new Masses

APRIL 10 1934

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A FOUR-YEAR PLAN

Housing and Jobs

By LEONARD SPARKS and PAUL SALTER

Silver Shirts Among The Gold

By JOHN L. SPIVAK

Music: Verboten

By HERBERT F. PEYSER

A NEW MASSES

Editor Goes on Tour

STANLEY BURNSHAW is an editor of THE NEW MASSES, a revolutionary poet and the author of *André Spire and His Poetry*

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APRIL 10, 1934

L. Bunin

RIGHT until the very last minute, millions of Americans persisted in the belief that the administration would never dare scrap the Civil Works program. It couldn't possibly be so heartless and stupid as to throw millions of men and women on the streets after promising them so much. Yet the Roosevelt government has not only discarded C.W.A., which, with all its glaring flaws, was the best relief substitute for unemployment insurance thus far devised by the authorities, but it did so a month before the scheduled date. Now the unemployment situation is as bad as before the inception of C.W.A., and worse. Of the 4 million men and women employed on C.W.A. projects at its peak, more than 2,500,000 were drawn from the relief rolls. According to present plans, only 1,500,000 are to be returned to relief. This leaves one million workers, who were receiving relief when C.W.A. started, now with neither jobs nor relief. Those who remain under the new Emergency Works Administration are scarcely better off. They are to be forced to labor for pittances—in no instance to be more than $50 per month for unskilled labor, $60 per month for skilled. The average, of course, is to be much less, which means for most relief workers and their families nothing short of slow starvation. Federal Relief Administrator Harry Hopkins attempted to defend this veritable "forced labor" program to a delegation of C.W.A. and unemployed workers last week in Washington by saying that "American citizens insist on working for whatever they receive." To which the delegation replied: "Yes, we want to work for what we get, but we want to get a full return for our work."

WHEN Hopkins admitted that relief was no solution to unemployment, and that mass unemployment had passed the "emergency" stage, the delegation, representing 47,000 workers in New York City, asked him point-blank if he would endorse the Workers' Unemployment Insurance Bill now before Congress. He answered that he favored the trick Wagner-Lewis bill, which does not provide any benefits at all for unemployed workers until 1937, and after that only $7.00 a week (less than the average relief dole today) for a maximum period of ten weeks. One of the "reasons" given for scrapping the C.W.A. was that all Civil Works employees would be re-absorbed into industry by April 1st. The sober truth is that employment has not increased since C.W.A. was set into motion. It was also "hoped" that several millions would be employed on Public Works Administration jobs. But this three-letter nostrum of the medicine man in the White House has proven even a bigger bust than C.W.A. Heralded by the administration last July as job-giver to 6 million workers, Hopkins admits that only 500,000 would be employed by P.W.A. at its peak this July. This number will not even cover the decline in industrial employment during the past six months under the N.R.A. regime. The expansion of the Public Works program should be pressed as an immediate demand of the unemployed, together with the passage of the Workers' Unemployment Insurance Bill.

"I'M way ahead of you," said the Tenement House Commissioner of New York when a delegation of the West Side Committee on housing reported that 67,000 residence buildings in New York violated the fire prevention laws. At the rate Mr. Post is removing people from them, these fire traps will not be eliminated for 79 years, they said, and more than 13,000 people will burn to death in the meantime (judging by the current rate of firetrap deaths), while some 43,000 babies will die of the diseases traceable to bad housing. They also showed the tenement administrator that at the rate he is building new apartments, nearly 1,200,000 workers who might be employed on useful new construction will remain idle. The delegation demanded enforcement of the present laws on fire-escapes and basement ceilings within 30 days and 6 months respectively, preven-

L. Bunin

tion of the Home Relief Bureau from subsidizing the worst slums by issuing only small rent checks, and a program of housing construction to provide decent homes within four years for all of New York's workers at rents compatible with average wages, i.e., at $3 to $4 a room. It was asked that application be made immediately to the state and city authorities for taxes on New York personalty and incomes above $5,000 that could support such a program.

IN response to the demand for enforcing the present law, Mr. Post said that he was way ahead of the delegation. He was asking for more laws, laws against wooden stairs, etc. He admitted that although he had plenty of people to enforce the present laws they were not being enforced because "New Yorkers" were accustomed to ignore laws. He was also "way in advance" of the delegation on a housing program, having asked Roosevelt for one and one-half billion dollars. Mr. Roosevelt wants to build some "self-supporting" houses in New York to rent at $7 to $8 a room. This, of course, in no way meets the present dire need for low price housing. The full extent of the need, and concrete suggestions for a plan to meet it are set forth on page 12 in this issue, in *Housing and Jobs*. A tenement house commissioner is not likely to be interested in any such plan, but perhaps enough pressure can be exerted upon Mr. Post so that he will fulfill his one intelligible promise—to enforce the law on some twenty west side firetraps listed for him by the delegation

WHEN Marxian critics point to the escape motive in contemporary romances and fables, bourgeois critics are outraged. Yet in their own pieces they do not hesitate to cry up books which offer readers an escape to some glamorous unreality. Here are two typical puffs by bourgeois reviewers of a lifeless, overstuffed historical novel of the twelfth century, *The Fool of Venus*, by George Cronyn. ". . . For those who would have relief from stark realism of the mill towns and the slums and the underworld, and for those who find today's problem fiction cut too much from the same pattern, *The Fool of Venus* offers escape. Cronyn has chosen a grand theme, and he has done it justice."—Hal Borland in the Philadelphia Public Ledger. ". . . let the anemic and pale-browed battlers for the novel of purpose beware this lusty tale. But readers who have grown weary of complexes and inhibitions, of plodding dissections of our economic unrest and the dying echoes of the World War will rise up and greet this splendid historical romance with hosannas."—Paul Jordan-Smith in the Los Angeles Times.

George

"YOU NAUGHTY BOY, TELL PAPA LaGUARDIA WHY YOU USED GAS AGAINST THOSE NASTY SCOTTSBORO DEMONTRATORS."

THE general strike of the New York taxi drivers is over, and although their major demand has not been won—recognition of their union—the drivers have built up an organization of impressive determination and power. Since the first strike in February, in which their union was formed, the drivers have suffered from the betrayal tactics of the liberal politician La Guardia, his representatives, the Socialist Party leaders, and the Regional Labor Board, all of whom handed out promises never fulfilled, together with a code that brought wages down to $12 a week. The second strike, begun when a driver was fired for union activity, gained such momentum that the capitalist press resorted to the good old "Red Scare" threat, as the N.R.A., city officials and company chiefs mobilized to fight off the strikers' demand for a real union. The strikers had even forced La Guardia to agree to a plebiscite when President Roosevelt's pronouncement on the automobile strike placed company unions on the same basis as bona fide trade unions. With the new anti-union weapon of the "Roosevelt Plan" aligned against them, the strikers took stock of the situation and *voted* to return to work with the assurance that there would be no discrimination against union members. And they are bitterly determined to put this condition into effect, as they have already proved. When some union men in a Parmelee garage were blacklisted after the strike the drivers walked out in a body.

THE lower middle class, the small shopkeepers and home owners all over the world can learn a valuable lesson from events in Austria. These classes in Vienna were incensed by the high taxes required for social insurance and workers' homes. Hence they were easily aroused by the Heimwehr leaders to join in the fight for the extermination of the Austrian Socialists, which succeeded, at least partly, but with unanticipated results. They must now pay the bill for the Heimwehr with a 20 percent increase in taxes. Sixty-two million shillings must be raised in the form of a "security tax," deductions to be made from the pay checks of all who are employed. This same thing will happen to the middle class everywhere

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whenever it joins forces with the capitalists against the working class. It will be squeezed dry in the process of footing the bill. Making the world safe for capitalism offers nothing to the middle class but increased taxation and further exploitation by their capitalist enemies.

IT WAS not generally known before the crisis that millions of workers' children were denied any more than an elementary education. Today, more than two and a half million children have been denied *all* education. Add to this, the seven and a half million whose schooling has been shortened to from four to eight months during the year, and the appalling picture is complete: about 40 percent of the school children of this country are paying for the crisis with future ignorance and illiteracy! At the same time, some $40,000,000 has been withheld from the teachers of this country, who today — when they *are* paid—average from $100 a year (for the Negro teacher in the South) to $1,416—salary slashes having ranged up to 40 percent in the last three years. These are the figures from the United States Department of Interior for the year 1933. The exact number of discharged has not been established, but what appears to be a greatly underestimated figure—some 200,000 unemployed teachers—is given. Dr. Zook, Commissioner of Education, who issues these figures, is much concerned about the children: "My plea to the men and women who earn and spend the incomes from our fields and factories . . . is to remember your responsibility to the youth of this land." The arrant hypocrisy of his lament, of his appeal to workers of this land who "earn and spend the incomes from our fields and factories" is nowhere more sharply betrayed than by his own pamphlet. We learn on page 13 that "One state increased its payments of *interest* on its school debt from $7 million to $10 million in two years"; we learn that "some cities, compelled to refinance, have had to pay 6 percent instead of 4 percent interest, the former rate"; we learn that "from school funds, $150,000,000 will have to be paid in 1933-34 to *adults* [our emphasis] for interest on warrants and bonds." And the grieved Dr. Zook adds: "Not one dollar of that sum can be used for teaching children." How careful the concerned commissioner is about the bankers whom he modestly terms "adults": "not one dollar can be used for teaching children." How protective for the bankers. Put these statements alongside of his appeal to those "who earn and spend the incomes from our fields and factories" and the doctor has made the case for the bankers complete. For parents and teachers there is only one conclusion. If the American child is to be rescued at all, it will be done only by the combined fighting alliance between those who are really concerned about the child—the parents and the teachers who will *demand* that money go for education instead of for bankers.

A SICKENING spectacle is offered the workers of the world in the annual shareholders' meetings of two of Britain's largest armament firms during "Holy Week." Two of the eminent stockholders of Vickers, Ltd. could not attend because of more pressing business elsewhere. Being ministers of Colonies and of Home Affairs in MacDonald's cabinet, they were busy trying to "solve" Europe's armament deadlock. Sir John Simon sold out his shares last year and it is not reported whether Dean Inge is still in the "bloody business." Anyway, Vickers' profits for the past year ran close to six million dollars, thanks to English interest in German rearming and to the wars in South America and China. And thanks, as well, to the fact that Vickers' "relations with the three defence services continue to be satisfactory." Sir Herbert Lawrence, chairman of the meeting, had some difficulty in explaining the reason for Vickers' advertisements for tanks in a Berlin newspaper, but otherwise all went well.

HATFIELD'S, Ltd., makers of big guns, etc., seems to have had a particularly devotional meeting to celebrate Easter. Their chairman, Sir Robert Hatfield, praised the British Cabinet and especially its Foreign Secretary, Sir John Simon, who, like all the other corrupt and pettifogging statesmen of the imperialist powers, is fully appreciated by the munition makers. But the head of Hatfields, Ltd., was not satisfied in praising the British Government alone. He glorified God, saying: "We are indeed devoutly thankful for present mercies, but may I add that for what I hope we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful." These dealers in death, knowing on what side God stands, devoutly added their "Amens," which were followed by shouts of "Hear, hear!" as Sir Robert told them about his great new one-ton armor-piercing projectile.

New Masses

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The Week's Papers

Wednesday—"Wage raise" for 400,000 soft coal miners. (Hours cut at same time: result—same number of miners at work, same pay checks.) . . . Senate overrides Roosevelt's veto on bonus. Senator Glass announces he'll disinherit his sons if they take a dollar of it. . . . Roosevelt sails on Vincent Astor's yacht, to figure out how to avert a railroad strike. . . . It's all right about the air-mail, Postmaster General Farley announces; the crooked companies can bid, but they've got to fire the inept officials who got caught. . . . LaGuardia begins revoking licenses of striking taxi drivers.

Thursday—New York police club C.W.A. workers demonstrating against ending of jobs. . . . La Guardia says he can't do anything about using city money for the jobless: "The bankers must be paid." . . . Otto Kahn dies suddenly. . . . Increases in wages for 225,000 rebellious steel workers (10 percent) and in speed up (10 percent) are announced. . . . Letters suddenly leak out, written by State Senator Thayer to a power company, hoping his work for them as a legislator has been satisfactory, and enclosing expense accounts. . . .

Friday—Arthur Brisbane announces the depression killed Otto Kahn; that he lost 30 or 40 millions, and "it isn't what you've got but what you've lost that counts." . . . Two thousand strike in Hudson automobile body plant, get wage raise for all of 7,000 workers there. . . . Johnson shakes up N.R.A. apparatus to speed machinery for doing away with strikes. . . . Railway wage deadlock baffles Eastman, he throws it all in Roosevelt's lap. . . . Harvard alumnus protests invitation to Hanfstaengl, Hitler's crony, to June commencement. "Childish," says the Crimson, to make a fuss. . . . Authors' League bundle shop to relieve needy writers, artists, dramatists, closes. Few have bundles to give, and nobody can buy. . . . New York State will have 66 C.C.C. camps this summer.

Saturday—Flour millers finally refuse to have a code, after nine months wrangling. . . . Dillinger shoots his way out of a police trap. . . . Johnston, Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, sentenced with another banker for $450,000 grab which wrecked Cleveland bank. Sixty thousand union members had $2,000,000 in the bank when it closed. . . . John D. Jr. sails for Mediterranean, "always optimistic" about business. "What else can one be?" he asks. . . . Fifteen hundred city employees unpaid in Mount Vernon. . . . Taxi strike ending with fleet owners successfully "clarifying" Section 7A to mean a company union, but with a fighting organization of drivers built up during the struggle. . . . C.W.A. ends. In New York City alone 120,000 must be "taken care of" by the city. . . . U. S. fleet will start a month's battle practice and maneuvers in the Atlantic beginning on April 9.

Sunday—Sloan, head of General Motors, has a report out that the "tide of recovery is now irresistible." Writing fifteen days before Detroit "settlement" legalized company union, he called for "clarification" of Section 7A. Almost had to wait. . . . Bishop Manning says what the country needs is faith in Heaven.

Monday—Taylor, head of U. S. Steel, reports corporation is out of slump. . . . Roosevelt extends his vacation a week. . . . Mrs. Roosevelt laughs at talk of a revolution here. . . . First Soviet freighter, motorship Kim, enters New York port with 6,000 tons cargo. . . . Eighth National Convention of Communist Party gathers in Cleveland. . . . More "pay raises" announced, with equalizing cuts in hours. Vain search in all commercial papers fails to reveal fact that these "pay raises" mean: exactly same pay, exactly same number of workers on job, and greater speed-up to turn out same production.

Tuesday—Atterbury, head of Pennsylvania Railroad, says a union shop is the worst thing in the world for workers, and that N.R.A. goes too far. . . . Dean Donham, of the Harvard Business School, praises company unions to the Senate Labor Committee. . . . Johnson takes the hint, is ready to drop the licensing provisions of N.R.A., which if enforced could be used against employers.

Terror in the Imperial Valley

IN FOUR WEEKS 35,000 acres of melons will be ready to harvest in California's Imperial Valley. Unless the melon-pickers in the meantime win their rights to collective bargaining and to their own union, they are certain to face organized violence of the most deadly kind. Indeed, clashes have already occurred as a result of the terror carefully planned by the growers, who realize the danger of a strike in a crop which has to be picked at a certain stage of ripeness, twenty-four hours often making the difference between profit and ruin.

Determined that there will be no repetition of last summer's strikes which forced them to pay higher wages to have their crops picked at all, Imperial Valley growers six weeks ago instituted a frenzied red-baiting campaign, some inklings of which have already seeped into the newspapers. As the New York Times correspondent explains, "Last summer California had half a dozen bloody strikes in its harvest fields, with enraged growers committing most of the violence, and this year the prospect is for more. Growers and peace officers in the valleys are organizing vigilantes and inducing county boards to pass stringent and probably unconstitutional anti-picketing ordinances."

Already two organizations have been working at top speed: the Imperial Valley Anti-Communist Association and the Growers and Shippers Protective Association. Illegal means have been in operation all along, particularly during the January lettuce-pickers' strike and the March pea-pickers' strike, both of which were finally broken. The growers' gangs have already kidnaped leaders and sympathizers, and since the law officers are solidly with the employers, these crimes continue unpunished. Picketing, of course, is prohibited. And not only have mass arrests of union mem-

SWEAT SHOP

bers been made, but of those under suspicion of being sympathizers as well. For example, three representatives of the American Civil Liberties Union—Dr. Alexander Irvine, Ellis O. Jones, and Lenore Hardin—were kidnaped in broad daylight on the streets of Calexico, beaten, and taken out and dumped in the desert. Ernest Besig, attorney and investigator for the Union, was terrorized by a mob and forced to take refuge in a jail. Protection for representatives of the Union was demanded of Chief Cato, of the State Motorcycle Patrol, who flatly refused, while the Sheriff of Imperial County professed ignorance of any law violations.

These acts of terror come close on the heels of the investigation made by the Federal Commission appointed by the National Labor Board, whose report aroused the bitter resentment of the growers. Dr. J. L. Leonard in his statement in Washington severely criticized both citizens and officers in the handling of the situation, declaring "it is not illegal to belong to the Communist Party." The rounding-up and jailing of strike agitators was branded by him as "indiscriminate arrests not likely to increase respect for authority." But in spite of his findings the National Labor Board did exactly nothing. And the net result of this abortive investigation has been to increase the determination of the growers to crush every militant effort of labor.

But their gangster methods have not discouraged the workers; on the contrary, led by Caroline Decker, secretary of the Cannery and Agricultural Workers Industrial Union, they are enlisting every considerable group of pickers behind the demands for higher wages and better working conditions. The union is fighting not only the growers themselves but their move for a company union by which Joaquin Terrazas, Mexican Consul in Calexico, is attempting to shackle thousands of bitterly exploited Mexican workers.

THE NEW MASSES has on several occasions described the incredible misery under which Imperial Valley workers are forced to live. In *A Letter from America,* in our March 20 issue, John L. Spivak described the wretched living quarters, the dangerous lack of sanitation—the Federal Commission reported typhus conditions prevalent—as well as the shameless exploitation of child and adult labor. Workers receive from 10 to 20 cents an hour gross for seasonal crops, which means a minimum unemployment of four months of the year. Under the contractor system in operation the workers must pay exorbitant sums for board, lodging, insurance and sometimes transportation. Since he is paid a gross wage, he must buy his own overalls (last year $.87, now $1.46), his own gas and oil, knives for harvesting, knee pads, burlap sacks, etc. In Tagus Ranch, advertised as "the biggest peach ranch in the world," workers have to use scrip redeemable at the company store where they are overcharged from 10 percent upward.

Against these conditions the Cannery and Agricultural Workers Industrial Union is mobilizing every possible resource, and its membership has grown 500 percent since last season. Bewildered by the situation, country lawyers, very mild liberal newspapers as well as many clergymen and school teachers are beginning to talk of "class legislation," "grower-owned officials," etc. The union is determined to compel the growers (whose incomes last year increased from 25 to, in some cases, 120 percent) to ameliorate the conditions of filth and poverty. Many small farmers have shown sympathy to the workers. Some are organizing in United Farmers Leagues, some have joined the Communist Party. Against labor are pitted the combined forces of the large growers, the Silver Shirts, American Legionnaires, Ku Klux Klan, California Farm Bureau, and the law, all of whom are determined "to teach the worker his place" by means of tear-gas, pick-axe handles, clubs, and night-riding—and finally, rifle bullets and lynchers' ropes.

New Bullets For Old

WHILE sixteen million unemployed face a jobless future, the Roosevelt government's war appropriations continue and grow at nightmare speed. Over $750 million are to be spent under the Vinson bill for building the navy to full treaty strength. Over $1,002,000,000 in all goes for armaments—an increase of 150 percent. Under cover of the stock jingo slogan—preparedness for war is a guarantee of peace—the munitions lobby in Washington, its hands linked with the administration's, has brought the armament expenditure to the point where it is the largest of any nation in the world. It is destined to become even larger.

Concrete illustrations of war preparations make up the contents of Army Ordnance, a propaganda periodical issued bi-monthly in Washington, as the official organ of the Army Ordnance Association; its principal objective being "active membership of American citizens on whom the duty of design and production of munitions will fall in war."

Army Ordnance offers some modest proposals by certain large corporations evidencing their espousal of the publication's "peace insurance." Under the heading, "Modern Fire Control," the Sperry Gyroscope Company describes a marvelous machine known as the "Universal Director" which "enables the same battery to fire accurately against high-speed bombing airplanes, the fastest naval vessels, or mechanized land-forces," operating, if need be, from a concealed dug-out. Undismayed by this threat, the U.S. Wheel Track Layer Corporation illustrates, overleaf, its "Combat Car T-3—Accepted after thorough tests by the Ordnance Department for the service of the U.S. Army"; a formidable affair, and an excellent target for the "Vickers-Armstrong's Tractor with Vickers 40mm. automatic anti-tank and anti-aircraft gun" illustrated on the following page. Not to be outdone, the Martin-Parry Corporation, of York, Pennsylvania, waxes eloquent over its "adapter" for field artillery. "Modernization of the Regular Army and National Guard with Martin-Parry Adapters," we learn, with appropriate patriotic stirrings, "will accomplish the dual purpose of bringing our mobile guns up-to-date and providing work for thousands of workers—the goal of the National Recovery Administration."

Following this generous expression of sympathy for the working class, the journal indignantly castigates "Armament Alarmists," those very naïve persons who "politely throw the world into one huge kettle and then damn the whole stew regardless of the character of any particular ingredient."

Whereupon the reader is offered an article engagingly titled, "The Ordnance Partnership — a Tribute to those who Foster Industrial Preparedness," by Major General Samuel Hof, Chief of Ordnance, U. S. Army. After complimenting the Assistant Secretary of War, Mr. Woodring, as "a man of action" whose work in connection with the Civilian's Conservation Corps will not be forgotten in an emergency, the Chief of Ordnance thus addressed technical and executive members of the steel industry regarding certain "plans":

> We are convinced that the plans adopted and the work accomplished are sound and practical. We propose that the types [of armament] to be procured will be known, that the quantity will be known, and that the necessary drawings and specifications will be up-to-date so that the manufacturer may know definitely what is wanted.

Neither the Major General nor any other member of the High Command ever thinks for a moment that there will actually be a War. Of course not! All this is merely "peace insurance," and the reader may sleep in the comforting certainty that

> Leaders of industry in the Pittsburgh area have given many valuable suggestions in connection with the use of steel, the use of by-products of coke for the manufacture of explosives, the substitution of aluminum where a reduction in weight is necessary, and in the manufacture of shell forgings from seamless tubing.

Whatever his faults, the Chief of Ordnance is utterly frank. Not for him the airy nothings of a Disarmament Conference or the plausible unctuousness of a uniformed pacifist.

But let us turn now to the Hon. Harry H. Woodring, already referred to. Addressing the same body, at the same time and place, on "Unity of Command," the Assistant Secretary of War also makes it very clear that Industry and the Administration are doing their best to postpone war until both are quite ready for it:

> We may truthfully say that our plans in their present state of development insure a higher degree of industrial preparedness than has ever before been attained by our nation. We know the probable requirements in every type of equipment and every item of supply that would be needed by our armed forces. We have a reasonably accurate knowledge of the capacity of our industries to meet those requirements, and we have allocated to over fifteen thousand industrial facilities a definite task in the contemplated production program. We have developed many concrete plans for the construction or conversion of facilities where necessary to meet war needs and are progressing rapidly with the preparation of specifications and specific procurement plans for thousands of items.

Many of these myriad plans, it was approvingly observed in an earlier issue of Army Ordnance, were set forth in some detail in a small pamphlet published by the Government last fall: *Industrial Mobilization Plan: 1933.*

The superintendent of Documents, in Washington, is required by law to sell this pamphlet to anyone at the fixed price. But since it is at present "unavailable," let us listen for a moment to General Douglas MacArthur, Chief of Staff, U. S. Army.

General MacArthur—who, after all, knows his own business — finds the most significant developments in war equipment centering around the infantry. "For the hand-operated magazine rifle and the automatic rifle with which these units are now armed, there will eventually be substituted semi-automatic shoulder weapons and very light machine-guns."

Such a rifle is described by Colonel C. M. Wesson, speaking of "The New Demands on Weapons" in the same issue of Army Ordnance. This remarkable implement "permits of 60 aimed shots per minute by the average soldier and, according to infantry experts, reduces the time of rifle training by one-half, as compared with the World War type, which permits only 15 aimed shots per minute." There has been developed also a light, air-cooled machine-gun whose 19 pounds over-all weight is a vast improvement over the 37-pound water-cooled affair with which World War infantry had to prepare the stage for the World Peace of 1934.

One further note—on the apparently innocent tendency of many nations to expand their respective uses of *nickel coinage*. Robert C. Stanley, President of the International Nickel Company, reports that the world consumption of nickel in all forms during the first ten months of 1933 was over 77½ million pounds, as compared with less than 50 million pounds in the same period of 1932. He adds:

> Pure nickel for coinage is growing in popularity. According to the latest information, these coins have been minted for 27 countries in 72 issues. Approximately 3 billion pieces have been struck, the aggregate weight of which amounts to nearly 14,000 tons.

Commenting on these figures, Army Ordnance explains:

> The question of the value of the use of pure nickel for coinage and its availability in this form as a war reserve is shown by Mr. Stanley's data to be receiving serious consideration in various quarters.

Indeed, Germany is now re-issuing one Reichsmark coins in pure nickel to replace silver and nickel alloy pieces and last year Japan called for an issue of 65 million pounds in the same period in 1933.

Meanwhile Senator Nye has placed a resolution before the Senate "to investigate the propagandizing activities of munitions manufacturers." The Senator objects to "this practice of spending more on the army and navy in bad times than we did in good," but, he adds, "I believe in reasonable preparedness" and "it is no time to be spending millions *more than necessary* in preparation for another war." (Our italics.)

Undoubtedly news of Senator Nye's action will stir the hearts of all good liberals, but it would be naïve to expect any outcome beyond the usual promises, demagogy, and explanations. The last Senate investigation of war propaganda, instigated by Senator Shortridge (now retired), resulted in exactly nothing. Charles Schwab and other shipbuilding magnates were cursorily examined. William Shearer, one of their agents who took credit for breaking up the Geneva Conference, was the star witness. And in short time the investigation was adjourned without even making a report.

War preparations in every large capitalist nation have been increasing and must continue to increase because war is capitalism's only solution to the world-wide crisis. This observation has been stressed time and again by the revolutionary press. Likewise the fact that the working class can count on none of the efforts to end war by supporters of capitalism, liberal or otherwise. For capitalism breeds war in its effort to survive. And the working-class needs to build invincible solidarity against war in order to prevent its millions from dying on the battlefields and from murdering millions of other workers in "enemy" countries. Mass action of nation-wide strength can compel the administration to give over some of the millions appropriated for armaments to the sixteen million totally unemployed and to the many millions of others existing on a semi-starvation level.

Silver Shirts Among the Gold

JOHN L. SPIVAK

Los Angeles.

IF THE Communist party cares to earn the undying gratitude of Capt. Eugene R. Case, head of the Silver Shirts of California, it could do it by just hating him a little bit. He would really be grateful, for if only Communists would hate him with a deep and billious hate he could point out to the "suckers," as he terms his members, what a dangerous guy he is to Communism and thus get more "coconuts" as he quaintly calls the donations received from the aforesaid "suckers."

I had heard a great deal about Silver Shirt activities in Southern California. I had learned, during my stay in the San Joaquin Valley, that fascist groups, like vigilante committees, were organizing rapidly wherever Communists were active among migratory workers. These vigilante committees, however, were scattered and without a central leadership. The trend towards Fascism was clear and more pronounced than in any other area I had visited and it is only a question of time before some capable leader unites the scattered fascist groups springing up all over the state, with the American Legion, county and state law enforcing officers into a powerful fascist bund.

I had been unable to find anyone who showed possibilities of becoming the fascist leader, but in San Francisco I heard that the Silver Shirts, though not active in central and northern California, were extremely active in the southern part and that the head of the Silver Shirts was trying to weld the scattered fascist groups into one powerful whole. So I went to Los Angeles to talk to this "leader" and find out, if possible, just why people start leading fascist organizations.

I had not conducted my inquiries very long before I came to the conclusion that Capt. Case would receive a reporter from THE NEW MASSES and the Daily Worker quicker even than one from a reactionary paper like the Los Angeles Times. An appointment was arranged for me by the printer of the Silver Ranger, a four-page, half-pint, anti-Communist, anti-Jew, pro-100 percent American weekly newspaper issued by the Silver Shirts and peddled for a penny a copy.

The interview was refreshingly frank. I cannot account for its frankness unless Capt. Case had expected a reporter from Communist publications would shoot him first and interview him afterward, and in his relief that this was not the approved Communist procedure he talked—plenty. Or perhaps it was his bloodshot eyes. Maybe when I saw him he had not quite recovered from a spree of hate and still had his tongue loose. I don't know.

The leader of the Silver Shirts is 33 years old, thinning hair, bloodshot eyes (at least when I saw him), a rather pleasant Aryan face and dressed in a fashion comparable only to Jimmie Walker.

At the appointed hour I showed up at the Walker Auditorium, 730 South Grand, the Silver Shirt headquarters. There were several lean, lithe, hundred percent Americans in the room and one dark-skinned fellow of German ancestry: Dr. E. F. Weber, an official national Silver Shirt lecturer and a "scientific" Jew and Communist hater. During the week I was in Los Angeles Dr. Weber got $360 for hating from the public platform.

A large table with a few hate leaflets on it occupied the center of the rather cramped room. Another, and smaller table, near the windows had some more hate leaflets. Only one of the men marched around with a sprightly military air and an awe-inspiring, vast red L emblazoned on his bosom. The L looked very serious.

I was immediately ushered into Capt. Case's small private office. The printer came along as a witness for both of us so there would be no misquotations.

"Capt. Case," I began, greeting him like a long lost brother, "I should like to interview you for THE NEW MASSES and The Daily Worker. The Daily Worker is the official organ of the Communist party of America, affiliated with the Third International—of which, I presume, you've heard?"

Capt. Case gave my hand a hearty grip. "Sit down," he invited.

"I should like to ask a lot of questions. Some of them may be personal. Those you wish to answer, I shall take down verbatim so you will not be misquoted; those you do not wish to answer, please say so. I am sure your not wanting to answer will make as good a story."

Capt. Case laughed pleasantly and rubbed one bloodshot eye. "That's fair enough. Shoot!"

"First, a little information about you. You look like a clean-cut, intelligent sort of person and I'd like to know a little of your background—why a fellow like you takes up the Silver Shirts."

"Communism must be wiped—"

"We haven't got to that yet, Captain. First about yourself. Where did you get the title 'Captain'?"

"In the 6th Cantonese National Army in China when I saw service with them in 1922. They paid me $1,000 a month. I also had the title 'Captain' when serving under General Manzas in Mexico in 1929. In Mexico I drew $35 a day. The coconuts (money) were more plentiful in China."

Capt. Case explained that he had always been a soldier of fortune. He had had military training at the Staunton Military Academy in Virginia, the Croydon Military Academy in England, another in France and that he had filibustered in Nicaragua, Honduras and several other places, "some under fake names." He added that he was a first lieutenant in the U. S. Army Reserves, but had never seen service "except in the 131st and 132nd National Guard in Illinois during two strike duties."

When he ceased filibustering, he returned to the United States, owned and ran the El Monte Military Academy at El Monte, Cal. This failed because of the depression.

"To summarize it," I said, "you are a soldier of fortune after the coconuts."

'That's right," he agreed amiably. "But not in the Silver Shirts. It's the principle of the thing here—"

"Yes, of course. Now, how much does this principle bring you—?"

"Not a cent," he said triumphantly. "I, as chairman of the executive committee of the Silver Shirts of America in California had it incorporated so that no one can touch a nickel of it. Not even Pelley. Pelley . . . . (here he used a well known four-letter word of Aryan extraction) 26 men in California out of plenty of dough. I'm the 27th and I'm . . . . him."

The three of us laughed appreciatively.

"Don't you and Pelley work together?"

"He's gotten enough dough out of this racket. Now it's my turn."

"Oh, it's a racket?"

He looked at me disgustedly.

"Certainly not! It's the principle of the thing. Communism—"

"We'll get to that. How many members have you got in California and what's your income?"

"Uh-uh. Can't tell that."

"It's been my experience when an organization refuses to tell the number of its members and the amount of its income, that both are equally very small. My own inquiries into your affairs leads me to place your total maximum membership at 600."

He grinned. "We ain't got so many," he admitted cheerfully. "We have six posts in Los Angeles alone and that's our biggest concentration. The posts are divided to play for different types. One plays for the riff-raff; you know, what you Communists call the proletarians. Another post plays for the nuts—the kind that go to fortune tellers and seances. This class is our mainstay — our heaviest contributors at lectures. They sure shell out with the halves."

He chuckled and added: "You know there are more nuts in this part of the world than any place you can name outside of an asylum!"

"How do you divide the coconuts after the collection?"

"Half goes to the speaker and half to the

organization or the group which advances the money to stage the lecture. But what you didn't give me a chance to tell you is that my pet post is the military one—this one right here. I want ex-soldiers — about 1500 of them to form a nucleus, a military body to run Communism out of the country."

"That's swell. Is that your sole object?"

"We also want to eliminate the international banker."

"That's swell, too. What objection have your members to the international banker?"

"They haven't any. They don't know anything. They got to be taught, see? All they know is that Baruch, Morgan, Rockefeller and those fellews have all the money. The rich have everything and the poor nothing, so we teach them to band together and get it back. That's where our biggest appeal is to the nuts at the meetings. Most of these nuts have come down here to retire and spend the rest of their lives in the sunshine. Well, what happens. The depression comes along and wipes out their stocks and bonds and real estate. They know something's wrong, but don't know what it's all about, so we tell 'em. They used to go to seances or send their souls flopping up in the sky with the 'spirit guides'; now they're down to earth and sore as hell at the international bankers."

"That's fine. Now if half the money goes to the speaker and the other half to the organization and no one can touch the money in the organization, how do you live?"

He smiled, looked wisely at me and said, "Oh, I have a little money; and there may be people interested in supporting me while I do this work."

"You get contributions through the mails?"

"Lots of them. Dollar bills. Five-dollar bills—"

"Who opens those letters?"

"I do. No one touches them."

"And no one knows how much is received as contributions in your noble work?"

He looked me straight in the eye and grinned.

"I get it," I said when he remained silent. "You don't have to say anything."

"Okay," he smiled.

"What connection have you with other organizations?"

"None. We offered the local authorities our co-operation and it was accepted — verbally—in the event of trouble. The local authorities prefer the American Legion. But I am planning now to bring about a co-operation of the local authorities, the Legion and the vigilante committees being organized throughout the state so as to form a strong, military body to drive out—"

"We'll get to that," I assured him.

"Has the Friends of the New Germany approached you?"

"Yes, but there's no dough in that," he said disgustedly.

"Didn't they offer anything?"

"No. Just wanted to co-operate. We don't want to co-operate with the Germans or anybody else. The game's young yet. Who knows what's in it? We're packing 1,000 suckers in our hall every meeting and they come across, too. So why mix with the Germans?"

"No sense to that," I agreed sympathetically. "Now, let's get down to Communism. Do you know anything about it?"

"I've read everything about it from *Das Kapital* to The Daily Worker and the Mossow News," he began glibly. "I get the Moscow News regularly. And I read every line in the Congressional investigation into Communism—"

"That's swell, Captain," I interrupted. "But do you know anything about it?"

He looked at me and started to laugh.

"It's a menace—"

"I get you," I agreed. "It's a menace."

"That's right," he agreed, laughing.

"Now that we've come to the conclusion that you don't know anything about Communism, let's get down to the Jews. What's your objection to the Jews?"

"Not a God damned bit," he laughed cheerfully. "But you got to get the suckers excited about something. Christ! You can't get a gentile excited about a gentile. You got to give them something to get mad about. It's business. What the hell! The official shirtmaker for the Silver Legion is a Jew. Look—"

He pointed to an advertisement in the Silver Ranger:

MILTON'S TOGGERY
Official Shirt Maker for
Silver Legion
Complete Line of
GENT'S FURNISHINGS
904 West Second Street
Phone Madison 3223
Room 662 730 So. Grand Ave.

"Milt knows we got nothing against the Jews. It's just business.'

He made an expressive gesture with a finely manicured hand.

"What's all this about Jew money then?"

He became serious and started an oration with more expressive gestures:

"It's not the Jew bankers here or any other place. It's the international banker. He's the one who runs the world—"

"Do you feel any bitterness against local bankers—the small fry?"

"It's the international bankers," he repeated. "Local bankers haven't any sense. But they'll recognize us some day and be God damned sorry they didn't come to us."

"Just what does that mean?"

"Just what I said."

"You mean you've gone to the local bankers for money and they wouldn't give it to you, so you're sore?"

"I said exactly what I said."

"Have you any connection with any other fascist group?"

"None. The American Legion doesn't want to join with us—yet. They're watching us carefully to see which way the wind's blowing, I guess. But this week we're sending out ten organizers into the counties where Communists are active in an effort to line up the vigilante committees with us."

"Have you been approached with regard to labor struggles around here?"

"Only during the milk strike."

"What did they offer you?"

A look of deep disgust spread over his features.

"Five dollars a day!" he exclaimed indignantly. "The Silver Shirts are for the underdog, the working man. Huh—I should betray the working man for five dollars a day!"

"How did the rest of your men feel when you turned it down?"

"I told 'em to lay off industrial fights for a while. I wouldn't even touch it for ten dollars a day. There's a lot more in the long run."

As I rose to go I said: "Don't you realize that in giving me an interview I would be very apt to attack you? Communists don't look with favor upon fascists."

He smiled shrewdly.

"I want the Communists to hate me," he said hopefully.

"I get it. If the official organ of the Communist Party attacks you, then you become the big shot, eh? You take it around and say, 'See, the Communists don't give a damn about Pelley. I'm the guy they're afraid of.' And that makes you a big shot as a leader against the Communists. Right?"

"Right," he laughed. "We ought to go out and get a couple of drinks."

"Sooner or later, if you last at this racket, you're going to get involved in some labor fight. What I want to know before I go is what price you'll ask."

"We'll have to wait and see. But you can bet on one thing: we're not betraying the workers for a lousy five dollars a day!"

Workers' Theatre

Lights out and black,
On seats edge
A hush of expectant
Bodies lean and form
A question,
Their anxious murmurings
Break, all sight and sound
Eager, meeting their players
Halfway
Lighting the dusk with
Billowed shapes they link
Their life and recognize
A comrade.

CARL FOX.

SATURDAY NIGHT — *Pearl Binder*

Housing and Jobs

A Four-Year Plan for America

LEONARD SPARKS and PAUL SALTER

AFTER one year of the Roosevelt administration and its recovery schemes some sixteen million workers remain unemployed. Only those in direct contact with unemployment can appreciate the misery and suffering of the unemployed and their dependents, and the direct effect on the health of workers' families. Even though these results are relatively slow in showing themselves, the sickness rate among the unemployed has risen 55 percent since 1929 (G. Penot., at Dec. 27th meeting of American Sta. Assn.) The malnutrition rate among workers' children increases continually, going up as high as 90 percent in some districts (N. Y. Times, Oct. 1, 1933). The death rate among industrial policy holders is ascending, according to the Weekly Health Index of the U. S. Bureau of the Census. The rate of infant mortality in the biggest cities is likewise rising (Weekly Health Index, Annual Summary, p. 1, Jan., 1934). Inevitably the unemployed must pay in sickness and shortened lives for the deprivations that arise from unemployment, just as workers in general pay in added sickness and with 7 years of their lives for the low wages they receive (cf. esp. E. Sydenstryker, Hagentown Morbidity Studies No. X, U. S. Public Health Reports, vol. 44, no. 30).

In addition to being starved, the masses of the United States are notoriously ill housed. Many authorities say that at least three-fourths of the population falls within this category. Even Fortune, a dollar a copy magazine, which scarcely speaks for the proletariat, says that "less than half the homes in America measure up to minimum standards of health and decency." (Fortune, Feb., 1932, p. 64). This estimate is based upon indecent overcrowding, the lack of such sanitary conveniences as baths, private toilets, or indeed any water closets, a good water supply, windows, garbage disposal, etc., and upon the presence of deadly fire dangers, vermin, hallway filth, and the like. It is well known that the infamous old law tenements of New York still house at least 1,800,000 persons. The Pen and Hammer Tenement House survey of 1932 found 70 percent of the Manhattan families studied, living in houses without baths, nearly half using outside toilets. The investigators found a marked contrast between the dirt and vile odors in the hallways and the widespread neatness of the apartment interiors. They found the typical old law tenement apartment has one to two rooms with direct light and breeze, has most of its rooms on

SATURDAY NIGHT

Pearl Binder

airshafts 28 inches wide and 40 to 60 feet long, has hall water closets used by two or more families. Garbage must be carried downstairs from one to six flights. Of the tenements studied 82 percent had no central heating, 73 percent no hallways (railroad flats), and nearly half had rooms with no opening to the outside.

The horrible fire dangers in these old-law tenements have been brought to the fore in the past few weeks by a series of ghastly tragedies. In less than 8 months fifty-seven persons have been burned to death in their homes in New York City; 15 in two weeks. Whole families have been wiped out. And Langdon Post, the Tenement House Commissioner, asserts that 75 percent of the multiple dwellings in New York are identical, in respect to fire hazards, with the houses recently destroyed with such great fatalities. Another time he said that there were 67,000 houses in New York that are deadly fire traps.

Bad housing, of course, is by no means confined to New York. Workers in Lawrence, Massachusetts, live in three-story fire traps (New Eng. Lab. Research Assn., June, 1933), In Tennessee and Kentucky miners and other workers occupy one room shacks with patched and inadequate walls. (*Harlan Miners Speak,* Nat. Com. for Defence of Pol. Prisoners, p. 84). According to the U. S. Census of 1930, one-third of the population of Cleveland lives in the "worst" slum conditions. Of 1526 homes surveyed in Chicago in 1925, only 140 had baths, a third had yard toilets, and 85 percent had no central heating. In Philadelphia 10,000 yard toilets are known to exist. Four out of every ten homes in Zanesville, Ohio, have no baths (Lit. Dig. Survey).

Leaving the urban centers we find that three out of four American farmhouses have no conveniences at all, classifying as modern conveniences, running water, bathrooms, electricity, central heating, kitchen sink (*The Farmers' Standard of Living,* Dept. of Agriculture, 1926). Only one-twentieth of these homes are completely modern, fitted with all the conveniences. The 1930 census does not show much improvement, and there has almost certainly been none since. Among the Mexican and other agricultural workers in California there are one-room shacks for from two to seven people, and shanties with six to seven families to each toilet.

Noisy elevated railways destroy the quiet and effect the light and sanitation of approximately 250 miles of city streets in our most congested areas. Tens of thousands of families are living in the wretched shadow of elevated railroads.

Some seven and one-half million families in America live in homes which have neither electricity nor gas, and in 1929, about 9.9 million had no electric service (Sta. Supplement to the Elec. Light and Power Industry in the U.S., N.E.L.A., 1931). The average consumption of the homes that are now wired is 2000 kilowatt hours, or nearly 80 percent below fully equipped homes.

The relation between slum conditions and such things as crimes of violence, infant mortality, and juvenile delinquency is well known. In the Cleveland slums there were 110 killings in 8 years, as against one in other areas. 40 percent of the murders committed in Detroit during the last 18 months occurred in one slum section that comprised only 1.4 percent of the city's total area (Lit. Dig., 12/2/33). According to the Labor Bureau (Bulletin 311, 1931) Detroit infant mortality was up to 80 percent higher in slums than in less crowded districts. Studies in Cleveland, Denver and in Bombay, India, have all shown practically perfect correlations between the type of housing and infant mortality. Shaw and other University of Chicago sociologists have found that there exist certain "delinquency areas" which produce an excess of delinquency, no matter what particular individuals are living in them. E. W. Burgess finds poverty, vice and crime in the same areas in Chicago. In a study of boy delinquency he found 443 per 1000 near the Chicago loop, 58 per 1000 two miles away, and 27 per 1000 three miles away (*The Determination of Gradients in the Growth of the City,* Proc. of Amer. Soc. Society, 1926). Of course, this is not merely a matter of bad housing, but it is partly a matter of total city planning.

These figures give an idea of the backward, unsanitary, and vice-encouraging homes in which the masses of American workers and farmers live. Millions of our people are unable to provide themselves with decent homes and are forced to live in the same primitive conditions that existed before the industrial era. A comparison of wages with the rents for decent dwellings shows at once a great discrepancy. Former Governor Kohler of Wisconsin says that one-third of the population of America are unable to own a small home equipped with the minimum essential facilities, or to pay the rent for a modest liveable apartment (N. Y. Times, Jan. 29, 1933). According to the National Industrial Conference Board, the average industrial earnings before the crisis was $1300 yearly. But a survey of the rentals of five-room houses with baths in 12 industrial cities shows an average monthly rental of $29. Allowing 1/5 of the budget for rent requires an income of $1740 per year. In short, the average industrial wages are far below the figure required for workers to occupy adequate and modern dwellings. Nor have rent reductions during the crisis relieved the situation. The Pen and Hammer Tenement survey in Nov., 1932, found rent reductions in only 30.3 percent of the homes.

But not only does the working class suffer from bad housing. There is the greatest deficiency, for all but the well-to-do, in regard to schools, hospitals, recreation facilities, and indeed of every other necessity and convenience of modern life. There is a marked shortage of playgrounds, gymnasia, swimming pools, and the like, in every city of the country.

In only a few sections of the country have the educational plants attained decent standards. Chicago has 96 schools, attended by 100,000 pupils, that are admittedly unsafe, unhygienic and obsolete (Report of the Survey of the Schools of Chicago, 1933). Shortage of seats for the junior high schools alone was 39,771 in 1932. Yet Chicago has 40.95

"BUT WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE $2,000,000 THE RELIEF COMMITTEE GAVE YOU LAST YEAR?" *Gardner Rea*

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percent more cubic school space per pupil than New York (Ann. Fin. & Sta. Report of the Board of Education of N. Y. City, tables 8 and 9, 1931). The National Education Association Report for July, 1933, states that in 1932 there were already 150,000 children being educated in temporary shacks. Negro children are especially discriminated against. Per capita expenditures in Alabama are $47.57 for whites and $13.49 for Negroes; in Virginia $47.46 for whites and $13.30 for Negroes.

Stuart Chase estimates the shortage of hospital facilities in America as approximately 466,000 beds (Survey Graphic, Dec. 1, 1933, p. 599).

About 45 million of our people lack library facilities (*Study of Library Conditions and Needs,* Am. Lib Ass., 1926). So extreme is this deficiency that some of our states have only about one-thirty-seventh as many library books available per person as has the leading state (Gray and Munroe, Reading Habits and Interest of Adults, N. Y., 1929, p. 19). Conditions in the best districts are deplorable as is shown by the N. Y. Times report that the N. Y. Public Library no longer has any money with which to purchase new books. And it has been clearly shown that the amount of reading by the public rests upon the availability of books and libraries (Gray & Munroe, op. cit., p. 20).

Unemployment in the Building Trades—A startling concomitant of this miserable and cruel deprivation in the housing, medical, education, and recreational facilities of American workers is the unemployment in the building industry. The present crisis in industry started in the building business, and in the residential and social service sections thereof (Commerce Yearbook for 1930, p. 330). Such a single stark contradiction clearly indicates what is wrong with the United States. But let us examine it in greater detail.

By 1932, and probably long before, some 70 percent (Green, of the A. F. of L. has said 80 percent) of building trades workers were unemployed, and 81 percent of lumbermen and raftsmen (estimate by J. Irving and the Labor Research Association on the basis of government and trade statistics). According to a recent Columbia University study some 98 percent of the architects and 85 percent of the engineers were unemployed (quoted in New Republic, Jan. 24, 1934, p. 295). These figures contrast strikingly with 51 percent unemployment of steam railway workers, 45 percent for general manufacturing, and 38.8 percent for agricultural wage earners.

While people have been in desperate need of housing and construction, building workers and lumbermen have been compelled to go unemployed. While people live in filthy firetraps for houses, a larger number of building workers have been compelled to go unemployed than is the case in any other non-affiliated industry. The only explanation is that although there has been the direst need for housing, etc., although all the necessary materials have been readily available, although all the necessary workmen were seeking jobs, it was not profitable for capitalists to use these materials, and employ these workers to provide decent living conditions for the masses of the people.

Furthermore, the building worker's unemployment is not the unemployment of a small, isolated group in the population. According to U. S. Census data for 1930 concerning the numbers of building workers, lumbermen and raftsmen, the unemployment of at least 3,095,700 people occurs in industries that are entirely dependent upon building. In addition, steel, railroad transportation, coal mining, metal mining, quarrying, are all quite directly dependent upon building construction. In 1932, some 1,586,000 were out of work in these fields, making a total of over 4,681,700 out of work almost directly as a result of the cessation of building (The Communist, Dec., 1932, pp. 1140-41). This figure is still too low. Electrical workers, house finishing and metal fabricator unemployment arising directly from this is not included in this estimate because of the inadequacy of available statistics.

To sum up, the matter of decent housing and construction for the people of the United States is a question involving the employment of approximately 5 million unemployed building industry workers, comprising almost one-third of all the American unemployed. Many millions of workers in other lines would be reemployed as a result of the return to the stores with full pay envelopes of this multitude.

A Plan for Work and Housing.—With such a goal before us, let us particularize the possible expenditure, remembering that the funds must be raised exclusively by taxes on dividends and profits, or they would bear too heavily upon the people who are already poor.

Housing itself deserves a separate paragraph. The lowest responsible estimate we have been able to secure places the general average cost, less profits, of a minimum-health and decency house for a family of four to five persons, at $2800. In addition, the real estate and clearance expenditures will average $400, even when reduced by the assumption that the farm families to be served require no real estate. The actual cost of modern jerry-built 5-room houses, with profits as determined by the President's Conference on Home Building and Ownership (Vol. 5, House Design, Construction and Equipment, 1932, p. 35) ranged from $3450 to $5728, varying a great deal according to both locality and quality. Fortune puts the average cost in 1929 of single family houses built in 85 cities at $4902 without land, the low cost at $4500 (op. cit., p. 91). Our cost estimate of $3200 per dwelling is thus quite low and relatively kind to the pocketbooks of taxpayers; our builder estimator admits that he would certainly require the most progressive management in adhering to it.

According to the conservative Fortune statistics as to the extent of the need, there are 15.5 million American families that are in desperate want of decent housing. Thus the appropriation required, on the basis of no direct profits and most efficient construction methods, is $49.6 billions for the actual residences. At the average union rates, this sum would provide 7.33 million full-time, full-pay work years, for building workers on the lots, and nearly 22 million for those behind the jobs (using the conventional 40-60 ratio of expense on the lots and off). Thus the dwelling program alone would furnish 29.3 million years of employment, or work spread over four years for 7.3 millions of workers, or for about 46 percent of the unemployed.

These figures concerning the building of dwellings are increased considerably if we consider all the definite housing needs of the country together. The Pen and Hammer with the assistance of the Architects' Collective made a minimum estimate of the amount of housing construction socially necessary in the United States and of its social benefits. Dwellings would benefit more than 65 million persons, libraries 83.5 millions, electrification more than 105 millions, hospitals 40-50 millions, schools 8.4 millions, gymnasiums, playgrounds and swimming pools 50 millions. To the figure of 29.3 million years of employment provided by the building of dwellings must be added the employment for electrification, building of hospitals and schools, the elimination of elevated lines, technical research and a few other incidentals. This brings the total to 37.57 million years of employment, at a cost of 66.73 billions of dollars.

Lest this figure of nearly 67 billion seems too staggering for consideration, let us look at the cost of the World War to the United States. In the two years of 1917 and 1918 in which the United States was involved in the World War, our government spent $43,775,910,995 (E. L. Bogart, Direct and Indirect Costs of the great World War, Oxford, 1919). And of this figure, more than 32 billion dollars were spent directly on the war, including our advances to the Allies (op. cit., p. 267). If we remember that our participation in the war lasted only 18 months, we find that our government was able to spend for war purposes in one and one-half years nearly half of the amount required for such productive activity as has been outlined for a four-year period.

But another figure is more illuminating still, concerning the theoretical possibility of such a gigantic scheme for providing for the needs of the American masses and relieving unemployment. If the cost of this plan seems great, what is the cost in dollars of our present unproductivity? The income produced in the United States, in 1932, was $44,688,000,000 less than it was in 1929. Part of this figure can be accounted for in terms of the decline of the price level, but by far the largest portion is due to the decline in the activity of industry. In short, this whole plan requires an expenditure of only one and one-half times what the country as a whole lost in one year through

BUTCHER SHOP *Philip Reisman*

idle machinery and unemployed workers.

If the work were done as a four-year plan, over 58 percent of our unemployed would be put directly to work; still more would be used in supplying these with the food, clothing and accessories which would be needed in connection with their increased standard of living. And the lower the rents in the new apartments and houses are kept the more men would be thus employed.

In any event the rents must be kept very low at first, so that they are never more than one-fifth of the wages of the lowest paid workers. They would have to be administered by committees of workers to see that this is done and that there is no discrimination. Otherwise the same thing will happen that has occurred in "Knickerbocker Village," a so-called slum clearance project which pretended that it was for the benefit of the workers in a New York slum. So high are the rents that of 376 families surveyed who had formerly lived in one of the blocks, only three were moving into the improved houses; because of the prohibitive rents, 82.6 percent were moving into other old law tenements (*What happened to 386 Families, etc.,* Fred A. Levenberg Foundation, Dec., 1933).

If the ruling class in America, and its government representatives, were deeply interested in the welfare of the masses of the American people, the above program could be expanded into something more than the provision of merely decent housing, into a gigantic pair of 5-year housing plans that would employ the energies and enthusiasm of every unemployed man and woman in the United States who would not be needed for other work. Thus 60 billions of gold dollars and probably 30 million work years could be used in providing every home in the U. S. with weather control, summer cold and winter heat. Percival Goodman, Inc., has recently made a job analysis, whereby it is shown that with decent planning and use of skilled workers as nuclei, vast numbers of untrained workers could be used in housing construction. Thus with vestibule school methods, painters could be trained in 1 to 2 months; paper hangers in 3 months. By drawing upon the vast army of the unemployed, a country would be built in which every worker would have housing that is now available only for the few. And the United States would be, temporarily at least, like Soviet Russia, a country without unemployment.

The Government's Counter-Plans—Is the government of the United States sufficiently concerned with the misery of the millions of unemployed or the housing conditions of the American masses to engage in such a plan? Its actions give a decisive answer to this question. Professor Tugwell has often claimed that there was some connection between the so-called "public works" appropriations and housing, and that large sums of Federal money would be devoted to "slum clearance." But what actually has the government done?

The 1933 Congress appropriated 3.3 billion dollars for public works, and only 150 millions remain unspent. Some 50 million dollars were set aside for housing, or less than one-fiftieth of the total amount. This sum is much less than one-thousandth of the total needed and is not even nearly enough to prevent conditions from growing worse due to deterioration of existing buildings and the increase of population. Almost all of the Extraordinary Budget was spent upon battleships, guns, decreasing the production of food, increasing the value of railways to their owners, and upon training young men under military officers in the so-called forestry camps. As Roosevelt said, only too truly in a recent speech: "It has been extremely difficult to allot the entire sum of $3,300,000,000 to worth-while projects." Some 70 percent of the government's expenditures for the quarter ended September 30, 1933, went either for war purposes or to support the financiers through interest payments or subsidies (Labor Research Association).

Recently it was announced (N. Y. World-Telegram, Jan. 8, 1934) that the resistance of the landlords to the government's puny 50 to 148 million dollar schemes has proven effective, and that there will be no government-built housing except in so far as contracts for two projects (involving 4.5 million dollars) have been signed. $25,000,000 may be released for New York if the legislature passes the slum clearance bill. This is not only merely a drop in the bucket but it is subject to the same contradictions already cited concerning slum clearance. As a matter of fact, despite all the loose talk about public works, even public building has declined enormously during the crisis, from 1162 millions in 1928 to 590 in 1932, and 603 in 1933. With regard to residential building in the United States the data is even more revealing. According to the F. W. Dodge Co., residential building in 1928 cost 2790 millions; by 1933 it had declined to 250 millions. In short, during the first year of the crisis, and the first of the Roosevelt administration, residential building dropped to approximately 1/11 of the 1928 figure. The new Roosevelt budget, granting as it does enormous increases in expenditures for war and for food supply reduction, provides for an equally drastic cut in public works funds (N. Y. Times, Jan. 7, 1934). Not one cent is earmarked for housing.

Meeting with mass pressure from the tenement dwellers of New York after the disastrous fires of recent weeks, city officials propose pleasant palliatives aimed at soothing the masses, not at changing existing conditions. One real estate corporation, owner of a tenement, was fined $50 for ignoring since 1932 demands for the removal of a fire hazard. And Mr. Post finds that it will take fifty years to provide decent living conditions for families of low incomes (L. E. Cooper, N. Y. Times, Mar. 4, 1934). Fifty years is a long time for workers to wait to get decent places to live in, especially so for unemployed building workers. While the newspapers play up the $25,000,000 that may yet be spent for slum clearance in New York City, the Slum Clearance Committee inadvertently admits that it

April 10, 1934

BUTCHER SHOP

Philip Reisman

will take over one-half a billion dollars to clean up the lower east side of Manhattan alone (ibid). The latest gag is to appeal to "the economic conscience of the landlords," which means that if they put money into improving their tenements they will be richly repaid in higher rents. This ignores, like all the slum clearance plans to date, the fact that the higher rents shut out the very people the improvements are supposed to benefit.

Not outdone by city governments, Washington's fertile minds have recently hatched two schemes. The first to be announced was a study of mass housing needs coupled with a plan to direct the expenditures of 30 to 40 billion dollars in ten years. This confirms our estimates concerning the housing needs of America and their costs, but President Roosevelt differs in holding that such large expenditures are beyond government financing abilities. Hence he has appointed a committee to find out how private capital might be stimulated in this field (A. P., Feb. 18, 1934). It has already been shown that private capital can never solve this problem. But a few more figures might better show the impossibility of Roosevelt's scheme. The average full time wages—and this ignores the millions of unemployed and the millions more of part-time workers—for 1933 was $913 (Survey of Current Business, Jan., 1934, p. 7). In such studies it has been found necessary to count 2/3 below the average. Allowing 1/5 of the income for rent, this will at current rates of interest, depreciation and taxes pay for a house costing $1661, minus all operating expenses (Kastner and Stonerov, Housing of Union Hosiery Workers in Phila., 1933, p. 31). This calculation was made for Philadelphia—$1736 can be allowed in other cities. But the Fortune estimate already referred to shows the average cost of five-room houses with land to be $4902, with a minimum of $4500. Here is a discrepancy which cannot be passed over. Not allowing for operating expenses at all, it costs private business 2 and ½ times as much to build the cheapest decent apartments for workers as the workers can afford to pay for in rents. Government financed housing then is the only solution.

The second plan is so ingenuous that it could scarcely be taken seriously were it not a direct assault upon existing wage scales in the construction industries. This plan is anounced to the nation through Arthur Krock, writing in the New York Times (Mar. 2, 1934). It provides for a sort of super liberty-bond salesman who will go from house to house telling householders that if they will agree to improve their homes the government will see to it that construction labor will be made available to them at a 20 percent reduction from prevailing scales. In other words the government will sell building materials for the manufacturers by compelling union labor to cut its rates by 20 percent.

When all these facts are considered together, the conclusion becomes inescapable that the present rulers of America do not want a genuine solution of unemployment, a genuine improvement of the lot of the workers. Rather do they prefer false, insufficient, demogogic, and even harmful expedients. But we have seen the needs of the American public. Meeting these needs involves an expenditure of 67 billion dollars. It would give work directly to more than 9 million unemployed for four years, and indirectly to millions more.

Ireland's Crisis Sharpens

BRIAN O'NEILL

DUBLIN.

I

"Ireland is still the *sacra insula,* whose sufferings must in no way be confused with the vulgar class struggle of the rest of the sinful world."

ENGELS' wittily profound characterization still holds good for the Irish petit bourgeoisie and some of the intellectuals of the Celtic Twilight. But an Ireland in which finance capital declares for Fascism, the poor farmers begin to ponder the price fall and ask questions about Soviet collective farming, and the advanced workers launch their Communist Party—this Ireland clearly is not perched on the clouds aloof from the great world questions of today.

The "Irish question" of late has again thrust itself upon the stage of international politics. British imperialism thought it had settled the Irish question in 1922, when the native bourgeoisie, capitalizing the epic battle of the Irish Republican Army, betrayed the independence cause and received a hand-out in the form of their Free State, their own fiscal system, etc. But though the Republican resistance was flattened out in the Civil War that followed the Treaty, and the Cosgrave Government was able to reign for ten years by strong-arm methods, the Irish question was only reshaping itself.

Cosgrave was the Irish Machado—the subservient guardian of British interests in Ireland. These interests dictated the maintenance of the country as farmyard of England, with its infant industries denied the possibility of expansion. Inevitably the aspiring manufacturers, whose protection hopes had been dashed, turned away from Cosgrave and sought new forms of political expression.

DeValera's evolution from the insurgent Republican chief of 1923 into the leader of the new political party, Fianna Fail, founded in 1927, showed the way the wind was blowing. Formerly he had refused to enter the Dail; now he and his Party took their seats, declaring that the necessary Oath of Allegiance to King George was but an "empty formula." The fledgling manufacturers flung their weight behind him, and in 1932, on the crest of an anti-imperialist wave, he rode to power, and replaced Cosgrave as head of the Free State Government.

Anti-imperialism was deValera's chief card: also he promised relief for the farmers, work for the proletarians, tariffs for the industrialists.

The Free State was paying yearly £3,250,000 in land annuities. These land annuities need some little explanation. Following the great Land League struggles of the eighties, Britain, in order to stave off agrarian revolution, legislated for petty proprietorship. The tenants were to buy out their holdings at a fixed price, the Government floated a loan to raise the sums payable to the landlords, and the farmers paid the purchase sum in annuity form to the Government. Since the Treaty the Cosgrave Government had dutifully collected the annuities and handed them over to Britain. These new annuities were but the old rent writ large—a typically bourgeois "solution" of the agrarian problem. As Lenin said scornfully:

"The Irish peasant pays millions in tribute, and for many years will continue to pay as a reward to the English landlords for having robbed him for centuries and reduced him to permanent famine. The English Liberal bourgeoisie have forced the Irish peasants to express their thanks for this to the landlords in good money."

DeValera withheld the annuities from Britain. He collected them as usual from the farmer, but declaring with perfect truth that England had no right to them, and that in any case Ireland could no longer afford such an annual drain, he put them into his own treasury. This, and such later measures as the abolition of the Oath of Allegiance, had not long to wait for a truly imperialist answer. Britain declared an economic blockade of Ireland; a crushing tariff was placed on all Free State produce entering England.

How has the crisis affected Ireland? The Free State has a somewhat special economic position. It is primarily an agricultural country. Secondly, it had its own niche in British imperialism's economy; it was as Marx said, "the sheep-walk and cattle pasture" of indus-

trialized Britain. The crisis in Ireland therefore is fundamentally a crisis of agriculture, and of one branch of agriculture—livestock rearing.

The agrarian crisis broke first in the wheat lands, passing later to the steer countries. So Ireland was still on the outer rim of the vortex as late as 1930. Cosgrave was boasting that his beneficient rule had insulated Ireland from the crisis. In his last months of office he awoke from his prosperity pipedreams a very sick man. And deValera came in with the crisis raging and gathering strength.

British imperialism's blockade therefore is not the sole cause of the desperate plight of Irish agriculture. But the British tariffs have blown the crisis to white heat. Irish exports have dwindled to nothingness, as a few figures portray.

Trade has fallen as follows:

	Exports	*Total Trade*
1931	£37,070,896	£87,528,373
1932	£26,936,208	£69,509,109
1933	£19,650,800	£55,439,933

Agricultural exports alone have fallen from £27,835,365 in 1931 to £13,177,165 in 1933. And the agricultural price index (taking 1914 as 100) has fallen from 130 in 1930 to 84 in 1933.

It is on this basis of the country's chief industry in smithereens that deValera imposes his crackerjack policy of fostered industrial development leading towards a self-sufficing Ireland. The bourgeois press likes to depict deValera as a Gaelic mystic,

> A soul by force of sorrows high
> Uplifted to the purest sky
> Of undisturbed humanity.

But despite the dope-peddlars, not all his quandom knight-errantry can conceal the class basis of deValera's policy.

In agriculture since 1932 he has paid near $20,000,000 in bounties on agricultural exports as a makeweight against the British tariffs. This sum has gone into the pockets of the ranchers and exporters. The small farmers and laborers have gained nothing. He has reduced the annuities by a total of $16,000,000 in the current financial year. The small farmer has gained, say, $12 or so a year by that; it meant thousands of dollars to the ranchers and big farmers. He has developed beet and wheat growing schemes. So far as they have produced any results at all, the middle farmer alone has benefitted. The small farmer was shut out. The thousands of poor farmers in the country are in a desperate position. The agricultural laborers are working at coolie rates—often for 60 cents a week with food and shelter or $2.40 a week without food. They must pay rent and keep a family on that latter princely amount.

In industry, deValera has continued the Cosgraveite attack on wages in the main sections—railroad workers, etc. But what of his vaunted industrial development? DeValera has shown that a capitalist Ireland cannot free itself from industrial dependence. True, he has provided tariff protection and State credits to inspire the development of pigmy garment—and candy-factories and light industry making general articles of consumption. But for the means of production the Free State is as dependent as ever.

Profit hunters have crawled like beetles into stables and disused buildings, dubbed these places factories, installed a few girls and boys at anything from $1.16 to $3.56 a week, and presented themselves for admiration to deValera's recent "Convention of Irish Industry." Well may one of these cockroach capitalists, J. J. Walsh (former Cosgraveite Minister) say: "The policy of the present government has made the whole future of manufacturers here full of promise."

Profits for a handful of eager manufacturers, shameless exploitation of child and girl labor—these are the realities of deValera's industrial policy. And the unemployment figures go up month by month, touching 100,000 at the beginning of February this year.

In the fifth year of the capitalist crisis, deValera's "Christian social" way out turns out to be a futile attempt to build the system that is dying all over the world!

Political relations sharpen in the country as the economic crisis grows. News stories and photos have acquainted American readers with General O'Duffy, ex-Police Commissioner, cavorting around the Irish countryside in a blueshirt and with black beret taut above his moonface. But, loud-mouthed Handy Andy though he be, the significance of this buffoon is this: finance capital in Ireland, unlike its compeers in some other countries, is not building its terror force apart from its recognized organs and, as it were, without the stamp of open official approval; but, after some little hesitation, has declared officially and *in toto* for Fascism.

Consider the background of O'Duffy's rise to notoriety. Gosgrave's party, Cumann na nGaedheal, was almost wiped out by popular anti-imperialist anger in the elections of January, 1933. Meantime, two other mushroom growths had sprung up. The ranchers and big farmers, feeling the pinch of Britain's punitive duties, had formed a Centre Party. An important section of Cosgrave's camp followers, ex-Free State army men, fearing for their pensions under a deValera Government, grouped themselves into an Army Comrades Association. Yielding to mass pressure, deValera dismissed O'Duffy (for ten years Cosgrave's police hack and a savage enemy of the revolutionary movement). At once the ex-cop was offered and accepted the presidency of the A.C.A.

Under O'Duffy's leadership the A.C.A. became the "National Guard," blue-bloused, with military ranks, and adopting the Fascist salute. The "National Guard" was banned. Then came the climax. At a semi-secret discussion the "National Guard," the Centre Party and Cumann na nGaedheal fused to form the United Ireland Party. Cosgrave was pushed into the background, so was MacDermot, the Centre leader, and the filibuster O'Duffy emerged as the national leader of the united forces of imperialist capital. The banned "National Guard" became a section of the United Ireland Party under the name of the "Young Ireland Association." The Government put a ban on this section of the United Ireland Party, but again it changed its name and is now known as the "League of Youth."

The new Fascist program of the United Ireland Party was short and sweet:

1. Surrender to British imperialism, make the Free State safe for the Empire, and thus restore the cattle market.
2. Suppress the Communist Party, the Irish Republican Army, and make strikes illegal.
3. Abolish parliamentary government and substitute the "Corporate State."

With magnificent instinct, the masses, almost without leadership, responded to this imperialist challenge. No Blueshirt dared show his face on the streets of Dublin. In the rural areas the masses rose and thrashed the Fascists wherever they attempted to hold a meeting. It was the fury of the workers and farmers that drove back O'Duffy and his hapless storm troops and forced them to take refuge in the "constitutional" United Ireland Party.

And where was deValera in all this? DeValera's police clubbed the workers as they stormed against the Blueshirts. DeValera's armored cars and troops ringed O'Duffy's platform with steel and ensured that his meetings would be held. Cosgrave's Coercion Act was reinforced, ostensibly against the Fascists, but in reality, placing the State forces between the people and the Fascists. By this maneuver, deValera hoped to divert the issue from an open struggle between the masses and Fascism to a "struggle" between O'Duffy and the State apparatus—a State apparatus which the Fascists had themselves forged and manned, and whose political affiliations were known to all.

With what result? Today, under a "Republican" Government, over fifty anti-imperialists are in Free State prisons for actions against the Fascists. And the "illegal" Blueshirts have less than half a dozen in jail, are parading in military formation and *under police protection,* and by their victories in the courts are demonstrating to deValera that they own "his" legal apparatus. To salt the jest, the Blueshirts' paper appears weekly without hindrance; *An Phoblacht,* the I.R.A. organ, is seized every second week!

In this situation, it might be thought that the groups to the left of deValera—the Irish Republican Army and the Labour Party—would be stirred to anti-Fascist activity. Not so.

The last Labour Party conference, under left-wing pressure, denounced Fascism and even called for a united front of all bodies against the menace. Since then it has not stirred a finger. Irish social democracy is certainly not unique!

Of the Irish Republican Army, but a ghost

of the once great revolutionary force, an even sorrier tale is to be told. Among the rank and file are to be found some of the best and most devoted young fighters, impatient to take up the struggle against Fascism; in the present leadership is a fixed determination to avoid any mass struggle that will bring them into conflict with deValera. True, *An Phoblacht* is compelled to speak sharply to deValera, and even, in this latter hour, benignly to warn the workers that Fascism means the destruction of Trade Unions. But the deed wars with the word.

In the past year Communists have been expelled from the I.R.A., and the youthful Communist Party of Ireland attacked in the Republican press. Irish Republican Army men are forbidden to engage in any political activity; leading figures are not permitted to speak or write. In every possible way active Republicans are manacled, muzzled and held out of the struggle.

The Communist Party of Ireland—founded only last June at a semi-secret congress held under terror conditions, but attended by delegates from all the four provinces—alone has led a consistent campaign against the growth of Fascism.

Thousands of leaflets have been distributed and the meaning of Fascism taken to rural areas where the word was once unknown. Under its leadership a Labour League Against Fascism has been set up, with Mrs. H. Sheehy-Skeffington, widow of the Socialist murdered in 1916, as president, and Jim Larkin, Jr., and R. J. Connolly, son of James Connolly, as vice-president (a combination that is capturing the imagination of workers who remember the great days of 1913).

Still small in numbers, the Irish Communist Party has unfurled the banner of James Connolly, proclaiming with him that "only the Irish working class is the incorruptible inheritor of the fight for freedom in Ireland"; and is daily gaining strength and influence for the great tasks that confront it in the struggle for the Workers' and Farmers' Republic of a free, united Ireland.

Music: Verboten

HERBERT F. PEYSER

VIENNA.

WHEN Wilhelm Furtwängler, State Councilor, State Conductor and holder of half a dozen other official distinctions in the Nazi realm recently told Yehudi Menuhin that music in Germany threatened to "go to the dogs," he was not exaggerating. The curse of Hitlerism has blasted German musical life root and branch. In hardly more than a year it has caused it to sink to its lowest, most ignominious level in over a century. The degradation extends to practically every phase of musical activity. It is *Gleichschaltung* in one of its most scandalous aspects. Opera flickers fitfully, pledged on its life to foster and to cater to the tastes of Babbitry. The concert rooms have been turned over to the cult and the dissemination of the accredited or the stupefyingly mediocre. Criticism is cringing, servile, evasive and frequently dishonest out of fear or favor. Progressive experiment is always suspect and generally excommunicate. The ideals held up for cultivation and pursuit range largely from those of the small town to those of the backwoods.

The musical shame of Nazi Germany is inherent, of course, in Nazi aspirations, with their emphasis, half implied, half explicit, on the virtues of an uninquiring Babbit mentality. But the elements which have brought it to pass are various. They range from the anti-Semitic codes and regulations, the provisions against "Marxists," the measures against internationalists and progressives of all sorts, the solicitations to mediocrity acting through "pull" or "patriotic" pretense and the chances afforded incompetence to exploit itself with an impunity it never enjoyed before, to the virtual boycott of Germany established by many of the leading musicians of the world. This last has been particularly deadly in its effect. It is what almost more than anything else has caused a man like Furtwängler sleepless nights, reduced the managerial bureaus of Berlin to despair and depopulated the concert halls of leading music centers. True, the Germans are whistling to keep their courage up. The head of a prominent Konzert Direktion warned a musician of my acquaintance who refused not long ago to conduct a concert in the Third Reich that he would bitterly regret his action, since all the prominent international virtuosi would shortly be flocking back to their former German haunts. Nevertheless, Furtwängler is credibly reported to be sweating blood in the effort to bag a few foreigners of even doubtful artistic standing as soloists with his Berlin Philharmonic. And German concert managers are instantly ready to extend their hospitality to any stray nobody who may chance to filter in from Italy or Scandinavia. With characteristic Nazi denseness State Commissioner Hans Hinkel proclaimed last summer that all talented foreign artists would be welcome in Germany, even if they were Jews. When these "talented" individuals refrained from availing themselves of the privilege there was something like consternation in the land. The invitation was repeated, but about the only result it had was to speed up the tempo of stellar cancellations. Almost the unkindest cut of all was the curt refusal of public favorites like Jacques Thibaud, Alfred Cortot, Pablo Casals and Pierre Monteux to fill their annual engagements in a country which discriminated against their Jewish colleagues. Today the situation shows poignantly how dependent upon non-Aryans and "outlanders" have been even the racially "purest" Germans for their greatest musical satisfactions. Except in the case of a small handful of proven artists and of favorite works nothing will any longer lure people into the concert halls. And this winter the concert halls have pretty nearly ended by throwing up the sponge.

Let me illustrate by a few dates and figures. In Berlin there are five concert halls of major importance, as well as a number of smaller ones. Two and three years ago five and six concerts a night was only the normal measure of musical life in the metropolis. Some of these events were obviously of minor interest but the percentage of first line happenings was relatively constant. Now look from that picture to the one disclosed in the eleventh month of the Hitler era. Berlin offered in December, 1933, exactly twenty recitals and concerts, if we except a few functions by dancers and an organ program and cantata or two given in a church or a high school. But of these twenty not more than eight could by the widest stretch of charity's mantle lay even a modest claim to critical consideration. From Dec. 28, 1933, to Jan. 5, 1934, *not a solitary recital or concert of any description* took place within the city limits of Greater Berlin. Ditto from Jan. 9 to Jan. 15! Except for the concerts conducted by men like Furtwängler, Kleiber, Heger, Schuricht and Fiedler, and the recitals of artists as firmly established as Lamond, Backhaus, Lotte Lehmann and Maria Müller, with once or twice a competent string quartet, the other "attractions" were persons of the most preposterous insignificance.

The "new" Germany never wearies of stressing the "youth" of its constituent elements. But when we come to consider the "young" creative talents among its composers we find that Nazi Germany does not boast any—that, in point of fact, it offers only old, or aging, men. The chief creative lights in the music of the Third Reich are persons like Hans Pfitzner, Paul Graener, Georg Vollerthun, and the late Max von Schillings—men of dull, pedantic, middle-class talents, unfired on the one hand by the slightest spark of live inspiration and, on the other, incapable of new ideas or the technic of experimental effort; men who have attained their late fifties, their

sixties and even their seventies without achieving more than a local significance or else a conservatory notoriety for "seriousness" and a text-book routine. These are the personages who occupy pedestals made out of the ashes of "Marxist" reputations. For the Nazis have effectively demolished, for the time being, the hold on the German imagination of people like Schönberg, Krenek, Weill, Alban Berg and their innumerable disciples and imitators. If you allow yourself to become permeated with the Nazi mentality you will find it hard to believe that Schönberg or any other of the "modernists" still count in the world. The present course of German musical life runs as if they had never existed, let alone still survived somewhere on this unquiet planet. Hindemith still lives and labors in Berlin, it is true, which presupposes a certain degree of tact and a behavior not wholly out of consonance with Nazi specifications. But he is seldom played any more and even more seldom discussed. If there really are "young" composers in Hitler's dominions their chief creative occupation seems to be the writing of sterile "symbolistic" pageants, radio cantatas, military marches for the storm troops—or else competing in contests for new "folksongs" (fact!) instituted (so far without result) at the behest of the "Leader."

When Richard Strauss refused at the outbreak of the war to place his name on the notorious manifesto of the German "intellectuals" his courage won him a degree of admiration beyond the German borders which he has never had reason to regret. But when Joseph Goebbels nominated him, along with Graener, Furtwängler, Fritz Stein and Gustav Häveman, to the "Reich's Culture Chamber" for music, he accepted the appointment without demurring an instant. Yet if he—and, for that matter, Furtwängler—retained a glimmer of inner courage or artistic independence, such an appointment must have revolted him to the depth of his being. For it is the function of this "Culture Chamber" to see that every aspect of musical life and practice in Germany is kept free from any and everything that might be construed as distasteful to Nazi philosophy (even as it is the mission of an affiliated organization to forbid the employment of any music critic unwilling to assimilate his own judgment to the "cultural" dictates of the Third Reich—said dictates being in those cases chiefly the fantasies of Dr. Goebbels himself. One wonders whether Strauss and Furtwängler have grown craven, like the majority of their countrymen under the illimitable woe of their present condition, whether they really are content thus to stultify the finest principles of the art they serve. Furtwängler's attitude throughout the German crisis has been, to say the least, anomalous. He has tried, no doubt, honestly enough according to his lights, to play the diplomat, the mediator, but one cannot help feeling that he would have gained something inestimable if he had displayed something like the fortitude and the principle of a Klemperer and a Walter.

His present position, whatever it may seem to his German admirers, is neither easy nor thankful. He is the musical hero of official Nazidom. But he has fought vigorously though inconspicuously to retain several Jewish players in the Philharmonic Orchestra and it is largely to his good offices that the Jews of Berlin were able to found their "Cultural League," at whose sessions they foregather to listen to operas, concerts and dramatic performances with a muted but concentrated fervor which reminds one of the early Christians worshipping in the catacombs. But when Walter and Klemperer and Fritz Busch were virtually kicked out of their positions last year Furtwängler, to whom many eyes instinctively turned, lay low and said nothing for some weeks till a particularly absurd pronouncement of Goebbels on the subject of art offered a loophole for a correct but cautious and platitudinous rejoinder. Last fall he tried to cajole and to browbeat the violinist, Bronislaw Hubermann, into appearing as soloist at one of his orchestral concerts. ("Someone must be the first"! he had replied to Hubermann's insistences that he was a Jew), lost his temper when Hubermann published their correspondence, and almost met his Waterloo when it came to the downright give-and-take of reasoned argument. But Furtwängler is undoubtedly sincere in his "someone must be the first" attitude, as his performance this February of some numbers from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* music indicated—the first specimen of Mendelssohn anybody had dared play in Germany since Hitler and his anti-Semitic psychopathy were enthroned there!

I have said nothing so far about the state of operatic affairs in the Third Reich for the very simple reason that there is almost nothing to say. The situation is analogous to that which prevails in the concert halls. Dull, commonplace, reiterative programs of hackneyed classics and insipid novelties in the latter have their counterpart in the presentations of sure-fire repertory standbys and wishy-washy revivals in the former. Novelties are chiefly limited sentimental pedantries like Graener's *Friedeman Bach* or to rubbish with military garnitures like Vollerthun's *Der Freikorporal*. When a really interesting work with a tinge of modern flavor, such as Zemlinsky's *Der Kreidekreis* slips through the loopholes of censorship and prejudice, it is regarded with doubt and ill-will.

With the possible exception of Soviet Russia no post-war nation offered, till the advent of the Nazi scourge, so much in the way of original and stimulating (if not always defensible) experiments of production as republican Germany. Today those experiments are utterly taboo. For the most part there is a docile "return to yesterday." For repertory purposes the mouldy remnants of grandmother's attic are being carefully picked over. Everywhere are being revived the musty old *Singspiele* of Lortzing (this is a good deal like trying to improve theatrical taste by wholesale revivals of *The Old Homestead* or *East Lynne!*), as well as things by E. T. A. Hoffmann, Marschner, Goetz and Kienzl. In the name of nationalism or patriotism or anti-Semitism or what-not they are even rattling the bones of Siegfried Wagner's still-born effusions. There was a great to-do in Frankfurt a year or so ago and much ferocious talk about insults to Goethe when the opera house of the city of the Rothschilds gave Gounod's *Faust*. (Latterly the Berlin State Opera, to bolster up its dangerously failing attendance a bit, has found it advisable to have recourse to this same "blasphemy"). Wagner, of course, the Nazis are continually claiming as their inalienable own—thereby demonstrating that they completely lack the wit to understand him. How many Nazis, from Hitler down, are aware that Wagner in his wise old age once wrote to Judith Gautier: "I consider myself the only real German among that stupid people called the Germans"?

A SPRING SONG

Comrades all over the world,
Sing wherever you stand:
Sing that beneath your feet
The warm ground rocks with spring,
Your world of leaves and stones
Washed in a sun-lit wind
Flooded with juices of spring.

Wherever you stand throw open
Your pressing walls to this wind:
Factories, offices, mills—
Fling your hearts to this light:
Laugh as you watch before you
A hopeless bitter ground
Reveling foams of grass,
And the ghosts of iron trees
Hung in a rain of bloom . . .

For all this salvaged earth
Is yours, comrades! Then sing
And laugh that your weaving forces
Soon will have girdled the globe—
All cities, countries, oceans,
In a giant band of will:
In a ring of comrade arms

Whose risen undreamed vastness
Will soon take back your earth
From the loosening clasp of usurpers
Who are dying now in your spring.

Look to your east, world-comrades,
And laugh with your brothers now laughing
In the first March winds in Russia!—
Could you hear their numberless voices
Your brains would reel with the singing:
The millions and millions now singing
As the spring sun-wind flows over
An earth that their hands regained.

—STANLEY BURNSHAW.

Two Letters from America

Red Tape

To The New Masses:

ON Dec. 14, I went to the office of the Citizens' Employment Committee. An officer, who completely blocked the doorway, demanded of me gruffly:

"Whadaya want?"

His breath stank of whiskey. Over his shoulder I saw a line of about twenty-five very forlorn-looking men, some without even coats.

I told the officer I would like to put in an application for city labor. Whereupon he demanded, still more gruffly:

"Are you registered?"

I informed him that I was not and that I would like to be.

"Well, you'll have to come back tomorrow morning to get registered."

Nine o'clock the following morning I found myself in the registration office again. There were two matronly-looking women behind the desks. Facing them, were two men, applicants like myself.

Both men spoke broken English and both women were trying to speak broken English, too, so that the men might understand them. The two women clerks must have started asking the questions at the same time, for they kept pretty well together. One would ask of her applicant:

"Where do you live?"

Then from across the room:

"Where do you live?"

Both men would then answer the question, finishing at the same time. Then the next question. It was a long-drawn-out process but finally my turn came. I wouldn't believe there were so many questions to be asked. Here are some of them:

Name, address, age, birthplace, height, weight, health, schooling, nationality, married or single, do you live with your parents, father's name, age, nationality, etc., mother's name, age, nationality, etc., are they citizens, is your father employed, where, how, why, etc., his wages, does he own property, is he in debt, are you in debt, any others in the family, what do they do, their ages, names, etc., do we own home or do we pay rent, how much rent do we pay, how many rooms have we, etc., etc., etc.? Finally I was told that I could leave and that they might send me a card within two weeks.

It is now the fifteenth of February, 1933. Instead of two weeks, two months have passed, and I have as yet to receive my card from the city. Oh well, live and learn.

Finis

P. S. When I wrote this, two months had passed. But now that I am sending it to you, over a year has passed and the Citizens' Employment Committee is no more.

I believe this material typifies the general situation in any American city.

A. G. M.

New Haven, Conn.

Protest

To The New Masses:

This is the history of a case by a case worker in the Unemployment Relief Service in the Black Belt of Chicago.

"Where do you live?" I asked Allan Smith, an alert looking Negro.

"3509 Wabash Avenue. I came to ask for $12 for rent to move into another flat. Where I live the roof leaks. Something is wrong with the toilet and the smell is terrible."

"Size of family?" I asked, writing.

"My wife, baby and myself. My wife is pregnant and her second baby is due in October."

"Number of rooms?" I asked still writing.

"Three."

"Do you mean to tell me you have three rooms and aren't satisfied? Few large families have as many rooms."—All case workers are forced to talk like this to hold their jobs.—"Why the man who went out just as you came in is living with his family of five—and soon there will be six—in one room. And you aren't satisfied?"

"That's it exactly, Miss Anderson, exactly. Our standard of living has decreased 50 percent in the last two years during the time I've been unemployed and I'll fight like hell to keep it from getting any lower. I'm not going to have my family live in such an unsanitary place any longer. After all, I'm only asking you for a decent place to live in and enough food to keep us alive. Won't you come and see for yourself?"

I hesitated. Here was a man who had tried persistently, for three weeks, to see me; had finally got past the man at the information desk (the liason aid there who has an iron pipe in his drawer and isn't afraid of his job "because the police station is only two minutes away"); and had almost convinced me he had real fighting stuff in him. Could I afford to spend time on this case when I had 600 families to get grocery orders to, and 100 families, in desperate need of help, to investigate?

Putting tremendous overloads, such as this one, is the usual way to "break" a worker "who is a bad influence among the clients and office workers." The normal load, before 1929, for a case worker was from 35 to 50 cases; the average load for unemployment relief workers at present is 250 cases.

Could I neglect these people for one individual? Still here was one articulate, determined man who could run our bureaucratic gauntlet without being worn into passivity—one man in hundreds. The starving would have to starve a little longer.

"I'll visit you tonight between 9 and 10. Can't leave the office sooner."

I found the flat in better condition than many, in spite of the stench. Mrs. Smith and the baby were plainly suffering from slow starvation. I gave Mr. Smith a "pass card" to see me the next day.

In the morning I reported the case to the assistant supervisor and recommended this family be moved, and $12 given for one month's rent, or that the roof and toilet be repaired.

"Miss Anderson, you know that Unemployment Relief Service has nothing to do with repairing property. Furthermore, I have told you before that your standards are too high. This office has the policy, and you know it, of paying $10 or less a month. Of course we can do nothing for this family except continue food relief. Your next recommendation, please."

I told my client the result but gave him a card to see me the following day. The next morning I presented the same case from a different angle, so that the assistant supervisor did not recognize it as the one of the day before—with no results—and so reported to my client. This procedure was repeated three times and each time he went away from the office without protest. I finally became discouraged. I had given him every chance I could to protest. There was a militant, efficient Unemployed Council in our district that demanded and forced investigation and relief within twenty-four hours. I was mistaken. There was no fight in this chap. So I said sharply, on the fourth morning, "There's nothing more I can do for you. You'll have to go now," and I started for my office. Suddenly I heard piercing screams, and turning around saw my client yelling at the top of his voice, "You tyrants! You want us to live like dogs! Well! I won't, and my family won't!"

The supervisor came running out of her room and demanded, "What in the world is wrong with you?"

Downstairs 75 bewildered, tired, beaten men were waiting to tell someone the story of their plights; to get some food or shelter. The rest, maybe 100, 200 or more were standing in front of the building, locked out. The supervisors always took care not to have many men inside the building at one time. When they heard the cries of one of their own men they began to surge up the stairs.

"This man has been trying for a month to get rent money," I said.

"Why of course (this from the tight-fisted

supervisor who knew nothing of this case) he can have it," she said. "Just sit down until the bookkeeper arranges the matter. Miss Anderson, could you advance the money as we have none in the District Office at this moment?"

It was a very common practice to have the case worker advance money, especially in eviction cases. When the case worker and the office have no money the evicted stay out on the sidewalk a little longer, that's all. Sometimes the case worker gets paid back in 24 hours but often not for a week.

"Now you people go back downstairs. Mr. Smith isn't well, but everything is all right now."

While getting the necessary papers ready in the bookkeeping office, the assistant supervisor said to me:

"Was that your client making all the noise on the second floor?"

"Yes."

"Did you tell him that if he ever does such a thing again that we will send him to the hospital? That a man who makes such a commotion, such an outburst is a sick man, a psychopathic case?"—and she went on at length to explain to me the method of intimidation I should use if a similar case came up.

I was confident the man had deliberately planned his act of militancy but I decided to give him a final test—I might be mistaken; perhaps the man's taut nerves had snapped, and the outburst was unplanned. So after I had given him the rent money, I told him very seriously, almost word for word, as the assistant supervisor had told me, the awful consequences he would surely suffer if he ever made a similar display of emotion.

He looked me squarely in the eyes while I carefully repeated my superior's words, and when I finally finished he gave me a long, unmistakable wink. I returned the salute in the same slow, grave fashion.

As he was leaving he stepped before a woman and said very clearly:

"Say, sister, if you want to get anything done round here for yourself, make a noise—That's all that's necessary, sister. Just a noise—protest!"

And how right he is! He must tell it to his friends, call it across the street to his neighbors, shout it to the housetops, scream it to the stars! *Make a noise! Protest!*

But in the future he must learn this—that individual protest will gain no real nor continued successes, that even his success in winning one month's rent was made possible by the supervisor's fear of the unemployed men downstairs and in the street outside. That even before he was out of the building his name was on the blacklist. That only organized united front action and mass protest will force the rulers who control relief to relax their attack on the living standards of the unemployed.

GRACE ANDERSON.

Chicago.

Two Poems

MY SOUTH

Oh, soft flowing rivers
With slender willows
Clutching hungrily
At your bosom—
And red Georgia hills
Where cotton patches
Speckle the dirt
With downy snowballs
Like a spotted hound's back,
And lazy pools
The deep green
Of corn blades
In June
Glisten under a southern moon—
You are my south,
I breathed life in your womb
And I love you . . .

I love the sad solemn beauty
In your mountains—
The great Blue Ridge,
Cumberlands
Smokies
Unakas—
That stand
Like silent sentinels
To witness the surge
Of human passion
Flowing thru your ribs,
Laughter and hate
Of southern toilers . . .

And I love you who toil
In the dirt
And factories
And mines—
You whose skin is ebony
From a tropic sun
And my own bleeched brothers . . .
I love the slow soft drawl
Of your southern voice,
The way you love
The sound of silence
And the easy swing
Of your bent shoulders.

I've felt
Your deep sorrow
In songs you sing
And I've wanted
To sing with you,
To tune your songs
Into keen blue blades
Slashing at your chains,
The cruel chains of hunger . . .!

But your eyes were blind
And your hate was old
Your brain was warped
And your heart was cold . . .

Oh, my south,
My cold-blooded south
With a Negroes' blood
Smeared over your mouth
And a Negroes' bones
Which you blindly make
A few charred coals
By a burnt off stake—

You have drunk poison
And it turns you mad
Like a rotten cancer
Gnawing at your brain.

And I am grinding
The blades of my songs
To a tempered edge
To whittle on
Your cancerous brain . . .

Tomorrow you must wake
And white hands
Will clasp
Ebony
Bowed over a few charred bones
By a burnt-off stake . . .!

You are my south—
And I love you . . .!

DON WEST.

AMERICAN HERITAGE

How now return to lecture halls:
O we who thought to cultivate this land
Have crouched like cattle in a freight;
Have scented death and lived too late;
Have whimpered as we fell between the cars;
And chance we live, our sight is dull without the scars.

How now return to faith:
For some of us the measure of our love is hate.
What softness, woman lips and arms
Can ease the sting of lice, can slow the swaying steel.
As runaway the freights slosh through the pools of sleep
(Their whistles, bells, and wheels that thud too deep.)
This is our history: quivering laurels, unsown . . .
We plumb a rattling grave
And follow rain into the hungry drift . . . unknown.

Your Sophocles and Spengler please, we must rehearse
Perhaps an orchestra of words will soar the brakeman's curse.

What softness (warm and tender)
woman lips and arms can reach us now.

Then let us praise this heritage, this humble lot
Revere this God, this flag, this tommyrot.

KENNETH PATCHEN.

Correspondence

Rebecca Pitts Defended

To The New Masses:

That the anti-Marxists have presented the problem of personal integrity or sincerity as if it were a mystery too holy for any but the elect few and from which all those who hate capitalism are eternally barred is in no small measure due to the pro-Marxists who have been content to pass airily over this problem with the epithets of subjective psychologism and narcism, if not also mental onanism. The New Masses is to be congratulated for finally recognizing that even Lenin had an ego and not merely an intellect and a stomach and for printing Rebecca Pitts' splendid analysis of this question.

But the picture of the individual is still incomplete and even Rebecca Pitts seems to neglect or at least not to emphasize the fact that man also has a reservoir of libidinous desires tainted to saturation with sexuality. Thus, in explaining so admirably the religious, naturalistic and the truly "precarious" cynical attitudes or faiths and the possibility of harmony between man's personality and the world we live in, she fails to derive or show how one arrives at this or that attitude and how this harmony may be realized. Is it then by accident that D. H. Lawrence, whom she designates the most tragic figure of the century in the search for personal integrity, was well known to be maladjusted or at least abnormal and in the grip of a dominating mother-fixation?

On the other hand, Lenin is selected as an example of supreme inner harmony. And there is every reason to believe, despite Kerensky's pusillanimous charge that Lenin in childhood shot stray cats, that Lenin was one of the most perfectly adjusted personalities in history, by the test of any Freudian or Adlerian complex. In agreeing with Rebecca Pitts that men "achieve a genuine, incorruptible wholeness and sincerity with themselves in just that degree with which they really *can* surender their lives to a reality greater than themselves," I believe it safe to add that men really can attain the latter stage only in proportion as they resolve the inner mental conflicts within themselves, and the sex life as a determinant of these conflicts can scarcely be overestimated.

I do not mean, like the Freudians, to insist on the unqualifiedly all-pervasive and overpowering influence of the Edipus or Electra complex. The latter, like any other phenomenon, must bow to its dialectical opponent or component. It is thus with amazing insight that Gorky in his latest play, *Yegor Bulitchev,* portrays how the girl, Shura, both actually and symbolically a bastard product, succeeds, under the stirring impact of the oncoming Russian Revolution, in breaking the stranglehold embodied in her adoration of her sick father and the sick social system he represents. That stupendous closing scene shows her or her ego so enrapt or harmonized with the vision of the new society that she does not hear the dying calls of her idolized father.

Samuel Coe.

Faith in Knowledge

To The New Masses:

Dear Rebecca Pitts: Somewhere in the seventh column of your article in The New Masses of March 13th, you say: " . . . the inner readjustment demands a disciplined effort to express one's new vision, somehow in the world of action." One could write this as a motto over your nice little essay. You are eager to tell the world how your "honest bourgeois soul seeks salvation from Hell."

I find a curious mixture of truth and error in your writing, a touching account of the awakening of your mind to the narrowness of the Krutchian point of view, an admiration for the "heroes of the revolution," a sincere wish to partake in the revolutionary workingclass movement. But, my dear Rebecca Pitts, didn't you arrive just a little bit too late? You still seem to live in the past century, at the time of the narodniki, the repentant nobles, who went to fight for the "cause of the oppressed masses," who "captured some new vision of nature and the destiny of man in nature," and who wanted to bring salvation to others by the sacrifices of their lives.

I admire your "faith," your surrender to purposes "beyond your own."

I think a class conscious worker who understands what the revolution means" would be astonished to hear that he has "faith" in reality and that that is why he does not betray his comrades. He "knows," poor man, what revolution means. He has learned by bitter experience that there is no other path for him and his comrades than that of revolution. He does not revel in a martyr complex —I doubt even whether it occurs to him that he sacrifices anything, although his life is surely as good as anyone's to serve the common purpose. And if you study the life of Lenin, you'll see that Lenin "never faltered" because he spent a strenuous life full of experience, work, and study which led him to the *knowledge* of the course of history which necessarily and inevitably develops from the decaying capitalist system—the antithesis—the dictatorship of the proletariat. Consider the hours that Lenin spent in Geneva, London and Paris libraries, studying the revolts and revolutions of the past, military tactics, economics, strategy, agriculture and what not. He pondered and came to grips with his own thoughts instead of bathing in the sunshine of your naturalistic faith: collecting bits of workers' letters, observing the life of the proletariat with minute care, etc.

Surely Karl Marx would turn in his grave, if he could read about your "common denominator of reality," "the psychological change" in the lives of St. Francis and Lenin. "First," you dare to write, "first"—in the foremost Marxist magazine of this country, in the name of your fellow travelers, nay, in the name of the revolutionary workingclass, which you appropriate—you dare to write that in the life of Lenin the "first" impulse was "great faith," "a perception of meaning and destiny in the world." (I don't want to be pedantic and explain the difference between faith and perception,—you use these words with the arbitrariness of an artist!) What about the experience of the early capitalist system of pre-war Russia, what about the sufferings of the Ulianov family, the death of Lenin's brother on the gallows, the Russian countryside with its crying misery? What about the organized early revolutionary movement and its traditions? What about observation, experience, hard work, study, revolutionary action, the "consciously organized character of evolution" (Bukharin) of the workingclass leader as he should be, not a "splinter, a broken fragment of a great whole"—but an active organized part of a whole is the class conscious worker.

Rebecca Pitts—if your faith is great enough, or if you sincerely wish to identify yourself with the revolutionary working class, you will forgive the harshness of this criticism. Instead of "going to the people" and telling us how we should interpret Marx and Lenin and Krutch—the only one whom you understand among the many whom you mention —I beg you, study and fight in the ranks.

This, from a comrade who is less talented, who has no faith and who works hard for knowledge.

Martha Andrews.

The Detroit Sell-Out

To The New Masses:

Maurice Sugar's article, "NRA: The Crooked Referee," in your March 27 issue, is an excellent exposure of the workings of the NRA. But it contains some important omissions which need to be understood if the workers are to win in their fight. "There are thousands of automobile workers," Sugar concludes, "who have learned that in their fights with their employers, the referee is 'fixed.' When labor really understands this fully, it will go into the ring and start socking not only the employer, but the referee as well. And it will be able to lick both."

But before labor will be able to lick both, it will have to start socking not only the employer and the referee, but certain managers and seconds in it own corner who are working for the other side.

The story Sugar has recounted in such illuminating detail, the story of the tool and diemakers strike, led by the Mechanics Educational Society of America, an independent union, is a case in point.

What Sugar has omitted and what it is essential for the workers to understand if they are to draw the lessons from this or any other struggle, is the role of the misleaders of labor—in this case, of Matthew Smith, general secretary of the M.E.S.A.

Smith is not the usual type of misleader exemplified by the A.F. of L. officialdom. He is cleverer, compelled to maneuver more because he has no strongly organized machine to bludgeon the rank and file into submission, and has the advantage of years of training in the party which developed the befuddling of the masses with radical phrases into a fine art, the British Independent Labor Party. He has strong syndicalist tendencies, but of the kind which, while pouring scorn on political parties, is not averse to maneuvering with government agencies behind the backs of the rank and file. Though he may denounce the National Labor Board when he finds it expedient, Smith is himself a member of the Detroit Regional Labor Board, having fought for weeks until he finally got himself appointed.

In the tool and diemakers' strike, Smith bitterly opposed the election of rank and file strike committees, as demanded by the militant opposition, and when this was put through despite him, he did everything in his power to prevent these committees from actually controlling the strike. Throughout the struggle Smith and his clique created all kinds of illusions about the NRA, holding it up as the salvation of the workers and conducting secret negotiations with the NRA Board.

Smith's most shameless support of the NRA—the same which gave him, Sugar and the rest of the committee from the M.E.S.A., the run-around in Washington—was in connection with the recent strike situation in the auto industry. Here he joined hands with the strikebreaking A.F. of L. leaders to smash the threatening struggle of tens of thousands of automobile workers for better conditions. On March 14, the day when the hearings opened before the National Labor Board, the Detroit News published a wire Smith had sent the Board.

"We feel that a widespread dislocation of the automobile industry at this time would be a national calamity and severe handicap to the President's recovery program. We hope your board can avert this tragedy by arranging an amicable settlement."

The A.F. of L. leaders felt the same. Likewise President Roosevelt. Ditto General Motors. The united front was complete.

The "tragedy"—the general strike of the auto workers against the open shop slavery—has been averted (temporarily) and the "amicable settlement" reached does credit to the treachery and corruption of the A.F. of L. officialdom. The consummation so devoutly wished for by Matthew Smith is an agreement that strengthens the stranglehold of the company unions, legalizes the blacklist for militant workers, practically outlaws strikes and sets up semi-fascist "works councils" to hold the workers in line.

And what was Smith's reaction to this? He wired a "criticism" to President Roosevelt and General Johnson, the chief point of which was that his organization would be denied representation on the "works councils!"

Yes, in its fight for decent conditions and for final liberation, labor will also have to give the knockout blow to the "radical" Smiths, as well ts to the reactionary Greens, Wolls, Collins' et al.

Detroit. A. B. Magil.

Revolution and the Novel

2. *Complex and Collective Novels*

GRANVILLE HICKS

ALTHOUGH, as we have seen, the proletarian novelist might write about either the past or the future, he is far more likely to write about the present. No great virtue attaches to the present as a subject; it is possible to be evasive and untruthful in writing about the present, just as it is possible to be honest and courageous in writing about past or future. The important thing is for the author to live in the present; if he is part of the life of his own times, knows and responds to the currents of his age, faces squarely and seeks to solve the problems of his generation, it does not matter what he writes about. Shakespeare was not less fully an Elizabethan Englishman because he laid his dramas in Egypt, Greece, and Rome; nor can anyone accuse Wells, whatever else his faults may be, of seeking to escape from the present when he writes of the year 2100. Yet the fact remains that a great majority of writers have sought, not unnaturally, to express their concern with the present by writing about the present, and this and succeeding articles will be devoted to a consideration of ways in which this may be done.

Looking at any group of famous novels, we observe that most of them are concerned with individuals as individuals, and that usually there is in each novel one character who receives the greater part of the author's attention. In some quarters it has been assumed, both because the individualist novel has so persistently interested bourgeois writers and because Communism is anti-individualistic, that it is a mistake for proletarian authors to attempt this type of fiction. The theorists who take this position have some logic on their side, but experience is against them. We do not know what kind of novels will be written in a classless society, but it is already clear that, during the long period of transition, many, though by no means all, revolutionary writers will be concerned in their work with individuals. It is not to be assumed that such writers are indifferent to the play of social forces or to the ties that bind individuals into groups; they merely find it easier to communicate their perception of such phenomena in terms of individual lives.

All this must be said if we are to approach the subject of the collective novel without attaching to it a kind of political and theoretical significance that is really irrelevant. That the collective novel is important I do not deny, and I shall try to give it due consideration, but I refuse to believe that it is the only form for proletarian authors. Moreover, I think that we need to discover what we really mean when we speak of the collective novel. For some critics the important things seems to be for authors not to have individual heroes, but, as I shall try to show, the absence of an individual hero does not necessarily make a novel collective. As I pointed out in reviewing the first volume of Jules Romains' *Men of Good Will* in The Anvil, a distinction between collective and complex novels is advisable. This distinction is not proposed as a hard and fast dogma, but I think its utility will become clear as we proceed.

The Collective Novel

The collective novel not only has no individual hero; some group of persons occupies in it a position analagous to that of the hero in conventional fiction. Without lapsing into the mysticism of those pseudo-psychologists who talk about the group-mind, we can see that, under certain circumstances, a group may come into existence that is independent of and more important than any of the individuals who compose it. Such a group could be portrayed through the eyes of a single individual—in other words, in terms of the traditional novel. But it might be more effective to portray the group as a group, to show forth objectively and unmistakably its independent reality. To do this requires a new technique, the technique of the collective novel.

So little work of this sort has been written that it is not easy to discuss the way in which it can be done. Most of the examples in existence spend a good deal of time in depicting the genesis of the group. Thus in the preliminary chapters of *Barricades in Berlin* one feels the group only as a potential entity, and in any case it is only in certain scenes that the group as a group is the dominating force. Kataev in *Time, Forward!* does not even try to bring the group into the foreground except in the chapters that portray the actual cement mixing; nevertheless, he creates a sense of the power of the group early enough in the story so that one is always aware of it as a factor in the situation. Fadeyev in *The Nineteen* almost takes the reality of the group for granted, in order to concern himself with the psychological relation to the group of the various individuals that compose it.

These examples suggest two generalizations. First, the existence of such a group depends on certain objective factors, and, in order to convey a sense of the group, the author must portray the conditions that call it into being. Second, it seems to be essential to depict at least some of the individuals in the group apart from the group. The first point is fairly obvious, but the second requires some explanation. The group is born, so to speak, and inevitably it dies. Its lifetime does not correspond to the lifetimes of the individuals who compose it. We therefore have to be sufficiently aware of them as individuals to be able to believe in their capacity to exist apart from the group, that is, both before and after the period of its existence. The problem this involves, the problem of creating credible individuals without destroying the sense of group unity, is the great problem of the collective novel.

If this problem can be solved, the possibilities of the collective novel are innumerable. Although the number of situations that would give rise to such groups as we are discussing is probably limited, each group is unique. Moreover, there is more than one way of treating each group. The author may be concerned with the relations of individuals to the group or he may be chiefly occupied with portraying the relation of the group to individuals outside it or to other groups. He may, as we have seen, treat the genesis of the group or he may indicate its genesis as he depicts it in action. And, though the situations are limited, they probably are increasing and, as the example of Russia shows, would undoubtedly increase with great rapidity in the course of building socialism. This may or may not mean that the critics are right in predicting that the collective novel will be the novel of the future, but in any case it is even now a legitimate form. At present there are many important and representative situations that could not possibly be treated in the collective novel, but there are other situations that demand such treatment, and the problems they involve challenge the ingenuity of any author.

The Complex Novel

What distinguishes the collective novel is, as we have said, the sense of the group as a group. This sense is not only communicated to the readers as an objective fact; it is also shown as a psychological reality for the members of the group. Without this sense the novel is not a collective novel, even though it has no individual hero; it is what I should call a complex novel. The complex novel has no individual hero, no one central character; but at the same time the various characters do not compose a collective entity; they may or may not have a factual relationship, but they do not have the psychological relationship that would entitle them to be called a group. Obviously there is a certain area within which

the collective novel and the complex novel are very much alike; whenever the author of the collective novel is treating his characters as separate individuals. Apart from their group relationship, he follows the technique of the complex novel. But in the collective novel, if it is successful, the group sooner or later emerges as a character, so to speak, in itself, whereas in the complex novel there is not, and is not intended to be, any such development.

The complex novel might be regarded as a combination of two or more biographical novels. The author, that is, tells the stories of two or more individuals without giving any one of them a place of priority. There must, however, be some relationship between the stories if the novel is to have unity, and usually this relationship is both factual and thematic. Many degrees of complexity are possible. Family chronicles, for example, belong to a rather elementary type of complex novel. The factual relationship is provided by the family itself; the thematic relationship may be based, as in *The Way of All Flesh,* on a certain biological theory, or as in *The Forsyte Saga,* on certain social conceptions, or, as in *The Old Wives' Tale,* on a particular world-view. As these examples suggest, this elementary type of the complex novel is merely a simple variation, a simple extension, horizontally as in *The Old Wives' Tale* or vertically as in *The Way of All Flesh,* of the biographical novel. Equally simple is the organization of *Ulysses*: there are two characters, with the reader's interest very evenly divided between them; and the unity, insofar as it is not merely factual, is secured with the aid of the Homeric parallel.

These simpler types are suggestive, but we shall learn more about the complex novel if we turn to its more ambitious practitioners. In the latter part of the 19th century William Dean Howells attempted a complex novel, *A Hazard of New Fortunes.* Here the factual relationship is a matter of the magazine with which all the characters are directly or indirectly concerned; but when we seek for the thematic relationship, we are somewhat at a loss. It appears, not only from the novel itself but also from Howells' letters of the period in which it was written, that he was chiefly impressed by the diversity of city life and wished to record some of the magnificent variety of New York. The result of this triumph of the sense of diversity over the sense of unity is a kind of chaos for which the factual unity in no way compensates. The same fault weakens the effect of John Dos Passos' *Manhattan Transfer,* though his sense of unity, which manifests itself in the rhythm of the various lives he portrays, is stronger than Howells', and the book, despite the fact that it includes a greater number of characters and has much less in the way of factual relationship to depend on, makes a more solid impact than *A Hazard of New Fortunes.*

A sense of diversity is not enough for the creation of a complex novel. However, the desire to write complex novels originates to a considerable extent in such awareness, in the feeling that one character cannot be adequately representative. That is probably why the complex novel has become rather common in our times: authors are intensely conscious of the instability and artificiality of formal social relationships, and they wish to do justice to more than one aspect of experience. Presumably such a feeling explains Dos Passos' choice of form not only in *Manhattan Transfer* but also in *The 42nd Parallel* and *1919.* Dos Passos apparently felt that to tell the story of Mac alone, or of J. Ward Morehouse alone, or of Sister alone, would be essentially false. He therefore devised a form that would permit him to set side by side their stories and the stories of various other representative Americans. But the superiority of *The 42nd Parallel* and *1919* to *Manhattan Transfer* lies in the fact that their thematic unity is so much stronger.

The question naturally arises whether this thematic unity is simply a matter of the arrangement of the material or is the explication of the author's perception of relationships that elude the less sensitive observer. By means of a quotation from Philip Quarles' notebook Aldous Huxley expounds the theory of *Point Counter Point:* 'The musicalization of fiction . . . All you need is a sufficiency of characters and parallel, contrapuntal plots. While Jones is murdering a wife, Smith is wheeling the perambulator in the park. You alternate the themes. More interesting, the modulations and variations are also more difficult. A novelist . . . shows several people falling in love, or dying, or praying in different ways—dissimilars solving the same problem. Or vice versa, similar people confronted with dissimilar problems. In this way you can modulate through all the aspects of your theme." The conception of unity here expressed is, in the most abstract sense, thematic; it depends wholly on the arrangement of material. But actually the characters in *Point Counter Point* are related and the events are unified, not by the adroit juxtapositions and contrasts but by the author's sense of the futility of any sort of endeavor. Only Rampion—and the exception is quite inexplicable in terms of the book—escapes from the general indictment. The arrangement serves to emphasize the pervasive sense of futility, but it is the latter that gives the book such unity as it has.

Both *Point Counter Point* and its model, Gide's *The Counterfeiters,* illustrate how far an ingenious ordering of materials may succeed in conveying to the reader the author's awareness of unity in diversity. But it is the actual perception of relationship that is important. I have analyzed elsewhere the structure of *The 42nd Parallel* and *1919,* and I need not repeat the analysis here. It is only necessary to say that, despite the fact that Dos Passos' intentions have not been completely revealed, and despite occasional weaknesses in characterization and conduct of the narrative, the work clearly illustrates the value of the Marxian interpretation to the writer of the complex novel. The same method of interpretation sharpened the insight of Arnold B. Armstrong, whose *Parched Earth* dramatically reveals the fundamental relationships of a considerable number of inhabitants of a California town.

If one wishes to see how other methods of unification have been employed, examples are easy to find. In Thornton Wilder's *Bridge of San Luis Rey* the factual relationship is accidental and the thematic relationship theological. In Frank Norris' *The Octopus* the various characters are in fact closely related, but the author's reliance on a naïve and mystical philosophy, rather than on the genuine perception of social forces, for his thematic unity, robs the conclusion of the book of its force. The unifying ideology of Romains' *Men of Good Will* has not yet been made clear, but the first two volumes give evidence of a subtle distortion intended to make events fit a reactionary conception of society, perhaps derived from Pareto. For an example of the complete vulgarization of the method one has only to turn to Tiffany Thayer's *Twelve Men:* starting with the factual relationship of jury service, Thayer tries to secure thematic unity by revealing still another level of factual relationships, for the most part accidental and trivial.

No arbitrary limit can be set to the number of stories that may be woven into the complex novel. Both Romains and Dos Passos, planning works of considerable length, have not hesitated to introduce ten or a dozen leading characters. This process may easily be extended, but at a certain point the complex novel comes to resemble very closely a book of sketches. Dos Passos nearly, or perhaps quite, reached this point in *Manhattan Transfer,* and William March has deliberately built *Company K* out of a great many autobiographical fragments. It would be idle to try to decide whether *Company K* is a collection of sketches or a complex novel. The important question is whether it achieves thematic unity, and the answer seems to be that within limits it does. By arranging his sketches in chronological order March makes his book a picture of the war and its after-effects, and his pessimism reveals itself with cumulative force. Edwin Seaver's *The Company* achieves its effect in somewhat the same way: his many portraits of dissatisfied employees suggest the disintegration of the petty bourgeois as a class and the frustration of its individual members.

The importance of thematic unity in the complex novel has been made sufficiently clear. The factual relationship is less important, but it seems necessary in order to set convenient limits both for the author and for his readers. So far as the author is concerned, the factual relationship determines the boundaries within which he can reveal the more fundamental unity that is his primary concern. If his sense of unifying forces is really sound, there are no restrictions on its application; all life is unified, we may assume, in the light of his conceptions, and all life might be his theme. But limitation is a practical as well as an artistic necessity, even in a work of many vol-

umes, and it is this kind of framework that the factual relationship provides. For the reader, on the other hand, the factual relationship is a kind of guarantee that the characters and the events have not been selected simply to prove a theory. The realization that these characters and events have some familiar kind of relationship creates in the reader a willingness to regard them as normal and representative, and therefore to accept the underlying unity revealed by the author as significant. Of course the factual relationship may be rather slight, as it is thus far in both Dos Passos and Romains, but some framework—even if it is no more than the presence of all the characters in a single city—seems essential.

For the proletarian novelist, his perceptions sharpened by the amplification of the Marxist method, the complex novel has much to offer. The fellow-traveler, the novelist of bourgeois backgrounds but proletarian sympathies, is particularly likely to find this form a satisfying means for the expression of his experiences that he has had, and the complex novel permits a writer to make use of his knowledge of bourgeois life without restricting him to that life, for he may set over against representative bourgeois characters representative proletarian characters, using his Marxian understanding of both classes to give his work unity.

There are, of course, other problems—problems that the complex novel shares with the novel of a single individual—but Marxian understanding can do much to solve the particular problem of thematic unity.

Books

Weeds of Wall Street

MONEY CHANGERS VS. THE NEW DEAL, by Harry Elmer Barnes. Ray Long and Richard R. Smith, Inc. $1.

WEEDS OF WALL STREET, by Arthur M. Wickwire. Newcastle Press, Inc. $3.

ARTHUR M. WICKWIRE "of the New York Bar" has done a useful job, pulling together from the mass of evidence presented before the Senate committee investigating stock exchange practices, the most important facts therein contained about stock pools and crooked exchange deals. He evidently knows his Wall Street. The first half of his *Weeds of Wall Street* is factual and valuable. The later chapters are an argument for strict regulation of Wall Street practices, but Mr. Wickwire has no glimmer of realization that the corruption which rouses his ire is part and parcel of the capitalist system.

Money Changers vs. the New Deal is a much smaller book but far more ambitious in scope and more plausible in argument. Harry Elmer Barnes with a book on war guilt won in 1930 a nation-wide reputation as a liberal writer. Since then his output has been tremendous, including a daily newspaper column, frequent articles and reviews, and a book almost every year. Naturally, his writing has run a little thin. This book is no exception. It has some sprinkling of facts and a pleasantly indecisive view which gradually works up to a genuine concern for saving capitalism.

His subject is, primarily, inflation and on the whole he defends the inflationary trend of Roosevelt policies. One must say "on the whole" because he dances back and forth and around the question. Yes, mild inflation is good, but not too mild or it will not really boost prices to the 1926 level. But not too extreme, O no, — nothing like Germany in 1923!

> Most of the so-called inflationist proposals put before the American public today . . . aim at a restoration of a practicable price level which would enable capitalistic enterprise to resume activity and function smoothly. . . . They aim to help us escape from the crushing burden of debt . . . without which escape there is no hope for our capitalistic economy.

It must be a new capitalism, of course, but Mr. Barnes knows that that adjective is discredited, so he coins a substitute. He wants "consumer capitalism." "Finance capitalism must be ended."

In the first chapter he says explicitly that not money and prices, but increase in mass purchasing power offer "the key to the solution of our economic ills." But when he reaches the last chapter he is more boldly for inflation: "decisive reflation is an incidental but indispensable item in a broad gauge assault upon rugged individualism and the dominion of the money changers."

He has to admit that rising prices will come a little hard "at first" on the workers, but cheerio! We can have more works, and the courts can stop lining up against labor unions, and government can prescribe "adequate minimum wages," and "steps should be taken to prevent the accumulation and transmission of great fortunes," and Fred Howe might displace General Johnson as the big man in Washington! He has to admit also that "No conceivable arrangements within a capitalistic system can provide complete stability of the economic order." But federal social insurance can take care of mass purchasing power when industry lags. What aggressive elements might be mobilized for a "broad gauge assault" to turn this dream of a politely purified capitalism into reality is nowhere indicated.

This middle-class utopia is only a shade less superficial than Mr. Barnes' briefly stated idea as to causes of the crisis,—I beg his pardon, the "depression." These are quite simple: (1) weakness of mass purchasing power during prosperity; (2) the increasing burden of debt. (Not even the bourgeois economist's recognition of international aspects of the crisis!)

Weakness of mass purchasing power sounds well as a cause of crisis, almost Marxian, in fact. But a wish-dream of increasing mass purchasing power under capitalism until it matches the productive power of the masses is totally alien to Marxism and serves only as an insidious lure towards reaction. For actually it is the essence of the profit system (capitalism) that workers are robbed of value which they produce in order that profit under various names may be distributed to members of the capitalist class. The drive for profits by each corporation and each employer compels them to seek a constantly greater exploitation of workers whom they employ.

As for the increasing burden of debt, Mr. Barnes jumbles into one irrelevant total the long-term and short-term debts, debts of farmers and home owners and other individuals along with debts of banks to their depositors and debts of corporations and government units to their bondholders. Having oversimplified the "burden of debt," he over-simplifies the remedy: inflation. It is true, of course, that inflation reduces for debtors the current commodity value of their debts and correspondingly cuts into the current value of payments received by creditors to whom the debts are owing. But the only debtors who really stand to gain from inflation are individual employers and stockholders in corporations whose income is increased by receiving higher prices for goods which they sell while they pay lower wages to those whom they employ. For working farmers and for wage-earners, inflation and rising prices create difficulties which more than balance the debts they are supposed to ease.

Mr. Barnes, having given his stupendous total of debts, talks only of the small debtors, as if it were their problems which had brought inflation. He does not mention the corporation debts which really worry the capitalist world today. These have roughly doubled since the end of the World War. Their present $75 billion of outstanding bonds (apart from their short-term debts) quite overshadow in capitalist thought the farmers' debts with their $12.5 billion total, including mortgage and short-term debt together. Corporation debt offers a double threat to the financial rulers. As creditors their banks and insurance companies and their own personal fortunes are involved. But, as Mr. Barnes truly says of debts and creditors in general, a partial settlement (in inflated currency) seems far better to the creditor than total loss.

As directors and stockholders in railroads, public utilities and great industrial corporations, these same financial rulers hold the debtors' viewpoint, for they cannot receive profits on their stocks and many of their corporations will fall into bankruptcy unless corporate debts are reduced.

Of course, theoretically, the financial rulers might put over without inflation a general write-down of their corporation debts, but such open repudiation would be extremely unpopular with the large petty-capitalist layer of inactive investors. Indirect repudiation through inflation seems more impersonal, more the result of cosmic forces. Also, more decisive is the fact that the capitalists who have interests as stockholders or employers find a peculiar advantage in "mild" inflation: it not only helps to ease the corporation debt problem, but it serves as a universal wage-cut, increasing the existing spread between prices and wages.

So Mr. Barnes keeps a discreet silence over Wall Street's satisfaction when Roosevelt went off the gold and the dollar began to decline. As the dollar moved further down, financial organs began a campaign for "stabilization" but there was little insistence on returning to the old standard dollar. The new Roosevelt dollar, although offered with warnings of possible further devaluation, is welcomed with an active stock market and a slight but steady rise in bond prices—infallible sign that Wall Street is pleased.

Also Mr. Barnes has an easy complacency over the future of the dollar. He seems unaware, for example, of the race between increasing government deficits and the unsolved problems of recovery. He must realize—though he does not mention—that increasing war expenditures, mounting billions of subsidies to banks, railroads, farm capitalists, and others, not to mention the smaller billions for public works and the driblets for relief, bring collapse of government credit well within the range of possibility. If that occurs, the moderately inflated dollar will start a swift downward slide, bringing chaos to industry and disaster to those who accept the Barnesian easy wish-dream philosophy.

The liberals and their futile middle-class utopias give positive aid to the financial powers. Fortunately other forces are developing in the United States. The workers have a rising hatred for capitalism. They are struggling now for higher wages and social insurance, and are learning to prepare for the overthrow of capitalist power and the building of a socialist society.

ANNA ROCHESTER.

Lauren Gilfillan's Education

I WENT TO PIT COLLEGE, by Lauren Gilfillan. Viking Press. $2.50.

A girl of 22 got out of a taxi in Avalonia, Pa., a mining town. She was a very little girl, "only four feet eight," and looked about sixteen. She was just out of college and had found there were no jobs for her. The idea occurred to her for some reason to go and live with the miners. She didn't know anyone. She hadn't any letters. She went and knocked on a door and old Mrs. Konnecheck took her in.

For a month she lived with the miners. She went collecting money with the children in Pittsburgh. She went on the picket line. She had breakfast in the relief station. She went to strike meetings. She went bumming for food and she left the Konnechecks to live with the Kollers. She went to weddings and to funerals and to dances. She saw people getting born and dying. She even got the Konnechecks to take her down into the mines dressed in boy's clothes. She found that "loading coal used to pay seventy cents a ton and was now twenty and ten cents; the carload used to pay $2.75 and now you can't make thirty cents; that the company stores charged double for everything and that you had to pay in the scrip that the company paid out instead of money and that scrip could be spent nowheres but at a company's store; that you never made enough to pay your debts to the company, you're evicted and thrown out on the road. Sometimes they take the furniture and you're left with nothing." It's an old story to anyone familiar with the mines, but astonishingly, horrifyingly, and excitingly new to the writer. Lauren Gilfillan was cold and hungry and dirty. Her hands got chapped and she got bugs in her hair. She stayed a month.

Then she went to New York and hired her a cheap little room and sat down and wrote one of the most authentic books that has ever been written about the miners' struggle. In her book her entire experience is relived. She has tried to set down with complete honesty what she saw and heard and its terrific impact upon her. *I Went to Pit College* does more to interpret the miner's struggle for existence, the intolerable conditions under which he and his family live and work, the callousness of the comfortable people around him, than any other book but Conroy's. The book, of course, has none of the depth of *The Disinherited.* It has none of the working class psychology which saturates that book. *I Went to Pit College* is frankly the book of a visitor from another world who looks with horrified and sympathetic eyes upon a state of things entirely new to her and records it as she sees it with startling veracity and vividness.

At the time she went to Pennsylvania there had been a strike going on for three months. The National Miners Union was the union in the field. Evidently she felt sympathy for them rather than the United Mine Workers, who were following their usual tactics of violence and sabotage. But she was too unlettered in the workers' struggle to interpret the strike or to integrate herself with the strike leadership.

My first impulse when I read this book was one of impatience toward the author. How many times in strikes there have been unexplained cuties hanging around the outskirts, lady slummers and sob-sisters, who, even if they were not spies, would certainly go away and write bad pieces, superficial and full of misconceptions. It was in this light that Lauren Gilfillan was viewed by the leaders of the union. Always she was an unexplained phenomenon. Finally by talking to a policeman they became sure she was a spy and would have nothing more to do with her. Johnny Cersil, a good friend of hers, with whose parents she stayed part of the time, was put out of the Y.C.L. because he stood up for her.

Shirley, one of the strike leaders, said to Lauren: "You make me mad. You're just an adventuress who wants excitement. You don't feel sorry for these people. Their misery is just so much grist for your mill. You're going to write a book. Well, you have a baby face and pert manners which get on with the capitalist firms. You think you're an artist. Art is divided into three classes: the kind which presents a system toward truth and reform. That is the kind that lasts. Shelley, Shaw, Ibsen, Sinclair, Dreiser, they all did that . . . Then there is the class you belong to, the Ivory Tower—art for art's sake! . . . You'll write a melodramatic story and it won't be worth that!" She snapped her fingers smartly. "You're the kind of person I want to see killed!"

In view of this book, it is hard to accept Shirley's indictment, but why didn't Lauren learn more? Why did she get herself thrown out as a spy? Was the strike leadership too impatient or was it her fault? Anyone who saw as much as she, who could write such a lively, truthful book, should be able to take further steps. The visit to the degraded underworld settlement, "Seldom Seen at the foot o' Gobbler's Knob," for example, is described in a way that achieves the mounting horror that one gets in reading *Tobacco Road.* Why didn't she complete her education at Pit College? Couldn't she be taught? Perhaps she will learn yet.

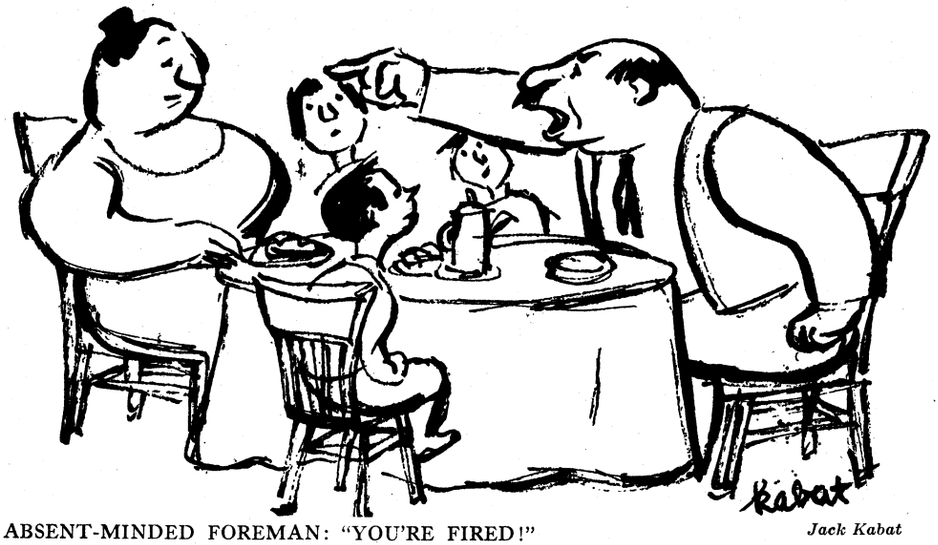
MARY HEATON VORSE.

Soldiers' Pay

SOLDIERS—WHAT NEXT? by Katherine Mayo. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50.

Marcus Duffield wrote his *King Legion,* Roger Burlingame his *Peace Patriots,* Knowlton Durham his *Billions for Veterans,* Talcott Powell his *Tattered Banners*—there were a score of magazine articles in the meanwhile—and now Katherine Mayo appears with her *Soldiers—What Next?* All of these books have the same theme and to a great extent the same facts. The theme is the one originated and propagandized by the United States Chamber of Commerce and its offspring, including the National Economy League, that the American war veterans have always been treasury raiders and racketeers.

Fortunately for the veterans the leading financial, industrial, and military leaders of the country—whose views have been broadcast by the above books—are greatly concerned



ABSENT-MINDED FOREMAN: "YOU'RE FIRED!" *Jack Kabat*

about the spiritual welfare of the country and its citizenry. They are particularly concerned that the government should not be so un-American as to give aid to a class. They are opposed to putting a price on patriotism.

Miss Mayo, following the example of her predecessors, talks only of the many spiritual values harvested by the common soldier and bemoans his ingratitude. She grieves that the veterans ask for such crass things as back pay and aid for caring for those whose health was shot by exposure and the hardships of army life. She shows that since the war several billion dollars have been spent in one way or another on ex-soldiers.

But she carefully avoids any mention of some facts that seem pertinent. Out of war profits 21,000 new American millionaires and many near-millionaires were created. A relatively small handful of war profiteers—all of whom were deprived of the spiritual values accruing from association with trench rats, lice, mud, machine-gun bullets, poison gas, wounds, and death—made $38,000,000,000 over and above all deductions including excess profits taxes during the war. Thus in less than three years a small clique of fireside patriots made over six times as much for their services to the flag as has been paid to 4,500,000 ex-soldiers and their dependents in the form of veteran aid of all kinds from 1919 to 1934.

She doesn't mention that big business men demanded and got a bonus of several billion dollars from the government because the war ended too soon, thereby cutting them off from expected profits. There isn't a word of criticism of government aid to a class in the form of billions of tax refunds and "loans" through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. She doesn't mention that dozens of her "champions of decency" such as General Pershing, Admiral Byrd, and Admiral Sims get a government bonus of from $5,000 to $21,000 a year as the price of their patriotism. She has no criticisms of the causes of the war. She shows no awareness of the fact that the American soldiers were coerced into the army through a harsh draft law and terrorism. Apparently everything except the veteran's demand for back pay (adjusted compensation) and disability benefits meets with her wholehearted approval.

In her section on European veterans she is a loyal apologist for British imperialism. She devotes a whole chapter to "God's True Gentlemen," the British army officers. She laments that the American veterans have no leader. "Where was their Haig or young Mussolini or Franz Seldte?" she asks. She praises Mussolini for his "character of immense original strength." She expresses respect and sympathy for the Stahlhelm.

This isn't the first book that Miss Mayo has written dealing with the soldier in the World War. In her *Damn Y* she told enough unsupported, tear-jerking stories about soldiers who loved the Y.M.C.A. to prove that its work was noble and self-sacrificing and that it won the affections of the great majority of the common soldiers. A person who can juggle facts adroitly enough to make such an idea sound plausible naturally has an easy time proving that war profiteers were angels and ex-servicemen racketeers.

WALTER WILSON.

Kerensky's High Steeple

THE CRUCIFIXION OF LIBERTY. By Alexander Kerensky. John Day Co. $2.75

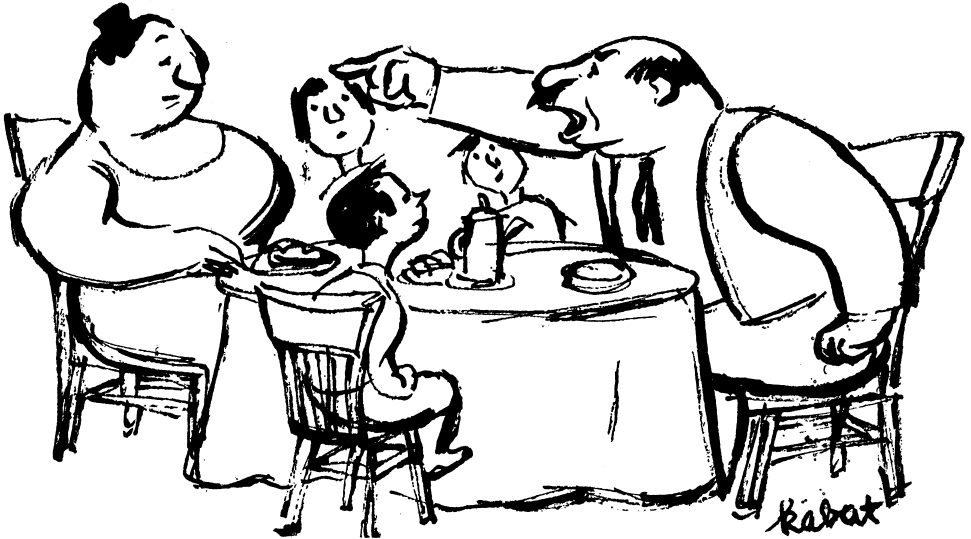
The Crucifixion of Liberty was written "not with a view to making a contribution to historical research." Rather, Kerensky here makes "an attempt to influence the minds and, above all, the wills, of my contemporaries in the way *I* wish, in the direction of the fight for freedom, *viribus unitis* of the whole European democracy." Yet in this attempt he resorts, not to abstract exposition of the merits of freedom and democracy, but to the pages of history. Addressed particularly to those who think of Russia "as a country where polar bears roam about the streets of towns and wild muzhiks consider tallow candles to be a table delicacy," this book seeks to bend the historic record to the service of Kerensky's will, for "finally and ultimately it is always the will, the mind and the spirit which move history."

Basing himself upon this premise, the author can explain the Bolshevik revolution very simply: "Lenin was cruel by nature." Though Kerensky's father, as headmaster of the school, officially wrote of the future Lenin, "Religion and discipline were the basis of this upbringing, the fruits of which are apparent in Ulianov's behavior," Kerensky the son remembers that the exemplary boy "liked to shoot at stray cats, or to break a crow's wing with his air gun." Lenin's innate sadism determined the direction of his will; he became outstanding among those who "seized upon the proletariat as a battering-ram for the Revolution—long before the proletarians themselves had become conscious of 'their duty to their class'."

The doctrine of will-power, however, is not consistently carried out. The earlier revolutionary movement of the Narodniks, which reached its climax in the assassination of Alexander II in 1881, ended in "tragedy in the classical sense: the clash of two wills— . . . unavoidable and inevitable." In this case there was a "tragic misunderstanding between the will of an infinitesimal pioneer revolutionary minority and the traditional feeling of the overwhelming majority of the nation." In other words, the revolutionary intelligentsia attempted to pit its will against the force of economic circumstances. Quite naturally, "life brutally shattered the hopes of the Narodnaia Volia." To judge from his explanation, Kerensky today has no more comprehension of the real situation in those days than did his intellectual precursors. Perhaps the term "land endowment" in connection with Emancipation may be assignable to the vagaries of translation, but why should there be no mention of redemption, or of "impoverishment of the landed gentry" during the days of serfdom as a factor preparing the way for Emancipation? Certainly, "the liberation of the peasants was a true social revolution in its consequences." It was indeed accompanied by the rise of "the magnates of capital." "Why?" asks Kerensky. His answer is a disquisition on the Christian and (to him) anarchist peculiarities of "Russian national psychology." No inkling of the proletarianization of the mass of the peasantry, of the attraction of cheap free labor for capital (in this case foreign)—of a sequence of events to be observed in England in the late eighteenth century or in Prussia a couple of generations later.

Kerensky is conscious that "the party of the proletariat as a class could not exist in the absence of the proletarian class." But beyond this passing recognition of the negative role the absence of a class may play as a brake on the conscious will of individuals, Kerensky seems to have no concept of the force of objective conditions. He charges Lenin with knowledge "for a certainty that Russia was not ready for a proletarian revolution or for socialism, and would not be ready for a long time to come." If, then, Lenin in Switzerland did not *will* proletarian revolution in Russia, what gave the Russian

April 10, 1934



ABSENT-MINDED FOREMAN: "YOU'RE FIRED!"

Jack Kabat

revolution its proletarian savor? At the very outset, to the bewilderment of those Bolsheviks who happened to be in Petrograd, "the upper classes . . . were drowned in the turbulent ocean of the endless millions of soldiers, workers, peasants, and the petty urban *bourgeoisie,* rendered *déclassé* by the war." Who were those "who lead revolutionary crowds" and "must be held responsible for their actions"? Were they Kerensky and his associates, who found the collapse of the monarchy "a terrifying moment"?

The contrast with the German revolution of the following year is startling. In Russia "to our alarm . . . the bourgeois parties proved to have no roots in the nation." It does not appear that Kerensky realized that in Russia, to a degree not to be matched elsewhere, there was a void between the industrial magnates and the workers, that the tremendous influx of foreign capital had enabled Russian capitalism to reach giant stature without the social support of a Russian investing public, that its social isolation made the Russian bourgeoisie helpless in the face of the Russian proletariat. To Kerensky it was the "political stupidity of the upper classes," who inspired the Allies to back Kornilov, that precipitated the triumph of demagogic dictatorship, just as the German Junkers and industrial magnates overthrew von Schleicher, "the German Kerensky," and "almost pushed Hitler into power."

The Crucifixion of Liberty presents no adequate analysis of the underlying forces that produced the Russian revolution. Its value lies in its revelation of Kerensky the individual, whose "position was an historical accident," who never understood the forces about him, who "merely *felt* Russia deeply . . . felt it in my own being . . . in the whole mode of life of the upper layer of provincial officialdom, to which I belonged from my birth." "The Bolshevik Terror . . . has made my own political outlook so much more coarse, has blunted my own moral receptivity to such an extent, that . . . it is now enormously difficult to live over, mentally, my prerevolutionary experience in Czarist Russia in its true emotional setting . . ." "How glad I am that my age prevented me from seeing the seamy side of Russian life in the '80's!" In 1905, threatened with banishment from the capital, he made "use of old connections" and was released. Always, apparently, "I saw Russia from above rather than from below."

From this book emerges one true historical picture: Alexander Kerensky, "dreaming of a splendid career—to be a church bell-ringer, to stand on a high steeple, above everybody, near the clouds, and thence to call men to the service of God with the heavy peals of a huge bell." J. DUNSMORE CLARKSON.

A Bourgeois Hamlet of Our Time

MICHAEL GOLD

SOME ten years ago the Theatre Guild produced a most unusual play, *Processional,* by a young author named John Howard Lawson. This play centred about a bloody strike in a southern coal mining camp. It was one of the first serious attempts made on the American stage to portray industrial America. Talent of a high order was obvious in its writing, yet the stark reality of its subject matter was sicklied over with vapors from another world.

For this author, like his contemporary Eugene O'Neill, of the *Hairy Ape,* committed the aesthetic and moral crime of creating a worker in the author's own image. The powerful fighting miner in Lawson's play, like the giant stoker in O'Neill's, was not allowed to fulfill his own destiny. Somewhere in the play the juices of life were let out of both these primitive heroes of a new historic class. They were jerked about like marionettes, spouting the sort of minor poetry popular among disinherited sons of the bourgeoisie living in post-war Greenwich Village.

Futilitarianism was the garment then fashionable in the bourgeois studios and gin-mills. Lawson had tackled a strike theme, it is true, but the strike, in his limited vision, was comprehended as it might have been by a cub reporter for a tabloid newspaper. At the end of its superficial yet theatrically effective sensationalism, the miner asks himself, like most of O'Neill's straw men, "Where do I belong in this warring industrial world?" As if a miner chained to a coal camp could ask such a question. And he can find no answer but nebulous poeticism and Greek fate: evasion in another literary masquerade.

In *Processional* the strike relentlessly pursued its violent course only to prove the author's real theme, which he stated rather pompously, in a program note: that America was living to the rhythm of jazz, and jazz was the music of speed, futility and chaos; in other words, a strike meant nothing; it was only another piece of jazz, a brief violent orgasm, a crazy dance between two eternities, etc., etc.

It is true Lawson permitted his defeated miner one consolation at the last curtain. The girl Dynamite Jim had raped a few scenes back told him with jazzing feet and shining eyes, as they paced through a jazz wedding, that she was about to present him with a little baby. "I'm gonna raise my kid," she ecstatically chanted in jazztime. "I'm gonna raise my kid." This is of course an ancient and beautiful cry, but I am sure no victim of the depression today would thank his wife for such a gift. Neither would have Lawson's miner in real life, his eyes gouged out by the Ku Klux Klan, another victim of fascism.

A baby, however, wonderful, is no compensation for a bitter strike that has just been brutally crushed by klansmen and soldiery; or an answer to the industrial problem.

I am dwelling on this early play by John Howard Lawson because its talent aroused great hopes for this author which one is compelled to admit have never been fulfilled. He has written and had produced almost a dozen plays since *Processional,* and all of them have been stultified by the same painful confusion. The world has changed enormously, but this author has learned nothing. He is still lost like Hamlet, in his inner conflict. Through all his plays wander a troop of ghosts disguised in the costumes of living men and women and repeating the same monotonous question: "Where do I belong in this warring world of two classes?"

Now nobody, least of all the Marxians, demanded of the young Lawson of *Processional* that he show the coal strike a victory or that he make the miner a mouthpiece for Communism. The play was greeted with much sympathy in the left-wing press. It was clear that this was the first essay of a gifted fellow-traveler, and that a young writer ought not be condemned for not having read Marx. Few American "intellectuals" then had heard of Marx and Lenin. The writers had not even read Tolstoy, or learned to approach a strike with the same serious attempt at understanding its own historic nature that Tolstoy made in writing of Napoleon's battles in *War and Peace.*

But ten years have passed, and it is fair to ask an author, even one who is a fellow-traveler, "What have you learned in these ten years?" In Lawson's case, the answer tragically seems to be, "Nothing. I am still a bewildered wanderer lost between two worlds, indulging myself in the same adolescent self-pity as in my first plays. Hence my lack of maturity and esthetic or moral fusion."

When an ailment of this kind persists so long, any amateur Freudian can tell you that there is concealed a deliberate will-to-sickness. The patient really refuses to surrender his sickness, because it is a comfortable shelter and alibi against responsible action. From the two latest plays of Lawson's presented this season, and his *Success Story* of last year, it seems to me that Lawson, like many other fellow-travelers, is hiding from his own fervid desire for bourgeois success, and the difficulty, often,

of reconciling this dross with the revolutionary conscience.

In his *Success Story* of last season, Lawson presented a portrait of a poor and clever young New York Jew who comes to work in an office, burning with radicalism and resentment against the capitalist system. In a few years he has pushed aside the decadent New Englander who is his boss, and taken over the business. His radicalism proves to have been only the mask for an overwhelming craving for money and bourgeois success, and leads him to the familiar cry of futility.

In this season, *The Pure in Heart,* a young girl in a little country town yearns to go to the city to become a great, wealthy, famous actress. She does so; and in New York runs into a group of show people burned up with the same crazy need for success, and a young drifter who has become a criminal because he also craves success, and knows no better way of getting it than the gun. The young couple are shot down at the last curtain, making maudlin speeches about futility.

In *Gentlewoman,* which was presented this season by the Group Theatre, the rather boorish hero is purported to be a free-lance radical journalist with a miner-father and a background of migratory I.W.W. struggle and labor. He meets a wealthy upper-class woman, and breaks through her comfortable shell of illusions by his hard "revolutionary" crudeness. Her husband kills himself because he is sexually impotent, and she goes to live with the virile Red. (It is amusing to note that in the few Broadway plays recently in which a Communist has been introduced, he is always a sexual superman!)

Now what happens in the affair of this couple who arrive at each other from such different worlds? They hold the familiar tedious conversations on futility. "Ethical sterility. I'm not a real radical—I'm just on the lunatic fringe. I'm 10 per cent revolutionist, and 90 per cent faker. I used to think I was a Communist, but I'm just a bourgeois slob. I'm one of the flotsam and jetsam boys. We're both adrift on separate rafts. Red! no. I'm nothing! We little people—why do we get so tangled up in our own problems?"

These are bits of the red hero's conversation. And at the end he decides to give up the luxury she is surrounding him with, the tainted money that comes from exploited cotton mills and mines. He is going to the farmers' strike in Iowa, ostensibly to report it. To do this, he has to surrender everything—the gentlewoman he loves, her swell apartment, and the baby she is about to have, forever!

Now some of us have covered many strikes without giving up our lovely and useful spouses. This is really an uncalled-for sacrifice, that has never yet been demanded by a district organizer of the Communist Party. Tossing away money, too, that could be splendidly used for printing the Daily Worker, THE NEW MASSES, or a mountain of pamphlets, is likewise a false and sinful gesture.

But that's not the point. What counts is, that again Lawson has taken what might have been a revolutionary theme and botched it dreadfully. He has again projected his own confused mind on the screen of history, and tried to convince an audience it was the face of "Revolution."

Audiences are peculiar, however. Even when they like a bad or cheap play, it has to have some grain of truth in it. The plays of Lawson are synthetic concoctions: they begin, often, with some fundamental truth of character, then dissolve back into the solipsist's world of unreality. Worse, still, they make an impression of insincerity, as if the author were writing to a box-office formula.

But Lawson tries to be sincere, I believe; it is no formula with him, but a fixation. Always this single theme of the declassed bourgeois colors every line he writes. Today, however, the declassed bourgeoisie of America are not feeling futile, strangely enough. They are beginning to organize, in one form or another, and are preparing to play a serious political role in American history. They are grim, and completely cured of their Menckenism. The fact that Lawson cannot see this is another of the penalties he pays for a delayed adolescence.

In one of his early days, *Nirvana,* the confused Lawson hero makes the O'Neillish attempt to escape into a religion that will console him. He wants a modern god, however; he talks abut finding some "electro-magnetic Christ." In another play, *The International,* the futile hero and his Communist heroine are involved in the Soviet-British struggle in China, and come out of it singing a musical comedy love-duet that consoles them. So it goes. Yes, it is all confusing, and one need not go into details.

Lawson was a man of great potential talent. He had always had large ambitions. He had attempted epics of the historic period, vast canvases worthy of a playwright in our time. He had set himself another great task: to bring poetry back to the drab naturalism of the American stage.

But why have his epics seemed trivial in the theatre, why do they shrink to the narrow Hollywood frame? A bitter strike serves only as background for a love story with a Floyd Dell happy ending, and to offer the sophomore notion that America can be explained by its jazz. The revolution in the Far East becomes a piece of Ziegfeld Orientalism and the background for another unimportant love story.

Lawson's poetry sometimes flashes out a line that has force, but in the main, it is pretentious, dull, inflated, "eternal." It is often on the verge of bathos. It hasn't that real poetry that comes when one is emotional about the humble truths. When this poetizing is placed, as it is in the plays, next to "daring" sex epigrams meant squarely for the lowest type of box office appeal, the effect is often gruesomely vulgar, like the drunken speeches of a literarious college boy in a cathouse.

But what can anyone do with such a mass of conflicts in one author? It is, of course, his own difficult problem, but one doubts Lawson will ever solve it until he has honestly faced himself, and found out what he actually believes. Yes, to be a "great" artist, one must greatly believe in something.

When a man has achieved a set of principles, when he knows firmly he believes in them, he can, like the Soviet diplomats, make compromises, box office or otherwise. Until then, a man or an author is forever betraying the fundamentals. This is what Lawson and the liberals always do; he has no real base of emotion or philosophy; he has not purified his mind and heart.

Postscript: The Group Theatre is to be congratulated for its fine direction and acting of *Gentlewoman.* But this is its second play of the season with as "boxoffice" an intent as anything ever thrown together by Al Woods. What has become of all those tremendous manifestos with which it promised us to change the American theatre? Not forgotten so soon?

A personal note to Ed Massey who directed *The Pure in Heart*: Ed, you and your actors died a noble death in a poor cause.

Cupid's Letter Box

BILL SMITH

LIBERALS and Progressives, are you unhappy? Do grown-ups refuse to sympathize, and even make fun of your heart's desire? Of course! Then tell your troubles to Cupid—*he* will understand. Don't let true love and romance vanish from your lives. Write to Cupid!

A Love-Sick Socialist

Dear Cupid:

Is there something wrong with me? I am middle-age and make a nifty appearance, but I don't think a girl ever looked at me in their life! I try to please every one, rich and poor, but each time I ask a girl to step out she just laughs. I see other fellows spooning and it makes me feel so blue and lonesome. How can I find the girl of my dreams?

Norman T.

Norman, quit crying for the moon. Then if you are sincere, "Miss Right" will happen along one of these days.

Passion Sways General?

Dear Cupid:

Can a man make two women happy at once? I met a girl last summer and we got engaged. At least she thought so—I was just out for a good time. You know how it is. She's a cheap little skirt that works for a living. I promised to raise her wages and get her some decent clothes, etc. I'm a pretty smooth talker—she didn't even know that I was living with a rich widow. I got away with murder until this kid happened to see me taking money from the other woman! She followed me to the house—and now I'm in one —— of a mess. Hugh S. J.

Hugh, your troubles are just beginning.

Often a Mother But Never a Bride

Dear Cupid:

I come from a Liberal family and am very romantic. Last summer I took a hay ride with a lot of fellows who told me all about their codes. I fell in love and it was the most glorious experience—those short hours and soft words. Since then something has happened. I can hardly eat anything, the fellows are terribly rude and I hear them whispering about an operation—something in German or Italian. All my sisters got in trouble the same way. Please help me. Nira.

Nira, I'm afraid your whole family is hopeless. These men you trusted have ruined enough girls to fill a Y.W.C.A.

A Gigolo's Lament

Dear Cupid:

I work in a cheap dance hall. It costs three cents week days and a dime on Sunday. My stunt is to wear a false face and do a number called TODAY—clever side-steps and wise-cracks, so the working class customers won't see how foul the place is or notice when the Boss short-changes them. I know my stuff and I make big money, but now and then I wish I had a decent job and some one to love. Is it too late to change? Arthur B.

Yes, Arthur, it's too late.

A Clerical Don Juan!

Dear Cupid:

I am a priest and not supposed to ——— or anything like that, but lately I have met several beautiful girls and almost before I knew it the worst happened! Now I can't live without them. I spend all my time snooping around in lobbies and shady places where these girls are. I hate myself, but if you knew how much fun it is. Over and over I swear I won't do it again—then I get a phone call or else they come up to my room. Am I utterly depraved, or just sowing my wild oats? Please help me. I know it's wrong, but they are so beautiful.

Father C.

Father, quit pretending. You're a natural born tout and you know it.

Union Leader Wants Romance

Dear Cupid:

How old can a fellow be and still get married? I am past 70, my wife has creeping paralysis and may not last much longer. We have a hired girl who comes in to do the heavy work, a strong, good looking kid. I've got my eye on her. Of course, right now I wouldn't dare to touch her—and besides she slapped my face one night. I'm pretty well heeled, so that doesn't worry me any—it's just whether I'm too old or not. William G.

William, you ought to be ashamed. If you had taken decent care of your wife she would still be well and strong.

An Amorous Mayor?

Dear Cupid:

Last fall I went to a costume party dressed as a friend of the people. I had a swell time with a cute little kid from the slums—a waitress, I guess. I don't even remember what I said to her (it was all bunk anyway) but now she has the nerve to ask me for money! I am engaged to a rich girl that would cut me dead if she thought I had ever mixed up with a working girl. What shall I do?

Mayor F. L. G.

Why don't you have the girl arrested for disturbing your piece of mind?

Patriots and lobbyists, is some one trying to steal the girl of your dreams? Let Cupid help you hold her love.

Between Ourselves

JOSEPH FREEMAN, who has been recovering from a long bout of ill-health in Florida, found time to take a good look at the place down there. He has put the results of his observations into a full-length article, *Empire of the Sun,* which we will publish next week. It's a different Florida from what appears in the society pages, this one that Freeman pictures.

The study of the housing situation in relation to unemployment, by Leonard Sparks and Paul Salter, is an example of the valuable work being done under the auspices of the Pen and Hammer. (This survey was made in cooperation with the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians.) Salter is the national representative of the Pen and Hammer on the editorial board of THE NEW MASSES. Other work of this nature, documenting the decay of capitalist economy, are in preparation. An examination of the concentration of Wall Street's control of the motion picture industry will appear in an early issue.

Herbert F. Peyser, formerly critic for Musical America, has also been a special writer for the Musical Observer, music critic of the New York World-Telegram, and Berlin correspondent of the New York Times. He now lives in Vienna.

Brian O'Neill is the author of *War for the Land in Ireland,* which will be reviewed next week by Martin Moriarty.

John L. Spivak is about to start back from the Pacific Coast. His next article in his three-month tour of investigation will be from Longview, Wash. Anna Rochester is connected with the Labor Research Association.

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●

The SWASTIKA STERILIZES
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