know immediately whether we can make a German edition."



Reginald Marsh



DINNER HOUR—1934

John Groth



Reginald Marsh



DINNER HOUR—1934

John Groth

F. D. R. Leads; The Banks Follow

CYNICISM (disguised as camaraderie) and deadly determination to keep workers in their place (disguised as concern for their welfare) characterized the attitude of the capitalists and their representatives gathered in Washington to criticize constructively one year of the New Deal.

President Roosevelt's speech before the code authorities assembled in Washington on March 6 summarized the experiences of one year of the New Deal from the standpoint of the government of monopoly capital, and contained conclusions based on those experiences. It indicated more definitely than had previous utterances the attempt to institute "organized capitalism" with a corporative government and profit producing machinery composed of agriculture, industry and banking.

President Roosevelt reserved for a triumphant climax to his speech a congratulatory telegram pledging the support of the American Bankers Association, signed by its president, Francis M. Law.

"On this your first anniversary please allow me," said Mr. Law, "in behalf of the country's banks to express our full confidence and our sincere desire to cooperate in your courageous efforts to bring about recovery . . . there is a definite call now for banks not to extend loose credits or to make improper loans but for a most sympathetic attitude toward legitimate credit needs and for a recognition of responsibility for their proper and vital part in the program of recovery."

The President replied in kind:

"And if the banks come along, my friends, we will have the three great elements of American life working together, *agriculture, industry and the banks*. And then we can't be stopped! . . . That telegram is a living illustration of the progress we have made."

The working class is not in this picture which simply sketches the attempt to correlate the efforts of the three capitalist groupings. For what purpose? The answer to this question was given by President Roosevelt:

"You have set up *representative government* in industry. You are carrying it on *without violation of the constitutional or the Parliamentary system* to which the United States has been accus-

tomed. Your industrial groups are composed of two parts—labor and management; and the government is a participant in this organization in order to carry out the mandate of the law, 'to promote organization in industry for the purpose of cooperative action in trade groups and *to induce and maintain unified action of labor and management under adequate government sanction and supervision*.'" (Our emphasis.)

This is a clear statement. When it is coupled in the next paragraph of the President's speech with the statement that "somebody," meaning the government, "must protect the third group—the consumer — and *that word 'consumer' means the whole American people*," we are given in still more definite terms the goal of N.R.A.—the government functioning, under the guise of protecting the "American people," as the organizer of a class collaboration system in industry for maintenance of capitalism.

"*Representative government in industry*" consists now of the employers and their attorneys. Under Clause 7A company unionism has been given a tremendous impetus, illustrated by the fact that in the steel industry it has embraced 85 percent of the total number of employed workers. Organization, wage and strike movements are fought more viciously by the employers and authorities than ever before.

The President did not even refer to these questions of vital importance to the American working class. As a matter of fact, his statement on self government in industry is an endorsement of company unionism. Even the reactionary Green of the American Federation of Labor was sneered at by General Johnson and booed by the assembled capitalists and their representatives in the best Fascist style when he pleaded for more consideration for the loyal officialdom of "the legitimate labor movement."

As to N.R.A. being carried on "without violation of the constitution or the parliamentary system," etc., nothing is plainer than that N.R.A. is eliminating Congress step by step in favor of what is essentially a presidential dictatorship.

Roosevelt and his N.R.A. are attempting, according to his speech, to solve the basic contradictions of capital-

ism. All groups "with the government must have the interests of all the people as their main responsibility. What we seek is balance," said the President, "in our economic system—*balance between the wage earner, the employer and the consumer*."

The contradiction between agriculture and industry, to mention only one of the contradictions, is described by Lenin as follows:

The impoverishment and the ruin of the agricultural population lead . . . to the formation of a reserve army of labor for capital . . . This source of relative surplus population never dries up. The rural worker is very badly paid and he always has one foot in the morass of pauperism. The basis of small scale production is that the peasant, the small holder, owns the land he tills . . . But such petty production is only compatible with a narrow and primitive type of production . . . Under capitalism, the exploitation of the peasants differs from the exploitation of the industrial proletariat only in point of form. The exploiter is one and the same—the capitalist . . . Capitalists exploit individual peasants by means of mortgages and other kinds of usury; the capitalist class as a whole exploits the peasantry as a whole by the means of state taxes . . . The small-holding system is merely an expedient whereby the capitalist is enabled to extract profit, interest, and rent from the land, while leaving the peasant proprietor to pay himself his own wages as best he may. As a rule, the peasant hands over to capitalist society, i.e., to the capitalist class, part of the wages of his own labor, being reduced to the position of a rack-rented Irish tenant farmer while retaining to outward seeming that of a peasant proprietor.

Since Roosevelt's scheme is based on the more intensive organization of capital (the House of Morgan has just grabbed the \$2,000,000,000 Van Sweringen railway properties), the centralization of all industrial concerns under the codes—and banks—and according to the report of his own Consumers Advisory Board, has already encouraged the spread of monopoly and the setting of monopoly prices, the N.R.A. "improvements" result only in worsening the economic conditions of the workers and poor farmers, with resulting increases in profits of the monopolies.

A huge increase in profits has already occurred on the basis of more systematic robbery of the working class. It is

planned to make the profits larger. This is the hope held out to the capitalists by Roosevelt.

The only fundamental challenge to N.R.A. at the code hearings was delivered by Robert Minor, representing the Central Committee of the Communist Party, and by some of the representatives of the unions of the Trade Union Unity League. It was in these speeches that the question of militarism, armaments and imperialist war was dealt with. N.R.A. and the whole capitalist world reek with the atmosphere of war, but President Roosevelt did not mention the war danger. N.R.A. is supposed to guarantee peace as well as prosperity. With its billion dollar armament appropriations the armament makers undoubtedly feel that peace interferes with prosperity.

Considered in the light of the main

content of his speech, President Roosevelt's proposal that working hours be decreased and wages increased must be taken as a sop to working class opinion and a gesture intended to stop the new rising strike wave. Very probably it was included at the insistence of the A. F. of L. officials, "liberal" and Socialist Party leaders who find it increasingly hard to sell N.R.A. to the workers and ruined farmers. As before, only organized struggle will bring better wages and conditions.

The strengthening of monopoly capital, the continuing rise in prices, the liquidation of C.W.A., the refusal to enact compulsory federal unemployment insurance for workers, the deliberate elimination of Negro workers from industry in the South, backed by continual terror, the increase of production compared with payrolls and workers' in-

come, the new drive against Communists by the A. F. of L. bureaucracy and the Socialist Party leaders, fit into the whole scheme of the Roosevelt anniversary speech.

The refusal of of the united front against Fascism and imperialist war by the Socialist leaders at this time is no mere coincidence. It means what the Roosevelt speech means—a speeding up of the attacks on the American masses, more drastic efforts to force American workers into the mold of the Roosevelt corporative state with monopoly capital in the saddle.

The class struggle sharpens all along the line. The only effective reply to the Roosevelt program is the ceaseless effort to build the united front of workers for struggle against hunger, Fascism and war inherent in that program, for the revolutionary way out of the crisis.

A Fascist on Parade

THE murder gangs marched out on the platform of Mecca Temple and went through maneuvers. They wore clothes of different colors—silver shirts, khaki shirts, brown shirts and black shirts. They carried clubs, whips, blackjacks; automatics were strapped at their belts, their boots were heavy (although they trod with shadow-softness). Their maneuvers were in pantomime—not a word spoken, not a command heard—but their purpose was clear and clearly carried out. They made sudden raids: a dozen or more at a time descended on a group of unarmed workers and shot them down. The wounded they dragged to police stations, the dead they threw into the rivers, sown in sacks. They split up into detachments and with ghastly silent sadistic laughter they whipped and tortured the prisoners. They invaded schools and fastened iron muzzles on the teachers; they terrorized the pupils. They listened at keyholes, they snouted through mail sacks; then at a given signal they debouched into the hunt, always in packs, always many against one or two. With sudden bursts of machine-gun fire they turned meetings into shambles. They broke into places where people were listening to music and they made the music stop; they invaded museums and smeared a legend of filth and hatred

across the gathered wisdom and culture of ages. Their destructive energy quickened in tempo, became an orgy. (But always they rescued and protected the wealthy, the powerful and evil.) When their maneuvers were done, the scene was desolate, a vast prison, a cultural desert, and a place of seething, desperate battle. Great masses strained toward unity in order to overcome them, while the shadowy murder gangs rushed here and there, shooting, stabbing, clubbing, torturing, ever faster and with more of desperation, while the scene played itself swiftly out. The destruction complete, the murder gangs formed in rigid lines, raised their right hands in salute, and turned expectant faces to the center of the stage of Mecca Temple, where Lawrence Dennis was saying smoothly:

"Fascism proposes to set the economic machine in motion in the interests of human welfare."

He is a polished speaker, Dennis. Onto the suave surface of a university accent has been brushed the additional lacquer of the diplomatic corps. No harsh phrases fall from his lips; he is painstakingly polite and very, very, urbane. But this is what he meant, nevertheless; the regime of Fascist terror in America. The particular audience he was addressing in Mecca Temple, gathered together by THE NEW

MASSES and the Press League to hear him uphold the Fascist position against Clarence Hathaway, editor of the Daily Worker, was if anything, calmer than Dennis. Curious to see and hear something that a New York audience had not been offered before, a Fascist intellectual leader explaining himself, they examined him for five minutes or so and made up their minds about him. They knew Dennis was a very hollow jug indeed, and thereafter they sat back and laughed at him.

They laughed at his economics, his history, his politics; at his dismissal of the class struggle as "irrelevant," and his puerile embroidering of the theme, "You can't change human nature." The spectacle was in fact grimly humorous: Dennis trying to tell this audience of workers and intellectuals that Fascism would cure the evils of capitalism—and the audience checking his statements point by point, against their sure and certain knowledge of what Fascism has accomplished in practice—in Italy, Germany, Poland, the Balkans. To say that Hathaway destroyed the Fascist position in this debate is beside the point; there was no position to destroy. Once off his favorite thesis that workers (and capitalist scoundrels and swindlers) are first of all patriots and good citizens—once past his thinly veiled threat to arouse against the revolution-

ary working class the dark forces of chauvinism, Dennis had nothing to offer except an apology for the Fascist terror in Europe on the score that Fascism was still "in transition."

Dennis himself, in fact, seems to be a long chalk from the ideal Fascist demagogue and storm troop organizer. Their man on horseback probably will

be someone a good deal more forceful and clever. But in the main, whoever *der führer* may turn out to be, the "intellectual" approach will be the same: rally round the flag, destroy the unions, destroy the political organizations of the workers, drive out or silence every creative artist, raise terror against Negroes, Jews, Catholics, murder, torture,

imprison, and thus wipe out of existence everything that threatens to put a final end to the decaying capitalist system. The answer was given by Clarence Hathaway in his opening words of the debate:

"Between a Fascist and a Communist nothing can be settled by debate. This issue will be decided on the barricades."

Farthest North in Race Hatred

IF THE document presented below had originated in a Ku Klux Klan center of the Black Belt it would even then have been notable for the crassness of its effort to stir up contempt for the Negro people. But it comes from the North, where anti-Negro sentiment is supposed to be taboo: Nyack, N. Y., to be exact. A few weeks ago the pupils of two ninth-grade classes in English of the Junior-Senior High School were handed this questionnaire and asked to characterize the statements in it as "true or false." We quote:

The difference between the black and white races is not of mere degree, but of kind.

The educated Negro is less of a burden on the courts and less likely to become a dependent or a defective than the educated white man.

No Negro should hold office of trust, honor, or of merit.

The Negro should not be simply a doormat of American civilization.

I place the Negro on the same social basis as I would a mule.

The Negro should be given the same educational advantages as the white man.

The inability of the Negro to develop outstanding leaders dooms them to a low place in society.

No Negro has the slightest right to protest or even question the illegal killing of one of his race.

The Negro is by no means fit for social equality with the commonest white man.

I would not patronize a hotel that accommodated Negroes.

It is possible for the white and Negro races to be brothers in Christ without becoming brothers-in-law.

The Negro should have the advantage of all social benefits of the white man, but be limited to his own race in the practice thereof.

Negroes must undergo many years of civilization before they may be said to reach the social level of the white man.

Negroes should not be allowed to mingle with whites in any way.

Although the Negro is inferior mentally, he has a fuller, and deeper religious life than the white man, and thus has an emphatic claim upon our social approval.

In our efforts to help the Negro we must not blind ourselves to the definite and marked difference which actually exist between the two races.

The white man has clearly shown the dominance of his race and should continue to exercise his power of leadership over the Negro.

A great majority of Negroes should be treated as well-trained apes.

Social recognition should be based on culture without regard to color.

I believe that the Negro is entitled to the same educational and social privileges as the white man.

The feeble-mindedness of the Negro limits him to a social level just a little above that of the highest dumb animals.

Christopher Jones, one of the three Negro pupils, refused to hand in answers. The rest of the class made no objection. But as soon as the story leaked out, the Negro population of Nyack seethed with indignation, forcing a protest to be filed with the school board by the Colored Civic League.

An effort was made by Assemblyman Robert Bernstein of Harlem to introduce a resolution to investigate the Nyack Board of Education. The Republican floor leader objected, and under the unanimous consent rule the resolution was automatically killed.

The League of Struggle for Negro Rights, a national organization of Negroes and whites, upon investigating the circumstances, demanded of the New York State Board of Education the "immediate removal of the principal of the Nyack school and the removal of all members of the Nyack Board of Education who sanctioned this vicious

attempt to instil in the minds of the white pupils that Negroes are inferior."

They received an explanation from K. R. MacCalman, Nyack Superintendent of Schools. It appears that A. J. Manske, a graduate student under Dr. Briggs of Columbia University, "has been making a racial survey of the opinions of school children. For this purpose he has been using a questionnaire put out by the University of Chicago. He claims to have given this questionnaire in Fort Lee, N. J., and quite a few other Eastern and Middle West schools." It came to Nyack when Manske requested two fellow graduate students, Mr. Campbell of the Nyack senior high school and Mr. Templin of the junior high school, to "co-operate." The questionnaire was mailed to and received by Templin and Campbell who gave it to their pupils without consulting the principal.

What can be a possible excuse for such a questionnaire: An objective study of the reaction by high school children to "the Negro question"?—a psychological exploration of the minds of American adolescents? Assuming the motives to have been purely scientific, the positive results of such an inquiry are overwhelmingly outweighed by its potential dangers. To suggest to the highly impressionable adolescent mind the very possibility of answering "yes" to such a question as "I place the Negro on the same social basis as I would a mule," is outrageous.

The League of Struggle for Negro Rights is now organizing a protest meeting in Nyack as the first step in its campaign to prevent the University of Chicago, Columbia University, and other institutions of learning from sponsoring in the future any prejudice-building questionnaires in the name of higher education.

Soviet Republic No. 2

IT REQUIRED America sixteen years to officially recognize one unpleasant but obvious fact: the existence of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. Today the American Congress is faced with another similarly unpleasant, but inescapable fact: the Chinese Soviet Republic. One-fourth of China is Red! Soviet China is bigger than any capitalist country in western Europe—an area totalling 1,348,180 square kilometers with a population of nearly seventy-five millions! Of this vast land 681,255 kilometers are “stable”—guerilla warfare does not flare over the countryside as it does along the outer regions.

What Wan Min, leader of the Chinese Communist Party, reported concerning the Red Army is probably of most interest to the American War Department: the fifth Communist Suppression campaign of Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek resulted in the defeat of 40 Kuomintang divisions, 18 of which were totally crushed. Prisoners taken: 80,000; rifles captured, 140,000; machine-guns, 1,390; airplanes, six. And to top it all, thirty thousand Kuomintang troops raised the Red Flag and swarmed across a Chinese No Man's Land to fraternize with and join their Red Brothers. One year ago the Red Army had slightly over 200,000 men and about 400,000 in guerilla detachments and Red Guards. Today the regular forces total 350,000 and the irregulars about 600,000. And “first of all,” Wan Min reported, “we have

strengthened the Communist and proletarian cadres within the Army.” A fact which must cause the greatest perturbation to those inclined to classify the Chinese Red Army as detachments of ragged bandits whose principal aim is to ravage the countryside and kidnap Methodist missionaries.

What is needed today is another John Reed to penetrate into Soviet China and emerge with another *Ten Days That Shook the World*. He would describe how in dusty, century-old Kiangsi district over 500 industrial, consumers and credit cooperatives have been established; decrees have been passed granting to workers the management of industry and control of the sale of land. Revolutionary competition exists among the liberated masses; the Russian Soviet technique of “shock brigades” brings miracles of proletarian achievement here too. The emancipation of women proceeds at swift pace, one-fifth to two-fifths of the various Soviet organizations consist of women. The first Communist University, named after Karl Marx, has been established in the capital of the republic, the city of Suikin; there is free education, pupils are supplied with food and text books (excepting only the children of the well-to-do farmers).

These marvels of achievement represent colossal sacrifices by China's youth. Imperialist armies lurk on the seaboard, waiting for the most appropriate time to attack the Second Soviet state in the world. World imperialism

is aiding and abetting Chiang Kai Shek in his attempt to suppress the Communists. How else can Washington explain the supply of 40 million dollars under the guise of a “cotton and wheat” loan. A further 40 millions have been advanced under the so-called aviation loan, which permits the construction of 850 military planes in America for the Nanking armies; 150 of those planes have already gone into service. Every day ships loaded with munitions, machine guns, tanks, airplanes and chemicals from the United States, Great Britain, Germany, Japan, France, etc., unload in Chinese ports. The Nazi General Von Seeckt, as well as over 70 officers of the Hitler general staff, are working out the military strategy. The social-democrat Grazesinski and his former assistant in the Berlin police presidency, Weiss, have come to Nanking to reorganize the Kuomintang police force. The American, Japanese, British, French and Italian navies are in virtual possession of the principal Chinese ports. If they sailed away tomorrow, China would go Red the next day. And Wan Min, speaking on behalf of his countrymen striving like veritable supermen against terrific odds (and Celestial China has witnessed enormous battles in its many thousand years of history) appeals to all the masses of the world, to all who oppose imperialism, to demand “Hands Off China” and permit four hundred million workers and peasants to order their own lives.

Dimitroff

GEORGE SEVERNY

WHAT proletarian heart does not leap with pride and confidence in the cause of revolution at the very mention of the name Dimitroff? A veteran leader of the Bulgarian working class, a rather obscure figure on the vast revolutionary horizon, has almost overnight become a shining symbol of revolutionary courage and defiant resistance to reaction. Millions of workers today clutch at every bit of news about the man, at any information depicting his life of struggle and his source of strength.

Yet, a life story, however short, of George Dimitroff as an individual is impossible. There is no singling out the man. Like all true revolutionary leaders he does not stand alone but merges with the class that he has led and followed. His life story, therefore, is essentially the life story of the Bulgarian working class. To know Dimitroff and his qualities is to know the steady growth, the irresistible surge of revolution.

Born 51 years ago in the capital of Bulgaria, Sofia, George Dimitroff joined in the

struggles of his class at an early age. When the pioneer of Socialism in Bulgaria, Dimitri Blagoeff, organized a party, young George became one of his first disciples. The Bolshevik-Menshevik split of the Russian Social-Democrats in 1903 came to Bulgaria a few years later and divided the Socialists into “broad” and “narrow” factions, with Dimitroff and Blagoeff leading the latter. The ensuing struggle between the reformist, petty-bourgeois policy of the “broads” and the revolutionary, class-war policy of the “narrows” is

an inspiring chapter in the history of the Bulgarian labor movement. By 1910 the "narrow" were leading a most militant trade union campaign, winning victory after victory in town and country. The bourgeoisie, arrogant, stubborn and in the midst of preparations for a war of conquest and "liberation" against Turkey, responded with wholesale persecution. Dimitroff earned the everlasting fear and hatred of the bosses. Time and again he was arrested and beaten, time and again he came out to win new victories. The workers of Sofia gave a fitting answer to these attacks by electing him to the National Assembly.

The war period of 1912, 1913 and 1915 was one of crisis. But it was also a period of clarification, of sharp, painful lessons in working class politics. The "broad" Socialists had by now completely exposed themselves as out-and-out traitors and opportunists and were marching fast toward their present oblivion. They were thus cheated of their historic "right" to render real service to the bourgeoisie in time of need,—they could not do in Bulgaria what their confrères did in Germany. But trust the bourgeoisie to find "leaders" ready to deceive and subdue the masses! In September 1918, the peasants and workers shedding their blood for czar and fatherland, suddenly left the trenches and marched on Sofia to establish their own government. Panic-stricken, the bourgeoisie looked around for their St. George and found him right under their paws—in jail. He was Alexander Stambolisky, convicted wheat speculator, hero of the Declosier affair, and—leader of the Agrarian Party. He was handed power, a new king was enthroned, the "revolution" was accomplished, and the bourgeoisie breathed again.

A blustering demagogue now confronted the revolutionary workers and peasants. The railroad strike of 1919 revealed Stambolisky as a vicious strike-breaker. The "narrow" came out under a new and well-earned name—the Communist Party of Bulgaria—and defied him. Led by Dimitroff, Kolaroff and Dr. Maximoff, the Communists in the Assembly tore at his "Agrarian Bulgaria" dream and his pet plan for a kulak dictatorship. To these attacks Stambolisky gave the only answer he had—jail for the supposedly immune Communist deputies, mass arrests of workers and deliberate provocation. . . . A bomb explosion at the St. Cyril celebration in 1922 was used as the excuse to smash the Communist organizations and destroy the leaders. Hoodlums attacked the barely completed party clubhouse and burned it. To make the frame-up real, Stambolisky put a price on Dimitroff's head. Only the courage and quick wit of a woman worker saved Dimitroff from certain death. His actual hiding place was also watched, yet he slipped away without a scratch and without arousing the slightest suspicion.

It is clear now, as it was then that Stambolisky was heading for the abyss. Hints for

a peasant-worker united front against the bourgeoisie he answered with sneers and renewed terror. Crazed by power, he was walking into the trap set by the bourgeoisie who needed him no longer. By pitching peasant against worker, he played into their hands and headed for a nasty fall. And it came—swift and sure. In the small hours of June 9, 1923, a militarist coup overthrew his government. He was trapped in his country estate, shot like a dog. Officers hacked his mountainous hulk of a body to pieces.

With Stambolisky gone and the openly Fascist regime of Professor Tzankoff in full swing, the peasants of Bulgaria quickly realized the perfidy of their former leader and the deadly danger facing them. Now they could hear the call for a united front clearly, and sweeping away kulak opposition they began to answer it. Under the withering fire of the professors and generals in power, the "smitchka" between peasants and workers proceeded apace; suffering heavy losses, yet growing. By all indications the revolution in Bulgaria was entering the first stages of decisive struggle.

From this point the story of Dimitroff must include the story of the Dimitroff family as a whole. What a family! What dynamos of energy, what elemental faith and devotion, what willingness to sacrifice everything, everything for the revolution! They read like the roster of a revolutionary army. Their casualties are appalling, their fortitude amazing, their victories inspiring.

By right of seniority and untold suffering and sacrifice, first place goes to old Mother Paraskeva (Baba Patsa) Dimitrova, the widowed, octogenarian mother. Of her eight children—six sons and two daughters—three, Nikolai, Kostadin and Todor, have died a violent death, victims of reaction; one of her daughters, Ellena, today roams the world an exile. Only three, Linna, Boris and Ljuban, have remained with her—for the time being. To make her cup full, a young nephew was taken out of school recently and sentenced to eight years, hard labor. Every hour, day and night, a militarized cop stands guard in her home on Opolchenska Street in Sofia. To the gang in power, Mother Dimitrova is a "breeder of traitors," her family a "brood of conspirators," her home a "nest of Communism."

All this would be enough to shatter the heart and kill any mother. Mother Dimitrova, frail, sweet and brimming with good nature, took the blows like a true revolutionary—without a murmur and hardly a tear. The revolution is all that matters. The revolution is good, it is for the masses who slave and starve and die in wars of plunder. That her sons and daughters were good she knew better than anyone. They were revolutionaries, selfless fighters staking their lives for a new and better, much better, world. She had seen a hundred times how the workers love and trust her son George, and how he trusts them. When police and troops attacked pro-

test meetings addressed by him, the workers formed human barricades to hide and spirit him away, defended him with open breasts and bare hands, in spite of clubs and bullets. She was too old to join them, but young enough to nurse their wounds. Any time of day or night she and her younger daughter, Ellena, their faces weary, their skirts spattered with mud, could be seen tramping through the working-class districts of Sofia to visit families of class-war prisoners and cheer the sick and wounded. When prisoners were held incommunicado and all attempts to reach them failed, Mother Dimitrova had a way of getting through. She haunted police stations and prison gates.

As the sharpening struggle engaged her sons and daughters one by one, this composite Mother Mooney and Mother Bloor, remained steadfast. When black reaction took first toll and her eldest son, Nikolai, lost his legs from frost and died in a Czarist katorga in Siberia, she calmly made arrangements to bring his Jewish widow and two children to Sofia. The loss of her fourth son, Kostadin, killed in the Balkan wars of 1913, was the hardest blow to her—he fell in a struggle not his own, unwilling victim of imperialist war.

Then came the horrors of September, 1923. Bloody Professor Tzankoff saw the rapid spread and potential power of the workers' and peasants' united front and decided to drown it in blood. Without even offering a reason, he moved with naked sword on the Communist Party, Left Agrarians and all the workers' and peasants' organizations. Night after night and throughout the country, police with hand grenades, steel-helmeted troops, and White Guard "spitz" commands, raided the homes of workers and peasants, killing, jailing, torturing. Indeed, only a learned sadist, only a "scientist" like Tzankoff could conceive and perpetrate these nights of St. Bartholomew. The carnage was such that many workers and peasants lost self-control and decided that fighting back was better than dying meekly like sheep. Spontaneous uprisings flared. Seeing that open conflict was inevitable, the revolutionary leaders, headed by Dimitroff, sought to co-ordinate the scattered forces and make a show of resistance. It was clear, however, that Tzankoff had stolen a march on them. The uprisings were ruthlessly suppressed and thousands of workers lost their lives. With remnants of the revolutionary army, Dimitroff and other leaders crossed into Yugoslav territory—exiles.

Yet Tzankoff was far from satisfied. He could jail, torture and kill workers en masse, but he could not kill their revolutionary spirit. So he decided to "finish" it. On April 16, 1925, the Sofia cathedral was blown up by provocateurs. Again the masses paid with hecatombs of blood and sorrow, once more reaction struck at Mother Dimitrova and the revolution. Her youngest son, Todor, a graduate gymnasist, was arrested with hundreds of other students and so fiendishly tortured by the police that he expired in their hands.



GEORGE DIMITROFF

Esther Kriger



GEORGE DIMITROFF

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Fearing a general outburst of indignation, they declared him a suicide. Workers saw Todor hanging on his own belt in the prison toilet—one eye blinded by a bayonet, his feet touching the floor—a horrible fake that fooled nobody. Her daughter Ellena was also arrested, tortured for secrets and then suddenly released. Warned that the police intended to use her as a guide to Communist hideouts, she managed to elude her shadowers, cover up her tracks and with the aid of friends pick up the "underground railroad" for Yugoslavia. Two young women who took part in this rescue paid with their chastity and lives.

So the bourgeoisie did it. They did in Bulgaria what Lenin said they would do anywhere. Their sadistic malice and bestiality was hastening their doom and cutting off the last shreds of their hold on the masses. An unbridgable chasm, rivers of blood and heaps of rotting corpses, divided the workers and peasants from their now thoroughly hated masters.

The history just recounted, known in Bulgaria as "The Events," is the death sentence against the bourgeoisie signed by their own hands, brought about by their own deeds. They won a provoked, unequal struggle, exacted a bloody toll—and lost Bulgaria. They wanted to finish the revolution and succeeded in finishing themselves. Even their most

prominent writer was compelled to declare that "they butchered the masses as the Turk never did." They stood exposed beyond recall and redemption as the real enemies of the country. Drunk with blood and defiant at first, they sobered up and were afraid. An otherwise small incident about this time, the single-handed battle fought by a trapped worker, known as Borimechka, on the outskirts of Sofia, startled them. For 24 hours this worker manned a ditch and roared with bullets and home-made grenades at a horde of police, troops and "spitz" commands, until his life, which they wanted for nothing, had been sold to them at a high price. When army officers called him hero and one of them confided that "the glorious Bulgarian Army is no more, the epic warriors of old have turned Red," consternation in the Fascist camp verged on panic. What would happen if all workers rose together and fought like that?

Hence the subsequent change of front, the haste to put on sheep's clothing and try conciliation. Butcher Tzankoff was quietly removed and milder regimes, offering concessions, amnesties and—democracy, took their turn. The "broad" Socialists were asked to help—and they consented. The bourgeoisie washed off the blood stains, praying and hoping that the workers would let bygones be by-

gones and that the day of reckoning would be somehow averted. Meanwhile, the "liberal" governments came and went without interesting the masses and "liberalism" was tried once and never repeated. The Soviet film *Road to Life* was allowed a run in the largest movie house in Sofia. Then, when the workers turned the occasion into a gigantic, thunderous demonstration of solidarity with the Soviet Union, when audience after audience stood up and cheered and the rafters shook with the mass singing of *The Internationale*, the film was removed within two days. As with liberalism, so with democracy. In the Sofia municipal elections of 1932 the suppressed Labor bloc won a huge majority, without a single public meeting, without a leaflet on the streets. The bourgeois parties, with all their fanfare, pressure and flood of oratory, won a handful of stool-pigeons. The rulers, of course, forgot democracy instantly and as though anxious to prove the Communist thesis, cancelled the elections as "treasonable."

And Sofia is by no means an exception. Town after town, village after village have been declared "treasonable" in Bulgaria. The silent, and now well-protected "smitchka" of workers and peasants has spread far and wide, until today, even kulak households are shot through with revolution, dividing son from father and brother from brother.

Something to Believe In

REBECCA PITTS

THERE is a very old human problem which is getting, of late, a great deal of attention from our bourgeois critics. They present it, however—these anti-Marxists—as if it were a mystery too holy for any but the elect few to understand; and as if they guarded this mystery from which all of us who hate capitalism are eternally debarred. Briefly, the problem is that of personal integrity—or sincerity, as Confucius called it—or individuality and self-awareness. There are other terms, also, which sometimes sound different and even contradictory; for many men have arrived at this condition by seemingly different ways, and their names for it are many. It is a mystery—how the confused and divided personality can reach harmony and wholeness; and those who can have a right to be called "the elect." But have our bourgeois critics earned the right to defend this mystery against Marxism; and, indeed, do they even *understand* the condition they assume to be lacking in all workers and revolutionary intellectuals?

These considerations arise as one reads Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch's essay, "What the People Want," in the *Nation* of December 27. "Is it not possible, even," he says, "that some revolutionists have become what they are be-

cause they found difficulty with themselves as individuals, and discovered in the professional denunciation of the capitalist system a very successful means of running away from the selves which they dared not face?" This exquisitely arrogant remark (with its implication somehow inserted that acceptance of capitalism reveals a "self" that one can likewise accept) reminds me of an essay by Mr. Allen Tate in the *Hound and Horn* (Vol. VI, No. 2). In reviewing Phelps Putnam's poem, *The Five Seasons*, Mr. Tate says: "Hell is the modern world, and the ascent from it, the salvation of the hero—in whose salvation, if it is valid, we shall be able to participate—*will not be found in quick rationalizations of personal or social crises*. It is the mastery of individual experience: Putnam's work began before the Depression and, unaffected by it, it goes its way. . . . His concern is his hereditary New England *problem of individual integrity . . . that qualitative and thus indefinable balance of the soul called grace*." (Italics mine—R.P.) Here of course the emphasis is on the search *for* rather than the possession of this integrity, but the point is similar: man's central and most difficult moral task is self-cultivation; and a devotion to Communism is merely escape and evasion. I

believe that we should reply to this challenge—and in its own terms.

Explained in naturalistic terms, the state of personal integrity is no doubt a balance and harmony between the various instincts and impulses within the individual (so that he acts as a whole man and is not at war with himself) combined with a deeply felt adjustment to the world. This happy state is none too often achieved by civilized—and especially modern—man; it is not surprising that religious people explain it as a visitation of divine grace. People who can maintain this balance most of the time live richer lives, of course, than others do: richer in conscious meaning and purpose.

Until the advent of a characteristically "modern" attitude (which I am going to describe presently as characteristically *bourgeois*) there were only two really fundamental positions a man could take toward personal salvation. One I shall call—for the sake of clarity—the attitude of religious faith. The other—likewise for clarity in this discussion—I shall call the attitude of naturalistic faith. The world is still largely divided (in so far as men look for salvation at all) into these two great camps. In emotional attitude these positions correspond, roughly,

to the intellectual camps of which Engels liked to speak: the philosophies of idealism and materialism.

The religious position is fundamentally pessimistic, to speak broadly, and dualistic. That is, it assumes that significant reality lies, not in the world of sense-perceptions and daily living, but in a spiritual world quite different in essence and purpose from this. The plane of material experience is either Maya, or complete illusion, as the Orientals have it, or at best a diseased and transitory form of spirit, as the medieval Christian felt. Consequently the material world is evil, to be renounced and if possible forgotten; it is with an ultramundane, spiritual Reality (or God), which he takes on faith, that the believer is united in a state of "grace." Logically, therefore, the purposes and processes of physical life are unimportant—even vile; Death takes on a significance with which life is not endowed; there is the cult of asceticism, and a reluctant compromise (for the sake of the many) with the necessary evils of sex and worldly activity. The great religions have not had the betterment of human living as their goal, but the conversion of sinners; and schools, hospitals, and charities sprang from the desire to acquire virtue rather than the wish to make *life* more beautiful.

The religious position, however (in spite of its negation of life) is thoroughly logical if one can only achieve this faith beyond logic; and it offers—again, if one *can* go the whole way—a kind of complete "salvation," or "grace," to the individual soul. In saying this I am thoroughly aware of the fact that ruling classes have, from the beginning of history, utilized religion as a means of keeping the masses contented with a very little. We can even go further and show that the very genesis of a "spiritual" faith is historically conditioned. That is, this profound turning away from life and from the world takes place on a large scale only in periods of social stagnation and despair; while as soon as economic and cultural developments provide opportunity for whole populations, men love the world and are of it as well as in it. These truths, nevertheless, need not blind us to the fact that, for at least some individuals, religious faith has offered a way to harmony instead of disharmony and integrity rather than division of spirit. In so far as faith has been emotionally real (not a mere way of describing the universe), and in so far as men have truly renounced worldly aims and egotisms, they have found themselves reborn, into a felt identification with "God," or the "spiritual world."

The faith I am calling "naturalistic" is an emotional attitude almost entirely the antithesis of religion. In the first place, it grounds itself solidly on a materialistic foundation—in the sense that it assumes ultimate Reality (whatever that is) to lie in the realm of matter and nature. It invokes no world of the spirit distinct from the world of nature and transcending it in reality and importance. Spirit and thought and value rise from and

depend upon their physical soil in a kind of unbroken continuity. In the second place, naturalistic faith differs from religion not only in its description of the universe, but in its emotional attitude toward life. Fundamentally optimistic, even radiant in its acceptance of natural processes, it proclaims the beauty of sex and the body, the organic unity of all living things, and the rich potentialities of human life.

Back of the experience of many sages and great personalities (as well as that of lesser men who also reached inner harmony and wholeness), one finds this faith in the ultimate goodness of life. It was alive in Confucius and the Greeks; in a thinner and more abstract form it inspired the French Enlightenment; on Whitman's lips it became a magnificent and sonorous chant. Faith in the destiny of life, and some felt identification with its purposes (so that a man no longer lives for himself, but for an organic whole, of which he is only a part): this faith likewise has conferred salvation upon its participants.

In D. H. Lawrence, one of the most tragic figures of our century, this need to achieve personal integrity was crucial. More poignantly than most men he realized that one does not reach this goal by intellectual assent to any creed; and that it was precisely there that the Enlightenment and all it stood for had failed. Man needs to *feel* reality—to have faith, and to participate in reality where it is most real. For Lawrence (since he thought the intellect would merely betray us), this reality lay only in blind instinctive sensualism. He tried hard to believe, therefore, that this instinctive life was good; and perhaps his inability to believe this with all his being is the measure of his failure to achieve the wholeness he desired. The meaning of his highly symbolic career, however, is that man may complete himself through a deeply felt identification with the natural order and its purposes.

There is a precarious third position with regard to this problem of personal integrity—a position to which many of our highly superior bourgeois critics have found themselves reduced. It is an individualistic and solitary position: characteristically "modern" in its lack of positive faith, and "bourgeois" in its emphasis on a certain condition that is felt to be fine and desirable *for the individual*.

A lack of positive faith—in anything—is of course the specifically modern dilemma. Even T. S. Eliot, who has led so many of his contemporaries to test again the validity of religion—even he can say that he awaits "the great genius who shall triumphantly succeed in believing *something*." He has seen the profound truth that was in the religious experience (in the days when men could and did believe); but it is no glowing sense of the imminence of a spiritual order that has driven him to religion. Or at least we have a right to suspect this, since even his latest work is wistful and nostalgic—not passionately sure; and since he still talks about the

triumphant genius who *can believe*. Perhaps he and his disciples wish to acquire the state of soul they find admirable in St. Thomas—a by-no-means despicable ambition; but the emphasis, you see, is on their own salvation—not on the spiritual order in which they are trying to believe.

The modern world is scarcely less hard on man's faith in life and its purposes than on his faith in God. Mr. Krutch himself is best known for his statement of bourgeois scepticism in *The Modern Temper*. Certainly the bleak and dehumanized world of modern physics seems too cold for man to feel at home there; and a good many of the findings of psychology—not to mention the chaos of the contemporary scene—*seem* to discourage a faith in the purpose and destiny of human life. It is in such darkness that Mr. Krutch (and hundreds of others) are trying to live humane lives, and to cultivate "selves" which they can face daily without difficulty.

Mr. Krutch is distressingly vague concerning this ability (which revolutionists, he adds, do not possess) to face our "selves." (He is clear, in fact, only on the one point that professional revolutionists have failed, and therefore are running away—to denounce capitalism.) Mr. Krutch, however, is a thoroughgoing sceptic; neither religion nor faith in life has conferred upon him this courage he has—the courage to face himself and to accept capitalism. Until he explains himself more clearly, therefore, we have a right to consider him a confused individualist, for whom the world is important only as it feeds the ego of Joseph Wood Krutch. In fact, we have a right to deny that he understands the very *meaning* of real integrity.

In the experience of any man who achieves great sincerity and wholeness, the "common denominator of reality" is a psychological change, a re-birth of personality, an emergence of something qualitatively new—so that he looks at his world with new eyes and sees himself in a new and *functionally subordinate* relationship to it.

And what has brought this change about? In every case (whether you analyze the biography of St. Francis, for example, or Lenin) there has been added—first—some *great faith*, a perception of meaning and destiny in the world. It may be faith in God and a spiritual order; or a simple faith in the destiny of natural life; or it may be faith in the historic mission of the working-class to assist at the birth of a new humanity. But it must be *faith*; and it must be vital. Mere intellectual assent is not enough. For men do not give their lives away unless they have a dynamic confidence in the reality of that for which they give them.

A dynamic faith leads naturally, then, to the second step in this psychological process—a step which for simplicity's sake I have called "giving one's life away." And at this point we reach the heart of the human mystery, and the profoundest experience of which men are capable. What it means to give one's life away has been stated in different terms by

different men; but beneath their varied mythologies or philosophies lies the one central experience. The personalistic ego, with its claims and ambitions and fretful hopes and fears, has been laid aside. In comparison with the great reality (whatever it is) in which the man has faith, his personal gain and loss are seen as trivial; all activity, indeed, is meaningless except in relation to this reality. This does not mean that the individual must despise himself or the work he does. He merely perceives that his ego is a broken fragment—a splinter from some great whole; and that fullness of life lies in self-subordinating identification with this whole.

The natural result of such a deep change in one's feelings and perceptions is a transformation also in one's practical, effective acts. That is, the inner re-adjustment demands a disciplined effort to express one's new vision, somehow, in the world of action. Even the most other-worldly religions have recognized this truth—in their insistence on various difficult vows, penances, and renunciations. In any case, however, it is patient daily activity which realizes and makes permanent this newly conceived relationship between the ego and his world.

In other words, men achieve a genuine, incorruptible wholeness and sincerity within themselves in just that degree with which they really *can* surrender their lives to a reality greater than themselves. For as the personality slowly sheds its egotistical aims, and moves toward this surrender, there is a truly dialectical change; a new self emerges—with a new awareness and new purposes, which are integrated because they are relative to ends and values beyond the individual. A man who has thus identified his own purposes with greater purposes, has achieved integrity in the pure sense of that term; but the harmony within himself is a mere by-product of this identification. It is a genuine harmony, however, for when self-seeking in all forms (subtle or crude) is no longer the central fact in one's existence, it is possible to lead the "good life."

On the contrary, people may give intellectual assent to a certain point of view, and even become more or less "sincere" workers for its cause, without ever having felt any deep surrender, or renunciation of personal ambitions. Such people (the majority of the race) remain at war within themselves—victims of vanity, greed, and incompatible hopes. They may or may not betray great causes; but they always prove corruptible in some way when a serious crisis comes. We at once think of union leaders who sell out the workers when they have a chance to become rich; or social-democrats who prefer a bourgeois cabinet position to years of revolutionary struggle; or ministers who sugar-coat sermons to please the bankers in their congregations. But these are only more flagrant examples of the flaw that afflicts the majority of us. As long as our own claims and purposes come first, we are divided, weak, and ultimately corruptible.

Today there are many who look for this inner integrity, this "mastery of individual experience," as Mr. Tate calls it. In the brutal chaos of the modern world the individual is detached, lost—poignantly aware of his isolation, and of vast impersonal forces at work, to which it is hard to lend any human meaning. The honest bourgeois soul seeks salvation from this Hell; but he seeks it *for himself*. Thus he places the emphasis squarely where it should not be—on *his own personality*. This conception of integrity as a personal acquisition is precisely what falsifies the position of all these individualists—whether they try to acquire it by means of religion or otherwise. And they are impotent to escape this subtlest form of self-worship, because they can conceive of no dynamic reality to which they are willing to subordinate themselves.

Similarly, though on a decidedly brutish level, there are mass enthusiasms and hysterias which appeal (when their mythological trappings are stripped off) merely to the ego-worship of those individuals who compose the mob. We have only to remember lynchings, the Ku Klux Klan, war-time patriotism, and Nazi outrages; and we realize it is not enough that the individual surrender himself merely to purposes *beyond* his own. Surrender to mass-passion involves no renunciation of one's own aims in favor of aims that are greater and higher. It involves a surrender, rather, to one's own excited prejudice, hate, and desire to exalt one's own group at the expense of others. All such passions are manifestations of the most unregenerate Ego, magnified a thousandfold by mob-contagion. Even a quieter kind of nationalism plays in the same way with the same human follies. It is not on such levels that men reach fullness of life; but we cannot expect an Adolph Hitler to understand this.

It is thus fairly easy to show how untenable are the positions held by the chief modern opponents of the revolutionary movement. Whether Fascism is subtle, intellectual, and critical, or of the more brutal Nazi variety, it is based on the psychology of ego-worship. This is a typically bourgeois point of view—the mind-set of a decaying class, of people who cling desperately to their own pitiful lusts and ambitions. But it is not enough for us to show the folly behind their criticisms; we must also remind ourselves of the weight our own position really carries.

The crucial modern dilemma, however, is that for thoughtful people, it is increasingly hard to believe *anything*.

Modern science, of course, has removed all the traditional props from religious certitude. The excuse of a spiritual world lies beyond the realm of logical proof; but the hypothesis seems no longer relevant to human problems. And the mere assumption of a spiritual order that transcends the material world in importance seems to amount to a denial of life and its responsibilities. In the torn modern world, therefore, it is doubtful if religion will play any dynamic role in men's lives. And for

those of us who believe that its assumptions were always based on illusion, this is an un-mixed good.

We can say, however, that the loss of religious faith is good only if we can put in its place a *faith in life* so real and driving that it endows men's acts with an equal validity. Of course, modern skepticism denies that it is possible to endow our material life with any such significance. In fact, it seems far harder for the contemporary bourgeoisie to embrace a naturalistic faith than it is for them to return to religion.

And yet for modern man (if he is to escape the pain of his isolation) there is no other course than to capture some great new vision of nature, and the destiny of man in nature.

What is the solution, then, to the paradox that a naturalistic faith is, at this crisis in man's history, both necessary and impossible? Is it possible for a person to find in the world any ends and aims beyond himself worth laboring for? Is it not rather a mockery to affirm any faith in the meaning and destiny of life, when every force in modern society seems to point toward war, misery, and intellectual and spiritual decay?

Of course there is only one solution—the solution which the bourgeoisie reject as worse than the total annihilation of modern society. There is only one legitimate heir to the great naturalistic faith of the past: the revolutionary philosophy of Marx and Lenin. In a period of such intense crisis a merely serene faith in the outcome of life amounts to nothing at all; rather it amounts to a quietism which is worse than nothing—which is indeed active in the cause of chaos and death. It is certainly not enough—as Granville Hicks pointed out in speaking of Eugene O'Neill—merely to "affirm life" in a vague, large way. One must search out those values in life which contain the seed of the future; and having found those values, one must fight for and defend *them*. The values for which history itself is fighting today—the values which do contain the seed of the future—lie in the cause of the oppressed masses. In their struggle for liberation lies the hope of a free humanity; in their collective solidarity lies the hope of an organic community among men which shall do away with egotism and separatism; in their co-operative labor to build a new society they will be able to find richness and meaning in life. As their struggle moves through the bitter stages of revolution and economic change into more creative spheres of activity, who can doubt that there will result a genuinely dialectical change? Consciousness will involve a new harmony between the individual mind and the organic social whole; men will be able to experience life with a heightened awareness, a richer and more complex set of values, because they have learned to regard the collective "we" as more significant than the separate "I." And all these possibilities lie only in the destiny of the revolutionary working-class.

It is not my purpose to imply that all

revolutionists have achieved a complete surrender to the aims of the revolutionary working-class. Of course there are many workers and revolutionary intellectuals to whom the deeper implications of their faith are not clear, and who have by no means "given their lives away." To the cynic it may even appear that they have been forced into the movement by their own hardships and inability to keep afloat in capitalist society. But the dynamic spread of Communism has been accompanied everywhere by one interesting circumstance. As men are drawn more and more vitally into the revolutionary movement, and as they become more and more conscious of its meaning and its purposes, they commit themselves more completely to its service. It was with no hope of any gain for themselves (for they knew the revolution was not yet at hand) that thousands of heroic workers have been willing to face imprisonment and death. It is not because they expect prosperity or personal happiness that they test the enemy's strength daily with their own lives—thus inspiring their comrades to further struggle. It is the class-conscious worker who understands what the revolution *means* who faces starvation and death rather than sell out to the enemy or betray his comrades; while the man who retains his petty-bourgeois illusions is the one

who betrays his friends for a few dollars and a new Ford. In other words, men become sincere and incorruptible in the precise degree that they identify their own aims with those of the working-class as a whole.

Do we need to labor the point? Do we need even to ask Mr. Krutch and Mr. Tate what faith *they* serve with such incorruptible devotion and integrity?

If their weak hatred of the revolutionary movement requires any further attention, we need only to ask one question. What great personality has the modern bourgeoisie produced who can stand as an example of utter integrity?

In closing, it will be enough to remember, briefly, the one supremely great personality of modern times. "Great and terrible and beyond our comprehension even in death—such is Lenin." These words appeared in a German bourgeois newspaper shortly after the death of the great revolutionist—an almost involuntary expression of what Maxim Gorky calls "the pride of humanity in a great man." "His was that heroism," says Gorky a little later, "which Russia knows well—the unassuming, austere life of self-sacrifice of the true Russian revolutionary intellectual who, in his unshakable belief in the possibility of social justice on the earth, renounces all the pleas-

ures of life in order to toil for the happiness of mankind." Lenin was a man of great physical and intellectual power; but he towers above all other men of his century not because of his genius or his brilliance, but because of his vastly greater personality. Other men faltered and grew weaker in faith, or failed to see the remoter implications for the working-class in any given course of action. Lenin never faltered and he believed always in the working-class. He had identified himself so completely with the workers and their purposes that when he spoke, as Gorky says, he seemed to speak "not of his own will, but by the will of history." Lenin illustrates that true greatness which comes through utter identification with a great purpose. It was not because *he* was great that the revolution was successful; but his own greatness was reached because he made himself more completely a part of the revolution than did any other man.

Lenin spent his life in what Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch would call the "professional denunciation of the capitalist system." The modern *bourgeoisie*, however, who not only do not denounce capitalism but who fatten on it, can offer no heroes of their own with one-tenth of his stature and incorruptible integrity.

Wildcat Williams

JOHN L. SPIVAK

TULSA, OKLAHOMA.

THERE is a cat's head painted on the plate glass window at 409 East Second Street in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and over it in large red and yellow letters the legend "Wildcat." This is the headquarters of Wildcat Williams, East Texas College man, correspondence school lawyer, chemist and gunman.

From what I had heard of Wildcat, the crude painting of the cat's head fascinated me. It was supposed to represent the aggressiveness and ferocity of the man behind the plate glass window; actually the cat looked like mine when frightened by the appearance of a pint-sized dog—though it hurts me to say that of the Spivak cat!

I found Wildcat Williams at a rough wooden table piled high with American Federation of Labor leaflets. The room was painted a deep green and its walls and ceiling were pretty thoroughly perforated with bullet holes. And in the story of Wildcat's activities is the story of what happened and is happening to labor in Oklahoma.

Wildcat is his real name. He was christened Marlin but his mother, since the boy is one-fourth Cherokee Indian, insisted upon Wildcat for a middle name. As the boy grew up he dropped the Marlin and tried to live up

to the middle name. He is still trying. He is thirty-three, young, and healthy—so far.

Seventy percent of Tulsa's life depends upon oil. The life of the whole state depends upon the petroleum industry. During the boom days quite a few years ago the oil workers were well organized but under American Federation of Labor leadership the union gradually disintegrated. By the time the depression came along there were fewer than 1,000 union members in every branch of the state's oil industry.

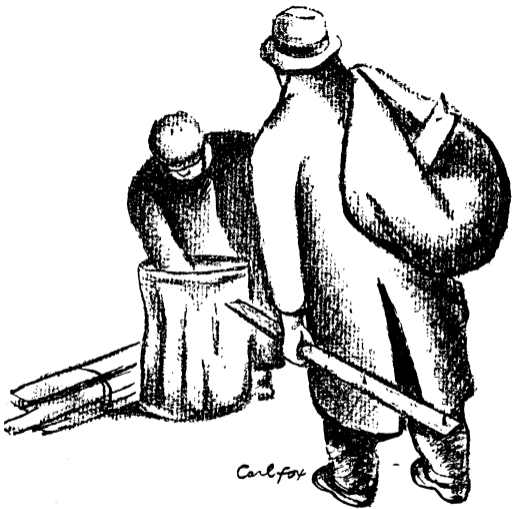
The usual cutting of wages and speed-up was inaugurated by the companies. Workers did not protest because they were demoralized and fearful of being fired, for between 35 and 60 percent of oil workers were dropped from the payrolls during recent years. Since there are normally about 100,000 oil workers of which some 40,000 are in the white collar class in the Oklahoma industry, the effects were naturally far-reaching. Families disorganized, homes broken up, charity, as in Tulsa proper, increasing 500 percent—it was the old story all over again. Four cents a day per person was all that it could afford to give for food in this "the wealthiest city per capita in the world" as it is fond of advertising itself.

The oil workers were too beaten, too oppressed to do anything except murmur under their breath. They were terrified to try organizational protest because most oil workers live in company-owned houses without paying rent and if they became too loud in their protests they would be put on the roads.

It was the middle class which made the first move, those fairly well-to-do workers in the higher branches of the industry and the small business man. They saw their homes going, sometimes as many as fifty a day, for non-payment of taxes. They called meetings



Carl Fox
Carl Fox



Carl Fox

Carl Fox



Carl Fox

Carl Fox

to protest and once marched on the Sheriff's office with blood in their eyes.

It was not so long ago when Oklahoma was a wild and untrammelled territory, the happy hunting grounds of bad men. A good many now respectable citizens can trace their ancestry back to the men who, only the other day, narrowly avoided dancing gaily in mid-air. Guns and shootings were part of the territory's routine and in the memory of many a middle-aged man, the gun was the law. In their desperation they reverted to early traditions. They talked of defending their own and one another's homes by the gun if the sheriff kept auctioning them off. The sheriff and the judges knew these were not the types who just confined themselves to talk, and dates to auction off homes were set so far back on the calendars that many of them were forgotten.

This action by the respectable middle class stimulated the unemployed who also had pretty ancestry. Having no homes to defend but plenty of hunger in their families; they talked of seizing warehouses, food stores, clothing stores. At first this was accepted as just talk, a letting-off steam, but the talk developed into plans. When leading financial and political lights in Tulsa learned that only days separated the unemployed from seizing the town they became frantic and sent for Wildcat Williams.

Wildcat had been a sort of town character since he came back from the war. He had opened a law office and closed it. He had worked in a refinery and finally opened one of his own, but business conditions ruined him. During these years he had assiduously developed the reputation of being a gunman. He liked to pack a .38 Smith and Wesson, let out a wild whoop and start shooting in the air. It may have been memories of old days; it may have been an earnest desire to prove his Indian blood or it may have been just too many movies. But whatever the reason, the town tolerated him because he hurt no one and—one never knew what a type like Wildcat, might do if someone crossed him while he was engaged on his life-work of demonstrating that he was a shooting son-of-a-gun.

The leading citizens suggested that he organize the unemployed and keep them from seizing the city.

With this clear, let's step into Wildcat's bullet-punctured office and have a little chat with him:

"Yes, sir!" he greets us with a broad and rather pleasant smile. "Sit right down. Make yourselves comfortable."

You notice the brown leather holster stuck in his hip pocket and the pistol butt sticking out.

"I understand you kept this town from a rebellion."

Wildcat grinned.

"Well," he began modestly. "I was employed by leading citizens to keep down riots so I started the unemployed racket before

some of the Reds got to them and caused a lot of trouble. The leading citizens were pretty much worried. No one will ever know how close we were to armed rebellion except those of us who used to meet and confer on plans to keep them down."

"What did you get for this?" I asked.

"Oh, I didn't get any salary. I just drew what I needed. If I needed \$100 or \$200 I'd just ask for it and hell! were they glad to give it to me! I must have drawn about \$4,000 in cash, I guess. I never did keep track of how much. But we kept the unemployed from getting out of hand all right."

Since his activity in "keeping the unemployed in line" he has been given the full-time job of representing the International Association of Oil Field, Gas Well and Refinery Workers of America by the American Federation of Labor and all the munition he needs for his .38.

"I speak for Mr. Green," he says proudly, twirling the blue pistol dexterously on a forefinger, "and also for the oil field workers and we're organizing them fast. We got to organize them if we're to keep them down—keep them from getting out of hand and going haywire.

"You see, there's one thing about these oil workers. Just organizing them ain't nothing. If you don't give them something to fight about they'll get out of hand and turn radical so as soon as we organize them we maneuver a fight with storekeepers or somebody else and that keeps them occupied; otherwise they'd go haywire on us."

"Just what is your job here?"

"I'm organizer for the oil workers, sheriff and a dollar-a-year-man for the city hall. But the workers are organizing themselves and applying for charters so most of my job is keeping down riots when the unemployed get hot and bothered."

"I see," I said.

"Now don't get me wrong about this unemployed racket though," he said quickly. "I'm for the stars and stripes. I'm patriotic, I am. I just had to organize the unemployed because they were about ready to break loose and take things themselves.

"Why, some of these unemployed, before federal relief came, actually had detailed plans as to what section of the city each group was to take. They planned to take this wholesale house and that wholesale house, this store and that store—food, clothes, shoes, you know—

"I tell you it was serious here and the city officials and oil men were pretty white around the gills. They were scared because this is a tough country and if these oil workers ever started, no telling where they'd finish. That's when they employed me to organize the unemployed racket and keep them down. They told me to spend whatever I needed and I just arranged things to keep them busy—put them to work cutting wood, farming—anything to separate them and keep their minds off rioting."

"What did you do first?"

"I called a meeting and when I got them all together told them we had to do something about this starvation business—"

He broke off to grin affably.

"Then I told them that I'd get them work and food and we'd all pull together. Some of the Reds in the mob got tough so I pulled my gun and fired a few shots and told them I was running things and from now on I was in charge."

"Didn't any of them object?"

"Oh, sure. Some of the radicals would come in here all hot and bothered, with a delegation asking for this and for that and I'd listen till I got tired of it. Then I'd pull my gun and fire a couple of shots over their heads—like this!"

The blue pistol flashed in my direction and two terrific detonations shattered the quietness of the office. An acrid smell of powder filled the room. I turned to look at the wall behind me but I couldn't tell which were the two new bullet holes. The wall was a sieve.

"And what happened when you fired the shots?"

"They'd scatter," he laughed. "Scared. I just run 'em out. I'd fire a couple of shots and say I'd heard enough."

"Did you ever shoot anyone?"

"I was in two shooting scrapes, but no one got hurt. They were with the Reds when they got a little too tough. But I've been in seventy-eight pistol whippings—you know, you hit 'em on the head with the muzzle of the gun."

He demonstrated upon a shadowy adversary.

"How many did you say? Seventeen?"

"Seventeen!" he cried indignantly. "Seventy-eight!"

He apparently keeps a set of books to tabulate them.

"It's been lots of fun," he added.

I used to know some gunmen in the West Virginia mining regions and in the course of many years' newspaper work I met a few more. On the basis of what I know of gunmen I am inclined to credit Wildcat's make-up with a high percentage of fertilizer.

So far, however, he has apparently kept the oil workers pretty well terrified with his gun-play despite the wide-spread discontent at the union's inactivity and failure to accomplish anything for them. Workers with whom I talked are restless. There is a growing insistence that at least oil code provisions be enforced—a matter which the union ignores. They are tired of the speed-up and wages that are not equal to the rising cost of living.

So far no one has called Wildcat in his gun-play. But unless I am very much mistaken one of these days a delegation will call on him to demand that the union do something about oil-company abuses and when he pulls his gun to shoot over their heads, one of them will misunderstand the move.

Talking Treachery Away

JOSHUA KUNITZ

ALLAN MONKHOUSE was the chief protagonist in the spectacular Moscow trial of April, 1933, at which he, together with four other British engineers of the Metropolitan Vickers Company, was accused and found guilty of espionage and sabotage and was cordially invited to leave the country. He has just turned out a volume of Soviet memoirs.*

In view of its authorship, this volume is likely to be snatched up by a reading public avid for mystery, scandal, startling revelations about the Bolsheviks, and gruesome details of the nefarious practices of the OGPU. Well, the public will be disappointed: Mr. Monkhouse discloses nothing that has not been disclosed at the trial and reported in the daily press. "It was a frame-up," reiterates Mr. Monkhouse tenaciously. But why, one wonders, should the Soviet Government have been interested in framing English engineers and imperiling relations with a friendly country? The thing sounds a little unconvincing. "Ah," replies Mr. Monkhouse, "the relations existing between Great Britain and the U.S.S.R. had been to a certain extent strained by the notification of denunciation of the temporary Trade Agreement which Great Britain's arrangements with her Dominion at Ottawa had made imperative. This doubtless strengthened the decision of the OGPU to include the British engineers in the plot." Why "doubtless"? How would the iniquitous treatment of five British citizens help matters? Conscious of the inadequacy of this explanation, Mr. Monkhouse hastens to suggest that the basic motive for the trial, which included also Soviet engineers, was the desire of the Soviet and Communist Party authorities to divert the attention of the world from the "failure" of the Five Year Plan. In asserting that, Mr. Monkhouse simply sticks to the flimsy fiction proffered by the British Foreign Office and by Sir Esmond Ovey, British Ambassador in the U.S.S.R. There are, however, too many bold contradictions in Mr. Monkhouse's own story for it to sound plausible to even the least critical reader.

First, as to the failure of the First Five Year Plan. In his chapter dealing with the plan, Mr. Monkhouse, forgetting what he asseverates in other pages, unwittingly destroys his cardinal premise. He says: "The achievements of the Soviet authorities in the field of industrial development during the four years 1929-1932 have without question been astonishing." Speaking of the Dnieprostroy, one of the major accomplishments of the plan, Mr. Monkhouse declares: "No one can help but be profoundly impressed at the magnitude



L. Arenal.

of the work and at the intense enthusiasm with which it was being carried out." Speaking of Cheliabinsk, another large part of the Five Year Plan, Mr. Monkhouse reports that "this old town has sprung into a great industrial center in a very few years;" while Magnitostroy the author characterizes as "that colossal new steel plant in the Urals where already one hundred and eighty thousand working people were finding employment on a steppe where two years previously the herds of the nomad Kirghiz had grazed undisturbed." His description of Baku sounds like downright Bolshevik propaganda: "The oil-producing district of Baku presents a striking example of industrial development work, which has already gone far towards completion and is giving satisfactory results. . . . They opened up *new* oil fields. . . . The old, antiquated oil refineries of the small Tartar proprietors in Black Town were swept away. In their place a *new* residential district for workpeople was laid out, and many hundreds of single-story houses, complete with baths, electric light, gas cookers, and other modern improvements, were built. Every house had its own little garden—in a district where nothing green grew in pre-revolutionary days. On the hill above the city a workers' *model* town sprang into existence. A *new* hospital on the heights above Baku now constitutes one of the city's most imposing buildings. An electric railway (the *first* in the U.S.S.R.) was built. . . . This railway operates in conjunction with an extensive *new* tramway system. *Modern* refineries were constructed with cracking and gas-recovery plants. . . . A *new* ten-inch pipe-line was laid across the six-hundred mile stretch of country between Baku and Batum. A *new* water supply now brings good water from the Caucasus mountains, ninety miles away. . . ." And a few pages farther: "What has been said of the oil areas of Baku and the industrial district of Cheliabinsk applies equally to the Donetz basin coal and iron district." Similar superlatives are found in references to other places and plants

visited by Mr. Monkhouse: the Kharkov Tractor Plant, the Kharkov Turbine Factory, the Electrozavod in Moscow, the Leningrad Metal Works, the Electrosila Machinery Works, the State Telephone Manufacturing Works, the Svetlan Radio Valve Works, etc.

It must be borne in mind that these glowing accounts are not the divagations of a casual observer, a naive tourist, or a sentimental sympathizer with the "Bolshevik experiment." Mr. Monkhouse is a hard-boiled British engineer whose contacts with Russia stretched over a period of twenty-two years. He had first gone to Russia in 1911. He had served as an engineer under the Tsar; before, during, and after the Great War. He had taken part in the Allied adventure in Archangel. He had traveled widely in European and Asiatic Russia. He had played an important role in Soviet industry and in the Five Year Plan. As one who had been found guilty by the Soviet court of espionage and sabotage and expelled from the country, he is certainly not the man to exaggerate Bolshevik triumphs. Yet he does not mention a place which he personally visited where he had not found evidences of great enthusiasm, herculean effort and colossal achievement.

Of course, Mr. Monkhouse had not been everywhere and seen everything. He had not been, he says, on the Turksib railroad. He had not had the opportunity the writer of this review had of studying the tremendous progress in Kazakstan, in Uzbekistan, and Tadjikistan. He had not seen the silk works in Khodjent, the new city of Stalinabad at the foot of the Pamir, the great cotton mills in Tashkent. He had not visited the Arctic region where I saw enormous industrial progress in Petrozavodsk, the capital of Carelia, in Kandalakshi, in Khibinogorsk, in Murmansk, in Nivastroy, and all along the Bielomorsky Canal which joins the Baltic and White seas. But even in the light of what he himself had seen and described, the contention that the "failure" of the Five Year Plan demanded that the Soviet authorities put up a circus to divert the public's attention is altogether too absurd to merit serious consideration.

To make his argument a little more tenable, Mr. Monkhouse keeps on harping on the failure of Bolshevik agriculture and on the consequent food shortage. No one, not even the Soviet authorities, has ever denied that there were food difficulties in the year 1932-1933. After my last visit to the Soviet Union, I myself depicted those difficulties in a series of articles for *The New Republic* under the title "Food in Russia." Yet on May 10, 1933, during the height of the food difficulties, I wrote: "The present trials are the trials of transition. Things in the village

* Moscow—1911-1933, by Allan Monkhouse. Little, Brown and Company. \$3.50.

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are bound to improve. The Bolsheviks are confident that collectivization has definitely started Russia on a path of agricultural progress. . . . The peasant's reluctance to part with his grain is not a new phenomenon. It existed in the period of military communism and in the last stages of the New Economic Policy. The basic causes of the present trouble in the village are not inherent in the principle of collective or state farming; they are extraneous and, I believe, removable. At the moment I am writing these lines, thousands of peasants are forming new collective farms on their own initiative. The old farms are intact, they show no tendency toward disintegration. It may surprise the reader to learn that even in the Valdai district where I have shown kulak influence to have been so powerful, one thousand peasant households have formed twenty-nine kolkhozi since September, 1932. The reason is obvious: The kolkhoz represents too palpable an advance in the economic, social and cultural life of the peasant for it permanently to succumb to kulak propaganda."

The above passage, written about the time of the trial, proves that, to an objective observer Soviet agriculture, despite difficulties, appeared even then far from being a failure, especially since the number of collective farms was at that very moment growing spontaneously by leaps and bounds.

When the Five Year Plan was launched, the most the Soviet leaders had hoped for was "the wide establishment of the socialized sector of agriculture, which ought to embrace 20 million of the peasant population and provide at the end of the Five Year Plan period about 43 percent of marketable grain." In 1932 socialized agriculture, comprising 62 percent of the peasant population and 80 percent of all the arable land in the Union (200,000 collective farms and 5,000 gigantic state farms), supplied 84.2 percent of the total marketable grain and 83 percent of cotton! This certainly was not the type of "failure" which would drive the Bolsheviks to the comedy of a fake trial.

Even more fatal to Mr. Monkhouse's thesis is the fact that he had written it in the summer and fall of 1933, just when news of the unprecedented success of Soviet agriculture was filling the newspapers. At least in retrospect he might have realized that his judgments concerning Soviet agriculture, even if subjectively honest, were utterly inconsistent with the objective truth. But Mr. Monkhouse could not afford to admit the obvious, for by doing that he would have removed the one prop from his specious argument.

Mr. Monkhouse has some uncomplimentary things to say about the OGPU. It is noteworthy, however, that most of the horrendous tales he relates about that institution are second-hand. His personal experience, from his own account, reveals the OGPU as "unquestionably the best organized and best disciplined force in the U.S.S.R., and its officers and men are obviously trained to exhibit calmness, tolerance and politeness." A few lines

further: "In every corner of the U.S.S.R. one meets the officers of the OGPU, and no matter where it is, the foreigner who applies to the local OGPU authorities for help will be received with politeness and get the best possible assistance that the most powerful force in the U.S.S.R. can render." Again: "The nature of my cross-examination by Belogorsky made it necessary for him to continue questioning me long after he knew that I was worn out, but even he was always a disciplined, firm and studiously polite officer of the OGPU." Even on the night of his arrest, he was treated with the utmost consideration, the Soviet officials having gone out of their way to spare his sensibilities. Take this characteristic touch: Portraits of their Britannic Majesties, wrapped in tissue paper, were brought out "and shown to 'Comrade' Feldman, who wrapped the portraits up again personally with care almost amounting to reverence and, replacing them in the drawer, remarked to me: 'That is all right—that is quite understandable.'" In order "to play for time to think things over before leaving the house," Mr. Monkhouse expressed a desire to take a bath, and the officials cheerfully granted him permission. So it was through the entire period of detention. One wonders at Mr. Monkhouse's lack of moral stamina, of inner conviction of his innocence that, under such courteous treatment, he agreed to sign some very damaging papers. Nor does he in the remotest way suggest a cogent reason for the confessions of the other two British engineers, Thornton and MacDonald. They too, we presume, became so weary of the suavities and amenities of the OGPU officials that just to be rid of them they frivolously signed away their own honor and the honor of the country and the firm which they represented! What a contrast to the magnificent behavior of the four Communists in the Nazi courts. After months of solitary confinement, in chains, the Communists did not yield one inch, did not make one damaging statement, and at the trial presented a picture of most heroic defiance. Somehow one cannot help feeling that the easy way in which the British engineers yielded to gentle pressure was a result of a consciousness of guilt and of having been caught with the goods.

Psychologically, the thing is quite understandable. To have seen the tremendous efforts of the Soviet proletariat to carry out the Five Year Plan, to have witnessed the enthusiasm, the self-sacrifice, the consecration of millions of people to the great task of laying the foundation for a nobler, juster society, to have been exposed to the mighty, vitalizing upsurge of human energy in the direction of progress, to have been within the aura of the grandest and most inspiring creative movement in human history and to have meanly betrayed it is an act so shameful that no one, however hardened, could face exposure with equanimity. The writer of these lines had seen an illustration of this at another Soviet trial—the famous Industrial Party trial—when Ramsin, Kalinnikov, Fedotov, and other Rus-

sians were convicted by the proletarian court of sabotage and of plotting to disintegrate Soviet industry, weaken Soviet defenses, and expose their country to capitalist intervention, to foreign invasion. How mean, how spineless, how craven, those great scientists, those great engineers, those once dignified international luminaries appeared when confronted with the evidence of their guilt. Then, too, the capitalist press howled that the trial was a "farce," a "frame-up." But all one had to do was watch the Dostoevskian contortions on the bench of the accused to know that the capitalist press was deliberately slandering proletarian justice. I shall not soon forget the tall, stooped, gray haired Fedotov, a man whom the workers' and farmers' government entrusted with some of the most responsible tasks on the economic front, weeping like a child, begging for mercy, for at least one or two more years of life to demonstrate to the country by devoted work his change of heart. "I have not long to live," he pleaded; "to me it would not make much difference; but my children, I wish to remove the burden of my guilt and my disgrace from their shoulders." All those confessions, and public self-flagellations, and entreaties for mercy—no one who witnessed them could for one moment doubt their genuineness. *

As in the Industrial Party trial, so in the trial of the British engineers, the Soviet court was more interested in exposing than in punishing. As warnings to other plotters, saboteurs and wreckers, domestic and foreign, both trials were of great value. They demonstrated the vigilance of the Workers' Government, of the Party, and of the OGPU, the guardian of the revolution, "the best organized and best disciplined force in the U.S.S.R." They also demonstrated the inevitable moral bankruptcy, the lack of fiber, the abysmal cowardice of those who draw their spiritual sustenance from a class historically doomed and a system in the process of irretrievable decay.

I'LL SAY!

Plowin' undah cotton,
Plowin' undah cotton,
Gee, yeou 'fraidy hawah,
Helping "man fuhgotten."

Uh needs a paiah o' britches,
Mirandy needs a skuht,
Lil Da-Da needs a diddy
Aroun' its nekid butt:—

Dis donkey, uset tuh middles
En' 'fraid o' ruinin' rows,
He needs tuh luhn dat cotton
Ain't really meant fuh clothes.

Plowin' undah cotton,
Plowin' undah cotton,
Haw, yeou 'fraidy geeh,
Sumpin' sho is rotten . . .

H. H. LEWIS.

"Haw" means "come to the left," "gee" means "come to the right."



"YOU THINK OF AN IDEA, I'LL RUN FOR THE POLICE!"

Boris Gorelick

The Golden Key to Snobbery

CARL HAESSLER

FASCIST organizations in the United States have made a profitable racket out of selling badges. So has Phi Beta Kappa, the so-called honorary scholarship society in the colleges. The fascists make money out of membership initiation fees. So does Phi Beta Kappa. The fascists are looking hungrily around for rich paymasters. Phi Beta Kappa already has them hooked.

Living off the charity of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and other plutocrats, profiteering off sales of its golden key to new members and off charter fees from hitherto unblessed colleges, Phi Beta Kappa is an organization that invites closer scrutiny. This is particularly the case since some college-bred radicals sport its badge as watch charms or pendants. They do not realize, in their anxiety to impress the bourgeoisie, that they are promoting intellectual snobbery. Not only snobbery but a fraternity of opinion that with few exceptions is on the counter-revolutionary side of every social question.

Many corporations have dummy directors.

Phi Beta Kappa is controlled by its senate. Among its controlling senators are outstanding members of the All Highest Inner Circle of America's ruling group. While J. P. Morgan himself is not a senator—perhaps because he didn't have the right professors on his "we-are-thinking-of-you" list when he was in Harvard—his principal legal henchman, John Westcott Davis—is one. The junior Rockefeller is an ex-senator, having given way to his principal legal adviser, Raymond B. Fossdick. Another prince of the blood royal is Owen D. Young, head of General Electric and deeply involved in the dubious final days of the Insull utilities empire.

Among lesser lights in the Phi Beta Kappa senate but chosen for their strategic relation to the springs of American public opinion are a group of college deans and presidents. There is Pres. Frank Aydelotte, first lieutenant in America of the British educational-imperial interests centering around the scholarship funds accumulated by that imperial pirate Cecil Rhodes. There is Pres. John James Tigert,

former Rhodes scholar and former United States commissioner of education and high-brow spokesman of the American Legion. Tigert is the watchful sentinel who from his vantage point in the Florida swamps detected a flood of Russian wheat being dumped in the United States at a time when perhaps one bushel was coming in and that for scientific purposes. There is Frank P. Graves, now U. S. commissioner of education. Dr. John Huston Finley, educational watchdog for the New York Times, is a senator and so is Dean Roscoe Pound who shapes the minds of future corporation lawyers at Harvard.

A subsidiary of Phi Beta Kappa, formed to panhandle funds for the parent organization, is the Phi Beta Kappa Foundation of which Owen D. Young is chairman and adviser in investments, representing the Morgan interests, while Raymond B. Fossdick is legal adviser and member of the executive committee, representing the Rockefellers. The Foundation was started in 1916 when a member of the Phelps-Dodge copper trust family pro-



"YOU THINK OF AN IDEA, I'LL RUN FOR THE POLICE!"

Boris Gorelick



"YOU THINK OF AN IDEA, I'LL RUN FOR THE POLICE!"

Boris Gorelick

vided an office rent-free, paid the secretary's salary for five years and raised the ante ten percent on the proceeds of five years of money raising. When the Phelps-Dodge subsidy stopped, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., donated \$16,000 to acquire the office, \$100,000 to the endowment fund and \$5,000 for various purposes. The string on the Dodge money was that it must be used to develop "inspired leadership" by "systematized practical idealism." The practical idealism was exemplified by the first chairman of the Foundation who as president of the New York Life Insurance Co. raised his salary from the prosperity peak of \$100,000 a year in 1929 to the 25 percent higher depression peak of \$125,000 in 1932.

By the end of 1933 the endowment had reached \$267,587. The practical idealists aim at a million and a half additional.

Phi Beta Kappa cuts an annual melon of about \$9,000 by selling golden keys, the badges of membership, to each fresh crop of undergraduates elected by the various chapters. Unlike Owen Young's gilded ease in running his power trust racket, the society feels embarrassed over this shakedown of students "at a time when they most need relief," as the apologetic booklet puts it. With the golden key handover goes a membership fee, equally obligatory. From this initiation fee the society rakes in annually about \$12,000.

Young is now begging his fellow plutes to dig up three quarters of a million so that the income may be used to give keys free and admit new members without holding them up. This aim is expressed in more scholarly fashion as "the elimination of the embarrassing necessity of requesting the member-elect to pay a fee as a condition of membership and to purchase a medal for himself." In the old days this was considered all right because the new member got "valuable friendship and forensic experience" while now all he gets is "recognition of merit in scholarship."

There are 70,000 living members of Phi Beta Kappa. They had to pay for their membership and for their golden key. What induced them to do so? In part it was the future cash value of sporting the key in seeking jobs and promotions in the teaching business or in additional front in entering business and professional sanctums as bond salesmen and promoters. In part it was the desire to join the ranks of intellectual snobbery, to join the fraternity of the more-scholarly-than-thou.

No genuine fraternal feeling marks the initiation ceremonies, however. The newly elected members look each other over sniffishly, each wondering about the other, "How in the world did he (or, as females predominate in coeducational institutions, she) get in?" The older members cast bored and wearied glances about. There are some platitudes about scholarship and culture, a few thin jokes from the local president, perhaps a bespectacled response from the girl with the highest marks, possibly tea and wafers and it's over for another year.

The new members have the tone of their thinking and social attitudes set for them by the stodgy pages of *The American Scholar*, a quarterly that bleats drearily about the "defense and maintenance of the standards of traditional culture and scholarship." A third-generation Rockefeller is on the editorial board. The 1932 volume gave honorable place to a long diatribe by Hans Kohn against the "philosophy of bolshevism" (page 478). Kohn deplored the disappearance of the "beauty, emotional and intellectual depth of the old Russian [that is, czarist] civilization." He damned bolshevik culture as medieval. He complained that "science and art in the Soviet Union exist to help build the new social order and bring about the salvation of humanity" instead of being ends in themselves operating in a social vacuum.

Perceiving the reactionary tendencies of Phi Beta Kappa courageous students have from time to time spurned election to its ranks. Two men at Michigan, one of them a liberal judge in Chicago today, rejected the golden key in 1911. Since then possible recalcitrants are felt out beforehand so that the society will not be publicly disgraced by similar refusals. Nevertheless a Vassar girl in 1925 felt impelled to decline the supposed honor, saying: "Today the policy of Phi Beta Kappa is characterized by looseness, vagueness, intellectual snobbery and willingness to stoop to an ostentatious display [of the golden key] before an admiring crowd." An Amer-

ican novelist recently told his fellow members, "In the academic sphere you correspond to our Daughters of the American Revolution."

The society was founded in 1776 at the College of William & Mary in Virginia by a group of roisterers with a literary sideline. This is discreetly admitted by the society which concedes that the early meetings were held "not without jollity." Nevertheless the professional boosters of the society habitually point with pride to its "century and a half of devotion to scholarship." At Harvard, holiest of Phi Beta Kappa holies, its historian admits that it was simply a literary club without exclusive scholarship ideals for at least half a century. There are chapters in 119 colleges at present.

The society is ideally organized today for the subtle manipulation of American public opinion by attracting and psychologizing those college men and women of high academic standing who will play the game. Rebels, if known, are not wanted as a rule. There have been anti-Semitic discriminations in certain chapters. A freemasonry of like-minded conservatives is developed, locked together by the golden key of membership, dribbling a patter about scholarship and culture and steadfastly opposed to any movements aimed at ending the sterile civilization of capitalism and erecting the foundations for a virile communist culture. Owen Young, Rockefeller and their henchmen know what they are about.

Cubes

LANGSTON HUGHES

In the days of the broken cubes of Picasso
And in the days of the broken songs of the
young men

A little too drunk to sing
And the young women
A little too unsure of love to love—
I met on the boulevards of Paris
An African from Senegal.

God
Knows why the French
Amuse themselves bringing to Paris
Negroes from Senegal.

It's the old game of the boss and the bossed,
boss and the bossed,
amused
and
amusing,
worked and working,
Behind the cubes of black and white,
black and white,
black and white

But since it is the old game,
For fun
They give him the three old prostitutes of
France—

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—
And all three of 'em sick
In spite of the tax to the government
And the legal houses
And the doctors
And the *Marseillaise*.

Of course, the young African from Senegal
Carries back from Paris
A little more disease
To spread among the black girls in the palm
huts.

He brings them as a gift
disease—
From light to darkness
disease—
From the boss to the bossed
disease—
From the game of black and white
disease
From the city of the broken cubes of Picasso

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“Onward Christian Soldiers”

ALBERT MALTZ

WHEN we got to Ed's place it was about nine o'clock. I was tired and didn't feel like climbing the five flights to his room so we moved into the doorway to finish talking.

After a few minutes a boy came along and leaned against the wall. He was a nice-looking boy with a clean-cut, bony face and a square jaw. When he put his head back, the light from the street lamp caught his face and then I could see the tight lines around his mouth and the pockets under his eyes so that he didn't look like a boy any more.

When he put his head back he did it slowly like a man dropping off to sleep in an arm-chair. He looked funny doing that. Ed stopped talking and we both watched him. I couldn't tell whether he was asleep or not because his eyes were closed. Ed shook his head and gave a little click with his tongue. I could tell he felt the way I did. When you pass an old bum on the street who's broken down and ready for the scrap heap, you sort of don't pay any attention to him. But when you see a young boy like that with dirty old clothes and torn shoes and no place to sleep so that he has to lean his head up against a wall he's so tired—it's different. You know it's sentimental because the old bum's out of the same mill as the young kid, and the kid's being shoved into the gutter in the same way the old bum was. But it doesn't change the way you feel about it.

On the next corner there was a Salvation Army band playing. We could hear the chorus singing and I got a mental picture of a couple of women with plump, white faces and nice little lamb expressions opening up their mouths and bleating in three-quarter time. Somehow or other I can never see a Salvation Army meeting without getting sore.

I wondered whether the boy was listening too and what he was thinking about. I could tell now that he wasn't asleep because every once in a while his Adam's apple would give a little twitch and his eyelids would pop open. It made me nervous to watch him.

I started to say something to Ed but he nudged me and jerked his head toward the kid. I looked around. A fat man with a fancy gold-headed cane was walking along the street staring at the kid. The man walked down a ways and then turned around and came back. He stood himself in front of the doorway and if I'd wanted to I could have leaned out and touched him.

After a while he took out a silver cigarette case and offered it to the boy. "Would you like a cigarette?" he asked him.

The kid didn't answer. The man cleared his throat and spoke a little louder. "Do you want a cigarette?"

The boy gave that little twitch in his throat and opened his eyes. He looked at the fat man and then at the shiny, silver case. But when he tried to take a cigarette his fingers were like sticks and the man had to help him.

In the light of the match I could see the boy's face with the tight little lines around the mouth and the thin cheeks. I could see the man's face too—he had thick, smooth flesh that looked like it had just been shaved and his hands were white and meaty.

The boy took a long drag on the cigarette and rested his head against the wall. The fat man leaned over to him. "A cigarette's good once in a while, isn't it?" Then his voice got soft. "Unemployed?"

The boy looked at him for a moment and then nodded.

"Haven't had a square meal in a long time, eh?"

The boy didn't nod this time. He just looked away and took another puff on his cigarette.

"It's tough not having a job," the fat man said. He waited for a while. "You know," he said, "I'd like to help you."

The boy turned his head slowly and looked at him. "Sure," he repeated, "I'd like to help a boy like you."

Ed looked at me and gave that little click with his tongue. The fat man heard it and turned around like a flash, but we pulled back and he didn't see us. He waited a while and then cleared his throat and started to talk again. But he stopped in the middle of it and looked off down the street. I could hear some one coming.

It was the little blonde chippy who hangs around Riccardi's on the next block. She had a tankful under her belt and she was sloping along from side to side and singing in time with the Salvation Army band. When she came up to where the fat man was, she planted herself in front of him and let loose with a hiccup that must have started down at her ankles. "Hello," she said. She had a whiskey breath a mile long and I could smell it from where I was.

The fat man made a gesture of disgust and turned his head away from her. She pushed up against him and started to giggle. He shifted and gave her a little push. "Go on, beat it," he muttered, "beat it."

The girl made a face at him and turned to the boy. "Hello, kid," she said, "how about it?"

The fat man grabbed her and shoved her hard. "I told you to beat it," he said. His voice was fierce. He was hunched up and his neck looked swollen.

The girl got sore and bounced right back at him. She started spitting all over the side-

walk and yelling at the top of her lungs.

"Sh," the fat man said with a scared look coming over his face and his head jerking around to see if anyone was watching, "sh, shut up, shut up!"

"Don't you try t' shut me up," she yelled back at him. "I know what the hell you're after."

The fat man grabbed her, clapped his hand over her mouth and pulled her over to the curb. He started talking fast with his mouth down close to her ear. After a while she stopped making a fuss and he let go of her. She straightened up and held out her hand. He took out his wallet and handed her a bill. She grabbed it, folded it carefully and pushed it down the front of her dress. Then she patted her breasts, looked up at him and started to laugh. He turned her around and gave her a little shove to start her moving. She went off down the street wobbling from side to side and laughing like hell.

I looked back at the kid. His head was against the wall and he was holding the cigarette butt between his teeth with his lips stretched open so he shouldn't get them burned. He looked as though he hadn't seen a thing.

The fat man came back, looking up and down the street.

From the next corner I could hear the Salvation Army spiel going on. Just about now the "I usta be a rum-hound and sinner" would be telling the crowd how he got all his sins and impure vices washed clean by the blood of Jesus Christ and free board and flop from the Salvation Army. I knew if I walked down there he'd have a whiskey nose and broken teeth and he'd be hopping around like he had to go somewhere.

The fat man lit another cigarette. He looked all excited. He leaned over to the boy. "A woman like that always disgusts me," he said. His voice was a little hoarse.

The boy didn't answer him. He just raised his hand slowly and picked the butt out from between his teeth. He moved like he was half-asleep.

"A boy like you ought to stay away from women," the fat man said. "Women like that are diseased."

The boy didn't answer. The man touched his arm with the gold head of his cane. "A boy like you ought to have a job." He paused for a moment. "I think I might be able to get one for you," he suggested.

The boy looked at him.

"How about it?" the fat man asked.

The boy waited for a while. Then he spoke. It was for the first time and his voice was so low I could hardly hear it. "All right," he said.

The man put his arm around the boy's shoulder and started to talk in a hurry. "Listen," he said, "we'll go up to my apartment. I've got some stuff to drink and you can have a bath and get some decent clothes. How about it?"

The boy didn't answer for a while. He was staring at the ground. When he looked up at the man he was shivering. "Can I get something to eat?" he asked.

"Why of course you can," the fat man replied, "all you want."

The boy was silent again, looking down at the ground. "You got another cigarette?" he asked him.

In the light of the match I looked hard at the kid. His face was white and he was crying and he could hardly hold onto the cigarette.

They walked off down the street. The kid walked slow with the fat man helping him.

I could hear the Salvation Army band on the next corner playing *Onward Christian Soldiers*. I looked at Ed and he looked back at me. I felt like hell. I felt like running out on the streets and committing a murder.

"Jesus Christ," Ed said, "what are we stayin' here for? Why don't we do something?"

"Yeah," I said, "what are you gonna do, take the kid out and give him a porterhouse steak and get him a new suit of clothes? Where'll you get the cash? Hell, there are sixteen million like him."

"Jesus Christ," Ed said.

We stood there a while and listened to the Salvation Army band.

"Hell," Ed said, "what this country needs is a good Revolution."

Breadline

Don't look into the eyes. No, not the eyes: these are hungry men. There is that in the eyes will haunt you when you are safe beside your fire, haunt your well-bred meals. It is not that the jaws are gaunt; we have seen gaunt jaws before, admired the lines, thought they might be interesting to draw; but this is different. These men are hungry. Avoid the eyes.

It's enough to look at the back of a man who has not eaten, follow the shoulder-line, the hands, used to work, hanging slack. The hands disturb nearly as much as the eyes. It might be as well not to look at the hands. That one with sealed face is still betrayed by the hands, forgotten . . . hopeless, and the way he stands.

Turn, avert the face, go while you can upon your way, safe and compassionate, before your eyes learn what their eyes still lack:

the clean, clear purpose of awakened hate.

ELSA GIDLOW.

Correspondence

New Light on Coughlin

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Marguerite Young left a few things out of her article on Father Coughlin.

It is common gossip in Wall Street that Roosevelt's Forgotten Man is—Rockefeller. They point out Rockefeller men like Moffet and Teagle occupying important administration positions. Hoover was Morgan's man. Roosevelt is Rockefeller's man. Henry Harkness Flagler, another Rockefeller man, praises Roosevelt all the time.

How do the facts bear this out? Due to Roosevelt's inflation, Rockefeller, whose wealth is primarily in oil, has made a fortune all over again. Gasoline is now 18 and 20 cents a gallon; you could buy it eight for a dollar a year ago.

The people whose wealth has been in fixed interest bearing securities, the Morgans, Warburgs, Mellons, Mills, don't like Roosevelt—because he has enriched Rockefeller at their expense.

You will notice that Coughlin attacks the Morgan crowd—but is very careful about the Rockefeller crowd.

Here is what Coughlin says about Aldrich, another Rockefeller man, "New bankers with new vision are replacing the old. An Aldrich is the new chairman of the Chase National Bank in New York—perhaps the world's largest bank. Wiggin is out. There is a leader in finance, an Aldrich, who backs the President and who condemns the methods of the Federal Reserve System and the hide out holding companies which participated in the greatest credit inflation of all history."

This is taken from p. 114 of *The New Deal in Money*, a pamphlet of Coughlin's speeches distributed by the Radio League of the Little Flower, Royal Oak, Michigan. On p. 80 Coughlin praises McFadden, Hitlerite representative in the U. S. Congress.

Coughlin and Rockefeller are getting ready for a Nazi campaign shortly. Coughlin in his speeches attempts to further discredit Morgan and Mellon by linking them up with the international Rothschild—and mention things about "blood" and "race."

It is interesting to note that Coughlin praised Aldrich after his nefarious interference in Cuba was thoroughly aired in the press.

Wall Street insiders regard Coughlin as another device of Ivy Lee, notorious Rockefeller propagandist, whose son is now consorting with the Nazis in Germany.

H. T. ADAMS.

Theatre Festival

TO THE NEW MASSES:

May we be permitted the use of your columns to spread the news that the finals of the New York section of the National Theatre Festival will be held at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, Broadway and 28th Street, on March 10th? Three English and two foreign language groups will participate, and one from each will be selected to represent the New York section at the national finals in Chicago, to be held on April 13th, 14th, and 15th.

JACK FRESH,

LOWT Exec. Comm. N. Y.

Frisco Workers' School

TO THE NEW MASSES:

The San Francisco Workers School, which has shown a steady growth of approximately 100 percent from term to term, has set a quota of 600 students for its Spring Term, March 5 to May 31, 1934.

Thirty-two courses are offered in a variety of subjects, all necessary to the training of leaders for the class-struggle.

The school is under direct leadership of the Communist Party, and its Executive Committee is

composed of active workers in the party, while its Advisory Council draws into its work such well-known figures as Lincoln Steffens, Anita Whitney, Ella Winter, Langston Hughes and others. Leo Gallagher is an Honorary Member of the Council.

The school headquarters is situated in the newly opened Ruthenberg House at 121 Haight Street, San Francisco, where there is also a fine Workers Library and other study facilities, together with a gymnasium, equipped with lockers, showers, etc.

JAMES BRANCH.

Profits Recover

TO THE NEW MASSES:

The Blue Eagle has spread his sheltering wings over the rich and uses his claws to fight off the poor from receiving any possible benefits from the "New Deal." Just what a harvest the moneybags of America reaped from the "recovery" regime was revealed the other day when it was announced that 810 industrial corporations which in 1932 reported a net loss of \$45,000,000, had made net profits in 1933 of \$440,000,000.

In the past year, meanwhile, workers' wages declined, while food prices soared 16.7 percent and clothing and other necessities rose 27½ percent. Perhaps that is what Roosevelt had in mind when he told representatives of industry at the code hearings in Washington recently that—despite all his talk of shorter hours and higher wages for the workingman—he was unalterably committed to insuring a "reasonable profit" to the exploiters of labor.

GEORGE ROWLEY.

Watch March 31

TO THE NEW MASSES:

March 31 may easily become a date of deep significance in the history of the United States. On that day, according to the latest reports from Washington, the last of the C.W.A. employees will be cut off the payroll and condemned to actual, whereas for some little time they have merely endured semi-starvation.

Mr. Roosevelt may not be aware of it; to judge from his insistence on ending the C.W.A. he is not; but responsible politicians in England make no bones about admitting that the only thing that has staved off a revolution there, any time these fifteen years past since the War, has been the dole. The C. W. A. is a form of the dole. The peculiar thing about a dole is that it's easier to start than to stop. I suggest that March 31 ought to be marked on your calendar—in red.

Fargo, N. D.

MATTHEW S. SALEN.

The CONTRIBUTORS

GEORGE SEVERNY is at work on a biography of George Dimitroff, the first to be published in English.

REBECCA PITTS lives in Indianapolis. H. H. LEWIS, author of *Thinking of Russia, Salvation*, etc., is completing a fourth pamphlet of poems.

ALBERT MALTZ is co-author with George Sklar of *Peace on Earth and Merry-Go-Round*.

ELSA GIDLOW, a California poet, contributes frequently to periodicals and anthologies.

WALTER SNOW, critic and short-story writer, is a member of the John Reed Club of New York.

CARL FOX, artist and poet, is a member of the John Reed Club of New York.

JOHN GROTH works in lithograph in Chicago. His work will appear regularly in THE NEW MASSES.

Books

A Study in Hangovers

REFLECTIONS ON THE END OF AN ERA, by Reinhold Niebuhr. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

THE NECESSITY OF COMMUNISM, by John Middleton Murry. Thomas Seltzer. \$1.50.

PERHAPS I ought to beg Dr. Niebuhr's pardon for coupling his book with Middleton Murry's *The Necessity of Communism*, which is the culminating achievement of a long and singularly asinine career. But I am afraid that Dr. Niebuhr, before many years have passed, will find himself in even worse company. Both books show that, for a considerable number of intellectuals, the great choice today is between some private conception of revolution and the Communism of the Communist Party. And these private conceptions have a way of leading to very strange alliances.

But let us see what Dr. Niebuhr's private conception is. It includes much with which we shall not disagree. Dr. Niebuhr recognizes not only the evils of capitalism but also its instability. He perceives the reality and immediacy of the class struggle, and he believes that that struggle will culminate in a violent conflict, provoked by the unwillingness of the ruling class to surrender its privileges. In the revolutionary conflict the proletariat, he believes, must ultimately triumph. Though he stresses and even exaggerates the peculiarities of the American situation, he does not regard America as an exception to the general rule of class struggle and proletarian victory. Moreover, while praising liberalism for its virtues, he clearly sees the futility of the liberals, the weaknesses of their theories, and the dangers of their mode of conduct in time of crisis. Finally, he understands the nature of bourgeois individualism and the paradoxical way in which it results in standardization.

So far, so good! But Dr. Niebuhr remains what he calls an orthodox Christian, and he therefore urges an alliance of Christianity and Marxism. Orthodoxy, he maintains, will contribute to the revolutionary movement a saving sense of the sanctity of the individual soul, a mitigation of the proletarian desire for revenge, an attitude of tolerance towards the genuine values of bourgeois society, and a check upon utopian illusions. Orthodoxy, for Dr. Niebuhr, means simply a sense of conscious purpose in the universe. The only evidence he offers for this supernaturalistic dualism, as he calls it, is the experience of grace, by which he means "the apprehension of the absolute from the perspective of the relative." "If it is recognized or believed," he says, "that the moral imagination conceives ideals for life which history in any immediate

or even in any conceivable form is unable to realize a dualistic world-view will emerge."

It may be pointed out that most persons who call themselves orthodox Christians would deny Dr. Niebuhr's right to that title and would class him among the very liberals he condemns. Historically Christianity, both Catholic and Protestant, rests upon its claim to provide a way of salvation for the individual soul, and the orthodox will accept no substitute. Moreover, the orthodox might well insist that the ethical imagination is a good deal less substantial base for religion than divine revelation. Both orthodox Christians and materialists would be aware that the jump Dr. Niebuhr asks us to take is a longer one than the quickness with which he makes the leap might indicate. Unless all simpler explanations of the ethical imagination fail, we are not compelled to resort to a dualistic theory; and simpler explanations of man's capacity for wanting more than he has—or even can have—are available.

But it would be foolish to waste space in refuting theories that have been refuted time after time. What interests us is the practical bearing of Dr. Niebuhr's attempt to synthesize Marxism and Christianity. First of all, he denies the scientific character of Marxism, offering as evidence certain unscientific statements by certain Marxists. (By this method how easy it would be to prove that physics is not a science!) He exaggerates the terrorism of the Russian Bolsheviks and the possible terrorism of Communists in other countries. He flirts with nationalism, and he advocates alliances with farmers and with the middle class on terms that would make impossible the very ideals he advocates. Finally, in the interests of this Christo-Marxist synthesis, he attacks, in speeches and articles and to some extent in this book, the Communist Party, not only as it functions in the United States but also as it functions in Germany and Russia.

We know, then, where Dr. Niebuhr stands. All things considered, he has come a long way. The best part of his book, moreover, his demolition of liberalism, will hit particularly hard the very people who are likely to read it. At the same time we must recognize that his talk about a sense of grace is, in its practical effect, only one more excuse for preferring the forces of reaction to the forces of revolution. When one remembers that Dr. Niebuhr, who seems to find far more evil in the organized church than he does in the Communist Party, nevertheless remains affiliated with the former while he pours scorn on the latter, it is not surprising that he prefers a united front with Woll and La Guardia to a united front with Communists.

Niebuhr at least has sense enough to recognize that what he is doing is combining certain elements of Marxism with certain religious

theories, but Murry insists that his is the simon-pure word of Karl Marx. What he has really done is to add Marx to a pantheon that already included Jesus, Keats, and D. H. Lawrence, and the best that can be said for him is that he has not distorted Marx's teachings much more vulgarly and preposterously than he had previously distorted the teachings of the others. Our own "national Communists" will be pleased to note Mr. Murry's reason for arguing that Communism in England must be English Communism: "The simple form taken by this instinctive feeling of the impossibility of Russian Communism in England is that the Englishman is too 'decent' to allow such inhuman horrors to be perpetrated." Remembering the long record of British imperialism, one is reminded by Murry's words of the last scene in *Point Counter Point*, and one can only repeat with Huxley, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Mr. Murry wants to be both a revolutionary and a sentimental middle-class Britisher; Dr. Niebuhr wants to be both a revolutionary and an orthodox Christian. It is not difficult to understand such folly, and one could lightly dismiss it if it were an isolated phenomenon. But unfortunately the doctrines of such well-intentioned gentlemen prove very useful to other gentlemen who are neither so well-intentioned nor so naive. Already these brands of religious Communism, non-Marxian Communism, pacifist Communism, nationalist Communism, and the like are tolerated by sections of the capitalist press that attack bitterly and unscrupulously the Communist Party. Tolerance will yield to encouragement, no doubt, as the revolutionary movement grows, and capitalists, fearing only the Communism of the Communist Party, eagerly avail themselves of their last line of defense.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Russian Models

CHARACTER EDUCATION IN SOVIET RUSSIA. Edited by William Clark Trow. Foreword by George S. Counts. Translated by Paul D. Kalachov. Ann Arbor Press.

To abridge Editor Trow's thesis, since the *Pioneers* have made America's funny papers, it is high time for us to know more about the organization, which is flourishing on a magnificent scale in the U.S.S.R. This handy volume offers a collection of articles by a number of Soviet specialists for the instruction of Pioneer leaders, who have been availing themselves of the data therein for years. The translation, consequently, is aimed at American pedagogues, Boy Scout leaders, social workers, and others who concern themselves with our children's psycho-physical needs. The authors analyze the underlying principles, the role of the leader, possibilities in children's self-activity, and a host of related topics. No effort is made to tell of the manifold accomplishments of the movement, the focus of attention being rather the shortcom-

ings, especially in leadership. Objectives are set. False methodology is laid bare. Ways and means of developing Communists are considered: public work of the Young Pioneer's division, steps in working out a project, political education, relation to the school, admissions and expulsions, committees and circles, regulations and insignia, relations between leaders and children. Stimulation of self-management is stressed. Accent is placed on developing leader competence in a truly Marxian manner. The struggle for a new life, learning by mistakes, working with children vs. teaching them to work, and similar questions are raised and thoroughly discussed.

Character Education in Soviet Russia, its contents originally meant for domestic consumption, is not of polemical nature; the American editor is the only contributor to suggest that his country's Boy Scouts are militaristic, that they are recruited largely from the middle-class groups, that their rather narrow activities are unrelated to the industrial and political world of today or tomorrow. The prospect of applying the doctrines advocated is sadly limited in the capitalist educational system, whose apologists cultivate with particular assiduity the myth of character building in schools and such auxiliary institutions as Boy Scouts, church groups and others. But the book is an eye-opener for those genuinely and open-mindedly concerned with the child's well-being.

LUCIEN ZACHAROFF.

These British

THE VICTORIAN AFTERMATH, by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. William Morrow. \$3.50.

If the proper study of mankind is man, anybody who fails to pay attention to the English is not keeping up with his home work. The further important study of the moment is the prospect of war, and there again the British are the people to be watched. When Sir John Simon preferred to work with Japan instead of the United States in the Manchurian affair, he was doing only what Lord Salisbury did in preparation for the Russo-Japanese war in 1904. When Mr. Wingfield-Stratford says that the deal between Salisbury and Japan was "a piece of diplomacy on both sides that would have rejoiced the heart of Machiavelli," he is writing not only of 1904 but of 1934.

What always confuses the observer about the British is the gap between their personal integrity and their international morality. It is extremely unlikely that an Englishman would lift your purse while a guest in your home, but he would very gladly perjure his soul for the sake of Albion. With all their reputation for muddling through (accounted rather a kindly, homely quality), sportsmanship, and gentlemanliness, they have a long record in foreign relations of double-crosses, force, and devious dodgings. It is never necessary to go beyond the works of the Eng-

lish themselves for proof of this proposition.

Mr. Wingfield-Stratford discusses the breakdown of Victorianism, the change in morals, the struggle of woman suffrage, the Irish question, the new treatment of science and the general decay of the ruling classes which had profited so hugely during the reign of the Dear Queen. He writes with bite and zest even though he is definitely on the side of God and is not too pleased at the general collapse of things. Politically it would be profitable to read the book in connection with others covering the same period. Quite the best of them is *The Portrait of a Diplomatist*, Harold Nicolson's life of his father, Sir Arthur Nicolson. It would be a revelation both of the stupidity of such men as Sir Edward Grey, in whose hands the peace of Europe was placed in 1914 just as it is now entrusted to Sir John Simon, and of the more important fact that it mattered little what any individual said or did on a particular day in August, 1914: the fuse of war had been set years before in the imperialistic rivalries of Germany, England, and Russia, and nothing could have stopped the war but a revolution of the workers.

The Kaiser was concerned about the "Yellow Peril" but the British, despite their position as bearers of the "White Man's Burden," supported Japan in 1904 against Russia because they wanted to relieve the pressure on India. They later formed an alliance with Russia and Japan against Germany because they feared the new sea power. And what is the position now? Where does Great Britain stand? The French would like to know. Washington would like to know. Japan feels that it knows. Lord Lytton headed a commission which denounced Japan for its actions in Manchuria; the British Foreign Office had other views. English opinion has been horrified by the Nazis' treatment of the Jews; Sir John Simon, a Jew, has been extremely considerate of Hitler's feelings. Hitler has

an understanding with Japan; England has an understanding with Japan and is more than friendly to Hitler. Ah, these Bolsheviks! Always conjuring up specters. There are evidences that Mr. Roosevelt has also been seeing ghosts.

England holds the peace of the world in its hands. Since what has moved it once can conceivably move it again, it would be the part of wisdom to study that record. Mr. Wingfield-Stratford gives a good general picture of the period between the ascent of Dear Bertie to the throne and the outbreak of the war. Of more importance are such volumes as the Nicolson memoirs, Winston Churchill's *The World Crisis*, Sir Edward Grey's *Twenty-Five Years*, Von Bülow's *Memoirs*, and Sidney Fay's *The Origins of the World War*. They will prove to you that the English are no worse and no better than the other capitalistic powers and that the gentleman in white flannels who waives the point so gallantly in tennis may be the same man who is forming an alliance with the devil himself for the greater glory of the Empire.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

One Man's World

BELLY FULLA STRAW, by David Cornell de Jong. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Belly Fulla Straw, David Cornell de Jong's first novel, is an account of the life of a Dutch immigrant in America and his ultimate return to Holland. Harmen Idema, the character about whom the book revolves, thinks parenthood ought to wear strong fences, fences everywhere, fences so steep and high that even the most reckless could not fall. "I have built a fence around my roof so that no one may fall off and no blood shall come on my head," he says to himself. He prospers in America after a period of struggle, but his wife dies, and his children, with the exception of one,

WHO CARES ABOUT MINERS?

This book is for those who do. It tells the world what life among the miners really is like; the actual experiences of a girl reporter who, with no axes to grind, went to a Pennsylvania mining town, lived among the miners, went on strike with them, descended into a mine herself. She witnessed the struggle between the U.M.W.A. and the National Miners, watched the trial of Leo Thompson, went begging for the Relief, attended the Y.C.L. meetings, was finally forced out because the workers mistook her for a spy of the bosses. It's an honest, human document that hits with terrific force. \$2.50

I WENT TO PIT COLLEGE

By LAUREN GILFILLAN

Published by The Viking Press, 18 E. 48th St., New York City

give him scant comfort. They break down the fences and establish themselves in a life that Idema cannot share and does not care to share. Rolf (Americanized as Ralph) is a shallow and loud-mouthed fellow who believes in settling arguments with his fists. Ger (who becomes Gertrude) is a shrew; almost caught abed with one lover by her father, she hooks another in a shotgun wedding. Dirk, the youngest, is a good-natured and eternally hungry animal. Ka (also known as Kate) is the one with whom Mijnheer Idema feels a spiritual affinity, but, for some obscure reason, he regards it as shameful.

Belly Fulla Straw is full of evidence of de Jong's fine talent. His picture of Idema's last night in Meerdum is particularly striking and sensitively wrought. Incisive work has gone into the portion dealing with the Idemas' first days in Grand Rapids, in a strange and hostile land, at the mercy of a grasping go-getter. Perhaps de Jong has willed that the reader should never take his eye off Idema, that no character save Idema should be of major importance in the development of the book. Idema reclines nude upon the dissecting table, pitilessly bathed in a floodlight. The symptoms attending his malady are accurately charted, but no cure is attempted or suggested. The end of the book finds him at sea, both literally and figuratively, with no port in sight. Hunger of the belly is the least of Mijnheer's troubles, but he is plagued by other kinds. He has Freudian complexes, and so has Ka, who cannot regard him merely as a father.

The material of the novel is familiar; many writers have employed variations of de Jong's themes. For example Idema's best friend, a contractor given to Rotarian bonhomie, miraculously becomes a philosopher who drowns himself when he discovers he is fated for a lingering death from cancer of the stomach. There is the pathos of an outwardly stolid but inwardly sensitive parent misunderstood and disowned by all of his children save one. There is Idema's nostalgia for Holland, tintured by the realization that the past cannot be recaptured.

We are told, of course, that the basic dramatic situations are ageless and timeless. But de Jong has concentrated so much upon the man Idema that he appears to exist in a world of his own. During the worst economic crisis since capitalism became dominant, Idema says to his friend Mulder: "I used to concern myself a lot by way of telling everybody who wanted to listen, or even when they didn't care to listen—with my ideas about social justice, equality, and the rights of the proletariat. I still have those ideas, but I don't try to preach them any more. The living of them is hard enough—is nothing but struggle."

We must acknowledge de Jong's artistry in the portrait of Harmen Idema, but after we have him, what are we going to do with him? What does he mean to us, isolated in his inner world, harried by his private inhibitions and sorrows? Harmen Idema lives in tremendous days—starvation, riots, the death

of an old world and the triumphant rise of a new one beyond the seas. The depression is mentioned almost casually, and it does not seem to affect vitally anybody in the book.

Didn't Whitman advise the writers of his day, sadly pressed for new themes, to strike out into fresh, untried spheres, to "vivify the contemporary fact?" This is a collective age, whether the individual wills it or not. We work with the mass, perhaps starve with the mass. If we are men, we must fight with the mass. More and more, the mass is figuring as the protagonist of writers who are attempting to mirror contemporary events. Soviet writers are doing this. Kataev's *Time, Forward!* is a recent example.

Belly Fulla Straw is a good novel; there is no hardboiled posturing in it. It is a series of vignettes, with Harmen Idema always in full center. Had de Jong been able to employ his skill in widening his view to a panorama, to suggest more fully the world through which Idema moved, to endow him with more affirmative qualities, he might have written a much better book.

JACK CONROY.

Symbol of Frustration

OUT OF LIFE, by Myron Brinig. Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.50.

In his first two novels, *Singermann* and *Wide Open Town*, Brinig drew heavily on his Montana boyhood experiences and proved a promising realist. But in *This Man Is My Brother*, the sequel to *Singermann*, he began to desert the character novel. Flirting with symbolism, he occupied himself with long-winded discussions of intermarriage and the problem of the Jew in America. Then came a flyer into fantastic eroticism, *The Flutter of an Eyelid*. In his latest book, *Out of Life*, Brinig flounders completely on the hazy shoals of symbolism. His next volume, it has been announced, will be *Michael Singermann*. Michael is really the author himself and appeared in the two previous volumes of the so-called Singermann saga. Such perpetual concern with autobiographical material indicates that Brinig is a baffled, astigmatic individual, who lacks the rudder of a philosophy of existence.

Unwilling to see life in terms of the class struggle and disdaining the facile optimism of a Vicki Baum (*And Life Goes On*) and a Robert Nathan (*One More Spring*), Brinig uses *Out of Life* as a vehicle for introspective probings. The only great events of existence, he has a pseudo-philosophic newsdealer say, are birth, love, and death. For his theme, Brinig chooses a reverse treatment of the Baum-Nathan creeds.

With such an idea, it was inevitable that his hero, Sam Baggott, a dried-up delicatessen dealer, would remain a symbol and never develop into an agonizingly real character. In the beginning, Baggott, aged forty, and married to a childless, dowdy blonde, aged thirty-eight, who perpetually serves him burnt meat, seems like an embryo Babbitt, who

never rose above a herring counter. But before Baggott becomes really vivid as a character, Brinig catapults him into what at first appears to be a Nathan-Baum fairy-tale.

With the news that his wife will give him a long-desired child, he experiences a life-awakening spring. Of course Lewis' Babbitt, in spite of his fatherhood, remained a frustrated booster. But our author is not concerned with realities. He is dealing with symbols. His book is an intellectual stunt, a mixture of a one-man *Grand Hotel* cinema of thirty-six incredible hours and a mystical monologue. People recognize that a great change has come over Sam Baggott, especially an ex-Harvard student, now a sailor, whom Baggott identifies as a prototype of his coming son.

A whirlwind of experience follows. They see a banker commit suicide in Wall Street (a symbol of death). An Italian woman striker is trampled underneath a policeman's horse in Union Square. She dies but the child lives. (*And Life Goes On*—symbol of death and birth.) Then they go to a luxurious Park Avenue gambling palace where Baggott has phenomenal luck for awhile (à la *Grand Hotel*) but loses everything except \$50 and sees an exotic, misunderstood courtesan (unlike *Grand Hotel*) prefer the young sailor to himself. Baggott still identifies the sailor with the unborn son and mystically experiences Love with a capital L.

Of course such a bottled up individual as Baggott could never become so intensely aware of the world around him. The climax is in the same vein of incredibility. Baggott, learning that his wife's supposed pregnancy is a false alarm, cannot trudge on his old round of frustration and starts swimming out to South America in the hackneyed Swinburnean-Martin Eden fashion.

If Brinig would only come to grips with life, he might yet accomplish something. He should try the reverse treatment on the casual manner with which he dismisses the motherless Italian baby, left with only a helpless, aged grandmother—"Some charitable organization would bring in food or money for the old woman and the child."

But such treatment would introduce an economic note. When one only creates characters in one's own image, a delicatessen proprietor becomes a Hart Crane remembering the symbolism of the all-enveloping ocean.

WALTER SNOW.

Dinner Entertainment Dance

by the Allied Professional Committee
to Aid Victims of German Fascism
Medical Section

Sun. Eve. MARCH 11, 8:30 P. M.

at
THE SAMOVAR

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For reservations Admission
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Music and the Crisis

ASHLEY PETTIS

PROBABLY no group has been harder hit by the economic catastrophe than the musical profession. Prior to the depression, tremendous inroads had been made in the ranks of professional musicians trained in the "classical" traditions by the advent of "jazz" and jazz players, whose musical accomplishment, from all previously conceived standards, was practically nil. Together with this change in the professional status of the musician, came the synchronization of sound and film, with the disappearance of orchestral players from the theatre. The coming of the depression completed the desolation of the musician. With the crisis came the suspension of bands and orchestras. The problem of the unemployed band and orchestra players was bad enough, but at least they had some semblance of organization in the Musicians' Union, affiliated with the A. F. of L.

It was to have been expected that the Musicians' Union would have been in a position, after all the years of its organization, to have adopted practical steps to care for the interests of those members who had been faithful during the years of prosperity. But because of gross mismanagement of the New York Local (802), the majority of whose governing board are appointed by Joseph N. Weber, "czar" of the American Federation of Musicians, and who have held office for thirteen years, the local union is found at this low ebb of the depression to be without funds, although it has had an income of approximately \$2,500,000 in the last ten years. To obtain funds in addition to regular dues and entrance fees, to keep up an enormously expensive "swivel-chair" organization which by

no means represents the interests or wishes of its members, the super-imposed governing board has levied a one percent tax upon the gross receipts of those working. Funds, supposedly for relief, have been used in many instances to pay dues of delinquent members into the exchequer of the union, for "operating expenses." Very recently between two and three thousand members, hitherto in good standing, were dropped for non-payment of dues, in addition to a corresponding number dropped for the same reason in the past three years.

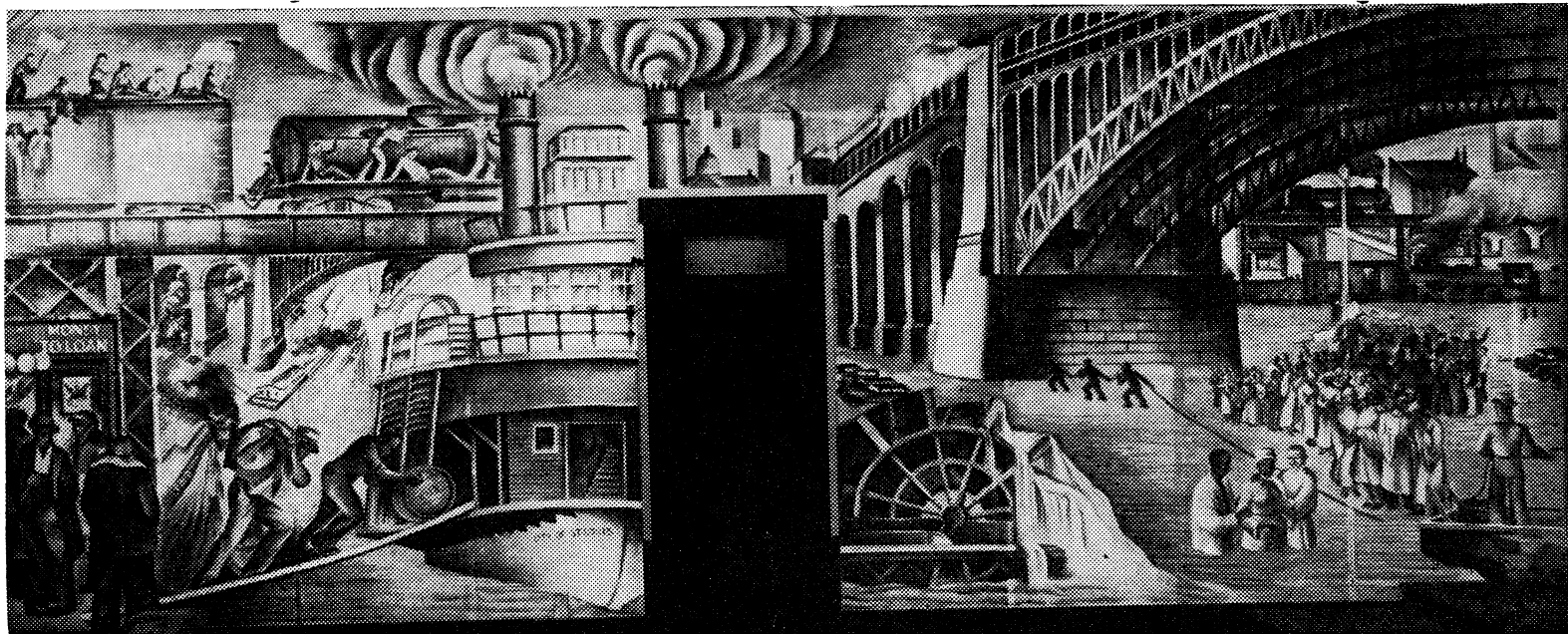
The local union (802) has had until the present time a dues-paying membership of 15,500 members. About 2,000 of these pursue other professions such as doctors, lawyers, dentists, etc., and continue to play their instruments as a side profession. Of the remainder, those depending solely upon the playing of their instruments for their livelihood, approximately 1,600 are working, at wages much lower than unskilled workers in other crafts.

With the crisis, the world of our so-independent musicians has collapsed. Attempts were made by the relief organizations to secure part time jobs for those in desperate straits, charitable relief has been given, so that they might prolong their misery until such time as the "prosperity," lurking "just around the corner," might appear.

To raise funds for the Musicians' Emergency Aid of New York, series of concerts have been given by a huge orchestra in Madison Square Garden, with services contributed by Dr. Walter Damrosch and many distinguished artists of world reputation. The funds collected from other sources in addition to

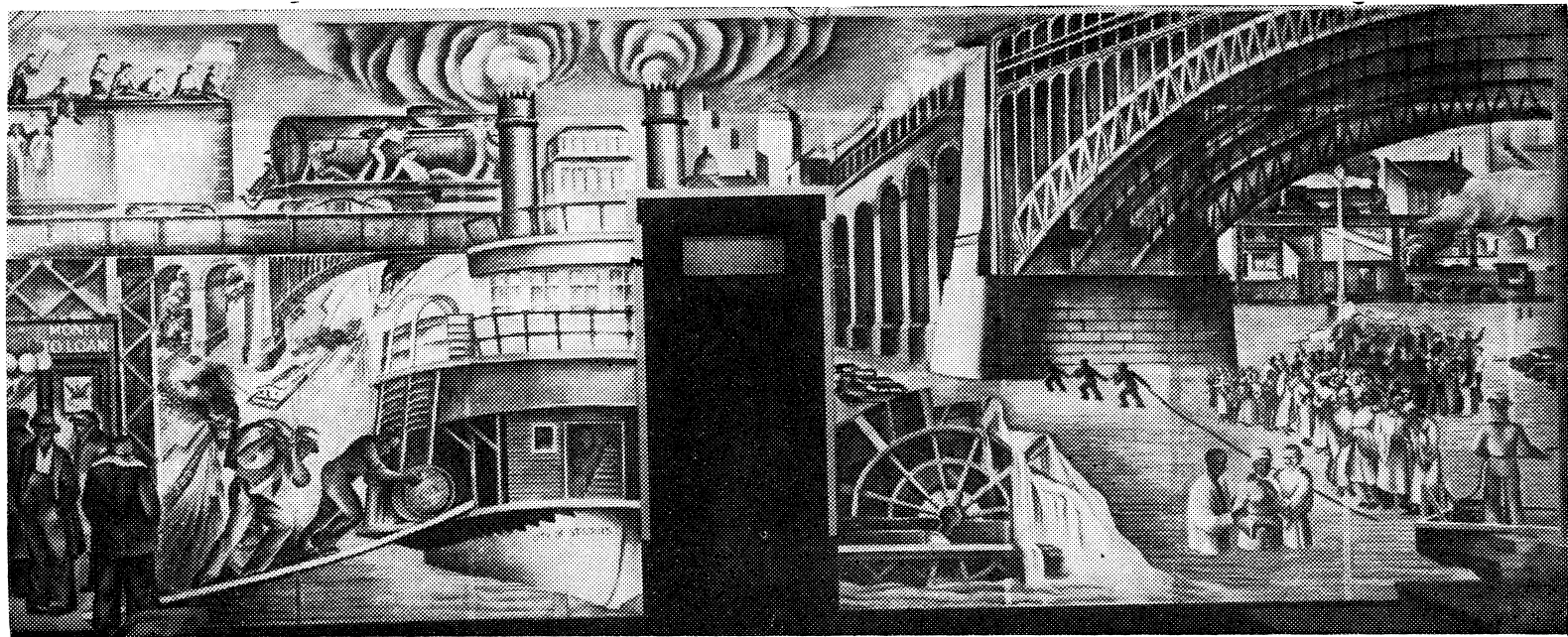
those raised by these concerts, have been handled and distributed by this emergency organization. The requests for relief have been so numerous that limitations have been imposed in the choice of recipients of these benefactions. Those not eligible for relief include: students of music, who may possess scholarships but not the wherewithal for living; young, unestablished professionals; members of the union (which is supposed to care for its own); musicians not residing in New York prior to 1929; and those unable to show "good and established" standing in their profession, either through documentary evidence, known standing, or by qualifying before an examining board. The fact that the "Emergency Aid" has assisted between 3,000 and 4,000 cases, in the face of a vast number of applicants who could not be helped, shows to some extent the tremendous need among musicians of New York City alone, the corresponding figures for other parts of the United States not being available. This relief is, of course, of the most temporary, passing nature, and has been in the form of payments for rent, food, medical and dental care, as well as the reclaiming of instruments from pawn, etc. In addition, the Emergency Aid has given 4,570 engagements in settlements, hospitals, etc., 219 concerts employing non-union solo artists and 20,000 days' work to union musicians. It is undeniable that in many instances, people in affluent circumstances have taken advantage of the fact that musical services during the depression were procurable through a charitable organization, and that these services frequently have been secured for as low a figure as \$5 an engagement, although the regular prevailing rate for such services, when procured through the union, has been \$14.

Realizing the hopelessness of the condition of some applying for emergency relief, many have been referred to the Readjustment Service Bureau, which endeavors to woo



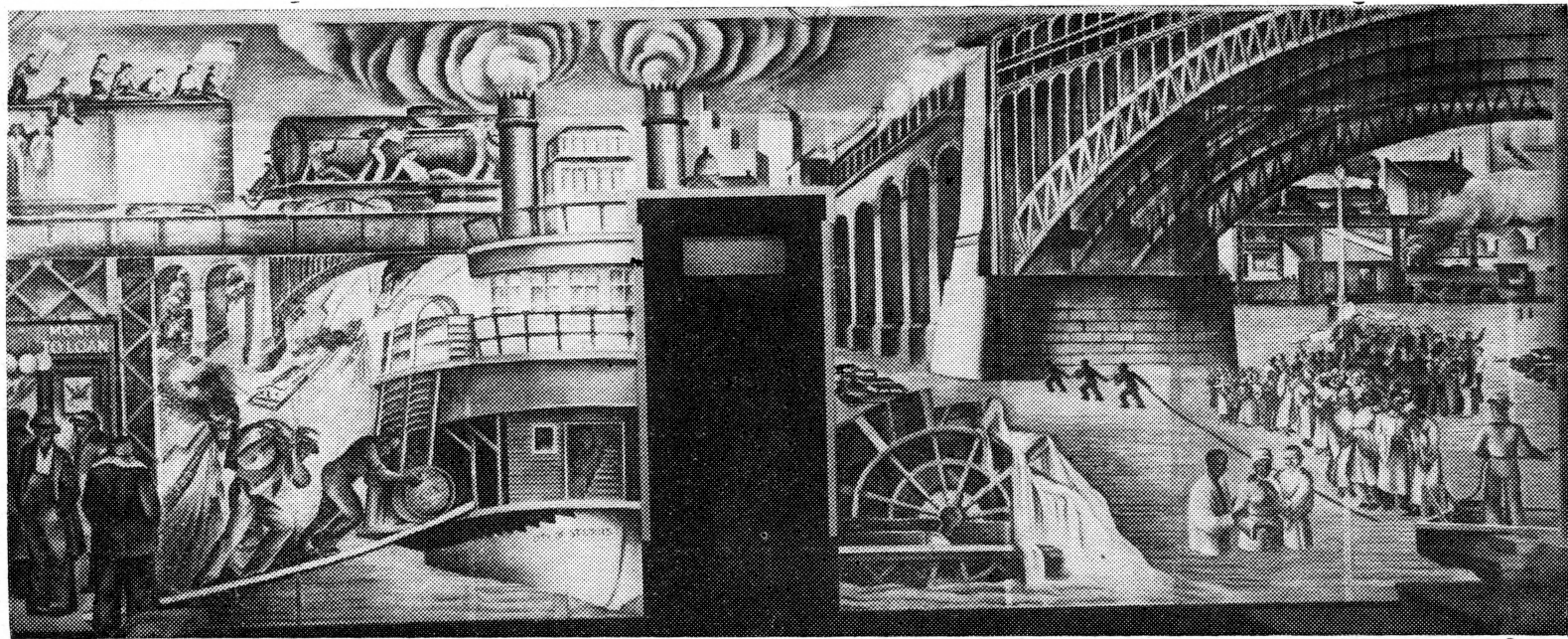
COLLECTIVE MURAL IN THE ST. LOUIS COURTHOUSE

This is the work done under the direction of Joe Jones by twelve unemployed Negro and white revolutionary artists



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musicians from their profession and train them for new and different work for which there is greater demand.

Every attempt to unearth statistical data in connection with the state of the musical profession in New York City (national statistics being uncompiled) brings to light new and convincing data relative to the woeful state of the profession. For instance, New York University, this year, reduced the salaries of its music department 50 percent, dismissed some teachers, and at the vastly reduced rate increased the teaching hours of the remaining instructors!

Of 11,000 music supervisors in the public schools of the United States working in 1931, 4,800 are reported unemployed in 1933.

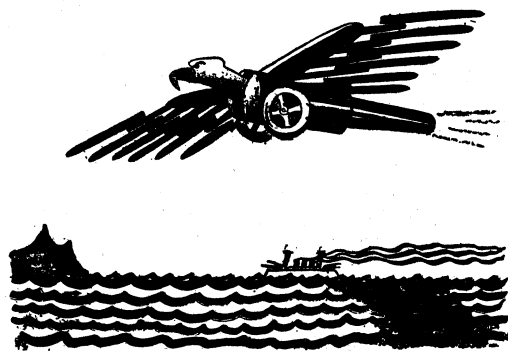
The C.W.A., taking over the work of the State relief organization, including the Civic Orchestra, has employed about 450 orchestral players, at very low salaries, in emergency work; in addition to about 100 teachers of music, giving instruction to "adults and children among the unemployed."

The data quoted herein seem to be quite complete as far as charitable relief is concerned, but the picture of the actual unemployment, distress and starvation among musicians is by no means exhaustive—only a small part is presented.

What the Musicians' Emergency Aid of New York and other temporary relief organizations have accomplished, is merely what one may expect of relief organizations; the exigency is prolonged to such an extent that there is serious danger of the complete disappearance of a large group in our cultural life, which should be of the utmost and permanent value, and which is not recognized officially by the government. Since, at all times, the welfare of the musician has been largely dependent upon the "patronage" and "benefactions" of the upper strata of society, he is not recognized officially or unofficially as a worker. An official of the N.R.A., upon being asked what, if anything, has been done for the musician, responded: "Nothing!—very sorry—has been done in that very special branch." Hence not even the N.R.A. attempts to alleviate the distress of the musician. He is not a worker! He cannot, generally speaking, qualify as an intellectual. He is a member of a group unrecognized, without definite plan, abandoned in the midst of its own unsolved and insoluble problems, by the rich who have made possible his existence with their patronage. The government which is "creating a new social order" does not consider him sufficiently important for a code. The musician is a man without a country!

In this period when concert courses throughout America have disappeared, or have been so curtailed in size as to be reduced to an absurdity, the music schools have continued to induce people to become artists for careers for which no demand exists. Not only have they done this upon payment of tuition, but they have even given extensively of partial and complete scholarships to encourage the production of concert "careerists" and teachers

J. R. C. Art Students' Show



Two drawings from the Students' Exhibition of the New York John Reed Club School of Art, where classes, day and evening, are given in political cartooning, fresco, life, lithography and sculpture. The teachers are Glintenkamp, Ribak, Soyer, Cikovsky, Refregier, Minor, Lozowick, Piccoli and Fields.

with degrees who, when they finally graduate, if among the fortunate ones, succeed—not in their chosen profession into which they have been misled—but at the cosmetic counter at Macy's or a position of even lesser importance.

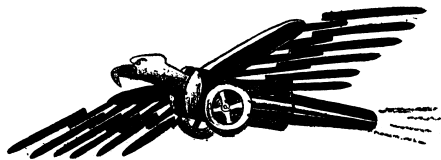
Some have hailed the concerts at Madison Square Garden, which have been attended by vast numbers, at popular prices, seldom or never seen at other concerts, as evidence of the masses of the people turning, as a result of "increased leisure" and a "newly awakened interest in culture," to music. From this manifestation of an interest in "higher" things by the "common" people, as well as from such new developments as popular-priced opera at the Hippodrome, it was predicted a new musical life would evolve! Music was to be on a new basis, the needy musicians would be absorbed in the demands of vast, popular musical enterprises! With the prolongation of the economic crisis, it became evident that these signs of a new evaluation of music in the lives of the masses were not to materialize. The popular interest in these musical offerings was, as a matter of fact, merely indicative of the hunger of the musically uninformed masses for a taste of the best in music. Did they receive that for which they hungered? They flocked to Madison Square Garden, which, considering its vast size, has remarkably good acoustics, to sit and gaze upon world celebrities; but at no time were they enabled to hear or grasp the complete effect or significance of the musical offerings. The value of the unemployed musicians playing in the orchestra upon these occasions, and the addition of funds to the Musicians' Emergency Relief, are not to be gainsaid or minimized; nor the interest awakened in new forces for more and better music; yet these concerts offered no permanent solution of the needs of musicians,

prolonged far beyond an "emergency," nor for a revaluation and organization of music for the cultural development of the masses.

Opera at the Hippodrome, while attracting large crowds at popular prices, was not sufficiently high in standard, in spite of appearances of some first rate artists, to constitute anything more than another example of dropping some crumbs of culture in the laps of the masses, for whom anything was good enough, since they possessed no criteria of judgment! With the approach of the Metropolitan Opera season, the popular-priced Hippodrome closed, having gained no root firm enough to continue in the face of New York's (and America's) only "permanent" opera. It is not to be regretted that these permanent musical values, only capable of coping with the exigency of a moment, should be short-lived.

In the midst of changes in our musical life and the condition and lives of musicians and of everyone directly or indirectly connected with the musical profession, it is to be expected that attempts should be made to reorganize music upon a different basis. Hence the growth of activities of the Pierre Degeyter Club, with its Composers' Collective under the direction of that splendid musicologist Charles Louis Seager, which, although practically in its inception, is doing splendid work in the development of composers, proletarian, embryonic and otherwise, into a working force which may, eventually, assume the guidance of American music. The Workers' Music League, through various activities culminating in a yearly Olympiad, is also doing noble work in the reorganization of the bases of musical development in this country, and above all, in imbuing the masses with a concept of music as a necessity in their lives, both as auditors and participants.

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The Theatre

AS ONE who had sat through the Heywood Patterson trial at Decatur, Alabama, and watched day after day the sickening spectacle of a dehumanized mob clamoring for the life of an innocent Negro youngster, I wish to convey my congratulations to the author, John Wexley, and to the producers of *They Shall Not Die*.

It is rarely that one is privileged to relive, not retrospectively, not merely in one's imagination, but actually, physically, palpably a momentous experience in one's life. The other night I relived such an experience. Seated in the Royale Theatre, I found myself once more in the midst of the swirling passions, the bestial prejudices, the cynical gloating, the unctuous gibberish of the Decatur courtroom. The whole thing was uncanny. The past and the present, reality and make-believe, life and theatre became inextricably fused in the world of my emotions and reactions. I was again in Decatur. Again I saw the clownish Attorney General Knight (Dade, in the play) and his detestable gang stirring the lowest instincts of the mob. Again I thrilled to the masterly cross-examination conducted by the histrionic and devilishly clever attorney for the Defense, Leibowitz-Rubin. Again I trembled at the ominous apathy of the thin-lipped jury chewing its endless cud and skillfully directing the overflow of tobacco juices into the spacious spittoons. And the hard-lined, cruel-eyed Victoria Price (Virginia Ross), and the soft and pliant Ruby Bates (Lucy Wells), and the stupid lying farmer Seth Robbins (Dobbin), and the hounded Negro youngster who hurls his accusation in the teeth of the Southern ruling class: "I was not tried, I was framed in Scottsboro!" Above all, the judge who, under the masque of Southern gentility and judicial impartiality, persistently, courteously, falsely overruled every valid, every crucial objection made by the defense.

In one brief half-hour in the third act, Wexley managed to telescope all the significant phases, clashes, and nuances of a long drawn-out trial. Nothing essential in the legal battle was omitted, nothing lost. More, in the first two acts, Wexley very convincingly revealed the motives of all the chief protagonists in the tragedy: why the boys confessed to a crime which they had never perpetrated; why Victoria Price and Ruby Bates agreed to falsely accuse the boys, as well as the psychological reasons for Ruby's final recantation. We see glimpses of the American *lumpen* proletariat. We are shown the miserable conditions in which the workers in the Southern cotton mills live. Poverty, hunger, inhuman exploitation—these, the play makes clear, are the causes for the Victoria Prices and the Ruby Bateses.

Aesthetes will find in this play ample material upon which to exercise their critical acumen. Is the play Art (with a capital letter)

or is it propaganda? Is it "mere" journalism or does it possess the qualities of permanence? Futile questions. Imaginary contradictions. As it happens, *They Shall Not Die* is good art, good journalism, and good propaganda.

Also, there will be some Marxists who will no doubt point out, with some degree of justice, a variety of unsatisfactory formulations, minor omissions, yes, and even ideological deviations. The International Labor Defense, they will complain, is not afforded sufficient opportunity to expound its views—one brief speech by Rogoff (Brodsky), that's all! What is worse, it is the bourgeois lawyer employed by the I.L.D. who runs away with the show. And some of the things he says, and some of the methods he uses would make a good Marxist burn with shame. Imagine a lawyer for the I.L.D. uttering a prayer in the courtroom—scandalous! To Wexley's rejoinder that he was reporting actual facts, the Marxists would reply that Wexley was reporting not enough facts, that he was playing up the legal at the expense of the extra-legal phase of the defense. The play, they would maintain, does not sufficiently reveal the contradiction of the working class seeking "justice" in a capitalist court. It does not disclose how the I.L.D., by employing an elastic technique whereby mass pressure and legal defense supplement each other, endeavors to resolve this basic contradiction. True, mass pressure is mentioned and urged in Rogoff's stirring speech, but it is never shown on the stage as a vital reality, as a potent force in wresting the boys from the clutches of the Alabama lynchers. To one unfamiliar with the work of the I.L.D., the most memorable portion of the play is likely to remain the brilliant work of one individual, one lawyer. By failing satisfactorily to fuse *all* the significant factors into one dramatic whole, Wexley, the Marxists will suggest, has somewhat reduced the artistic, hence the propagandistic, the revolutionary, effectiveness of his play. Only the profoundest art, they will say, is the best art, and only the best art is the best propaganda. Good is not enough. We want the BEST.

In extenuation, however, we must bear in mind the difficulties confronting a revolutionary playwright who is trying to reach a non-revolutionary audience. They are great and

manifold. Yet such an effort is distinctly worth while. Rather than altogether repel his middle-class audience by stating the truth bluntly, the playwright under such circumstances resorts to tact, diplomacy, suggestion, understatement, circumlocution. This is inevitable. It would be sheer quixotism to attempt to arouse the Theatre Guild subscribers to revolutionary consciousness, let alone revolutionary action. If one manages to undermine their faith in the capitalist system, its morality, justice, aesthetic, its other values, one is doing a great deal, one weakens resistance to revolutionary change. If one actually manages to smuggle through a revolutionary message one is doing more than is expected. Viewed in this light, *They Shall Not Die* is supremely successful. And even a revolutionary worker will find the Decatur trial in this play tremendously moving. Surely, no one who hears the terrifyingly bestial laughter issuing from the jury room in the final scene, will leave the Royale Theatre indifferent to the fate of the Scottsboro boys and the crucifixion of the Negro people in this country. That laughter, the symbol of all that is unspeakably ugly in our capitalist civilization—ignorance, bigotry, brutality, cynicism, exploitation, race hatred—is going to haunt him, won't let him rest, will drive him, if there is a spark of virility in him, to the determination to blow this savage system which makes such horrors possible into a million smithereens.

J. K.

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